

Michael Henry Heim

# The Russian Journey of Karel Havlíček Borovský

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Michael Henry Heim - 9783954792894

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# SLAVISTISCHE BEITRÄGE

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HERAUSGEGEBEN VON

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REDAKTION

PETER REHDER

Band 128



VERLAG OTTO SAGNER  
MÜNCHEN

MICHAEL HENRY HEIM

THE RUSSIAN JOURNEY OF  
KAREL HAVLÍČEK BOROVSÝ



VERLAG OTTO SAGNER - MÜNCHEN  
1979

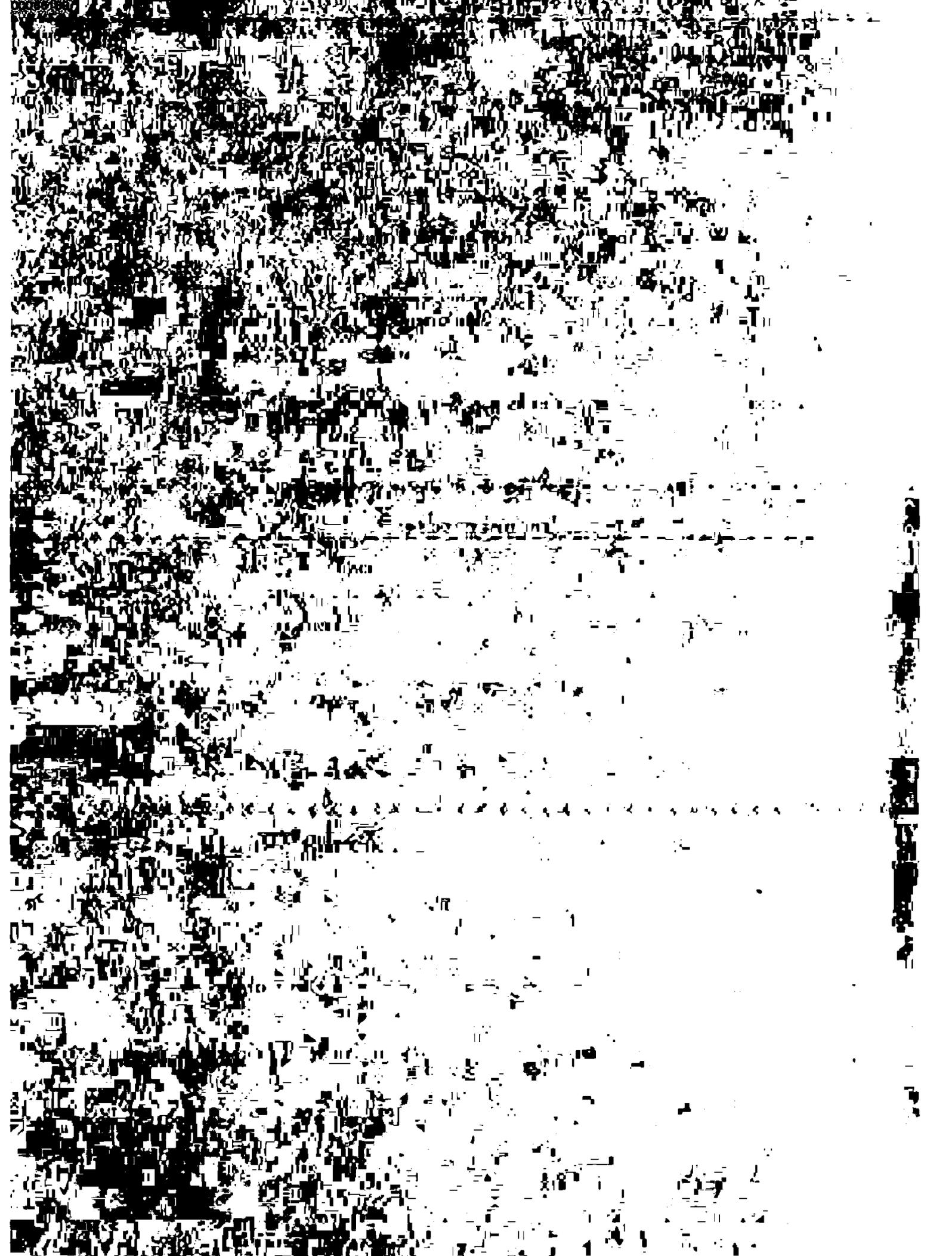
Published with a subsidy from the James B. Duke Endowment Fund  
Center for Russian and East European Studies  
University of California, Los Angeles



ISBN 3-87690-161-8

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Abteilung der Firma Kubon & Sagner, München  
Druck: Alexander Grossmann  
Fäustlestr. 1, D-8000 München 2

To S.P.J.  
in gratitude



## PREFACE

Little is known of Karel Havlíček Borovský (1821-56) outside Czechoslovakia, but his fellow Czechs revere him. He is one of their nineteenth-century culture heroes—a satirist of great finesse and a shrewd but always humane journalist and politician. His holy of holies was a stable, self-reliant Czech nation, and his position vis-à-vis that nation's German-speaking neighbors and Slavic brothers has retained validity and support throughout the vicissitudes of recent history. The issues he treated are still very much alive.

Havlíček was a nationalist, but not of the sentimental, passive kind so common among his contemporaries. In the 1830's and 1840's Prague was the fountainhead of Pan-Slavic thought, but the Czechs were by and large armchair ideologues: with only the most rudimentary ideas of Russian political and social conditions they looked to Russia for models, leadership, protection from German tyranny—in short, for salvation. Only Havlíček actually traveled to Russia. In his capacity as tutor in the home of the literary critic S.P. Ševyrev he met the Russian ideologues of the Slavophile movement. Despite his predisposition to things Russian, despite his high connections, he came away from the country disenchanted. Indeed, Russian despotism so shocked him that he was ready to reject his original goal of Slavic unity if its price was Russian hegemony.

The Russian journey proved to be the turning point in Havlíček's life. Having lost faith in Russia, he devoted all his efforts to promoting reform within the framework of the Austrian Empire: he advocated pushing the monarchy as far as it would go, but firmly opposed revolution. The two main outlets for his ideas were a steady stream of trenchant editorials (in "Czech and Slav," for example, he rails as much against his apathetic countrymen as against the powers that be) and a series of the most clever and artistically valid satires and epigrams ever composed in Czech (his verse masterpiece, *The Baptism of St. Vladimir*, pokes biting fun at the Austrian regime while ostensibly telling the tale of the first Russian tsar to accept Christianity). During the reactionary backlash that followed the events of 1848 he was the only major liberal figure in Prague to continue publishing and acting on his views.

Czech history and literature have produced few figures so lively and controversial. Havlíček's popularity among the Czechs is so great that when they write about him they identify with him and therefore tend to forfeit their objectivity. This rule knows of one principal exception: T.G. Masaryk and his *Karel Havlíček*. In Masaryk's study the subjectivity of the disciple and objectivity of the scholar merge in rare harmony, and although it first appeared in 1896, it remains the most vibrant treatment of Havlíček's ideas. But Masaryk focuses on 1848 and chooses to leave aside his subject's

earlier years. The goal of the study that follows is to put the central episode of his youth, his eighteen-month stay in Russia, into the context of what preceded and followed it.

Let it be clear from the outset: The letters and essays Havlíček wrote while in Russia in 1842-43 do not open any new vistas on that country. Apart from throwing light on several prominent Russian cultural personalities (Ševyrev, M.P. Pogodin, O.M. Bodjanskij), they are interesting mainly for what they reveal of Havlíček's own intellectual evolution. For the rest of his short life Havlíček referred to his impressions of Russia when making decisions about the situation in Bohemia. Most important, the disillusionment he felt with Russia influenced his stand on the nationality question in the Austrian Empire.

Since this is the first study in English to deal with Havlíček's Russian journey, it includes a number of translations from Czech, Russian, and German source materials. In a sense it is a source book with running commentary, and I hope that as such it will provoke interest in and further study of its worthy subject.

In conclusion, I wish to thank Professors H. Winston Chrislock, Hans Rogger, and Stanislav Segert for reading the manuscript and offering valuable suggestions, Dr. Alexandr Stich for encouraging me to undertake the project and providing me with important bibliographical information, and to Randy Bowlus for preparing the final typescript. I am also

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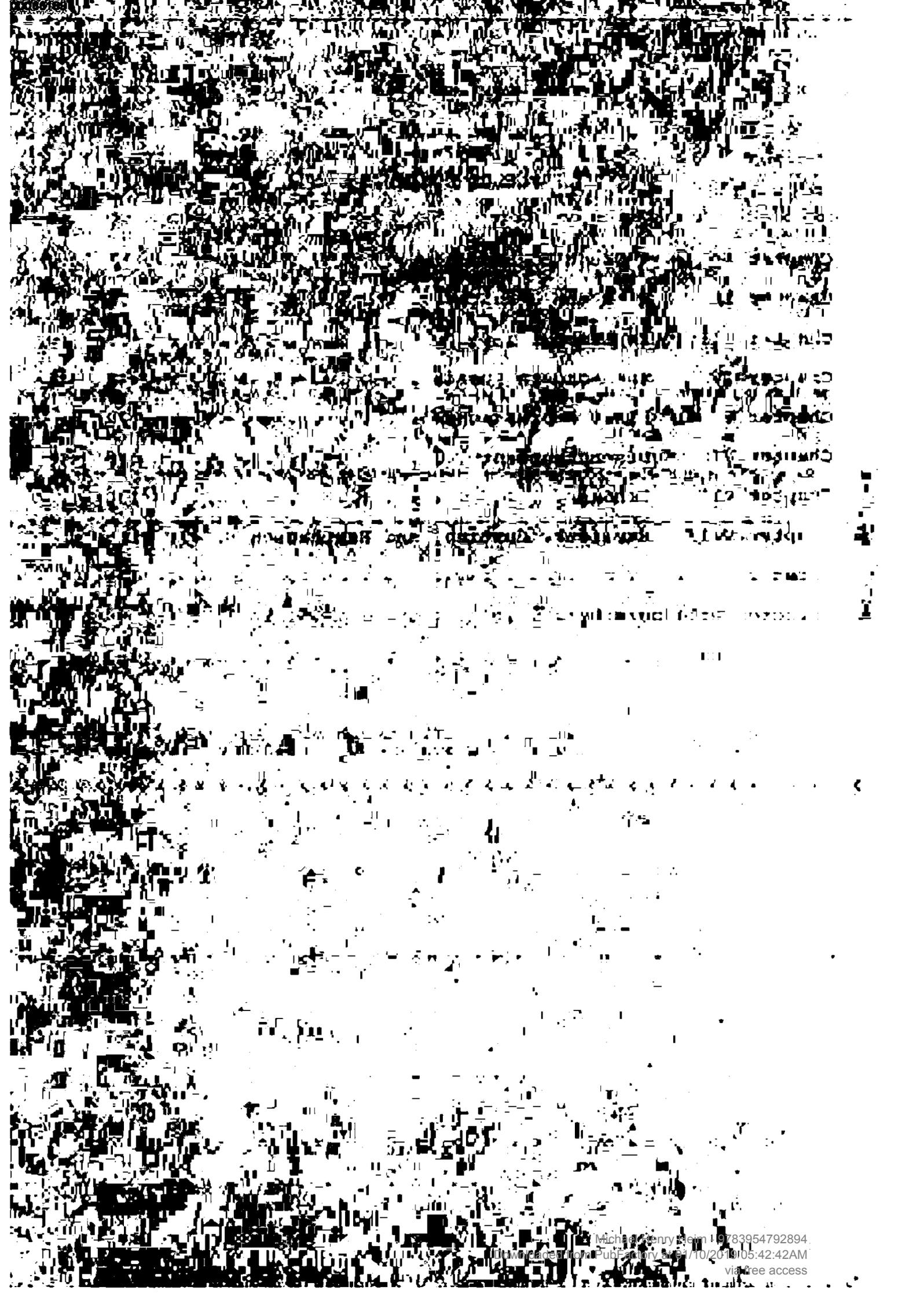
much indebted to the National Endowment for the Humanities and the UCLA Research Committee for support in the form of summer stipends. And I am particularly happy to acknowledge the help and criticism I received from my wife Priscilla, who knew just when to encourage me and when to desist.

Los Angeles, September 1978

Michael Henry Heim

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## CHAPTER I — A CZECH BOYHOOD

Karel Havlíček was born in the Bohemian-Moravian Highlands in 1821. His father, Matěj, was a shopkeeper; his mother, Josefa (née Dvořáková), a brewer's daughter.<sup>1</sup> Matěj Havlíček was of peasant stock. As a young man he left the Dietrichstein estate, where his forebears had tilled the soil in serfdom, to strike off on his own. After a period of apprenticeship in a Prague business concern he moved to the town of Borová, about ten kilometers from his native village, where he opened a general store, the only store in the vicinity. A practical man, he soon gained the confidence of his clientele, who deposited their savings with him, and the local clergymen and schoolmaster, who valued him as the most far-sighted man in the community.

Young Karel, however, did not get on with his father, and after leaning toward his mother for a while, he finally found refuge at the local parish house. There he was befriended by the priest, Father Jan Brůžek, who, as legend has it, predicted that his young friend would either make a name for himself or end his days in a hangman's noose. He himself admitted to being hard-headed and difficult as a boy, but he never wavered in his devotion to Father Brůžek. "Once," he wrote in an attempt at the age of twenty-one to conjure up his earliest memories, "I was dangerously ill. I was put to bed at the parish house in Borová because only

Father Brůžek inspired enough faith in me and had enough power over me to make me take my medicine."<sup>2</sup> In December 1854, a year and a half before his death, he wrote to his brother: "I would have lost all my strength and been of no use to anyone had I not had a home away from home at the parish house, a home I cared for more than my own."<sup>3</sup>

Although Father Brůžek provided amply for Havlíček's spiritual education, the local school could offer him a secular education of only the most rudimentary sort. Borová was a Czech-speaking town, and all education involving anything more than reading, writing, and the simplest of figures had to be given in German, the official language of the Empire. In 1830, when Havlíček was nine, his father packed him off to Jihlava—a larger town and center of a German outpost in an otherwise solidly Czech area—where he would learn German and prepare for entrance into the Gymnasium.

Havlíček started school in Jihlava as a complete monolingual. His only previous exposure to German had come from the Borová schoolmaster and amounted to no more than a few random words. The teachers at the Jihlava school were by and large sympathetic to the boy's plight: it was a common occurrence there. Only the school's director felt the need to ridicule new Czech arrivals.

In the following year Havlíček moved on to Německý Brod (now called Havlíčkův Brod in his honor), where he finished his elementary studies. In 1832 he entered the Gymnasium

there. The Německý Brod Gymnasium was typical of the secondary schools of the time. Its six-year curriculum—four years of *grammatica*, two of *humanitas*—emphasized Latin and Greek, religion, and mathematics. Not until he reached the Gymnasium did Havlíček begin to excel academically. He also made up for lost time in another area: "Early in [my first year in Německý Brod] I was still shy. I had been shy in Jihlava too. It was a leftover from the strict discipline I was subject to in Borová at the parish house, where I was obliged to behave like a young adult. Before long, though, I made great strides in tomfoolery and all the other kinds of mischief our students are wont to take part in, and always keeping within the bounds of decency (at home with my parents I played at being most sedate) I was among the first in things both academic and mischievous."<sup>4</sup>

Německý Brod, or Deutschbrod as it was called in German, was a town which despite its name tolerated a fair degree of integration between Czechs and Germans: it had been predominantly Czech since the time of the Hussite Wars. Although there was as yet no question of courses at the Gymnasium being conducted in Czech or even dealing with Czech history and literature, students with Czech backgrounds did not feel constrained to hide their origins or talk among themselves in German. It was in this atmosphere that Havlíček first came in contact with the ideals of the Czech cause. One of the few concrete proofs of his involvement is the Czech transla-

tion he made of a German song celebrating a group of Polish insurgents in the Polish uprising of 1830-31. For all its breaches of orthography, grammar, and style (Havlíček had had no occasion to write Czech since leaving his native Borová) it proved a favorite among his compatriots at the Gymnasium. The song, "Die letzten Zehn vom vierten Regiment" [The Last Ten of the Fourth Regiment] by Julius Mosen,<sup>5</sup> gives a positive, even polonophilic picture of the uprising. That the young Havlíček singled it out suggests he had acquired a certain interest in general Slavic as well as specifically Czech concerns at the Gymnasium. But it was no more than a beginning. He also honored the unwritten Gymnasium statute whereby every student composed a good amount of doggerel, and most of his efforts were, like his education, in German. The heart of the Czech renaissance movement was in Prague, and not until he went to Prague did an interest in Slavic history and culture begin to push all other interests from his mind.

If a student completed the Gymnasium curriculum satisfactorily and wished to continue his studies with a view to entering the Church or one of the professions, he enrolled in a two-year preparatory course called "philosophy." Since Havlíček's father dreamed of seeing him rise a few steps on the social ladder and since in his eyes upward social mobility and the legal profession were one, he sent him to Prague as a prospective "philosopher." Havlíček acquitted himself well in each of the two years—logic and physics—but reserved the

bulk of his intellectual enthusiasm and energy for a new-found passion: the study of Czech language and literature and of their place within a broader Slavic context.

In Prague Havlíček's awareness of his Slavic heritage grew rapidly. Within months of his arrival there he was carrying on a regular correspondence entirely in Czech. The first letter contains the following stiff but forceful policy statement: "As is amply evident, I . . . have renounced German completely, and having taken up our sacred, mellifluous mother tongue in its stead, I wish with all my heart to be Czech in speech and deed."<sup>6</sup> His correspondent, a student still at the Gymnasium in Německý Brod, had written him, in German, to ask for some Czech texts he and his fellow Czechs might use in their elocution class: one of the teachers allowed students to recite Czech passages alongside German. It may well have been this bit of semi-official encouragement that provided the initial impetus for Havlíček's national consciousness.

From the mid-seventeenth to the late eighteenth century the Czech language took refuge in the countryside, in hamlets like Havlíček's Borová. The Thirty Years' War had devastated the cities and drastically reduced their middle-class component, and urban repopulation meant, to a great extent, German immigration. The war also all but exterminated the Protestant Czech nobility, and as the humanist-oriented nobles perished or emigrated and Habsburg-oriented Jesuits took over spiritual

and intellectual leadership, Czech yielded largely to German as the urban vernacular. By the time Havlíček reached Prague in the late 1830's, the Czech language and with it Czech national consciousness were well on their way to recovery. Nor was the Czech situation an isolated one: nationalist movements had sprouted all over Europe. The Czech renaissance movement was to a large extent sparked by Emperor Joseph II in his desire to play the enlightened monarch. During his ten-year reign (1780-90) he brought about an atmosphere which, if not quite conducive to Czech nationalism, was at least not inimical to it.

Several years before Joseph ascended the throne, Pope Clement XIV abolished the Jesuit Order, and the absolute hegemony the Society of Jesus had maintained over higher education in the Czech Lands since the Counter Reformation came to an end. The Jesuits had trained servants for the Church; Joseph needed servants for the state, bureaucrats. With that goal in mind he set up schools with German, not Latin, as the language of instruction, German being the *lingua franca* of his realm, an effective instrument of centralization. At the same time he realized that his bureaucrats would not be able to operate efficiently without a modicum of the language native to their regions. Since the Austrian Empire included speakers of a good number of Slavic languages—Czech and Slovak, Polish, Croatian, Slovenian, and Ukrainian—he founded a chair of Slavic languages at the University of Vienna.

While secularizing education in the city, Joseph set about defeudalizing peasant-master relationships in the countryside. His most important reforms were to cut the *corvée* to three days and institute a land register to handle serf complaints. In the end the feudal structure disintegrated to such an extent that peasants were more or less permitted to move about at will. And because their freedom of movement came at a time when the demand for industrial labor had begun to rise sharply, many of them settled in the cities and took up unskilled factory jobs. Living close together, they rarely felt the need to learn German. For the first time since the Thirty Years' War Prague had a sizable community of monolingual speakers of Czech.

Hand in hand with Joseph's political reforms came a new cultural movement from Germany, the pre-romantic *Sturm und Drang*. Without in the least suspecting it, Johann Gottfried von Herder gave the Czech renaissance a philosophical and ideological base. Buried in the fourth chapter of Book Sixteen of his massive *Ideen zur Philosophie der Geschichte der Menschheit* [Thoughts on the Philosophy of the History of Mankind, 1784-91] there is what can only be described as a left-handed compliment to the Slavs. Calling them the nation of the future, Herder based his prophesy on the ignominy of their past. In his Rousseauistic view the Slavs were unspoiled, untainted by the civilization that would soon wreak havoc with the Romance and Germanic nations. Nowhere else

in the work does he make any mention of the Slavs as a people. He does briefly discuss the contributions of two Czechs—Hus and Comenius—to humanity, but classifies the latter as a German. Nonetheless, many of the early exponents of the new Czech idea invoked Herder to convince others—and themselves—of the legitimacy of their cause.

In point of fact preparatory work vital to the movement had begun before Herder's *Thoughts* first saw print. It was purely scholarly in nature, undertaken more to save a dying language from oblivion than to revive it. Its author, Josef Dobrovský, was an iconoclast ex-Jesuit priest who like all scholars of his background wrote in German or Latin, never in Czech. Dobrovský compiled the first history of Czech literature (*Geschichte der böhmischen Sprache und Literatur* [History of Czech Language and Literature, 1792]) and codified Czech morphology (*Ausführliches Lehrgebäude der böhmischen Sprache* [A Detailed Didactic Edifice of the Czech Language, 1809]). In the former he advocated a return to the standards of the age of Czech humanism; in the latter he provided the basis for the modern Czech literary language by establishing norms to replace more than a century of chaos.

Another of Dobrovský's achievements was his two-volume *Deutsch-böhmisches Wörterbuch* [German-Czech Dictionary, 1802 and 1821], which he hoped would stimulate the translation of *belles lettres* into Czech. Josef Jungmann, Dobrovský's foremost disciple, outdid his master with a five-volume Czech-

German counterpart to the work, the monumental *Slovník česko-německý* [Czech-German Dictionary, 1834-39]. He also did a great deal of translating, and while he did not neglect German literature outright, he directed most of his energy to other West European literatures. Along with Goethe's idyllic epic *Hermann und Dorothea* [Heřman a Dorota, 1841], for example, he translated all of Milton's *Paradise Lost* [Ztracený ráj, 1811] and Chateaubriand's romantic novel *Atala ou les Amours de deux sauvages dans le désert* [Atala neb Láska dvou divochů na poušti, 1805]. To recast sophisticated works like these in a language that for more than a century had been spoken almost exclusively by peasants, Jungmann resurrected a number of words from earlier Czech literary tradition, borrowed others from Polish and Russian, and invented still others. Though he himself made only the most modest of contributions to the corpus of original Czech fiction, poetry, and drama that began appearing more and more steadily early in the nineteenth century, he was the motive force behind much of it. When in 1818 Dobrovský put out a second, revised edition of his history of Czech literature, he felt obliged to qualify the word literature in the title with the adjective *älter* 'older, early' (*Geschichte der böhmischen Sprache und älteren Literatur*). A "newer" Czech literature had come into being in the intervening quarter century.

Behind this flurry of literary activity lay one of the basic tenets of German romanticism: the use of the mother

tongue to determine national loyalty. In asserting their national character vis-à-vis the Germans, Czech intellectual leaders adopted German tactics. Despite the advances made by Dobrovský and Jungmann, however, Czech long remained a second language to educated Czechs. Soon German romanticism provided them with the basis for another, more immediately realizable goal: since national identity involved a common patrimony as well as a common means of expression, inquiry into the past became as substantial a branch of study as linguistic inquiry. So substantial was the contribution made by František Palacký, the first important modern Czech historian, that Czech textbooks have long called him the Father of the Czech Nation. But his monumental five-volume *Geschichte Böhmens* [History of Bohemia] did not begin to appear until 1836 and was not complete until more than thirty years later. The renaissance movement had felt the need for the legitimacy a glorious Czech past could provide since before the time Palacký set pen to paper.

In 1817 a young Czech law student by the name of Václav Hanka claimed to have uncovered a cache containing an early Czech manuscript while rummaging in a church tower in the town of Dvůr Králové. The twelve sheets of parchment included six love songs, two lyrical epic poems, and six narrative epic poems—1261 lines in all—and purported to be a mere scrap of an extensive thirteenth-century codex. In the following year the newly established National Museum received an

anonymous gift from another small town, Zelená Hora, of a shorter—four-page, 119-line—manuscript fragment whose language and content seemed to date back to the ninth or tenth century. Both soon saw print and were widely touted as proof of a highly developed native Czech tradition. Together they filled the principle lacuna the romantic Czech patriots had bemoaned—the lack of early literary monuments in Czech or, more specifically, the lack of epic poetry dealing with Czech history—and their fragmentary state held out the prospect of filling still others. Rather than adopt the romantic mold to the facts, the romantics devised facts of their own to fit the mold.

Nearly seventy years elapsed before the manuscripts were definitively proven counterfeit, the handiwork of Hanka and a small circle of his followers. One reason the revelation was so long in coming was that it required a great deal of linguistic and historical groundwork. But it also required something more nebulous and every bit as important: a strong enough sense of self among the Czech people to accept the idea that its claim to nationhood would not be invalidated by the invalidation of the manuscripts.<sup>7</sup> Paradoxically, the forgeries proved that Czech literature belonged to the general European literary tradition—which gave rise to numerous such texts during the romantic period (Macpherson's Ossianic "translations" are the classic example)—and not to an exclusively native one.

Even the promise of a glorious Czech past could not offset the claims of the Germans, who derived much of their strength as a nation from the coexistence of a number of closely related branches. Seeking to give the national renaissance movement a broader base, its propagators also invoked a Pan-Slavic heritage. In the process they relegated the various Slavic languages to the status of dialects even though the "dialects" were for the most part mutually incomprehensible—much more so, in any case, than their German counterparts—and their common linguistic past belonged entirely to pre-history. But pre-history was just so much grist for the romantic's mill.

The most ardent proponent of Pan-Slavism at the time was the Slovak Jan Kollár. Kollár had been a theology student at the University of Jena in the late 1810's, when Jena was one of the centers of the powerful amalgam of German romanticism and nationalism. Kollár differed from his fellow students only in that his loyalties were Slavic rather than Germanic. Kollár's love for Wilhelmine Schmidt, the daughter of a Protestant minister, dramatizes his talent for combining German fact with Slavic fancy. Taking as his point of departure the undeniable fact that a number of place names in the vicinity of Jena are of Slavic origin, he rebaptized his Wilhelmine with the more Slavic-sounding Mina and apotheosized her as the daughter of the Slavic goddess Sláva. For the rest of his life he wrote sonnet after sonnet depicting himself

wandering the Slavic world, from the Elbe to the Pacific, yearning after her. The edition of *Slávy dcera* [Sláva's Daughter] that appeared in 1852, the year of Kollár's death, comprised more than six hundred sonnets; the edition of 1824, the first edition (which, literary historians agree, contain his most inspired work), had only 154. The best of Kollár's sonnets are almost Baroque in their oscillation between the poles of the individual and the Slavic community, love—often bordering on the erotic—and patriotism, the present and the past, the real and the ideal, the material and the spiritual.

Such was the tenor of the movement Havlíček joined forces with in Prague. He demonstrated his commitment to it not only in the Czech letters he wrote to his friend back home, but in a rather romantic plan he drew up for himself and his two best friends at the preparatory course in Prague, František Girgl and Vilém Gabler. The purpose of the plan—or life program, as Havlíček called it—was to prepare the three young adepts of the Czech idea for a career in Czech literature. To assure the recently resurrected literature a cosmopolitan base, he assigned each of them a number of languages, a field of art, a type of literature, an area of the world, and two scholarly disciplines in which to specialize<sup>8</sup> (see Figure 1, page 14). Since he meant the assignments to reflect the participants' proclivities, Havlíček put himself down first and foremost for the Slavic languages. Most of the choices he made for himself indicate that likes and dis-

<i>Havlíček</i>	<i>Girgl</i>	<i>Gabler</i>
Slav	English	French
Old German	Spanish	Italian
Hungarian	Portuguese	Arabic
Swedish	Catalan	Persian
Lithuanian	Welsh	Hebrew
Danish	Latin	Turkish
Dutch	Greek	Tatar
Sanskrit		
Walachian		
Drama	Music	Painting
Humor, Comedy	Sentimentalism	High, Solemn
China	America	Africa
India	Australia	The Levant
Theology	Science	Philosophy
Law	Mathematics	Classics

Figure 1.

likes which did not come to the fore until much later had already taken shape. The art form he allotted himself—the drama—anticipates his passion for amateur theatricals after his return from Russia; the types of literature—humor and comedy—are closely related to satire, the type of literature he eventually specialized in; and the two scholarly disciplines—theology and law—correspond to the future mapped out for him by his mother and father respectively. Havlíček took the "life program" seriously. His two years of philosophy had prepared him for either theology or law. Now all he had to do was decide which one to choose.

## CHAPTER II — WITH THE JESUITS

Theology or law. Without much agonizing Havlíček opted in favor of the former. He decided to become a priest. At first glance he might simply have been choosing between mother and father: as a child he had preferred his mother—and later the local priest—to his father, and so as a youth he inclined toward the former's spirituality rather than the latter's down-to-earth sense of business, of making his way in *this* world. In fact, however, the matter was more complex.

Havlíček himself gives the impression his mother's influence was decisive in a letter dated 19 March 1840 in which he announces his decision. He introduces the announcement by reviewing their plan to go to church on her birthday at the same hour—she in Německý Brod, he in Prague—and pray for the same people. "Dear Mother," he continues, "pray for me, pray that God will bestow His blessings on the calling I have chosen. I can be nothing but a priest. I seem to feel a repulsion, an abhorrence for everything else. No, in all sincerity I wish to be a priest, and I hope God will look favorably upon my good intentions. All we mortals need add to His favor is our own hard work. And if a priest works as hard as he can, he is truly the most contented man on earth."<sup>9</sup>

The letter these lines come from, like all the letters Havlíček sent his parents before leaving for Russia, was written in German. Even though the Havlíčeks spoke only

Czech at home, they felt it somehow unseemly to carry on a correspondence in the language. For Havlíček's parents Czech was a kitchen language, unsuited for so formal an undertaking as writing a letter, even a letter to their son.<sup>10</sup> Nor was the older generation alone in its prejudice. When Havlíček's Gymnasium friend wrote Havlíček in Prague to ask for Czech patriotic materials, he wrote in German. Havlíček had rather ostentatiously answered his friend's letter in Czech, thereby shaming him into writing Czech himself. But he could not very well break his mother's rules of etiquette and apply such tactics to her.

If Havlíček did not yet feel the time had come to write his mother in Czech, surely he could not yet broach the deeper motivation for his decision to study for the priesthood: his desire for a pulpit, both literal and figurative, from which to inculcate national self-confidence, national pride in his fellow Czechs. There is no doubt he believed in his calling when he wrote the birthday letter. Like many nineteen-year-olds writing home to mother, however, he simply did not tell the whole truth. The whole truth might well have upset his parents' middle-class sensibilities.

As a priest Havlíček could expect more freedom to carry on his patriotic propaganda than as a lawyer or even teacher. Metternich's heavy-handed censorship was quick to squelch the slightest evidence of nationalism in Czech secular life, but it relied wholly on the powerful Church hierarchy to handle

the situation in its own domain. The Church fully justified Metternich's trust: her notables were closely tied to the Habsburg dynasty. Only at the lowest level, the level of the parish priest, was it lax. In the Czech-speaking countryside, for example, it had to allow priests to preach and minister to their flocks in Czech, and it either could not or simply did not feel the need to keep them under close surveillance. As a priest, therefore, Havlíček would be able to say what he would never have been permitted to write.

And so on 1 October 1840 Havlíček entered the Archbishop's Seminary in Prague. Two and a half weeks later he set down his initial reactions to the new regime.<sup>11</sup>

Our schedule is as follows: Every day, including holidays, we rise at 5:00. From 5:15 to 5:30 we read the Bible. At 5:30 we go to the oratory for morning prayers, and at 6:00 to the church for Mass. From 6:45 to 7:45 we have study hour. Everyone must be present upon pain of expulsion (which is used to sanction everything), sit quietly, and do nothing but schoolwork, unless he has not yet been called upon and found wanting by one of the professors. If such is the case, he can do and read what he pleases. Anyone who has given even a single wrong answer in the collegium loses this license, and we are tested in the collegium every day. At 8:00 we go to the collegium until 10:00, between 10:30 and 11:45 we have study hour again, and at 12:00 the midday meal. At 2:00 we go back to the collegium until 4:00, from 4:30 to 6:45 we have study hour, and at 7:00 the evening meal. At 8:30 we go to the oratory and at 9:00 to bed. We are

not permitted to stay up after 9:00, so if I wish to do any of my own work, I must rise at 4:00. The noise that follows the midday and evening meals makes any thought of work requiring meditation impossible, and I have no other leisure time.

The only day we are permitted to leave is Thursday, Thursday from 9:00 to 10:45. Though we also have two walks a week as a group, all they are good for is exercise. So if anyone has an errand to run, he is limited to that hour and three quarters. And even if he gains permission to go out without the whole group, he still may not, under pain of expulsion, go out alone. As a result he is limited even more: two students have to go around together and can do only half of what each could get done on his own. On Sundays our hands are full from morning to night, and we consider ourselves lucky if we are sent off somewhere as altar boys and have to run through the mud for three quarters of an hour to the castle and then spend an hour cleaning off our clerics. It cannot all go down on paper. I plan to add a great deal orally.

