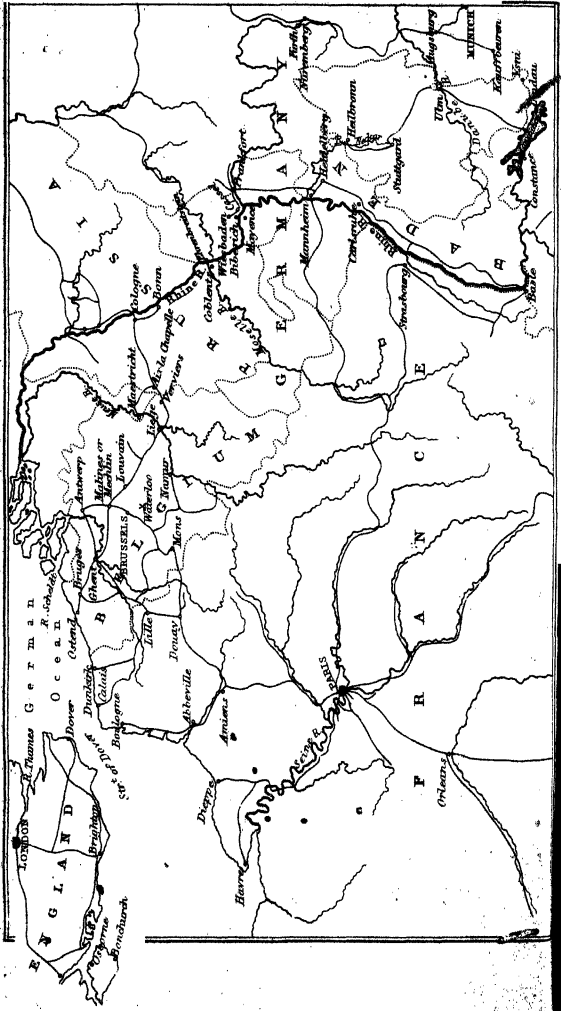


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JOURNAL
OF
A SUMMER TOUR.

PART OF EUROPE, FROM I. OF WIGHT TO L. CONSTANCE.



JOURNAL

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A SUMMER TOUR,

FROM OSTEND,

THROUGH GERMANY, SWITZERLAND, AND

PART OF THE TYROL,

TO GENOA.

KEPT FOR THE CHILDREN OF A VILLAGE SCHOOL.

BY THE AUTHOR OF

'AMY HERBERT,' 'GERTRUDE,' 'THE CHILD'S
FIRST HISTORY OF ROME,' &c.

LONDON:

LONGMAN, BROWN, GREEN, AND LONGMANS.
1852.

P R E F A C E.

THE following Journal was really written, as its title imports, for the children of a village school, in which the writer was personally interested.

It contains nothing but the remarks which every inexperienced traveller would be likely to make on first visiting a foreign country ; and could in no way be worthy of publication, except as being written in simple language ; and with the endeavour to bring it within the comprehension of children, whose knowledge of history and geography is too slight to enable them to enter into really valuable books of travels.

The book can claim no interest as regards incident : unceasing kindness and forethought having made the journey too easy to be adventurous.

The very trifling personal details which were noted down at the time for mere amusement, have been retained, as being likely to keep up a child's attention : and the style of travelling and living, though unlike those to which the poor are accustomed, are mentioned for the same reason, as giving an air of reality which children are amongst the first to appreciate.

It may also be a question worthy of consideration, whether, in the present day, when so many efforts are made to create a sympathy between the different classes of society, something may not be effected for the attainment of so desirable an object, by teaching the poor to take an interest in our pleasures, as well as by showing that we can enter into theirs; and it was with this idea that the Journal was originally published.

Some surprise has, however, since been expressed to the writer that so much trouble should have been taken for a class of children who were not likely to profit by it. If this objection had been brought forward twenty years ago, it would have been unanswerable. When the instruction of the lower orders was confined to Scripture reading, writing, and arithmetic, it would indeed have been useless to bring before them subjects demanding some little previous acquaintance with History and Geography.

But the plans both of the Government and the National Society, go far beyond this elementary teaching—whether wisely or unwisely is not now the question. Geography and History form essential parts of the lessons of village schools; and in order to keep pace with this advance in instruction, parochial libraries are filled with extracts from Travels, Sketches of Natural History, Biography, &c. These books are for the most part exact and well written, and contain good moral and religious principles; but the language

is often beyond the comprehension of children, and therefore it frequently happens that they are not read.

The wish to supply some information, however slight, in a more easy style, must be the excuse for the experiment now made.

There can be no question that the same materials, in abler hands, might have been employed in a work of real value. But if the impressions of so rapid a journey — taken for recreation, without any definite object — had not been written for children, they would never have been published at all; the result of the writer's experience being, a perception not so much of the amount of knowledge acquired during her tour, as of the absence of the previous information necessary to profit by it adequately.

ERRATA.

- Page 4. line 23. for " map of the Netherlands," read " map of the Low Countries."
line 24. for " King of the Netherlands," read " King of the Belgians."
line 25. for " cousin " read " uncle."
7. line 8. from the bottom, for " It did not rain all the time we were out, but, as the sun did not shine," read " It did not rain all the time, but, as the sun was not shining."
line 6. from the bottom, for " did " read " could."
8. line 1. for " King of Belgium." read " King of the Belgians."

JOURNAL OF A SUMMER TOUR.

PART I.

BRUGES : *July 4. 1851.* — My dear Children, — I determined before I left home that I would, if possible, write to you whilst I was away and give you an account of my travels. I am afraid, though, that I shall not find much time for letter writing, so I must try and put down every day in a book what I think will amuse you, and then you can read it when I return.

You know I went away from home last Tuesday : I travelled to London, and stayed more than a week there, and saw the Great Exhibition ; but I am not going to tell you about that ; for I have not time. But last night I left London with Lady H——, her two daughters, and a French maid, and set off on my travels.

We went as late as half past eight in the evening, just about the time, probably, when you were all thinking of going to bed. If I had been asked, I dare say I might have liked to go to bed too, for I was tired with packing, and did not at all fancy spending the night at sea. However, there was no help for it, so we got into the railway carriage, and in a shorter time than you would believe possible, we were at Dover in Kent.

Such a bustle there was when the train stopped! so many people calling for carriages to take them where they wished to go; and such a number of boxes, and bags, and parcels, lying about on the ground!—the noise and the confusion almost made me dizzy. It was nearly eleven o'clock then; and when a carriage was brought, we got into it, and drove through the streets of Dover to the water side. There we found, close to the shore, a large steam vessel, which was to carry us to Ostend. It was very strange, and rather awful, to stand and look at it by the light of the few lamps on the shore; for the night was dark, and the wind was blowing fresh, and every one said we should have a rough voyage. There was no good, however, in thinking of trouble beforehand; and as the vessel was not to sail for an hour, we thought it better to go to an hotel, and have some coffee and bread and butter, and wait there till we were told the steamer was ready to start.

About twelve o'clock we went on board: there did not seem to be many passengers, only when I looked round on the benches, I observed great bundles lying there, as I thought, which proved afterwards to be different persons, who had wrapped themselves up, and lain down to sleep on the deck of the vessel, because there was no room in the cabin. There was no room for us either; and as soon as I could, I lay down likewise on a bench, over which a piece of canvass was stretched, which served also to cover me; and when I had taken off my bonnet, tied a handkerchief over my head, and made a pillow of a little box and a bag, I said to myself, how comfortable and refreshing it was, and how much better than the hot streets of London, which I had been in such a short time before. And so it was at first: I lay and looked up into the

dark sky, and saw the lights from the houses on the shore, and then there was a cry from the men, and a great pulling of ropes, and the vessel was set loose, — and away we went over the sea.

First it was tolerably smooth, and I was quite warm ; then it grew a little rough and cold, and I wrapped the canvass closely over me, and put a cloak over my head, and tried to sleep. But it became rougher and rougher ; the ship went up and down, and tossed from side to side, and the water dashed over it, and wetted the canvass, and sprinkled my face ; and I began to feel that my own bed at home, or even in London, was much more pleasant than a hard bench in a steam vessel. I was far better off, however, than the persons about me, for the greater number were made very ill by the motion of the ship, and I was not. But I did not venture to sit up, for I knew that if I did I might suffer as much as others. Presently, to my great discomfort, a lady came up to the bench, and lay down upon my feet, and though I tried to move, she did not seem at all inclined to go away, but kept pressing me down with such a heavy weight that I could scarcely bear it. This was my great trouble all the night, but as I was well, and the poor lady was ill, I had no right to complain ; and I hope she was a little comforted by making a pillow of me, though I must say I would rather she should have chosen something else for the purpose.

It was not dark very long, but when it began to be daylight, I think it was almost more dreary than before. Every thing looked so cold and wet on board the vessel, and there was as yet no land to be seen, and the sea was tossing all round us — the heavy waves and the white foam rushing on, as if they were

living things going on a wild race. It was nearly six o'clock in the morning, and the sun was just beginning to shine out through the grey, stormy clouds, when I sat up on my bench, and looked over the sea, and saw the land in the distance; — not a beautiful land like Bonchurch, with cliffs and trees, but quite flat, like a field, without trees, and with very few houses — only one or two — and a tower of a church here and there. Still it was land, and I was thankful we were getting near it, and so was every one else. The ladies and gentlemen who had been in the cabins of the vessel all night, came on deck, looking ghastly white, and all their strength gone, and began to look for their luggage, and think what they should do when they went on shore. We had a good many packages, but there was a man on board whose business it was to help us, and when we came alongside of the pier where we were to land, there were carriages, like our English flies, waiting to take the passengers to the hotel; so that on the whole we had not much trouble in going on shore.

The place we had reached was Ostend; you will find it in the map of the Netherlands, or Belgium. It is in the dominions of the King of the Netherlands, who is cousin to our Queen Victoria. I cannot say it was very unlike an English town. The few houses near the sea did not look very different, and the men on the pier had rather the appearance of Englishmen; though when they began to speak, they talked either French or Flemish, and so showed us at once that we were in a foreign land. The hotel was not very far from the shore, which was fortunate, for we were all extremely tired and uncomfortable. On our arrival, we were shown into a large room, with two little beds in it, — like what are called French beds, in England, — and a

round table in the middle; and in this room we were to have our tea, — or breakfast, as perhaps it ought to be called. This having meals in a bed room, is very strange at first to an English person, but it is quite a common practice abroad. We wanted to have a fire lighted, but the fire-place was blocked up, and so it could not be managed. We had breakfast very much as we might have had it in England, only that instead of large loaves, they brought us little rolls. The women servants spoke French, and were very tidy looking girls, wearing little white caps, without any gay ribbons in them, and having a coloured handkerchief pinned neatly over their necks. I could not help thinking how much better I liked their dress, than the dirty fine clothes which English girls so often wear. We all had a little tea, but we could not eat much, and then, though it was seven o'clock in the morning, we determined to go to bed as if it had been night, and have a thorough rest to fit us for our further travels.

You may think how pleasant it was to lie down on a soft bed, in a quiet room, instead of the hard bench in the tossing vessel. I never knew before how great a comfort I had enjoyed all my life, in a warm and easy bed, and I thanked God for having brought me safely to the end of my voyage.

I slept till about twelve o'clock, — that is to say, I did not sleep all the time, but only when the hotel was quiet enough to allow me to do so; for there were a number of noisy children in the next room, who would keep on calling to one another, and running about, and knocking the wall; and their papa and some gentlemen with him talked French in such a loud voice, that I could almost hear the very words they said.

The little sleep I had, however, refreshed me very much, and made me feel quite ready to go out with one of my friends, who proposed that we should take a little walk and see what the town was like, before having what we still termed breakfast, — for the day was so odd and confused, that we could not at all understand how late it was. It was raining fast, but we did not care for that, and after putting on galoshes, and providing ourselves with umbrellas, we went out. We kept first by the quay, near the water, and then we turned into the streets; very dull streets they were, — rather narrow, and the houses extremely tall, and having a great many windows. There was no pavement, but both the carriage road and the walking path were made with little long flat stones, most uncomfortable to walk upon. On each side of the streets were rows of stunted trees. There must have been a festival in the town, a short time before, for the people had fastened ropes across the streets, and made pretty wreaths and garlands of flowers to hang from them. We wanted to ask a woman what the festival was for, but when we spoke to her in French, she did not understand us. There is a great mixture of language in Belgium. Formerly, Belgium was joined to Holland, and the language of the country — Flemish as it called — is therefore almost the same as Dutch. But Belgium is also close to France, and the people have frequently been conquered by the French, and in this way they have learnt to understand, and very often to speak French quite easily. In the Belgian towns which I have seen, there are constantly over the doors the same words in Flemish and French. Flemish is very like English. I will tell you what I saw put over a shop to day for, “Gold

and Silver Smith,"— "Goud en Zilber Smid." If you try to pronounce the words, you will see how alike they are.

After amusing ourselves in the town for some time, we went into the church. It was very large,—much larger I think than any of you ever saw, but not particularly handsome. The door was open, so that we could enter without asking any one to show it to us. This is generally the case in Roman Catholic countries the greater part of the day. It enables people to go in whenever they like, to pray by themselves, which must be a great comfort to them. Several people were praying in the church at Ostend when we went in. There were no pews or fixed seats, but a number of chairs were placed together in one spot, and any person who chose might take one, and carry it to any other part of the church he liked. That which always distresses me in a Roman Catholic church is, to see dressed up images of the Virgin Mary, and people kneeling before them praying to her. We saw some of these images in Ostend Church. There were painted figures also on the outside, representing the saddest events in the life of our Blessed Lord; for in foreign countries figures and pictures of sacred subjects are much more common than they are in England.

It did not rain all the time we were out, but, as the sun did not shine, the town did not look as well as it might. I did not, however, see much to admire, though many things were interesting, because they were strange. Ostend has walls and broad ditches or moats round it, to prevent foreign troops from entering in time of war. It is also a place to which persons go in the summer time for the sake of bathing. The

King of Belgium and the Royal Family are there sometimes ; but it seems a dull place, and nothing but the sea, I should think, would induce any one to visit it for pleasure. We found breakfast ready when we went back to the hotel, — very much the same kind of breakfast as we might have had in England ; coffee, and rolls, and some cutlets dressed in the English way, and afterwards I had just time to write a letter home, to tell my sisters that I had crossed safely, and then the omnibus came to the door, to take us all to the railway by which we were to travel to Bruges.

Railways are very much alike everywhere, but it struck me that the Belgians were more quiet and civil than many English people when going on a journey, and did not seem to have so much business upon their hands. The poor women we saw, were especially polite to one another. They look very neat, but quite unlike English women, for they do not wear bonnets, but cloaks, with caps and hoods. When it is wet they put the hoods of the cloaks over their heads.

I noticed one woman to day with a wonderful cap, which was almost like a bonnet, for it stood out, round the face as a bonnet does, only it was made of black net and wire. She had besides, large gilt ear-rings, which made her look still more odd to my English eyes. The women generally dress so much alike, that at first it seems difficult to know them apart. We waited half an hour, I should think, at the railway station. Some beautiful railway carriages were standing there with a good deal of gilt about them, and a crown at the top. They were intended for the King of the Belgians who was expected from England, where he had been on a visit to the Queen. He did not come, however, in time for us to see him.

We were about half an hour going from Ostend to Bruges. The country was not at all pretty, for there were scarcely any trees or hills, and no hills.

Bruges used to be a very fine place, and a great many people lived in it. Our Charles the Second lived here some time when he was obliged to be away from England. There are not half as many inhabitants now as there used to be, and many of them are very poor; but the old houses are standing still, and very curious they are.

On our arrival we went first to an hotel, and then, when we had chosen our bed-rooms, and settled at what hour we would dine, we walked out to see the town. An old town in Belgium is so different from an English town, that you can hardly imagine what it is like, unless you have seen it. There is no pavement; but, as I told you of Ostend, there are pebbles and stones over the whole of the streets.

The houses at Bruges generally have peaked roofs or gables, jagged at the edge, like steps. The windows are high, and narrow, and very often the window-frames are painted a light bright green, which gives them a very gay appearance. We stayed as long as we could in the town, and then went back to dinner, which was not particularly unlike an English dinner, only there were more dishes; and when dinner was over we went out for a drive, and saw the great church, the Cathedral, but it was not light enough to have a good view of it. If you have never seen a Cathedral, you will not understand well what it is like merely by having it described; but it is a very large building, with long windows, the frames of which form beautiful patterns; and there are rows of tall columns or pillars in it, going the whole length of

the church; and arches one behind another, which one can look through, till it seems as if there was no end of them; and it is so high that it can scarcely be seen how the roof is made.

Each one of the pillars in the Cathedral at Bruges is formed of a number of little pillars joined together. Some of them are of polished marble. There are also a good many pictures in it. Altogether, a Cathedral is a very beautiful thing to see, though there are many more beautiful than this one at Bruges. We drove round the town, after we had been to the Cathedral, and then went home to tea. Since then, you see, I have written a great deal of my journal, and now I must say "good night" and go to bed, for I cannot tell you how tired I am. One thing I must mention, though, before I leave off, about the children we see in the streets. They wear little, round, white or black caps, which fit close to their heads, something like night-caps without frills. I saw one curious little child to-day, who was staring at the spectacles which I sometimes wear, because I am near-sighted. She looked at me, with her eyes fixed, as if she had never seen such a sight before; and I took off my spectacles, and forgot she was a little Flemish thing, and said to her, "You never saw any one with spectacles before, did you?" But the next moment I remembered how absurd it was in me to talk to her, for she did not understand a word I said, and the women who were with her did not either; but they laughed, and seemed quite pleased at her being noticed. When we drove round the town, we saw several people sitting at work in the streets; and a little party of children, in a back street, had spread a bit of carpet, or something of the kind, on the ground before their door,

and were seated on it, as comfortably as if they had been in the finest house in the world.

The small houses in the back streets are very like the large ones, with pointed jagged roofs, which make the streets much prettier than English streets. The men, women, and children, all wear great heavy wooden shoes, which are turned up at the toes, and make a clumping, clattering sound, as they go along the streets.

I think you would be amused to see what I have in my bed-room, instead of a fire place. There is a stove in it, which is not very unlike an English stove, with an open grating; but instead of a chimney, there is a high pillar of smooth, shining marble, which is hollow; and through this the smoke goes up.

ANTWERP: *Hôtel St. Antoine. Saturday, July 5th.*

— We went out this morning at Bruges, directly after breakfast. It was market-day, and the town was quite full. There is a great square in the middle of the town, and it was filled with booths and stalls, just as if there was a fair going on. All sorts of things were sold there, — worsted stockings, and printed cottons, and pots, and pans, and bread made into very long rolls, and everything you would generally find in shops. The shops were open, besides, and I remember remarking in one some bright yellow blankets hanging up on the outside.

* Numbers of people were going backwards and forwards, and their dress was the most amusing thing possible.

You may recollect I told you yesterday of the woman I saw with the wonderful lace cap. To-day there were a great number with caps like it, only

they had stuck a straw bonnet, covered with broad ribbons and bows, upon the top of it. They looked extremely smart and pleased, as if they were dressed quite in their best to come to market. A great many wore earrings, and some had little gold or gilt crosses hanging from their necks. The men, generally, wore blue smock frocks, like our butchers' coats: they call them blouses.

We walked across the great square to the Hall of Justice, where the prisoners are tried. There was a curious room to be seen in it, which, a great many years ago, — as far back as 1529, when Henry the Eighth was reigning in England, — formed part of the palace of Charles the Fifth, a celebrated Emperor of Germany. The figure of Charles is carved in wood over the fire-place. It is as large as life, and four other figures of princes and princesses, his ancestors, are carved in the same way, two on each side. It was a pleasure to me to see them, for, a little while before I left home, I had been reading a great deal about one of the princesses, who was called Mary of Burgundy. She was Charles the Fifth's grandmother, and was a very gentle, good person. The other princess was sister to our Edward the Fourth: so you see I had an interest in them both.

Then we went to visit a beautiful little church, where there were some very old pictures, and where we saw a gold chest, covered with pearls, and rubies, and other precious stones. It was not placed in the church, but kept in a room something like a vestry room. The roof of the church was painted bright blue, with gilt stars; and there were all kinds of brilliant colours and patterns on a part of the walls.

