

preservation, a large, neat room, not specially beautiful. Here assembled the Emperor Segismund, Pope John XXIII., 26 princes, 140 counts, over 20 cardinals, 7 patriarchs, 20 archbishops, 91 bishops, 600 prelates and doctors, and about 4,000 priests. They deposed three rival popes, and elected a new one, but the most noteworthy thing they did was to condemn and burn Huss and Jerome, of Prague, after the Emperor had given them a safe conduct there, and the promise of security. We visit the old Dominican monastery, where Huss was incarcerated. It is now a manufactory of some kind, but there are many *souvenirs* of the prisoners still sacredly kept. There is his cell, six feet long by four feet wide, the massive oaken door with its little iron window, where bread and water were doled out to him, and many other things equally interesting. We take the same road now that the two martyrs trod, jeered at by the crowd as they passed along, clad in their devil-painted robes. Huss had a mock trial on the 15th of July, 1415, was condemned and burned the same day, and his ashes thrown into the river Rhine. Jerome suffered the same fate the following May, on precisely the same spot. A very large stone now marks the place, overgrown with ancient ivy. Four hundred and fifty years and more have passed away since they died. Bohemia, their native land, is still Roman Catholic, for the sword of Wallenstein was mighty; but the memory of Huss and Jerome is still green in the hearts of their countrymen, and they long still for the dawn of a better day. It was a Bohemian schoolmaster who took pleasure in talking to me about Huss, and told with evident satisfaction the pun of that martyr. Huss means in the Bohemian tongue goose, and Luther is a swan. "You may kill and roast the goose," said Huss, "but a swan will come whom you can neither kill nor roast." But we must leave the ashes of the martyrs in peace, and continue our journey. We go down the Rhine a short distance, until we reach Schaffhausen, in Switzerland. Here we visit the Falls of the Rhine. The fall is seventy feet high, broken by projecting rocks. The river is not very wide—the surroundings are varied. Above the precipice is a railway bridge. On the whole it is, perhaps, more romantic and picturesque than our mighty Niagara, but otherwise it is a mere plaything in comparison.

We now leave the Rhine, and will not see it again until near its glacial source among the Alps. We travel directly south,