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DUCHY OF CARNIOLA

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DR K. DOBIDA

LJUBLJANA

Central Office of the Association for the Travelling

of Strangers.

Gratis lnquiry-Office in ali Matters concerning the

Travelling of Strangers.

Permanent Exhibition of Views, Paintings, Pictures

of Costumes etc.

Reading-rooms with Carniolan and Foreign Tra¬

velling Literature.

Publication and Šale of Albums, Photographies,

Guides and Picture-cards.

Gratis Correspondence and Agency concerning the

Accomodation of Strangers.

Gratis Inquir-y-Office for Mountaineering, Winter-

Sport, Excursions, Visits to the Grottoes.

Laybach, Miklošičeva cesta 6

(Austria)

opposite the Grand Hotel “Union\*\*.

Carniolan

Tourist-Office

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0 Aviso for Strangers

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M. RUPPE: CASTLE OF VELDES.

M Alpine Province of Carniola. M

T he duchy of Carniola the country of wonders, as

Sir Humphry Davy has called it, is situated in

the high Alps of Austria near the Adriatic Sea. It is

the only Slavish country in the Alps. Mountains to-

wering toward the sky and covered with eternal

snow, lakes of crystal purity, green alpine pastures,

fragrant forests, the ‘healthy and bracing air that

blows from the Alps, ali these entice every year

thousands and thousands of strangers to this country.

It is well provided for the tourists by summer re-

treats and winter sports. Direct express trains with

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dining and sleeping cars, modern hotels, alpine huts

and societies for the Information of strangers are

aiding the traveller.

The duchy is Slovene (South Slavish), her inhabi-

tants have a pretty high degree of culture and instruc-

tion and take much interest in the welfare of strangers.

The Capital of the province, Laybach (Sl. Ljubljana)

has 45.000 inhabitants and is a charming modern town.

Her principal mountains are: the Julian Alps, the

Karawanken and the Alps of Kamnik (Stein) or of

the Sanntal, the Karst (Kras).

High tours to the summits of the Triglav (2865 m),

the Mangart (2678 m), the Grintavec (2559 m) and the

Stol (2239 m).

Lakes: the Wocheiner See (Slov. Bohinjsko jezero),

Veldeser See (Slov. Blejsko jezero), the two lakes of

Weigenfels and the seven lakes of the Triglav.

The chief bathing-places and summer resorts are

at Bled (Veldes), Bohinjska Bistrica (Wocheiner

Feistritz) on the Wocheiner lake, at Kranjska Gora

(Kronau), Mojstrana, Kamnik (Stein). Except these there

are many summer resorts and smaller bathing-places.

A wonder of the world is the Grotto of Adelsberg

(Postojna), the finest grotto of Europe.

The principal river is the Save which arises in

two sources out of the waterfalls in Upper Carniola,

the two branches meet again at Radovljica (German:

Radmannsdorf) in one single impetuous clear course

of emerald green flowing towards the South.

Laybach is 3 hours distant from Triest, 3^2 hours

from Fiume (Reka), 9 hours from Vienna, 16 hours

from Prague, 9’/ 2 hours from Budapest, 26 hours

from Pariš and 35 hours from London.

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TRIGLAV

Information, prospectuses and pictures are sent

gratis by the Tourist Office of the Provincial Asso-

ciation for the circulation of strangers and tourists,

Miklošičeva cesta 6’, opposite the Grand Hotel

Union, Laybach.

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g National costumes - the Carniolans. 1

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In Carniola the national costumes are partially

stili in use and they are worn on holydays. In these

later days patriots have taken pains to revive the

national dress, and thanks to their encouragement,

you may, at the present time, on holy-days and on

the national holidays, see the beautiful native costumes

of the country. The national dress of Upper Carniola

is of a dark shade, but rich, that of the women is

adorned with embroidery in gold or silk. The frocks

in Lower Carniola are of showy shades and very

picturesque.

What a treat for the eyes to see the well-built

and strong Slovene people in their Sunday suits of

by-gone days which show forth so well their self-

possession and national pride.