We wished afterwards to see another large church, the Church of "Notre Dame," or "Our Lady," which

is nearly as large as the Cathedral that we went into last night. We found our way to a house where a person lived, who, we had been told by a shopwoman, could go with us and show us all that was worth notice in the church. We rang the bell, and a woman and a little girl came to the door together. The woman could only speak Flemish, and when we informed her in French what we wanted, she was obliged to apply to her little girl, and make her answer, for the child spoke French and Flemish also. It is this mixture of languages which is so strange to an English person on first going abroad. One can scarcely understand at first how it is that persons who have not had much education can speak more than one language, but it is the constant communication with persons from different countries which teaches them.

This little girl told us that the churches were all shut up at twelve o'clock, and would not be opened till one. We had not time to wait, so instead of seeing the church, we went to a place called the Hospital of St. John. There was a disagreeable man following us all the time, offering to show us the way, which we could find out without him; nothing we could say would induce him to go away, till we reached the hospital, and then the porter shut the gate upon him, and we were rid of him, much to our satisfaction.

We had not time to see the hospital itself which I should very much have liked; but were obliged to content ourselves with looking at some fine pictures kept there, together with a large wooden casket, painted, in the most wonderfully beautiful manner, by an old Flemish painter called Hans Hemling. It is considered so valuable that persons are said to have offered to give a silver casket in its stead, if the

governor of the hospital would part with it; but the governor has always refused, and I think very wisely, for they will never again have any thing half so curious and lovely as the painted chest.

The porter told us that they had generally as many as a hundred and fifty poor sick people in the hospital, and they had rooms for two hundred. They must all be sent from three parishes near Bruges. There was a sort of light cart standing in the yard, within the gates, which is used to carry the sick people backwards and forwards. When they are at the hospital they are attended by some very kind good women, called Sisters of Charity, who devote all their time to them. I did not see any of the Sisters, but there were pictures of them at the hospital; they all dress just alike, in black dresses, with white hoods or caps, and thick veils partly over their faces. These Sisters always stay at the hospital, and as there is a church belonging to it, there is no occasion for them to go out at all: there are, however, others who go about in the town, and visit the poor in their own homes. Close to the hospital I saw a pleasant, quiet, little garden, where the porter said that the poor people go and walk when they are getting better.

We were obliged to return to the hotel quickly, or we should not have been in time for dinner; and we were not going to dine alone, but at what is called the table d'hôte, or, as we should say in English, the landlord's table; for almost every where in Belgium, and France, and Germany, there is one large public room, where all persons in the hotel who choose may dine together at the same time. We were the only ladies present, but there were more than thirty gentlemen, all talking French and Flemish as fast as they could.

The men who waited upon us did not put the dishes upon the table, but handed them round, one by one, and you cannot think how long the dinner lasted. First, we had a kind of broth, then some fish, then some meat, then two or three more dishes of fish, and other things besides; I do not mean that we were obliged to eat of all, but they were handed to us; at last, there was a Flemish pudding, which was a kind of plum pudding, and after that we were quite tired and went away.

We were to leave Bruges for Antwerp in the afternoon by the railway; but before we set off we had time for another little drive round the town. Certainly I never saw a more interesting place; there were two or three markets, besides the one in the great square. In one they sold nothing but fruit and vegetables: there were wheelbarrows full of carrots, tied up prettily in bundles, for the people eat a great many carrots with their meat, only not dressed whole, but cut up into bits. In another market meat was sold, and what seemed very strange to me, women often kept the meat stalls, just as butchers do in England. A third market was for fish.

Some of the prettiest parts of the town were near the canals. There are several canals between Bruges and other towns in Belgium. There is one from Ostend, which is extremely broad. In former days, vessels from all parts of the world used to come by these canals to Bruges, bringing the manufactures of distant countries, to be exchanged for the merchandise of Germany. This trade made the people of Bruges very rich, and full of bustle and activity; but it has ceased now, and the canals are quiet and deserted. The houses on each side of them are built close to the

water's edge, and there is no kind of street or pavement before them. They look pretty, but the houses must, I should think, be damp.

We returned to the hotel just in time to be ready for the omnibus which was to take us to the railway station. But before I mention our leaving Bruges, I must tell you of something at the hotel, very trifling, but which amused me extremely. Going up the staircase there was placed at each step the figure of a little white swan, with its head turned up in the air and its mouth open, and into this mouth the railings of the staircase were fixed. It used to make me quite uncomfortable to look at the poor little swans, for I felt as if they certainly would be choked with the rails stuck in their throats. This was one of my last recollections of Bruges.

We waited a little while at the railway station, and then when the train was ready to start, set off for Ghent, which was the place we were going to first. You will find it in the map between Bruges and Antwerp. I thought of you, children, as I was going along the road, and made a point of looking at the little cottages, the sort of cottages you would live in, if you were Belgians instead of English, that I might tell you what they were like. They are generally very neat and white, with bright red tiles, and green window frames. They stand in little gardens, or small green meadows, but there are no palings round the gardens, and very often no hedges, only perhaps a little ditch between the garden and the corn-field which joins it; so that in fact, as you look at it, it does not seem as if there was any division between them. I did not see a wicket-gate or stile the whole way. There were scarcely ever any windows in the roof, only a

little window quite at the end of the house, which I suppose serves to light a bed-room. There were no lanes, but straight walks by the side of the fields, and sometimes there was a long straight road, bordered on each side by trees, and leading to some little village. I only saw one really large gentleman's house. One village was quite close to the railway, but the houses were not separate and in gardens, but joined together in a row, one row on each side of the road, and not even a small piece of ground for flowers in front. They looked rather pretty with the bright green window frames, and the women and children sitting at the doors in the cool evening, but they did not please me as much as our English thatched cottages. I watched the children whom I saw, and noticed one or two working in the fields without shoes or stockings. We were obliged to get out of the carriage at Ghent, and go in an omnibus through part of the town, till we reached another railway which was to take us on to Antwerp. Two omnibuses were waiting, and both the drivers were very anxious to be employed. One of them would not be refused, and when he found we were determined not to go with him, he shouted, and called, and made such a noise as I scarcely ever heard. I was very sorry not to see much of Ghent, for it is said to be a most interesting town, but we had not time to stop there; as we had another hour to travel by the railway before we could reach Antwerp. It was a very pleasant evening, only a little chilly, and after Ghent the country was prettier, with more trees about it, till we came in sight of Antwerp, and then I must say it looked rather dreary, for it was quite a flat marsh, with the towers of the churches and the Cathedral in the distance. The train stopped as I thought, at a

very strange place, where there was no building as there usually is at a railway station. We all got out, and began looking for our luggage, which was no where to be seen, and wondering where it was, and what we were to do next. We asked a man who was standing by us, what had become of the luggage. "Oh!" he replied, "it is all carried on board the steamer."—To our surprise, we found that we were on the banks of the river Scheldt, and had to cross to the opposite side. A few minutes afterwards we, and our boxes and bags, were all on the deck of a small steam-vessel, sailing across the broad river, and I was looking up at the half moon, which was shining over our heads, feeling how strange it was to be in such a place, and thinking of home. The Scheldt is a very fine wide river at Antwerp, for it is so near the sea, that it is more like an arm of the sea than merely a river. The city of Antwerp, with its splendid Cathedral, is close to the banks, but the country round does not seem pretty. An omnibus was in readiness on the opposite side to carry us to the hotel. We drove through long narrow streets, with tall old houses on each side, and soon came to a very large hotel, where we are now. The house was extremely full, and the landlady told us at once, that she could not give us good rooms; but a very pleasant-mannered little chambermaid came to us, and showed us the way through a great archway, which a carriage could pass under, into an inner open court. Round the court were little orange trees, in square tubs, and benches placed with tables near them, so that persons might sit out of doors in the cool of the evening. I must say, though, that just now it would be rather chilly. The room we were shown into, and in which I am sitting now, looks out into the court. The

windows of the opposite room are open, and there are lights in it, so that we can see what the people are doing, which is rather odd, but very amusing. My bed room is very high up, looking out into a narrow little street. We have had our tea, and amused ourselves with talking over what we have done, and are to do, and I must say that I am enjoying myself extremely. This sitting room of ours has a sofa in it, with white bed curtains hanging over it, so I suspect that very often it is used as a bed room. One of my amusements yesterday and to-day has been guessing the meaning of the Flemish words I see, and finding out if I am right, by the French, which is generally put with them. Flemish is so like English, it certainly cannot be difficult to read it, but the people talk so fast that it is impossible to understand a word they say. There was a woman with a little dog on board the Scheldt steamer this evening. You cannot think how I wished to hear her talk Flemish to her dog, but she would only call him by his name.

Good night! I hope you are all in bed and asleep; and I hope to be there myself soon, but I really am not at all tired, everything is so amusing and agreeable.

Monday, July 7th. — We went yesterday to the English Church, or Chapel as it is called here. It is not at all a pretty building, though it might be made so, if any one would take the trouble to improve it. There are some windows in it really like church windows, but the walls are only white-washed, and altogether it is very different from a really nice church in England. We had, however, our own daily service in our own language, and the Holy Communion afterwards; so that it did not seem as if we were in a strange land.

We dined directly after the service, in a very large room, with long tables in it. The ceiling was painted, and the walls were covered with a pretty bright paper. The table d'hôte dinner was to be had in this room, and before we went away, we saw the waiters preparing for it, — placing beautiful glass cups, with artificial flowers on the table, to make the dinner look pretty, for foreigners have a much greater notion of ornamenting every thing than we have. It was not convenient for us to dine at the table d'hôte, because of the afternoon service. It would have prevented our going to it; so we had our dinner by ourselves at one end of the long table. There were prayers in the afternoon at the English Chapel, but no sermon; the service was therefore not long; and we thought afterwards that it would be pleasant to walk about a little before tea. The first place we determined to go to, was the Cathedral. It is very near our hotel, — so near that we can see it plainly from our windows. There is an open space, with trees, between the hotel and the Cathedral; and underneath the trees the people were sitting upon benches, resting and enjoying themselves. In some foreign towns there seems to be just as much work going on on Sundays, as there is on week days, and that is very distressing to English people, who are accustomed to keep the day carefully. But in Antwerp there was scarcely any sign of business. Some of the shops had the windows open, but there did not appear to be anybody buying or selling in them.

The door of the cathedral was open as usual, so that all who chose might go in or out.

I do not think any thing of the kind has ever given me more pleasure than the first view of the inside of

Antwerp Cathedral. It was so very large and grand, — so like what one fancies a church ought to be. I could see through one arch into another, and then on and on, till the objects I looked upon grew quite small in the distance. There were numbers of people about, and it seemed as if it were a home for all. I saw one woman sitting down with her little children, all very quiet, resting, so it appeared. Many were kneeling up in chairs, praying, but there was no regular service going on. The chairs are made with flat pieces of wood across the top, to lean or rest a book upon.

We walked round and round the Cathedral for some time, looking at the pictures and the carved figures. Some of them were very beautiful, and I did not see quite as many things to dislike, as I have noticed in other churches abroad. By and by I went away by myself to the lower end of the building, and watched what was going on. The men and women seemed very small; they were nothing when one looked up at the tall roof. There were little side chapels, something like transepts — a name you will understand from the transept at Bonchurch — and now and then, persons who came in went aside by themselves into these chapels to pray; but the greater number stood, or knelt, or sat in the centre of the church. The chairs were piled together close to the place where I stood; and there was a woman near them, who was paid something for every chair which was taken. Presently a bell rang, and I saw that almost all the people were moving. Instead of turning to the upper part of the church, to face the altar, they were collecting round a very large wooden pulpit, with beautifully carved figures to ornament it, which was placed low down in the church. I must tell you,

before I go further, that the altar at the east end of a Roman Catholic church is called the high altar. There are a great many others, in different parts of the church, in honour of the Virgin Mary, or some of the saints; and one cannot but grieve to see how many more of the poor people pray to the Virgin Mary than to our Blessed Lord.

The greater number of persons present had now, however, finished their prayers, and I found that a sermon was going to be preached to them. The priest stood in the pulpit, dressed in a white robe like our clergyman's surplice. What he said I could not tell, for the sermon was in Flemish. Some persons went on with their prayers still, but the rest were very attentive. It was a very beautiful sight to see them all in that grand building. None of the women wore bonnets, but they all sat round the pulpit, as if they had been in their own homes. There were many bright colours among the dresses, and sometimes the sun would shine out, and stream upon them through the high narrow windows, till it all looked like a beautiful picture.

After remaining in the cathedral some time, we left it to walk a little in the town. We wanted to go into some other churches, but we could not find our way at first. We stopped near one church and asked some women who were standing in the street if we could go into it, as it was about the time when the churches are closed. But all the answer we could get was a smile, and something in Flemish, which we just understood meant, that they could not talk French, but that some person they knew, who lived near could. Then I made one of my friends speak to them in German, and this they understood

better than French for it is very like Flemish. Still we could only get a Flemish answer, which was very puzzling to us, so we were obliged to pass on and manage for ourselves. We went through a number of strange back streets, where there were not many people, but every one we met was extremely civil. All the houses were tall and old. There were no small houses as there are in English towns. The poor people live, I believe, in sets of rooms in these large houses. Some of them appear very dirty, but the people themselves were bright and neat looking. We did find our way to another church at last, the Church of St. James. The door was fastened, and a man very civilly came up and knocked at it, and then a woman from the inside opened it and showed us over it. Four orange-trees, in large pots, were placed in the middle of the building, and they really looked extremely pretty. There were some curious and beautiful things to be seen in the church, amongst others a representation of the lifting up of our Lord upon the Cross, carved in wood, and so wonderfully natural that it gave one real pain to look at it. There was also a picture by a very celebrated Flemish painter, Rubens, who lived between two and three hundred years ago. As it was in a church it was of course a sacred subject;—a picture of the Virgin Mary, and our Lord as a little Child, and several saints standing round.

We returned to the hotel after seeing this last church, as tea was ready for us; but afterwards we went out again, and were not at home till nearly nine o'clock. It was curious to see every one living as it were out of doors. Antwerp is a fortified town. There are high walls round it, and a great ditch or moat.

Beyond these are long roads, with rows of trees on each side. Numbers of people were walking along the roads; and under the trees there were parties, seated on benches, drinking beer. This sounds at first very strange; but abroad persons drink beer as we do tea, and whole families, a man, and his wife, and his little children, for instance, may be seen seated together at a table, in the most quiet orderly manner possible, with cups of beer before them. I think it is one of the first things which strikes a stranger on coming abroad, how very well behaved and civil the people are.

This morning (Monday) Mr. H——, and a friend of his, Mr. F——, have arrived from England. They came by the steamer from London to Antwerp. We have been spending our time principally at a building called the Museum, looking at pictures, and I have enjoyed it very much. They were almost all pictures of sacred subjects, and a great many by the famous painter, Rubens, whom I told you about. His chair was kept at the Museum as a remembrance of him. We have also seen more churches, and been for a drive round the town, partly by the side of the river. Antwerp is a place where a great trade is carried on, and very many ships, belonging to merchants of different countries, are to be seen in the river. These merchants were at one time some of the richest men in Europe. I was amused to see, in some of the streets near the landing-place by the river-side, English names for shops, — “butcher’s shop,” “baker’s shop,” for instance. I suppose it must be for the convenience of the English sailors who come here.

Parts of the town we went through were very old and extremely dirty; but the people were sitting out of doors there, just in the same easy comfortable way as

in other parts—actually sitting on chairs in the streets. One girl I saw with a frame, at which she was working lace. It was in one of the dirtiest, narrowest streets we passed through. They seem very fond of collecting a few flowers at their windows. There were some to-day at the very top window of an extremely tall poor-looking house; certainly they add exceedingly to the prettiness of the streets. The children were many of them very neglected-looking. They stare at us, and seem to know us to be foreigners directly. There were thirteen collected round one of the church-doors to-day as we came out.

I must tell you of one very curious thing I saw this afternoon in the Church of St. Andrew; it was a pulpit of carved wood, and at the foot of the pulpit was a representation of St. Andrew and St. Peter, the figures being nearly, if not quite, as large as life. There was the figure of our Blessed Saviour standing upon the shore, and the boat, with St. Peter and St. Andrew just about to leave it and follow Him. Then, above the pulpit were figures of angels, and a cross of a peculiar shape—the shape of an X—upon which it is said that St. Andrew suffered martyrdom. Belgium is famous for carved pulpits; there has been one in every church I have seen.

One thing that I have remarked particularly, but which I believe is common everywhere in Roman Catholic countries, is, that images of the Virgin Mary, with our Blessed Lord, as an Infant, in her arms, are continually placed against the houses at the corners of the streets.

In two of the churches we went into to-day, there was service going on, but that does not mean the same sort of thing as our English service. The churches

are so large that the people who like it, can collect together in one part and join together in their prayers, whilst others are at the same time praying by themselves in different parts.

We have changed our sitting room since yesterday. The one we had at first was too small to be comfortable, so now we have one on the ground floor, looking into the street; and from the window we can see the square, planted with little trees, and the Cathedral beyond it. This view of the Cathedral is most beautiful. The spire goes up and up, as if it would touch the sky; and it is cut and worked till one can scarcely fancy it to be made of stone; and through some of the open spaces are caught glimpses of the clear blue sky. The German Emperor Charles the Fifth, whom I mentioned to you once before, said, that the spire ought to be put in a glass case.

It was very fortunate for us this evening, that we were in the front of the hotel, for it gave us an opportunity of seeing what was going on in the town. The window was open and we were looking out, when we observed that persons were collecting from all parts as if there was something to be seen. The numbers increased rapidly, but they were all very quiet. The waiter happened to come into the room, and we enquired what was the matter. He told us that a feast had been held in another part of the town, and that the people were returning from it. Presently we saw lights near the Cathedral, as if persons were bearing torches. We could not see any figures, but the light fell upon the houses and the square, and made them look quite bright. We heard the sound of music, too, and soon there came by a procession. First a few men on horseback, then others carrying banners, and

a band of musicians, lighted by little boys who held torches in their hands. Two or three carriages followed. They all moved on steadily, and the townspeople with them. There was no quarrelling or disputing but all seemed enjoying themselves. They stopped for some time in the street by the hotel, but they dispersed afterwards, and now the town is almost quiet.

I must put down what I remember at the time, or I shall forget it entirely; so I must tell you now, that the Roman Catholic priests walk about in a peculiar dress, something like an English clergyman's gown. The hat they wear is very large, with a wide brim, turned up at the sides nearly as high as the crown.

The caps which I have seen the women wear, have long flaps hanging down nearly to their shoulders. I saw a widow's cap to-day, made in the same way, only with stripes of black in it. They have a curious fashion here of fastening up the babies' frocks, so that their little feet cannot be seen, and the children look merely like square bundles.

I observed this evening that the linendrapers' and haberdashers' shops seemed to be kept by women.

Tuesday, November 8th. — We went this morning to the cathedral again. We did not know that any service was going on, but there were a great many people in the church, and in a little time we found that a funeral was to take place. A dark curtain, having a large gilt cross upon it, was hanging behind the altar, which is very high, as it always is in Roman Catholic churches, and has marble steps leading up to it. The choir, — the part near the altar, — was kept empty for the priest, and those who were to join in the service. The gentlemen, also, — friends, I sup-

pose, of the person who was dead, — sat down the side of the choir. Presently there came up the long aisle of the Cathedral a procession of priests, with white surplices, bearing the coffin, which was taken into the choir, and then the service began. The music was beautiful, and the scene very striking, as the priests, with their rich and glittering dresses, moved about beneath the great arches of the Cathedral. But I did not understand all that was going on. The prayers and the chants were in Latin, and altogether the service was so unlike what I had been accustomed to, that I could not fully enter into it.

In the afternoon we went to see what are called the Zoological Gardens, — gardens, that is, where animals and birds are kept. They are a little way out of the town, and do not differ much from the same kind of gardens in England.

We saw a lion and lioness, and a leopard, and bears, and monkeys, and birds of all kinds. A little dog was in the cage with the lion, and just at first we thought that he seemed frightened, and we looked about for some one to tell us whether he ought to be there; but after a little while we perceived that he was not at all frightened really, for he went quite close to the lion, and even jumped upon his back, and the lion took no notice of him, though he was evidently very hungry and impatient to be fed.

It has been rainy and cold all day. To-night I could almost bear a fire. We are to go to Cologne to-morrow. I feel quite sorry to leave Antwerp, and long to go into the Cathedral once more. I hope, though, we shall be quieter in the next hotel we go to, for here there are some canary birds hung close to one of the bed room windows, and they begin sing-

ing at three o'clock in the morning. One of my friends has been complaining of being kept awake by them till she is quite tired and ill.

