

He was returning from Silesia—one of the Enquiry Commission—and assured us the "portier" had their rooms to let, as they had decided to push on. We descended on this son of Shylock and demanded a room, quoting our source of information. Can you ever catch a Jew? He assured us in broken English that the room had only been reserved so that the general might wash his inside! and that the price was—exorbitant! But we ascended and beheld a palatial apartment, with a spacious dressing-room, which we allotted to our medical companion. We heard next morning that, waking early, he glanced upwards, and perceiving blue sky and birds, thought he was on active service again and his tent had been blown over; when more awake, however, he realized the sky was only high art.

Cracow is distinctly mediæval, and such a delight after Warsaw. One saw green copper domes and dull red tiles, flat, scalloped or bevelled; spires innumerable and diverse. You stepped right back into history and revelled in mellow colours and tales of romance and daring. In the market-place stands the old Tower from which the Trumpeter has called the hours for hundreds of years. Near by is the Marien Kirche, with its graceful but unequal spires; while opposite, on the Museum wall, hangs the knife which finished off the brother whose spire was the more beautiful!

The Wawel is the sight of Cracow; it is their Kremlin—cathedral, palaces, clergy-houses, all on one hill, which rises from the banks of the Vistula. The towers, spires and domes of the cathedral and chapels are a series of artistic triumphs, culminating in the golden dome of King Siegmund's sepulchral chapel. Inside the cathedral the tombs of Polish kings were carved in terra-cotta-coloured marble, by Thorwaldsen. French tapestries captured by the Polish King Sobieswki from the Turks at the battle of Vienna decorated the nave; while, at its upper end, a massive wrought-iron coffin, enshrined, was used as an altar. The side chapels were rich in old metal, quaint in design and shape. The great bells commanded attention, especially when one realized that the Warsaw ones were all commandeered. The Austrians were much more lenient and liberal-minded than the Germans, though the latter tried not to alienate Polish good will. They are hated nevertheless. The largest bell was cast by Siegmund after the victorious end of his wars, out of 300 weapons, and we were told was drawn to the cathedral by 300 oxen.

The evening sun was striking the Tatra range of the Carpathians eighty miles south as we stepped on to the terrace high above the Vistula, we watched the lowering snow clad peaks catch the slanting rays, light up, glisten, and gradually fade into cloudland.

Next morning we were abroad early, as we wished to see the shops before they closed for the feast day. Things generally were cheaper and more abundant than in Warsaw. I saw a nice fur coat 380 m., which was not a long price to pay.

Bread was more plentiful and cheaper than at Zawiercie, but, of course, the harvest was then being utilised, and the conditions at Zawiercie improved, though the supply depended greatly on the railway.

We made our way early to the Wawel, as we had heard rumours of a procession, also we had the Palace to visit. The latter we regarded more as a duty, as the building shown us the previous evening did not look interesting. Great was our delight to find we had been misinformed, and an architectural treat awaited our inspection. Imagine a courtyard, entered from a deep archway, and on three sides of you balconied and pillared white walls reflecting the glare of the morning sun. Deep shadows were cast on one side by the overhanging teak roof—a joy in itself—while on the other side one saw recently-uncovered mural paintings of the fifteenth century.

The interior of the palace was being renovated; for years it had been an Austrian barracks. Two of the restored rooms have most beautiful ceilings, heavy crossbeams with quaintly-carved metal bosses, and between the beams rich colour and heraldry. Sixteenth century mural paintings formed the frieze, and the heavily-carved stone doorways have been freed from the concealing whitewash of ages.

The fourth side of the courtyard was occupied by an eleventh century chapel, which had only recently been unearthed. Charts showed how it had gradually been covered over, till eventually a hospital was built over it. The ground level had, of course, risen during the passage of centuries, and the windows of the now excavated church looked into the "area" which has been dug round them. During the morning we walked out to one of the forts, but the weather became sultry, and we did not get the view we hoped. Still it gave one a good idea of the scene of the Russian advance which passed Cracow within about thirty miles. The Vistula was alive with boys bathing and flat-bottomed boats containing many patient fishers, but we did not see any catches!

The churches in Cracow are very numerous, all more or less, externally at least, claim attention if only because of colouring. Several, such as the "Kirche des heiligen Stanislaw," have miraculous stories attached to them.

Towards five o'clock we wandered into the Marien Kirche again, just in time to see a most interesting religious procession. Interesting to us from the point that almost all the processionists were women and children. We were surprised to see them given such an important position in a Roman Catholic Church ceremony.

Cracow was full of gaily-dressed peasants—men and women. Corals betoken the social grade of the peasant. The highest social distinction is notified by wearing rows of tooth corals; next come cut corals, and finally round corals. The custom is for the eldest daughter to receive her mother's corals with an extra row on her wedding day, therefore the number of rows as well as the

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