Nonetheless I shall probably be quite happy here—I pictured it as being worse than it is. There are only three things that annoy me: my fellow students (with a few exceptions) are fit for anything but the priesthood; I have very little opportunity to work towards my future profession; and I bear a daily witness either to a lack of zeal or to misplaced or hypocritical zeal on the part of the Superiors.

They are very little concerned for our actual education; indeed, they place obstacles in its path. And the best commands the prince (i.e., the archbishop) gives are not executed because they are a burden on them. They look upon their posts here as benefices and prebends, and upon those below them as adjuncts. All they care about is making their own way, and they

work only to that end. We are consequently left to our own devices, and were it not for the study prefect, most of my fellow students would be completely neglected. Fortunately the prefect is a good man.

Havlíček sized up the situation at the Seminary with great alacrity and characteristic discernment. The problems he pinpoints in this account, which dates from scarcely more than a fortnight after his arrival, are the very problems that drove him to leave the Seminary in September of the following year, when he abandoned not only his studies, but also the idea of becoming a priest. The meticulous attention he pays to the schedule of the day foreshadows the schedule he soon fashioned for himself to make time for his private endeavors; his utter disdain for the men in charge presages his run-in with them several months later. The very tone of the letter, self-willed throughout and in places bordering on flippancy reveals a spirit patently unwilling to tread the beaten path to the priesthood.

Before long Havlíček had replaced the timetable he describes with one of his own making (see Figure 2, page 20).<sup>12</sup> Without neglecting the rigors of theology, Havlíček was able to follow a curriculum in Slavic philology, history, and folklore—a curriculum unthinkable in any school in Bohemia at the time.

Havlíček set aside a disproportionate amount of time for perfecting his Czech. Not only the hours marked Czech, Czech grammar, Czech reading, or Czech literature were

	5:00 5:30	5:45 6:00	6:45 8:00	10:00 11:00	11:00 12:00	1:00 2:00	4:00 6:00	6:00 7:00	7:45 8:30	8:45 10:00
Illyrian	Read and memorize one or more Slav folk songs, namely:  Moravian - Misc. Slovak Serb Russ. Czech Serb						Czech Grammar		Readings in Czech	Russian Grammar
Bible			Mathematics				Slav Folksongs		Slav Geography	Polish
Polish			Czech History				History of the Slav Nations		Slav Literature	Illyrian
			Czech				Comparison of Slav Grammars		Readings in Czech	The Week in Review
Bible			Folk-songs		Mathematics		Hebrew Archeology	Hebrew Grammar	Readings in Czech	Hebrew Grammar
			Hebrew Grammar			Hebrew Archeology	General History		Czech Literature	Czech
			(6-7) Czech History				Arabic Grammar		Readings in Latin	Illyrian
Bible										

Figure 2.

language-oriented, but the three morning Bible periods as well. The Seminary placed more weight on Church history than on the Bible, so the special attention Havlíček devoted to it was in itself somewhat heretical. But he went even further: he read the *Czech Bible*, and read it more to improve his Czech than to save his soul. Jungmann had prescribed it to anyone wishing to cultivate a vigorous Czech style. Jungmann's own five-volume dictionary was itself a bible of sorts to Havlíček during this stage of his development. He sat up nights perusing it.

At first the new vigor in Havlíček's language did not take a very canonical form. Among his papers there is a sheet, which he later identified as belonging to the Seminary period, containing a list of twenty-four ways "to curse and swear on a grand scale. Compiled by Karel Havlíček Borovský." Rendering them into German, he qualified two as "untranslatable" and omitted two others entirely. On the same sheet he lists eight ironic examples of "Civilities and Compliments," six of which he again translated into German.<sup>13</sup>

In a much less frivolous vein Havlíček put his Czech studies to work by composing an ode in honor of two first-year teachers with unmistakably Czech names: Jan Mařan and Jan Smutek. The occasion was a conventional one: the teachers' name day, 24 June. The ode itself, however, was anything but conventional. Never had a congratulatory ode at the Prague Seminary been written in Czech, and never had a

congratulatory ode even touched on the topic of Slavdom. The poem reads as follows:

Though the rotting West has torn herself  
 From Christ's embrace and totters in the turmoil  
 Of her sophist fruits, though the sacred spark  
 Grows cold in her feeble mind,

Clear-sighted Slavdom, chosen by God to receive that  
precious spark  
 And lodge it in her unsullied breast,  
 Shall nurture it with glorified, revitalized knowledge,  
 And bear its glow to the East.

Heaven wishes you well, o great leaders  
 Of Slav leaders! For the royal service you perform  
 By ennobling Slavia, success alone—  
 And not mere gratitude—can repay you.<sup>14</sup>

Neither Mařan nor Smutek had anything whatever to do with the Slavic cause. Havlíček was merely borrowing the classical device of thanking superiors for what one hoped they would do rather than for what they had in fact done. The head of the Seminary had no choice but to interpret the ode as the work of a renegade or, even worse, a blasphemer. For a man in his position the first word of Czech, the first mention of Slavdom brought to mind the schism between East and West and the refusal of the Orthodox Church to recognize the supremacy of the Pope. He associated Slavdom with Russia, Russia with Orthodoxy, and Orthodoxy with heresy. Havlíček quite consciously fans these prejudices in the first stanza of his ode by turning them around and accusing the West of having fallen

away from the true faith. Echoing Herder, he calls the Slavs a chosen people in stanza two, and in stanza three he refers to them as leaders, adding an explicit political connotation to the work (although the juxtaposition of "Slav" and "leader" could only have sounded oxymoronic to the Austrian ruling class at the time.) The ode was therefore anything but congratulatory. One of the recipients, Mařan, was so upset at finding his name closely linked with the national renaissance movement that he not only officially rejected the honor, but was careful to make a show of treating it coldly. The motives behind his behavior were clear enough. A friend of Havlíček's put it well at the end of a letter he wrote a few weeks after the event: "Now all that remains is for me to wish you luck with Jan Křitel Mařan. I hope he will not try to take revenge on you for making the others suspect it was he who taught you heresy."<sup>15</sup>

But revenge was forthcoming. On 7 September, several weeks after Havlíček's friend had expressed his concern over Mařan's reaction to the ode, Havlíček received a letter from Johann Büttner, the rector of the seminary, with the following message: "Whereas you have shown very little calling for the priesthood during your stay at the Seminary, spending more time on subjects outside the sphere of the theological sciences, and therefore, for want of diligence [Mangel an Fleiß] have received a failing grade in Hebrew and Old Testament Exegesis; and whereas you have displayed very shallow

principles [sehr leichte Grundsätze], His Grace the Archbishop deems it necessary . . . to exclude you from the Seminary." Havlíček's teacher for Hebrew and Old Testament Exegesis was Mařan.<sup>16</sup>

Clearly Havlíček was not naive enough to believe that in an atmosphere so vehemently anti-Slavic the authorities would be pleased with his ode. Nor could he imagine that by bringing his Slavic sympathies into the open he would win them over. He must have foreseen the consequences of his action and gone ahead with it only for the satisfaction of having said his piece. And in fact, he had resolved to part ways with the Seminary several months before.

During the spring of his first year at the Seminary Havlíček underwent a serious religious crisis. "On my mother's name day," he wrote in his diary,

the Christian religion made its final attack on me and my brutal loss of faith. And loss of faith, that brute of an executioner, prevailed! Today in church I thought over how to celebrate her day. I love my mother, and when I love, my love is real! In any case, my first thought was to pray—my feelings led me to pray. But then the battle began. My reason tried to tell me prayer was infantile! "Can your prayer," it asked, "cause any sort of change in the real world? Is not the only reason you pray to set your own mind at rest?" Who can even begin to list the drove of thoughts that ran through my head? Anyone the least bit acquainted with the human heart will understand the seething that went on within me. How difficult it all is to put into

words. . . . Finally I came to the conclusion that I should start thinking seriously about matters of the spirit and that by thus bettering myself I might best celebrate my mother's name day.<sup>17</sup>

On his mother's name day he first announced his decision to enter the priesthood; on his mother's name day, one year later, he found himself struggling with ideas that were blasphemous, if not downright atheistic. But in his definitive statement of the upheaval and its aftermath he does not embrace atheism. In fact, he composed the statement in the form of a credo—a highly individual credo, but a credo nonetheless.

I believe in God the Father Almighty, maker of heaven and earth. I believe I shall never know anything definite about Him, and I believe it would be ridiculous to argue over how many qualities He has. I believe in Christ, the son of man, our teacher, who was born of Mary, suffered under Pontius Pilate, and was crucified. I believe it was merely a matter of necessity and of the stupidity of the Jews that he was called the Son of God, but I also believe that he sits on the right hand of God.

I believe in the communion of Saints and in the life everlasting. Amen.

I hope for nothing, since nothing the Catholic Church hopes for is of any use to me. And even if it were, I could not attain it. God cannot forgive me my sins. Anyone who thinks otherwise will of course feel relief, but will at the same time be blaspheming the Divinity and humanity. God cannot and will not damn or reward me. Only I can damn or reward myself (but in

another sense). I love something, though I know not what. I do not consider this love to be any merit of mine, for it grew with me as a blossom grows with the tree. I do not, however, love God, for I can only respect Him—respect, not love. I cannot love my enemies even though Jesus claimed to have loved his. It is one thing to take good care of a person and quite another to love him. Love cannot be handed out like small change, and anyone who says he loves the whole world has no idea of what love is and is indulging in idle talk.<sup>18</sup>

Here Havlíček comes close to the deist point of view: he rejects the need for supernatural revelation on the one hand and the possibility of supernatural intervention in human affairs on the other. His goal seems to be a religion stripped clean of the dogma he had been forced to learn by rote and the hypocrisy he found so offensive in the men charged with indoctrinating him into the true faith.

Sometimes Havlíček's thoughts took a shape less tame than the credo. For much of his life he was to be a master of the epigram, and the religious crisis provided him with his first bona fide raw material. When later he gathered together a number of his epigrams for a single volume, he grouped them under five headings: Church, King, Motherland, Muses, and World. Some of the epigrams in the "Church" section he directs against the much hated Superior of the Seminary, Father Anton Rost, who figures in them as *Rožeň* (*G. Rost* 'grill,' Cz. *rožeň* 'spit, rod for roasting meat over a

grill'), his nickname among the Czech seminarians. One example for several:

*Forget-Me-Nots*

Every time I hear  
Our Rožeň give a sermon,  
I think of Balaam's ass  
And wonder at its German.

In others he lambastes the entire Jesuit order:

*Societas Jesu*

Said the Father to His only Son:  
"You're a good boy, but it makes me sad  
That the boys you play with are so bad.  
Their Society you ought to shun."

In the largest group he lashes out at the institutions of the Church in general. The following two echo the disdain for supernatural revelation he expresses in the credo:

*Demonstratio miraculorum*

Perhaps it is a miracle:  
Five loaves, two fish once fed a thousand men.  
But then just think of all the monks  
That selfsame miracle has fed since then.

*Perfectibilitas fidei catholicae*

O come rejoice, ye Catholics, at this feat:  
The Pope has made for us God's blood and meat.  
With His guts the Pope will be the first  
To have made for us God's liverwurst.<sup>19</sup>

This animosity toward the Church rankled in his mind for over two years. The epigrams, though originally conceived during and shortly after the seminary period, did not receive their final form until 1845, when Havlíček was in Moscow.

Also in Moscow, and at about the same time, Havlíček wrote a letter reviewing his seminary career to a friend still studying theology.

You know me. You know my restless spirit. The worst thing I can imagine is to be without a piece of work in front of me. Having made up my mind to devote myself entirely to Czech, I chose theology—despite my parents' most strenuous efforts to dispose me towards law—and Prague, where I could be at the heart of our dear motherland. My main reasons were that I wished to be able to avoid Caesar's influence as much as possible, and that I was convinced (as I am even now) that under present-day conditions we could best serve our motherland and spread Czech national sentiment in prest's orders. However, the lamentable state of theology today—especially in Prague—from both scholarly and practical standpoints, the vicious and egocentric mentality of the superiors, their cold, no, hostile attitude towards anything Czech, which they constantly calumny and condemn—all this led me very early to despise the superiors and become even more involved, involved with all my strength, in that heresy. To this day I should rather be with the Czechs in hell than with the Prague priests in heaven. Not having anything to fear from the gentlemen, I bravely held them up to ridicule in public, vilified them, and thereby earned the title of devil. Soon I reached the conclusion that I was not suited to theology and had therefore all but made up my mind to leave the Seminary at the beginning of the year. . . . You will doubtless have heard that the Prague gentlemen cleverly duped me and expelled me from the seminary "wegen freier Grundsätze und Mangel an Fleiß."<sup>20</sup>

Three years after the fact Havlíček had not recovered from the accusations in the rector's letter of expulsion. His Moscow letter, its bantering tone notwithstanding, shows how much they, like the theological issues connected with his religious crisis, still bothered him. But Havlíček had not let the matter rest at the time. He responded immediately to the rector's letter by requesting another—an official evaluation of his moral conduct. It arrived within a few weeks and read as follows: "Certificate of Good Conduct. The Archbishop's Seminary in Prague herewith certifies to Karel Havlíček upon his own request that during his year at the above-named Seminary he applied himself diligently [fleißig] to his studies and led a moral life. In witness whereof I hereby affix my signature and the Seminary seal. Prague, 9 October 1841, Johann Büttner, Provost and Rector of the Archbishop's Seminary."<sup>21</sup> The discrepancy between the two documents, written and signed by the same man, clearly points to behind-the-scenes machinations. But there is one reproach from the original letter that the rector did not feel compelled to retract, namely, that Havlíček showed little interest or aptitude—"calling" was his word—for the priesthood. Havlíček's calling—and he very definitely felt one—was more secular in nature.

While still a student at the Gymnasium, Havlíček composed the following Czech verses to express his faith:

Thou, religion, art my nurse, my solace.  
 There are those who fain would see thee age,  
 But the Lord said, "Thou shalt not turn gray!"  
 And so saying set my heart aflame.  
 Suns may molder; thou wilt still be young.  
 Fairest maiden, ever by my side,  
 Thou wilt never veil thy rosy cheek,  
 And when the bands of madmen ring me round,  
 Thy bright countenance will bring me peace.<sup>22</sup>

Even then Havlíček was aware of reactionary factions in the Church ("There are those who would fain see thee age"), but chose to ignore them, taking refuge in God ("But the Lord said, 'Thou shalt not turn gray!'"). Less than a year at the Seminary convinced him that his hopes had been vain. Symbolically turning over the sheet of paper on which he had copied out "Thou, religion, are my nurse, my solace," Havlíček wrote a new poem for a new mood:

Brother Czech, cast off your pitch-black habit!  
 Habits also clad the Roman cutthroats  
 As they burned Jan Hus to death at Constance.  
 Brother Czech, come trample on the surplice!  
 Surplices, white surplices clad Jesuits  
 As they burned our glorious past to ashes.<sup>23</sup>

More than the mood has changed, however: the poems differ as radically in language as in message. The long hours Havlíček put in on his Czech have begun to show results. In place of the conventional and, to all intents and purposes, formless verbiage of the Gymnasium verses, he has produced an original and powerful poetic statement. Through a series of

parallels deftly drawn between the two tercets he implies that the Church, though outwardly pure, is inwardly corrupt (white surplices over pitch-black habits), that the Jesuits are a band of ruffians (Roman cutthroats and Jesuits are the objects of the same verb in lines two and five), and that Jan Hus—burned at the stake for his reformist views on Church policy and still very much a heretic in nineteenth-century Catholic Bohemia—is the epitome of the glory of the Czech nation (Jan Hus and our glorious past are the objects of the same verb in lines three and six). Not only had Havlíček found his cause, he had found a medium in which to propagate it.

## CHAPTER III — IN LIMBO

On the very day he received the document exonerating him from the gravest charges in the expulsion notice, Havlíček sent letters to the directors of all the Gymnasia in Bohemia requesting permission to begin training for the post of Gymnasium professor. He had not given up the idea of becoming a writer, a Czech writer, but first he had to find a way to earn his living. Besides assuring him a regular income, a teaching position meant membership in a profession his parents could accept as honorable, a consideration particularly important in the light of the blow that expulsion from the Seminary had caused his devout mother. Medicine, law, the civil service, the military—all would have served the same purpose. But teaching attracted him because a number of the growing ranks of respected Czech authors, men he wished to emulate, held Gymnasium posts at the time. Even though they were forbidden to profess patriotic views openly, their students knew what they stood for. And if nothing else, the stature attached to the rank of professor considerably enhanced the cause.

Applying for a Gymnasium position in mid-nineteenth-century Prague was a long, drawn-out process. The candidate first requested appointment as an observer, an *Auskultant*. The *Auskultant* regularly attended the lectures of a given professor, ostensibly to study his pedagogical methodology.

His only duty—and only privilege—was to take down the professor's lectures. Should a professor fall ill, the experienced *Auskultant* might be given a chance to substitute for him, but not until there was a vacancy in his field somewhere within the system could he begin to hope for a post of his own. Whenever such a vacancy occurred, all qualified *Auskultanten* had the right to take a competitive examination designed to fill it. The one who emerged with the professorship was more often than not quite on in years.

Usually the first step in the process was automatic: all the candidate had to do was present the authorities with a record of satisfactory studies at the Gymnasium and "philosophy" levels to be awarded *Auskultant* status. Havlíček asked permission to attend Jungmann's classes at the Gymnasium in the Staré Město section of Prague. But not only was he denied permission to attend Jungmann's classes, he was denied *Auskultant* status altogether. The reason the authorities gave for refusing to grant his request was the presence of a temporary glut of candidates for teaching positions. They suggested he take one of the examinations being offered on 18 or 25 November, and promised to reconsider his request if he did well on it.<sup>24</sup>

Since Havlíček sent off his original request on 9 October and received the response four days later, he had five or six weeks to prepare for the examination. It covered only those subjects taught during the first three years: Latin, Greek,

history, geography, and mathematics, and the level of sophistication it presupposed did not greatly surpass that of the eleven- to fourteen-year-old students' textbooks. But the rest of the candidates had spent years as *Auskultanten*, during which time they were constantly reviewing the material. Consequently Havlíček was at a distinct disadvantage.<sup>25</sup> Two months after taking the examination, confident the outcome had bolstered his chances, he again requested to serve as Jungmann's *Auskultant*. For six months he received no response, and when it finally came, it was negative: the examination board had pronounced his examination unsatisfactory [nicht probehaltig].

None of the jury members assigned to read the examination felt Havlíček was ready to teach. Each of them had reservations about one or another academic point, and at least one was upset by the political implications of Havlíček's answer to the question "What caused the Netherlands to break away from Spain?" (Havlíček laid the blame on the Duke of Alba's unpopular attempt, masterminded by Habsburg King Philip II of Spain, to introduce the Inquisition.) For all that, Havlíček received a grade of "excellent" [vorzüglich] in ability and "beyond reproach" [vorwurfsfrei] on the chart of candidates' qualifications submitted by the jury to the Ministry of Education in Vienna. He also emerged spotless from his first secret police examination, a routine check made on each candidate in the form of a report concerning his

"religious and political principles . . . , his way of life, his reputation, and whether he has ever belonged to or presently belongs to any secret organization."

Preparation for the examination upset Havlíček's routine for no more than a few weeks. After leaving the Seminary, he devoted nearly all his time to enriching his knowledge of Slavic culture and history. "Make me diligent, O Lord, so the Czechs may some day take pleasure in me," he wrote in his notebook.<sup>26</sup> And diligent he was. Every morning he read the Bible for half an hour. Then he would study, either at home (in rooms on the Horse Market, today's Wenceslas Square) or at the University Library, until noon. After the noonday meal he would visit or receive friends, but by midafternoon he had returned to his desk, reading and taking notes well into the night.

Havlíček worked so hard on his various projects that even the night of the Czech Ball, the Czech social event of the year, found him sequestered in his room composing a "Patriot's Prayer."

O God, my God! Leave us not to perish in bondage, we whose fathers have defied all Europe. Grant us perseverance in our endeavors, and bless all that we do in pure love of country for the glorification of our fathers. Grant not that our enemies trample us underfoot at the graves of our fathers, from whom their fathers took flight, but have mercy upon our poor motherland and increase her good sons manifold. Great, kind father! Hover above those dancing at the Ball, and forgive them

if a Czech daughter's loving smile makes them forget the yoke oppressing their brothers and sisters.

O God, who hast surrounded me with suffering, who hast placed all joys far above me and all hopes far below me, grant me, on this night if on none other, to curse all our enemies in their stead. Grant me to bring together in my person the fury of all Czech youths. Grant me to overstep the bounds of my own strength and think of nothing but the time when—for an instant, a single instant—I shall crush the heads and hearts of our enemies with my bare hands. Holy spirits...<sup>27</sup>

It was two o'clock in the morning when he began writing, and sleep must have interrupted his thoughts.

The two friends he saw the most of during this period, Girgl and Gabler, are the ones with whom he had drawn up the "life program" of his "philosophy" years. Much of the same brand of enthusiasm went into a new plan, which, though every bit as grandiose, is much more specific: it calls for definite books to be written (and sold at definite prices) rather than broad areas of knowledge to be mastered.

*The Gladiators.* A novel by H. Borovský. Prague, 1848.

In commemoration of the quinquacentenary (that is, of the University of Prague). 1.20 kreuzer.

*Travels through Slavdom.* Made during the years 1842-46

by H. Borovský. In three parts. Liptovský sv. Mikuláš, 1847. 2.40 kreuzer.

*A Grammar of the Russian Literary Language and Its Dialects.* H. Borovský. Prague, 1848. 1.30 kreuzer.

*Borovský's Russian-Czech Dictionary.* Prague, 1849. 2.

*A Comparative Grammar of the Slav Languages with Attention Paid to Lithuanian and Romanian As Well.*

- H. Borovský. Prague, 1852. 2.30.
- A Grammar of the Lithuanian Languages.* H. Borovský.  
Prague, 1850. 40 kreuzer.
- A Miscellany of Verses by H. Borovský.* 1851. 40 kreuzer.
- The Brothers.* A pastoral novel by H. Borovský. Lipt.  
sv. Mikuláš, 1846. 1.40.
- The Devil and His Kingdom.* A comic contribution to his-  
tory and theology by H. Borovský. Illustrated.  
Leipzig, 1849.
- Ulie Hielau.* A Norman legend by H. Borovský. Brno,  
1848. 30 kreuzer.
- The Infidel.* A tragedy by H. Borovský. 1849. 40  
kreuzer.
- A Short History of the Slav Literatures.* H. Borovský.  
1847. 20 kreuzer.
- A Short History of English Literature.* F. Ostrovský.  
1847. 20 kreuzer.
- A Short History of French Literature.* G. Sénský. 1847.  
20 kreuzer.
- A Short History of Italian Literature.* G. Sénský.  
1847. 15 kreuzer.
- A Short History of Spanish Literature.* F. Ostrovský.  
1847. 15 kreuzer.
- A Short History of Norman, Swedish, and Danish Litera-  
tures.* H. Borovský. 10 kreuzer.
- A Short History of Greek Literature. Ancient and Modern.*  
F. Řezáč. 20 kreuzer.
- A Short History of German Literature.* H. Borovský and  
F. Ostrovský. 1849. 20 kreuzer.
- A Voice Calling from Blaník to All True Czechs.* 1848.
- The Fashion Plates.* A novel by H. Borovský. Prague.
- A Small Slav Encyclopedia.* H. Borovský. Prague.
- True Stories Which Occurred Last Year on the Lhota Es-  
tate.* H. Borovský. Prague. (A satire.)

- Senatus populusque Podunkianus.* H. Borovský. Prague.  
*A History of the ... Republic.* Compiled from the works  
of H. Borovský. Prague, 1849.
- Pillars of the Motherland or Boys Enjoy Playing Soldiers.*  
Cockerel. A comedy to which the author would gladly  
put his name were his ambition not exceeded by the  
care he takes for the well-being of his beloved  
crest. Prague, 18--.
- The Young Codger.* H. Borovský. Prague, 1847. 10  
kreuzer.
- Lord Závěš.* A tragedy by H. Borovský. Prague, 1851.
- A Great Love.* A novel by H. Borovský. Prague, 1849.
- Lives of the Saints with Melodies.*
- Sermons for Sundays and Holidays Throughout the Year.*  
Composed by Holy Father Havel Borovský, S.J., i.e.,  
of the Society of Jesus, and published by the Most  
Holy Order of the Jesuits. Rome.
- Almanach for the Year 1848.*
- A History of All Mankind.* Compiled from the writings  
and representing the common views of Borovský,  
Mudra, Ostrovský, Řezáč, et al. Prague, 1860.
- The Intelligent Rural Teacher.* An encyclopedia compiled  
by Borovský, Mudra, Ost., et al. Prague, 1848.<sup>28</sup>

That Havlíček delegated a disproportionate amount of the work to himself is only natural: he had a greater sense of purpose and stronger will than the others. And if, in the end, none of the volumes ever saw the light of day, the list is still valuable. For one thing, its titles reflect the dual nature of Havlíček's concerns. The projects he allots himself fall neatly into two categories: pedagogy and literature. Not surprisingly, nearly all the pedagogical titles have a Slavic bent to them. The literary ones are more general: while some

treat Slavic topics (*The Gladiators*, for example, the work that heads the list, was meant to be a historical novel from the time of Charles IV, when Prague was the center of the Holy Roman Empire), others apparently had no other purpose than to furnish Czech literature with a varied repertory of genres and moods. With the exception of the *History of All Mankind*, conceived as the crowning achievement of the friends' collective scholarly efforts, the works were to begin appearing five years from the date of the list and continue for five years thereafter (1847-52). But even before the first five years had passed, Havlíček made important contributions to Czech literature in two of the areas included in the list: satire aimed at the Church (represented above by *The Devil and His Kingdom*, *Lives of the Saints with Melodies*, and—since the reference to Havlíček as a member of the Jesuit order can be nothing but facetious—the *Sermons* as well) and travel literature (represented above by *Travels through Slavdom*).

Another reason the list is valuable is that it reflects the broader perspective Havlíček gained from the reading he did the year after he was expelled from the Seminary. While continuing to study the Bible and Jungmann's *Dictionary*, he also spent a good deal of time with two lengthy treatises: Pavel Josef Šafařík's *Slovanské starožitnosti* [Slav Antiquities, 1837] and *Slovanský národopis* [An Ethnography of the Slavs, 1842], the first detailed accounts of the origins, language, and general culture of the Slavs as an ethnic entity. In both

works Šafařík exhibited monumental erudition. Where before there had been only conjecture based on prejudice and superstition, he established a scholarly discipline based on the minute examination of source materials. His two seminal studies assured him a place of honor beside other patriot-scholars like Dobrovský and Kollár, whose writings Havlíček was also studying at this time.

Equally important for Havlíček's development was a non-Slavic work which he read in Polish translation and partly translated into Czech, Lamennais' *Paroles d'un croyant* [Words of a Believer, 1834]. Despite the religious flavor of its title the work's influence on Havlíček was primarily political. Lamennais, a French ecclesiastic, believed that the individual might know Truth only by fusing his thoughts and feelings with those of all mankind, and that since the authority of the universal reason thus achieved stemmed from God, its repository was the Pope, God's representative on earth. Such out-and-out ultramontanism embarrassed even Gregory XVI, who denounced it on the political grounds that it called for the disruption of the ever precarious balance between Church and state. *Words of a Believer* was Lamennais' response to Pope Gregory. In a stormy, highly rhetorical style he transforms his belief in universal reason into paeans to the common man and to the ideals of fraternity and equality.

"I see nations rise up in rebellion and kings grow pale on their thrones," declaims Lamennais in Havlíček's transla-

tion. "I see a nation joined in battle, as the Archangel Michael once joined battle with Satan."<sup>29</sup> The key word here is nation (*národ* in Havlíček). For Havlíček that nation was palpably, unequivocally the Czechs.

"All men are created equal the better to serve God, and he who says otherwise commits blasphemy . . . He who says in his heart of hearts, 'I am not like others, for they are given me that I may rule over them and do as I please with them and all that is theirs'—he is of the lineage of Satan. And Satan is the ruler of his world and of all those who think and act as he, and all those who think and act as he have conquered the world with Satan's help. But the days of their kingdom are numbered, and we shall live to see its end." Again, Havlíček's translation of Lamennais. Provincial Prague had been virtually untouched by the ideas underlying the French Revolution, and even more than fifty years after the fact they come as a revelation to Havlíček. By placing them in a theological context and couching them in Biblical rhetoric, Lamennais provided Havlíček with a frame of reference he could easily accept. Havlíček grasped Lamennais' theological references because of his seminary training the previous year, but his post-seminary, patriotic orientation led him to interpret them in his own way. "All men are created equal" does not mean to him the brotherhood of man, as it meant to the Enlightenment philosophers, or the brotherhood of man in Christ, as it meant to Lamennais; it means that Czechs have as much

right to a national identity as Germans and that those who deny them that right do so in alliance with the devil, "with Satan's help."

It is no accident that Havlíček read Lamennais in a Polish translation. Lamennais wrote *Words to a Believer* in response to the reaction that set in over Europe after the failure of the various liberal movements of 1830. Of those movements, which spread from France throughout Europe, the most violent and brutally quelled was the Polish revolt against Tsarist rule. For the duration of the hostilities, from November 1830 to September 1831, Lamennais and his colleagues did everything they could to bring French troops into the struggle on the side of the Polish patriots.<sup>30</sup> In the following year Gregory XVI issued a brief denouncing the insurgents as a band of villains who "with public interest and religion as their pretexts rose up against the power of their legitimate sovereigns, cast their country into an abyss of misfortunes, and rent all bonds of legal submission asunder." Lamennais was outraged. For years he had championed the cause of the papacy against strong and bitter Gallican opposition as the only means of maintaining a clear-cut separation between ecclesiastical and secular power. His first doubts as to the legitimacy of the decision-making prerogative of the supreme hierarchy stemmed from the Pope's brief on the Polish uprising. Not only had the Pope capitulated to a secular ruler, he had capitulated to an apostate, a schismatic: Nicholas I, Emperor

of Russia. And with all but the Pope's blessings Nicholas exiled thousands of Poles to the Caucasus and closed virtually all the country's seminaries along with the universities at Warsaw and Wilno.

In all likelihood Havlíček first learned of Lamennais from a Polish medical student friend, but as his translation of the pro-Polish Mosen song indicates he had been aware of the Polish events since his Gymnasium years. He had also dipped into Mickiewicz's *Księgi narodu i pielgrzymstwa polskiego* [The Books of the Polish Nation and Pilgrimage, 1832], a work quite similar in tenor to the *Paroles* and even more directly concerned with Poland's position in contemporary Europe. Consequently, he did not need outside help to grasp that "I see nations rise up in rebellion and kings grow pale on their thrones" refers to the events of 1830, that "I see a nation joined in battle, as the Archangel Michael once joined battle with Satan" refers to Poland and Russia, that the preceding sentence—"I see one throne, two thrones demolished and the nations spreading the ruins thereof throughout the land"—refers to Charles X of France and William I of Belgium, and that the rest of the passage makes equally biting reference to outbreaks in Ireland and Italy.

Late in June 1842, after almost a year of highly concentrated study, Havlíček borrowed a short summer coat, lined its pockets with maps, and set out with a walking stick on a four-day tour of Northern Bohemia: Stará and Mladá Boleslav,

Hrubá Skála, Trosky, Jičín, Poděbrady, and Nymburk. Before visiting the rest of the Slavic world for the projected *Travels through Slavdom*, he wished to become better acquainted with his own country. In his short account of the tour, however, he gives scant evidence of promise as a travel writer.<sup>31</sup> What comes alive most in each of the episodes is the character the mischievous wanderer assumes, not the local points of interest or the peculiarities of the local population.

Less than a month later Havlíček undertook a much more extensive tour: his destination was Galicia—then part of the Polish territory of the Habsburg Empire, now divided between Poland and the Soviet Ukraine—and he was on the road for more than five weeks. Two Polish friends accompanied him as far as Zakopane in the Tatras, and he spent part of his time with their relatives (outside Cracow and on the Dunajec). The diary he kept on this trip is more revealing than the one he kept on the trip through northern Bohemia,<sup>32</sup> but its significance is overshadowed by a poem he wrote in the Visitors' Book at Bukovina in the Carpathians.

If Morskie oko  
 Were naught but tears,  
 Tears shed by Poles  
 For their country—  
  
 If the shame of White Mountain  
 Were as undying  
 In Czech hearts  
 As the snow on Lomnice—

If Serb, Croat, and Slovene  
 Were to come together  
 Like the rivulets  
 Of the mighty Dunajec—  
  
 And if the Russian slave  
 Were to break his tsarist chains  
 As the Tatra whirlpool  
 Dashes timber—  
  
 Then could we shout  
 With thundering voice from the Tatras:  
 May Vienna, Berlin, and Petersburg  
 Fall to their graves!<sup>33</sup>

For an improvisation the poem is very carefully wrought. In each of the first four stanzas Havlíček draws a parallel between the plights of one or another Slavic people and the natural wonders of the Tatra region. By pitting nature against history, he implies that the Slavs' unfortunate position in the contemporary scheme of things is merely temporary, and by resolving the if-clauses in the final stanza with a "thundering voice from the Tatras," he makes it clear beyond all doubt that nature is on the side of the Slavs, in other words, that their cause has the sanction of natural, vital forces. In the concluding lines, however, he goes beyond Kollár's pacific principle of Slavic reciprocity to the militant stand of Poland's revolutionaries. When he orders Vienna, Berlin, and Petersburg to "fall to their graves," he is reflecting their view of a tsar in cahoots with his German and Austrian counterparts.

