

English tourist. When, however, they found that he was a poor musician like themselves, they forgot their disappointment, and the horn-blower said: "Come into the bushes with us; we have kindled a fire, and we shall be very glad if you, sir, will join in our little repast." The invitation was accepted with pleasure, and the company sat down together on the grass round about the fire, which was burning merrily in the fresh morning air, and enjoyed their meal so much, that it was pleasant to see. In the course of their conversation it turned out (*sich fin'en*) that these jolly fellows were poor students of theology, who were attending the University of Prague. "Of course," said the hautboy-player, "we have not much money to spend (*verwenden*) on breakfast or supper; but then we do not spoil our stomachs with too much eating, and when the noon bells ring we repair every day to the Capuchin convent, where Father Cook always has a table prepared for us; at the same time we profit by the opportunity of talking Latin." When the holidays arrived, he continued, they left the stupid old lecture-room, and wandered on foot into the free country, to earn their living by their music. The horn-blower said that, for his part, he did not care to travel like wealthy people, who ordered their meals, horses and beds beforehand. He preferred starting afresh each morning, without knowing what chimney was smoking for them, and without anticipating what particular luck they might meet with by evening. They were welcome with their music wherever they came. "Well, perhaps not always," said the clarinettist, laughing, "but even where we are not, wealthy people are always ready at least to send out a servant to us with money or food when we enter their hall and begin to blow our instruments, if it be only to get rid of the noise." "Yes," replied the horn-blower, "while the others are grinding away at their tasks, we study the great picture-book which God has spread open for us out of doors, and we are so best fitted (*geschickt*) to preach to the clod-hoppers, for we tell something to them, and when we thump the pulpit with our fists they shake in their shoes."

In the meanwhile the third musician, who had been studying