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| Laybach (Ljubljana), |

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The Capital Laybach (Ljubljana), called by the

people “the white town” (Bela Ljubljana) is about

297 m above the level of the sea; it is connected

with the express train of the Sudbahn Triest-Vienna-

Abbazia; junction of the lines towards North Carniola

OF. A. WAGNER: BEFORE THE CITY-HALL AT LATBACH.

5

to Veldes, Bistrica, the Wocheiner See, Mojstrana,

Kronan and beyond the bounderies to Villach and

Klagenfurt; starting-point of the branch lines to

Kamnik (Stein), Novomesto (Rudolfswert), Gottschee

and Vrhnika (Oberlaibach). The town has 45.000 in-

habitants, is the seat of the provincial government

of a bishop and ali the central authorities. It is also

the centre of culture and commerce of the Slovene

nation which, except Carniola, inhabits also Carinthia,

the South of Styria and the Litoral.

Laybach is beautifully situated on the Ljubljanica

at the foot of a hill crovvned by an old castle. It is

a thouroughly modern town with broad streets, an

electric tramway, excellent waterworks, model sewers,

gas and electric light; interurban telephone Vienna-

Triest; modern provincial hospital, infant hospital,

sanatorium Leoninum, Emona, hydrotherapic sana-

torium Hygiea, river, pool and warm baths. —

Laybach has a view of rare beauty. The town itself

has numerous parks and squares. Among these is

the one in the middle of the town laid out in the

form of a star, the “Zvezda” (Sternallee). Lattennann-

avenue leads to the big gardens, groves and forests

of old trees of the town round the Castle of Tivoli.

The ancient public monuments, the great churches

with beautiful entrances and architecture, recall the

surroundings of artistic Italy. Especially worthy of

notice is the tovvnhall with a massive marble foun-

tain, the monument of the Emperor Francis Joseph,

the statues of the Slovene poets, Prešeren and Vodnik,

of the founder of the literary Slovene language,

Trubar, and that of the historian Valvasor; comme-

morative columns and so on.

6

Scientific and literary institutions “Slovenska

Matica”, the renowned singing society “Glasbena

Matica”, the association of singers “Ljubljana” and

others; military and civil bands in summer and on

popular holidays; highly remarkable is also the pro-

vincial museum “Rudolfinum”, especially tor its

celebrated collections of palafittes from the antique

city Lacustre, which was discovered at the Marsh

of Laybach, and the numerous objects of the bronze

period from the excavations at Watsch and elsewhere;

then the national costumes and the national works

of art.

But what gives the most characteristic features

to the town is the fine view in the proper acceptation

of the word that one enjoys from the Grad (Schlog-

berg); according to many travellers there is no

equal in any other town of the realm. On a fine

sunny day it is worth while to make the easy ascent.

From the esplanade belonging to the old castle a

view of great extent and unforgotten variety opens

before the enchanted visitor. To the north, the eye

soars above a fertile plain, dotted with villages,

towards the lower Alps, and the peaked summits

of the Steiner Alps (Kamniške Planine); farther to

the West mount the characteristic pinnacles of the

Karawanken and terminate in the majestic Mount

Triglav (Three Heads) in the Julian Alps. Then the

gray coloring of the rhountains begins to shade with

the verdure, the elevation little by little descends,

and ends in an enormous circle surrounding the

whole of Lower Carniola, and forming a succession

of hills and green mountains with the two most

characteristic summits of the Austrian Karst, the

7

Nanos and the Snežnik (Schneeberg, Snow-Mountain),

bordering the south of the horizon. The panorama

of this grand basin is formed by the vast plain

through which, like a silver ribbon winds the river

Laybach.

Because of its parks and beautiful environs,

Laybach is very advantageously situated for a

summer resort, and by its accessibility, as a tourisfs

destination; after a two hour’s drive the traveller

may be in the centre of Upper-Carniola and in a

few hours he reaches the Adriatic Sea.

Hotels: Grand Hotel Union, Elephant, Parkhotel

Tivoli.

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| Bathing piace of Veldes (Bled). §

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501 m above the level of the sea; the express train

of the Staatsbahn stops at the station Lesce (Lees)

between Tarvis and Laybach. Veldes is a real little

alpine paradise. In the center of a basin, towered

by an old, well-preserved castle, glitters the clear

water of a charming lake forming a big shield from

which rises a beautiful high island crowned with a

white church, which mirrors itself in the smooth

surface at its base. The lake is circled by many

comfortable hotels, charming villas, interspersed with

magnificent summer residences and charming cottages

harmonizing with the surroundings. And farther on

is the splendid amphitheatre of verdant mountains

forming the bounderies of the giant Julian Alps. —

Hotels: Imperial Park-hotel late Mallner, Luisenbad.