The walking tour through Poland, which amounted in effect to several weeks of concentrated Polish proselytizing, converted Havlíček to the Polish opinion of Russia's role in Central European history and politics. Suddenly, a week after he returned, he received an opportunity to form his own opinion of Russia first-hand: he was offered a position as tutor in the family of one of Russia's foremost historians, Professor M.P. Pogodin.

## CHAPTER IV — THE ROAD TO RUSSIA

The budding Russian interest in non-Russian Slavic nationalities that led to Havlíček's stay in Russia stems indirectly, but in large measure, from the controversy raging over the Russian literary language at the beginning of the nineteenth century. In 1803 Admiral A.S. Šiškov published a study entitled *Rassuždenie o starom i novom sloge rossijskogo jazyka* [A Discourse on the Old and New Styles of the Russian Tongue]. More patriot than litterateur, he railed indiscriminately against West European borrowings and demanded they be replaced by words of Slavic origin. And more for his patriotic than his literary activities he was in 1826 named Minister of Education.

Still staunchly Slavic in his basic orientation, Šiškov took as his deputy the first Russian to have traveled through the Slavic countries with an awareness of the ideal of Slavic brotherhood, P.I. Köppen.<sup>34</sup> He immediately dispatched Köppen to Prague, the center of Pan-Slavic sentiment, for the purpose of seeking out qualified scholars to staff a university-level program of Slavic studies he had proposed. In Prague Köppen visited Hanka, the author of the forged manuscripts and an ardent Russophile, and then moved on to Novi Sad, where he met with Šafařík, the future author of *Slav Antiquities* and *An Ethnography of the Slavs*. Both Hanka and Šafařík agreed to accept posts in Russia, and Hanka suggested the poet F.L.

Čelakovský as well.<sup>35</sup> After a long series of negotiations Tsar Nicholas finally approved the project, and early in 1830 the three Czechs received official invitations: Hanka to the newly founded Pedagogical Institute in Petersburg, Šafařík to the University of Kharkov, and Čelakovský to the University of Moscow. But pleading poor health and insufficient remuneration, none of them ever crossed the border. Instead, a number of Russian Slavists began making pilgrimages to Bohemia. The historian M.P. Pogodin was the most prominent among them.

Pogodin made the first of his four visits in 1835, the year he became professor of Russian history at Moscow University. By the time of his last visit, just over ten years later, he had left the university and begun publishing what was to become a seven-tome history of Russia, *Issledovanija, zamečanija i lekci o russkoj istorii* [Studies, Comments, and Lectures on Russian History, 1846-67]. In between, he made it his duty to keep the imperial government informed of his views on the possibility of Slavic unification. The following excerpts from his "Pis'mo k Gosudarju Careviču Velikomu Knjazju Aleksandru Nikolaeviču v 1838 godu" [Letter to His Lordship the Heir Apparent, the Grand Prince Aleksandr Nikolaevič, in 1838] exemplify those views.<sup>36</sup>

Russia has a population of sixty million people. . . .  
Where else do we find such numbers? China is of no consequence because for lack of communication her in-

habitants comprise the dead capital of History and, as such, do not enter into our considerations. And what if we add to this number, another thirty million of our brothers and cousins, the Slavs scattered throughout Europe, from Constantinople to Venice and from the Mediterranean to the Baltic and North Seas, Slavs, who have the same blood as ours coursing through their veins, who speak the same language as we do, and consequently, according to the laws of nature, are sympathetic to us. . . . Let us subtract this number from neighboring Austria and Turkey and then from all Europe, and let us add it to our own. How many will they have left, and how many shall we come to? The imagination boggles, the spirit soars! One ninth of the earth's population. [2]

Kollár, the famous Slav poet of our time, has prophesied a glorious destiny for the Slavs, especially with regard to the fine arts. It is impossible, he says in one of his lyrical discourses, for so great a people, in such numbers and so widely dispersed, with such capabilities and virtues and so rich a language to do nothing for the commonweal. Providence never contradicts herself; she destines all that is lofty to lofty goals. I feel that one may expatiate on his prophecy and say that the future as a whole belongs to the Slavs [12].

Peoples follow a certain succession in History. One after another they make their appearance to stand sentry, so to speak, and do their duty for mankind. The only people the world has not yet seen taking its glorious place in this succession is the Slavs. Hence now is the time for it to make its entrance, initiate its sublime efforts for mankind, and reveal its most noble strength. And which tribe among the Slavs holds sway? Which tribe by its composition, language, and the sum total of its virtues may be called the representative

of the entire Slav world? Which has the greatest guaranty, in its present standing and past history, of future greatness? Which is closest of all to this lofty goal? Which has the clearest chance of attaining it? Which? . . . My heart trembles with joy . . . O Russia! O my fatherland! Art not thou the one? . . . O, if only it were thou! If only thou were fated to cap, to crown the development of mankind [13].

The romantic demography of the first excerpt, the attempt at politicizing Kollár's essentially cultural policies of the second, and the out-and-out chauvinism of the third (in the first excerpt the Slavs *share* a language; by the third the language "representative of the entire Slav world" is Russian) all serve the same end: Pogodin's Russian-led Pan-Slavism.

Communication with the court was of course confidential, but before long Pogodin established a public forum for his ideas. Together with a friend, S.P. Ševyrev, he founded *Moskvitjanin* [The Muscovite, 1841-56], the most important conservative thick journal of its day. One respect in which *Moskvitjanin* differed from its competitors was that each of its issues contained a short section devoted entirely to the non-Russian Slavs. It provided its audience with accounts of the writings, lectures, and general activities of important Slavic personalities, men like Mickiewicz and Vuk Karadžić as well as the Czechs.<sup>37</sup> But Bohemia was the ideal place to collect material for the journal's Slavic section, and the journey Pogodin made to Western Europe in 1842 was his first

since *Moskvitjanin* had begun publication.

Pogodin's interest in Bohemia dated from his student days, when he translated Dobrovský's *Cyrill und Method, der Slawen Apostel* [Cyril and Methodius, Apostles of the Slavs, 1823]. Shortly thereafter he and Ševyrev began work on a translation of Dobrovský's major contribution to the field of general Slavic philology, *Institutiones linguae slavicae dialecti veteris* [Fundamentals of the Old Slav Tongue, 1822]. By the mid thirties Pogodin was carrying on a lively correspondence with Šafařík, who sent him his *Slav Antiquities* as soon as it came out. (Pogodin, who did not know Czech, asked a student of his, O.M. Bodjanskij to prepare a Russian text of it.) And in 1840 he published a translation of Kollár's most significant theoretical statement, *Über die literarische Wechselseitigkeit zwischen den verschiedenen Stämmen und Mundarten der slawischen Nation* [On the Literary Reciprocity Among the Various Tribes and Dialects of the Slav Nation, 1837] in the Russian journal *Otečestvennye zapiski* [Notes of the Fatherland].

On a personal level Pogodin was closest to Šafařík. During his 1842 visit to Bohemia he spent more than two weeks with Šafařík in Marienbad, absorbing from the master all he could of the past of Slavic culture and the present of Slavic studies. It was doubtless in the course of their conversations there that the plan of hiring a Czech tutor for Pogodin's children took shape. Since the middle of the eighteenth

century the Russian nobility had provided its children with non-Russian tutors and governesses. Their job was to teach their charges French or German, give them a rudimentary education and inculcate in them an appreciation of the social graces associated with West European civilization. What better way for a Pan-Slavist to counteract their pernicious influence and replace it with respect for the Slavic world than by replacing the customary Frenchman or German with a Slav?

The first concrete reference to the idea comes in a letter Šafařík wrote to Pogodin—who was still in Marienbad—after returning to Prague. "We have not sent a student yet. . . . Should you still wish to have one, write me by return mail so I can send one on to you or bring him along myself."<sup>38</sup> But Pogodin soon resumed his travels, and by the next time Šafařík communicated with him about the project two months had passed. Pogodin was in Vienna on his way home. The letter he received there was delivered by none other than the new tutor himself. "The bearer of these lines, Mr. Havlíček, has at my request agreed to accept the position of tutor in your home. I hope you will be satisfied with him. Though not well versed in drawing or music, he will perform so much the better in the other requisite fields and disciplines. You would be hard put to find all skills in a single person. As for the details of salary and the like, please talk them over with him yourself. All I have done is to make it clear to him that you shall offer no less than five hundred gulden

and that he shall ask no more than six hundred." <sup>39</sup>

Not even two weeks had elapsed between the time Havlíček returned home from his Polish trip, unsure of which way to turn, and the time he left for Vienna, en route to Russia with a well-paying post. What happened during the first stage of his journey is best related by Havlíček himself in a letter to his friend Girgl from Lvov dated 12 November 1842.

The Slav teacher sends his greetings to the German *Auskultant*.

All the Jews in Galicia and I pay our humble respects to the *Herr Auskultant*.

Text Number One: Man Proposes, God Disposes.  
(Homily.)

If I had written you only six days earlier, my dear *Herr Auskultant*, my letter would not have been nearly so cheerful in tone as it is now. I hope you will not use these lines as a pillow for your indolence, *claudendo inde* that you are doing the right thing when you put off writing letters as long as you can and often, to be even more thorough, put off writing altogether. But so as not to waste expensive paper (a groschen a half sheet), let me tell you what has transpired from the time I was all red and swollen until the present.

Even while waiting for the stagecoach in Prague early that morning I could feel my face puffing up. By noon it was so bad I could not see a thing out of my right eye. Besides, I did not eat all day. When I got home, my mother (needless to say) began crossing herself and wailing as if I had come there to die. For three days I stayed bundled up in woolen blankets in my room. Finally, when my face was nearly back to normal, on Saturday, 22 October, I set out for Vienna—well wrapped,

as you can easily imagine. My mother could not have cried more if they had been leading me to the gallows, so I felt very sad too, sad and almost afraid. But then a genie (albeit a slightly inept genie, as you shall soon see) took hold of the poor, sad traveler wending his wintry way to white-stoned Moscow in search of ideas, and gave him renewed energy in the form of the following incident.

Concerned as she was about my swollen face, my mother made certain I got to the post office much earlier than necessary so that while the others were having dinner I could find a good seat where the wind would not blow in on me. I did as I was told. But after dinner the first *occupans*—being of violent disposition—and a friend of his grabbed hold of me (I had refused to give up my place) and ... threw me out of the coach, tore a hook off my overcoat, and then cracked me over the head with a walking stick for good measure. Because of the mood I was in I did not even notice what was happening to me; I simply philosophized about it for the first hour of my journey. Quite coolly I thought over the harm that could result from the unexpected incident. But sitting all night in an exposed seat with my overcoat open *prop-ter* a torn off hook did no harm to my honor. My fellow passengers did not know me, and the Německý Brod post-riders know well from my gladiator days at the Gymnasium that I am strong enough and that I let them throw me out only because I did not feel like stopping them. So my honor was still intact despite the cold, and as a reward for my Christian (Robert-the-Devilish) humility Fate gave me a special treat at dinner in Znojmo. I was sitting across from the man when the waiter spilled close to a liter of greasy gravy down his back. He was so lacking in character that the first thing he did was to look over

at me to see if I was enjoying the sight. And some sight it was too! At that instant his face was worth a good novel.

I spent the night in Stockerau, and the next morning, the morning of 24 October 1842, at eight o'clock I first cast eyes on the home of our most merciful sovereign, Vienna. --. --. I took off the slippers I had on. --. I lived on Tábor [the name of the street leading into the road from Bohemia] for a whole week. Pogodin did not arrive until the twenty-ninth. He looked me up at the inn because I had left him my address with Vuk Karadžić. Then on Sunday and Monday I rode around Vienna doing errands for him: he was in a great hurry and could not take care of everything himself. On the first, All Saints' Day, he bought a new carriage, and both we and the carriage boarded a train and set out—not for Hungary, but for Galicia. We could no longer take the *naporod* (steamer) along the Danube because the last one was sailing on the second for Constantinople and we could not have stopped in Pressburg, Pest, etc. In Lipník we hired post-horses, and riding day and night through fierce blizzards we arrived in Brody at the Russian border on the night of the fifth. The only place where we stayed over was Lvov, and we left there again by eleven the next morning.

During the journey I had an opportunity to go a long way towards winning Pogodin's affection. It took little effort because he is an intelligent and extremely kind-hearted man. He had no trouble grasping the general direction of my ideas, and I hid nothing from him, bared my innermost thoughts. I have much to learn from him. While we drove along together, he taught me how to travel (he is a past master at the art of traveling.) He also accused me of being a madcap. "You shall tutor my son,"

he said, "and I will tutor you." Which is fine with me, because he is not just another philosopher (in the German mold); he is a real *practicus*, like all Russians in certain respects. Before I forget—in Vienna I did everything I could to get to know people from all the Slav nations, and I met a few intelligent ones. I visited Vuk Karadžić four times. He is a true Serb, an unspoilt specimen, the model of a pure Serb. But the devil always takes up quarters next door to the church, and Vuk Karadžić has a German wife. Imagine that! It was all I could do to keep from wringing her neck. After all! And he has a beautiful daughter who does not speak a word of Serbian. In fact, all his children are pure Germans. He must have been able to read my surprise from the expression on my face. At present Vuk is in Zemun (Semlin). He is Prince Miloš's right-hand man: his advisor, amanuensis, etc.

I learnt a lot of Serbian in Vienna. A Serb by the name of Kurelac gave me daily three-hour lessons, besides which I strolled and chatted with him and other Serbs all the time.

I also spoke with Podlipský quite often. I saw *Othello* and *Norma*, drank a good deal of wine and ate a good deal of *Schnitzel*, *Rostbraten*, etc.

According to my observations the Viennese live a charmed existence: they sleep ten hours, eat seven hours, spend two hours at various improprieties, three hours exchanging fatuous, futile remarks, and two hours laughing. And since there are only twenty-four hours in a day, they have no time left for anything more sensible. I thank the Lord that *the only girl I met* was Madame Vuk's daughter.

Text Number Two: It Is Hard to P... Against the Wind.

As you are aware, dear Herr Auskultant, I embarked on this great journey without that wondrous star, the passport, in the sweet hope that I might somehow make my way to Russia first and worry about the passport later. But in that hope I have been very much abused. You shall now learn, if you do not know already, that the road to heaven is not nearly so difficult as the road to *святая Русь* [Holy Russia]. Add to that the fact that leaving our country is as difficult as entering theirs, and you can see what I have been up against. Lying in wait for me I found three Austrian and three Russian barriers (*Schlagbäume*), each flanked by several satans. To make a long story short, Mr. Havlíček by the grace of God has ended up staying behind in Austria, waiting for an official government passport. I was very sad to have to part with Mr. Pogodin. He and my things went on to Moscow, and I was very jealous of my coats and stockings for not needing the passport I did. Pogodin, who had assured me many times along the way that winters in Moscow were about the same as Prague winters, suddenly—just as we were saying good-by, he began to worry that his tutor might arrive minus nose or ears—let on that Moscow is colder than the *Nordkap* [North Cape] and the northernmost tip of Iceland, that the temperature is usually ten below zero and on some mornings goes down to twenty-five and thirty below. So he left me the money to buy a good, warm fur coat in Brody as well as something I had never dreamed existed: a small etui or case for my nose. All of a sudden I began to wonder what it does to a man to be dressed in linen underpants and a linen undershirt; ditto, but flannel; two pairs of stockings, wool and cotton; shoes of double-strength leather with a rubber coating; good, thick trousers; a good, thick winter vest; two coats (i.e., one padded,

the other rubber); a dressing gown; an overcoat; a bear-skin coat; with huge, sheepskin-lined Russian boots for his feet and a huge fur cap for his head and the back of his neck, leaving only his eyes and nose visible—and finally a case for his nose. Oh yes, and gigantic five-kilo gloves. When I consider I shall be spending at least two weeks in open sleighs in—God willing—December or January (depending on how soon they give me the passport) *et quidem cuoad circumstantias loci* to Moscow, I am certain I shall not have occasion to sweat very much. If I had been able to travel on with Pogodin, I should have made the journey in a warm, covered coach and reached Moscow in six days and nights.

I felt sad as I accompanied *зочнодуш* [Mr.] Pogodin as far as the first barrier, where they separated me from him like the goats from the sheep on the Judgment Day and with every bit as much zeal. I felt sad as I looked after him. But I felt saddest of all as I made my way back to Brody. There I waited two days until the post coach for Lvov arrived. In Lvov I had an adventure like the one at Mohelnice, or rather I had two of them—one slightly different from the other. But I shall give you the details when we can talk it over. I have put it all down in my notebook, and you shall hear more about it in three years' time. Things like that will never happen to the *Herr Auskultant* if he continues to sit at home by the fire. Brody is all Jews (but do not forget that famous prophecy). Those two days were worse than hell. I had bad troubles there, I can tell you that. But I do not feel like going into it now.

Text Number Three: *Post nubila Phoebus.*

Now I am staying in Lvov at the home of Mr. Zap, whom you probably know by name and whom you would know better if you read the Museum journal regularly. I am practicing at being a Pole, that is, I am learning to

speak very politely with the ladies. I am also learning to dance the *krakowiak* and the *mazurka* and to babble in their accent (all the while taking great pains, as befits a Moscow tutor-to-be, not to fall in love with any of them). The men, on the other hand, have introduced me to bibliography, Ukrainian, and the art of drinking arrack *nec non spiritus*. At the local Russian seminary I have been studying the relations between their church and ours (the Catholic church). [Illegible] beets, cucumbers with honey, wheat boiled with poppy seed, Bukovina polenta, Hucul sheep cheese, gruel *et similia*. Let me quote *quoad eruditionem dom. auscultantis* that Mr. Zap has a half-year-old daughter and a seventeen-and-a-half-year-old wife—a very pretty one at that, as you will soon discover for yourself, since Zap is hoping to be transferred to Prague in the very near future. Take a good look at her then. She is *чарнобрива* [dark-browed]—as the Reuthenians say—and the daughter of a nobleman from Bukovina. She therefore speaks Little Russian too. And as you can well imagine, Mr. Zap has done a good job of teaching her Czech. She does not speak a word of German, only French—a capital quality for a Czech patriot, you know, and one which he boasted of right away. Polish women make friends very easily, so after the very first week I felt at home with the Zaps. Moreover, from eight to two, when Zap is at the office, I am his wife's only companion. Polish women are very frank: they tell you everything on their minds. They are especially open with me because what Mr. Zap is in Lvov I am going to be in Moscow. She has told me the whole story of her love—down to the last details. They are very much in love. I have learnt a great deal, much of which elsewhere people learn only from their own experience, especially people like you. My life here is very pleasant. There are just the three of us (*excepta*

little Bronisławka), and since we have come to know one another very well, they do not consider me an outsider. Of course it is much more difficult to rejoice with the joyous (and not be jealous) than to have compassion for the unfortunate. God knows why I prefer bearing affliction to searching for happiness. Whenever I have to put up with something unpleasant, I make a pact with myself to put up with it and more, but the thought of running after ideal happiness plagues me more than the threat of Spielberg. You may thank God I am writing you all this in Czech, a language I am still not accustomed to, or you would certainly have to put up with another half hour or so of variations on the theme.

There is nothing paradoxical in my views on Polish women, dear friend. Polish women are ladies—proud, regal creatures. Fully aware of their dignity, they do and say things all day long that would throw our prudent maidens into continual blushes. The Polish woman is utterly indifferent to what men think of her. She neither proffers high opinions of herself nor solicits serious attention from men; she simply forces them, commands them—if I may put it thus—to respect or love her.

The Polish woman commands all men and obeys only one. How tempting it is to become lord and master of such a proud, lordly, masterful creature!

Text Number Four: See *Květy* [Flowers], 1840, XXVIII, lines 1-2.

Give all of Tyl's story "Nevěsta z hvězdy" [Bride from a Star] a careful reading.

But since I prefer leaving it to you to mull over, let me continue here with the miscellaneous things I have been meaning to write you about.

Gabler is going to look after my concerns in Prague. I have no reason to hope that you two will ever be friends again. *Sic transit gloria mundi*. Nor do I hope

that you will change; that would take miracles. Then again, a man who buys even only one lottery ticket still has hopes of winning. Why shouldn't I dream that one day you ...

Do not write for the next three years unless you become a professor. What I need to know I shall find out elsewhere. It will do me good not to hear from you for another three years, so please do as I ask.

If I get a letter from you, it means you are a professor. Otherwise do not write.

I shall not write to you either unless absolutely necessary. We need a little rest from one another.

In Moscow for the next three years (the Russians rebaptize everyone according to their fashion) Федор Матвеевич Боровский. Now, and then once again, Karel Havlíček.

On the back of the last sheet Havlíček added:

But now I really must tell you a thing or two about myself, about my heart and mind, so you have a complete picture of me. Alone, all alone, completely and utterly alone—that is the best way I can describe my present state. From 20 October until now I have been on my own in an alien world with no one to unburden myself to, no end of worries and work, and much of the same to look forward to for the next few years.

I am completely different. Every day I check in the mirror to see whether I still look as I did. And I do not. I have grown quite a beard these past two months. You ought to see it. If I have ever looked sullen, I look sullen now.

I have the feeling I have entered into manhood, left my childhood behind. I need very much to be alone. I have thought a plan all the way through. All the love I have ever had for my country now seems less to me than the hate I bear my enemies and my desire for revenge. I cannot tell you how much I yearn to wage war against our country's enemy. I have a right to join the fray as an officer, and if you hear that the Russians have gone on a campaign against a German foe, you may be certain that Федор Марвеевич Боровский is commanding a Cossack regiment with forty *молодцы* [fine fellows] from the Don under him.<sup>40</sup>

A very few details will make this picture of Havlíček's departure complete. Although Havlíček tries to make it appear as if the cause for his mother's tears was the cold he brought home with him from Poland, he certainly realized that what had actually upset her was his decision to go abroad. For tears his father substituted stern lectures, the tenor of which is evidenced by the following excerpt from a letter he wrote several weeks after the departure:

What are we to expect if the knowledge for which you are striving cannot provide you with bread or a secure position? Above all else it is the duty of every individual to strive for the latter since no one knows how long he will remain healthy. I have never interfered in your choice of a profession, nor will I do so now—as long as you choose one which holds out some promise for a secure income. As the situation now stands, we have half lost you; if you stay on there, we shall lose you completely. The most important thing for parents and children is to be able to come together often and,

if necessary, take counsel with one another, for, needless to say, one must be prepared for anything."<sup>1</sup>

But these personal remarks are only a sidelight in a letter dealing mainly with the burning bureaucratic problem of Havlíček's passport. Pogodin's offer came so suddenly that Havlíček had no time to go through the usual application process. Before leaving Prague, he managed to arrange for documents enabling him to go only as far as Vienna; before leaving Vienna, he managed to arrange for documents enabling him to go only as far as Galicia. The Lvov authorities tried to convince him that only his own local authorities (the *Landespräsidium*) had the power to issue the passport, and that he had therefore best return to Prague. In desperation Havlíček requested permission to accompany Pogodin as far as the border, perhaps in hopes that a man with his influence could pull the necessary strings on the spot. When Pogodin failed to intercede on his behalf, Havlíček could do nothing but wait for the next coach back to Lvov. Once there, he immediately reopened his case with the authorities. This time he succeeded in persuading them to accept his application. As a result he no longer had to return to Prague; all he had to do was wait.

And wait he did: by the time his papers came through, more than two months had passed. The "*Post nubila Phoebus*" part of the letter to Girgl outlines his day-to-day activities, but the ideas he came away with from his talks and in-

vestigations do not begin making their appearance in his correspondence until the end of his stay in Lvov. Thanks to the zeal of the Austrian bureaucratic machine substantial portions of three of Havlíček's letters, the originals of which have never come to light, made their way—in German translation—to the files of the Censorship Board in Vienna. From the time of the Polish uprising private correspondence mailed in Galicia, a border province and therefore a potential hotbed of political ferment, underwent close scrutiny by postal officials. Austria, a member in excellent standing of the Holy Alliance, was only too happy to render this service to Russia: a revolution in Poland would further neither country's interests.

Evidently the censors considered Havlíček's letters a true find: within less than three weeks they had reached the desk of none other than Metternich. Furthermore, Metternich agreed with the report accompanying the letters and staging that "they deserve close attention, inasmuch as they provide proof that their author is a Pan-Slavist body and soul and that he sides wholly with the Galician Ruthenians, Greek schismatics, and Russia."<sup>42</sup> They are also anti-German and—strange as it may seem from the pen of a "Pan-Slavist body and soul"—anti-Polish. "For the Germans," he writes, "the Slav is no more than a slave, an idiot. They keep trying to make us into Asians so that they can be the only ones with any culture. It is obvious they would have been only too

glad to move into Serbia, Walachia, and all the Turkish lands just as they moved into Bohemia and Moravia. None of the Germans' fancy talk would actually do us any harm if they had not been successful in alienating many of our own kind from Slavdom by convincing them that Slavdom represents slavery and ignorance. Already they have lured the Poles over to their side. The Poles have no interest in Slavdom. They call it Russian politics. But what is politics to us?"<sup>43</sup>

As early as his Gymnasium days, perhaps even as early as his experience with the Jihlava teacher who enjoyed making jokes at the Czech students' expense, Havlíček had inveighed against the Germans. In the letters from Lvov he turns against a Slavic nation. True, he blames their apostasy primarily on the Germans, but he also charges them with a fault all their own: "Since they are all nobles, they never give the peasant a thought. The peasant is little more than a beast in their eyes. All Polish literature is for and about the nobility and is therefore one-sided."

If the Poles offended Havlíček with their aristocratic airs, another Slavic people attracted him with its humility.

Of all the non-Bohemian Slavs I love the Little Russians most. They are an ideal nation: no nobility, no aristocracy whatsoever, one like the next. Everyone wears the same winter fur coats and hats, everyone is a poet, everyone broods over his nation's stormy but glorious past, and one and all they brave the hardships of the present and pray to God for a brighter future. The entire nation is either peasant or priest. Wait and see—

before my three years are up I shall be a Czechoruthenian. In fact, I discern a certain pattern in our dealings with the Slavs: whenever we are about to make too much of one branch, our excessive enthusiasm is dampened by another. The Poles, for instance, no matter how worthy of pity they may be, will have to go through a good deal before the sufferings they have caused the poor Ruthenians can be forgiven. Moreover, we have every reason to fear that they will be long in mending their ways: they have not yet even begun to curb their imperious behavior with the Ruthenians. In fact, they have grown so accustomed to oppressing them that otherwise intelligent men indulge their passions and commit the grossest of follies. In all Galicia, for instance, and especially in Lvov, every Polish scholar abides by the idea that Ruthenian is nothing but a corrupt form of Polish, indeed that the Ruthenians came into existence when a group of Poles accepted the Slav church and with it the old Slav language, and thereby corrupted their Polish.

Although Havlíček's distrust of the Polish nobility derives in large measure from his observations in Lvov, it has deep roots in his own humble origins. It may also reflect his discomfort with the role the Catholic nobility had played in Bohemia since the seventeenth century: by persecuting and eventually expelling its more nationally minded Protestant confreres and accepting the religious and general cultural hegemony of the Jesuits, it ushered in the period of Germanization that he was working so hard to bring to an end.

The local Jesuits irritate him every bit as much as the Jesuits at home, and he berates them with obvious gusto: "How

the Jesuits here in Galicia carry on! May God punish them. Wherever the devil cannot go himself he sets up a branch of the Society of Jesus." Much of Havlíček's strong stand against the Jesuits here and elsewhere in these letters stems from a desire to *épater l'ecclésiastique*. One of the addressees was a chaplain, another a fourth-year student of theology.<sup>44</sup> But the nationality issue also comes into play: "The Jesuits are doing all they can to spread their stupidity and fill their moneybags. They hatch the most shameful plots against the Ruthenians to deprive them of their Slav language and their wives. They are miserable, servile, base creatures, disseminators of an evil, foreign will." More specifically he accuses the Lvov Jesuits of having "nothing more urgent to do than encourage the Ruthenians to enter the Latin church. They will try anything to get them to accept Roman vestments, Latin, the Gregorian calendar, the missal, etc. They are always scheming. You must realize that the Ruthenians know nothing of the Pope but his name, and have absolutely no interest in a union [of the Greek and Roman Catholic churches]. The union idea owes its existence to the power and villany of the Polish nobility, which from time immemorial has persecuted the Ruthenians more than the heathen. And all the same they cling to their Slav religion."

The plight of the Ruthenians also attracted Pogodin's attention, but he saw it in a different light. Both he and Havlíček start from the same premise: that the Polish nobility

continuously harassed the Ruthenian population. Havlíček characteristically interprets the harassment as an encroachment on the right of the smaller nation, while Pogodin, just as characteristically, sees it as grounds for extending the Russian sphere of influence. In a report of the journey during which he hired Havlíček he writes, "The Ruthenians in Galicia are defenseless against the Poles. . . . Clergymen, lawyers, and merchants are becoming ever more aware of their Russian provenance and attracted emotionally to Russia. They were glad to hear the news of the abolition of the union and are ready to convert to our Orthodoxy. . . . 'Will it be long before you take us to yourselves?' they say to every Russian traveler!"

Finally Havlíček's passport arrived, and having mailed the letters on his way to the border, he went blithely off to Russia. "What is politics to us?" he had asked rhetorically in one of them, little suspecting that before he so much as entered the gates of Moscow the machinery that would eventually cut short his stay there had been set in motion—and by Metternich himself.

On 8 March, less than six weeks after reading Havlíček's impressions of Galicia, Metternich saw fit to submit to the Emperor his first report dealing exclusively with the danger of Slavic movements.

Among Your Majesty's subjects of Slav background the Czechs deserve special assessment. Of all their kind they have the most advanced civilization. As a result

of their preeminence in this area and their contact—brought about by geographical proximity—with German liberalism the kingdom of Bohemia is threatened by a danger which does not affect the Slav population of the southern provinces of the Monarchy to the same degree. Although the *Czech* movement is local in character, it nonetheless forms a living link in the chain of the *Slav* movement, and even superficial observation of national activities in Bohemia suffices to show the progress being made by the spirit of innovation in the Slav movement and Western liberalism combined. Bohemia therefore requires our closest attention.<sup>46</sup>

There is no basis in Havlíček's letters for Metternich's suspicion of the influence of German liberalism on the Czech movement, but his remarks on the relations between one Slavic nation and another may well reflect Havlíček's invective against the Poles. "True," writes Metternich, "the Slav movement has a fundamental *spirit* to it, but that spirit undergoes substantial modification in its orientation under many circumstances. The Poles and the Russians, both Slavs, are presently at loggerheads: there is less sympathy between the Poles and the Czechs than there is between the former and the Hungarian Slavs [i.e., the Slovaks]."<sup>47</sup>

## CHAPTER V — FIRST IMPRESSIONS

On 10 January 1843 a Cossack guard lifted the final barrier at the tiny border town of Radziwiłłów, but even within Russia Havlíček suffered passport troubles. After nearly two weeks of grueling travel—again he complains of the Jews: a coachman who tries to hike the fare, nosy passengers, filthy innkeepers—he found himself without a passport: tsarist regulations required him to exchange it at Zhitomir for Russian papers that would take him only as far as Kiev. Nonetheless, he entered Kiev in high spirits. "Even if someone were to fall in love with three girls at once and love each one as much as Werther, his heart could not feel the rapture mine felt as I first rode through the streets of Kiev."<sup>48</sup>

In Kiev, as in Lvov, Havlíček's first visit was to the police. His spirits quickly plummeted: In Kiev, as in Lvov, he was given the runaround. Finally he submitted a petition in his own imperfect Russian to the Governor General. "I have now been here an entire week," it concludes, "because of which I have incurred great expense and shall be forced to enter Professor Pogodin's service several days late. May I therefore take the liberty of troubling Your Excellency with a most humble request, namely, that you direct the proper authorities to validate my passport for the journey to Moscow. Karel Havlíček, Austrian subject."<sup>49</sup>

Much later, and in a more playful mood, Havlíček thought of turning the incident into the introduction of a piece on the perils of travel within Russia. The title of the unfinished work is the Russian word for post chaise, "Перекладная."

Every toxin gives rise to an antitoxin, and every evil on earth brings some good in its wake. One of the toxins, one of the evils is Russian *чиновники* (officials), particularly those who have watch over passports. I doubt that their equal in lethargy and procrastination when it comes to work or acumen and indefatigability when it comes to taking money is anywhere to be found. All *чиновники*—from the Black Sea to the Arctic Ocean, from Cracow to America—answer every query of the type "Has my passport been signed yet?" with a single word "Завтра" (Tomorrow).<sup>50</sup>

By the time he wrote these lines, he had learned of the efficacy of a well placed bribe, but petitions had their place in the scheme of things as well, and within a week of drafting his own he was on his way to Moscow. He describes the journey itself and his first, ecstatic impressions of Moscow in a detailed letter to Karel Vladislav Zap, his new Czech friend from Lvov.