Before we leave Antwerp I must tell you about a famous painter who once lived here; his name was Quentin Matsys. He was a blacksmith by trade, and when he was a young man, he wished very much to marry the daughter of an Antwerp artist; but the artist did not like his daughter to marry a blacksmith, and refused to consent. Quentin, however, would not give up his wish, and he set to work to learn painting; and at last succeeded so well that he was considered quite a good artist, and the painter gave permission for his marriage. Some of his pictures are in the museum, and in the Cathedral; there is also a well in the town, near the Cathedral, with some beautiful iron railing over it, which it is said was made by Quentin Matsys, when he was a blacksmith. It is still called Quentin Matsys' well.

I shall quite miss the deep toned bell of the Cathedral, and the chimes which play tunes every hour. These chimes are very common in Belgium; they are not rung as they are in England, but the bells are moved by machinery; sometimes it is so managed that a man can make them sound by playing upon a set of keys, as if he was playing upon an organ; and there he sits, high up in the inside of the Church steeple, and his music sounds all over the town.

Perhaps you may remember my telling you that the country near Antwerp looked like a flat marsh. I have found since that it was once beautiful land, very well cultivated; but in the year 1832, there was a war between the people of Belgium and the French and Dutch. The French and Dutch came with their armies

to besiege Antwerp, and the Dutch general ordered his men to cut away the banks which kept the river Scheldt from overflowing the land, and all the salt water brought up by the tide from the sea, rushed over it and entirely spoiled it. They say it will be many years before the land is as good as it used to be. That was the war which caused Holland and Belgium to be separated, and it was then that Prince Leopold was made King of Belgium.

I am afraid I shall be obliged to leave Antwerp without seeing one thing which every one who comes here makes a point of seeing if possible; it is a picture by Rubens, the great painter, representing the taking down of our Blessed Lord from the Cross. It used to hang in the Cathedral, but lately it has been removed, in order to be cleaned; and the person who is cleaning it is gone to Brussels, and has carried away the key of the room in which the picture is placed, so that there is no hope for me. I am very sorry for it, for I have often heard people talk of the picture, and I very much wished to see it.

COLOGNE: *Wednesday, July 9.* — We left Antwerp about eleven o'clock this morning, and came here by the railway. A most long, dusty journey it was, and tiresome to us especially, because we had to change carriages several times; and of course, being a large party we had a good deal of luggage, which made it inconvenient to move. The country was ugly the greater part of the way; very flat, no trees or hedges, nothing but fields without divisions. The cottages were not as pretty as they were near Bruges; but more like small English houses, not thatched, and without gardens. The only thing that gave me any particular interest

in the country was, that I had often heard about it in reading of the wars of the French Emperor Napoleon. The battle of Waterloo, which you must all have heard of, took place not at a very great distance from Antwerp. In fact the French armies were, at that time, constantly moving about in the country we have passed through to-day; and I can now understand better than before how easily they could march from one place to another in the open country. I must tell you some of the places we passed near, that you may find them on the map. Malines, or Mechlin, was one; perhaps some of you have heard of it as being famous for the manufacture of lace — Mechlin lace it is called. Then came Louvain, and after some time, Liege. The country was much prettier near Liege: it was more hilly; indeed, the railway went down such a steep hill as we drew near the town, that the engine was taken away, and the carriages slid down the railway by themselves. The train which was going the other way was pulled up by ropes. Liege is a manufacturing town. Many things are made there from a metal termed zinc, and the smoky houses and black chimneys of the furnaces made me think of some of our English manufacturing towns. We passed close to the river Meuse after leaving Liege, and then the railway went winding about for some time, amongst some rather steep hills, with wood growing up the sides, and a stream at the bottom; and there were also little country-houses to be seen now and then, all of which were much pleasanter to look at than the flat corn-fields. After Liege, we reached Verviers, near which the kingdom of Belgium ends, and Prussia begins. We had to wait there a long time, and very hot and fatiguing it was. Several times persons brought us cherries and strawberries, but

the cherries were not ripe, and the fruit was very dear. There was not opportunity to have anything like a regular dinner, so we were obliged to manage as we could with biscuits and rolls; but all the biscuits we have met with are little sweet things. There seems to be nothing like a plain bun, or a substantial hard biscuit.

Aix-la-Chapelle was another celebrated place we passed before we reached Cologne, but we were not able to see much of it from the railway. It is famous for springs of hot water, of a peculiar quality, which are useful in the cure of some diseases. Many persons go to Aix-la-Chapelle for the purpose of drinking the water, or of bathing in it. I think the country grew more and more ugly as we approached Cologne. Nothing was to be seen but the flat fields, and such long rows of poplar trees! they seemed to go on for miles. The principal roads in Belgium are marked by these dismal-looking trees; and those we drove upon, when we were at Antwerp, were paved in the middle, the same as the streets, and the dust collected like sand at the side. I really do not wonder at the poor people choosing to wear heavy wooden shoes. I should do the same if I had to walk over such roads. I looked out for all the odd things I could see, and every now and then observed what amused me very much. In one place, quite close to the railway, a man and woman were seated outside a little summer-house, where every one could see them, passing their time as we might do in a private garden. There was a little round pond in front of them, and in the flower-beds were a number of tall sticks, with flower-pots hung upon them. I imagine they were intended to cover dahlias, for the flower is very much cultivated in Belgium. The people seem to have a taste for gardening, but they have

not the least idea what turf is. The grass in their gardens is as long and lank as if it was in a rough field. In another place I saw some children swinging : there were three of them together, one sitting in the middle, and the others standing at either end. I suspect they must have belonged to a pleasure party, for a little farther off I observed, in a kind of orchard, a table, with a number of grown up people sitting round it. At one of the stations I remarked a gentleman's carriage, made like a tilted cart, only very neat and well painted. Some of the waggons are extremely droll, with great high wheels, and the body of the waggon quite near the ground. A carrier's cart which I noticed, had a large tray under it for holding things.

The people seem to work out of doors very late. They were ploughing to-night when we came to Cologne, as late as eight o'clock in the evening. When we were near the river Meuse, I saw how the people washed their clothes. Two girls, without shoes or stockings, stood in the river, and washed the linen in the water. In another place, they were trying to bleach, or whiten the linen, by laying it out on the ground and watering it, as we should water flowers with a watering-pot.

We were all tolerably tired, when we reached Cologne at eight o'clock in the evening ; but even when the railroad carriage stopped, our journey and our troubles were not at end. Cologne being in Prussia, and Antwerp in Belgium, we were obliged to give up all our luggage to be examined by persons especially appointed for the purpose, who were to see whether we had brought any thing with us, for which the King of Prussia would require us to pay a tax. The office,

where such examinations as these are made, is called in English the Custom House. One of the gentlemen who was with us, undertook to see that the luggage was taken into the office, and brought back safely. The lady's maid went with him, to help him. The rest of the party seated themselves in an omnibus, myself amongst them. We waited and waited; but we heard nothing of our luggage, only we could just see into the room where it had been taken, which was filled with men and women, moving backwards and forwards, talking, calling, carrying boxes, and bags, and parcels;—such a noise and confusion, as you can scarcely imagine! Now and then an English sentence was heard, but by far the greater number were chattering German and French, as fast as they could. Two omnibuses were at the door of the Custom House, and occasionally some one would come out of the office, and call out, Hôtel Disch! Hôtel Royal!—which were the names of the Hotels to which the omnibuses belonged; and then a trunk or a carpet-bag was tossed up to the men standing on the top of one of the omnibuses, till the pile of luggage became almost more, so it seemed, than the roofs would bear. Lady H—waited with us for some time, but at last she thought that it might be better to go herself to the Hôtel Disch and order rooms for us, and tea, and leave us to wait till the examination of the luggage was completed. So she left the omnibus, meaning to take a carriage; but no carriage could she have. There were flys ready, but the men who had the care of them, said, that there were not enough for her to have one to herself; and they would not let her go, till an English lady and gentleman, who were just setting out for the Hôtel Disch, offered to give her a seat in their fly.

Our omnibus driver was very anxious to get as many persons as he could into his omnibus, but he need not have troubled himself much about it, for, by degrees, the people came pouring out of the office, and, one after another, they entered the omnibus. English, Germans, Italians, — there seemed no end to them. We were fourteen, at last, in one carriage, and a quantity of luggage at the top, which it must have been actually frightening to look at; and, after all our waiting, we could not see our friend, or the lady's maid. They were kept in the office after the luggage of the other travellers had been examined, and when the omnibus was full, the door was shut, and the huge carriage was driven slowly away. It was very vexatious, but we comforted ourselves by thinking that they would be certain to find their way to the hotel in time, — and on we went. For one moment I caught a glimpse of the river Rhine, which flows by Cologne; but it was gone again, and we drove by thick, high walls, and over a moat, and under an archway, all serving for the defence of the town, till we found ourselves in the streets. The omnibus driver was evidently fidgetty about the height of the luggage, as we passed under the archway, for he stopped to see if it would go under safely. How many streets we went through, I am sure I cannot tell; they appeared innumerable: and we were not driven straight to the *Hôtel Disch*, but to another hotel first, which was quite a disappointment. We longed to be out of the noise which the omnibus made, as it rattled through the streets over the stones; and I think we felt a little afraid, for it swayed from side to side, and turned the corners of the streets so awkwardly, that it seemed as if at any moment we might be upset.

We reached the Hôtel Disch at last, and there we found every thing ready for us ; and soon afterwards the luggage, and the lady's maid, and our lost friend, arrived, so we were all together again, and very comfortable. This Hôtel Disch is immensely large. The number of stairs to our bedrooms makes it quite a journey to go to them. The public room, or "salon," is exceedingly handsome. When we went into it this evening to have our tea, it was really a very pretty sight, for numbers of people were in it, scattered about in parties, at different tables ; and several large glass chandeliers, for holding lights, were hanging from the ceiling, and making the whole scene extremely brilliant. But, as little drawbacks, I must mention, that the table cloth was very dirty, and the German gentlemen would smoke in the same room, and, as I had never been accustomed to these things, they struck me as not quite agreeable. Cologne is celebrated for its Cathedral: I just saw it for a minute, as I came through the streets, but not enough to describe it.

I learnt to-day that Cologne is so called, because a great many years ago, in the time of the Roman Emperor Nero (the same who caused St. Paul to be beheaded), some of the Roman people came to this part of Germany, and settled here ; and so it was called a Colonia or Colony, and since then the name has been turned into Cologne. It is pronounced something like Coloin. The people of Cologne speak German, not Flemish. I can read the language a little but I cannot speak it at all : however, I mean to try and learn it ; and just now I felt quite pleased at having made my first attempt, by asking the chambermaid to bring me "*warmes wasser*," or, warm water.

Thursday Morning, July 10th. — We have been to

the Cathedral this morning. It is the first place every one goes to at Cologne. I thought Antwerp Cathedral beautiful, but Cologne is something infinitely more so. Yet it is not finished, though it was begun in the year 1248—in the time of our Henry the Third. It is so large, and requires so much money, and labour, and time, to make it what it was evidently intended to be, that one is almost inclined to think it never can be finished. The King of Prussia is employing workmen about it now, and there is scaffolding all round the outside, and on the top is a great machine for raising stones to the roof, which has been there for hundreds of years. But it requires more labour than we can imagine, to finish even the smallest portion. We stood looking at it from the outside for some time, admiring the carved stone-work, cut into shapes so thin and delicate, it seemed almost impossible that they could be made of stone. Then we opened a rough door and went in. What I saw it would be quite impossible to describe properly, but it was as if I had suddenly stood amongst the straight trunks of giant trees, only they were made of smooth stone, and cut into beautiful figures at the top. Some, in the distance, were of a pale grey colour, and others nearer seemed touched by the rays of a golden sunset; for there were windows of painted glass along the aisles, and as the light streamed through them, it fell upon the pillars and arches, and coloured them with a golden hue. After wandering about in the nave—the lower part of the building, I went farther up, into the chancel. Still there was the same vast height to the roof, and the tall narrow arches were seen one behind another; but the whole was one mass of brilliant colour,—purple, and crimson, and green, and blue, and gold, painted

on the walls, and marking the carvings of the columns ; and bright images of saints, and lovely patterns of every form and colour, shining through the outline of the windows. It was a place to sit, or rather to kneel alone in, and pray that God who has made the things of earth so beautiful, and taught us to use them to His honour, would also make our souls beautiful in His sight, and fit us for that far more glorious Heaven, where we shall have no need of temples in which to worship Him.

This was my first view of the Cathedral of Cologne, and very delightful it was. There are other things to be seen there, very different, and very painful, because they make one think of the errors of the Roman Catholic religion, but I have mentioned some before, and there is no occasion to repeat them. We spent nearly the whole morning in the Cathedral. One of my friends wished to sketch one of the porches, and sat down on a stone in front of the entrance, and I stayed with her, trying, as well as I could, to keep away the crowds of children who came peeping round. Such a number of idle, troublesome little creatures there were, we did not know what to do with them ! My friend spoke to them ; but I merely made signs that they should go away ; for I felt sure they would only laugh at my very bad German, if I attempted to talk to them. At last, up came a Prussian soldier, and poured forth a torrent of German scolding, and away went the children, as I am sure I should have done if I had been in their place ; for a more unpleasant sound in the way of scolding I have seldom heard. We went to the Cathedral again after dinner, to see some treasures which are kept there — beautiful gold and silver caskets, covered with precious stones, and worth

enormous sums of money : they were very much to be admired in themselves, but there were many strange stories about them ; one of them, for instance, is supposed to contain the skulls of the three Wise Men, who brought offerings to our Blessed Lord. They are said to have been three Eastern kings, and their bones are declared to have been carried to Cologne, and buried there. Several other histories of the same kind are told of things belonging to the different churches at Cologné ; but, as there are some which are likely to make us laugh, and yet are mixed up with sacred subjects, it seems better not to run the risk of being irreverent by relating them. We saw several of these churches after going to the Cathedral, but there was nothing very particularly to admire in them ; and we also visited the Rath-haus, or Town Hall, part of which was built in the time of the Romans. There was a splendid view all over Cologne from the top of the Rath-haus : we could see the river Rhine winding by the town, and the hills far away, which we hope to be quite near to-morrow, for we intend to go by one of the Rhine steamers to Coblenz. On our way back to the hotel, we walked through some of the narrow streets, and in one of them I remarked a most droll notice put up in a shop—a kind of eating-house. It was given in three languages, German, French, and English. The English was, "*At every hour here is warm and cold table, and also all kinds of beavage.*" Of course it meant warm and cold meat, and also all kinds of beverage or drink. It came on to rain heavily before we reached the hotel ; but there was one church quite near, which I had a great wish to look into, and I persuaded one of my friends to go to it with me. The people who were standing in the

court yard must have thought us quite wild, for we rushed across the street in an immense hurry, with only small parasols over our heads, and tried to push open a church door, which we thought was open. But it was not, and there was no porch to shelter us, and away we rushed again round the corner of the street to another door; that was shut too, and we had nothing left but to get back to the hotel as fast as we could—our parasols dripping, and the people laughing at our absurd exploit. Churches certainly abound here. There are twenty in the town now, and once, it is said, there were as many as there are days in the year.

I shall have a most pleasant remembrance of Cologne, all but the dirt. It is the dirtiest place I ever saw. The streets are so narrow, there is often not room enough for two carriages to pass, and there is the smallest possible quantity of pavement—so one is obliged to walk as one can in the middle of the road. An old woman, who showed us the way to the Bath-haus, was nearly run over three times, as she went on before us. Then there are such odd little shops—dark dingy places, filled with all kinds of strange things, little china figures, baskets, prints—pictures of different people, and representations of sacred subjects,—one cannot imagine how they all came together in such dirty holes, for I cannot call them anything else. There are other very good shops, with very beautiful things in them, but they none of them make a great show like our London shops.*

* I have forgotten to mention the Eau de Cologne, or Cologne Water, which is known every where for its delicious scent. It is a great article of trade at Cologne, and there are twenty-four manufacturers of it.

I noticed to-day, for the first time, a kind of head-dress, which I am told I shall often see as we go by the Rhine. It was worn by a girl in the street: she had a little black cap, fitting closely over the top of her head, and then a long gilt pin stuck all through her hair at the back, and keeping it together. The money is beginning to be very troublesome. Now that we are in Prussia, we are obliged to have a new kind of money—thalers and groschen. A thaler is about three shillings, and thirty groschen make a thaler; so a groschen is rather more than an English penny. Groschen are rather pretty little silver coins. The money is almost all silver, and very heavy; a great deal of it is nearly as large as our five-shilling pieces. It is carried in a bag instead of a purse, because it is so weighty and inconvenient.

I have just had an amusing little scene with the chambermaid. I rang the bell for some warm water, and as I was learned enough to know how to ask for that, she naturally supposed I could do a little more, so she began a long speech to me, to which I listened very attentively; but it was no use, I could only make out something about two jugs, and both rooms, but what they had to do with each other, I could not imagine. She went over her sentence very good-humouredly, rather slowly, and very distinctly, but still I did not understand, and at last we both laughed and I hurried away to call one of my friends to help me. I found then, that she wanted me to pour out the water, and let her carry the jugs away, — a very simple request, but one which it had taken a long time to get answered. We had such a merry laughing “good night,” and “thank you,” from her afterwards, it made me feel that we were quite friends.

COBLENTZ: July 12th.— We have had a long day's voyage in a Rhine steamer, leaving Cologne about half-past nine. The two gentlemen of our party set off earlier, in a different steam-vessel, as they wished to go to Frankfort. I wanted very much to have another view of the Cathedral before I left Cologne, but I was awakened at five o'clock by the church bells, when it was raining very hard, so that I could not well have gone out, and afterwards it was too late to attempt it. The services at the churches seem to begin very early. There was a church close to the Hôtel Disch, and whilst I was dressing every morning I could hear the organ and the chanting going on nearly the whole time. But I must tell you about our voyage. It was a cold day, rather rainy, and not good for seeing the Rhine, except now and then when the sun came out. It is a very broad river, and in some parts very beautiful. Just at first, when we left Cologne, the scenery was not beautiful; but it was early in the morning, and I felt quite refreshed, and able to enjoy everything. The view of the town from the water, and the old houses, and the Cathedral, and the number of vessels close to the quays, and the bridge of boats, were all delightful to me. This bridge of boats consists of a number of boats fastened together, with planks over them, to form a bridge. When vessels approach, some of the boats and the planks are moved away, and they are allowed to go by. Then, as we went farther up the river, jagged hills, covered with low trees, rose up on either side, and grey and reddish rocks peeped out amongst them, whilst above them would often appear a ruined tower, built upon the very summit, and seem-

ing to keep watch over the country still, as it did in the old times. For the banks of the Rhine were once covered with these castles, in which lived the nobles of the country, making war, and defending themselves from their enemies, as if they had been kings. One of these towers, however, has a different story connected with it. Roland, the knight who once lived in it, went far away to fight in Palestine for the recovery of the Holy Sepulchre, from the hands of the Saracens, and left behind him a lady, whom he loved dearly, and would willingly have made his wife. Whilst he was absent, false news were brought to the lady that he was dead, and in her sorrow she became a nun, which obliged her to make a solemn promise that she would never marry any one, but would devote herself to works of charity, and attend only to the services of religion. The knight returned in triumph from the Holy Land; but when he enquired concerning the lady whom he loved so well, he was told that she was a nun, and was living in the convent of Nonnenwerth, on an island in the Rhine. He could not make her break her solemn promise, and he did not wish to do so; but he built himself a castle on a hill overlooking the convent, and there he dwelt, watching over her during her life on earth, and no doubt, hoping to meet her in heaven. So the story goes, — and to-day, as I passed along the banks of the Rhine, I looked up, and saw amongst the rocks and woody hills, the broken arch of the tower of Roland, which is all that is left to tell us of the castle in which he passed his days. The island on which the convent was situated, was just below it. The convent building is there still, but no nuns have been living there for the last few years, and it is turned into an hotel.