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M.RUPPE: VELDES-ISLE.

The temperature of the lake is, in sutnmer, 26° C.

and invites bathing. .. Luisenbad possesses streng-

thening, hot, mineral waters. — Veldes is a very

renowned summer resort which is, from year to year,

more frequented; it has an elegant Curhouse, mušic,

sporting grounds, beautiful promenades; trips into

the high mountains are much recommended.

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Summer resort and winter sporting plače

VVocheiner Feistritz - Wocheiner See |

(Bohinjska Bistrica-Bohinjsko jezero). |

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You enter it by the defile of the Save which

broadens at theWocheiner Feistritz (railway-station of

the Staatsbahn)

and ends at the

Wocheiner lake

that sleeps in

grand stillness

guardedbyhigh

rocky walls and

fed by the Sa¬

vica waters

which, higher

up, break from

their rocks, and

form a very

high and abun-

dant waterfall,

the finest of the

country. The

Wochein valley

offers a grand

panorama

which is almost

solely formed

by the formi-

dable Julian Alps. Half an hour’s drive or an hour’s

walk will take you to the lake.

SAVICA AVATERFALL.

10

The lakes of the Wochein as well as the river

Save and its tributaries abound in trout and fish of

ali sorts and are therefore warmly recommended to

people liking the fishing šport.

Places on the shore: Hotels: St. Johann

(Sv. Janez, St. John), Heiliger Geist (Sv. Duh, Holy

Ghost) and Zlatorog near the Savica waterfall.

Since the opening of the new alpine railway line

Tauern-Adria the Wochein has become a very fre-

quented summer retreat, and later in the year the

winter sports are much enjoyed.

ES I Kronati (Kranjska gora) | ES

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842 m above the level of the sea, a very fine alpine

plače surrounded by the grand landscape of the Save,

the valley of which extends between the high summits

of the Karawanken and the Julian Alps. Noted for

its invigorating air, pure water, good taverns, baths,

magnificent promenades, especially in the Pišenca

valley (pron. Pechentza). — Dovje (Lengenfeld)-

Mojstrana, 705 m, summer resort with very salu-

brious alpine climate starting point for the Triglav.

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i Kamnik (Stein) I

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is situated on the branch line Laybach-Kamnik and

lies immediately at the foot of the Steiner Alps. On

the Bistrica a brook rich in trout Stein is a charming

summer retreat with a hydrotherapic establishment,

shady promenades, salubrious alpine climate, Cur-

house; starting point for ascents.

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M. RUPPE: “KLEINFESTE” AT STEIN.

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The railway of the Staatsbahn extends along the

valley as far as Kronan and offers many summer

resorts: Medvode (Zwischenwassern), Škofja Loka

12

(Bischoflack), Kranj (Krainburg), Tržič (Neumarktl),

Lesce (Lees), Vigaun, Polič, Žerovnica, Ratschach

and Weigenfels; near this plače are the two Weigen-

fels lakes with the Mangart in the background.

Siidbahn railway: Steinbriick - Laybach-Triest,

resp. Fiume-Abbazia, offer likewise a good number

of hot thermal waters and summer retreats: hot

thermal springs at Čatež and Gallenegg (Media).

Summer resorts: Vrhnika (Oberlaibach), Borov¬

nica, Loitsch, Planina, Rakek, Zirknitz with its cele-

brated intermittent lake where according to the

season you may alternately walk, drive, go boating,

fish, hunt, mow and reap in the same year and on

the same plače. Adelsberg (Postojna), Ilirska Bistrica

(Illyrisch Feistritz).

