

The Koyasan has many more masterpieces in wood. No less in number and in importance are the Buddhistic paintings which have also served as objects of worship. The monastery is justly proud of possessing an unusually large collection of illuminated sutras. There are also many pieces of lacquer and porcelain of highly artistic value. All in all, the Koyasan is a rare storehouse of valuable Buddhistic art objects.

THE PROPHECY OF LIBUSHA.

BY C. E. EGGERT.

LIBUSHA is the legendary ancestress of the royal family of Bohemia, which bore the name of Přemysl from her husband, and ruled until 1526, when the sovereignty passed to the house of Hapsburg by election. This house founded its greatness on the success of Kaiser Rudolf I in contracting successful marriages for his numerous offspring, one of whom married the daughter of Přemysl Ottokar, King of Bohemia, who was slain in the battle of Dürnkrut in 1278. Consequently through this and other marriages, the present Kaiser Karl of Austria has in his veins the blood of Libusha, and to him Bohemians would be enthusiastically loyal if—he would voluntarily accord Bohemia what he could not deny to Hungary.

Unfortunately Bohemia occupies a position analogous to that of Ireland toward its masters, only Ireland has yielded its Keltic idiom before the march of the all-conquering English, while the Czechish revival of the early nineteenth century arrested a similar process of Germanization in Bohemia, and it too has its Ulster in the fringe of German counties, which are as irreconcilable as ever the followers of Sir Edward Carson tried to be. As in Ireland, so in Bohemia, the religious question has played a terrible and decisive role. Cromwell settled by force a militant colony of "God-fearing" Scotch Presbyterians in Erin for the express purpose of keeping the Green Island straight according to English notions. Just three hundred years ago the harsh attempts of Ferdinand II to undo the work of the Reformation turned Bohemia into a shambles for thirty hideous years, and the wealthy land of the ancient "Golden King," Ottokar, became a waste. The Catholic party was successful and Bohemia is to-day outwardly devotedly Roman Catholic, but there burns within the proud race a sullen conviction that the German has been the source of all their past

misery, and for three hundred years they have yearned for revenge and freedom. Do what it may, the House of Hapsburg has been unable to conciliate *das herrliche Böhmen*, "splendid Bohemia." The destinies of the polyglot monarchy have been again and again confided to the leadership of some Czechish lord, as in the case of the present Count Czernin von Chudenic, but not even this is enough. Bohemia has taken to heart the prophecy of Libusha.

Tradition says that the Czechs came from Croatia in the seventh century into a land that had been vacated by the Keltic Boii and German Marcomanni. One of their yeomanry, Krok by name, took up his abode in a forest near three oaks of striking beauty. One day he started to fell one of these when very human groans caused him to desist, and he was rewarded by the gratitude and later by the helpful counsels of an unseen form. From this time he prospered and was finally elevated to the dukedom of his people while the wood nymph, whose tree he had spared, became his bride and bore him three daughters, the youngest of whom was Libusha. On the death of Krok the three sisters divided the realm between them but they soon found that men were rough and little willing to yield to their gentle sway. The wealthy Vladik Domaslav would buy Libusha's hand with his sleek cattle and though she declined to be purchased, she found it difficult to assert her independence. Old Bohemian chronicles relate the details of an Amazonian war in which the Czechish Penthesilea, Libusha, is ably seconded by her sturdy relative, and later rival in love, Wlasta.

At length the queen yields to pressure and directs her tormentors across the mountain to the little village, Stadic, where they will find a peasant ploughing his field with two dappled oxen with marks easily distinguishable.

"So be it, Lords, I promise you a man.
Behold the horse, the selfsame palfrey white,
That bore me once to Budesch on that day
When I, in search for herbs, did find a crown.

"But lead him by the rein to those three oaks
Where part the paths that lead into the wood,
Then loose the rein and follow close his trail,
And whither he in search of former haunts
And stable takes his course, his master's close,
There enter in. A yeoman there you'll find
In plowman's garb, who then, for noon's the hour,
From iron table takes his lonely meal,
Enjoying simple fare. Bring him to me.
In him you'll find the man, your quest and mine."