Some persons think a great deal of the beauty of the Rhine, but I was disappointed in it. The hills were not high enough to be grand, as I had expected. Still they formed many lovely views, folding one behind another, with little towns, and villages, and churches, nestling beneath, as if anxious to seek for shelter from them. I could not help fancying that the people who inhabited the villages must live quite to themselves, and care nothing for the world beyond, and know nothing about it, except by the help of the broad river, which would be to them the high road to the rest of the world. They must be an industrious race, for they cultivate every spot of ground. I saw vineyards to-day for the first time. Sticks were set into the ground in rows, on the sides of the steep hills, and the vines were trained over them. The vineyards of the Rhine are celebrated everywhere for the wine which they produce. It is not at all strong, but cool and refreshing. We had a very pleasant day on the whole; the first part of it particularly, for I managed to station myself on a pile of boxes, at the lower end of the vessel, from whence I could see both sides of the river uncommonly well. By-and-by, however, a violent storm of rain came on, and then I cannot say it was quite so pleasant, for I ran a great risk of being wet through, and I did not like to move lest I should be worse off. It amused me to see a man belonging to the vessel having his dinner, he seemed to get on so well — first broth, then meat, and afterwards I think I saw the same man having coffee. I know it made me very hungry to look at him, for we breakfasted quite early, and did not have our dinner till after two o'clock. It was prepared for us on deck, though the greater number of the passengers went

below. There was an awning spread over the upper part of the deck all day, which was a very pleasant shelter. A good many English, and French, and Germans were on board the steamer, and a Prussian Prince and Princess, — very good-natured looking people, who sat by themselves, but seemed to be very much amused with every one else. You would not be much interested in merely learning the names of the little towns and villages which we passed to-day, but one place I must not forget to mention, because Prince Albert once spent a good deal of time there. It is a town called Bonn, which has a university, or a place where young men go to study. Prince Albert was one of the students. I was very glad to reach Coblenz at last, but I wish we were not going away to-morrow, there is so much I should like to see in the neighbourhood. I never saw anything prettier than the view was to-night when we landed. On one side of the river was a great fortress, called Ehrenbreitstein, or “the broad stone of honour;” and on the other the town of Coblenz, with trees and woods, and vineyards beyond. The rocks on which Ehrenbreitstein is built, are very high and steep, and of a reddish grey colour; and all up the sides are towers and walls, and places for cannon, so that the soldiers who have possession of it may fire upon their enemies below. Then there is a broad road cut out of the rock, winding up to the top, and at the bottom a cluster of houses with steep roofs, having some of them three rows of little attic windows in them. Our hotel fronts Ehrenbreitstein. There is a row of hotels along the banks of the river, and a bridge of boats across it. Just close to Coblenz there is a place where a great many rafts of timber may be seen. They are formed of large logs of wood,

cut from the trees growing upon some of the great mountains in Switzerland. These logs are tossed into some little stream, which rushes by the mountain ; and if not dashed to pieces against the rocks, they are caught as they float along, bound together, and then left to follow the course of the stream till it joins the Rhine. On the way, this small raft is from time to time enlarged, by having other pieces of timber fastened to it. When it reaches the broad part of the river, it is still more increased in size, and made into a kind of platform ; for several layers of these great logs or trees, are fastened together by chains, and planked over with rough deal. In this form it is able to bear huts and men, and looks in fact like a floating village. There are sometimes as many as four or five hundred rowers and workmen on board, and the captain places himself on a raised part of the raft from which he can see the whole mass. Four sets of rowers are employed to move it. There are smaller rafts attached to the large one, and boats also, for the purpose of going on shore. The rafts are at last floated to Dordrecht, in Holland, and sold. They are exceedingly valuable ; for the timber of which they are formed sometimes produces as much as twenty or thirty thousand pounds.

The river Moselle flows by Coblentz, and falls into the Rhine just close to the town. To-night, after we arrived and had settled ourselves in our rooms, we walked through the town and along the banks of the Moselle a little way. It increases the beauty of the place very much having the two rivers meeting. The town of Coblentz is not so large as Cologne, but it is prettier from the situation. The roofs of the houses are so tall that it quite puzzles one to think what kind

of rooms there can be in them. The upper windows just below the roof still have flowers in them. The shop windows are generally small, like common windows. It was strange to see a whole quantity of sausages, and some meat, in one of them, instead of a regular butcher's shop. I went into one shop, a shoemaker's, to buy a pair of cork soles for my boots. The man did not seem at first to know what was wanted, but afterwards he brought forward some which he said were lined with "*Cork made into meal*,"—pounded, I suppose he meant. They were the only things I could find, so I was obliged to buy them. I do not see many caps. The women seem to go about without them. Some I have noticed with large white handkerchiefs fastened over their heads. The hotel we are at is called "the Giant's Hotel." It is certainly immensely large, though the part we are in is not by any means as handsome as those at Cologne and Antwerp. It seems to be very full, for the lady's-maid told us just now, that when she wanted her tea, she was informed she could not have any by herself, but must sit down with fifty other servants when they had their supper. My bed-room I cannot say much for; it is a back room, looking out into a narrow court, with high buildings all round it, forming part of the hotel, and such noises we have heard below! such running about and chattering! but I am growing used to noise, and hope to sleep well in spite of it, for we are to be up at five tomorrow morning to go on by the steamer to Mayence, and from thence by the railway to Heidelberg.

HEIDELBERG: *Hôtel Prinz Carl. Monday Morning, July 14th.* — I wrote last from Coblentz on Friday night. We were obliged, as I told you, to get up very early on Saturday morning, for the steam-boat started at six. It was cold and rather damp, the sky was cloudy, and threatened rain, but Coblentz and Ehrenbreitstein were very beautiful still. The Prussian Prince and Princess were on board, just in the same place. They looked as if they had not moved all night. We had a long day's expedition before us, but if it had been warm I should not have thought it long. Even as it was it was very pleasant. The views on the Rhine grew prettier and prettier; there were more ruined towers, and more villages and churches. Almost every tower had some story belonging to it of the old times of the fierce lords of the Rhine; and the little villages were often fortified, or defended by walls and towers, still kept up, though grey and worn from the time which had passed since they were first built.

Two castles there were in one place, about which there is a story told, which I think I must repeat to you. They stand very near each other, on the top of a high rock:—

In the old times two brothers lived in one of them, who both wished to marry the same lady; her name was Geraldine. She liked the younger brother best, and would have married him; but he went away to a foreign land, and whilst he was there he forgot Lady Geraldine, and married another lady. The father of Lady Geraldine had quite consented to her marriage, and had built her a castle near the other, but he was dead now, and there was no one left to take care of her. The elder of the two brothers, however, undertook to

guard her. After a while the younger brother returned home with his new wife, and the elder brother being extremely angry, determined, according to the custom of those times, to fight with him, because he had broken his promise to Lady Geraldine. The combat was to take place in the valley below the two castles; but just as it was about to begin, a train of ladies drew near, covered with white veils, and at the head of them was Lady Geraldine. She had retired to a convent and there taken the vow of a nun, that she would never marry; and now she came to bid the two brothers be friends, and to tell them that she was happier in having given herself up to the service of God, than she could have been even if she had been the wife of the knight to whom she had been engaged.

The battle was stopped and the lady returned to the convent, and now the two castles are known by the name of "The Brothers."

Two other castles are called the Mouse and the Cat, because they stand near each other, like a cat watching a mouse. But the mouse stands on the highest hill, and, in the warlike days of the old times, I suspect it would have had the best chance of victory. Everything about the Rhine looks so quiet now, that one could never understand how things used to be, except by thinking of these old castles and the fortified villages.

We stopped every now and then at the villages to take in passengers, or allow them to go on shore. Many people spend days and days in these small places, and make excursions from them to see the beautiful country, and, I can imagine, finding a great deal of enjoyment in it. I saw two rafts on Saturday, floating down the river; a good many people were on board, but not as large a number as I have heard may some-

times be seen. There were two women on it, seated near a coil of rope, and men were moving about, and taking things on board from boats, which had come up to it; and there were huts upon it, and sheds to sleep in, and a bright red and white flag waving from a pole at one end. Altogether it looked extremely pretty, as I watched it gliding along, with the villages and churches, and rocks and woods behind it. All the first part of the voyage we were in Prussia, but afterwards we came into the territory of the Duke of Nassau. Nassau is a small German state. I think you must know that Germany is not all one kingdom, but made up of a great many small states, and two larger, Austria and Prussia. For a great many hundred years the lords of several of these small states, who were known by the title of Elector, used to choose some prince to be their head, and he was then called the Emperor of Germany. At one little village which we saw, on the banks of the Rhine, the electors once met to take away the government from an emperor, whom they disliked, and give it to some one else. There is no Emperor of Germany now, but the monarch of Austria has the same kind of title, and is called the Emperor of Austria.

Just before we entered the dominions of the Duke of Nassau, we passed by the castle of Stolzenfels, or "Proud Rock," belonging to the King of Prussia. Queen Victoria went there, when she paid a visit to the king some years ago. It stands upon a very steep hill, with wood all round it, and a great hollow on one side, something like what, in the Isle of Wight, is called a chine.

The poor people who live on the banks of the Rhine are almost entirely employed in taking care of their vineyards. There are vines planted on every spot of

earth that can be reached. However high up amongst the rocks, still one is sure to see a little vineyard, and sometimes men and women working in them. They get to them by straight paths, or terraces, which are cut amongst the rocks. There were plots of rye, also, to be seen, and as it was very ripe, and of a bright yellow colour, it gave a sunshiny look to the country, though it was such a dull day. There was one disadvantage, however, in the small plots of rye, and corn, and the little vineyards, — they made the hills appear very patchy.

After winding about, in and out, amongst the high rocks for a long time, the river became much broader, and the banks were not so pretty. This was when we were in Nassau. It was strange to see the river broader there than when it was nearer the sea; for, generally, rivers become narrower and narrower as one follows them towards their source. This is the case with the Rhine afterwards, but in this part it was really very wide — a great deal wider even than at Cologne.

There are two more castles that I have forgotten to mention, which we passed before we came to the broad part of the river. One was quite in the middle, built upon a rock, with the water all round it: a most strange, dreary old place. There was no way of getting at it, except by placing a ladder against the rock, and climbing up to a kind of door, half way up the walls. They say that in former times some of the German Countesses used occasionally to be sent there for safety, but it must have been a most desolate home for them. The other castle I ought, perhaps, only to call a tower, for it is really nothing else. It is, like the former, in the middle of the river. I had often heard

the story belonging to it, before I saw it. They say that there was once a bishop, named Hatto, — a cruel, hard-hearted man, very unlike what a bishop ought to be. A famine happened in his days, and the people came to him for bread. He bade them go to his barn and they should find it. But when they collected together in joy, he set fire to the barn, and burnt them all, saying, that it was a good thing to rid the country of the rats that ate up the corn. The story goes on to relate that Bishop Hatto went back to his palace, and supped merrily, and slept soundly, after his cruel action; — but he never slept again. The very next morning one of his servants came to him, to tell him that an army of rats had entered his barn, and eaten up all his corn. A few minutes afterwards another servant appeared, looking very pale, and declaring that at least ten thousand more rats were to be seen approaching his palace. The bishop was frightened. It seemed to him that his only place of safety was his little tower in the middle of the Rhine; and he set off for it immediately. But the rats followed him. They swam across the river, and poured into the tower, and when the Bishop's followers came to see what had become of him, they found only the remains of his body, which had been torn and devoured by the terrible army of rats.

This is the story that is told of the tower: I would not answer for its being quite true; but it shows how in former days people believed, as we do now, that the judgment of God will fall upon the cruel and hard-hearted.

We were all tolerably tired by the middle of the day, and not sorry to think that we should leave the steamer and go the rest of our journey by railway;

especially as there was a nope of getting warm then. It was so cold on the water, that I stood by the chimney of the steam-vessel to warm myself. We had a curious collection of people on board. I was amused part of the time listening to the conversation of a Spaniard, from Spanish America, and a German, both trying to speak English, and speaking it very badly. The German evidently thought himself a very clever person. He talked a great deal about books, and offered to converse with the Spaniard in Latin. He thought the English knew a good deal about Latin, but the Germans, he said, were cleverer. The Spaniard was a dark looking man, who seemed as if he would get angry in a minute.

Shortly before we reached Mayence, where we intended to go on shore, the steamer stopped at a place called Biberich, where there was a very handsome palace, belonging to the Duke of Nassau. Some of the passengers then left the steam-boat, and said they were going on by the railway ; but the captain of the vessel assured us that there was no occasion for us to do the same, as there was a station at Cassel, a little place opposite to Mayence, and we might just as well go on as far as that in the steam-vessel. So we went on, and soon came in front of Mayence, a very handsome looking place, the houses built of a red stone, tall, and of the same height, and with fine towers, and churches rising up from amongst them. But we saw nothing more, for Cassel, where we landed, was on the opposite side of the river, and we were obliged to hurry away as fast as we could to the railway station.

It is the custom in Germany to weigh all the great trunks and carpet bags, which travellers carry with them, and make a charge for them. Parcels and little

baskets or bags which can be carried in the hand, are not charged for. Whilst this weighing was going forward, I sat down in the waiting room with one of my friends, and began to amuse myself with reading the German directions for the railways, and the instructions how persons were to manage who wished to travel from Germany to see the Great Exhibition in London. Presently, my friend turned to me and said, "I hope we shall not be late, but there is a train just ready to set off." I felt a little uncomfortable, but supposed it would all be right, when, to my disappointment, a few minutes afterwards, in came Lady H——, saying, that the steam-boat had arrived so late, and the men at the station had been so long weighing the luggage, that the train was gone without us. I cannot say how vexed we all felt. We had intended to go to Frankfort first, and from thence to Heidelberg, where the two gentlemen of our party were to meet us. Now this plan was impossible; the next train to Frankfort would not start for two or three hours, and it would be too late then to proceed to Heidelberg; the two gentlemen would, in consequence, be uncomfortable at our not appearing, and we should be obliged to go on the next morning.

There was nothing, however, to do, but to try and be patient under our disappointment; and, after having our dinner at an hotel near the railway station, we went back to the waiting-room, to amuse ourselves as well as we could till the next train started. Some of the party were tired, or I think we should have gone over the bridge of boats which crosses the Rhine between Mayence and Cassel, and have walked a little about Mayence. At Cassel itself there was nothing to be seen.

We were in the railway-carriage soon after six, and reached Frankfort in about an hour's time. It was not at all a pretty country which we passed through, but, like a great part of Germany, quite flat, without woods or hills, and cut up into patches of vineyards, potatoes, corn, rye, and other grain, all very useful to the people, but not very pretty to look at. There are, in fact, few large farms and estates in Germany, compared with those in England. The land is chiefly divided into small lots, and almost every poor person has a portion for his own. When a man dies, his piece of land is divided, and the portion for each child is, therefore, likely to be extremely small, so that in time this division becomes an inconvenience. There seem to be scarcely any large houses in this part of Germany, and a park is a thing not known. The largest place I have seen is on the banks of the Rhine. It is a house which was given by the Emperor of Austria, to one of his great nobles, Prince Metternich. The place is called Johannisberg. It is famous for a vineyard, producing a peculiar kind of grape, the wine of which is celebrated all over Europe. There was a large house with woods at Johannisberg, but it is the only grand place I have seen, except the Duke of Nassau's palace at Biberich.

We arrived at Frankfort too late to see it well; for the greater number of the shops were shut. It is a very fine town, and the people who live there, and carry on trade with different countries, are some of the richest in Germany. It is also what is called a free city; that is, it does not belong to any particular German state, but as it were to all together. It has a little government of its own, and land belonging to it, about as much as would occupy ten English miles

all round it. Several kinds of soldiers are to be seen walking in the streets in their different uniforms,—Prussians, Austrians, Bavarians, &c.,—for the town is not strong enough to protect itself. A little while ago there was a great idea of making a change in the government of Germany, and persons from the various states of Germany met at Frankfort to settle about it.

A citizen of Frankfort is considered a person of great consequence.

We drove about the town, and went into one or two of the shops which were open. They are very handsome, like London shops, but the old parts of the town are most strange. Such very tall houses, with the upper stories projecting beyond the lower ones, and making it appear as if the houses on the opposite sides of the streets would meet. And so very dirty they are, and crowded with people ! It was extremely interesting to go through them, but it must be very uncomfortable to live in them. There are a great many Jews in Frankfort, and they live in a very old dirty part of the town by themselves ; but they are often some of the richest people in the city. Until a few years they used to be treated very hardly ; for there were gates to the part of the town in which they lived, and they were not allowed to go either in or out after certain fixed hours. There was also a very severe law which ordered that only thirteen Jewish marriages should be allowed to take place in the course of a year. The newer parts of the town are very handsome, particularly a street called the Zeil. I noticed especially the size of the hotels. One there was which had a hundred windows in the side facing the street alone.

One of the nicest things about Frankfort is, that there are public gardens, with trees and walks, all round it. There are no gates to these gardens, but they are shut in by a paling and a hedge, and there are open spaces left for persons to go in and out.

Our hotel at Frankfort was so full that we could not have bed-rooms except at the very top, and extremely tiring it was to go to them; but we had a good view of the town from being so high, and that was of some consequence to me as we were to be there such a short time.

It was extremely unlike Sunday the next day, when we were obliged to set off in the railway again; but our friends would have been very uneasy if we had delayed. We therefore got up at six o'clock, and left Frankfort at seven, so as to be at Heidelberg early, and not disturb the day more than was necessary. I was very tired and sleepy all the way; but for that I should have enjoyed the journey, as far as the view went, for it is one of the prettiest railways in Europe. It goes by what is called the Berg Strasse, or Mountain Road, because there is a range of hills near it, a great part of the way. They are covered with wood, and with little villages beneath; and here and there an old tower is to be seen on the top, like the towers on the Rhine. In one respect the country reminded me of England; — there were more roads and paths to be seen. In the other parts of Germany which we have passed through, there have been very few lanes amongst the fields, and I have always had an uncomfortable feeling in looking at them, as if I could not get from one part to another without walking amongst corn or jumping over ditches.

We arrived at Heidelberg early, though not quite in time for the morning service at the English Chapel. I was almost too tired to enjoy being here at first, and we had a very long dinner at the table d'hôte, and a great noise, which nearly distracted me, and made me feel quite ill. But a little rest, and the afternoon service, which we went to, quite refreshed me, and in the evening I had a delightful walk to the ruins of the castle that stands above the town, and about which I must now tell you something more. Part of my journal has been written whilst sitting in the garden of the castle. I walked up this morning before breakfast, with one of my friends who was wishing to sketch. As we sat on one of the terraces the ruins were before me;—a long range of beautiful buildings, carved and ornamented, with a high broken tower at one end, and the blue sky and the green woods of the neighbouring hills, to be seen through the empty arches. The town of Heidelberg and the river Neckar were just below us; in the distance were corn-fields, and vineyards, and plains, stretching on and on, till they were ended by a faint blue track, which showed where the Rhine was flowing towards the sea; whilst still beyond were hills rising one behind another, like clouds in the evening sky. Such is Heidelberg Castle. It was once a palace for the princes who governed a portion of Germany called the Palatinate of the Rhine, but which now forms part of the dominions of the Grand Duke of Baden. It has since become ruinous and deserted; for it has been attacked by fierce soldiers, and the walls have been beaten down, and the beautiful ornaments destroyed; yet it is still very grand in itself, and very lovely in its situation, and amongst the many things I am likely to remember

with delight all my life the Palace of Heidelberg is certainly one.

The town is quite close to the castle. It is tolerably large, and famous, like Bonn, as being a University, where young men come to study. But it is the castle which is the great attraction for visitors. One part of it is especially interesting to English people. One of our princesses lived here, — Elizabeth, the daughter of James the First. She married a German Prince, the Elector Palatine, whose palace was this Castle of Heidelberg. She was a beautiful woman, very fond of power and grandeur. There were great disturbances in Germany in those days, between the Roman Catholics and the Protestants; and the people of Bohemia, one of the small German kingdoms, who were Protestants, offered to make the Elector Palatine their king, for he was a Protestant also. The princess so longed to be a queen, that she persuaded her husband to accept the offer, saying: that it was better to eat dry bread at a king's table, than to feast at the board of an elector. And he was made king, and she was a queen; but wars and troubles without number followed, and at last they were driven from their thrones, and obliged even to beg for bread.

The remains of her garden, and of the rooms which she inhabited are still to be seen, together with an arch, which was put up in the course of one night, to welcome her to her German home. It seems when one looks at it, that she must often have sighed at the sad exchange which she made when she chose the grandeur of the throne of Bohemia, instead of her lovely and peaceful palace at Heidelberg.

We have spent nearly the whole of this day (Monday) at the castle, sitting out of doors, on the grass,

beneath the walls. The rain, however, has not quite left us, for we had one great thunder shower, which I am afraid may prevent our going for a drive in the evening. We have made acquaintance with a lady and gentleman who are living in some rooms in the castle for the summer. I could almost envy them such a pleasant home; for it must be one of the nicest places possible to stay in in hot weather, — such large cool rooms, and such beautiful views all round! This habitable part of the castle, however, is very small; by far the larger portion is a complete ruin. Our friends dine at a table d'hôte, provided in a small building erected in the garden of the castle for the convenience of visitors. It is not so much the custom in Germany, as it is in England, for persons in lodgings to buy things for themselves; but they dine, generally, at some table d'hôte at an hotel, or else the dinner is sent to them ready cooked.