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[<3 | The Grotto of Adelsberg | E3

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553 m above the level of the sea; the Siidbahn

express train stops on its way to Triest 8 minutes

at the station. Carmen Sylva, queen of Roumania,

calls the grotto a Fairy land extending underground;

its splendour is indeed awe-inspiring. Beneath high

domes and passages you see the most fantastic sta-

lactites and stalagmites in countless shapes and odd

configurations, first forming extraordinary and strange,

dark groups, then again shining in the electric light

like the brightest diamonds. A well kept path leads

the visitor through the big dome along “the pulpit”,

“the waterfall”, “the lion’s head”, “the curtain”, “the

sword of Damocles”, “the Gothic column” and other

phenomna which nature had the fancy to create;

large and more spacious places such as the “dancing

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THE GROTTO OF ADELSBERG: TARTAR.

hali” and the “Tartarus” will strike the visitor with

awe by their grandeur. More than 60.000 persons

visit the grotto every year. On Whit-monday a great

festivity with mušic and dancing is held there.

Adelsberg is also a very commendable summer

resort with many good hotes.

14

STEINER FBISTRITZ, ISSUE OF THE VALLEY.

The Carniolans at Home. - Their Manners

and Customs. - Legends of Carniola.

The Austrian province of Carniola is the only Slavish

country in the Alps, that great chain of mountains which

traverses Europe from the French coast of the Mediter-

ranean to the countries of the Balkans. The particular

Alps of Carniola are called the Julian Alps, to comme-

morate the conquest of our country by the Romans

under Julius Caesar on their march against the barbarians

to the north and east df Italy.

Sir Humphrey Davy, the great and much travelled

Englishman, made Carniola his home for many years

and described it as the most beautiful country which he

had ever seen in Europe. Here the great but sometimes

forbidding scenery of Svvitzerland and the Tyrol begins

15

M. RUPPE: MITTERDORF, WOCHEIN.

M. RUPPE: CHAPEL OF THE CASTLE AT VELDES.

to give way to the soft and charming lines of the

Italian landscape. “It seemed to me like an undiscovered

paradise,” says an American, Francis E. Clark, in his

book on “Old Homes of New Americans, “for compara-

tively few tourists disturb these lovely solitudes. The

city of Laibach, the Capital of the Slovenians in Carniola,

štručk me as a peculiarly beautiful town, where I would

like to settle down for a long summer holiday.”

But lately the tourists are arriving fast enough to

change the aspect of our country and the ideas of our

people. The Canadian Pacific Railway company, who have

established a steamship line between Austria and Canada,

are also running observation cars on the trains from

Vienna to the Adriatic sea, past my home, the Lake of

Veldes.

Even now I am missing the strawcovered roofs of

the peasant homes, bricks and slate and other new in-

ventions having taken their plače, under the influence

of progress and insurance rates.

The people are getting more and more interested

in politics and consequently in liquor. This, I suppose,

is ali as it should be, but I am afraid the home which

I have known and loved in my childhood will soon only

exist in my memory. When I visited home the last time,

I noticed that the beli of our village church had changed

its tone, and was informed that it had been broken and

had to be recast. It nearly broke my heart.

The people inhabiting Carniola and also the adjoining

countries of Carinthia, Styria and the maritime provinces

of Austria belong to the Slovenian branch of the gret

Slav race, forming with the Croatians, Serbs and Bulgars,

from the Alps to Constantinople, the solid unity of the

Southern Slavs, half of whom live under Austrian-

Hungarian rule, while the others inhabit the independent

kingdoms of Serbia, Montenegro and Bulgaria, the recent

victors over Turkey.

18

The river Sava, which originates in the Carniolan

mountains, connects ali these nations. On its banks resound

the melancholy songs of our always suffering, always

hoping race, as it flows on through Croatia, past the

white city of Belgrade and along the borders of Bulgaria

into the Black Sea, to the Russian nations, whose racial

and linguistic likeness with ours thousands of years of

separation have not been able to erase.

How different from America, where our Slovenian

nation of a million and a half is emigrating in ever

increasing numbers, so that now one Slovenian out of

fifteen lives in this country, and where they so quickly

assimilate that, with the new language, the later genera-

tions soon lose the consciousness of their origin, of

their physical and national characteristics. I have relatives

in the States of Washington and Minnesota, where our

people are settled as farmers; others by the hundred

thousands live in Illinois, Ohio, Pennsylvania, Montana,

and prominently, also, in Colorado, where 3,000 Sloven-

ians are prospering in Pueblo alone.