Moscow, 1 May (Old Style) 1843

Dearest Sir,

Expecting an answer to my letter from Kiev dated 19 January (Old Style), I did not mean to write you from here. Now, however, I can wait no longer. Doubtless there is not much you can write that is worth dispatching on such a long journey, while I have so many

new impressions swarming about in my head that I could not fit them into a book. Let us begin with Kiev. Thank God for the order in the local chanceries. I set out from Kiev not on the twentieth, as I wrote you, but on the twenty-first (Old Style—pardon me for failing to reckon the date like a son of the Mother Roman Church, but I have become so accustomed to Orthodoxy that I find the European calendar barbarous even though it is better and closer to reality than the Russian). I traveled by *перекладная* [post chaise] with a Russian officer whom I had met in Kiev, and his company helped me greatly along the way, for without him I should have had to wait for horses at each way station: large numbers of the gentry were on their way to Kiev for the *контракты* [fair]. It took me sixty hours to go from Kiev to Moscow, that is, more than 839 kilometers (793 versts). You must not therefore expect a description of what I saw along the way. Upon reaching a way station, I had scarcely time to wipe the mud from my face when off we rode, and at such a pace that I was never able to count the number of people in the carriages we met. Even now I think back on the journey with a certain fascination. Picture four sturdy wheels on two sturdy axles, two thin boards nailed to the axles, two *чемоданы* [suitcases] on the boards with me on one and the Russian officer on the other, a *ямщик* [coachman] (a simple, ununiformed peasant, the postilion, but more skillful than the entire Viennese *Oberpostamtsverwaltung* [Head Post Office]) on a bit of hay in front of us, all hitched Russian style to three dragon-like horses (beneath a shaft bow), and there you have a special post chaise. It is called a *перекладная* because at each way station it is transferred onto new boards. Nothing in the entire apparatus is superfluous except the bell

(which here in Russia takes the place of the horn and resembles fairly closely our sacristy bell) and four boards of a hand's width, each nailed to a different side of the board on which you sit. Their purpose is not to keep you from falling, for you may fall in any manner or direction you choose, but to keep the *чемодан* in place. I very much appreciate this sort of freedom. You are never as bored as you are in a German *Gesellschaftswagen* [coach], where there are always yawning mouths baring their teeth at you. On a *перекладная* your life, your legs, your neck—and other items highly beneficial to your health—are at stake. Consequently, you have constant food for thought and time does not weigh on your hands. As soon as you take your seat, the *ямщик* winds the reins tightly around his hand, turns to you and says, "Держись [Hold on], барин (sir)," gives a whistle, and the world is no longer yours to see. You hunch forward to prevent the wind—a fresh burst of wind has just arisen—from knocking you over backward, and there is so much mud splashing about you in various forms, sizes, and degrees of liquefaction that I could not help but think of Raphael's God the Father flying through chaos and creating the Earth of the bits and pieces flying by. Perhaps you are aware that there is no network of roads in Russia. All they do is measure out a wide piece of land—generally fifty meters wide—between one town and the next, and everyone has the right to travel it without toll as he sees fit and is able. It is easy to tell which way the road leads because it is usually overlain with enough mud to cover a cart up to its axles. Sometimes there are trees planted along the sides as well. The horses take an entire stage (usually twenty kilometers, but sometimes as many as thirty) at a gallop, halting only about three

times—when so much mud accumulates on the *ямщик's* face that he is forced to stop and wipe his eyes.

Obviously, travel by *перекладная* is not for the ladies, though it seemed designed specifically for me: rarely have I enjoyed myself as much as I did on the journey from Kiev to Moscow. Our postal service would have taken more than two weeks to travel a road like that. But of course we did cover the second half of the journey, from Glukhov, by sleigh. The winter this year was much warmer than average.

The Dnepr had thawed by then, and we forded it on a ferry. Hay, oats, wood, etc. were very dear at the Kiev *контракты* because they all had to be transported from beyond the Dnepr. This year they could not cross the ice, and the price for fording such a broad stretch of water was so high that no mere peasant could make a go of it. There were always as many as a hundred carts with goods from Moscow awaiting transportation across the river.

I went by way of Orel and Tula, but can tell you no more of them than that they have green tin roofs which repel snow and are very becoming to the town when all else is snowed over. Tula is a splendid town, though no one who has not seen a Russian town will know what I mean: beautiful wooden houses painted on the outside; pillars and green tin roofs everywhere; fences both painted and carved; cathedrals sprinkled liberally with towers; all manner of people; one-, two-, three-, and four-horse carriages and handsome, spirited horses excellently harnessed in a fashion you will never see outside Russia; the populace out strolling, a serious lot, with long beards and gowns like Old Testament prophets; streets filled with shops and hawkers, and so on, and so forth. Of course, what I have been describing is a *губернский город* [provincial capital]; an ordinary

town is no more than a large village. I have so grown to love all this and the Russian people that I shall be excessive in my praise for a long time to come, as long as it takes me to recover my senses and relate the naked truth without embellishment. Yet you too would be of a mind with me, for anyone who has looked only upon our prosaic towns—which deserve no more than the German name of *Wohnmaschinen* [living machines], where one house is like the next: nothing but a wall, a window, a door, and a downspout—will deem the Russian town to be heaven itself. Here nearly every house has its own beautiful, unique architectural design. And Moscow! If the "little mother in stone" could be parceled out over all of Europe, there would be several beautiful buildings for each town. I cannot possibly evoke in you here in a letter the joy I experience each time I ride down the street looking at the houses. I shall leave that to an oral description at a time when, after our wanderings, we meet again in Prague.

*St. Basil's Cathedral:* You may have heard of it, but you cannot imagine it. Its contours are very much like the drawing here, but you must add a riot of color, with each section very different and very gaudy. An uncommon and bizarre sight.

Though I should like to tell you something about the way of life here, I do not know where to begin. If you are ever granted an opportunity to stand atop the tower of Ivan the Great and look down upon the endless town below, you will understand the difficulties confronting anyone who must speak of Moscow in brief. Only in Russia, and especially here in Moscow, does sheer size make itself felt to such an extent. Everything is colossal. When bells chime, they do not chime by the fives not tens nor hundreds—no, five thousand bells chime all at once (as at the midnight Easter service for the Resurrec-

tion); when you go out for a ride, you meet more than a handful of carriages—you meet three hundred carriages, four- and six-horse carriages, to say nothing of the flocks of smaller one- and two-horse carriages milling about. Since a tower must glitter, they coat it with gold; since speed is so important, they cover twenty kilometers in half an hour; since there has to be a place to train soldiers, they build a manège that makes a man standing at the far end look like a glove; since there have to be a few *узвозчики* [cab drivers] on hand, they set loose any number of them to swarm the streets like sparrows. Instead of scattered shops and exchanges they build an entire city of *shops and shops alone* that makes you feel you are in a dreamland. God Himself has done the Russians' bidding: since there has to be a winter, it is the kind that freezes noses, and since there has to be a summer, it is the kind that chases everyone out of dusty Moscow to the country.

One thing which has made a specially strong impression on me is the Slav rite in general and the Easter service in particular. I have had the opportunity to see everything at close quarters. The most remarkable ceremony is the damning of all Russia's malefactors and the blessing of all her benefactors, which takes place on the first Sunday of Lent in Moscow and Petersburg only. All the bishops and prelates gather together with the metropolitan (the illustrious Filaret) in the Kremlin's main cathedral (N.B. there are many cathedrals in the Kremlin). (You will have some idea of the splendor of their raiments if I tell you that every Sunday the deacon in our parish church here wears a vestment every bit as dear as the vestments worn by the Prague archbishop on Easter Sunday.) They all stand in two rows, and one of them mounts a platform and begins to read the

list of malefactors. Some, like Mazepa, he calls by name, and after each one he says *Анафема!* [Anathema] and all the prelates rise and thrice cry out their solemn *Анафема!* Then he begins to read the list of benefactors, calling each of them by name and saying *Вечная память!* [May his memory live forever] after each one, and again the prelates repeat his words three times. Then they shout *Многая лета!* [May they live many years] for all the living: the tsar, his family, the bishops, the clergy, the military, and all Orthodox Christians. And again the prelates repeat *Многая лета!* after each one. Even this pale description will give you some idea of what a magnificent ceremony it must be. I could describe it for you in much greater detail, but I was in such agitation when I came home from church that I set down a very thorough and (as far as I can tell) rather fervid description of the service and I have no desire to describe it again. Anything I might say now would be far weaker.

You can well imagine the spirit with which I *христовался* (such is the word for the Russian *Христос воскрес* [Christ is arisen] ritual which is accompanied by kissing). It is the only day when one has the right to kiss anyone one meets—male or female. People start kissing one another in church as soon as the priest says *Христос воскрес*. Although the ritual is dying out among the upper classes, where only people of the same household now kiss one another, the students and simple folk have held onto it tenaciously, and it is mostly the students' doings that no girl dares show her face out of doors at this time of year. None of these Easter customs are known to us in Bohemia, and how beautiful they are! I have done my best to note down as many as possible. No matter what one sees in Moscow, one always finds something unusual and, more often than not, beau-

tiful: the release of the birds on 25 March (Old Style), for instance, and especially—an inexhaustible source—the part of town called the *зород*, which houses the shops and their bearded merchants. Russian merchants criss-cross the entire empire and have many stories to tell about it. Moreover, they sit together in groups and tell their stories to one another, thereby keeping a great wealth of legends and facts about the empire alive. You would very much enjoy hearing an old merchant philosophizing in a tavern over tea, constantly quoting from the Bible in the Church Slavonic dialect. The strict division into castes, quite harmful in all other respects, does in fact further the handing down of knowledge from father to son within merchant clans. There are five completely separate classes there: the *дворянство* (that is, the nobility or *чиновничество* [officials]), the merchants, the clergy, former serfs who have been set free, and *крепостные* (*Leibeigene* [serfs]). Each of them marries only its own kind, associates only with its own kind, and other castes either envy them if they are lower or scorn them if they are higher. There are, furthermore, several subgroups within each of the main castes. The *крепостные*, for instance, are either farmers in the country or servants and artisans in the towns and at their masters' manor houses. The latter group is much more conceited and usually dresses in German style (that is, European style, for here the simple folk call everything European German). Within the clergy there are 1) the *чернцы* [black clergy], and 2) the white clergy (monks and laymen); within the merchant class—1) *иностранцы* (foreigners) and 2) natives; within the nobility—as everywhere else—1) higher and 2) lower. Generally speaking, titles such as count, prince, and the like have little validity, as everything depends exclusively on rank: all those at the same rank level

are equal, though one man may bear the title of prince and another have naught but his name. It cannot therefore be said that noble birth carries much weight here, though of course it is of value.

If there is anything in particular you wish to know, you have only to write me. I shall give you all I have.

Now I have a favor to ask of you. It has to do with Mr. Holovac'kyj. Bodjanskij is thinking of putting out a pan-Slav chrestomathy for his students. The first volume will be folk literature; the second, higher literature. He would be glad if Mr. Holovac'kyj were to send him several of the nicer songs from his collection (N.B. of the type suitable for a chrestomathy). He is willing to send Mr. Holovac'kyj some books in exchange and asks him to write and tell him which he needs. He also requests, as is only natural, that he *indicate the sources* of the songs in his chrestomathy. So please write Mr. Holovac'kyj that Bodjanskij will send him the books. I myself vouch for it. And there is no need to send him a large number of songs. Have Mr. Holovac'kyj take care of it on his own and do as he sees fit. My only wish is to bring it to his attention, not to talk him into anything. N.B. When you mention it to him, tell him *from me* that Bodjanskij may be traveling around Galicia this year (in June, July, and August) and will definitely drop in on him. But the trip itself is not yet definite.

A Czech by the name of Dvořáček passed through Moscow recently on his way from Petersburg, and I spoke with him here. He was sent to Petersburg by our monarch to negotiate an agreement about postal service. He claims that the talks are over and that by August we may expect what he has negotiated to become reality. It is with great eagerness that I await this welcome event.

Now I shall be able to send you tea and introduce you to the glories of Moscow.

I should like to be able to write you *zu Prag*. I even wonder whether you are still in Lvov. No, I think the letter should go to Prague. You are probably no longer in Lvov. We have very little news from Prague. Sir Václav, however, has written us of Dr. Červinka's lecturing in Czech at the Law School. And then about the prohibition of the word Illyrian.

I now take leave of you, your highly esteemed wife, and Bronisławka, and thank you once again for your cheerful hospitality without which my stay in Lvov would have been a melancholy one. Kindly keep me in your thoughts until we meet again. My best regards to Messieurs Zubric'kyj, Holovac'kyj, and everyone else. Please tell Rościszewski that Pogodin would have sent him the facsimile he requested had it not been for the fact that the entire work is in the process of being prepared for publication and the facsimilia will come out with it. Tell him as well that Pogodin will write as soon as he has recovered from his illness. He is still indisposed. N.B. He is not really indisposed; he is not doing anything. Be well, as well as you can with all the commotion, and do not forget

Your humble servant,  
K. Havlíček<sup>51</sup>

The key to understanding Havlíček's impressions of Russia lies in his description of the journey from Kiev to Moscow: "I have so grown to love all this and the Russian people that I shall be excessive in my praise for a long time to come, for as long as it takes me to recover my senses and relate the naked truth without embellishment." Havlíček's

favorite form of embellishment is hyperbole: a peasant postilion more skillful than the entire Austrian postal administration, dragon-like horses, mud recalling Raphael's description of primordial chaos, five thousand Moscow church bells chiming simultaneously, a manège so large it reduces the individual to the size of a glove. Only part of the exuberance may be put down to preconceived notions or a Pan-Slavic desire to give everything the most positive interpretation possible. Havlíček entered Russia as much an apprentice writer as an apprentice Pan-Slavist. Even when describing something as innocuous as the weather, Havlíček is practicing the art of turning a phrase: "Since there has to be a winter, it is the kind that freezes noses, and since there has to be a summer, it is the kind that chases everyone out of dusty Moscow to the country." Only several paragraphs earlier he makes the point that the winter he had actually experienced was warmer than average. As for the summer, he had not yet experienced a Moscow summer at all. In these early impressions literature is clearly vying with reality for Havlíček's attention.

After an initial period of accepting everything around him as potential subject matter Havlíček began to settle on themes that would edify the public at home. He never fancied himself the author of a systematic study of Russian society; he simply wished to point out to his fellow countrymen what they might learn from the most powerful Slavic country. The five essays he completed to that end—"První zkouška z česko-

slovenského jazyka v Moskvě" [The First Czechoslovak Language Examination in Moscow], "Svátek pravoslavnosti" [A Russian Orthodox Holiday], "Гулянье" [A Festival], "Купечество" [The Merchants] and "Cizozemci v Rusích" [Foreigners in Russia]—appeared in various Prague periodicals between 1843 and 1845. They are now usually combined, together with the fragments "Перекладная" and "Извозчик," into a single volume under the title of *Obrazy z Rus* [Sketches from Russia], a title he himself gave to the three middle pieces.

Seeds for most of the essays are scattered through the letters he sent from Russia. "A Russian Orthodox Holiday," for example, is basically an expansion of the account he gives in the above letter of a service he attended in the Kremlin. The pomp and circumstance supply ample raw material for the writer in him, and the strong undercurrent of nationalism in the official blessing of friend and malediction of foe leads him to ruminate on the predominance of foreign elements in his own religion.

The remarks he makes in the letter about the merchants and their district—"an inexhaustible source" notes Havlíček the tyro writer—form the basis for "Купечество," a light-hearted inquiry into the traits, customs, and views of the Russian merchant class. Of merchant origin himself, Havlíček sympathizes with the class as a whole—more so, at least, than with any other in Russian (*купечество* means 'merchant class' in Russian). The weekly forays he makes to the shops and

stands of the Zamoskvoreč'e, the merchant quarter, and the whimsy with which he portrays his encounters there show how comfortable he feels with them. In his opinion the most representative—and most attractive—aspects of the Russian character come together in the merchant. Unlike the peasant he has no one to oppress him; unlike the aristocrat he has no one to oppress.

The aristocracy comes in for a different brand of criticism in "Foreigners in Russia," which, alone of all the essays, is historical in nature. Once again with an eye on the situation in Bohemia, where Germanization among the Catholic nobility had been all but absolute, Havlíček roundly condemns the entire class for allowing, for inviting foreigners—French, German, and English—to raise its children and wean them away from their native language and customs. He remonstrates against all foreigners who have taken advantage of Russia or intervened in any way in her internal affairs. And not surprisingly, he finds Germans—German statesmen, scholars, officials, travelers, prostitutes—to be the worst offenders.

In a much more playful vein Havlíček reconstructs a day of public merry-making, "Гулянье ." The longest and most consciously literary of the sketches, "Гулянье"—the Russian word for a very Russian kind of outdoor festival—is actually a composite picture of a number of spring events: a Shrove-tide carnival, an Easter fete, a celebration of the first of

May. It moves smoothly from vivid details to eloquently sweeping generalizations. Havlíček enjoys watching Russians of all stations let their hair down, and he reports their antics without any ulterior motive—except, perhaps, to poke fun at a solemn German standing on the sidelines.

But the sketch that afforded him the most pleasure was doubtless "The First Czechoslovak Language Examination in Moscow." It was the first piece he completed in and on Russia, the first piece he ever published. Moreover, it dealt with a subject uppermost in his mind at the time: Kollár's idea of the possibility of a rapprochement among Slavs through an appreciation of common roots. Havlíček had traveled to Russia to study those roots from Russian sources. How thrilled he must have been to find himself in a classroom full of his counterparts: Russians (and Poles) studying common Slavic roots from Czech sources, from the works of his benefactor, Šafařík. He was so excited by what he saw that as soon as he got home he wrote his friend Zap another long letter. It is dated only two days after the previous one.

[Moscow, 3 May 1843]

This is the famous theater [the stationery is decorated with a lithograph of the Bol'šoj Theater]. The interior is being renovated: we are awaiting the emperor. The building defies description, being in short the most theater-like of theaters. I come here quite often. My seat is in Prince Golicyn's box near the orchestra. The acting is quite good, though the choice of plays is not. Like master, like servant. Like

audience, and so on. Gogol's plays are still the best.

I cannot set down everything I have observed thus far: during these four months I have amassed an enormous amount of material. I immediately note anything I have not seen before, and whenever I feel so inclined, I pick up some of the material and make a fair copy of it, in other words, I rework it into the form it must take to be set before our public. I have as yet sent nothing to Prague, feeling it better to wait until I can set things down in more detail.

In this letter I shall give you an account of Russian literary affairs and my own personal ones.

Russian literature is not in as good a state as we generally suppose. Its only advantage over our Czech product is that it is well-off, it has *денежу* [money]. If we had as much gold, we could shake as many books out of our sleeves as the Russians. On the other hand, there is one small thing which Russian literature lacks, something so splendid and pleasing to God that I firmly hope it will help our poor literature to scale Parnassus. What I have in mind is magnanimity together with genuine, sincere, persistent hard work and a love for country. I doubt that among the sixty million inhabitants of Russia's empire there are as many sincere patriots as in Prague alone. Wealth spoils people. Most contemporary Russian literature is spread out over a number of *enormous* journals. Anyone seeing these three-finger-thick monthlies and not realizing they contain nothing but rubbish would dance for joy over the wealth of Russian literature. Petersburg is Russian literature's assassin, for Petersburg is the headquarters of the anti-national party of writers, which is trying like the devil to undermine the nobility's reason and morals with the much of French, German, and other foreign literature. Only

here in Moscow are there *several* men who oppose it, but their opposition is as yet extremely weak because things foreign are much more in demand in Moscow as well and most educated people here resemble their Petersburg counterparts. Add to this the immorality *summae classis* which reigns in Russian high society and which you know nothing of and must be here to experience! Believe me, we have no reason to be jealous of them! The upper classes should be the flower of the lower classes; here the upper classes are the outcasts, the scum of the lower classes.

The Russian peasant and merchant merit the respect and praise of the entire world. The magnanimity of these two classes of the Russian people has been my most agreeable topic of thought thus far. There is no people like them in all Europe, and not until they finally make their way to the top, not until they themselves show the world what they can do, will other nations realize what the Russian Orthodox people is. The impression Russians presently make outside Russia is that of a pack of gluttons, gamblers, brutes, and wh---mongers.

Very few scholarly works get written because rare is the Russian man of letters who has the time to sit and concentrate: dinners, suppers, *собрания* [meetings], visits scarcely allow the poor devils to pull themselves together. Many of these unfortunate circumstances cannot be treated in this letter, and their principle cause is a matter of such delicacy that we must wait for a more propitious occasion to discuss it.

I have had the fortune to move among the best circles Russia can boast of, or would boast of were she able to appreciate them and did she not, like a rustic maiden, allow her head to be turned by mere glitter and strut. Instead of staying with Pogodin, as I had originally intended, I am with Ševyrev, whom you know quite well from

the Warsaw *Денница-Jutrzenka* [Morning Star]. Our house and Pogodin's are the focal points for sincere efforts on the part of the entire nation to advance Russian literature. Хомjakov (the poet), Pavlov, Snegirev, and Kireevskij are constantly dropping in. Gogol' does not live in Moscow, but we (Ševyrev) have a supply of his writings, and it is from our supply that they are distributed to booksellers. They are doing extremely well. *Dead Souls* has sold out even though the first volume alone costs the equivalent of fourteen gulden. I have enough time to myself for work, as well as access to the libraries of Ševyrev (very rich in German, French, Italian, and other literatures because he is a professor of literature), Pogodin (history and Old Russian), Bodjanskij (Slav literature, and in such profusion that I doubt that anyone has as splendid a collection of Slav books in all dialects). The University library is also at my disposal. I spend most of my time at Bodjanskij's though because he is the only one with all the journals, especially *Květy* [Flowers] for 1843—though as yet he has only four issues.

This year Bodjanskij is lecturing on Šafařík's *Antiquities* and *Ethnography* as well as on the Czech language. Moscow is therefore the first city in the world to have Šafařík's "Zeměvid slovanský" [Map of Slavdom] hanging *ex officio* by the blackboard and students *ex officio* reading his books. God's will works in strange ways: Šafařík is better appreciated in Moscow than in Prague! He certainly never imagined that his works, hardly known in Prague, would become textbooks nearly two thousand kilometers away. At examinations every student must answer one question on the *Antiquities*, one on the *Ethnography*, and then read, translate, and parse a page of Czech.

Today, 3 May, upon the invitation of Mr. Bodjanskij, I attended one such examination. It was a pleasure the likes of which I have not experienced for a long time. Arriving at the *университет* [university], a splendid building, I found myself in the midst of crowds of officers in cocked hats, students with blue facings and cording, the university's *ректор* himself (i.e., the head of all the schools and professors, a man roughly equivalent to Chotek in Prague). Count Stroganov in gigantic gold epaulets, dignitaries spattered with medals of all kinds, and among all the *мундиры* [uniforms]—one poor Czechus looking like a crow in his black frock coat.

Spread out on the desk lay the "Map of Slavdom" along with Erben's *Písňe* [Songs], *Deklamovánky* [Poems for Recitation], Kampelík's *Čechoslovan* [The Czechoslovak], *Ohlas písní ruských* [Echoes of Russian Songs], *České besedy* [Czech Feuilletons], *Kytka* [A Flower], Čelakovský's *Slovanské národní písní* [Songs of the Slav Nations], and so on and so forth. Upon Bodjanskij's recommendation Count Stroganov offered me the seat next to him at the desk and never stopped asking me about this and that. He was very nice about involving me in the conversation. The students analyzed Šafařík's *Antiquities* and *Ethnography* to pieces. All Bodjanskij could do was shout "*Прекрасно, превосходно!* [Excellent, superb]" Count Stroganov, however, told me, "Don't think all our students know as much as these. These are our best."

Yet their numbers did not in the least decrease, and each one knew more than the last! And when they began opening their Czech books—Czech books unknown in Prague, where they are allowed to lie in the shops unnoticed—when these Russians and Poles (for one in every three students at the University is Polish) began reading and translating, I was in seventh heaven. I must have beamed like the moon with joy. And what a good experi-

ence for the Poles! You know what I mean. I know my Galicia. I do not wish to boast, but I have done much good here. By paying frequent visits to the students, to the Poles in particular, I have cleared their heads of a number of silly prejudices, something that Bodjanskij would never have been able to do. They trust me, an impartial judge, where they refuse to trust a Russian.

We have a Bulgarian studying here who is planning to go back and teach the youth of his own country. The only trouble is, he does not work hard. I have learnt many good things about Bulgaria from him.

Although I have as yet sent nothing to any of our journals and keep putting it off, I shall certainly be unable to refrain from writing an article for *Květy* [Flowers] about this examination and about the University and the Muscovite Slav movement as well.

Towards the end of May we are moving to our dacha, in other words, to the country forty versts from Moscow along the road to Smolensk. We shall be gone for two months. I plan to become well acquainted with the Russian peasant. My Russian is now good enough because I cannot speak Czech with anyone but Bodjanskij. I am very diligent about collecting things ethnographic, and in five years I shall have some good, solid materials. I have also been attending to your statistics: I have bought all the books in the field and shall soon start looking for a means to get you illustrations and maps as well. I shall try especially hard to find you Petersburg, Moscow, Kiev, Kazan, Odessa—all the large towns.<sup>32</sup>

The triumphant news of the examination, the best news, Havlíček had saved for last. In a sense it turned out to be the best news of his entire stay in Russia: it was the only experience he felt sanguine enough about to write up and send

off a journal at home.<sup>53</sup>

Credit for the success of the course belongs to Osip Maksimovič Bodjanskij. The examination was the first he gave at the University: he had just completed his first year of teaching there. A member of Pogodin's circle, he had defended a master's thesis entitled *О народной поэзии славянских племен* [On the Folk Poetry of the Slav Tribes] in 1837 and then moved on to Prague, where he continued his studies with the master, Šafařík, and consulted with him on the translation of *Slav Antiquities* he had undertaken at Pogodin's request.<sup>54</sup> Everything Bodjanskij did for the Slavic cause he did with great enthusiasm. Three months after arriving in Prague he wrote to Pogodin that he already spoke Czech like a native, and several months later he reported that besides Czech he had mastered Polish and Slovak, and started to work on Serbian.<sup>55</sup> In 1842 Šafařík wrote to Pogodin that Bodjanskij would soon be in Prague to pack and expedite a veritable shipload of books.<sup>56</sup> The following spring, at about the time of the Czech examination, Bodjanskij turned over his three-thousand-volume library to the University, only to purchase Hanka's entire Slavic collection soon after.

The picture Havlíček gives of Bodjanskij shouting "Excellent, superb!" as his students perform well on the examination jibes perfectly with Bodjanskij's own account in a letter to Hanka: "The Slav cause is doing fine here, thank the Lord. Things could not be better, especially at the University. The

students plunge headlong into everything Slav. They can hardly wait until the books come [Bodjanskij had ordered four hundred new books for the coming academic year]. . . . God grant that the examinations always go this well or that they go even better. The skill and ingenuity with which the students commented on the Czech original simply astounded all those present."<sup>57</sup> With the first year of his program successfully behind him he felt secure enough to indulge in plans for the future. "My goal for each year is to teach a major Slav language and several of the most closely related minor ones. By so doing I can present my students with a whole of sorts. I shall supplement language study with the study of history, i.e. the history of the people and its literature. Four to five years will thus constitute an entire curriculum of Slav studies, which I shall then tie together with a course comparing the grammars of all Slav dialects."

None of the Russians Havlíček met during his stay in Moscow meant more to him than Bodjanskij. He found much to admire in Bodjanskij's dedication to the cause and the obvious pride he took in his work.

They attracted him to Bodjanskij's house as much as the library he mentions in his letter to Zap. Moreover, Bodjanskij seems to have been unique among the Pogodin circle in his appreciation of Havlíček. The only written remark about Havlíček dating from the period of his presence in Russia comes in the letter from Bodjanskij to Hanka quoted above: "Havlí-

ček sends you his best. His Russian is coming along very well, and he is hard at work translating from Russian into his native tongue. He can even jabber away with the Orthodox." This letter, like all the letters Bodjanskij wrote to Hanka, is in Russian, but the fact that Bodjanskij—again, alone among the Russian slavophiles of the time—had gone to the trouble of learning Czech could only endear him further to Havlíček. The same holds for a trait Bodjanskij did not have to work for—his Ukrainian background. Havlíček never lost the respect for the "Little Russians" that he acquired in Lvov.

When Havlíček boasts of hobnobbing with the men he feels to be the best Russia has to offer—A.S. Xomjakov, poet laureate of the Slavophile movement; I.M. Snejirev, one of the earliest Russian ethnographers; I.V. Kireevskij, a prime Slavophile theoretician—he is little more than namedropping. Not even Pogodin, his original employer, took much notice of him. In fact, Havlíček had seen little of him since they parted at the border. There Pogodin informed him he would be working in the house of his friend Ševyrev rather than in his own.<sup>56</sup> Exactly what gave rise to the change in plans is not clear, but it did little to affect the intellectual milieu to which Havlíček was exposed. Besides, it had its advantages. Havlíček could enjoy the privilege of a box at the Bol'šoj only because Ševyrev's wife was the daughter (albeit illegitimate) of D.I. Golicyn, Governor General of Moscow, and

the Golიცyns were of the most ancient and noble lineage. Pogodin was the son of a serf. More important, Pogodin's main interest was history, while Ševyrev was a poet, critic, and professor of literature. Since Havlíček considered his stay in Russia to be primarily a literary apprenticeship, he was at least nominally better off with Ševyrev.

Some of the abuse Havlíček heaps on Russian literature clearly derives from his daily contact with Ševyrev the Slavophile. Certainly the Moscow-Petersburg controversy, in which Moscow stood for Holy Mother Russia and Petersburg for the inroads made by the West since Peter, took on new dimensions as Slavophiles and their Westernizer opponents began articulating their positions. But to a large extent Havlíček's position had taken shape before he ever set foot in Moscow. In the first place, the Russia Havlíček had come to observe was less a living historical and political entity than an ethnic and cultural one that had proven its ability to maintain its Slavic heritage in the modern world. Slavophiles or no Slavophiles, then, he would have approached Russia from a vantage point far removed from that of any of the numerous West European travelers who published accounts of their visits. In the second place, the only image of Russia available in Prague was quite one-sided. When a regular flow of Russian literature finally began making its way into the Czech press during the thirties, the authors chosen for translation were Bulgárin, Bestužev-Marlinskij, and Senkovskij rather than Puškin,

Gogol', or Lermontov. The responsibility for the choice of these second- and third-rate authors lies largely with the Russians to whom the members of the Czech renaissance movement turned for advice. Since they themselves had never been to Russia, the only Russians they knew were the Russian Slavists whose studies had taken them to Prague. To a man these men were conservatives and official nationalists, that is, they upheld their tsar's chauvinistic policies, the official nationalism characteristic of the time.

Thus, while across the border in Germany there was a steady flow of information about and translations of the best in contemporary Russian literature, the Czechs were kept in the dark. Czech journals depended completely on the library of the Czech Museum for Russian material, and the library, run by Hanka, never ordered any of the more liberal journals, the journals publishing what was new and exciting in Russian literature and criticism. The Czechs' main printed sources were *Biblioteka dlja čtenija* [Library for Reading], *Severnaja pčela* [The Northern Bee], *Žurnal Ministerstva Narodnogo Prosveščeniija* [The Journal of the Ministry of Education], and later *Moskvitjanin* [The Muscovite]—all of a clear conservative stripe; the Germans consulted a much broader range of journals, and beginning in 1839 made extensive use of V.G. Belinski 's liberal *Otečestvennyje zapiski* [Notes of the Fatherland] (see, for example, the numerous articles and translations in the Lusatian J.P. Jordan's *Jahrbücher für*

*slawische Literatur, Kunst und Wissenschaft* [Yearbooks for Slav Literature, Art, and Scholarship]).<sup>59</sup> Basically, then, the Czechs read the journals associated with the Slavophile movement, the Germans the journals associated with the Westernizer movement.

By following the Czech periodical press during the years immediately preceding his departure, Havlíček had received the very image of life and literature in Russia that Pogodin, Ševyrev, and their circle meant to promote, virtually the only image available in Bohemia at the time. It is no wonder, therefore, that during his first few months in Russia—the period covered by his two first letters—he found exactly the Russia they had conjured up for him. As time went on, as he began looking around for himself and analyzing what he saw independently, he developed a more discriminating outlook. His observations and readings of the next few months transformed his attitude toward Slavdom and its role in the renaissance of the Czech nation.

## CHAPTER VI — DISENCHANTMENT

A gap of nearly six months separates Havlíček's first two letters to Zap from the third, and the October letter is as deprecatory as the May letters were enthusiastic. The gap is partially filled by a letter Havlíček wrote some time in July, that is, at the halfway mark.<sup>60</sup> Josef Tadeáš Klejzar, its recipient, had been Havlíček's roommate the year after he left the Seminary. A seminary student himself, Klejzar must have shown special interest and aptitude for literature. Havlíček wrote of little else to him. In fact, he used him as a sounding board for his epigrams, the genre he cultivated most consistently while in Russia.

The July letter opens cheerfully enough. "It is worth spending a month en route to Moscow in the winter, taking no hot meals and sleeping in a sleigh *sub protectione* a fur coat, just to see the [at this point in the stationery there is a lithograph of the Kremlin]." The next few lines, however, exhibit an abrupt shift in tone. "You must bear everything with patience. Nothing in the world is free, as I myself have cause to know. But never yet have I regretted any effort made for a good end." Further on in the letter he is more explicit. "Above all may I ask you (for I know you are with me in spirit in Moscow and on my travels) to let me know if anything I ought to be working on, anything I ought to be aware of comes to mind. You know how hard it is to see the

forest for the trees, and there are so many exciting things going on around me it would not be surprising if a number of them slipped my mind. And one cannot simply run off to Moscow at the drop of a hat. I certainly hope I can make the most of this rather bitter expedition."