I must not forget to tell you that we are in a Protestant part of Germany now. At Coblenz, half the people were Protestants and half Roman Catholics.

Tuesday, July 15. — I meant to have written my journal again at the castle before breakfast, but though I went up there and stayed whilst my friend was sketching, we had not as much time as we had yesterday.

It is a great temptation to go out before breakfast, to see the beautiful view from the castle; but it is rather a fatiguing walk, the hill is so very steep. Yesterday we went up in a carriage. All the public carriages here have two horses: they would not else be able to get up the hill. Coming down, it was really very like going down the tiles of the roof of the house, for the road is paved with small stones the

whole way. I think the little bit of street going up to the castle is one of the most curious things in the place. On Sunday evening, as we went up, it struck me particularly: there were such very odd old dirty houses on each side of the narrow way, and such grim faces peeping out of the windows. I have been told that Heidelberg is remarkable for the number of poor people who are idiots, and that many of them have a dreadful swelling at the throat called a goître. Both these things are common in many parts of Switzerland, and they often afflict the same person. It is not exactly known what they proceed from, but it is sometimes supposed that the goître is caused by the water which the people drink being bad. Certainly the ugly faces that I saw in this one street were very remarkable; some peering out from the upper casements, others appearing at the open doorways. The little rooms which I could see into were dark, and low, and dirty; but there were flowers in the windows still, and the old doorways were many of them carved and ornamented, — a strange mixture of dirt and beauty, which is seen much more frequently abroad than in England.

I had not time, yesterday, to describe all we saw in going over the castle, but I must try now. We wandered from one ruined room to another, and through passages, and up broken staircases; and sometimes I stopped and tried to imagine what the palace must once have been, but it is scarcely possible to do so thoroughly. The walls, indeed, are standing strong and firm, the stone-work of the high, deep-set windows is unbroken, the fireplaces are clearly marked, and the doorways, carved with leaves, and fruits, and flowers, are quite perfect; but the once smooth floor is

now a court overgrown with grass, and tall trees have sprung up to the height of the upper chambers, and the sky and the clouds are seen above one's head. It is very sad, but very beautiful; and most sad when one sees, as I saw yesterday, the picture of the princes and princesses who once inhabited Heidelberg, and no doubt prided themselves upon its strength and beauty, and whose glory has long passed away with the glory of their ancient home. It makes one feel, more than ever, how really nothing all earthly grandeur is.

These pictures are kept in a part of the castle fitted up especially for them. There are a great number. The daughter of James the First, "the English Princess," as the Heidelberg people call her, is amongst them; but her face is not beautiful, as in some other pictures I have seen, taken when she was young. Perhaps, when the Heidelberg picture was painted, she had begun to be discontented with her rank, and to long for the crown which was to bring her to poverty and ruin. At least her countenance seemed to me that of a person who would have strong wishes and harsh feelings, and would not know how to command them. The most beautiful part of the castle was built by Otto Henry, a prince who lived about the time of the English Queen Mary. He was very clever, and extremely fond of all things lovely and graceful, and, wishing to ornament his palace, he sent for sculptors from Italy, who were famous for their skill. The figures which they carved are still complete in their beauty, and on the very summit of the ruined chambers there are two which stand up against the sky, like silent guards, watching over the deserted ruins. They may have given some pleasure to the prince, when he saw them adding to the

grandeur of his palace; but his greatness was not to be envied, for his people dreaded and disliked him, and he lived in continual fear of being poisoned.

Many things are kept in the castle as curiosities, besides the pictures. Some are old swords, and bows, and cannon balls found amongst the ruins, after the walls had been broken down by the armies who besieged it; others are things which have been petrified, or turned into stone by the waters of the Neckar. We had a most civil little German girl to show us over the picture rooms. She knitted diligently, as she went from picture to picture, telling us all she knew about them, and trying to speak plainly, that I might understand her. She had a great wish, she said, to learn English, but she knew very little of it; and every now and then she would ask us to give her the English words, and pronounce them carefully after us:—cannon ball was a name she particularly tried to remember, as there were several which she was in the habit of showing amongst the curiosities. We had another girl to show us over a different part of the castle; so different she was, so bold and careless!—it quite annoyed me to see her. She took us into the chapel, and seemed to take pleasure in humming an Italian tune whilst, we were in it, as if she had no thought of its being a sacred place. There was a figure in the chapel, at the lower end, of a priest in his robes, with his face pale and stiff, as it would be in death. It was startling to look at it, but the girl pointed it out as a common thing, and told us it was the figure of a Capuchin monk, or a priest belonging to a set of men called Capuchins, who are Roman Catholics, and bind themselves by vows to live according to certain rules.

The Castle of Heidelberg was once struck by lightning, and a great part of it was burnt. The old chapel was destroyed at that time. We passed over it on our way to the new one, which was built afterwards. Planks were placed across the walls for us to walk over, and it gave me rather a feeling of fear, to look down from them. The building below was dark, for it was roughly roofed in, and scarcely any light could come to it. I had a remembrance when I was a child of constantly dreaming that I was going over such a place, and it was strange to have my dream brought back to me at Heidelberg. The disagreeable girl I mentioned before, showed us what had been the apartments of the English princess. Her dining room is still perfect in its form, though the centre is over-grown with shrubs. There are windows on each side. From those towards the west she must have looked upon the wooded hills on which the castle stands, with the town beneath her, and the plain, with the Rhine and the misty hills beyond it; whilst, from the opposite side, she could see the courtyard of the castle, with the beautiful buildings which the prince who lived there before her had taken such pains to ornament. The oldest part of the castle was built about the year 1300, the time of our Edward the First. It is full of dark, low passages and arches, some of them leading to a dismal dungeon, without air or light, where no doubt many a poor prisoner has passed mournful days and dreary nights. It was seven o'clock before we had seen all we wanted to see, and then we had talked of going for a drive, but it came on to rain, and we had nothing to do but to return to the hotel as well as we could. Even when seeing beautiful castles, one cannot go all day

without rest or food, — so I must tell you that we dined at the castle at the table d'hôte. It was a very long dinner, for there were ~~few~~ people to wait, and a great many to be waited upon, and we had there fore plenty of time to look about. The Germans eat their vegetables alone, not with the meat, as we do. After the broth, which always comes first, they hand round potatoes. A lady next me took some potatoes with a little butter, and I was exceedingly amused to see her afterwards help herself to some meat, and butter it carefully, just as if it was a piece of bread.

To-day, Tuesday, I went up to the castle for a short time in the morning, but was not able to see much. The weather was misty and rainy, yet we managed to go for a drive in the afternoon. Driving in this part of the world is really rather alarming. Our road passed by the castle, and we went up there first in a carriage, and then had to set off again with the horses standing half way up the hill; and instead of going forwards, they took it into their heads to go backwards. I really think I should have done the same in their position, for it was a most awkward place to start from, though we had a third horse to help us. We set off at last, a boy seizing the front horse, and dragging it on, and the coachman flogging those behind. When we were once off, it all did very well, and we had a most lovely drive along the side of the wooded hill above the castle and the Neckar, to Wolf's Brunnen, or Wolf's Well, so called from an old story of a witch who is said to have once lived there, and to have been torn to pieces by a wolf. The Heidelberg people often go to Wolf's Brunnen when they want a holiday, and of course they sit out of doors there,

and drink beer, for that every one does in Germany. There was nothing very particular to be seen at Wolf's Brunnen besides the pretty country; only a rather pretty inn, and two ponds with some wonderfully large trout, which are fed carefully with some little fish taken from the Neckar.

We drank tea rather earlier than usual, and went for a walk afterwards along the banks of the Neckar, opposite to the castle. A most lovely walk it was, and I enjoyed it extremely. It was like being at home to take a country walk, and yet every thing was new, and beautiful, and interesting. We went rather a long way, and then, though it was getting dusk, we turned up a little stony rough road, to see if we could get upon the hill, and look over the river. It seemed, after a time, that we were wandering into private grounds, for there was a good path, with seats placed for people to sit and enjoy the view; and we therefore thought it better to turn back there. It must be extremely lovely in the day time, for there must be a view a considerable way down the Neckar, and over the plains to the Rhine, and the hills in the distance. Before we reached home again it was nearly dark. The houses along the bank of the river, with the lights shining in the windows, looked very cheerful; and there were glow-worms to remind me of England and home. Altogether it was a walk I shall remember.

Wednesday. — We were to have left Heidelberg to-day, but we like the place so much that we have agreed to stay till to-morrow. It is fortunate that we have done so, for it is a rainy day, and to have been on board the steamer, going up the river Neckar, would have been very unpleasant. We have not been doing much besides packing, but we managed to go up

to the castle in the afternoon. I went again to the picture-room, and had a long talk with the little German girl. She amused me very much with her anxiety to learn English, and to teach me German. I made her read some English to me, and it seemed strange the difficulty she had with some words. The most difficult of all was "the." She could not at all understand how to pronounce the *th*.

She told me that she was a servant in the family of the gentleman to whom the castle pictures belonged. He lives at Heidelberg, but he is a Frenchman, and he teaches her French. The young girl said that it was much more difficult to learn French than English; but she has not much opportunity of learning English, for when English people come to look at the pictures they do not talk as much as French people.

She was always very busy, she said, for there was a great deal of sewing to do at home, but she would be very sorry to have less, as she was sure it was the way to be contented. Next winter, when she will not be obliged to be at the castle, as there will be few visitors to see it, she means to learn English. We parted with the hope that if we met again she would be able to speak English, and I should be able to speak German.

Some other people who have the charge of part of the castle, seemed, like her, quite like friends before we went away. One of the gentlemen of our party sprained his foot, in clambering over the walls, and they were as kind and attentive as possible. They knew Lady H——, because she had been at Heidelberg before; and when we went away, it was difficult to make them take any thing in return for their kindness. In fact all they would accept, was a small sum to buy a paint-

box for one of the little boys of the family, who was fond of drawing.

We took our last walk round the castle before we went away. Some parts I had not seen before. They were all very lovely, the walls deep and thick, and often beautifully carved, and covered with creepers; and the tall trees crowding up the banks and the trenches; and the river and the woods below, seen through the bright green leaves. The antyrrhinum, which is so common amongst the rocks and the gardens at Bonchurch, grows all over the walls, and looks particularly pretty mixing with the rough red stones. Amongst other things in our walk, we came upon a long hollow passage in the thickness of one of the castle walls, which looked as if it must have been a secret passage from a tower, by which persons might escape without being seen. The whole place is full of such odd passages, and low rooms and arches.

One tower is known by the name of the "Broken Tower." It was destroyed in one of the wars, being blown up with gunpowder. The walls were so strong that, instead of crumbling to pieces, an enormous portion fell off at once, and lies in the trench below, like a great rock, overgrown with creepers. I had a fancy, when I first saw it, that I could take it up in my hands, and mend the tower, as I would mend broken china, it seemed to fit so exactly. There has been a great deal of fighting from time to time at Heidelberg. Even two or three years ago there were great disturbances in the country; and the woman of the house where Lady H— lived when she was last here, told us, when we went to see her this afternoon, that she had been obliged to have soldiers in her house, and to feed and take care of them without payment. They were very

civil, she said, but they were in and out all day, and always wanting her to cook something for them. She seemed, very naturally, to have a great horror of revolutions.

Her house has a beautiful view from it, and in the time of the disturbances, she could see across the river to the place where the fighting was going on, and watch the dead and the wounded brought into the town in waggons.

Amongst the other curiosities of Heidelberg, I must not forget to mention an enormous tun, or cask, kept in a cellar underneath the castle. It was made about a hundred years ago, and is the largest wine cask in the world. It is thirty-six feet long, and twenty-four feet high, and can hold as much as 283,200 bottles.

In former days, when the grape gathering season was over, and wine enough made to fill the cask, it was the custom to celebrate the occasion by dancing on the top of the great Heidelberg tun.

To-morrow, we think of leaving Heidelberg. I shall enjoy seeing other places I have no doubt; but I shall always think of this with peculiar delight.

HEILBRONN: Hôtel der Sonne (Sun Hotel). Thursday, July 17. — At seven this morning we went on board a small steamer, which was to carry us up the river Neckar to Heilbronn. A most curious little machine it was; so small, that there was no place between the cabin and the side of the vessel. It was made on purpose to go in very shallow water. We had left the hotel before breakfast, and certainly it seemed, at first, as if we had no chance of getting any on board the steamer. Where it was to come from I could not

think, but up in a corner there was a wonderful little kitchen, with a still more wonderful little German boy, who was able to get us every thing we wanted. The weather was warmer than when we were on the Rhine, though it was still misty and showery. We had the steamer almost to ourselves, and the views were exceedingly pretty nearly the whole way; something like the Rhine, only the hills not quite so high, and the river not so broad. There were several castles, and a great many little villages, strange, out-of-the-way looking places. Now and then we stopped at them, but scarcely any one came on board. The only companions we had were some very pleasant persons, who came from Holstein, in the north of Germany—a gentleman and lady, and their daughter, all travelling to Switzerland. We talked a good deal to the young lady, for she spoke English, and was very willing to help us in speaking German. She told us a good many things about Holstein, and the wars which have been going on there lately between Denmark, Holstein, and Schleswig. A war in a foreign country does not interest us much when first we hear of it; but, when I was talking to this young lady, I began to understand how sad it must be to live in the midst of one. She said that one of her brothers was at school when the war commenced, but he wished very much to fight for his country, and he persuaded his father to let him go with the army. When the battles began, they heard nothing about him for some time, and they had sad fears lest he should have been killed; but at last, to their delight, a letter came saying that he was safe. Her eyes sparkled when she told us this, and she spoke so earnestly, I could feel myself how very thankful she must have been. None

of her relations, she said, had been killed, but several of her acquaintances; one was the husband of a lady who was only just married, and who would not believe any harm could happen to her husband until he was brought back to her dead. They must have been terrible years, and even now the people are in great distress. Holstein, this young lady told me, was very like England, only very flat. They have hedges there, and large trees. The manners and customs of the people are, in some respects, more like ours than like those of Germany. She had a great notion of the English people being happy and well governed, and certainly all she said made me feel that we have a great deal to be thankful for. Our little German cook amused us very much. He left the steamer without our knowing it, when we were stopping at one of the villages, and presently came back laughing, and assuring us he had got all sorts of things for us, and he was sure we should be quite satisfied with our dinner, and so we were; and the little cook rushed about from one to another, handing the dishes, and getting all that was needed, and nodding his head whenever we asked him to bring us any thing, till really I could scarcely help laughing in his face.

The castles on the Neckar, which I saw, chiefly belonged, in the old times, to a kind of robber chiefs—men who were rich and powerful, and could assist in great wars, and yet would go out and plunder any wealthy person who came in their way, and carry away their neighbours' goods. One of the castles must have been a most safe place for any one to live in, standing on the very top of an exceedingly high rock, with steep cliffs nearly all round it, so that it

might have been very difficult to get at it. It is called by the peasants, "The Swallow's Nest."

We arrived at Heilbronn rather late, and parted from our Holstein friends as we left the steam-boat, for they were not going to the same hotel as ourselves. I felt as if I had been having quite a German lesson from the young lady, she had helped me so much in conversation. She told me her name and where she lived, and when I said in return that I hoped I might see her if ever she came to England, she assured me that she had heard of Bonchurch, and thought it must be wonderfully beautiful. Her mamma spoke a little English too, and wished us, in German, a happy journey, in a kind, earnest, pleasant voice, which I shall long remember.

Heilbronn is a strange place. We came into it by crossing a covered bridge over the Neckar. This kind of bridge is very common abroad. It is roofed in, and there are some open spaces at the side to look out at, as if it were a room. It has been misty and rainy all day, and the streets of Heilbronn were full of mud. There were numbers of people about, but I did not see any carriages or fine streets, only a number of narrow ones, with very old houses, some ornamented, and with flowers in the windows as usual, and strange little projecting balconies. And all so dirty! Even in good weather it must be a dirty place, and to-day it looked actually grim.

It seemed strange to me, as we came into Heilbronn this evening, to see a cart full of people just setting off to go back into the country. They looked as if they had been spending the day in the town, for some friends came with them to the cart and were very affectionate in wishing them good-bye. These little

things make one feel how all the world are alike, whether in England or elsewhere.

It is after eleven o'clock, so it certainly is time to go to bed. This bed-room of mine has no carpet, and the floor is marked in a great square pattern of dark wood, which I like better in the summer. Carpets are not at all common in Germany, either in the bed-rooms or the sitting rooms.

ULM: *Gasthof von Rade, or Wheel Hotel. July 18th.*
—We have had a long railway journey from Heilbronn to Ulm, and really a very pleasant one. Our places were taken in a first class carriage, but it was not half as comfortable as the second class, which some of us soon moved into. The railway carriages we have seen lately are like little rooms. The best carriages have a table in the middle, and comfortable seats all round. A door opens from them into the second class, and one can look down the length of the carriage upon rows and rows of seats filled with people, and walk through the midst of them to the other end without getting out. The second class seats to-day were much better for seeing the view than the first class, and there was no smoking going on, as there is generally. Our Holstein friends were in the same carriage with us part of the way, but I was not near enough to talk to them, and they left us at Stuttgart.

I had made up my mind that the road would be very ugly, so I was all the more pleased when we found it extremely pretty. We travelled a long way by the river Neckar, which went winding along by

our side, and was crossed by pretty wooden bridges ; and the country was cheerful and pleasant, with hills in the distance. There are an immense number of fruit trees in this part of Germany. Walnut, cherry, pear trees, and others, are to be seen everywhere. It is like going through a continual orchard. Sometimes the fruit trees are planted all over the fields ; corn, rye, and different kinds of grain growing beneath them.

We were at Stuttgart, the capital of Würtemberg, before I at all expected it. It is a very handsome looking place, as far as we could see, with large straight rows of houses, and good streets and gardens ; but we did not go into the town at all, for we had only time to have some luncheon at the railway station. I was much amused with the German notion of what we call a sandwich. Instead of thin slices of bread and butter, nicely cut, with small bits of meat between, we had thick rolls divided in halves and one large piece of meat within, which it was difficult to eat without a knife and fork. One never sees any thing like an English loaf. The bread is generally very long and round, sometimes it is in the shape of a ring : and the butter comes to table in most odd shapes — at Heidelberg it used to be just like a flat fish. After leaving Stuttgart the road grew prettier and prettier. We had books with us, but we did not at all care to read them. The hills grew higher and more woody ; beautiful bits of grey rock peeped out from amongst them, and a narrow stream flowed through the valley. Now and then the hills opened, and gave us a view far away into the country beyond ; and then they came quite close, and there was only room for the little stream between us and them. We passed many cu-

rious villages, and sometimes an old tower appeared perched on the sharp point of a steep hill. I observed more pasture land than I have yet seen in Germany, and here and there the sides of the hills were green and smooth, and dotted with trees, like the beautiful parts of a park in England. The railway at last went along a terrace cut out of the hill, and then it ascended by degrees till at last we were at the top of the hills, and the pretty country ended, and it was all bare, and dreary, and flat, till we came to Ulm. The lovely country I have been describing forms part of what is sometimes called the Swabian Alps. Swabia was an old name for a portion of Germany which was called the Circle of Swabia; another part was called the Circle of Westphalia, another the Circle of the Rhine, &c. Ulm is in Würtemberg, and certainly is a strange old town, and one of the strangest places in it is the hotel in which we are. Such long, low passages, and wide staircases; and large unfurnished rooms, with doors at every corner; and the horses and carts, and men and women, all coming in by the same entrance. The public room, or "salon," where we drank tea, was inside another, which was very large, scantily furnished, and with a row of low arches at the further end. The house looks as if it must have been built hundreds of years ago, and the town is just like it, dirtier than can be imagined, but full of old houses, and windows, and roofs, which would make the prettiest pictures possible. A German town, though, ought to be a clean place, for there are generally fountains of water in some of the open squares, and very pretty they are, with a figure standing up in the centre, and the water pouring out at the four sides; but, somehow, the water makes neither the towns nor the people

clean. The chief thing to be seen at Ulm is the Cathedral. It is a Protestant church, not a Roman Catholic. There are seats in the Protestant churches as there are in ours; fixed benches I mean. The pulpit is generally at the lower end, or in the middle; and the seats which are above the pulpit, face downwards, and so turn away from the altar at the east end. It is so in this great church at Ulm, and we observed the same this morning at Heilbronn Church, which we went to see before we set off for Ulm. The pulpit there was very curiously carved, with a figure of Sampson supporting it. I observed, also, that there were names put to every seat, as if each person had his own place. I liked Ulm Cathedral very much, but it is not by any means so beautiful as Antwerp or Cologne; though the painted glass at the east end, which is very old, seemed to be particularly well done. There were some parts of the church locked up; they were what are called chapels—little churches, as it were, built on to, or belonging to the great one. In Roman Catholic churches there are generally a great many, and persons go and say their prayers in whichever chapel they like. They are not used in Protestant churches. In going into the Cathedral this evening we were obliged to pass through a house joining it, belonging to the person who kept the keys of the church. I took particular notice of the room we went into, and it struck me as very neat and nice. Pictures were hung against the walls, and there were flowers, I think, in it, and a little boy seated at a table drawing from a print; altogether it looked quite as comfortable as an English room. We have been buying some pretty little boxes and ornaments cut in ivory this evening. A great many are

made at Ulm and at one of the villages near. Some were brought to us when we were in the railroad, and this evening we procured others from an old woman whose husband supports himself by making them. Ulm is also famous for snails of a peculiar kind, which are considered good to eat, though I cannot say I should fancy eating them myself. They are collected in the neighbourhood of the town, and are fed and fattened, and then packed in casks and sent away to different countries, especially to Austria. They are considered a great delicacy, and it is said that as many as four millions are sent away every year. Ulm was once a very prosperous place, so much so indeed, that an old German proverb says, that "the gold of Ulm rules the world;" but the trade has been very much less during the last two hundred years.