Clark thinks it is not too much to believe that before

the end of this century the United States will harbor

“a majority of these hardy, enterprising sons of the soil.”

And to illustrate their character, he goes on to relate

an ancient custom of the Slovenians which is stili to this

day vivid in our memory.

When a new prince was inaugurated, a peasant

mounted a rock to await the coming of the prince, who

was dressed like a peasant. As the prince advanced, the

peasant called: “Who is it who approaches?” The people

answered: “It is the prince of this land.” The peasant

then said: “Is he a good judge ? Is he the friend of

truth?” On receiving a reply in the affirmative, the

peasant yielded his plače to the newcomer, who mounted

the rock, and, brandishing his sword, vowed to defend

the country of the Slovenians.

19

BENESCH: ROTHWEIN-FALLS.

Well may the Americans believe that people with

such a record in their past will be a credit to the country

of their adoption; and I hope that my references to the

Slavonian nation will be of some interest to the Ame¬

rican readers in the Rocky Mountain states where they

form, especially in the mining districts, the chief foreign

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element, as they may be welcome to my own countrymen

who, like myself, have stili retained those sentiments

which, at this time of the year more than e ver, turn

our thoughts to the land of our nativity.

Christmas, the night when our Savior was born in

the humble hut of Bethlehem, is the time of great rejoic-

ing among the people of Carniola. The country and

villages are deeply buried in snow, which contrast with

the dark green color of the surrounding pine and spruce

forests, over which tower the mountains, eternally white

through summer and winter. With the exception of the

himber business, which furnishes the chief occupation

of the poorer classes, the winter is a very quiet season

for the peasants.

Evenings they sit in the lov wooden panelled rooms

of their houses, around the big table under the crucifix.

21

At Christmastide in that corner universally appears a

scenic representation of the birth of the Savior. Simple

paper figures are stuck up in moss. On Jan. 6 the

images of the three kings join the company. The walls

of the room are adorned with pictures of saints.

These portraits, formerly crude and naive paintings

on glass, have lately become replaced by cheap prints.

There is usually to be seen the portrait of Emperor

Francis Joseph, sometimes one dating back to his

ascension to the throne sixty-five years ago. And pro-

bably you will observe some more recent photographs,

representing friends or relatives in Minnesota or Leadville.

Forks, knives and spoons show themselves sticking out

from straps along the wall or under the ceiling, as

every servant of the house has his special and recognized

plače where he places his eating utensils. One corner

of the room is taken up by a large stove, around which

runs a bench, and above which are characteristically

built shelves upon which the young folks lie during the

evenings, throwing jokes at the old people underneath.

Under the stove lie the dog and the cat enjoying the

warmth, forgetting their quarrels of last summer.

Birds, robins and others, who of their own accord have

arrived with the cold to spend the winter in the house, are

jumping around the room and upon the table, friends to

ali members of the family. They will take their leave with

the arrival of the warmer weather and will come again

with the winter. Sometimes the same bird will return

for ten years, anxiously awaited by the family. And then

comes a winter when the little fellow remains away.

It is difficult to describe or for strangers to imagine

the sorrow of the family when they finally are convinced

that the bird must be dead. Perhaps he was killed in

a storm, perhaps he was the prey of some animal; no

one will know the particulars of the tragedy which

ended the little life in this world of continuous murder.

22

WOCHEINER LAKE.

The women and maids of the house are sitting in

one corner, piling off corn or knitting or spinning the

home-grown wool and linen and “talking personalities,”

as we would say in America. In the meantime, in the

open hearth kitchen the old grandmother sets a light

to burn over night, that the spirits of the dead family

members, when they come to visit during the night,

may find a plače where to warm their cold hands.

One after one the men come in from their work,

and as they step into the room they dip their fingers

into the holy water by the door and cross themselves.

I do not deny that sometimes these men can be very

loud and heated in their conversations. But not so to night,

when the solemnity of the holy occasion impresses them

and turns their thoughts towards the questions of eternity,

which, in their simple but clear way of thinking, they

can settle as well as any philosopher. Their life in the

mountains is hard and dangerous (nearly as dangerous

as in some Colorado coal mineš!), and they are at any

time prepared to leave it.