How bitter the expedition was eventually to become was not clear for quite some time. Even as late as the first week in October Havlíček's diary shows him quite content, or rather, ready to take the bad with the good.<sup>61</sup> In the entry for Friday, 1 October he describes a leisurely morning spent browsing through the new library of Polish literature the Polish students had set up at the University (he had gone there on an errand—to relay a dinner invitation to one of them), then watching the crowds cheering the tsar in the Kremlin, and finally dropping in at a hotel restaurant where he liked to collect humorous tidbits and listen to the music of the barrel organ (his "Moscow conservatory").

There were some Cossack officers sitting near me on one side and two baptized Jews and many other notables on the other. I studied them thoroughly, especially since the Jews were speaking German and the officers Little Russian and neither thought anyone would understand them. Going to the *зосмунуца* [hotel] on Sunday is my favorite and perhaps only form of entertainment. It is a meeting place for all the nations—and the dregs of all the nations—of Europe. The tea warms them up and makes them more frank, more cheerful. I feel more benign myself: I laugh at everything and never lose my temper. Every Sunday I pick up a fresh, wholesome image or two which

I write down as soon as I get home.

At home I had time to read some Little Russian *коломийки* [lively Ukrainian songs] before dinner. During dinner I dared to venture the opinion that the Poles could be better off than they are. It goes without saying they tried to explain it away, telling me I was young and foolish, lacking in experience, etc. Then I looked through some new Polish books I had received from Wilno. In the evening we sang Czech and Polish songs. There were several women guests. We had tea again, etc. Then I walked the Polish student back to the University, where we sang some more in both Polish and Czech: "Kde domov můj" [Where Is My Home, the future Czech national anthem], etc. At home I looked through my notes, did some thinking, etc. until half past twelve.

Saturday, 2 October. An ordinary day. I lost my temper with the children, but at least I got to eat by myself and all I need to be happy nowadays is to be by myself when everyone else is invited out. I worked on Wiszniewski's history of Polish literature, Logau's German epigrams, the Song of Solomon in the Czech Bible (from a satirical point of view, so I can make fun of the Church for putting such a platonic interpretation on it). Then I copied out some unpublished Old Russian songs and studied the rhythm of Little Russian until twelve.

Sunday, 3 October. I spent about three hours at Bodjanskij's looking through and reading the Czech books, *Květy*, etc. he has recently received. Then I met Mr. Grigorovič, the professor of Slav literature in Kazan (who will soon be going to Prague), and read him some Czech poems, etc. because he had never heard a Czech speak before.

At home I read "Pomněnky na rok 1843" [Forget-Me-Nots for 1843]. They put me in a satirical frame of

mind, though Ševyrev waxed enthusiastic over them. For the rest of the evening I had an urge to travesty some of them, but in the end I gained control of myself. I studied Logau's epigrams and until twelve tried my hand at a few of my own.

Monday, 4 October. I spent the whole day on the rack. It was an exercise in patience. I worked on Logau's epigrams about three hours. Nothing else.

Tuesday, 5 October. Just before dinner I got a letter from Prague dated 10 May. As usual my spirits rose considerably. I spent the evening at Bodjanskij's reading *Meč a kalich* [The Sword and the Chalice, 1843, a historical romance about the Hussite era by Jan Erazim Vocel] and old Hussite songs. Back at home I wrote letters until two, did some thinking, etc. The only thing I worked on today was Little Russian folk songs.

Wednesday, 6 October. Little Russian folk songs. The soldier who waits on me has returned. He had been called away for a time for maneuvers. I was very glad to have him back because he is a good man.

Thursday, 7 October. I studied Lessing's epigrams and Little Russian folk songs, working for many hours.

Friday, 8 October. I got very little done. We had guests, so I was forced to listen to nonsense *ex officio*. I studied Plautus's *Prisoners*.

As the diary indicates, Havlíček devoted as much time as he could to literature. When he went to a restaurant, he kept an ear open for snippets of conversation likely to be of use in his writings. When he had time alone with Ševyrev he discussed Czech poetry. When he visited Bodjanskij, he made use of his library. And whenever he was by himself, he read. It is therefore understandable that he directed his

first extended anti-Russian diatribe against Russia's literature. Even in the enthusiastic second letter to Zap he was less than delighted with what he found, but in the third one, dated 24 October—the letter that marks the turning point in Havlíček's attitude toward Russia—he takes a distinctly hostile stand.<sup>62</sup>

Now I really ought to give you a picture or at least a quick sketch of one of the links of the Russian giant. You have no idea how it goes against my grain.

Every region, every village looks clean and neat from afar, but once you are actually there you cannot escape the mud and much. If I have failed to send off even the most paltry article on Russian literature, it is only because my conscience will not let me lie. . . . You understand these things, so I can tell you without compunction that although we Czechs may not even have enough to eat, it will not be long now before in matters of substance and originality we shall have no reason to envy the Russians. Thus far I know only Gogol'. All the rest (Puškin included) are basically nothing but an *imitatorum pecus*. If you could see how literature is produced here, you would wring your hands, take a Russian book down from the shelf, and . . . spit on it. As for Petersburg literature, you remember the parable in the Gospel about the farmer who sowed wheat only to find later that the devil had come at night and mixed tares in with it. The devil in this instance is the whole band of Petersburg writers. A pity Russian literature is not yet wheat. I hope that I have made my point and that there will be no further need for explanations.

Several paragraphs later Havlíček attacks Russian literature from another angle.

Literature here all seems to end up in journals. Besides novels and the like there are very few books published. Furthermore, the journals are published for the provincial nobility alone. It buys them for the winter as it buys fur coats, spices, wine, and other household commodities, the only difference being that their job is to ensure that before spring comes no one cracks a jaw while yawning or dies of having nothing better to do. Obviously in circumstances like these not all journals can support noble causes. And do you know why they are so thick? Because the provincial nobleman buys a book more by weight than worth, and whenever he has a choice he will take the thicker one.

He carries the diatribe against the journals even further in his next letter to Zap.<sup>63</sup>

*Imitatores pueriles* run as hard as they can after European literature, and no one who has not had some training in acrobatics is able to jump over a year's worth of issues of a local journal (i.e. *Москвитянин* [The Muscovite], *Библиотека для чтения* [Library for Reading], *Отечественные записки* [Notes of the Fatherland]). And most of it is so much ugly prattle. You know the story of how the peasant who wanted to find an easy way to make sausage fed his hog almonds on the assumption that all he had to do for a ready-made sausage was cut open its guts and stick them on a skewer. If Papa Homer had the courage to compare his hero to an ass and a wild boar, why shouldn't we be allowed to draw an analogy between the Russian man of letters and the domestic hog. The Russian man of letters also operates on the assumption that if he feeds himself on a diet of delightful French and German books, then what (*za pozwoleniem pańskim* [forgive me]) comes out the other end will be de-

lightful Russian books. How wrong they are! Russian literature will fare just like the peasant, who instead of sausage got ...! Please excuse the indelicate analogy. Sometimes one unwittingly sinks into the mire.

Much of Havlíček's disaffection, his seeming apostasy, has its roots in his relationship with Ševyrev. He rejected Ševyrev's praise of the saccharine verses in *Forget-Me-Nots of 1843*, a book of short incidental poems composed on the occasion of the 1843 Czech Ball in Prague. He rejected Puškin who, though very much a Petersburg poet, had received lavish praise from Ševyrev in a series of essays in his journal *Moskvitjanin* in 1841, its first year of publication. He rejected the *Moskvitjanin* itself—and with it the entire thick journal syndrome. Only Gogol' escaped unscathed, Gogol' the satirist.

Satire is central to Havlíček's literary sensibility, and it was during his stay in Russia that he began to cultivate it in earnest. The first genre that appealed to him was the epigram, satire's most concise and therefore most concentrated vehicle of expression. In a letter to his friend Klejzar he calls his epigrams "tiny vessels into which I pour my rage to keep it from eating away at my heart when I do not dare give vent to it in so many words."<sup>64</sup> The diary entries cited above show him hard at work over the epigrams of Logau and Lessing. Logau, a minor German poet of the seventeenth century, attracted Havlíček's attention because of his three collections of epigrams. They delighted him both for their

stand against the increasing Gallicization of German culture (that is, against the assimilation of foreign elements into an already viable culture) and for their sometimes coarse, sometimes highly elegant cynicism. Lessing too took great pains to combat French influence on German literature. What France was for Logau and Lessing, all non-Slavic Europe was for Havlíček. The reason Havlíček used German models was that he had not yet found suitable Slavic ones. In fact, the main reason why he undertook the journey altogether was to gather models of all sorts, models he could apply to the situation in Bohemia and models he could apply to his own professional life.

As a neophyte litterateur he was primarily on the lookout for literary models. What he was rejecting when he rejected Puškin out of hand as part of a flock of imitators is less the poet *qua* poet—whom he knew, at best, only sketchily—than the poet *qua* model. Because of Puškin's connection with the upper echelons of the upper nobility, because of his connection with the city of St. Petersburg the vigilant pragmatist in Havlíček could only conclude that the pride of Russian poetry had nothing to say to the Czechs or the issue of national survival; because of the range and quality of Pushkin's poetry the artistic pragmatist in Havlíček could only conclude that Pushkin was not the best teacher to follow.<sup>65</sup>

Now Gogol' could scarcely have made a better model.

Although like Puškin a member of the nobility, Gogol' claimed nothing even approaching Puškin's pedigree; although a resident of the capital, he was born in the Ukraine Havlíček so admired and he wrote mainly about the provinces. Havlíček therefore assumed the Czechs would find him both edifying and enjoyable. For the Czech audience of the time the degree to which an author reflected distinctively national features was of prime concern. It served as a measure of both his own and his people's national consciousness and therefore as a touchstone of its position in the community of nations. In 1837 František Palacký, then a spearhead of the Czech renaissance movement, wrote, "We have surely reached that period in world history when local barriers in the spiritual lives of individual nations are more and more falling away and disappearing, and when a free, rapid, and uninterrupted exchange of thoughts, ideas, and feelings amongst all the foremost nations of Europe is taking place, thereby establishing, though in various languages, a single higher, European and sometimes even world-wide literature. Whatsoever nation fails to contribute anything of its own to this exchange cannot be counted amongst the educated and might just as well not exist at all."<sup>66</sup> In Gogol' Havlíček believed he had found a Russian writer who cultivated the sort of literature that his own Czech literature was in dire need of.

Moreover, since like all Gogol's nineteenth-century readers Havlíček took him for a satirist, he could feel a

sense of camaraderie with him. There are in fact traces of the Gogolian "aesthetic" in Havlíček's early letters, letters that presumably precede his acquaintance with any of Gogol's works: the absurd list (see p. 57 for the Moscow winter wardrobe that he concocted: "linen underpants and a linen undershirt; ditto, but flannel; two pairs of stockings, wool and cotton," etc.), the penchant for hyperbole (see p. 72 for the Russian peasant-postilion who was "more skilled than the entire Viennese *Oberpostamtsverwaltung*" and p. 75 for the five thousand bells that chime simultaneously to announce the midnight Easter service in Moscow). In Gogol', then, he also believed he had found a Russian who was as close as any he had read to being a kindred spirit. Despite the disclaimer of "Thus far I know only Gogol'" he had read at least a modicum of Puškin and Lermontov. In a compilation of his readings during the year 1843 Havlíček lists the fourth volume of Puškin's collected works and Lermontov's *Geroj našego vremeni* [A Hero of Our Time, 1840] along with the second, third, and fourth volumes of Gogol's collected works and his *Mertvye duši* [Dead Souls, 1842].<sup>67</sup> He read them all within weeks of his arrival, noting "Skimmed" or "Skimmed only once" next to each title. Unlike the other entries the Puškin entry indicates that Havlíček copied out passages whose formal aspects made a particularly strong impression on him. But only after Gogol's name did he note that he meant to reread the works more thoroughly at a later date.

The first translation of Gogol' into Czech was done by Havlíček's friend from Lvov, K.V. Zap. He chose *Taras Bul'ba*, a novella from the *Mirgorod* collection of 1835, doubtless hoping that the picture it paints of the traditional life of the Cossacks—the Russian and the Ukrainian peasant warriors who had maintained their freedom and Slavic identity against great odds—would give his fellow Czechs heart. It was Zap who provided Havlíček with the incentive to do his own Gogol' translations. *Květy* had published Zap's work in 1839, but now he had decided to establish his own journal, *Zrcadlo života na východní Evropě* [A Mirror of Life in Eastern Europe], and commissioned more Gogol' from Havlíček.<sup>60</sup> During his stay in Russia Havlíček translated the rest of the pieces in *Mirgorod*: "Starosvetskie pomeščiki" [Old World Landowners/Starosvětská šlechta], "Vy" [Vij, Kyjevští studenti] (Havlíček translated the first part, a description of the life of Kiev seminary students, but not the rest, a flight into the supernatural), and "Povest' o tom, kak possorilsja Ivan Ivanovič s Ivanom Nikiforičem" [The Tale of How the Two Ivans Quarreled/Pověst o tom, kterak se pohněval pan Matouš s panem Matějem]. After his return he completed work on "Nos" [The Nose/Nos] and "Koljaska" [The Carriage/Kočárek], and undertook "Šinel'" [The Overcoat/Plášť], "Lakejskaja" [The Servants' Quarters/Lokajstvo] and his most extensive translation, that of *Mertvye duži* [Dead Souls/Mrtvé duše]. Like Gogol' he pushes his language as far as it can go, but never violates its spirit.

Despite a number of lexical, morphological, and syntactic Russisms Havlíček's version of *Dead Souls* can hold its own against all competitors after more than a century, a true testimony to the vigor of his language.<sup>69</sup>

In the second of his two early enthusiastic letters to Zap Havlíček cites the fact that Ševyrev has charge of the distribution of Gogol's works in Moscow as proof of Ševyrev's efforts to promote the cause of Russian literature. Ševyrev did not, however, promote Gogol' unequivocally. While Havlíček was living in his house, he wrote a long, two-part review of *Dead Souls* taking violent exception to the author's penchant for the bleaker aspects of Russian life.

The comic humor in the light of which the poet contemplates all the characters and the comic element inherent in the situation in which they find themselves keep them from showing all their sides and revealing the fullness of life in their actions. We suspect that besides the traits we now see in them there are other, better ones, ones which would come to light in different circumstances. Manilov, for instance, for all his empty dreaminess must be a very good man, kind and gentle with his servants and honest in his day-to-day affairs. Korobočka, to all appearances a petty skinflint concerned with nothing but the material interests of her estate, is certainly pious and kind to beggars, etc. . . . If in the first volume of *Dead Souls* humor predominates and we see the negative side of Russians and Russian life, it by no means follows that Gogol's imagination is incapable of rising to the occasion and encompassing all sides of Russian life.<sup>70</sup>

The novel's main saving grace, as far as Ševyrev was con-

cerned, was that Gogol' had promised to write a sequel to it.<sup>71</sup> Havlíček saw the work in a very different light. In fact, the very aspect of Gogol's work that attracted Havlíček repelled Ševyrev. Several years later, in the afterword to his translation of the novel, he wrote, "According to what I heard from good personal friends of Gogol's, what was meant to follow was the brilliant part, the part already published containing obviously nothing but a satire on Russian weaknesses. However, anyone can see that even without further parts the work we have published here can very easily stand on its own."<sup>72</sup> By "good personal friends of Gogol's" he could only have meant Ševyrev, with whom he is clearly polemicizing.

Havlíček and his employer failed to see eye to eye in a number of other respects as well, but they can all be subsumed under the general heading of despotism or absolutism.

Ševyrev supported the tsarist regime wholeheartedly: he saw Russia's mission in the consolidation of Orthodoxy, autocracy and the patriarchal bonds between master and man. If in Moscow Havlíček was spared direct contact with the consequences of this viewpoint, in the country he could not escape it.

In the 3 May 1843 letter to Zap cited above Havlíček expressed great excitement at the prospect of getting to know the Russian peasant first hand: he was anxiously looking forward to spending the summer with the Ševyrevs at the

Golicyn estate of Vjazma on the Smolensk Road near Zvenigorod. In his next letter to Zap, dated 24 October, he makes no mention of the summer experiences. The reason why becomes clear in his letter of 16 January: the experiences had disturbed him to such a degree that he decided not to include them in his account of Russia, an account he passionately hoped to be positive. As a rationale for the decision he claims the immunity of the artist from the administrative, political side of life, which he has avoided "as the mouse avoids the cat." He is "taking good notes on what is beautiful, humorous, odd, and the like, but nothing on what is lugubrious."

Off the record, however, Havlíček is only too eager to give vent to his indignation. The following diatribe comes from the same January letter.

The overall situation might be depicted thus: [Here Havlíček has drawn a hand holding a knout, the whip used at the time in Russia for flogging criminals. It consists of a lash of leather thongs bound together by twists of wire], in other words, do what you must to get what you must out of anyone you must. There are no laws here. Everyone is either slave or lord, and anyone in European dress feels free to talk down to anyone in Russian dress. The imperial serfs, that is, the serfs belonging to the tsar, are well-off. In part they rule themselves in the *мир* [agricultural commune] system; in part they are ruled—and fooled—by officials. The seignorial serfs are second only to the beasts of the field. They are sold openly in the newspapers under the euphemism *Опускается в услужение* [For Release to

Service]. They work for themselves at night and for the master during the day, and kneel and pray to God only insofar as the master permits them.

*Exempli gratia:* I lived more than three months on the estate of Prince Golicyn, the Governor General of Moscow, and during that whole period the peasants observed the Sabbath only two or three times. Otherwise, Sunday or holiday they worked off their corvée obligations. And Golicyn—*nota bene, nota bene*—is one of the most enlightened landowners here: he is a connoisseur and supporter of the Slav movement and altogether a *rara avis*. Perhaps you know something about him already. He was in Prague during the summer—at the Museum and with Šafařík. *Si in viridi quid in arrido?* The ones who pay *оброк* [quitrent] are the luckiest: all they have to do is to share, on a fraternal basis with their master, what they have managed to earn, force, or cheat from the soil. In Moscow and elsewhere they pay the master half or higher: one hundred, two hundred rubles a year and more. I shall tell more about the *оброк* when we are a bit farther away from Siberia, where we have decided not to settle, acquainted as we now are with the winter of *господин Морозов* [Mr. Frost] from our own personal experience. And I shall sing and pipe a tune quite different from that of previous commentators, who praise it as the joy of the Russian peasant and a worthy substitute for freedom.

The *оброк* system destroys all family ties and completely debases morality. Just think what happens if all the married men paying you *оброк* have to leave their families at home and live abroad, coming back only several days out of the year, once a year—and often every two or three years—because they cannot possibly earn the amount due by staying where they are. The master

marries off all his *мужики* [male peasants] when they reach the age of nineteen for the same reason that our good farmers take a cow in heat to see the bull. Then the young wife sits at home alone in the village all the time, and since she is not far from an animal herself, of course she finds substitutes for her husband. I guarantee that for fifteen or thirty silver kopecks (fifteen to thirty silver gulden) anyone may take his pleasure with her. (I hope that Christian reserve and the saying *Quilibet habeatur* etc. will not give you the idea that I am speaking from anything but personal conviction.) Immorality, especially *in puncto sexti*, has reached such perfection there that it can only be economic considerations that make the Lord God turn a cool, phlegmatic eye on things and keep from transforming this immense stretch of land into a dead salt sea.

Moscow alone supports about a hundred thousand of these men a year, therefore turning about fifty thousand women into wh...s. And I am being very charitable to calculate no more than a half. How the world would flourish if half the people were perfect.

*Назекние*—pronounce the *зе* as *зжо* without letting the *ж* come out too much or the *з* sound as much like a lisp as the Polish *ź*—*крестьяне*, that is, the peasants belonging to the emperor, are, as I say, well-off. They all pay *оброк* and *подушная подать* [capitation] amounting to about thirteen paper rubles (which is equal to approximately fifteen gulden) per family a year, and apart from nominal dues to the *мир* (agricultural communities) they have no further obligations. They have the following people over them: the *становой* [district police officer], a nobleman in the district capital; then the *голова* [headsman] (a peasant himself, with a number of villages and three thousand or more souls under him),

and finally—from the lower echelons and for every community—a *старшина* [elder], who goes to the *голова* when he has business to transact. These men all have political, judiciary duties, while the *староста* [another kind of elder] has more of an economic function: he collects the *оброк* and so on. For the seignorial peasants the master—*барин* or *помещик* (landowner)—is the alpha and omega. He has the judicial, appellate, and executive power, which the masters here very much like to call the *патриархальная власть* [patriarchal authority]. Their official (*in sensu strictissimo*) is called the *управляющий*, in other words, the bailiff, magistrate, gran-ger, treasurer, etc. all rolled into one. Generally speaking, however, the knout can accomplish more here than the whole officeful of scribes and gendarmes in Bohemia.

Havlíček sums up the terms of the master-serf relationship in the following anecdote:

A peasant refuses to pay his *оброк*.

Master: But you live on my land, you plow and sow on my land.

Serf: Ведь и я твой, батюшка. [But I belong to you too, master.]

Then Havlíček picks up the serf's response—I am as much yours as the land is—and gives it another ironic twist. On the one hand, he says, the masters treat their serfs like part and parcel of the land; on the other, they speak of them, in very human terms, as souls. "When one of them has a hundred peasants, the others describe him as having a hundred souls, not a hundred one. It is as though he had no soul himself." His conclusion: By their own definition the landowners are a

soulless breed.

Barely a generation removed from the peasantry himself, Havlíček is expressing here a concrete concern with the lot of the Russian serf. At the same time his position reflects a broader, more abstract disillusionment with the Russian way of life and its complete and utter dependence on despotism. Serfdom was a blatantly obvious manifestation of despotism, and although the Austrian regime Havlíček lived under in Bohemia was far from libertarian, Joseph II had loosened feudal bonds to the extent of permitting tenants to acquire land from nobles. In the context of Havlíček's diatribe against the system's contribution to the debasement of sexual mores it is also significant that Joseph II's patent freed the former serf to marry whomever and whenever he pleased and to change his domicile at will.

Despotism on another level began affecting Havlíček directly when the Ševyrevs moved back to Moscow. On 23 February 1844, a few weeks after sending off his denunciation of Russian serfdom to Zap, Havlíček made the following entry in his diary: "Today I was very depressed because of a misunderstanding with Ševyrev."<sup>73</sup> Several days later he wrote, "Today was Boris's birthday. I went to the Uspenskij Cathedral to observe the anathemas. I got nothing done. I am very depressed." Boris was Ševyrev's seven-year-old son and Havlíček's chief charge. According to Havlíček's notes his duties consisted of giving the boy his lessons for three hours

every morning and keeping him and his younger sister occupied for two hours every evening. His dark moods stemmed not from the amount of work the Ševyrevs required of him—he was free to spend afternoons and the late evening hours as he saw fit—but from the manner in which they behaved toward him. Ševyrev's wife seems to have been particularly hard on him. Once Havlíček caught Boris maltreating one of the servants. To teach him a lesson, he dealt the boy a blow of the same intensity as the one he had dealt the servant. Madame Ševyрева was incensed. No amount of reasoning could convince her that her son deserved such treatment at the hands of an underling. In the country Havlíček had witnessed the tribulations of despotism as an outsider; in Moscow he experienced them himself.

During the early part of his stay in Russia, the part preceding the summer on Golicyn's estate, Havlíček scorned the Russian nobility above all for idolizing and aping everything foreign that came its way. All the specific faults he attributed to it—epicurianism, immorality, lack of patriotism—also fit under the general rubric of indiscriminate xenophilia. Of course Havlíček was far from the first to decry the excess of foreign influence on the Russian nobility. Russians began doing it themselves almost as soon as the influence made itself felt.<sup>74</sup> For Havlíček, however, the charge served a special purpose: it enabled him to discount everything in Russia he despised. He could exclude Ševyrev,

Ševyrev, Pogodin, and Bodjanskij from the ranks of the evil-doers because, though noblemen, they advocated turning away from the West back to Slavdom. But the experience of observing the Russian peasant at close quarters, even at the better than average conditions prevailing at the estate of the "enlightened" Golicyn, so shattered Havlíček that it brought about a basic change in his attitude. Before the summer he had blamed all Russia's ills on the nobility's penchant for foreign goods and ideas; after it he blamed the same ills on the nobility's penchant for despotism. If he still respected the Slavophiles for their stand against the Westernization of Russian—and therefore Slavic—values, he could no longer accept their stand in favor of the official doctrine of autocracy.

For some time after Havlíček began feeling the effects of autocracy with the Ševyrevs he found solace in the company of Bodjanskij. "Had it not been for Bodjanskij," he writes in the October 1843 letter to Zap, "I should long ago have made up my mind to go back to Austria—and with the same joy and gusto that propelled me all the way from Německý Brod to Radziwiłłów." A few lines later he adds, "Bodjanskij is my only consolation." It was Bodjanskij who initiated the "first Czechoslovak language examination in Moscow" and Bodjanskij who lectured on Czech history with such conviction that Havlíček wrote Zap in ecstasy, "Never have I heard Hus praised publicly, *ex cathedra*, as here."<sup>75</sup> And on a more personal

level it was Bodjanskij who kept him supplied with Czech books and periodicals, and gave the budding poet in him the first words of encouragement.<sup>76</sup> When even his relationship with Bodjanskij became tainted, Havlíček lost what appears to have been his last reason for remaining in Russia.

Exactly how the falling out occurred is unclear. Until shortly before his departure Havlíček was planning to spend the summer months traveling around the Ukraine with Bodjanskij. But the letter that first refers to the Ukrainian venture, the letter to Zap dated 30 April 1844, also shows the first signs of the gathering storm. "I am trying my hardest to give them no grounds to say, as they so enjoy saying, that I praised them as long as I was with them and reviled them once I had gone. The reason I neither particularly praise nor revile them is that he who holds his tongue reserves the right to revile or praise. Not that anything could do me much harm *privatum*. None of them ever did a thing for me nor gave me any help out of the goodness of his heart. Not even Bodjanskij, though he is the best of them. What I know about Russia I have learnt on my own. . . . And in a way I am glad, because the price they ask for their charity is a price I would not pay."<sup>77</sup>

Less than a month later Havlíček informs Zap of a sudden change in plans. "In two weeks I shall be leaving Moscow and going home via Belorussia and Lithuania instead of the Ukraine. I am annoyed with Bodjanskij for various reasons

and therefore no longer care to travel with him. I could write books and books about these men, but I shall tell you all about it some day. You cannot imagine how glad I am to have seen it all with my own eyes." He reiterates his qualms at the idea of accepting charity and accuses Bodjanskij of playing along with him for no other reason than to keep his good name from being sullied in Prague.

Both the April and May letters to Zap contain accounts of a number of other frustrations. Primary among them is a disappointment with the direction Havlíček felt the Slavic cause was beginning to take in Russia.

The local Slav, that is, Russian, that is, anti-Petersburg party indulges in its own, Russian brand of patriotism. Until now, however, it has failed to progress beyond the stage of long and frequent tirades and polemics, which they all gather to listen to and which are so extensive that they leave little time and strength for action. The only evidence of patriotism they have given thus far is 1) to have fantastic Russian clothes made and then christened *святославка* and the like 2) to have note paper and visiting cards embossed in gold and silver with the old church lettering, the better to impress Petersburg (*соблазнить славянщиной Петербург*) [to seduce Petersburg by their Slav ways]. There are those who are doing something useful, however: Valuev is sending books to the Kronberger Commission for sale in Prague at cost and even below cost to enable us to afford them. But I am afraid that nothing will come of it. They are still extremely expensive. Many people *mean* to undertake other more monumental projects, but I shall refrain from describing them to you so as to keep from telling an unin-

tentional lie. There is a great difference between meaning to do something and actually doing it—especially amongst Russian patriots.

As much as idle promises galled him, he was even more offended by arrogance.

The Russians have made better use of Slavdom than we have. We thought it up, and here we are with our empty stomachs, while they—without even understanding it properly—they have gone and milked it for all it is worth. Look at the pride and joy they take in our glorious Czech history. They make a great point of letting the Germans know that the Slavs (in other words, we poor little Czechs) came up with the Reformation before the Germans, and talk as if they were the ones responsible for it, when in fact they were still eating acorns at the time. By the same token they boast that the Slavs (again, we poor little Czechs) had a constitution before the Germans, when in fact during the age of the Czech constitution the tsar was sending bears out from the Kremlin for entertainment. One man tends the spit; another eats the roast. There is no greater *хвастовство* [bravura] than in Holy Russia! You wait and see. As soon as revolution comes back into fashion, the Russians will start bragging about how we Slavs (in other words, the Poles) have a great propensity for revolution. Wait and see. I'll bet you anything! We poor Czechs. After all the pain we went through creating our reformation and our constitution, after all the suffering—we cannot even mention them now, no less boast of them. And the Russians, who had nothing whatsoever to do with them, talk as if they were of their own making.

The Russians have just completed a history of Poland in Russian for Polish Gymnasia. (They teach in Russian there.) It has recently come out in Warsaw. The author,

a member of the Polish Office of Education, received an honorarium of ten thousand rubles from the emperor. You can imagine what a fine, useful, Slav piece of work it is.<sup>78</sup>

You will certainly never get an honorarium of ten thousand rubles for three or four hundred pages! Slavdom is getting its second wind! If only Kollár could have come to Russia instead of me. How he would despair at the sight of what he himself has helped Slavdom to become! You, who knew how I thought before crossing the border, must find it quite odd to hear me singing so different a tune. Just come to Russia. Anyone who wants to do the Czechs a real service can do no better than to send them all expenses paid to Moscow.

If the Czech examination Bodjanskij gave his students at Moscow University constituted one of the high points of Havlíček's stay, a corresponding low point came approximately a year later when, wandering through a Moscow flea market, he ran across a copy of the new edition of the *Dvůr Králové* manuscripts. The book had recently been distributed free of charge to Bodjanskij's students, one of whom had evidently gone straight out and sold it. Havlíček's analysis of the situation is that "the students' enthusiasm has died down a bit now that the novelty of it all has begun to fade." He adds that Sreznevskij, Bodjanskij's counterpart at Kharkov University, is said to be having difficulties with the administration, that the students are very dissatisfied with him, and that "in general the Slav cause is not making great progress here."

Under the circumstances it is not surprising that Havlíček began looking elsewhere for a nation to exemplify the Slavic spirit as he envisioned it. For the space of a paragraph he returns to the Poles—"Mark my words: The Poles will be greater Slavomanes than the Russians"—evidently basing his prediction on Mickiewicz's lecture series on the Slavic idea at the Collège de France between 1840 and 1844 ("It is already becoming apparent in Paris"). What Havlíček did not yet realize was that Mickiewicz's lectures, which began innocently enough by tracing—under the influence of Kolár—the development of an *idée slave* capable of uniting the various Slavic entities, had taken a definite turn in June 1842 toward Polish messianism.<sup>79</sup>

In any case, he quickly redirected his attention to the South Slavs, the only branch of Slavdom he had not yet visited, stating his intention to join the Zagreb *Matica* [a patriotic cultural organization] as soon as he was back in Prague. "The Illyrians (the ones who use the Latin alphabet) do not get on well with the Russians, and in that point we are of one mind. By the same token they are regarded here with great acrimony. The reason I have decided to join the *Matica* is odd and unfathomable at first: it is my firm intention to publish what I plan to write about Russia in *Danica* [Morning Star, the leading periodical of the Illyrian movement]. Either I shall do the translation myself or arrange for someone to do it. Our censor would never let it through." Several

paragraphs later he expounds more fully on his new-found pro-Illyrian sentiments.

My sympathies now lie with the Illyrians or perhaps the South Slavs as a whole, and it is my hope that I shall continue to feel as I do when I have visited them. I will have nothing to do with Poles or Russians, but I am telling you this *sub rosa*. It will be several years before I dare repeat it all to their faces in print and revolt against Kollár's anti-Slav idea. I now have both the wherewithal and the desire to argue convincingly that the Russians and *mutatis mutandis* the Poles are not, as we tend to call them, our brothers, that they are instead much greater enemies of our cause and more dangerous to our nation than the Hungarians and Germans. Let us make use of their languages and literatures as we see fit, but avoid throwing ourselves into their arms. Otherwise things will end badly.

Though his travels have made him prudent enough to withhold final approbation of the South Slavs until he has observed them personally, he is disappointed enough in the Poles and Russians to rebel against Kollár's Pan-Slav idea, renaming it "anti-Slav." Both here and in the similar outburst in the following sentence (the Poles and Russians are doing more harm to the cause of the Austrian Slavic minorities than the Hungarians and Germans) he is overstating his case. By the time he begins writing about Russia for publication, he has regained his composure: hyperboles—resulting from the shock of direct confrontation—give way to considered reflections.

If part of the venom in the last two Moscow letters to Zap is the result of homesickness, that homesickness lacks all

traces of nostalgia. "Just wait until I get home. You'll see. I shall set a completely new style in our patriotic writings and affairs. We have no idea of what we are. What we need is to push ourselves forward, stick our necks out, hold our heads higher. We must not forget that as one of the nations between the Germans and the Russians we are one of the nations they fight over. We must not forget that *inter duos litigantes tertius gaudet*. It was here, near Moscow's Sparrow Hills, that I first grasped the meaning of this Latin proverb."