We hope to go on to Munich, the capital of Bavaria, to-morrow, taking with us only our carpet bags, and leaving the rest of our luggage to the care of the lady's maid.

MUNICH: *Saturday Night, July 19th.* — We have had a very long day's journey and are extremely tired, so I must put down as quickly as I can all we have been doing. There is no railroad between Ulm and Munich — or at least only for a very small part of the way, quite at the end — so we were obliged to go in carriages. We had two to take the whole party; and a very pleasant change it was from the railroad. Half-past seven was our hour for starting. We were to go forty miles with the same horses, so of course, they

were to stop and rest in the middle of the day. It was a very chilly morning, not in the least like July; I could have borne all kinds of shawls and cloaks and thought it comfortable. The road just out of Ulm crossed the Danube: it was my first glimpse of it; and though it was neither very broad nor very beautiful, I liked to think that it was the Danube which I had so often found in maps, and never thought I should see. Then we had to go by some thick walls, and under arches, — for Ulm is a fortified town, — and after that we were in the open country, and in the kingdom of Bavaria. Ulm itself is in Würtemberg. A very cold, dreary drive we had then for miles and miles — at least it would have been dreary if everything had not been so new, and it had not been so early in the morning. One feels very differently when travelling in the morning, compared with the evening. There was enough to amuse us too, at first, in the people going to market; — men and women driving along in little carts; — the women with red handkerchiefs tied over their heads, and perhaps a little child with them, dressed in its best clothes. German carts are very pretty; the wood work at the sides is open, which makes them extremely light; and they are much wider at the top than they are at the bottom. We saw no cattle; that is one of the things one misses most in Germany. The cows and oxen are kept in stables, except when the oxen are at the plough, or employed in drawing carts and waggons like horses, which is the common practice. They tie them together in the most uncomfortable way by the horns. A friend of mine told me he had heard of their being kept to work all day; and before they went to work, and when they returned, being taken out for a walk,

as we should take children out. I do not know, though, that this is a usual custom. We passed through several small towns and villages, all wonderfully dirty, and extremely pretty, with flowers at the balconies of the windows. We also saw strange signs hung out at the shops and the little inns. At one place I observed three sheeps' tails as a sign. Every now and then we stopped to rest the horses: and at one place I went into a shop and bought some bread. The man who kept the shop took a good deal of interest in our proceedings. He supposed we were going to Vienna; but when we said we were travelling to Switzerland and Italy, he held up his hands in astonishment, and seemed to think it a surprisingly long way to go. We dined in the middle of the day at a small country inn. The master of the inn tried to speak French — it was the very drollest kind of French I ever heard — but he informed us that he could give us a grand dinner, and laughed, and welcomed us with the greatest delight. His inn was very clean, which is more than can be said of most German inns. One of my friends began to draw the little street with a tower at the end, and we all occupied ourselves as we liked till the grand dinner was ready; I amused myself partly with looking about the room, which was hung with pictures of Napoleon, the Emperor of France, who fought so many battles, and conquered so many countries, not many years ago. Our landlord evidently had a great fancy for him, and as I was standing, looking at the print, I was startled by hearing him say in a loud voice: "Napoleon der Grosse," or Napoleon the Great; a name I should never have thought that he or any German would have been inclined to give to Napoleon, for he was the cause of great mischief to

their country. There was also a print of Napoleon's son; and Napoleon the Second, was written underneath, though he never came to the throne. I must say our landlord kept his promise, and gave us a very good dinner, and paid us every attention, following us to the carriages, when we went away, with fine speeches, in surprisingly bad French. We had a long drive after dinner, and not a very pretty country, though it was rather better than at first. There were more green meadows, but no cattle feeding in them. Sometimes we could see to a great distance, and often there were woods near the road; but altogether it was a dull country, and looked as if it must be bitterly cold in winter. Indeed, they say that in some parts of Bavaria it is nearly as cold as at Stockholm in the winter time. One thing extremely striking to an English person, which is very common in Germany, and indeed everywhere abroad, is, that at the road side, crosses and crucifixes are continually set up. Often, also, there are pictures of sacred subjects, enclosed in a little chapel, the front of which is open to the road; or else they are placed on a high post, with a framework at the top to protect them from the weather. One place, where we stopped to rest the horses, interested me, because it was more like an English farm-house than any thing I had seen. There was a yard, with barns round it, and ducks and pigeons, and heaps of wood piled up. I was wandering about by myself, when, on looking into one of the barns, I espied three German girls seated in a corner, and employed in beating out flax. The German women occupy themselves very much in such ways; and I believe a great part of the stuff their clothes are made of is spun by themselves in the winter. These three girls looked very

merry, and very much amused at seeing me appear at the barn door, and they began to talk to me; but it was a most odd language to my ears, and all I could say was that I did not understand. At last I did make out that one of them asked for money, which rather vexed me, for I liked the appearance of the girls too much to wish them to be beggars, and I should have had pleasure in giving them a trifle if they had said nothing about it.

In one part of our journey to day we met a party of young men, who are what we should call travelling journeymen. There is an ancient custom in Germany, by which apprentices who wish to be free, and to become masters in their trades, are required to spend a certain number of years first in travelling. When one of these apprentices sets out on his journey, he is provided with a book in which he is to keep an account of his wanderings; and all persons who may happen to employ him on the road, put down in this book their opinion of his conduct whilst working for them. Wherever he wishes to stop, he goes to the persons who are of the same trade as himself, and they provide him with work, if it is to be had; if not, they give him shelter for the night, and a straw bed perhaps to sleep on, and a little money to help him on the road, and the next morning he sets off again. And so he travels on as he can, from place to place, till the term of his wanderings is over. Then he returns home, and is called upon to give a specimen of his skill in his trade, and if it is approved of, he receives his freedom and sets up for himself. It is always usual to give something to these young apprentices when they are met on the road, in order to assist them in paying their expenses. This custom of travelling

enables them to speak several languages, and makes them very intelligent.

We reached Augsburg, from whence we were to proceed by railway to Munich, about half-past six, but we could see nothing scarcely of the place, for we had only time to drive to the railway station. One thing I remarked, much to my satisfaction, in a meadow near the town. A number of cows were feeding there, and they really made the country look quite different from what it was in other parts. The cows, though, were carefully watched, and were not allowed to go wherever they liked. Augsburg is, I believe, a very interesting place; I shall hope to see more of it if we pass by it again next week, as we talk of doing. From Augsburg to Munich we had a most fatiguing journey. We had a fancy that it might be pleasant to go in a second-class carriage, as we liked it so well when we were travelling from Heilbronn. But we made a great mistake, for the carriage was not at all like that which we were in before, but exceedingly narrow, and very crowded, and we had two ladies in it who would not allow both windows to be open, though it was excessively hot. Germans certainly have a dislike to a great deal of air, and shut up their windows whenever they can. The first thing one does on coming to an hotel, is to open the windows. What with the heat, and the fatigue, we were all thoroughly uncomfortable. I went to sleep a great part of the way, and when I was awake, the only thing that gave me real pleasure was the sight — the first sight I had ever had — of a range of snowy mountains, very far away in the Tyrol. They stood out against the pale evening sky, sharp and clear, yet very faint; and as I looked at them, I cared little for my weariness,

and thought only of the great pleasure I was enjoying, in actually beholding myself the places which I had so often longed to visit. I was only half awake when we stopped at the railway station at Munich. There was a great deal of running about, and calling, and looking after trunks and boxes, and an incessant German chattering, very noisy, and very confusing, as there always is at such places; but we were soon in the omnibus, and driving through the streets of Munich, and again I began to forget that there was such a thing as fatigue. And here we are now, at the very top of the hotel; and I have been looking down from the great height into the streets below, and upwards into the dark sky, in which the stars are shining brightly, and scarcely yet think it can be anything but a dream that I am here. There is very much to be seen in Munich, and we shall probably stay two or three days. If we were to visit everything worthy of notice we should have to remain here much longer. The last King of Bavaria, whose name was Louis, had a great taste for pictures and carvings, and made great collections of valuable objects, which are shown to strangers. He also encouraged all persons of talent, and many came to live in Munich in consequence. King Louis is living still, but a few years ago he gave up his crown to his son.

The hotel is not very far from the railway station, but it seemed as we drove through the streets, that they were very wide, and very handsome, and extremely unlike that dark, dingy Ulm, which still I have a great liking for. Perhaps, though, I ought not to call it dingy, for I saw the gayest house there that I have seen anywhere; painted in pretty patterns, and bright colours on the outside, just as we should paint

a room which we wanted to be especially beautiful. I must not forget to say that the women in the part of Germany we have just passed through, wear a very ugly head-dress, — a high comb, looking like a gilt crown, with long streamers of black ribbon hanging from it.

Monday, July 21st. — It was quite pleasant yesterday not to be obliged to get up very early and go off by a railway. I do not think one ever values being allowed to rest more than one does in travelling, however pleasant it may be. A great city, though, is not quite the place to rest in, and such a place as Munich particularly; for it is more full of bustle and gaiety on a Sunday than on any other day. In the morning, all the shops were open. In the afternoon, a great many were shut, because the people were gone out to amuse themselves. We went twice to the English Chapel, which was not at all like a church; but it was quiet and cool, and the service is always a comfort, especially in such a distracting place, and gave one a pleasant feeling of being at home in a foreign land. Going to church, however, and returning, was as unlike being in England, or at least in the country in England, as could well be imagined. Munich is the very brightest place I ever was in, and yesterday we had a most exquisite blue sky, without a cloud, to show off the broad streets, and the fine houses, and gay colours, to the very best advantage. It was like a brilliant picture more than anything real. The former king, Louis, who I told you was so fond of pictures and paintings, seems to have given the people the same sort of taste. Our hotel has painted ceilings, and ornamented walls, and every now and then one sees painted walls for the

outsides of the houses and the public buildings, which gives them a very bright appearance. Then the dress of the people is so peculiar! The women wear a kind of net for their hair, at the back of their heads, made either of gold or silver-coloured stuff, and dotted all over with spangles, which glitter as they pass along in the sunshine. King Louis was very fond of this kind of head-dress for his people, and encouraged them to wear it. It certainly is very pretty, but one cannot help wondering where they got the money to buy it. I suppose though, it lasts a long time, and they do not spend money in always buying new things, but keep this cap like a best gown, for Sundays and holidays. The old women from the country, wear an immense black velvet cap, very thick and very high, with a gilt border at the top, which has a most curious effect. We dined at the table-d'hôte between the services. It was crowded and noisy, and there was a band of music playing all kinds of dancing tunes. This, again, was entirely unlike our English notions of Sunday. After the afternoon service we went into some gardens belonging to one of the king's palaces. The day was a feast-day, in honour of St. Mary Magdalene. Crowds of people were in front of the palace, buying things at stalls, and looking at large pictures, which other persons were explaining to them. The gardens were behind the palace. The walks were very wide, and very straight, and the trees planted in regular rows. In the middle was a most beautiful fountain. The water was made to spring up into the air to an immense height,—eighty-five feet, I believe; and then it fell in the form of an arch, with a cool, gentle fresh sound, which was delicious even to hear. There was a good deal of water in the garden, always in the form

of long square ponds, with grass and straight rows of trees at the sides. There were not many people in the broad walks, but we saw a great many at the lower end, all going one way, and we followed them. They turned into a shady path, and presently we came in sight of a little building something like a church. Numbers and numbers of people were collected there, and outside the building were little tables, with pictures, and printed cards, and papers, which some old women were selling. The people went up the steps of the building, and I went with them. It was a chapel dedicated to St. Mary Magdalene, and very much like what we call a grotto; for it was stuck all over with shells and stones, in the same way as summer houses are often made. In the inside there was an altar, with lights burning, and a crucifix, or an image of our Blessed Lord upon the Cross. What there was besides, I could not well see, for it was very dark, and almost all the light came through a window of crimson glass. The crowd pushed and elbowed, and it was intensely hot, so that I could not bear it long. Several people were kneeling in the little chapel, repeating prayers, or trying to repeat them; but the crowd going in and out continually, must, I should think, have entirely prevented their really attending to what they were about. When I came out of the chapel, I thought I would try and find out what the papers were which the old women were selling. They were prayers to St. Mary Magdalene. These are amongst the things which pain one in Roman Catholic countries. It was quite distressing to read the prayer through, and think that probably the poor people in the chapel were using it. There is a kind of park near the palace, not so large as the English parks, but

very pretty. People were lying about on the grass, looking extremely comfortable, and every one quiet and orderly. The dresses amused us continually. Besides the cap, I must mention a black velvet body to their gowns, which the women wear, with silver chains strung across it. The babies are the drollest things imaginable. One grand baby I saw, made into a white muslin bundle, quite square, and ornamented with pink bows. As for people drinking beer, there was no end to them. Every place where there were a few trees was crowded. Drinking beer is the common habit here as elsewhere in Germany; indeed, the quantity of beer drank in Bavaria is enormous; but it is not strong, so the people do not get intoxicated with it in the same way as they do by drinking beer and spirits in England; and after one is accustomed to the sight, it seems as natural and right for them as drinking tea is for us.

To-day (Monday), we have been seeing all kinds of things. We were obliged to have a man belonging to the town to go about with us, because many of the palaces and great buildings are only seen at certain hours, and strangers cannot well understand about it. He took us first to a chapel, belonging to one of the palaces, where there were a great many treasures kept; but we did not see them comfortably, for the person who exhibited them, talked such bad French, and was in such a hurry, that we could scarcely understand what he was showing us. There were cabinets with all sorts of things belonging to the Roman Catholic services, made of gold and silver, and precious stones, and pearls more than we could number, many of which must be very beautiful, if one could examine them closely. The thing I liked best was a

little picture, formed of wax, by a very celebrated person, — an Italian, named Michael Angelo. It represented the taking down of our Blessed Lord from the Cross. I longed to look at it again, but the man closed the cabinet in a great hurry, and I was obliged to go away. There was also a very interesting thing which had once belonged to the Queen of Scotland, Mary Stuart, who was beheaded by the order of our Queen Elizabeth. It was what is called a portable altar; a sort of picture in marble, before which she used to kneel, and say her prayers, when she was in prison, and had no church to go to. She carried it with her to the hall of her execution, and, the moment before she laid her head on the block, gave it to one of the ladies who attended upon her. Afterwards it came into the hands of one of the princes of Bavaria. The chapel itself is quite magnificent; the ceiling, and the floor, and the walls, are of the richest kinds of marble; and the altar and the pipes of the organ, of solid silver.

After the chapel we went to a great picture gallery, one of the most famous in the world. The pictures were collected by King Louis, who built a sort of palace to put them in, and had them placed in order; — all the Dutch pictures together, and all the Spanish, and all the Italian, so that people may go, and look at whichever they like best. There are but few windows at the sides of the building; the light comes chiefly from windows in the ceiling, which shows the pictures to great advantage. We wished to look at the Italian pictures most, so we went to them at once, for it was in vain to try and see them all, as the gallery is shut up at one o'clock. It would be no good to tell you about the pictures, unless you had seen a good many, and

understood about them : but they were very beautiful. Almost all the most lovely ones were upon religious subjects, for the early painters chose them in preference to all others. Some were painted about the time when our Henry the Third and Edward the First lived, and these were very curious, stiff-looking pictures ; but the faces were extremely sweet, and the colours soft and bright ; and it seemed as if the persons who painted them must have had many holy thoughts and feelings, which enabled them to imagine lovely faces and figures, though they did not quite know how to describe them. One of the first painters who left off painting pictures in such a stiff way, was called Raphael. He was an Italian, and lived about the time of our Henry the Seventh. There was one picture of his in the gallery, of the Virgin Mary and our Blessed Lord as a little Child, which was more beautiful than almost any other. The face of the Virgin was so very sweet and pure, and seemed to tell us what a wonderful love she had for our Saviour. Another, also, of St. John the Evangelist writing his Gospel, I shall not soon forget. St. John's face was earnest, as if his whole heart was bent upon his work, and as if he knew well how infinitely important it was. This was a picture by an Italian named Guido. He lived some time after Raphael. We left the gallery without having looked at one half of the pictures, but we are to go again to-morrow. It was very fatiguing seeing them, for there were but few seats ; but we came home, and had dinner, and rested ourselves, and then we were able to go out again, to see one of the king's palaces ; not where the present king lives himself, but where there are great entertainments given, and where there are also rooms for some of the princes. This palace was

built by King Louis, and like everything else which he had anything to do with, is most splendid. The ceilings are painted in crimson, and blue, and gold, and the walls made to represent shining marble, with spaces left for immense pictures, — some representing battles, and others events in the lives of celebrated persons. I cannot say I should like to live always in such rooms, but to look at them once in a way was a great treat. In one room there were thrones placed for the king and queen, of crimson and gold, but they did not look very comfortable seats. Imitations of marble and stone-work, or what is called stucco, are very common at Munich. The houses, instead of being carved in stone, have stucco ornaments put upon them; and a church, which we went into for a minute on Sunday, was covered with it. That church I forgot to tell you about, but it struck me very much at the time. The door was open as we were passing along the streets, and we could see the whole way up the aisles to the altar; and all the length of the church were very small young birch trees, placed in pots, and growing up against the walls, to about the height of eight feet. It was really one of the prettiest things I ever saw. After visiting the king's palace, we drove a little way out of the town, by a very wide meadow, where, every year, the Bavarians assemble with their cattle, and the king gives prizes to those who have the finest. They amuse themselves afterwards with games and races. Beyond the meadow there is a new building begun, which, when it is finished, is to contain the statues and likenesses of all the learned and celebrated men in Germany. In front of the building is a statue made of dark metal called bronze, larger than I ever could have imagined. It is the figure

of a woman, with a lion at her side, standing upon a high block of stone or granite. The figure is made to represent the kingdom of Bavaria, in the same way as you must, I think, have seen a figure representing Great Britain, called Britannia. It is rather more than sixty feet high, and the pedestal or block of granite upon which it stands, is more than twenty feet. Altogether, there are ninety feet from the foot of the pedestal to the top of the head. The figure is hollow in the inside, and there is a staircase going round and round, by which you can get to the top. Eight people can sit comfortably inside the head. One of my friends and I had a great fancy to go up, and so we did go some way, but when we were as high as Bavaria's neck, we found it so intensely hot that we grew frightened, and thought if we went on we might very probably faint, which would have been extremely awkward; so we both agreed that we had better get down as fast as we could into the open air. The sun striking upon the metal, made it like a furnace or an oven in the inside. We drove back to the town afterwards, and went to a few shops, but we were rather too late to procure all we wanted, for the people in Munich shut up their shops quite early, — some of them soon after six. Amongst other places I went to a chemist's, to order some medicine, and was amused to find that it was not the custom for the people of the shops to send it where it is ordered. They expect the persons who buy to fetch it themselves, so I was obliged to despatch some one on purpose, when I had given the chemist time to make up the medicine.