Ali over the roads and mountain paths you will fing

inscriptions, crosses or wood paintings commemorating

the untimely and unnatural death of one of these hardy

men of the mountains. “The road to eternity is not

long,” it reads under a little picture describing the

death of a lumberman. “At 1 o’clock he left home, and

at 3 o’clock he was already in heaven.”

It is interesting to notice how many pagan customs

and recollections stili linger in the memory of this po-

pulation, which more than 1,000 years ago, in the wars

against the Germans under Emperor Charlemagne, was

converted to Christianity and ever since, with a short

interval during the Protestant reformation, have remained

staunch Catholics.

The folk lores and tales stili date back into the

times when their successors worshipped the three-headed

24

A. ZOFF: MOUNT STEINER IN THE VRATA VALLEY. (MORNING IN THE ALPES.)

god, whose memory is preserved in the name of the

highest mountain of Carniola, the Triglav. Its craggy

precipices and white snow fields are the domain of the

chamois hunters. They were the beloved huntingground

of my youth, when, during my summer vacations in the

pursuance of a more gentle profession, I used to know

and to collect ali the specimens of the Alpine flora of

our mountains.

These flowers, small and insignificant, to better be

able to hide among the rocks for their protection, but

wonderful in variety and color, are ali that remains now

of the garden of Zlatorog. In lonely winter evenings

the hunters will teli the story. The better the wine you

offer them the better the story.

Many thousand years ago, the rising walls, the

windswept ridges and the glaciers of the Triglav were

a beautiful garden belonging to a god, the wonderful,

white, golden-horned chamois, Zlatorog. His anger caused

the thunder, when out of his golden horns flashed the

lightning. When he hurt himself, out of his red blood

grew the famous Triglav roses. He was kind to ali

hunters and allowed them ali the game they wanted,

provided they refrained from molesting him. So every-

thing went well for centuries.

Then came the usual trouble — woman. One of the

hunters had a sweetheart, whom he used to present

with a bunch of flowers each time he returned from

the mountains. One day she said they were not good

enough for her, just as an American girl might look

upon a dozen of cheap carnations and feel that she

wanted long-stemmed American beauties.

“If you čare to be my sweetheart, go and bring me

Triglav roses.” The hunter went. For days he trailed

the golden-horned bučk. Finally he saw him, peacefully

grazing in his garden. He aimed, shot, but the wounded

animal flew as if unhurt, leaving behind himself roses

26

VELDES WITH THE ISLAND CHURCH.

from every drop of his blood. But at the same time a

terrible earthquake occurred, burying forever Zlatorog’s

garden. In vain the young girl cried and waited for her

hunter. After the storm was over, the turbulent waters

brought a man’s body to the valley. Young Jerica knew

him. She jumped from the bridge and joined her

sweetheart in death.

The sound of the church beliš, like the hunter’s shot,

at once brings the people back from Zlatorog’s garden

and turns their thoughts to the great event to which

they are going to pay tribute. One by one they rise to

go to church, where high mass will be read at midnight,

the hour when the Divine Child, announced by the star,

was born in the stable of Bethlehem.

Though the winter is cold and the roads are bad,

only the infant children and the oldest people (who soon

expect to meet the Savior anyway) remain at home. No

one stays to guard the houses.

It would be impossible to think of theft on Christmas

night. The church stands on a little island in the midst

of the Lake of Veldes. From some places the way is

long and tiresome. It winds up and down the hills and

through the forest—the deep, dark forest.

The branches of the trees are laden with snow. Not

a sound. Have you ever heard that silent voice of the

forest ? Where we come to an opening affording a wide

view stands a large cross. They say that over 300 years

ago, during the advance of the Turks in Europe, this

was the furthest point their horsemen reached in an

effort to penetrate our mountains, which they probably

gave up as useless. On the shore of the lake, on a rock

falling abruptly into the water, stands the castle of the

Bishops, who, until the Napoleonic wars, were the

sovereigns of our country.

The great housecleaning that then followed in Europe

also changed the political conditions of Carniola, and

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M. RUPPE: VALLEY OF THE VRATA.

after a short occupation by the French returned it

under the direct sovereignty of Austria. The influence

of the Bishops’ reign is stili noticeable in the many little

churches which crown the hilltops, even where there are no

houses in the neighborhood. Some were built infulfillment of

vows, others as burial places of once prominent families.