Havlíček the poet felt just as cut off as Havlíček the patriot. He especially missed keeping up with Czech literature as it came out. Bodjanskij provided some relief, but the mails were erratic, the censors vigilant. Havlíček came to feel like an exile. When Karel Jaromír Erben, soon to be one of the most important Czech poets of the nineteenth century, published his romantic ballad "Svatební košile" [The Wedding Shift] in the literary supplement of the journal *Věvec* [The Wreath], Zap immediately reported his impressions of it to Havlíček. "I wish I were home," Havlíček writes back. "Your lines about Erben are like showers of pearls. Even though I scarcely know him personally, I have always had the greatest of respect for him. He works extremely hard, and I expect to learn a great deal from him. If only I had *Věvec* here!"

The censors not only held up Czech literature on its way into the country; they made it impossible for Havlíček to send

his own literary efforts home for evaluation. Here again Bodjanskij acted as a stopgap: he was the only person in Moscow capable of reading and criticizing them. But while he appears to have admired them, he was scarcely a representative audience. Havlíček brags a bit in a letter to his friend Klejzar about how Bodjanskij has praised his epigrams, but continues dejectedly, "What a pity I have no way of sending you any of them. It is out of the question. They are ever so frail and would surely wilt at the border."<sup>60</sup> The issue was clearly an emotional one with Havlíček. In his next letter to Klejzar it sets off a spate of confessions of the most personal nature.

Troubles are raining down on me from all sides. . . . I have had all that even my good, strong shoulders can bear. Let me therefore ask you for whatever solace you may have to offer. Can you think of a good means of providing a little comfort and cheer to a desolate soul? I draw the line at consolations Christian and divine in general: they feed neither my mind nor spirit. Don't let it bother you that I ask for comfort in such a light, jesting tone. It has always been a habit of mine. The only way I can talk about troubles is in jest. Laughing at them is the best way I have of doing battle with them. There are times when I have moods I would not wish upon a dog or even a Jesuit, when I cannot do a thing nor even think straight, when I formulate the damndest ideas and resolutions, *ut sunt*: joining the army in the Caucasus, becoming a highwayman in Turkey, going to America, living my life out in Finland fighting off the bears, going to China as a Russian priest and converting the heathen to Christianity, living the rest of my days in the Tatras, or even being a monk on Mount Athos! Nor do the moods

pass quickly. One or another of the plans can keep me in its throes for several days. And even though I realize that they are only temporary, that I shall never carry any of them out, it is still very depressing to have to deal with them in the first place. So write me immediately *poste restante* in Moscow. If you write *immediately*, your letter will still reach me here.<sup>81</sup>

To provide his "doctor" with as many "symptoms" as possible, he gives a detailed account of why he feels betrayed by his friends Gabler and Girgl (the fellow students with whom he had divided up the world into areas of study),<sup>82</sup> the conflicts he has been having with his parents, and the sense of utter isolation he has experienced in Russia.

With Zap he is as objective as he was subjective with Klejzar. Havlíček had calmed down considerably during the three days that separate the letters. For one thing he had decided unequivocally to pack his bags and go.

Your latest letter, dated 18 April, was like the raven from Noah's ark for me today. No, more like the dove. Do you realize that since the beginning of the year there has been a black hand at work crumpling up or cutting off all my Prague correspondence. I have not received, nor shall I receive a passport valid for this year. There are no issues of *Květy*, no new books. Everything I know about Bohemia I glean from the *Augsburger Allgemeine* [Augsburg News]—insofar as the niggardly censors pass it on to us. If even a single article arouses their displeasure, the entire page sticks to their well-greased palms. . . . I sincerely hope that this letter finds you with decree in hand or, even better, on the road to our dear Prague. God willing, we shall meet there in the

autumn. Don't be amazed. I have had enough of Russian furs. I am only wasting my time. I know Russian. I know Moscow. This summer I shall learn more, and that will suffice for now. There is a great deal I shall be unable to see, of course, but even though I plan to devote most of my life to literature, Russian literature is not particularly valuable to me. All the wisdom I need I can carry away with me on my back. Besides, I have nothing but troubles both here and at home, and for very little reason. . . .

Somewhere around the middle of (the Russian) August I am going to buy a horse and Cossack saddle in the Ukraine and trot off across Belorussia to Wilno, Warsaw, and Cracow, then on to Prague. So don't be the least surprised if some time in late October or early November a man sporting flappy *шапоганы* [wide trousers], long hair, a mustache, a Circassian saber, and Serbian fez ties up his horse in the Museum courtyard, goes inside, makes his obeisances to the holy icons, and says, "Здравствуйте!" [Hello].

The only thing I regret is not being able to buy a supply of Russian books *deficiente pecu... deficit omnia* [sic]. But a number of young Russians have begun sending books to Prague for sale, and soon the problem of finding Russian books will be taken care of. . . .

Here are my plans for the future: I shall stay only a few days in Prague, no more, and then move on to Brod and my parents for the winter. There I shall spend six or seven months working through Jungmann's *Dictionary* and studying prosody. In the spring of 1845 I shall go to Hungary and Turkey and stay on until I get bored. Then I plan to hole up somewhere in Prague.

The Romantic idea of visiting Turkey lasted less than a month. He had given it up by the next time he wrote to Zap.

Turkey is a bit dangerous, especially for one who travels as I do, on his own, without the recommendation of his government or Turkish papers. So I am going to put the trip off for three or four years, until such time as I have published and therefore left something behind in case I end up with a bullet in my head. Instead, I have decided to travel through Austrian Illyria this August, September, and October, aiming for Zagreb by the beginning of fall. I shall spend about three weeks in Zagreb. In August I plan to be in Syria, Carniola, and Carinthia, in September in Dalmatia. From Zagreb I shall return home to Brod via Pest and spend the whole winter pouring over Jungmann's *Dictionary*. Then in the spring and summer of 1845 I shall go to the Tatras, the Carpathians, Slovakia, and Little Russia. All I want to do there is to learn to speak Little Russian, because I know the Russian area of Little Russia partly from travelogues and partly from what I myself have seen and heard. I am tempted to think that the Austrian Little Russians, certain trifles notwithstanding, have retained more of their national character than the slaves on the Russian steppes.

Though these plans were much more in keeping with Havlíček's new interest and hope in the South Slavs and with his lifelong fondness for the Ukrainians, in the end they came to nought. Setting off on 6 July 1845, Havlíček traveled via Wilno, Warsaw, and Breslau. In Warsaw he fell ill and was held up for another reason: In Breslau he had counted on making the acquaintance of F.L. Čelakovský, whose poetry he greatly admired.<sup>83</sup> The meeting never took place. Havlíček arrived in Breslau only to be told that Čelakovský had recently left for Prague to bury his wife. Within a few days, home again in

Německý Brod, he learned of another funeral: his father had died two weeks before.

As a result of his father's death Havlíček revised his plans. Instead of going off on a tour of the "Illyrian" provinces or moving to Prague, he spent the fall and winter at home with his mother. Nonetheless, it was no long before he was devoting all his time to the Czech cause. Everywhere he saw a possibility for making Czechs more aware of their Czech heritage he stepped in and did what he could. He was proud of putting up a Czech nameplate, *M. Havlíčkova vdova* [widow of M. Havlíček], on his mother's house—and perhaps equally proud of tearing down and setting fire to the old German one; he also hoped to induce others to do the same. He sat and talked for hours on end with the local Gymnasium students about his experiences in Russia and even started teaching a select group of them Polish. "Actually, all I am doing is comparing Czech and Polish," he wrote to a friend.<sup>64</sup> "I have such a reputation for speaking Czech that anyone who does nothing more than sneeze in my presence knows enough to sneeze in Czech. Yesterday a friend and I went to a concert of itinerant musicians. No sooner did we enter the room than the director of the Gymnasium and the mayor ordered everyone to sing in Czech."

By far the most important of Havlíček's projects in Německý Brod was the amateur theater company he founded there. Throughout the century and a half the Czechs call the *temno*, the period of "darkness" between the Battle at White Mountain

and Joseph's reforms, various forms of folk theater maintained a certain continuity in Czech culture among the towns and villages where Czech was still spoken. At about the time when the national renaissance movement was beginning to gain momentum, Czech speakers began moving to Prague. There they continued to look to the theater for entertainment, though in the city it forfeited much of its folk heritage. As the renaissance movement grew, the upper echelons of Czech society also took an interest in the theater. Although educated, they were German educated. Insofar as they had any Czech at all, it was spoken Czech, domestic Czech, a remnant of a childhood spent on a country estate. For all but the most dedicated, reading Czech was a chore. The theater relieved them of that chore while providing them with a festive social occasion.

Havlíček was well aware of the possibilities the theater offered his cause. That art for art's sake was far from his mind is evident from his response to the purist criticism of a friend. "We are not putting on plays *an und für sich* [merely for their own sake], as the Germans say," he writes.<sup>85</sup> "The plays themselves are subordinate to the goal of inculcating Czech into the minds of the upper classes. . . . That is why, as you have surely noted from the girls in the cast, I have sought out my amateur actors from among the patricians." The play Havlíček chose to open with, a Czech translation of August von Kotzebue's comedy *Das Epigramm* (1801) [Epigram, aneb Což si mne žádná nevezme?, trans. 1836/The Epigram, or

Will No Girl Ever Have Me?]), was nothing if not a trifle,<sup>86</sup> but Havlíček took it seriously. "Unfortunately I cannot get anything of my own done. It has been a long time now since I have had time to so much as pick up a book. At six in the morning I am off to work at the theater. I stay on till noon, then go back in the afternoon until supper." As it turns out, he was serious not only about the play, but about the leading lady as well. "I spend my evenings with Mrs. Chládková (for my own reasons). After serving the town all day, I fritter away the evening on myself." Havlíček played Mr. Chládek in the play; Fanny Weidenhoffer played Mrs. Chládková. Husband and wife in the play would have become husband and wife in real life had it not been for the last-minute objections of her parents.

*The Epigram* opened in mid-November and was successful enough to engender at least one other production in Německý Brod.<sup>87</sup> And once Havlíček had seen his mother through the winter, there was little reason for him to stay on. The time and energy he had put in as a director and producer stood him in good stead: they were in a sense his preliminary preparation for the large-scale campaigns he later undertook for the Czech cause. His experience in Russia had taught him one lesson above all others: the Czech national renaissance movement could not hope for aid or models from without. In April 1846 Havlíček went to Prague to work for the cause from within, at its very heart.

## CHAPTER VII — ECHOES

Soon after Havlíček arrived in Prague, his interests and the demands made on him began to multiply. Within several months he became editor of the newspaper *Pražské noviny* [Prague News], which thanks to his finesse was able to comment on current events from a liberal standpoint during a period of the strictest censorship.<sup>88</sup> When during the turmoil of the events of 1848 censorship was lifted, he converted the official *Pražské noviny* into the staunchly independent *Národní noviny* [National News], the first important Czech political daily. Not content to sit back and report the news, Havlíček played an active role in Czech politics. He took part in the organization of the Slav Congress in Prague and was arrested for his outspoken protest against the Whitsuntide skirmishes—provoked by the commanding general of the imperial troops, Prince Windischgrätz—which effectively dissolved the Congress.<sup>89</sup> While still in jail, he learned he had been elected a delegate to the Parliament (Reichstag). Within a few days he was on his way to Vienna. After serving there and at Kroměříž (Kremsier) for several months, he returned to Prague and the *Národní noviny*. But as the year 1849 progressed, reactionary elements began recouping their losses, and in January 1850 they managed to close down the still outspoken *Národní noviny* and prevent Havlíček from publishing a word in Prague. Undaunted, he moved his base of operations to the

provincial town of Kutná Hora. By May he had put out the first issue of *Slovan* [Slav], which kept alive the spirit of the *Národní noviny* for another year and a half. Suddenly he was not only ordered to stop publishing *Slovan*; he was brought to trial and charged with "stirring up discord among various classes of society, inciting individuals to disobey the authorities, and encouraging distrust in and opposition to the government and government organs." Although he successfully defended himself and was fully acquitted, the authorities continued to harrass him. The plea he made in court proved to be the last chance he ever had to air his views in public. Five weeks after the trial—in the middle of the night of 16 December 1851—he was awakened by the police and hauled off, unaware of his destination, to Brixen (Bressanone), a town at the southern end of the Brenner Pass in the Tirol. His exile there lasted three and a half years, during which time he wrote his three great satirical poems: "Tyrolské elegie" [Tirolian Elegies, an account of his arrest and journey to Brixen], "Král Lávra" [King Lávra, the tale of an Irish king who kept his donkey ears a secret by killing off each of his barbers], and "Křest svatého Vladimíra" [The Baptism of Saint Vladimir, a condemnation of Austrian policy, external and internal, in the guise of the story of Russia's entry into Christendom]. He died in Prague of consumption a year after his return. He was thirty-six years old.

Echoes of Havlíček's stay in Russia crop up frequently

during these years. Sometimes the Russian venture clearly forms the basis for an article or point of view; sometimes it remains in the background. It was naturally prominent in the eyes of the Czech reading public during his first months back in Prague in 1845 when his essays on Russia appeared in quick succession.<sup>90</sup> But it also had an important impact indirectly—on the review Havlíček wrote of the novel *Poslední Čech* [The Last Czech, 1844] by Josef Kajetán Tyl.

Tyl was a tireless crusader for the Czech renaissance movement. He was especially active in the theater, and at various points in his career served it in the capacity of actor, director, literary advisor, and playwright. Besides plays he wrote a number of stories and novels, and everything he wrote he imbued with the ideals of the Czech search for national identity. Havlíček could not quarrel with Tyl's ends, but what he had learned in Russia led him to take very definite exception to his means. He used Tyl's *Last Czech* as a case in point.

The main character in the novel is a Czech count who suffers from the delusion that he is the last Czech: his son refuses to acknowledge his Czech heritage and marry the Czech girl he has chosen for him. But the Czech girl, the count's hitherto mysterious ward, turns out to be the daughter of a French aristocrat whom the count believed he had killed in a duel. Since she is not Czech, the count's son is no longer obliged to marry her. In the end he consents to marry a

local girl who, though beneath his station, is of the requisite ethnic background.

Havlíček found no fault with the message of the work. Like Tyl he realized that winning over the Czech aristocracy would be of great benefit for the movement. If the Czech upper classes could be persuaded to use Czech on a regular basis, they would lend it the prestige it so sorely lacked and thereby ennoble it in the eyes of both their Czech inferiors and German peers. Havlíček had just spent several months organizing an amateur theater group in the hope of making Czech acceptable, even attractive to the patricians of Německý Brod, and he was bitterly disappointed in what he felt to be the hopelessly conventional methods Tyl had used. He could not see how a four-hundred-page novel that tried to dictate to the aristocracy how it should and should not act would induce any of its members to join ranks with the patriots.

To my mind the only way we can attract the aristocracy to our language is by making our poetic works original, masterful, and though-provoking, not by giving long, threadbare lectures about patriotism, a concept of which aristocrats—brought as they are among any number of nationalities—can have absolutely no comprehension. But even we ordinary people are beginning to tire of the constant speeches about patriotism and patriots male and female with which our writers, and especially Tyl, have been mercilessly hounding us over the years in poetry and in prose. It is high time for our patriotism to leave our mouths and enter our arms and legs, so that instead of merely talking about the love we bear our nation we can

do something with that love. We do so much to encourage everyone to be patriotic that we forget to educate our people. If we took the time and energy we spend on trying to talk our people into reading our mediocre writings instead of the best of what comes out abroad, if we took that time and energy and spent it on making what we write better than what is written abroad, we should be much wiser and much more effective. As for me, I am convinced that it is easier and more amusing to die for one's country than to read one's way through a pile of monotonous writings on patriotism.<sup>91</sup>

Although Havlíček gives ample proof of his accusation with quotations from Tyl's novel, he is clearly reviewing more than a single work or writer. The review is in fact an indictment of the entire complexion of the Czech literature of his day.

"You praise my greatness, I'll praise yours" has been the order of the day in Czech literature until now. "I am a great novelist, thou art a great poet, he is a great humorist; we are great novelists, you are great poets, they are great humorists."

The fault lies with the critics as well as with the authors.

The brisk and blessed growth of our literature imposes on us the responsibility of abhorring the sort of criticism, generally accepted until now, which considers every piece of doggerel a poem, every narrative in which someone marries or is prevented from marrying a novel, and which welcomes anything, but *anything* that appears in print as a lovely, exquisite posy from the meadow of our national literature. If our criticism maintains this tack, it will lead us to a state of prolixity such as we may observe—let us be forewarned—among our malevolent neigh-

bors, the Germans, whom it has made the laughingstock of the other civilized nations. And if they do not somehow manage to check it, it will turn the entire German Empire into one large printing press and library requiring Germans to leave their other occupations and do nothing but write, translate, copy, publish, republish, sell, sort, guard, and dust books, and in the end to eat them, wear them, and heat their houses with them.

Despite the stringency of these remarks—and they are the remarks that open the review—Havlíček does his best to be fair to Tyl. More than once, for instance, he praises the purity of Tyl's language, a feature that could not yet be taken for granted at the time and one that meant a great deal to Havlíček. He also feels it necessary to state his belief that "the critic has no place dictating to the author what or how to write and what goals to choose. . . . The critic's task is to determine how competently the writer moves within the bounds he himself has established." But the very fact that he gives Tyl a way out and builds a disclaimer into the review shows he was aware of the basic differences between his point of departure and that of the rest of the Czech literary community.

Prague was at the time an extremely provincial city, and her men of letters did not usually stray far from home. Havlíček, however, had been to Russia. He had concluded from his own experience that a man does not become a national or patriotic writer merely by writing in the language of his country. He rejected even Puškin and Lermontov for failing

to measure up to his criteria of what constitutes a writer who serves his nation well. Nowhere in the review does he indicate the kind of literature he wishes to see replace Tyl's pat plots and settings, but Gogol', the one Russian writer he admired unreservedly, could not have been far from his mind. One piece of evidence is the opening section quoted above, with its grotesque, Gogolesque image of Germany as one monstrous printing press.<sup>92</sup> Another is the fact that at the time he was writing the review he had again turned to Gogol', placing several translations he had completed earlier, completing two more, and starting work on yet another.<sup>93</sup> Several years later, in the Afterword to his translation of *Dead Souls*, Havlíček called Gogol's work the most original and most completely Russian "not only in its smallest forms and minute thoughts, but in the characters, the whole idea, the language itself."<sup>94</sup> His disclaimer notwithstanding, then, Havlíček wished to accomplish more in his review than merely "determine how competently the writer moves within the bounds he himself has established." What he was after was a Czech Gogol', someone to fill the main gap he saw in Czech literature. Perhaps he had dreams of filling the gap himself, but his journalistic activities kept him too busy and made him too much of a public figure. Not until his exile in Brixen did he have time enough to devote himself to literature.

Havlíček's political career began with an article entitled "Slovan a Čech" [Slav and Czech] which he published in

*Pražské noviny* within the first few weeks of his tenure as editor.<sup>96</sup> His reputation as a political realist stems from its clear and precise formulation of his opposition to the view, held by a number of elements in Czech public life, that the Slavs, led by the Russians, would eventually fling the German yoke from the backs of the Czechs. "Let us view the world as it is," he writes. For Havlíček, the world in question was the Slavic world from which he had recently returned.

It is vain, he warns the Czech Pan-Slavists, to speak of the Slavs as an entity, a single force. The Russians, Poles, Czechs, and Illyrians—the four branches he distinguishes—are no longer one. History has divided them into clear-cut units, and warring units at that. The clearest case of enmity is between the Russians and the Poles, the main bone of contention being "Little Russia," the Ukraine. And since theirs is a problem that knows no solution, there is no end to the squabbling, no unity in sight. Havlíček does hold out some hope for the Czechs (that is, the Moravians, Silesians, and Slovaks, as well as the Czechs proper) and the Illyrians (the Serbs, Bosnians, Herzegovinians, Montenegrins, Dalmatians, Croats, Styrians, Slovenes, and perhaps the Bulgarians). He claims faith in their ability to work closely together, and though he promises to substantiate it in subsequent writings, he never returned to the matter. The hopes he had brought with him to Poland had been dashed; the hopes he had brought with him to Russia had been dashed. But by the time he began

nurturing hopes in the South Slavs, he was better informed and therefore less naive. In "Slav and Czech," for example, he shows a clear understanding of the circumstances underlying the quarrels between the Serbs and the Croats. Apparently he wished to reserve final judgment until he had an opportunity to visit the region on his own. However, apart from a short stay in Zagreb in May 1848 (in connection with a tour of the Slavic capitals he made in an attempt to arouse interest in the idea of the Prague Slav Congress) he spent no time there.

So much for the destructive part of Havlíček's argument, the destruction of the myth of Slavic power through Slavic unity. "Slav and Czech" has its constructive side as well. In place of a national policy based on the help and respect of other Slavic nations, Havlíček proposes a national policy based on self-help and self-respect. He left Prague a Slav, he writes early in the essay, and returned from Moscow a Czech, "a pure and simple intransigent Czech, with something of a latent antipathy for the name Slav, which after my sufficiently revealing encounters with Russia and Poland seemed to me suffused with a certain irony."

News of Havlíček's position was not long in reaching Russia. Ševyrev was particularly incensed at what he considered to be Havlíček's supreme ingratitude. He poured out his venom in a letter to Pogodin.

Please be sure to tell Šafařík and Hanka the following about Havlíček. You know the reason why I wished to turn my son's education over to a Slav: I wanted to inculcate him with a love for his own peoples, acquaint him with them as a part of his earliest childhood impressions, and thus fill the gaps we all have in our education, gaps deriving from our ignorance of our fellow Slavs. As a result of the cruel, rough treatment he gave the children, Havlíček not only failed to achieve my goal, he made it impossible for anyone to achieve it for a long time to come. Not only did he fail to instill love for the Slavs in my children—my son and nephew. More likely than not, he and his coarse personality instilled disgust for them. Instead of sowing love between the two of them, he sowed dissension, taking the side of my nephew against my son in the belief that we, my wife and I, did not love our nephew, a perfectly helpless orphan whom we volunteered to raise. By setting him against us, he did great harm. He told my son that in his country priests are the most important people in the family, that fathers count for very little and mothers for nothing at all. He inspired no obedience in the children, no love. The two words in the Russian language Havlíček best understood were *лжешь* [you're lying] and *бредешь* [you're talking nonsense]. The only games he invented for the children were merchants and soldiers; the only two themes he expanded upon were trade and material power. I consider Havlíček's stay in my house an unmitigated disaster. If I have said nothing until now, it is only because I wished neither to do Havlíček any harm nor to cause you or Šafařík any distress—you were both the innocent source of my distress. But now that I hear he is working against my Fatherland, that he dares to abuse Russia and my people, I consider it my duty to expose him and tell you what kind of a person he is. Here he defamed the Austri-

an government; there he turned coat and defamed the Russian government. In the first as in the second instance he was lying. Indeed, he was known here for his backbiting. In the course of the year he was with me not once did I hear him speak of any Czech writer or scholar with due respect or praise. He made fun of the University of Prague. His stories of student life consisted of brawl scenes and nothing more. He preferred shooting and wolf hunting to all else. I have heard he dares find fault with our people's piety, claiming its faith to be nothing but ritual. All he is doing, the fool, is repeating the age-old slander that foreigners love to spread. I can bear witness to the fact that he never meant to study our people, neither its present everyday life nor its history. While living in the country, he never tried to grasp what makes peasant life what it is; he never even spoke with the peasants. And at the very time he was living in my household, I was teaching the history of Old Russian literature for the first time and suggested to him that he attend my lectures, which would have taught him how the faith spread among the Russian people, but after coming to one lecture he never returned. Nor did he attend Bodjanskij's lectures. Nor Pogodin's. He borrowed neither chronicles nor documents nor early writers nor Karamzin's history. His sole interest was Gogol', in whom he saw only the comic side, the side corresponding to his own propensity for rail-lery. For all these reasons he has no right to speak of Russia—of Russian literature or the Russian people. I have heard he calls himself Czech and renounces the name of Slav. One contradicts the other. But knowing him personally as I do, I should be only too happy to exclude him entirely from the ranks of both Czechs and Slavs. *Dixi*, and I stand by everything I have said with my word of honor. \*

Given the circumstances under which Ševyrev wrote the letter, his word of honor is difficult to accept. Many of the faults he finds in Havlíček—the harsh words about motherhood, the interest in "material power," the penchant for "backbiting" and "shooting and wolf hunting," the lack of contact with the peasantry—have no basis in any other account of Havlíček's personality. He berated Havlíček for seeing only the comic side of Gogol' (a blow to Ševyrev's pride, since his study of *Dead Souls* was largely an indictment of Gogol's humor), but there is no evidence he paid serious attention to Havlíček's point of view. He berates him for failing to attend his lectures (another blow to his pride), but there is no evidence he asked Havlíček to teach either him or his children Czech. By the time he left, Havlíček could only have felt that Ševyrev belonged to the category of superficial enthusiasts who had their stationery embossed with old Slavic lettering and wore flamboyant Slavic costumes—the enthusiasts he had denounced vociferously to Zap. In Havlíček's eyes Ševyrev had become an accessory, a plaything, a mere symbol of allegiance to the Slavic cause. Ševyrev claims to have hushed up his dissatisfaction with Havlíček so as not to offend Šafařík or Pogodin, who together had recruited Havlíček for the post. In fact, however, such dissatisfaction as he may actually have felt did not turn into animosity until he learned of Havlíček's portrayal of Russia and the Russian Slavophiles in "Slav and Czech."<sup>97</sup>

The only Russians Havlíček points to directly—and then by initial rather than name—are Bodjanskij and Bodjanskij's counterpart at the University of Kharkov, I.I. Sreznevskij. He accuses them of encouraging the Slovaks to abandon Czech as their literary language and establish a separate Slovak literary norm in its stead. Since in Havlíček's eyes the creation of yet another Slavic literary language would harm the movement by dividing it further against itself, he interpreted any agitation in its favor as a direct blow to the Czech national cause. In this specific case he suspected an ulterior motive as well: by fanning the flames of Slovak nationalism, the two Russian philologists could foster Russian hegemony over the Slavs.<sup>98</sup> What Havlíček refused to see was that his negative stance with respect to the Slovak separatists did not differ substantially from the stance of the Poles with respect to the Ruthenians, a stance he himself had roundly denounced during his stay in Lvov.

"Slav and Czech" attracted immediate attention in Prague. Its most vocal detractor was Jakub Malý, editor of the journal *Květy* at the time. Under the epigraph "In this time too false prophets shall arise" he denounced Havlíček for his "unforgivable frivolity, audacious temerity, ignorance of and lack of concern for the public" and brands him "an apostle of lies."<sup>99</sup> Malý's belief in the power of Slavic unity and in the efficacy of a laissez-faire policy to promote it places him squarely in the conservative camp. "There is no need for Mr.

Borovský to advise us to view the world as it is," he writes. "We have always done so. The difference between us is that while Mr. Borovský feels the world must *remain* as it is, we feel the world must move on and that all prejudices, especially those one nation harbors against another, will gradually disappear." As a result of his position of non-interference Malý never comes to grips with Havlíček's main point: "We ourselves are to blame for consorting openly with German identity even when no one has encouraged or forced us to." Nor does he deal with one of the most thought-provoking statements in the essay: "The Austrian monarchy is the last guarantor of the preservation of Czech and Illyrian national identity, and the greater the power of the Austrian Empire, the safer our national identity." Malý and his kind were content to wait placidly for progress; Havlíček felt he had to work for it. And only by operating within the system could the Czechs make of it what they desired—only by operating within the system and (though he never states it in so many words) by pushing the system to its limits.

Such was Havlíček's first—and perhaps most important—political statement. It was certainly the most important conclusion he drew from his Russian experience. Besides helping to shape most of Havlíček's own policies during the years he was active in politics, it provided grist for Palacký's influential doctrine of Austro-Slavism. In 1848 Palacký rejected an invitation to the Preliminary Assembly of the Frankfurt

Parliament, whose purpose was to plan the unification of Germany. He did so not only because he was Czech ("I am a Czech of the Slav race, and the little I have and can do I have given over wholly and forever to the service of my nation"), but also because he was an Austrian. "If Austria did not exist," he said in his famous paraphrase of Voltaire, "it would have to be created." When in the heat of the revolutionary events in the spring of 1848 Palacký, Havlíček, and a number of like-minded Czechs decided to convoke a Slav Congress before the year was over, their main goal was to provide the Austrian Slavs with a counterbalance to the Frankfurt Pan-German Parliament and thereby consolidate their position within the Empire. They invited several Russians as observers, but attracted only the émigré revolutionary M.A. Bakunin, who had little understanding or sympathy for the issues at hand.<sup>100</sup>

That the Slav Congress was nipped in the bud by a show of Austrian might is indicative of the Austrian position vis-à-vis Austro-Slavism. With the bombardment of Prague by Prince Windischgrätz, commander of the Austrian forces in Bohemia, Austria took its first active step toward counterrevolution.<sup>101</sup> But as long as any of the wheels set in motion by the revolutionary events were still turning (notably the Kroměříž Parliament—to which Havlíček was sent as a delegate—and its Constitutional Committee), Havlíček continued to advocate a strong Austria.

Fear of a strong Russia is one of his main arguments. In

"Článek, v kterém bych si přál, aby jej každý přečetl a rozvažil" [An Article I Wish Everyone Would Read and Ponder], an editorial from the *Národní noviny* dated 30 August 1848, he concedes that convincing each of the ethnic groups that the others deserve equal rights will not be an easy task.<sup>102</sup> He even goes so far as to conjecture that the Germans, Hungarians, and Italians would all be better off if Austria were to crumble.

The Austrian Germans would join the German Empire and, by forming a close alliance with the rest of their clansmen, create a large and powerful state; the Hungarians would have the large and independent Hungary they have coveted for so long, a monarchy in which they, the Hungarians, would be the sole ruling people and in which their numbers would increase with the gradual Magyarization of all the other peoples living among them; and the Italians would unite with the rest of Italy. . . . Only the Austrian Slavs lack these prospects. If Russia were a free country, a country with a constitution, the Slavs—like Germans, Magyars, and Italians—could look forward to reunification with their kinsmen; they could occupy a place of honor—and perhaps indeed the foremost place—among the nations of the world as a single large nation, as a Slav confederation. But Russia is a land of despotism, and we, the other free Slavs, must unfortunately be on guard against our brother as if he were our worst enemy. Each branch of the Austrian Slavs is too weak to stand by itself, to occupy a place of honor among its powerful non-Slav neighbors. Could our Czech kingdom survive if it managed to tear itself off from the rest of Austria by military force (a prospect I find dubious at present), and could it then survive the combined troops

of a Germany that would be only too glad to take the opportunity to bring the Czechs under their dominion? Will the Poles survive the tsarist hold and come together again in a unified body politic? Has Croatia the strength to withstand the Magyars, Turks, and Germans? Well then, why not band together and acquire the power and might we need?

Now Havlíček was not so naive as to pose this last question in any but the most rhetorical spirit, and in fact he spends the next few pages responding to it. He argues that the Austrian Slavs are squabbling their natural, ethnic unity away: "Moravians mistrust Czechs; Slovaks mistrust both Moravians and Czechs; Poles mistrust Ruthenians, Ruthenians Poles; and the Galician peasant mistrusts the gentry." No matter how real these internecine quarrels were, however, they were not the main issue; the main issue was simply that Austria had no use for a strong, unified Slavic component in the Empire, and Havlíček knew it. But the political situation was in such great flux at the time (the multinational, popularly elected Parliament was still in session, the state of the constitution still up in the air) that the optimist in him could hope for a day when a federated Austria would be possible. In the meantime he wanted to put his house in order.

Even after March 1849, when Parliament was dissolved and a highly unsatisfactory constitution promulgated (both by royal fiat), Havlíček held his ground. His hope in Austria had faded, but his misgivings about Russia were as alive as ever. In an editorial from *Národní noviny* dated 8 and 9

November 1849 and entitled characteristically "Obrana slovanských federalistů" [A Defense of Slav Federalists] Havlíček recalls an incident from his stay in Russia.<sup>103</sup>

One of the things I came upon while reorganizing the library of Prince Golicyn, the former mayor of Moscow and now several years deceased, was a poem entitled "A Song of the Liberation of Serbia" printed in 1806 in Petersburg on the presses of government. Part of the text, which was given in the original Serbian and in Russian translation, reads as follows: "Alexander I, Glorious Ruler, Great Slav Tsar, Gracious Lord of Gracious Serbia. Swoop down, O two-headed eagle, down to the Alps, the Urals, the Caucasus. May all Slavdom now bear its duly designated Hero and Heir in its heart, love Him, and exult in Him. May He send a kind word to His sisters to help them from tarrying—for time moves on apace—and to urge them to see the light and cease foundering forever in darkness—for the sun is shining. Across land and sea Russo-Slav might is rising to aid its sisters in their struggle with tyranny."

To this excerpt Havlíček affixes a short note.

After the Russian translation of the song I found the following: "These sisters are: Poland, Porussia, Meissen, Silesia, Hungary, Bohemia, Styria, Illyria, the Tirol, Venice, Koros, Dalmatia, Ragusa, Montenegro, Albania, Alaunia, Epirotia or Little Russia, Bosnia, Bulgaria, Transylvania, Moldavia, Walachia, Galicia or Old Russian Galich—in short, all the tribes and peoples of Slav origin."

He then proceeds with his commentary.