Following this injunction of their mistress, so suggestive of the language of the fairy tale, the Wladiks, as they are called, followed the horse which, on reaching his former master, dropped to his knees and neighed from joy. Undoubtedly awed by the prophetic insight of Libusha, the Wladiks made known their mission whereupon Přemysl invited his guests to his simple repast, the oxen disappeared, and on rising he put the shoes of bast, which he had worn, into his bosom and rode away to the queen. Their nuptials were soon celebrated, shoes and plow were preserved as honored relics to show the people on solemn occasions, and the couple ruled thirteen years when Libusha felt her end approach. She called her family and her nobles together, prophesying both good and evil to her husband, which he was to bear with hopeful patience, and requesting the nobles to afford him their obedient assistance.

Somewhere about 1541 the Czechish chronicler Vaclav Hagek wrote down the story of Libusha accompanying it with most of those legendary details which go to make the delightful story given to the German people in the *Volksmärchen der Deutschen* of Musaeus (1782-1786) and the beautiful poem, *Die Fürstentafel*, in Herder's *Stimmen der Völker*. In 1815 Clemens Brentano dedicated *Die Gründung Prags*, his "drama" of upward of four hundred pages of rhymed verses, to a Grand Duchess of Oldenburg, the "most exalted lady of Slavic race," a book in which he soon forgot his original purpose and ended by delivering a compendium of the legendary life and times of Libusha. The really beautiful poetry of this book was wasted through the author's mistaken plan of putting in one drama what should have formed a trilogy: *The Maids' War*, *The Founding of Prague*, and *Trinitas*, the last in celebration of the triumph of Christianity over Slavic paganism.

Perhaps this book, or at least the projected *Drahomira*, called the attention of the Austrian Franz Grillparzer to the subject, which followed him through life, somewhat as the problem of Faust did Goethe. The complete drama was rescued from his posthumous works and the late Richard H. Meyer ventured the prediction that it would prove to be in the verdict of posterity the most poetical of the Austrian dramatist's works. It is hardly necessary to say that the rationalist son of an enthusiastic Voltairian came near doing with the poetry of the legend what the eighteenth-century rationalists did to the miracles of the Bible. What a pity he did not save more of the fairy poetry of which the legend is so suggestive. Instead we have a modern psychological study, for

Grillparzer's idea is the tragedy of a gentle and poetic soul amid a rude environment, a theme akin to Goethe's Tasso. His Libusha is made miserable by the conflict with an order of society which seeks its ideal in material, social and political prosperity. Realizing the hopelessness of her opposition and yet admiring the consistent perseverance of her husband who merited his name, of which the translation is "forethought," Libusha yields to him who had mused:

"For let the husband be not thrall of wife,
But wife means husband's helpmate, so 't is right."

Feeling intuitively the presence in his wife of that warning power, so near akin to the mother instinct, which enables a woman to foresee any threatened peril for the beloved object of her care and solicitude, Přemysl urges Libusha to utter a prophetic blessing upon his projected city, the Prague to be, and she utters the lines of which, with apologies to the great Austrian, I submit the following translation:

"Go build your city, for it will thrive and bloom,
Uniting firm the people like a banner.
This people will be sturdy, true and honest,
Awaiting patiently the coming of its day.
For all the peoples on this wide flown earth
Shall step upon the stage in due succession.
Now those hold power who dwell by Po and Alps,
But soon their sway shall pass to Pyrenaean lands.
Then those who quaff the waters of the Seine
And Rhone, an actor race, shall play the lord.
The Briton from his isle then casts his net
And drives the fish into his golden web.
Yes, e'en the folk beyond your mountains,
The blue-eyed people full of brutal power
That must e'er forward go or lose its strength,
But blind, when it acts, inactive when it thinks,
It too receives its gleam of sun all ruling,
As heir of all the ages, bright its star.
Of you and of your brothers then's the turn,
It is the final effort of a world tired out.
Long service brings the mastery at last.
Yet broad and far its range not high nor deep;
From its source and fount, the distance great,
Its might recedes, borrowed as it is.
But you will rule and stamp your name as seal
Upon the time to come."