Tuesday, July 22d. — This is our last night at Munich. The time I have spent here has given me great pleasure, and has left me many more things to

think of than I had before. We have spent nearly the whole of to-day in seeing pictures and statues, which I dare say you would consider rather tiresome; but the more one sees the more one learns to like them. Some of us went to the picture gallery before breakfast, and stayed there for more than an hour. After breakfast we went to the statue gallery, and then we went back to the picture gallery again. Certainly it was very fatiguing, for, as I said before, there were very few seats, and when we did sit down we could not always see well; yet I managed to enjoy it exceedingly. Just at the last I could scarcely bring myself to leave the picture gallery. I was sitting down, where I could see the two pictures I mentioned particularly yesterday. They seemed to grow more beautiful the more I looked at them; and not only that, but they were pictures to make one better; like being with very good people, who put good thoughts into one's mind. I could not bear to think that I might never see them again. The statue gallery, too, was most interesting, — such very, very old figures there were there! The greater number had been carved several hundred years before the birth of our Saviour. St. Paul probably looked upon some, when he was at Athens, and stood upon Mars' Hill speaking to the people. And besides their being so old they were exceedingly beautiful; so beautiful that nothing in these days is equal to them. Even the broken pieces, — part of an arm, or a leg, for instance, are so natural, that we can imagine nothing more perfect. There were some statues by persons who have lived in late years, and very lovely they were, but not equal to the ancient ones. The statue gallery is very hand-

some in itself, besides containing such exquisite figures. King Louis built it, and caused the ceilings to be painted in bright colours, and in rich patterns with gildings. We walked through as many as twelve rooms, all ornamented as I have described, with the lovely figures of white stone and marble standing up in the middle, and against the sides off the walls, which were of a dark colour, and set them off to great advantage.

King Louis lives in a palace not far from the picture gallery. He is not here now, but when he is, they say he walks about alone a great deal, and is very fond of going to see one of the great painters of Munich, who has painted a number of pictures for him. This painter is named Kaulbach. We went to see his pictures after dinner. There was an enormous one, describing the destruction of Jerusalem, with all the terrible events which took place at the time. So many subjects were in it, that it was more like a great many pictures than only one. It covered the whole side of the wall of the room. In one part the Christians were escaping from Jerusalem; in another some women were going to kill a little child, and eat it, because of the terrible famine; and, in a third, the high priest was about to destroy himself and his family in despair, whilst the fierce Romans were stationed near him on their fiery horses. It was a very beautiful picture; indeed, these Munich painters are said to be more skilful than any others. But nothing ever gives me as much pleasure as the old pictures, such as those I saw in the morning.

Some of us went to see some more paintings in the afternoon, at another palace, but the rest of the party

had had enough of pictures, and were engaged in a different way.

Munich will always be to me like a rich painted city. Even out of doors there is painting. In one place particularly, near the king's palace, there are long arcades, or covered passages with arches, which are painted in gay colours, and have pictures upon the walls. This kind of outside painting is very common in Italy, and there, I believe, it lasts pretty well, because the climate is mild. But in Bavaria the weather is often stormy, and the paintings soon become tarnished and decayed. There are shops under the arcades, many of which are good and handsome. We went into one which was full of the coloured glass, of different patterns, that you may sometimes have seen in shop windows in England. The glass, however, in this shop, was more beautiful than any we generally see, except in London. We always call it Bohemian glass, and think that it comes from the kingdom of Bohemia; but we were told that there is also a great deal made in Bavaria, which is just as good and much cheaper. Munich is certainly a place which tempts one to spend money as much as any town I have ever seen. One is obliged to make a strict resolution not to buy a single thing which is not necessary.

Two or three little things I must put down at once, which it often comes into my mind to mention. One is, that we never see anything like a fire-place: only closed stoves are used. Generally they are made very pretty, with shining white tiles.

Another is, that the men who drive the public carriages often feed their horses with bread. They seem very careful of them, and feed them when they stop to rest for a little time. I have also omitted to men-

tion a practice which is exceedingly amusing to English eyes, that of men kissing each other when they meet, on both cheeks. I have only seen it done occasionally.

To-morrow we hope to set off for Nuremberg. If you look in the map you will probably be surprised that we have determined upon going there. It is not at all in the way to Switzerland; but we are to turn aside from the regular road on purpose to visit it, having heard a great deal of the interesting things to be seen there.

NUREMBERG: *July 23rd.* — I was very sorry to leave Munich this morning. There are numbers and numbers of things which we have not seen. In fact, we might have stayed there for weeks, and have found something new every day. I have a pleasant remembrance of the man who went about with us to show us every thing. He managed all we wanted, and came with us to the railway, and looked after our carpet bags, so that we had no trouble, and left Munich without any thing to give us an unpleasant remembrance. The very last thing I remarked as we came away, made me feel how much more ornamented and pretty things are there, than at other places. The railway station was quite beautiful, — not merely the rooms belonging to it, but the covered way where the carriages stood. The arches and the painting were so elegant as to make really an exceedingly pretty picture.

As for our journey to-day, my principal recollection of it will be, sitting in a comfortable carriage, like a little parlour, and reading an interesting book.

The country was so very much like what we have seen before, that there was very little to look at. The Tyrol Mountains still gave me more pleasure than any thing else. We saw them for a little while as we went to Augsburg by the same road by which we came the other night. Their colour was most beautiful ; a faint, blueish grey, and here and there sharp glittering spots of white, as the sun touched the snowy peaks. If I did not hope to see them nearer before long, it would make me quite unhappy to leave them. We stopped to dine at the station at Augsburg, or at least to get any thing we could ; for the room was filled with people, all wanting something to eat. The common dinner hour in Germany is, I believe, one o'clock. Ladies and gentlemen never think of dining as late as they do in England. From Augsburg our road was quite new, but it was not much prettier than before. That which interested me the most, was arriving at a place called Donauwörth, where we crossed the river Danube. Steam vessels go from thence to carry travellers down the river to the Black Sea ; and I felt, for the moment, as if I could have given up Nuremberg, and all I had to see, for the pleasure of a voyage down the Danube, to the distant countries through which its course lies.

From Donauwörth we had still rather a tiresome journey to Nuremberg, but on our arrival there we found enough to make us amends for any amount of dulness or fatigue ; for of all the strange places in Germany, Nuremberg is certainly one of the strangest. I think I must tell you a little about its history, to make you understand how odd it is. As long ago as the time of our Henry the First, it was a thriving place : it was then a free city, not subject to any par-

ticular state, but only to the Emperor of all Germany. It had a little territory of its own, and a little army. The Emperors often visited it, and sometimes held great meetings here of their nobles and subjects, something like our parliaments. After a time the people grew still more rich, for they carried on a great trade, and all sorts of valuable things were brought to Nuremberg, and then sold to the inhabitants of other countries. They were also very celebrated for the beautiful things which they worked in gold and different metals; and for the armour made by them for the nobles and soldiers who went to the wars. Some of the citizens also painted beautifully, especially one named Albert Dürer. Others made carvings for the churches; and in fact Nuremberg was celebrated far and wide, for the skill of its inhabitants in what are called works of art.

We are likewise indebted to Nuremberg for many useful discoveries. The first watches were made here, in the year 1500, by a man named Peter Hele. They were called Nuremberg eggs, because of their oval shape. A few years afterwards the first gun-lock was invented by a Nuremberg citizen. The mixture of metals, which forms what we now call brass, was also first tried here; and these discoveries, with many others, helped to give the inhabitants of Nuremberg a great name in Europe. But at last the prosperity of the town began to diminish, partly because people began to travel more, and learn more of other countries, and so did not carry on a trade with Nuremberg alone; and partly because of some foolish and harsh laws, made by the magistrates of the town, which sent a great many persons away from it. One of these laws was against the Jews, who were expelled from

the city, and forbidden, under pain of death, even to sleep within the walls. But the greatest misfortunes of all happened about the time of that English princess, the daughter of James the First, who, as I told you, lived in the Castle of Heidelberg, and wished so much to be a queen. There were then terrible wars between the Protestants and the Roman Catholics. The inhabitants of Nuremberg were Protestants, and they took great part in these wars. Amongst other persons who assisted them was a king of Sweden, — Gustavus Adolphus, his name was. He entered the town with an army of fifteen thousand men, whilst the enemy's army, which was much stronger, was stationed at Fürth, a village near. The number of people in the town was at this time so great, that all the mills in the country round could not grind corn enough for them. Thousands died from hunger and illness, and at last the Swedish king determined to rush out of the city and fight, rather than remain within the walls to be starved. He made a very brave attempt, but his enemies had guarded themselves by walls and ditches, and defended themselves with great success; and the Swedish king was at length compelled to retreat. He did not return to Nuremberg, but left a small body of men to defend the place, which was then in a dreadful state of distress. Twenty thousand Swedes, and ten thousand Nuremberg citizens, had already died of disease and famine in the course of eight or ten weeks; and the villages and hamlets in the neighbourhood had been burnt to the ground, and heaps of ashes alone remained to point out where they had stood. Nuremberg is now a very different place in many respects from what it was at the time of this long war, which is called the Thirty Years' War. Yet

it is much less changed than could be expected. There are indeed very few people here, compared with the number of its former inhabitants; but the houses, and the streets, and even the shops, remain very much as they were; and there are the strong walls round the town, which must have been there for hundreds of years; and thick round towers, where the soldiers were placed to defend them; whilst there are persons still living in the city, in the very same houses which their ancestors built.

I thought Bruges a most interesting place, but Nuremberg is still more so. Bruges had a bright look as if the people were anxious to make their houses appear as fresh and new as they could, so that they kept their old form. But Nuremberg seems as if it did not wish to be new, but was contented to remain exactly the same, and would crumble away rather than be altered. We have not, however, seen much of it yet, for we arrived late, and after tea it was getting dark. Yet we did go out, and wandered through the streets in the dusk, stopping at every turn to admire some odd window or pointed roof. Many of the houses are seven stories high, and the attics have often great porches to them, like the porches of doors. The ground floor of the houses is generally used as a kind of warehouse, and the entrance is often by small low archways, with thick wicket gates put across them in the day time, and doors to shut them in at night. Sometimes one sees a little ornamented tower at the corner of a house, then a tall carved peak to a roof, and once I observed a strange figure in the form of a dragon, projecting from the top of a house; I suppose it was a spout to carry off the water from the roof. Every street, in

fact, would make a picture. In our walk this evening we found our way to the fortifications which surround the town, and passing under a deep archway came to the edge of what was once a moat filled with water. Now it is green and there is a walk at the bottom, and trees grow up the bank and mingle with the grey stones of the fortifications; whilst the old worn walls of Nuremberg Castle stand high above them all. People were walking in the moat to-night and I think selling things, for as it grew dusk we saw lights gleaming amongst the leaves of the trees, as if they were kept at stalls or booths. We could not venture to walk far for it was growing late; but we made our way through another long archway and up rather a steep hill, from which we could look down upon the town, till we came to some closed gates, seeming the entrance to a fortress. A sharp-barking little dog announced that we were trying the door, and just as we were turning away, finding that we could not open it, it was unfastened by a girl who said we might go in. We passed the gates and found ourselves in a court yard surrounded by very high walls, with open galleries going round part of it, and flights of wooden steps, covered in, leading up to them. In the centre was a splendid lime tree. The court yard was the court yard of the castle; the tree was seven hundred years old; and standing against the wall, still, and cold, and grim, was the stone figure of the Swedish king, Gustavus Adolphus, who had fought for the people of Nuremberg and died (for he did die in battle) in defence of their cause. We had stumbled upon one of the most interesting things in the place and were satisfied, though we had no time to see anything further, so we made our way back to the hotel

to enjoy our night's rest, and see more, we hope, to-morrow. Even the court yard of our hotel is beautiful, with carved work and windows; once, I suspect, it must have been a nobleman's house. The walls come quite close to the edge of a little river which runs through the town, but which is not a great ornament to it—it is so muddy.

Thursday, July 24th.— We have had a day of sight-seeing, going about the town and visiting churches, and the castle, and the market, and the shops. It has been very pleasant, and I think we have made very good use of our time. Our first visit this morning was to the banker's, where some money was to be procured. The common coins of this part of Germany, I must tell you, are kreutzers and florins. Sixty kreutzers go to a florin, which is worth about 1s. 8d. and is something like half-a-crown. I thought we should drive to a house, and be shown into an office, and receive the money and go out again; but a banker's house in Nuremberg, is something very different from a banker's house in London. There was a large hall first on the ground floor, but it was filled with tubs and casks; there was a staircase, but without the least bit of carpet over it; and across the top of the staircase was an iron railing and an open-worked iron door, which shut us out so that we could not go farther. We rang the bell, and an odd little German maid opened the door, and another little German maid took us through a long, dingy, uncarpeted passage, into a sort of kitchen, — very large and very low, and filled with lumber, — old chests and tables, and such things. Beyond the kitchen was another passage, and then we came to the banker's room, where two or three men were seated at desks covered with

papers, and one, in a little closet, seemed to be keeping guard over two chests of money, — not gold, like our sovereigns and half sovereigns, but parcels of florins put up in rolls of fifty together. The windows of the room looked out on an open court with covered galleries round it, forming part of the houses near; and strange little windows and pointed roofs were to be seen at every corner. The banker's clerk was exceedingly slow, and the room looked in a state of much confusion, what with the papers lying about and samples of sugar mixed with them. It was certainly as strange a place as I ever saw. From the banker's house we proceeded to visit the principal churches; they are Protestant churches, but they have been very little altered since the days when they were used by Roman Catholics. There are many things in them which we should be surprised to see in our churches; figures, and ornaments, and pictures, and altars, some of which are much to be admired, and others are very strange. In the first Church we went to, St. Sebald's, there are two altars, one at the east end and the other at the west. The west end is, I believe, used for marriages, but the east end for the Holy Communion, as in our own churches. The most beautiful thing in the whole church was some carved work over a chest, made of silver and gold, which is said to hold the bones of St. Sebald; it was made by Peter Vischer, a celebrated Nuremberg artist; he and his sons are declared to have worked at it for thirteen years. The Protestants in Germany do not seem to have been afraid to keep these things in their churches, though they do not reverence relics as persons did formerly. The other church, called the Church of St. Lawrence, had still more altars, and pictures, and crucifixes; it

was an extremely beautiful church, and was ornamented with the carving of a poor man named Adam Kraft, who lived in Nuremberg more than three hundred years ago, and a little before the time of Peter Vischer. Adam Kraft made, what is called by the Roman Catholics, a Sacrament House, for the Church of St. Lawrence; it is a kind of chest or closet, necessary for a part of their service. The covering goes nearly up to the roof of the Church, and bends over at the top as if it was part of a delicate flower, and yet it is all cut out of stone. Adam Kraft made figures of himself and of the men who worked with him, and they are represented kneeling on one knee and supporting all this beautiful work. He spent years in finishing it, and doubtless hoped to obtain some great reward for his labour; but though he had worked so hard to adorn his native place, his fellow-citizens seem to have sadly neglected him, and poor Adam Kraft, after the toils and troubles of his life, died in a workhouse. It gave me a most melancholy feeling to look at his old but handsome face, such as he himself had carved it, and think of the pain, and grief, and bitter disappointment, he must have endured before his death.

The painted glass in the Church of St. Lawrence is also most lovely, and very old. In these days persons do not appear able to make the colours as rich and deep as they did in former times; though Nuremberg is still famous for its painted glass, and some, which I noticed in the Church of St. Lawrence, struck me as more beautiful than any I have ever seen in England.

We spent some time in the market, which was a very amusing scene. All the little stalls were

crowded together in a square, round which were covered booths and sheds. In all German towns the people sell an immense number of articles in the open air; and they also do, what, to my eye, is both ugly and irreverent,—they build sheds close in to the walls of the churches, and make shops of them. One of the finest churches in Nuremberg is quite shut in by these sheds. I am afraid we are not quite free from the same practice in England.

The fountains in Nuremberg are particularly celebrated. There is one in the market-place, which goes by the name of the Beautiful Fountain. It has twenty-four large stone figures round it, and is most exquisitely carved. We have some crosses in England something like it, which were raised to the memory of Queen Eleanor, the wife of Edward the First. I think you would have laughed to see, in another place, the figure of a man, made in metal, holding two geese in his arms, and water pouring from their mouths. The market in which this fountain stands is called, from the figure, the Goose Market.

Perhaps you may remember my telling you that we went to see the Rath-haus, or Town Hall at Cologne. There is a Rath-haus also at Nuremberg, to which we paid a visit this morning. It is a curious old building, but the principal things to be seen there were some pictures painted by the celebrated artist Albert Dürer, who, like Adam Kraft and Peter Vischer, lived between three and four hundred years ago.

Below the Rath-haus are secret passages, which go under the streets and houses as far as the moat beyond the walls. They are now nearly choked up with mud; but it is supposed that in the old times,

when there were often disturbances in the city, they were made in order to allow the magistrates of Nuremberg to escape from the fury of the people. You must remember that these magistrates had nearly as much power as kings. They could torture people, or put them in prison as they chose; and there are a range of horrible dungeons, and a torture-chamber, still in existence in the Rath-haus, though they are not shown to visitors.

The magistrates were generally chosen from amongst thirty noble families, and they seemed to have governed the city well upon the whole; although, no doubt, they did at times make use of the dreadful punishments which were common in those days. Nuremberg now belongs to the King of Bavaria.

The people of Nuremberg have a great remembrance of those who have made their town famous. The name of Albert Dürer, the painter I told you of, is often to be seen, as a sign for an eating-house or a street:—and his own house, which is very old, and covered with strange wooden carving, is particularly pointed out to strangers. I am afraid Albert Dürer was not a very happy man, in spite of his cleverness and his fame, for he had a wife who was so cross, that at last, it is said, she teased him to death.

There was a cobbler also, who was once a great person in Nuremberg. His name was Hans Sachs. He was a poet as well as a cobbler, and there is a street still named after him. We had quite a long search for his house to-day,—but every one seemed to understand what we were looking for, though we did not receive any very clear directions as to where we were to find it.

We went up to the castle again in the course of the

morning. I do not think it looked quite as grand in the daylight, as it did in the twilight, but still it was very interesting. No one lives there now, but a few years ago King Louis of Bavaria came to stay here for a little time, and some of the rooms were fitted up for him. I could not help thinking of his splendid palace at Munich, and wondering how he liked the change. The rooms in Nuremberg Castle are little low closets in comparison. There are two chapels in the castle; for in former times no one ever thought of building a large palace, or a castle, without a chapel belonging to it. They are placed one above another, and are very old,—as old as our William the Conqueror. It was not uncommon in former times, to have two chapels in this way. The upper one served for the lord of the castle and his family; and the lower one for his servants and dependants. This Castle of Nuremberg was a favourite residence of many of the German emperors.

We gained a slight notion of what the inside of a Nuremberg home is like, by going to see a picture of Albert Dürer's, which belongs to a gentleman who is kind enough to allow strangers to see it.

The picture is the likeness of one of the gentleman's ancestors, and has been kept by the family for more than three hundred years. The gentleman himself was not at home, but his wife gave us permission to go in. The house was not at all as grand as the house of a rich person in England might be. The large hall at the bottom was filled with wood, cut up, I suppose, to be burnt in the winter. The stairs had no carpet upon them, neither was there any in the passages leading to the bed-rooms; and the rooms themselves, as far as I could see in passing, were

not in the least ornamented. There was no furniture at all in the room in which the picture was kept. The lady of the house went with us to show us the picture. She was a particularly gentle, pleasing person, and talked to us a little about England, and the Great Exhibition. Her husband, she said, was gone to see it, and she was very anxious about him, for she thought there must be such a crowd, that he would not come back safely. The plainness of this house must be unlike the ancient fashions of Nuremberg; for an old writer, speaking of the splendour of the town, declares that a simple citizen of Nuremberg, was, in his days, better lodged than a king of Scotland.

The family of this lady's husband must always have been one of much consequence; for in the afternoon, when we went to see the cemetery, or burial-ground, which is particularly set apart for the noble citizens of Nuremberg, we found that the persons belonging to this one family were all buried within the chapel, and not in the open ground like others; and the last work of poor Adam Kraft was to carve a representation of the Burial of our Lord to adorn their vault.

This burial-ground of Nuremberg is a celebrated one, but I cannot say that I like it. The churchyards in Germany generally please me, for instead of the tombstones which we commonly use, there are little crosses over the graves, which are very suitable to the place. But the Nuremberg churchyard is covered with large flat stones, upon the top of which are what we call "coats of arms," or certain signs which show that the person who had died was a gentleman by birth.

