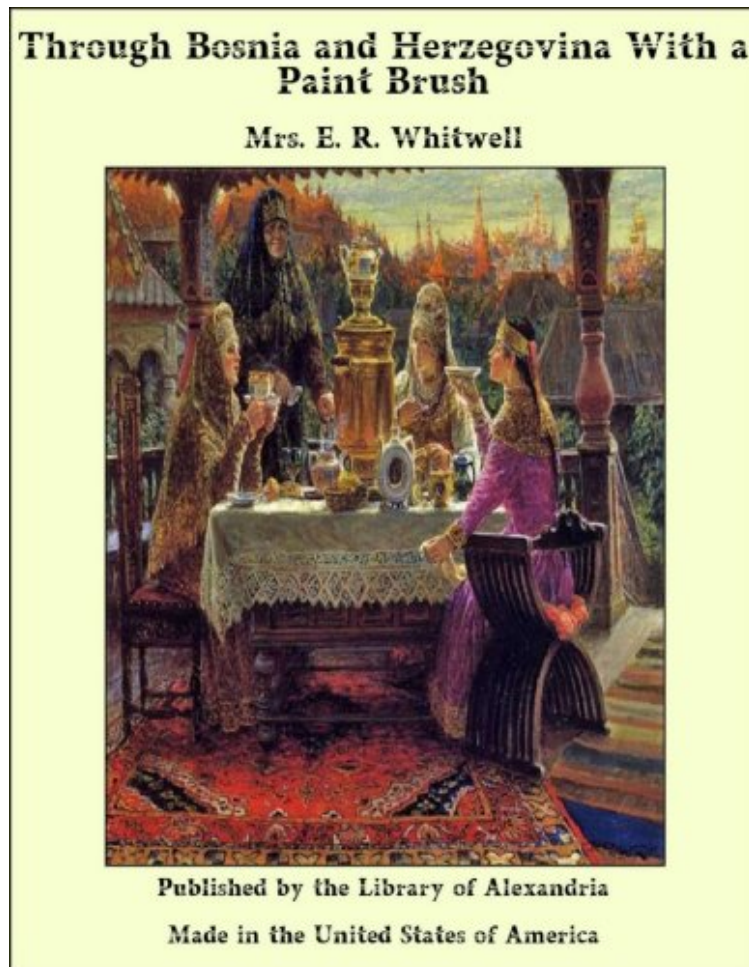


## Through Bosnia and Herzegovina With a Paint Brush

*Mrs. E.R. Whitwell*

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**Mrs. E.R. Whitwell : Through Bosnia and Herzegovina With a Paint Brush** before purchasing it in order to gauge whether or not it would be worth my time, and all praised Through Bosnia and Herzegovina With a Paint Brush:

The following sketches and notes were originally intended as personal reminiscences of a very interesting and enjoyable holiday spent in a country somewhat out of the beaten track. But changes forecasted by the authoress having become actual fact, and the countries described assuming a prominent feature of recent international concern, it is hoped that the production of this little volume will prove of such interest as warrants its publication beyond the circle originally intended. STIRRING times are these when the whole of Europe has to give its opinion, and I may say decision, as to whether Austria may snap up Bosnia and Herzegovina, and Bulgaria may assert her independence and style her princeling a Tzar, which seems crowing rather loud and savours of the bantam in the poultry yard! However, we shall see what happens in the near future; meanwhile I am thinking that a very interesting tour I made through

these provinces with my paint brush, may be attractive to those who take an interest in other nations and other countries. Several books have already been written on Dalmatia, but I do not think any have been illustrated by the brush, and I have seen no books on Bosnia and Herzegovina, or that barren, wild country Montenegro, with its range after range of rocky, jagged mountains. I have been twice in Dalmatia, the first time we sailed on our yacht Vanadis from Venice, touching at Pola—a stormy passage of eight hours. At Pola itself there was not much for me to see beyond a fine Roman amphitheatre, two gates and two temples. It is the centre of the Austrian naval base, and was bristling with ironclads; our Captain elected to steam calmly in among them, but we had soon to make a retreat, piloted to the other side of the harbour by some Jack Tars, who were each presented with a cigar for the “entente cordiale” of the nations. From Pola we went on to Abbazia, which is an Austrian invalid watering place and, sad to say, was full of consumptives. It is quite a pretty place, with a Casino, public gardens, and a wonderful artificial walk, a veritable sun trap for miles by the sea. On our arrival we found another yacht moored to the only buoy—there is no harbour, so we had to drop our anchor hoping for a fine night, which it was. The next morning I went ashore to sketch, and the rest of the party went in the launch to Fiume, which had no attraction for me. A heavy thunderstorm that afternoon made the streets very wet, but we bravely struggled to a café and listened to the Hungarian band, at the same time drinking some excellent coffee with the milk nicely frothed up in a jug, and each person had his own little tray. The yacht which had secured the buoy the evening before, had taken its departure early in the morning, so we attached ourselves to it, and as the Captain remarked “possession was nine tenths of the law,” the other yacht had the privilege of taking turn in dropping her anchor for the night.