Now, while every race, people, or tribe has had one or more prophets, who felt inspired to regard the command in Genesis i. 28

as directed to his or their fellow-men, the above quoted words had and have a deep and far reaching significance. As dramatic poet, Grillparzer undoubtedly tried to be objective and impartial, at least as much so as, say, a fair-minded Englishman could be when treating a dramatic subject from Irish history or legend. How difficult such a moral *tour de force* must have been for him, becomes apparent when we read some of the prose thoughts of that ardent follower of the political ideals of Joseph II. He did his best to pen those lines, but he hoped the prophecy, like so many others, would never reach fulfilment, for, say what you may, the poet was a German at heart, and the German has been fighting the Slavic westward urge since before the times of Attila. Whatever lands he possesses east of the Elbe river and the Alps he has rewon from the stubborn invader by the fiercest struggles in the annals of the race, and while he won, colonized and Germanized the lands in which are located Vienna, Berlin, Leipsic, Dresden, Breslau, Danzig and Königsberg, the stubborn, cautious Czech maintains to this day the Slavic wedge separating German Austria from Prussia. This is what the Austrian writer Rudolf Hans Bartsch calls *Das deutsche Leid*, the name of one of his novels written not long before the great war.

A study of Grillparzer's dramatic labors on "Libusha" reveals the date of its probable conception as somewhere after the Congress of Vienna, dominated by the commanding influence of Czar Alexander I, and of its completion as falling near that time when the first Pan-Slavic congress met in Prague. Perhaps it is rather the warning voice of the Austrian patriot and "*truer Diener seines Herrn*" than that of the Czechish Queen which utters the prophecy quoted from the drama.

It is more than probable that Grillparzer's studies preliminary to the composition of his drama *König Ottokar's Glück und Ende* revealed to him the dangers for his dearly beloved Austria from a Bohemia which cherished the dream of expanding over Slovackian Hungary to the East and down to Slovenian Austria on the South. While the words which he puts in the mouth of his dying heroine admit the possible future destiny of Slavdom, it is also easy to read between them the difficulty of the admission, and his unwillingness to concede to Slavic peoples the same greatness of historical development to which other nations attained.

We do not care to discuss whether the fruition of Libusha's prophecy would have been a Slavic federation including Danzig, Posen, Ratibor, Bohemia, perhaps even Vienna, and certainly Car-

niola down to the Adriatic on the West, under a Slavic president or a monarchy under a Czar, but there is no question that the Czechish queen's supposed ideas voice the hopes of the Czechish people and the dread of the Germans of Austria and the Empire. The growing power of mighty Slavic Russia was destined sooner or later to awaken a sense of solidarity, even though it be a fictitious one, of all Slavic nations. The great influence of Alexander I in the crushing of Napoleon and in the reconstruction of Europe gave a tremendous impetus to the growth of Slavic consciousness. While Germany in her disintegrated weakness became more and more cosmopolitan in the eighteenth century, the fate of Poland seemed to arouse a contrary sentiment in every Slavic soul, to which no less a German than Herder gave great encouragement. The wave of Romanticism which swept over Europe from about the time of the Reign of Terror awakened a sympathetic interest in the history, literature and art of all peoples, great and small, ancient and contemporary. Even such a pretty apparently non-political but purely literary subject as Herder's poem *Die Fürstentafel* helped to keep alive the movement which was later powerfully strengthened by the works of the Slovack poet, John Kollár, from Mossocz in Slovackian Hungary, of the philologist Dobrowsky, of the historian Pelzel, and numerous others who re-created a Bohemian national literature, to be sure not entirely independent of the powerful surrounding currents, but yet an earnest of better things to come. The Czechish revival of the nineteenth century whereby the process of Germanization, as introduced by the Empress Maria Theresia and continued with headstrong and impolitic vehemence by her son, Joseph II, seemed sure of triumph and was then arrested, brought to a standstill, and changed to a Czechish renaissance of political, social, literary and artistic life, this movement is one of the marvels of history. Let us cast a glance at some of the explanations of the phenomenon.