Most of the churches are now deserted and only used once

a year, as the people prefer to go to the parish church.

As I pass by, the clock from the church on the hill

strikes the hour. A voice from heaven, from my uncle

and aunt’s only daughter, who, after a short illness,

left them in the sixth year of her life! As young as

she was she had already learned the lesson of economy,

and her little savings were devoted to the purchase of

a clock for our church tower, and the Bishop of Carniola

ordered that her portrait be hung in the church in beloved

memory of Mary, Baroness Schwegel.

There the lovely painting hangs, among other saints

as they appear, crucified or skinned or boiled, and when

I look up, the little path leading to the church through

the snow, reminds me of her life—short and pure. And

the striking of the clock is heard far toward the villages

in the neighborhood. It reminds us also that one of

these hours will some day summon us away. It admonishes

us, in the meantime, to make the best use of our time.

Sixty minutes has the hour, and more than a thousand

has the day, said Goethe to his son. Think of it. How

much you could accomplish in that time!

At this season of the year the lake is solidly frozen,

and the people cross it on foot. From the island which,

as the story goes, more than thousand years ago, was

a temple or plače of pagan worship, the songs from

hundred voices now begin to rise in praise of the Father

who let His own son die that this world may be redeemed.

Woodsmen and charcoal-burners who live so far

away in the forest that they cannot come down, have

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climbed some mountain top, and from there look down

upon the plače which is clearly distinguishable by the

dim light emanating from the church, like the light

which the shepherds saw glowing in the stable of

Bethlehem.

The mass which is being read is very solemn and

long. I remember that as a boy I often felt so tired that

I thought I would have to faint or fall asleep, but my

father kept me up, saying: “This is no night to sleep.”

It is already morning when one can see the people

return to their homes in a long serpentine line across

the lake.

The sun, when the first rays of the day touch the

mountains, illuminates but does not warm their icy

summits. In their immovable, philosophic attitude they

have looked down upon many nations praising God in

their different ways.

The people have now gone to celebrate Christmas

day at their homes, but the beli of the island church

stili rings and rings. There is a saying that whoever

tolls this beli whatever he may wish when the beli

sounds, will be fulfilled. I remember when I was a boy

that once my uncle suggested to Emperor Francis Joseph,

who was visiting our country, to ring that beli—day

and night you can hear it; it never seems to stop, like

wishes never rest. The sound of the beli has followed

me everywhere, through ali countries I have visited. I

heard it out of the endless forests of Ontario, and the

roaring breakers of the Afričan coast. Perhaps some of

my countrymen, suffering and freezing in the camps at

Ludlow and Starkville, will listen for its sound through

a Colorado blizzard.

Like our conscience, it sounds sometimes louder,

sometimes fainter, till some day with mightier and

mightier growing voice it will lead us home to our

eternal fatherland.

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A. ZOFF: LAKE OF WEISSENFELS

NARODNA IN UNIUERZITETNA

KNJIŽNICA

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Circular tour Alps-Adria.

o o o o

We recommend the following tour: Laybach-

Agling-Veldes-Wocheiner See-Triest-Miramare-

Adelsberg-Laybach. This tour includes the Capital

with its magnificent panorama, the high moun-

tains with their lakes and waterfalls, the deep

and steep valley of the Isonzo (Soča) with its

blue waves. Triest with its Austrian azure coast

and the celebrated grotto of Adelsberg. The

quickest journey with the shortest stops in the

above mentioned places takes about 60 hours.

Dir, madifger Triglav, gilt mein Lied, mein

Griifien!

Dr el Haupter hebst du trotzig in die H oh’

Mie jener Golt, nadi dem sie einst dich

hiefien,

Und j e de s trdgt e in Diadem von Schnee.

Idi bin nmstarrt von hundert Bergesriesen,

Wenn sdiwindelnd idi atif delnem Scheitel

st eh’,

Es ladit ein griin Geland zn meinen Fiifien,

Midi griifit Italien und die blatte See.

Baumbach, »Zlatorog 11 .

Froni Baumbach’s “Zlatorog 11

a native epic poem from the

mountainous country of

Upper Carniola so rich in

legends.

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