The sisters seem to be tallied with a bit too much zeal, with the idea that a few extra will make up for any that

might be lacking. If we had time to scrutinize everything we copied out, we could also prove that views of this sort were also prevalent among the more-enlightened members of the court of Catherine the Great. As for the present tsar, all we know of him is that during his reign Pan-Slav chairs have been established at Russian universities and a number of Russian philologists sent to Austria, and that the latter have drawn up a remarkably thorough outline of the state of the present-day Austrian Slavs in their Journal of the Ministry of Education and (we know it for a fact) in special confidential reports as well.<sup>10\*</sup> Though it is not for me to determine the motives of the government of His Majesty the Emperor Nikolaj Pavlovič, they are easy to divine. As for Russian public opinion on the matter, I can state with the utmost respect for the truth that Russia has a powerful party which cultivates Pan-Slavism on the basis of pure and simple Russian patriotism, and that far from being illicit or felonious, far from being conspiratorial, it goes about its business in the open—as a part of social intercourse—and in the press, from which one might cull a highly interesting collection of articles.

Within a year of the "Defense of Slav Federalists" article Havlíček had significantly altered his opinion of Russia. The change did not result from any new insights on his part into the mind or actions of Tsar Nicholas—he remained as hostile to Nicholas as before; it resulted from the new conditions he was forced to deal with at home. Havlíček's interest in Russia was never an abstract one. When he expressed enthusiasm over what he saw during his first few months in Moscow, he did so with the idea of applying it to the situation

at home. As his stay wore on, however, he grew more and more aware of the insidious roles West Europeans and especially Germans played in the country, and the wonderful image of a model self-governing Slavic state—the Russia of those early months—began to melt away. It vanished altogether as he began to sense the blatant Russian nationalism of his hosts and the varieties of domestic despotism they subjected him to. Yet the last major public statement Havlíček made on Russia is quite lenient in tone. In fact, it amounts to a tactical retreat from his former stand. It takes the form of an article entitled "Rusové" [The Russians], and the circumstances under which it appeared go a long way toward explaining the new position it represents.

On 11 January 1850 Havlíček's *Národní noviny* published the German text of a letter the newspaper had received from the mayor of Prague. The letter advised the editorial board that it would do well to "change the direction [Tendenz] taken by the *Národní noviny*, whose inflammatory tone has of late made itself felt again with increased intensity, so as to ensure that it conform more closely to the state of martial law presently in force."<sup>105</sup> A week later the mayor decreed *Národní noviny* out of existence. By this time Havlíček was the only Czech public figure openly professing the liberal ideals of the 1848 movement. To keep these ideas alive, Havlíček immediately set about finding a new base of operations for a new publishing venture. After a number of false starts

he hit upon Kutná Hora, a town about seventy-five kilometers east of Prague. On 8 May 1850 the first issue of the biweekly *Slovan* came off the press.

If Havlíček claimed to have left Prague a Slav and returned from Moscow a Czech, he arrived in Kutná Hora a Slav once more. The very title of the newspaper testifies to this new orientation, which developed out of the reactionary backlash to the revolutionary year of 1848. In the political context of 1848 Havlíček's plan for a federalized Austria, a *Gesamtstaat*, was a dream; in the political context of the 1850's it was heresy. Centralization was the foundation of the new regime, which to all intents and purposes was run by the Minister of the Interior, the liberal-turned-reactionary Alexander Bach. (In Bach's liberal days—that is, during the revolution—Havlíček had negotiated with him and admired his political acumen.) Bach based his infamous system on a strong bureaucracy backed by a strong secret service, and since bureaucracies and the secret service both abhor a plurality, he reintroduced strict Germanization policies. Havlíček started vituperating Germans as he never had before. And the more he identified the Germans with the forces opposed to the Czech cause, the more he reconciled himself to the Russians.

"The Russians" appeared in *Slovan* on 10 July 1850.<sup>106</sup> Havlíček both opens and closes the article by pitting a Russian concept against a German one. In both instances the Russian one emerges victorious. What a shame, he remarks in the first

paragraph, that the word for knout in German is not *Knuß*. If it were, German poets would have a much easier time of it: *Rußland* would rhyme with *Knußland*. "We all know," he continues, "that the usual name they give to those of us who refuse to be Germans is an admirer, an idolizer of the knout, and it would indeed be no wonder if people like ourselves did admire the knout and bow down to it: the Russian knout is possibly the only thing left on earth that journalists of the Great German persuasion are afraid of. They certainly no longer fear God. Einiges Deutschland is their only justice, their holy of holies. After reading through one or another issue of *Ost-Deutsche Post* and similar journals, I often glance over at the Russian knout I brought back with me from Moscow as a keepsake and heave a sigh of relief. *In hoc signo vinces*, I think, which in Czech might be interpreted to mean 'I wonder how they would treat us if they weren't so frightened of Russia.'" By the end of the article his attitude is much more serious, but his message is still the same: "I am an enemy and opponent of all despotism and will defend the Constitution to the end, but should despotism be absolutely unavoidable, I am most favorably disposed towards the Russian variety."

There is every reason to believe that Havlíček meant literally what he wrote. As a political realist he believed that new conditions require new approaches. If a small people like the Czechs must play one powerful neighbor off against

the other, then the time had come to look away from Germany to Russia. Nonetheless, Havlíček is careful to separate the Russians as a people from their government. "The Russian people—our Slav brothers, a great people, a people which is kind-hearted, highly capable and energetic, and maintains its fine ancient Slav traditions, a people with a great future, a people from whom we and all the other weaker Slav peoples can expect many favors—the Russian people is one thing; the present Russian government—a government artfully grounded upon foreign, highly objectionable traditions and represented chiefly by foreigners completely devoid of feeling for its own people—is something else again."

Perhaps the most surprising turnabout in "The Russians" comes in the passage where Havlíček rehabilitates Pogodin, Sevrev, and Bodjanskij.

There is only one party in Russia capable of carrying out a practical revolution against tsarist despotism, the Slav-Orthodox party. Its members are true Russian patriots who, except for the professors among them, eschew both public office and the tsar's court and Petersburg, which they consider foreign, un-Russian. They are men who boast an authentic Russian upbringing, who know Russian history, know the Russian people, men who have absorbed the education they received from abroad and turned it to Russia's advantage, this unlike the bulk of Russia's men of the world, who acquire no more than a veneer of European manners and go about babbling foreign languages, adopting foreign ideas, and—as is the custom with foreigners—loathing and despising everything Russian. This patriotic party is also well acquainted with

other Slav peoples. It deserves the credit for the establishment of chairs for Slav philology at Russian universities. The party's most ardent desire is that in time Russia become the help and shield of all Slavs oppressed by non-Slavs. . . . Although the Russo-Slav patriots are not adherents of absolutist government, they do support it under the present circumstances (and rightly so, as I see it) for the part it is playing in consolidating and magnifying the Russian monarchy. Political freedom will follow without much ado, and the new free-thinking government will inherit the power and influence of its absolutist predecessors.

Just as there is every reason to believe Havlíček means what he writes here, there is every reason to believe that what he writes here admits of another meaning. When he characterizes the Russian government as "a government artfully grounded upon foreign, highly objectionable traditions and represented chiefly by foreigners completely devoid of feeling for its own people," he is also reminding Czech patriots of their lot within the Austrian monarchy under the Bach system. And when he raises the "Slav-Orthodox party" to an ideal, he is also—or here perhaps, primarily—reminding Czech patriots of their duty to turn "German" knowledge to their own advantage. The idea that Pogodin, Ševyrev, and Bodjanskij belonged to "the only party in Russia capable of carrying out a practical revolution against tsarist despotism" may sound far-fetched in and of itself, but as an Aesopian plea for solidarity among Czech intellectuals in the battle with the new regime's centralization and Germanization policies it makes

perfect sense.

Several years later Havlíček again used Aesopian language in connection with Russia, but by then he had no need for it. The Austrian government had him where it wanted him—in the Tirolian Alps, far from his fellow Czechs, far from his fellow Slavs—and he could have no hope of publishing anything. As a result, he did as he pleased and created a full-blown travesty. Though unfinished, "Křest svatého Vladimíra: Legenda z historie ruské" [The Baptism of Saint Vladimir: A Legend from Russian History] is Havlíček's most extensive work in verse.<sup>107</sup> Ostensibly a retelling of an episode from the *Povest' vremennyx let* [The Russian Primary Chronicle], it immediately blossoms into a witty condemnation of the absolutist government that had deported Havlíček to Brixen and of absolutism as such.

The legend referred to in the subtitle deals with the Christianization of Russia in the ninth century. Having determined to renounce his pagan ways, Prince Vladimir flings a statue of Perun, the Zeus of the Slavic pantheon, into the Dnepr and summons representatives of a number of religions so as to judge for himself which offers the most advantages. In Havlíček's version Vladimir throws Perun himself, not merely his statue, into the water: he is furious at the god for refusing to save him enough cannon shot to thunder on his birthday. Havlíček portrays Perun as a simple man, a man of the people, doing what he can to answer everyone's prayers. That

he sympathizes, even identifies with the character of Perun is evident from the fellow in suffering he provides him with: the ruler's henchmen drown a recalcitrant journalist—a reference to Austria's strict censorship—at the same time they drown Perun.

There was then a poor reporter  
 In a nearby cell  
 Who had criticized religion  
 Jeered at God as well.

To the same fate he was sentenced  
 By the same court-martial.  
 Thus the judges proved quite clearly  
 They could be impartial. . . .

When they finally reached the Dnepr,  
 They were black with mud;  
 Like blind puppies there they drowned them  
 In the river's flood.

There they died without confession,  
 Just like Lutheran folk;  
 Mud served for their final unction—  
 'Twas a sorry joke.

It's quite true I wasn't there then;  
 I read it in the yearly  
 Which Friar Nestor left his children  
 Whom he loved so dearly.

Havlíček did not live to complete the work, but he left behind ten sparkling, racy cantos. The ninth canto, "Jezovitský marš" [The March of the Jesuits], gives an especially biting picture of the relationship between Church and State

in Austria. In a genuine tour de force Havlíček breaks his standard strophic pattern—four-line stanzas of trochaic tetrameters—to rhyme quotations from the Latin liturgy with mocking, sometimes even scabrous blasphemies in a highly colloquial Czech. At the point where the text breaks off, delegates of the various religions have assembled at Vladimir's court. According to the outline Havlíček made of the work it was to reach its climax with a heroically scaled free-for-all among the holy men (a scene de rigueur in the mock-epic genre from which Havlíček borrows his general tone and main devices) and conclude with the baptism and the festivities attending it.<sup>108</sup>

The idea for the work first came to Havlíček in Moscow. He may not have attended Ševyrev's lectures on Old Russian literature, but he did read the Russian chronicles on his own and for his own purposes. As he read, he jotted down the following under the heading "Notes for Literary Work": "Bring together gods of all religions—the Catholic, the Protestant god, etc.—and have them carry on satirical conversations with one another."<sup>109</sup> Satire, of course, plays a much more prominent role than history in "The Baptism of Saint Vladimir," and the satire focuses on the Austrian police state and its ecclesiastical confederates. Havlíček brings about the transformation by means of a consistent and consistently inventive use of anachronism. Anachronism so pervades the work that it serves as its structuring principle and gives it its essential

unity.

All the while he was turning Russian history into Czech satire, Havlíček was also concerned with Russian history as such. František Palacký, one of his most loyal correspondents during the Brixen period, suggested in January 1852 that Havlíček devote himself to a fictional account of some aspect of Czech history. "A single Walter Scott would be of more use to us now than five Žižkas."<sup>110</sup> Since all Czech political activities have been stifled, he writes by way of explanation, historical figures have no arena, they cannot act. But even though publication is completely out of the question under the circumstances, writers can still write. "If you do write something of the sort," he concludes, "we shall be able to say '*Deus nobis hac otia fecit,*' and your exile will be that much less of a burden to us." Havlíček replied that cut off as he was from the Czech milieu he found it impossible to comply with his request.

Nonetheless I am not idle, nor could I ever be: I should die of boredom. I live near the town in a small house with not a soul but my wife and daughter. Apart from the few walks I take with my family I hardly ever go into town. I have been doing a great deal of miscellaneous reading and written a few unimportant things with little thought to publication. I have also started work on some poetry, though only of a humorous and satirical nature, and several comic ballads in our native style. If what I have completed thus far is any indication, I may hope that when my situation changes (as it must—and should it not, I will change it myself) I shall have

produced something that is both acceptable to the Czech spirit and worthy of comparison with foreign creations.<sup>111</sup>

The crux of the letter, however, lies in the two projects Havlíček had devised to enable him to accomplish something tangible, something useful despite the strictures imposed upon him by exile in Brixen. He decided to write a *History of the Rise and Growth of the Russian Empire* and compile an *Anthology of Readings in History*, both of which he planned to edit in such a way that they would be able to pass the strict Austrian censorship. In Brixen as in revolutionary Prague he believed in pushing the system as far as it would go.

Although the prospect of the anthology at first excited him more than that of the history, he eventually worked longer and harder on the latter. The statement of purpose he composed for Palacký reads as follows:

It is certainly odd that we have as yet had no history of Russia; it is even a bit unseemly. I should of course be unable to undertake an original work based on the sources, nor should I wish to do so. What I do wish is to make a solid, useful compilation *sine ira et studio*, one that is never dry, that borders on the dramatic, that allows the events to speak for themselves. If nothing else, it will serve Your Excellency as proof of my good will. I now have some of the energy I shall need and much of the enthusiasm. The only books I shall require for a first draft of the work (which I envision as somewhat larger than the second edition of Tomek's *Česká historie* [Czech History]) are a Russian edition of Karamzin, another, smaller history in Russian, and any history of Russia written by a German (as long as he uses Euro-

pean sources, not Karamzin). These will give me enough material for the time being, and should I have any doubts or notice any gaps I can easily attend to them later when I have other references at hand. I should also like the work to provide its readers with a good idea of the present state of affairs in Russia. Since we make so much of being Slavists, we ought to have at least one book, I feel, that treats Russian history without the foreigner's Slavophobia or the Russian's blind panegyrics.

Palacký's support was forthcoming. He especially welcomed the idea of the Russian history project and suggested that Havlíček think in terms of a longer, two- or three-volume study. He also sent him a copy of N.S. Arcybašev's *Povestvovanie o Rossii* [An Account of Russia, 1838-41] and a collection of Russian chronicles (Palacký considered primary sources of paramount importance in his own work). Because the Czech Museum refused to let him remove its copy of the Karamzin history, Palacký eventually bought one himself and immediately mailed it off to Havlíček.

As soon as the Arcybašev and the chronicles arrived, Havlíček set to work. His first report to Palacký, dated 26 October 1852, is enthusiastic.<sup>112</sup> He agrees that he originally set his sights too low, especially since a longer, more circumstantial work will enable him to go into the problem of the lands annexed by Russia during the course of her history.

I must above all take up the case of Poland. Poland will also be useful for the contrast it affords with Russia. It would be hard to find a better contrast than in the

recent history of these two countries, that is, the history of the past two hundred years. . . . Furthermore, as early as ten years ago in Moscow I toyed with the idea of writing a history of the Ukrainian Cossacks, and I have never completely abandoned it, though of course at the time my motivation was not purely historical. The fortunes of the Ukrainian Cossacks attracted my attention because they stand out so from the rest of Slav history, and I must also admit that with pardonable Czech pride I looked upon them—in part, at least—as an echo of our Hussite regiments (their intrigues began to flourish after the Hussite regiments had expired, and there is no doubt but that they may be regarded as followers of our hetmen), hoping thereby to inject a bit of poetry into our unfortunately all too prosaic people. Now I should like to include the deeds of these Ukrainian adventurers in Russian history, if only as an episode. By so doing and by including episodes from the history of Poland, Lithuania (the Baltic knights are great favorites of mine, and I have long wished to prove that since nowhere in Russia or Poland did feudal slavery develop with such inhumanity as in their Lithuanian, Latvian, and Finnish lands, it is they who taught it to the Russians and Poles), Finland (or Sweden), and certain Asiatic countries, I shall make my work both more colorful and more complete.

In the spring of 1855 Havlíček sent Palacký a progress report.<sup>113</sup> By this time the project had grown to such proportions that Havlíček was forced to confess he was still in the note-taking stage. He also admitted to a certain lack of enthusiasm.

It comes in part from the tedium and monotony of Russian

history itself, especially in the old period, when only rarely does a dim light shine through the brawls and vices of the princes and give some idea of how the people of the time lived. Moreover, I can see even now that I shall have difficulty putting the entire enterprise on a firm footing. It surprises and shocks me to find that neither of the Russian historians, neither Karamzin nor Arcybašev, has made any attempt to establish the veracity of the various chronicles. Both treat the chronicles the way our theologians treat the Bible: they subject individual words to all sorts of ingenious scholarly scurting, but the origins of the entire work and the extent to which it may be believed—no one ever cares about that. They believe everything they read. . . . Karamzin's critical judgment, for example, goes no farther than to call what appeals to him the Truth. He thus considers the older copies more important than the later ones. Nearly all the Russian chroniclers are still anonymous, Nestor himself being no exception (for his very name is mythical, and the chronicle generally ascribed to him is patently the work of several hands). Consequently, the first thing that needs to be done is to discover which sections of the various chronicles are the work of eye witnesses and which are excerpts from other—either older or contemporary—chroniclers. It will not be an easy task, but it is by no means impossible, and in any case it is worth more than the blather spewn forth by Russian histories thus far, all of which suffer from this fundamental lack. Grammar will be a very important guide in this work because the chronicles are written almost entirely in a mixture of Church language and provincial dialects without well-defined forms in common. One might even go so far as to say that each chronicler writes in what is his own separate language.

But they nearly all have the habit, so common in Livy and (*sit venia*) our Hájek, of giving their characters dramatic introductions of varying lengths, and in view of the arid treatment the chronicles otherwise give to the internal affairs of the country, the introductions might yield up a gem or two if only one could determine with any degree of certainty in what tense they are written. Of course even if I did possess the necessary grammatical and paleographic knowledge (and it would not be all that difficult to acquire), I could not dream of attempting it: without the requisite books or *licentia atque gratia superiorum* it is out of the question.

What began as little more than an excuse for whiling away the Brixen winter had turned into a serious endeavor. Thwarted by the authorities in his post-1848 attempts at activist journalism, he came to see a viable alternative in history. From his disappointment at the failure of the chronicles to "give some idea of how the people of the time lived" it is clear that he feels attracted to social history. It is also clear that he wanted his history to serve its own time: he assured Palacký the book "would be able to appear without difficulty even under the present circumstances," and calls it "useful rather than classical," a work that "may not fill any gap in the study of history, but will most certainly fill a gap in poor Czech literature." Finally, it is clear that his history would have taken a liberal slant: he had led the liberal movement during the events of 1848 and was preparing for the new role of historian by reading a Czech translation of the first volume of Macaulay's *History of England from the Acces-*

*sion of James II.*"<sup>14</sup> Macaulay's strong Whig views would surely have reinforced Havlíček's liberal bent.

There can be little doubt that Havlíček would have made an excellent historian. The care with which he read and analyzed the Russian chronicles reveals a mind unwilling to accept facile conclusions or interpretations. The zeal with which he pursued his studies despite the aversities of exile reveals a man in the process of giving himself over to a new passion. After listing all the problems he has encountered, he closes his report to Palacký with the following words: "Nonetheless I am enjoying history more and more, and I have definitely decided that if and when I return home and am no longer needed in journalism, I shall become your pupil."

The Russian history Havlíček planned to write under the tutelage of the "father of Czech history" never materialized. Though Havlíček did return home—he was permitted to leave Brixen in the spring of 1855—the homecoming was far from joyful. First he learned that his wife, who went home before him, had just died of consumption, a disease that plagued him as well. Then, after finally obtaining permission to visit Prague, he was mortified at what he found there. "I can't recognize the city," his sister reported him as saying. "Everyone avoids me, friends turn away when they see me coming. How can they have changed so? How can Bach have turned them into such milksops?" The only person outside his immediate family who was glad to see him and unafraid to be seen

with him was the woman writer Božena Němcová, whose works and hopes helped to carry the Czech cause through the years of the Bach regime. When she ran up to greet him, he was flabbergasted. "I don't let the government bother me," she told him.<sup>115</sup>

Back in Německý Brod, Havlíček received a warm letter from Palacký which included the following declaration: "I have nothing to tell you that the whole world should not know, namely, that I hold you very dear, respect you greatly, stand by you, and wish you all the best. This is no secret, nor should it be, either to our friends or to our enemies. But whenever I take up my pen, I am enraged at the thought that what I write will be read not only by you, but by those beasts in human clothing as well."<sup>116</sup> Given the efficiency of Bach's secret police, the letter was tantamount to a public statement on Palacký's part, and as such it considerably raised Havlíček's spirits. A visit several months later by his one-time enemy, Josef Kajetán Tyl, the author of *The Last Czech*, had the same effect: the events of the early fifties had ironed out their differences. The issue at stake was no longer which brand of Czech patriotism would hold sway, but whether the efforts of all the Czech patriots had not been in vain, whether the Czech cause would survive.

In his Brixen sequestration Havlíček had severely underestimated the toll the reaction has taken, the extent of its pall. Once confronted with it, he realized that no matter how

carefully he composed his history of Russia he would have no chance of publishing it. The time he meant to spend on Russian history went instead into the study of the chemistry of agriculture. He had once dreamed of living on a farm and devoting himself entirely to literature. Now, completely devoid of resources, he thought of turning to farming for a living. In the end he did not need to. Paradoxically, the physical surroundings of exile, the Tirolian Alps, had agreed with him: the mountain air had allayed the course of his consumption.<sup>117</sup> Several months after his return it began to bother him seriously, and slightly over a year after his return, on 29 July 1856, it took his life.

## CHAPTER VIII — HAVLÍČEK, CUSTINE, AND HAXTHAUSEN

Travel writing came into its own in Western Europe as neoclassicism and its internationalist leanings lost favor. The neoclassicists preached that mankind was one, that national divisions were fortuitous. Corneille and Racine depicted times and places far removed from seventeenth-century France to ensure that their audiences would perceive the message of a given tragedy in only the most universal terms; Pope wrote *An Essay on Man*, man in the abstract, and defined "true wit" as "what oft was thought"—what all men know to be so—"but ne'er so well expressed." The romantics stressed individuality, the specific in each man, and by extension, in each nation. Herder's influential folksong anthology, *Stimmen der Völker in Liedern* [Voices of the Nations in Songs], is typical of the trend that brought travelogues into vogue.

After accounts of travels in and around Western Europe began to glut the market, Russia came in for more than its share of attention. Russia was a well-defined national unit that was little known and therefore exotic. The best remembered of the Russian travelogues of the period is *La Russie en 1839* [Russia in 1839, 1843] by the Marquis de Custine.

Astolphe Louis Léonor, Marquis de Custine was born in 1790 of a wealthy father and a mother who belonged to one of the great noble lines of France. While a child, he lost both his father and grandfather to the Reign of Terror. His

mother, known to *le tout Paris* as the title character of Madame de Staël's novel *Delphine*, raised the boy with the help of her lover Chateaubriand. Since Chateaubriand was as much a statesman as a writer, Custine lived in close proximity to important diplomatic as well as literary personalities (Talleyrand, for example, took him as an aide to the Congress of Vienna). When at the age of forty-nine Custine visited Russia, he traveled in the highest circles. As an influential representative of the aristocracy of the most influential country in the world, he was granted a private audience by the tsar. Yet he returned from his ten-week stay horrified by the tyranny he had seen. His talks with the tsar—his talks with all his hosts—centered on the role of the nobility in contemporary European society. He went to Russia "to seek arguments against representative government"; he returned "a partisan of constitutions."<sup>118</sup> His book was soon the rage of Europe.

Only one other travel account of the time caused a faintly similar stir, *Studien über die innern Zustände, das Volksleben und insbesondere die ländlichen Einrichtungen Rußlands* [Studies of Russia: Her Internal Conditions, the Life of Her People, and, in Particular, Her Agrarian Institutions, 1847-52] by the Baron August von Haxthausen. Like Custine, Haxthausen went to Russia to find the traditional values he thought capable of stemming the tide of revolution. Born in Westphalia two years after the marquis, he too suffered,

though indirectly, from the effects of the Revolution. In 1807 Napoleon created the Kingdom of Westphalia and made his youngest brother Jérôme king. Five years later the Westphalian peasants staged a revolt. Haxthausen, steeped in the atmosphere of German romanticism (he and his sister worked with the Brothers Grimm collecting folksongs and fairy tales), interpreted the uprising as a slap in the face of foreign invaders by that part of the population, the peasantry, which was least tainted by foreign blood and customs and therefore the most German. He studied the peasantry for the rest of his life, specializing in the legal aspects of land tenure.

Haxthausen's interest in Russia dates from the late thirties and early forties, when he began investigating the remains of Slavic farming communes in Pomerania. In 1842 he wrote that the communes (*Gemeinden*) might serve as buffers between the individual and society on the one hand and between classes within a given society on the other.<sup>119</sup> To gather more information, he undertook a journey to the largest Slavic nation. There he too met with the tsar, who, after hearing him out, agreed to finance the German publication of the results of his research. Haxthausen viewed the venture as a journey back in time, to the sources, and he returned to Westphalia after a year's absence quite content. His book is replete with charts and calculations, and is generally much more staid than Custine's. Though well received, Haxthausen's *Studies of Russia* by no means became the rage of Europe. It

did, however, play a definite part in Russian history by bringing the issue of serfdom out into the open at a time when censorship forbade all talk of emancipation in the press.

Neither of the books seems ever to have made its way into Havlíček's hands. *Russia in 1839* came out within days of his arrival in Moscow, but there was no question of its being published or even read there. In April and again in December 1843 the *Augsburger Allgemeine Zeitung*, an important German newspaper of the time and one which Havlíček kept up with while in Russia, carried reports of and excerpts from the book, which had appeared in a German version soon after its original French publication. But Havlíček himself bemoaned the severity of the censors with respect to the newspaper, and the likelihood that they let through the slightest item dealing with Custine was very small indeed.<sup>120</sup> By the time Havlíček returned to Bohemia, the brouhaha initially surrounding the book had died down, and soon thereafter the first two volumes of Haxthausen's *Studies of Russia* took its place. The reason why Havlíček passes over Haxthausen's offering in silence can only be that he had little but disdain for the man, whose sojourn in Russia had largely overlapped with his own and come to his attention in Moscow. Both Havlíček and Pogodin were under the impression that the tsar was financing him, while actually he financed himself—with the aid of ample German patronage. Nicholas contributed no more than publication costs. "He must be on some secret mission," wrote Pogodin.<sup>121</sup>

"What can he learn here? He does not even know Russian."

Havlíček, of course, did know Russian, but he lacked Custine's sophistication and Haxthausen's expertise. He came from a downtrodden nation and wrote in a language that until fifty years before had all but expired as a vehicle for literary expression. His social background was humble, and although, like Custine and Haxthausen, he mingled with the aristocracy while in Russia (as he himself points out in several contexts, it was enough to be a foreigner, a foreigner of any social class, to gain entrée into the Russian aristocracy), he did so as a tutor, that is, as a servant. Moreover, the chance to undertake the journey came to him at the age of twenty-one, not in the prime of life. How then did Havlíček's views differ from those of Custine and Haxthausen?

Both Havlíček and Haxthausen left for Russia in hopes of finding certain ancient Slavic institutions intact, in all their pristine glory. Haxthausen, however, was primarily interested in the *obščina* or commune, a self-governing agricultural unit that he thought had derived from "an extended patriarchal family" and retained into the nineteenth century the *form* of a family in that it was "based on collective property and headed by an elder."<sup>122</sup> Before leaving on his expedition, Haxthausen knew the results he wished to obtain. That he did in fact obtain them comes as no surprise. Scholar that he was, he noted down all he observed, but what he observed was limited by the goal he had set for himself. He saw what he

needed to see in order to make his point, namely, that Europe could adopt the well-defined hierarchical structure of the Russian commune as a means of staving off further revolutions.

With no ax to grind, Havlíček proceeded in quite a different manner. Instead of recording facts and figures, he took down anecdotes, jokes, snatches of conversation, texts of shop signs, fleeting impressions of all sorts. A single comment from his notebook says a great deal more than many pages of Haxthausen's data: "The Russians like to call slavery *патриархальная власть* [patriarchal power]." <sup>123</sup> Havlíček too entered Russia favorably disposed toward his hosts, but the evidence he gathered led him to revise his attitude. He left Prague a romantic and returned from Moscow a realist.

Custine set off with his own high hopes: Russia had not only escaped an egalitarian revolution; she was diametrically opposed to the type of government described by Tocqueville in his *De la démocratie en Amérique* [Democracy in America, 1835]. <sup>124</sup> Like Havlíček, Custine changed his mind about Russia, but unlike Havlíček, he did not wait until he had accumulated a stock of impressions. On the voyage through the Baltic Sea he met Prince Petr Borisovič Kozlovskij, a Russian diplomat with strong Catholic sympathies. <sup>125</sup> The bleak account Kozlovskij gave him of Russian history and especially the Russia of Nicholas I colored his entire stay and set the tone for his book.

According to Kozlovskij the end product of a century of

Russian history was the enslavement of the Russian people (the entire population, not only the peasants), its total subjugation to the tsar—autocrat of both the State and the Russian Orthodox Church.<sup>126</sup> The clearest echo of these sentiments comes in one of the book's most caustic passages. Once a year the tsar gave a party at his summer palace, Peterhof, and invited representatives of the various classes in his realm. Custine, who attended the festivities in 1839, interprets his display of largesse as follows: "When the Emperor appears to open his palace to privileged peasants and select members of the petty bourgeoisie . . . he is not telling the plowman or merchant 'You are as much a man as I'; he is telling the nobleman [grand seigneur] 'You are as much a slave as they. And I, your god, tower over the whole lot of you.' All political fiction aside, such is the moral sense of the celebration, and that is what spoils its pageantry for me. Moreover, I noticed that the masters and serfs enjoyed it more than the professional courtiers."<sup>127</sup> It must have pained Haxthausen sorely to hear the head of all the hierarchies, the father of all the families in Russia so maligned.

Custine's critics were legion. To forestall their attacks—Custine knew very well he would be attacked—he tried to defend himself in the text of the book itself. At one point he even goes so far as to quote a prospective quibbler and refute him. "'A three-month journey. He did not get a good view of things.' It is true that I did not get a good

view of things, but I have had some good insights [J'ai mal vu, mais j'ai bien deviné]." <sup>128</sup> His conclusions, though antithetical to Haxthausen's, are therefore every bit as romantic. Haxthausen's views corroborate his romantic ideas of the *Volk*, Custine's with his romantic intuitive generalizations. <sup>129</sup>

Havlíček's stay lasted over five times that of Custine. His language preparation and day-to-day activities made him much more of an insider. Havlíček associated exclusively with the Slavophiles, Custine with men who looked to the West for inspiration. Russia turned Havlíček from romanticism to realism, while it merely fanned Custine's romantic flames. In age, social standing, and cultural background the two men differed greatly. The only bond between them was a deep-seated mistrust of despotism, but it was enough to give rise to a number of striking correspondences.

The most obvious one links the concluding statement in Custine's book with a statement Havlíček made in a letter to his friend Zap: "If ever your son is dissatisfied with France, follow my recipe: tell him to go to Russia," writes Custine. <sup>130</sup> "It is a journey of use to every foreigner. Anyone who has examined the country thoroughly will be content to live anywhere else." And Havlíček: "Anyone who wants to do the Czechs a real service can do no better than to send them, all expenses paid, to Moscow."

Less obvious, perhaps, but more profound is the correspondence between another of Custine's statements and the con-

cept of the Czech nation that Havlíček fought for so single-mindedly after his return from Russia. The words are Custine's, but they express Havlíček's position as well.

Amongst the most civilized countries in the world I see states which have power only over their own subjects, who themselves are small in number. These states carry no weight at all in world politics. It is neither by pride of conquest nor political tyranny over foreigners that their governments have won the rights to universal recognition; it is by good example, wise laws, and an enlightened and beneficent administration. With advantages such as these a small people cannot become the conqueror or oppressor of the world, but it can become its torch bearer, which is a hundred times preferable. . . . It is not by looking covetously outside themselves that peoples win the right to recognition from the human race; it is by directing their energy within and realizing their entire potential under the double influence of spiritual civilization and moral civilization. This sort of merit is as superior to the propaganda of the sword as virtue is preferable to glory. . . . As applied to politics, the superannuated expression "a power of the first order" will long be the curse of this world.<sup>131</sup>

The country Custine had in mind did not exist. It was an abstraction. The country Havlíček had in mind did not exist either, but it was far from abstract. It was the country he envisioned growing out of his journalistic and political activities in the late forties and early fifties, activities based to a large extent on the principles he formulated as a direct result of his journey to Russia.

## NOTES

<sup>1</sup> Emanuel Chalupný, *Havlíček: Prostředí, osobnost a dílo* (Prague, 1929), 26-32, 54-61, 116-62, gives a detailed account of Havlíček's family background and early childhood.

<sup>2</sup> Havlíček was born more dead than alive, and this, his second scrape with death, was so serious that his aunt put his shoes away as a keepsake, certain he would never get out of bed again. For Havlíček's memoirs of his boyhood, see Karel Tůma, *Karel Havlíček Borovský* (Kutná Hora, 1885), 10-15.

<sup>3</sup> Miloslav Novotný, ed., *Život s pochodní v ruce: Čtení o Karlu Havlíčkovi* (Prague, 1940), 17.

<sup>4</sup> Tůma, *Karel Havlíček Borovský*, 14.

<sup>5</sup> Julius Mosen, *Sämtliche Werke* (Oldenberg, 1863), I, 39-40.

<sup>6</sup> Ladislav Quis, ed., *Korrespondence Karla Havlíčka* (Prague, 1903), 725. The stiff style and inconsistent orthography of these early Czech letters reflect Havlíček's shaky knowledge of the literary norm.