The early history of Bohemia from the eighth to the fifteenth centuries was practically that of an independent nation which owed at best only a very loose allegiance to the Holy Roman Empire. The native population was entirely devoted to a rather primitive agriculture while mining, manufacturing and commerce were carried on by German colonists who came into the country and founded cities on the invitation of various monarchs of the house of Přemysl. The royal house itself and the nobility intermarried with German princes and nobles, and one of these figures, at the mention of whose name the Bohemian thrills with pride, Přemysl

Ottokar II was the great grandson of mighty Barbarossa, through his mother, Kunigunde, daughter of the Hohenstaufen Kaiser Philip. It is interesting to note that this Bohemian king led two crusades against the heathen, Polish-speaking Prussians, whom he converted to the true faith, building in their midst the city of Kralove Radeč, or as it is now called: Königsberg, where the now German-speaking Prussian kings are crowned. Whether Rudolf of Habsburg, later his successful rival for the imperial crown, served under him on this crusade is possibly a myth, but certain it is that the poet Dante pictures Ottokar as comforting Rudolf in purgatory. At the time of his greatest power he ruled over Bohemia and Moravia to which he added by conquest from the king of Hungary, the lands comprising the present duchies of Upper and Lower Austria and Steiermark, to which were added by bequest the crownlands of Carinthia and Carniola, including Görz and Trieste. His power and wealth caused him for many years to be known as the "Golden King," and had he been able to attain the highest goal of his ambition, he would have gathered the immense Hohenstaufen heritage under his sway as Holy Roman Emperor, but the corrupt German princes thought best to further their interests by electing a man who they thought would not disturb them, and in the ensuing contests Ottokar finally fell at Dürnkrut in 1278. A nation with such memories cannot be extinguished.

It is claimed that Czechish literature is the oldest in development of all the Slavic world, and the establishment of the first German university by Kaiser Karl IV at Prague in 1348 failed to accomplish its task of becoming a bulwark of Germanization, for the next century finds the commanding figure of the later martyr, John Hus, as the center of a Slavic scholastic group which had temporarily driven the German from academic Prague to the newly founded University of Leipsic. In 1415 Hus was burned by the Council of Constance in utter contempt of Kaiser Sigismund's "safe conduct." However, this act led to the terrible Hussite wars in which the reformers maintained their religious independence so that a reluctant Rome made concessions in order to prevent a schism. Perhaps these Bohemian "Utraquists" may have paved the way for Luther's later success. The Czechish victories of Prokop and Žižka in the Hussite Wars were, it is true, nullified by the Catholic reaction during the Thirty Years' War, and a new Catholic Bohemia apparently forgot its patriotic teacher and reformer, but when in August of 1903 a monument to the great heretic was unveiled in Prague, a grand demonstration took place which might have re-

sulted in something far more serious than the actual smashing of the windows of the officers' Casino, had not the vigilance of the Austrian garrison on Hradschin and through the town held the situation in firm control. Hus, the heretic, was forgotten, not so the Czechish patriot.

It would be idle to speculate upon the future, and I shall leave that to a future, or present, Libusha, but this much is certain, Czech and German must find some formula to reconcile their differences. Would the Czech have been happier in a Pan-Slavic, that is Pan-Muscovite Russian federation? When we consider the wonderful development of the literature and life of small peoples as illustrated by free, little Norway, the question occurs, would larger, richer Bohemia be willing to be only a satellite of her big neighbor, or would she prefer her independence? The future must find some way of giving the little states the fullest means of self-expression while allowing that same right in others. Suppose the idea of Thomas Jefferson were the solution of the European problem: a federation of republics, each with the fullest amount of liberty consonant with the safety and best interests of the whole?

BOHEMIAN INDEPENDENCE.

BY EMIL REACH.

WHAT a tiny spot on the map it is, this "kingdom" of Bohemia! Georgia is almost three times as large, and Texas thirteen times. Yet writers of legend and history have much to say about it, having filled page after page with its life and ambition and turmoil; and just now we hear the Slav of Prague blend his protest against Teuton domination with the shrieks of other nations above the deafening clash of battle.

And when was it that Slav and Teuton first met in Bohemia and threw their hats into the ring to wrestle in the fever heat of centuries? The answer is not quite simple. While it is averred in the fourth volume of the *Encyclopædia Britannica* (p. 123) that "recent archeological research has proved the existence of Slavic inhabitants in Bohemia as far back as the beginning of the Christian era," we read in the seventh volume (p. 723) that Czech scholars "by craniological studies and a thorough examination of the fields where the dead were burned... have arrived at the conclusion that parts of the country were inhabited by Czechs, or at least by