<sup>7</sup> During the mid eighties T.G. Masaryk, then teaching at the newly established Czech university in Prague, joined forces with two of his colleagues—the historian Jaroslav Goll and the philologist Jan Gebauer—and worked out the scholarly basis for a serious debunking campaign. Their investigation demonstrated the texts to be fraudulent beyond all doubt.

<sup>8</sup> Novotný, *Život*, 35-36. The original is in German.

<sup>9</sup> Václav Zelený, "Ze života Karla Havlíčka," *Osvěta*, II (1872), 480.

<sup>10</sup> Zelený notes that Havlíček's father was frightened when he first received a letter in Czech from his son. "He saw the act as something very dangerous, something harmful to his son's future."

<sup>11</sup> Ladislav Quis, ed., *Korrespondence Karla Havlíčka*, 802-805. Havlíček wrote the letter from which these remarks come to his Jihlava catechist.

<sup>12</sup> Zelený, "Ze života Karla Havlíčka," 487. Havlíček does not account for the hours 8:00 to 10:00 and 2:00 to 4:00 because he spent them in class. After official lights-out the seminarians might continue to study, providing they did not disturb those who wished to sleep.

<sup>13</sup> Zelený, "Ze života Karla Havlíčka," 486.

<sup>14</sup> Karel Havlíček Borovský, *Básnické dílo*, ed. Jaromír Bělič (Prague, 1950), 123-24.

<sup>15</sup> Zelený, "Ze života Karla Havlíčka," 493.

<sup>16</sup> *Ibid.*, 493-94. Before citing the Büttner letter, Zelený points out that the seminarians generally considered Mařan an easy grader and that in any case the Hebrew requirement was far from rigorous: "Rarely did the students' knowledge of Hebrew amount to more than the ability to read several Hebrew texts aloud and then rattle off a Latin translation memorized in advance. It is hard to believe that Havlíček had not attained this pitifully low level of proficiency . . ., a level attained by even the weakest of his fellow students." For an account of Mařan's activities as a Hebraist see Stanislav Segert and Karel Beránek, *Orientalistik an der Prager Universität, Erster Teil (1348-1848)* (Prague, 1967), 171-73.

<sup>17</sup> *Ibid.*, 489.

<sup>18</sup> Novotný, *Život*, 53-54.

<sup>19</sup> Havlíček, *Básnické dílo*, 13-17.

<sup>20</sup> Quoted from the National Museum's collection of Havlíček's unpublished correspondence by B. Stanislav (Stanislav Budín), *Karel Havlíček Borovský* (Prague, 1954), 61-62.

<sup>21</sup> Zelený, "Ze života Karla Havlíčka," 494.

<sup>22</sup> Havlíček, *Básnické dílo*, 123.

<sup>23</sup> *Ibid.*, 125.

<sup>24</sup> For the most complete treatment of this episode in Havlíček's life see Karel Kazbunda, "Karel Havlíček a c.k. úřady v době předbřeznové," *Český časopis historický*, XXXII (1926), 33-39, 557-78, which is based on material from the government archives of Vienna and Prague.

<sup>25</sup> In his account of Havlíček's candidature Kazbunda notes parenthetically that many of the candidates took the examination ten times or more. One of them had taken it thirty-eight times.

<sup>26</sup> Zelený, "Ze života Karla Havlíčka," 649.

<sup>27</sup> *Ibid.*, 649-50. When early in the prayer Havlíček characterizes the Czechs as a nation "whose fathers have defied all Europe," he is referring to the fifteenth-century Hussite

"heretics" who routed more than one crusade.

<sup>28</sup> *Ibid.*, 655-56. F. Ostrovský stands for Girgl, G. Sénský for Gabler. Řezáč and Mudra, the other names on the list, are the actual names of members of the triumvirate's philosophy class.

<sup>29</sup> This passage and the one immediately following come from more extensive excerpts in Zelený, 651-53. The former is from the second section of the *Paroles*, the latter from the sixth. The work consists of forty-two sections roughly equal in length. Havlíček went as far as the thirteenth. Though he worked from a Polish translation, his text follows the original with remarkable precision.

<sup>30</sup> For a detailed discussion of Lamennais' attitude toward the Polish question see Yves Le Hir, "A. Mickiewicz et F. Lamennais en 1833," *Annales de Bretagne*, LV (1948), 47-50.

<sup>31</sup> The complete text appears in Zelený, 657-58.

<sup>32</sup> The complete text appears in Karel Tůma, *Karel Havlíček Borovský* (Kutná Hora, 1885), 47-50.

<sup>33</sup> Karel Havlíček Borovský, *Básnické dílo*, ed. Jaromír Bělič (Prague, 1950), 127-28. The original is in trochaic trimeter. The second line of each stanza rhymes with the fourth. The final word in stanzas two, three, and four refers to the Tatras and rhymes with a word referring to a Slavic people.

<sup>34</sup> V.A. Francev, *Očerki po istorii češskogo vozroždenija: Russko-češskie učenyje svjazi konca XVIII i pervoj poloviny XIX st.* (Warsaw, 1902), 129-35.

<sup>35</sup> When Köppen mentioned that the Czechs should feel free to begin by lecturing in Latin or even German, Hanka replied that both he and Čelakovský would be able to use Russian after only a short period of preparation.

<sup>36</sup> M.P. Pogodin, *Istoriko-političeskie pis'ma i zapiski* (Moscow, 1874), 1-14. The number in brackets following each of the excerpts refers to pages in this edition.

<sup>37</sup> For a summary of *The Muscovite's* coverage of the non-Russian Slavic world see M.B. Petrovich, *The Emergence of Russian Pan-Slavism, 1856-1870* (New York, 1956), 104-07.

<sup>38</sup> Nil Popov, ed., *Pis'ma k M.P. Pogodinu iz slavjanskix zemel' 1835-1861 g.*, II, Čtenija v Imperatorskom obščestve istorii i drevnostej rossijskix pri Moskovskom universitete (Moscow, 1879), 310.

<sup>39</sup> Popov, *Pis'ma k M.P. Pogodinu*, II, 313.

<sup>40</sup> Ladislav Quis, ed., *Korrespondence Karla Havlíčka* (Prague, 1903), 28-40. The letter was never sent. Some of the names Havlíček refers to require identification. The "Serb" Kurelac who gave him language lessons was actually a Croat who later became a respected author. Podlipský, a medical student at the time, was later to tend Havlíček on his deathbed. Spielberg Castle in Brno was the Habsburgs' most notorious political prison. *Květy* [Flowers, 1834-50] was the most influential Czech literary journal of the thirties and forties, Tyl—an important Czech writer (see also pp. 132-36).

<sup>41</sup> Quis, *Korrespondence*, 15-16.

<sup>42</sup> Karel Kazbunda, "Karel Havlíček a c.k. úřady v době před-březnové," *Český časopis historický*, XXXII (1926), 56-67.

<sup>43</sup> All quotations from the letters come from Kazbunda, 558-64.

<sup>44</sup> The former, Václav Štulc, must have been especially interested in Havlíček's observations: he translated Mickiewicz in his spare time and had many Polish friends (it was he who introduced Havlíček to the Poles who accompanied him on his tour of western Galicia); the latter, František Mudra, had been a fellow student of Havlíček's. Girgl, the third addressee, was also to have received the long letter given above in its entirety. The letter to Girgl that the censors intercepted appears to be the one he sent in its stead (see note 40 above). All three men were investigated by the Prague police as a result of their connections with Havlíček.

<sup>45</sup> Pogodin, *Istoriko-političeskie pis'ma*, 53. The title of the report is "Vtoroe donesenie Ministru narodnogo prosvěščenija o putešestvii 1842 goda, preiumuščestvenno v otnošení k slavjanam" [Second Report to the Minister of Education Concerning My Journey of 1842, Primarily in Relation to the Slavs]. For a recent account of the Ruthenian population that corroborates Havlíček's view see Robert Kann, *A History of the Hapsburg Empire: 1526-1918* (Berkeley, 1974), 165.

<sup>46</sup> Kazbunda, "Karel Havlíček," 57.

<sup>47</sup> *Ibid.*

<sup>48</sup> Karel Tůma, *Karel Havlíček Borovský* (Kutná Hora, 1885), 62.

<sup>49</sup> Václav Zenelý, "Ze života Karla Havlíčka," *Osvěta*, III (1873), 21.

<sup>50</sup> Karel Havlíček, *Obrazy z Rus*, ed. Jaromír Bělič (Prague, 1953), 129. The Black Sea and the Arctic Ocean bounded Russia

in the south and north; the western border never quite extended as far as Cracow, but until Seward's Folly in 1867 Alaska, geographically a part of America, did belong to Russia. Although Havlíček never took "Перекладная" any farther, he describes the experiences that would undoubtedly have underlain it in the letter to Zap printed below.

<sup>51</sup> Ladislav Quis, ed., *Korrespondence Karla Havlíčka* (Prague, 1903), 87-98. Jakov Holovac'kyj was a Ukrainian folk-song collector Havlíček had met in Lvov. Havlíček himself was fascinated by the folk song: he used folk elements in his own poetry, often turning a well-known folk song into a political satire with a few pungent changes in the text, and studied the genre seriously, from a scholarly point of view. See Bohuslav Indra, *Havlíčkovy práce o verši české lidové písně* (Prague, 1939), 23-24.

<sup>52</sup> Quis, *Korrespondence*, 99-105. The *Dennica-Jutrzenka* was a short-lived attempt at a bilingual (Russian-Polish) literary periodical dealing entirely with Slavic affairs. See Jiří Horák, "P.P. Dubrovského Dennica-Jutrzenka," *Z dějin literatur slovanských* (Prague, 1948), 340-49. Count S.G. Stroganov, a many-sided statesman, was involved in a reform of secondary and higher education going on at the time.

<sup>53</sup> It appeared in *Květy* on 26 July 1843.

<sup>54</sup> While in Prague, Bodjanskij offered Šafařík material support from Pogodin. Šafařík at first refused, but eventually put part of it to use subsidizing the continuing publication of *Slav Antiquities*, the sale of subscriptions having proven less than satisfactory.

<sup>55</sup> Nil Popov, ed., *Pis'ma k M.P. Pogodinu iz slavjanskix zemel' 1835-1861 g.*, Čtenija v Imperatorskom občestve istorii i drevnostej rossijskix pri Moskovskom universitete (Moscow, 1879), I, 24, 92.

<sup>56</sup> Popov, *Pis'ma k M.P. Pogodinu*, II, 308.

<sup>57</sup> V.A. Francev, *Pis'ma k Vjačeslavu Ganke iz slavjanskix zemel'* (Warsaw, 1905), 116-17.

<sup>58</sup> The first mention of this turn of affairs occurs in the visa application Havlíček submitted to the Lvov authorities. It is reprinted in its entirety in Karel Kazbunda, "Karel Havlíček a c.k. úřady v době předbřeznové," *Český časopis historický*, XXXII (1926), 42.

<sup>59</sup> Jiřina Táborská, "Gogol v české literatuře čtyřicátých a padesátých let," *Čtvero setkání s ruským realismu* (Prague, 1958), 96-98, 173.

<sup>60</sup> Ladislav Quis, ed., *Korrespondence Karla Havlíčka* (Prague, 1903), 164-67. Although Havlíček did not date the letter, he mentions in it that he has been in Russia for five months.

<sup>61</sup> Very little of Havlíček's diary has appeared in print to date. The excerpts cited here are from Václav Zelený, "Ze života Karla Havlíčka," *Osvěta*, III (1873), 27-28.

<sup>62</sup> Quis, *Korrespondence*, 106-14.

<sup>63</sup> *Ibid.*, 114-25. The letter is dated 16 January 1844.

<sup>64</sup> *Ibid.*, 146.

<sup>65</sup> Nor did he appreciate Lermontov. At this stage in the development of Czech literature, however, almost no one had the necessary sensibility or critical acumen to recognize the worth of the major Czech poetic talent of the time, Karel Hynek Mácha, who died in 1836, the same year as Puškin, and did not begin to gain acceptance until the 1850's, when Puškin and Lermontov also came into their own in Bohemia.

<sup>66</sup> Leander Čech, ed., *Spisy drobné Františka Palackého*, III (Prague, 1903), 282. The essay this passage comes from, "Předmluva ke vlasteneckému čtenářstvu" [A Preface for the Patriotic Reading Public], first appeared in the *Časopis Českého musea* [Journal of the Czech Museum], I (1837), 3-8, as a summary of the strides made in the Czech cause during the journal's first decade of publication. Havlíček had spent a good part of the year preceding his Russian journey in the reading room of the Czech Museum. His views on literature took shape there under the influence of writings such as this.

<sup>67</sup> Marie Řepková and Rudolf Havel, "Zápisky Karla Havlíčka z let 1842-1843," *Literární archiv*, VI (1971), 44-47. There is virtually no other Russian literature on the list, though it does contain the Russian Academy dictionary, Vostokov's standard Russian grammar, and several collections of folk verse, including the important Kirša Danilov collection. Most of the reading Havlíček did in 1843 was in German: Lessing's complete works (in thirteen volumes), a representative sampling of Goethe (*Faust*, *Dichtung und Wahrheit* [Poetry and Truth], *Wilhelm Meister*), Eckermann's *Gespräche mit Goethe* [Conversations with Goethe], a German translation of Sterne's *Sentimental Journey*, and a large number of German studies of Russia and Russian, German, and French literature. He also read some Czech literature (Kollár's *Slávy dcera* [Sláva's Daughter]), the purported medieval manuscripts from Dvůr Králové and Zelená Hora, several chronicles, and a bit of poetry), some Polish literature (Mickiewicz's *Konrad Wallenrod*, Wójcicki's *Zarysy domowe* [Domestic Sketches]), and some Croatian literature (Kačić-Miošič's mid eighteenth-century

collection of historical prose and poetry. The list, however, is not complete: Havlíček precedes it with the statement "I have not entered many of the books I have read either cursorily or partially."

<sup>68</sup> Quis, *Korrespondence*, 106, 112-13. The journal did not last long enough to include them, and they were published by various hands.

<sup>69</sup> Sylvia Tissot, "La traduction tchèque des 'Âmes mortes' de Gogol' par Karel Havlíček Borovský." Thèse pour le doctorat de 3ème cycle. Paris 1973, 161.

<sup>70</sup> *Moskvitjanin*, VIII (1842) 365-66, 369.

<sup>71</sup> When by 1848 the sequel had failed to materialize, Ševyrev renewed his attack, again in his own *Moskvitjanin* (I[1848], 26-27). "You stand accused. You may be certain that we ourselves will defend your humor to the extent that you deserve our defense, to the extent that your laughter is not unrestricted and results from the life that surrounds you. But you must confess you have often enjoyed your laughter, you have laughed too long and too loud, and for this we have censured you in the past. You have taken too much pleasure in your gift of making others laugh and have at times forgotten the profound tears weighing heavy on your soul. And the fact that you have forgotten them has deprived your laughter of profundity and power, and makes it sound empty, even saccharine. How is it that even though you have sensed within yourself another, more lofty side to the Russian character you did not allot it space in the broad expanse of your imagination? How is it that you have betrayed the other, better half of your views? We should not be accusing you had you not accused yourself of all this in your own words, words which unwittingly escaped your pen. 'I wanted to test,' you said, 'test what a Russian would say if he were treated to some of his own poor taste.'"

<sup>72</sup> *Národní noviny*, II, No. 206 (1849), 816. Cited by Jiřina Táborská, "Gogol v české literatuře čtyřicátých a padesátých let," *Čtvero setkání s ruským realismem* (Prague, 1958), 131.

<sup>73</sup> The quotations from the diary as well as most of the material for the following account comes from Zelený, "Ze života Karla Havlíčka," 28-29.

<sup>74</sup> Russian literature of the eighteenth century abounds in Frenchified Russians, most of whom are depicted as addleheaded fops, *petits maîtres*. Medor, in Kantemir's satire *K umu svomu* [To My Mind, 1727] opposes the pursuit of knowledge on the grounds that books consume the paper he needs for curling wrappers. Ivanuška in Fonvizin's comedy *Brigadir* [The

Brigadier, 1769] claims that though his body was born in Russia his heart and soul belong to the French crown. The landowner Firjulin in Knjažnin's comic opera *Nesčastie ot karety* [Misfortune from a Coach, 1779] finally grants one of his serfs the right to marry his beloved when the serf addresses him in French, that is, call him and his wife *monseigneur* and *madame*.

<sup>75</sup> Quis, *Korrespondence*, 129.

<sup>76</sup> Havlíček tells the story of how he assured himself of an objective appraisal in a letter to Klejzar (Quis, *Korrespondence*, 165). "Here is something I can boast to you about, *sub rosa* (now don't go thinking I have fallen in love; God will have to protect me from that for a few years yet—I am too busy): I have suddenly discovered a poetic vein in myself. I have always wanted nothing more than to become a poet, and now I have proof that I am one. (Stop laughing!) On my way to Russia and ever since I have been in Moscow poetic thoughts come rushing into my head like birds of prey, and from what I have been able to ascertain they are quite good. The way I found out was to tell Professor Bodjanskij they were poems by Vocel, Jablonský et al, which *propter certum aliquid cens.* had never been published. I earned great praise for them from him, though not in my own name."

<sup>77</sup> This letter (Quis, *Korrespondence*, 125-38) and Havlíček's next letter to Zap from Moscow (Quis, *Korrespondence*, 138-48), dated 22 May 1844 complete the Havlíček-Zap Russian correspondence. All unfootnoted quotations until the end of the chapter come from one or the other.

<sup>78</sup> The book in question is *Pol'skaja istorija v vide učebnika* [Polish History in Textbook Form, 1843] by N.I. Pavliščev. For several examples of its extreme anti-Polish, pro-Russian bias, see A. Seliščev, *Vzgljady Karla Gavlička na Rossiju* (Kazan', 1913), 61-62.

<sup>79</sup> The titles of the first of the two volumes in which the lectures originally appeared is *Les Slaves. Histoire et littérature des nations polonaise, bohême, serbe et russe*. For an account of the circumstances surrounding the lectures, see Michel Cadot, *La Russie et la vie intellectuelle française, 1839-1856* (Paris, 1967), 476-82.

<sup>80</sup> Quis, *Korrespondence*, 165.

<sup>81</sup> *Ibid.*, 175-76. The letter is dated 27 April 1844.

<sup>82</sup> Some six weeks before he wrote to Klejzar Havlíček received a letter from Girgl beginning with the news that

Gabler had made up his mind to settle in France and disclaimed all interest in the advancement of Czech literature (Quis, *Korrespondence*, 66). Girgl's letters to Havlíček (Quis, *Korrespondence*, 41-71) show the former continually—and, it would seem, unsuccessfully—defending himself against the latter's accusations of procrastination and general lack of purpose. The mere fact that Girgl wrote the letter about Gabler in German—his previous letters had been in Czech—must have upset Havlíček. Havlíček's relation to Girgl's sister further complicated the situation. The two had corresponded during his first year in Russia, and there had been talk of love and marriage (Quis, *Korrespondence*, 72-79). In the end nothing came of it, but surely the matter weighed heavy on him.

<sup>83</sup> Like so many Czech patriots of his day, Čelakovský went through a stage of Russophilia. In his case the result was possibly his finest collection of poems, *Ohlas písní ruských* [Echoes of Russian Songs, 1829]. But his infatuation did not survive the Russian reaction to the Polish uprising. Late in 1835 the newspaper he was editing, *Pražské noviny* [Prague News], made the following comment on a speech by Tsar Nicholas threatening the Poles with annihilation if they dared revolt again: "It is our opinion that this speech, which belongs in the archives where speeches made by Tatar khans to Russian princes are preserved, needs no elucidation." When the Russian ambassador in Vienna learned of the remark (Čelakovský later accused Hanka of denouncing him), Čelakovský was deprived of all but the most paltry means of support. Finally in 1842 Šafařík arranged for him to teach Slavic languages and literatures at the University of Breslau. For a detailed account of the affair see Josef Jirásek, *Rusko a my* (Prague, 1929), 204.

<sup>84</sup> Quis, *Korrespondence*, 234-38. The letter, dated 7 November 1844, gives the fullest extant account of Havlíček's activities during his stay in Německý Brod.

<sup>85</sup> *Ibid.*, 234.

<sup>86</sup> Kotzebue, an extremely prolific German dramatist of the late eighteenth and early nineteenth centuries, was skillful but shallow. He enjoyed great popularity throughout Central and Eastern Europe and especially in Russia. Most of his plays were melodramas and comedies of small-town life. Apparently Havlíček did not feel his fellow townsmen were ready for the heavier fare—dramas on themes from Czech history, for example—of the Prague theaters. Kotzebue's own historical drama on Czech themes, *Die Hussiten vor Naumburg im Jahre 1432* [The Hussites Outside Naumburg in 1432, 1803], had enjoyed a run in Czech at the Prague Stavovské divadlo as early as the twenties.

<sup>87</sup> On 12 December Havlíček wrote a letter to an unidentified addressee (Quis, *Korrespondence*, 239) asking her to take part in a new play he was directing. However, according to the innkeeper at Na Pekhause which served as Havlíček's theater, performances ceased after Havlíček left for Prague (Quis, *Korrespondence*, 224).

<sup>88</sup> One of Havlíček's many ruses—as R.W. Seton-Watson notes in his *History of the Czechs and Slovaks* (London, 1943), 183—was to give extensive treatment to the Irish question, "leaving his public to read between the lines and to translate the lessons of Ireland and Repeal and O'Connell into terms of Bohemia and national recovery and Liberal reforms." He returned to using the Irish as a cover toward the end of his life: the title character of his satirical poem "Král Lávra" [King Lávra] is supposed to be the king of Ireland.

<sup>89</sup> Havlíček's apartment and the offices of *Národní noviny* were shelled during the bombardment, and Havlíček found it necessary to evacuate his pregnant wife (he had married Julie Sýkrová early in the year).

<sup>90</sup> "Svátek pravoslavnosti" [A Russian Orthodox Holiday] came out in June, "Гулянье" in August and September, and "Купечество" in October—all in *Česká včela* [The Czech Bee], the literary supplement of *Pražské noviny*. The last of the pieces, "Cizozemci v Rusích" [Foreigners in Russia], came out in the following year in the *Časopis českého musea* [Journal of the Czech Museum]. Only one of them appeared before his return from Russia. In July 1843 the literary journal *Květy* published "První zkouška z československého jazyka v Moskvě" [The First Czechoslovak Language Examination in Moscow].

<sup>91</sup> This and the following quotations from Havlíček's review are from Karel Havlíček Borovský, *O literatuře* (Prague, 1955), 40-47. The review originally appeared in *Česká včela* a week after "Svátek pravoslavnosti" (see note 90 above).

<sup>92</sup> Though Havlíček had much in common with Gogol' before ever reading him, what is new here—and what Havlíček seems to have picked up from him—is the element of the bizarre, the fantastic.

<sup>93</sup> Jiřina Táborská, "Gogol v české literatuře čtyřicátých a padesátých let," *Čtvero setkání s ruským realismem* (Prague, 1958), 130.

<sup>94</sup> *Národní noviny*, II, No. 206 (1849), 816. Cited by Táborská, "Gogol v české literatuře," 131. See also V.A. Francev, *N.V. Gogol' v češskoj literatuře* (Petersburg, 1902), 9-24.

<sup>95</sup> It appeared between 15 February and 12 March 1846. The quotations below come from Zdeněk Tobolka, ed., *Karla Havlíčka Borovského Politické spisy* (Prague, 1900), I, 32-70.

<sup>96</sup> The letter, dated 1 July 1846, reached Pogodin as he was preparing to leave for his last tour of the Slavic West. It is reprinted in N. Barsukov, *Žizn' i trudy M.P. Pogodina* (Petersburg, 1888), VIII, 453-54.

<sup>97</sup> Vatroslav Jagić, the scrupulously level-headed chronicler of Slavic philology opens his summation of Ševyrev's contribution to the field as follows: "Those who knew Ševyrev described him as a man of petty self-esteem, a man who loved honors, a sycophant willing to resort to subterfuge to gain his ends." See I.V. Jagić, *Istorija slavjanskoj filologii*, *Enciklopedija slavjanskoj filologii*, 1 (1910; reprint Leipzig, 1967), 662.

<sup>98</sup> In July 1846 Šafařík informed Bodjanskij in a letter that there was a rumor circulating to the effect that "you, Sreznevskij, and the late Preis [another Russian professor of Slavic philology] planted the seeds and are therefore responsible for the schism." He diplomatically makes no mention of Havlíček. There is in fact no evidence that either Bodjanskij or Sreznevskij was involved in such activities, though other Russians assuredly were. See Jaromír Bělič, *Karel Havlíček Borovský a slovanstvo* (Prague, 1946), 121-22 and Peter Brock, *The Slovak National Awakening* (Toronto, 1976), 69.

<sup>99</sup> Malý's polemic with Havlíček's article appeared in stages throughout the month of April in *Květy*. It is reprinted, together with Havlíček's reply and Malý's final statement, in Tobolka, *Politické spisy*, I, 71-102.

<sup>100</sup> The blanket lack of response on the part of the other Russians contacted seems to reflect the attitude of the tsarist regime more than that of each of the individuals. See Josef Jirásek, *Rusko a my* (Prague, 1929), 147-48.

<sup>101</sup> R.W. Seton-Watson, *A History of the Czechs and Slovaks* (London, 1943), 188.

<sup>102</sup> Tobolka, *Politické spisy*, II, 1.

<sup>103</sup> *Ibid.*

<sup>104</sup> This statement is anomalous in two respects. First, in contrast to Havlíček's customary accuracy it is false; second, in contrast to his customary concern for style it is awkward and out of place. Why Havlíček included it is unclear. He is correct, however, about the confidential reports: Pogodin himself composed several during the thirties

and forties. Although Havlíček could not have known it at the time, Nicholas paid little attention to them. He never encouraged the activities of Pogodin's group; he merely tolerated them. And after 1848 fear of an influx of revolutionary ideas from Austria brought an end to toleration: in the year Havlíček's article was written he had two of the leading Slavophiles, Ivan Aksakov and Jurij Samarin, arrested. More important, he helped to salvage the Habsburg throne by sending a punitive expedition into Hungary. See M.B. Petrovich, *The Emergence of Russian Pan Slavism* (New York, 1956), 25.

<sup>105</sup> *Národní noviny*, 11 January 1850. Cited by Miloslav Novotný, *Život s pochodní v ruce* (Prague, 1940), 237.

<sup>106</sup> For the entire article see Tobolka, *Politické spisy*, III, 1, 133-51.

<sup>107</sup> For a literary analysis of the work see Marie Řepková, *Satira Karla Havlíčka* (Prague, 1971), 132-52. It has been translated in its entirety by Ernst Altschul (*The Conversion of Saint Vladimir* [Cleveland, 1930]). The excerpt below comes from a partial translation by William Harkins in Alfred French, ed., *Czech Poetry: A Bilingual Anthology* (Ann Arbor, 1973), 212-41.

<sup>108</sup> For an exhaustive textological study of the work, see Hryhory Omelčenko, *Dějiny textu básně Křest sv. Vladimíra* (Prague, 1933).

<sup>109</sup> Marie Řepková and Rudolf Havel, "Zápisky Karla Havlíčka z let 1842-1843," *Literární archiv*, IV (1971), 67. One of these notes also contains the germ of another of the Brixen narrative poems, "Král Lávra" [King Lávra]: "Write a story featuring the comic character of a king who becomes the laughing-stock of his people."

<sup>110</sup> Jan Žižka was the most important Hussite military leader. For Palacký's letter see Ladislav Quis, ed., *Korrespondence Karla Havlíčka* (Prague, 1903), 646-49.

<sup>111</sup> Havlíček's response dates from 25 August 1852 (Quis, *Korrespondence*, 650-60). His wife and daughter were allowed to join him five months after his deportation. The poetry Havlíček refers to is doubtless his three satirical poems.

<sup>112</sup> Quis, *Korrespondence*, 665-71.

<sup>113</sup> *Ibid.*, 674-83.

<sup>114</sup> Volume One of the original appeared in 1849. A Czech translation by Jan Novotný, *Historie anglická od nastoupení až po tyto časy*, appeared two years later. A full transla-

tion began coming out in Prague in 1861, the year the last volume of the original was published. The title was *Dějiny anglické*, the translator—Václav Zelený, Havlíček's first important biographer.

<sup>115</sup> Karel Havlíček Borovský v rodinných vzpomínkách (Prague, 1896), 33. Cited by Quis, *Korrespondence*, 404.

<sup>116</sup> Quis, *Korrespondence*, 687. The letter dates from 3 September 1855.

<sup>117</sup> "Much as I hate to admit it, the climate here is excellent. All my discontent notwithstanding, I look much better than I did in Bohemia," he wrote to Palacký in the spring of 1853 (Quis, *Korrespondence*, 683). Apparently his wife and daughter thrived there too. "My wife has not yet recovered completely from her long neglected illness, but she is at least twice as healthy and strong as she was when she came. Our little girl has stopped having trouble with her eyes and is the picture of vigor and high spirits."

<sup>118</sup> Marquis de Custine, *La Russie en 1839*, 2nd ed. (Paris, 1843), I, xix.

<sup>119</sup> August Freiherr von Haxthausen, *Über den Ursprung und die Grundlagen der Verfassung in ehemals slawischen Ländern Deutchlands im allgemeinen und dem Herzogtum Pommern im besondern* (Berlin, 1842), 24. As cited in August von Haxthausen, *Studies on the Interior of Russia*, ed. S. Frederick Starr (Chicago, 1972), xv. Starr's introduction provides a concise account of Haxthausen's life and thought.

<sup>120</sup> For an analysis of German reactions to the book see Michel Cadot, *La Russie dans la vie intellectuelle française, 1839-1856* (Paris, 1967), 242, 249-53.

<sup>121</sup> Ladislav Quis, ed., *Korrespondence Karla Havlíčka* (Prague, 1903), 119; N. Barsukov, *Žizn' i trudy M.P. Pogodina* (Petersburg, 1888), VII, 281; Haxthausen, *Studies*, ed. S. Frederick Starr, xix-xx. Pogodin later mellowed, however, and even gave a dinner in his honor.

<sup>122</sup> August Freiherr von Haxthausen, *Studien über die innern Zustände, das Volksleben und insbesondere die ländlichen Einrichtungen Rußlands* (Hanover, 1847), I, viii.

<sup>123</sup> Marie Řepková and Rudolf Havel, "Zápisky Karla Havlíčka z let 1842-1843," *Literární archiv*, VI (1971), 56. There is a note appended to the statement that reads "Make fun of them." Apparently Havlíček was thinking of using it as the basis for an epigram. For a representative sampling of his notes see 49-59.

<sup>124</sup> George F. Kennan, in *The Marquis de Custine and His Russia in 1839* (Princeton, 1971), 18-23, argues cogently that Custine was moved to write about Russia at least partly in response to Tocqueville's work—specifically, in response to the famous prophetic passage at the end of the first volume comparing America and Russia: America gains its conquests by the plowshare, Russia by the sword; America runs on self-interest, Russia on the authority of the autocrat; America practices freedom, Russia servitude. "Yet each of them seems marked out by the will of Heaven to sway the destinies of half the globe."

<sup>125</sup> Gleb Struve, *Russkij evropeec: Materialy dlja biografii i xarakteristiki knjazja P.B. Kozlovskogo* (San Francisco, 1950), 37-39, 50-52, 129-46.

<sup>126</sup> Custine, *La Russie*, II, 140-47. Traditional Catholicism played a central role in Custine's outlook. In the preface to *Russia in 1839* he gives vent to his animosity toward "national" churches. "A national Church, a national clergy—these words should never go together. The Church is by its very essence superior to any human society [xvi]." He especially decries the "extreme barbarism" fostered by the "state of bondage" that the Russian Orthodox Church imposes [xvii], and suggests that "the universe must return either to paganism or to Catholicism [x]." Custine's animosity had a political tinge to it as well. Friendly with a number of Polish noblemen in Parisian exile, participants in the uprising of 1830, he had agreed to plead the case of one of them—Ignace de Gurowski, as he signed himself in France—with the tsar. All protestation of neutrality notwithstanding, bonds of religion—the Poles he knew were ardent Catholics—and bonds of friendship prejudiced Custine against Russia before he left France. Custine's publisher is clearly protesting too much when in a foreword to the second edition he writes: "[The author] is so scrupulous and impartial that he has disregarded all facts and anecdotes told him by Poles [vi]." True, Kozlovskij was not a Pole, but his religious and political sentiments were fervidly pro-Polish.

<sup>127</sup> *Ibid.*, II, 109-10.

<sup>128</sup> For a discussion of this passage see Kennan, *The Marquis de Custine*, 112.

<sup>129</sup> Waiting to disembark before even setting foot on Russian soil, he is moved to wonder "what man has done to God to bring Him to condemn sixty million of his race to life in Russia [I, 216]." Four pages later, having left Kronstadt but not yet arrived in Petersburg, he notes: "The hearts of the Russian people are irresolute, their feelings unpredictable. Their attachments are always dying like the faint glimmer of

their sun. They care for nothing, no one, and are glad to leave the soil which gave them birth. They were created to invade and are destined to descend from the pole at intervals established by God to reinvigorate the races of the south, burnt out by the fires of the heavenly bodies and by the ardor of their passions."

<sup>130</sup> Custine, *La Russie*, IV, 376.

<sup>131</sup> *Ibid.*, 193-96.

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