The coats of arms are made in bronze, and are likely

to last a very long time, but they were displeasing to me, as reminding me more of earthly rank, than of the simple trust in a Saviour, which is the only hope that any of us can have to support us in the hour of death. Upon some of the tombstones are placed wreaths of pretty flowers, and there are trees planted amongst them; but the churchyard is not kept neatly.

The tombstones are all numbered; so that when we wanted to search for any one in particular, we looked for the number, and not the name of the person. This was very convenient, but it seemed to me irreverent, as making one think so little of those who were lying dead around one. Albert Dürer, and Hans Sachs, and Peter Vischer, were all buried in this churchyard. The Germans have a very pretty name for a burial-ground. They call it "God's Acre." There are no churchyards in the towns; they are always situated in the country near.

It was a very uncomfortable visit which we paid to the Nuremburg churchyard; for it had rained heavily before we reached it, and the ground was extremely damp. It certainly seems to rain harder in Germany than it does in England. The rain comes down like a deluge, which it is impossible to escape from. To-day, though the carriage was half closed, we managed to get very wet.

The weather prevented me from seeing what would have interested me very much, in the way from the town to the churchyard. Seven stone pillars are placed along this road at regular distances, each having some carved work upon it, representing scenes in the last days of our Blessed Lord's life. They were executed by Adam Kraft, and were set up by a Nu-

remberg citizen, as a representation of the way by which our Saviour is supposed to have passed, from the house of Pilate to Mount Calvary. This citizen, whose name was Ketzell, made a pilgrimage to the Holy Land in the year 1477, when our Edward the Fourth was reigning, in order to bring back the exact measurement of the distance. On his return, he found to his dismay, that he had lost the paper on which was written down all that he wished to remember, and he actually made a second journey to Jerusalem, in order to take the same measurements again. The first pillar was placed opposite to Ketzell's own house, and the last at the gate of the churchyard.

In spite of the rain we drove from the churchyard to the village, or rather the town, of Fürth, where we were told we should find a very good shop, containing all kinds of curiosities. Fürth is an ugly place, not at all like Nuremberg. In the old times it was only a little village, and when the Swedish king Gustavus Adolphus was at Nuremberg, his enemies were stationed at Fürth. Now it is quite a large place, with manufactories of brass and different kinds of metals, toys and trinkets, buttons, &c. It has been called, for this reason, the German Birmingham. The Jews, who are forbidden to settle or even to sleep in Nuremberg, have taken up their abode at Fürth, and being a very industrious race, they have really made the fortune of the place. They have courts of justice of their own there, and printing establishments for their own books, and schools, and synagogues, and, in fact, enjoy many more advantages than the Jews who are living in other parts of Germany.

The shop we went to see was full of all kinds of

beautiful things, — ornaments in silver work, gold boxes of ivory, cases of inlaid wood, rich thick silks, old paintings, carved oak; — almost everything, indeed, one could imagine that was ancient and valuable. But it was not a very tempting shop, for the articles were so expensive, that no one who was not very wealthy could think of buying them. The people who kept the shop told us that a great number of foreigners came to see the collection of curiosities. They make it their business to collect all the strange and valuable things they can meet with. Amongst other articles, I saw a great wooden cradle, in which one of the Emperors of Germany, Joseph the Second, was nursed.

We intend to leave Nuremberg to-morrow. The gentlemen are to go back to Ulm, where we left the lady's maid and the luggage, and we, ladies, are to make our way to Constance, a town on the Lake of Constance, or the *Boden See*, as the Germans call it, and there we all hope to meet again on Saturday night.

KAUFFBEUREN: *Friday, July 25th.* — We remained at Nuremberg this morning till about one o'clock, seeing still more of the town, and shopping a little. One of my last remembrances of the place is going to buy a basket, — stopping at the entrance of an open, covered court yard, forming the ground-floor of a house, and a man coming out, and ringing a bell fastened to an upper window on the outside; then a woman putting her head out of the window to answer the bell, and a few minutes afterwards coming down into the street,

bringing the baskets which we were to choose from in her hand,—there being, in fact, no shop. We have found out one of the uses of the porches in the roofs: ropes are fastened to the overhanging top, and by means of it heavy articles are drawn up from the street, instead of being carried all the way upstairs. The women certainly do curious things in Germany. I saw them at Nuremberg sawing wood in the streets; and they work in the fields quite as much,—so it seems to me,—as the men; and, on the other hand, the men at an inn will often do the work which women do with us.

As for our journey since we left Nuremberg, there is not much to say about it. A great part of the road was the same by which we travelled when we came from Munich. We stopped at the Augsburg station for about an hour, and took the opportunity of going into the town; but I did not gain a good idea of what it was like, for it was late, and the shops were shut; and though the streets were wide, no one was walking in them, which gave it a very deserted appearance. The Cathedral is one of the principal things to be seen, but it is whitewashed, which destroys a good deal of its beauty.

Augsburg is, however, a celebrated place in history. About three hundred years ago, at the time of the great disputes between the Roman Catholics and the Protestants in Germany, the German Protestants met there, and wrote a confession of their belief, called the Confession of Augsburg, which was read aloud in the presence of the Emperor, Charles the Fifth. It is very much the rule and guide for the German Protestants at this day.

There is a great deal of trade carried on at Augs-

burg still, and the merchants are very rich people. At the outside of the town there were pleasant walks amongst trees, and round the great walls which form the fortifications; but half my pleasure in seeing the place was destroyed by the fact of our being in a hurry, and having a pair of poor starved horses to drag us along, which looked so wretched and required so much urging to make them go forward, that the people who passed us quite stared at us and at them. We did not observe how miserable the horses were till we had gone some way, and then we found they could scarcely move. The driver received a scolding for his cruelty, but I am afraid it did not have much effect upon him.

From Augsburg we came to Kauffbeuren, where we are now. It is a place, even the name of which I had never heard till within the last few days. It is not very remarkable that I can find out, but there is a railway to Switzerland which has as yet only been made so far, and we have therefore no choice but to stop here. What the place is like I cannot tell now that I have come to it. All I know is, that we were driven from the station in an omnibus, with eight or nine Germans, which made it immensely hot and crowded; and, it being after ten o'clock at night, we could see nothing but some straggling streets and a few trees, and a light here and there; and now we are in an old rambling inn, and have had a chambermaid to wait upon us without shoes or stockings, and a sort of pie-dish for a washing basin, with glass bottles instead of water jugs, and two men bringing beds into our rooms, ready made, at a moment's notice.

We are very much puzzled as to what we are to do to-morrow. As I mentioned yesterday, we fully in-

tended to go on to Constance, where we hoped to find our friends, and to spend Sunday together. But the guide book which we looked at in order to learn how far we had to go, has quite misled us. The distance, it seems, is much greater than we had supposed. We have just had a conversation with the innkeeper, and he declares that it is actually impossible to reach Constance to-morrow, and that the utmost we can hope to do, is to go as far as Lindau, which is also on the banks of the Lake. We may, he thinks, sleep there, and cross the lake by a steam-packet early on Sunday morning, so as to arrive at Constance early. But even this, it appears, is doubtful. There has also been a considerable difficulty in finding a carriage to take us on, and in arranging what we are to pay for it. In fact, we have been in a state of great perplexity ever since we arrived; and now it is nearly twelve o'clock, and we must be up again at six in the morning, for we shall have a long day's journey before us. We are to travel to-morrow by hiring what are called *Lohn-kutscher*, or hired coachmen. They are persons who engage to take you a certain distance, sometimes a very long one, for a fixed sum of money. This is different from what we call posting; it is not so quick, but it is less expensive. When persons travel by post they have to change carriages and horses frequently. In England any person may keep post-horses who wishes it, if he obtains a license, or permission; but abroad, it is all settled by the government; and post-masters are employed to manage for travelling, just as other people are employed to arrange the conveyance of letters.

Ysni: *Saturday, July 26th.* — We left Kauffbeuren at eight this morning, and have been travelling nearly all day, not by railway, but in a carriage. It has been raining almost without ceasing; and even with the carriage covered in, it was a difficult matter to keep ourselves dry. If it had been a fine day we should have had a very lovely journey, for the country has quite changed. We are now in the south of Bavaria, and on the borders of Switzerland, and every thing is much more like Switzerland than Germany. Last night it was dark soon after we left Augsburg, and I saw nothing of the scenery we were approaching; and this morning, when we set off from Kauffbeuren, it was like being taken suddenly from one country and put down in another. We have left the flat corn fields, and the houses with steep roofs, and have been travelling all day amongst beautiful hills and fir woods, with sometimes high mountains in the distance. Instead of broad rivers, there are clear sparkling streams rushing along by the road side; and the land, instead of being cultivated for corn, is left for green pastures, upon which cows are allowed to feed at will, with a chain and a piece of wood round their necks, to prevent them from straying amongst the firs and larches. The cow which is considered the cleverest, has a bell fastened round her neck, and all the others follow her. The houses, too, are quite altered. The roofs are made to project at the top, something like verandahs, and there are stones put to keep the tiles from being torn off by the violent storms. We stopped twice in the middle of the day, once to rest the horses, and once to take a fresh carriage. As for seeing much,

it was out of the question; there was a regular German rain, pouring in torrents. At the first village where we rested, some of us did contrive to wade across the road to the church, which was opposite, but even that was an undertaking. There was little to be seen in the church in the way of beauty, but one thing in it rather interested me: it was a list of names hung up against the wall; the names of the men belonging to the parish, who, as the inscription said, "had found death for their king and their fatherland, between the years 1803 and 1815." It was at that time that the French Emperor Napoleon Buonaparte was carrying on such terrible wars, and trying to conquer Germany; and the remembrance of the brave men who defended their country, is still in this way preserved. The other place at which we stopped, was a town called Kempten. The inn there, where we dined, was one of the best we have been at, though it was not at all grand. The landlord amused us by being exceedingly pleased at our praises of his dinner, which his wife, he told us, had cooked herself. He would not allow that the things themselves were anything particular — it was all, he said, his wife's doing; and he sat down and talked to us, and his wife came up likewise, and stood by with her knitting whilst we were at dinner, evidently very much pleased at our satisfaction.

Part of the road we went to-day was so steep, that we were obliged to have two additional horses, which were brought out from a little post-house at the side of the road, fastened on quickly by ropes, and then led up the hill by a stout German woman, in a brown jacket, and a red cap, who urged them on most valiantly. We have seen several odd caps and droll

figures, but the principal things to be noticed have been the red umbrellas, which are very common. We wished extremely to have reached Lindau to-night, so that we might cross the lake to Constance, at six o'clock to-morrow morning. But the distance has proved too great, as our landlord at Kauffbeuren warned us might be the case. This is the second time we have been unfortunate in our plans. The place we have reached is called Ysni. It is a very curious little town, which must be extremely pretty on a sunny day; for it was pretty even this evening, with a grey sky and heavy clouds, and a damp, almost cold air. We walked round it just after we arrived, for we were chilled and tired with sitting in a carriage all day, and a walk was an agreeable change. A wall goes round the town, and there are towers, and a moat, and some pretty little Swiss-looking houses, and wooded hills in the distance. The gardens in this part of the world are prettier than we have seen lately; they are more enclosed, with low hedges, and palings; and the sight of the closely cropped turf in the pasture lands, has been quite a delight to me. It has been much more like driving through a gentleman's park to-day, than through an open country.

The little inn at which we are to sleep to-night is very small, but very comfortable, and particularly clean; and that, after all, is what one most requires. The Swiss inns are remarkable for neatness and cleanliness, and though we have not reached Switzerland yet, we are so near to it, that I cannot but fancy these southern Bavarians must have learnt a few tidy habits from their neighbours.

LINDAU *on the Lake of Constance, or the Boden See: Sunday, July 27th.* — We have had a much quieter Sunday than I expected, and if it were not for our friends at Constance, who are expecting us, I could not regret having been obliged to remain at Lindau instead of crossing the lake.

We came from Ysni quite early, thinking we should be in time for a steam-packet, but there were none going to Constance after six o'clock in the morning. There was no English service in Lindau, so we could only read by ourselves at home. Lindau is very prettily situated, quite close to the lake, with some of the Tyrol mountains on one side, and the snow mountains of Switzerland in front. The country just in the neighbourhood is lovely, for there are wooded hills near, with pleasant Swiss-looking little cottages, and gardens, and fruit trees, and beautiful glimpses of the distant mountains. It is quite a country in which one would fancy it pleasant to live. At the entrance of the town there are some large houses with gardens, but Lindau itself is not a very large place. It is built on two islands in the lake, and there is a wooden bridge more than a thousand feet long, which joins it to the shore. Low walls have been built out into the lake, in front of the town, to make a harbour for boats in stormy weather; and near them stands an old tower, with a bell fixed on the outside, which is rung when there are fogs upon the lake, to warn the vessels and boats from coming too near. At other times, when it is clear, they keep lights burning in it. The lake was very smooth to-day, but it is often stormy; and in winter, when there is a great deal of

rain, the water rises at times so high that it overflows the streets. I saw a mark to-day on a stone just as we came into the hotel, which was made to show how high the water had risen in the year 1817. It was several feet above the level of the street.

The Lake of Constance is about forty-four miles long, but it is only near Lindau that the scenery is pretty. In other parts the banks are flat. The lake is formed by the torrents and rivers which descend from the mountains. It is very deep;— in one part as much as 964 English feet: that would be rather more than the distance from the top of St. Catherine's, which you know is the highest hill in the Isle of Wight, to the sea shore.

It is very delightful to me to be brought at last immediately in view of the snow mountains. I have so often longed to see them, and now I have had my wish, and I cannot say I am disappointed. They rise up boldly in the distance, seeming to crowd round the lake, though really they are far off. Sometimes the clouds come down and cover their jagged summits, and sometimes they rush over them, and pass away; and then a snowy peak will catch the rays of the sun, and glitter like silver. I sat upon a stone in the open air for some time this afternoon, watching them; and feeling how pleasant it was, and yet how very strange, that I should be actually looking at them. It was so short a time since I had left home! and now the mountains of Switzerland and the Tyrol were standing before me, real and true; whereas before they had been only dreams: for all one can fancy of far off scenes and places is very dim, as one cannot but feel when brought so near to them. It was certainly just the quiet and yet grand scene which one should have

chosen for a Sunday, — if it had been permitted one to make a choice, — with the idea that seeing the wonderful beauty of nature, would put good thoughts into one's mind. But I am afraid too many of us learn to look at lovely scenery, merely as something to be admired, and forget Him whose Love has given it to us.

CONSTANCE : *Hotel du Brochet, or Pike Hotel. Monday, July 28th.* — We were in the steam-boat by six o'clock this morning, and had a very pleasant voyage to Constance of about five hours and a half. This was certainly a very long time, but the steamer stopped at several places for passengers, and once we went on shore for a few minutes. The weather was deliciously warm, the lake quite smooth, and of a beautiful soft, pale blue colour. and some of the views of the mountains near Lindau were most lovely; so that if it had not been for the unpleasant motion of the steamer, I could scarcely have wished to reach Constance. Our two friends were waiting for us on the shore as we landed. Both they and the lady's maid had been in some alarm at our absence. They were expecting us all day yesterday, and could not imagine what had become of us; and if we had not arrived to-day, they had made up their minds to go to Lindau in search of us. The meeting was a satisfaction to us all. We talked of leaving Constance, and going on farther in the afternoon, but this idea was put a stop to almost immediately. The Grand Duke of Baden and his officers and attendants, we were told, were at Constance, and here were to be illuminations in the town at night,

and a great deal to be seen ; so that it would be quite a pity to think of going away. Just at first, I must confess, I was a little sorry, for we are now very near to Switzerland, and I have a great desire to be actually in the country, and amongst the mountains. But I did not care about it after the first few minutes, and we had a quiet, pleasant afternoon, and enjoyed ourselves in seeing all worth notice in the place. Constance is in the Duchy of Baden, though it looks on the map as if it ought to belong to Switzerland. It is a small ancient town, with narrow streets. The houses are not as pretty as in the German towns we have been seeing lately. They look rather old and poor, but the lake is very lovely ; and to-day every thing appeared bright. The people had hung green wreaths about their houses, in honour of the Grand Duke ; and red and yellow flags, the colours of Baden, were flying from the vessels, and suspended from the houses. The master of the hotel is also the master of the house which the Grand Duke is occupying, and as no one was there this afternoon, he allowed us to go over it. It was not at all large, but it had been fitted up for the occasion very prettily, and the staircase and hall were ornamented with shrubs and evergreens. The two sentinels who were keeping guard there followed us from room to room, quite amused with us, I suspect, as being English people.

But the place most worth seeing in Constance is a very old hall, where, rather more than four hundred years ago, a great meeting was held, at which Sigismund, an Emperor of Germany, was present, with a great many of the most celebrated, learned, and princely persons in Europe. It was at that time that persons were beginning to enquire whether all that

the Roman Catholics taught was really true. Two persons, John Huss, and Jerome of Prague, who were both natives of Bohemia, in Germany, were especially known as having a great wish to reform what they considered wrong, and teach what was more, as they thought, according to the Bible. The Roman Catholics considered them heretics, or false teachers; and the meeting at Constance, which is usually called the Council of Constance, was summoned in order that Huss might say publicly what his opinions were, and that some learned Roman Catholics might convince him he was in error. Huss was afraid to come to Constance, well knowing that very many of the great persons at the meeting would be against him. But the Emperor Sigismund promised him he should be safe, and even gave an order in writing, — the copy of which I have read this afternoon, — that all persons should assist and help him as much as they possibly could. Huss came to Constance, and there was a public disputation upon the subject of religion. He openly told what he believed, and the faithless Emperor, in spite of his promise, gave him up to his enemies, who put him in prison, and kept him in great wretchedness for several months, and then had him brought out, fastened to a stake, and burnt alive, A. D. 1415. He seems to have thought that this would be his end. The last letter which he wrote to his friends, and which I read a copy of in the Hall, says, that the Emperor is treacherous, and that he suspects his enemies will kill him. It is a very sad letter, most simple and earnest, and trusting entirely to God's mercy; and it ends with begging his friends so to live that they may never fear to die. The door of his cell, and some other parts of his prison, have been kept to this day. The

cell itself was destroyed when the convent to which it belonged was repaired ; but a model, or likeness of it, has been made. It is so very small that a man could scarcely turn round in it ; and yet in that space poor Huss was kept for three months. Even those who may think his opinions wrong cannot help pitying his sufferings, and hating the treachery which caused his death. The chair in which the Emperor Sigismund sat at the Council, is also kept in the Hall, and his picture hangs against the wall ; it represents a stern, hard, proud looking man, whom one turns from with horror, when thinking of his cruelty and deceit.*

This evening we have been rowing upon the lake, and watching the sunset lighting up the distant snow mountains and making the lake shine like sheets of glittering gold ; I have seen such colours in pictures, but nothing can be as beautiful as the reality ; so soft they are, melting one into the other—pale blue, and lilac, and dazzling gold, with streaks of pale green light crossing the dark purple shadows. I could have looked at the water for hours as it rippled round me, the trees on the banks of the lake still keeping their green hues, and the buildings of the town growing darker and darker as they stood up against the golden sky. Our boat was a very grand one, ornamented with evergreens and a red and yellow flag, all in honour of the Grand Duke. On our landing we walked a little way to a covered bridge, and looked out through it upon the Rhine, which falls into the lake at the east end, and flows out again at Constance ;

* Jerome of Prague also came to Constance, and was imprisoned ; but the fate of Huss frightened him, and he professed to give up his belief. He repented afterwards, and was burnt in consequence in the year 1416.

and then we went back to the hotel, where there was a great contrast to the quietness of the lake, for every one was in a bustle, preparing for the rejoicings we had been told to expect. Since then I have been standing amongst a crowd of people, with long lighted torches, and watching the Grand Duke speaking to them as he stood at the door of his house, and listening to cheers and singing, and to the air of our "God save the Queen," played by a band of musicians; and I have also walked through the town, and seen rows of lights in every window, and bright flags hung out, and ever-greens, and brilliant letters, and crowns, and figures; and in the midst of it all that which has struck me the most, has been the quietness and order of the crowd; there was no pushing, or quarrelling, or confusion,—every one seemed to know his place, and to be willing to keep to it. Only one thing seemed very strange;—when the people were standing before the Grand Duke none of them took off their hats; our own friends tried to set the example, but only one person followed it; this is the more peculiar, because, generally speaking, foreigners are much more polite to each other than English people, and take their hats quite off their heads when they bow to each other. Another thing I remarked was, that in cheering they did not say "hurrah!" but "*hoch!*" a word which sounds something like "*hau*" in English.

The illuminations were not grand as in London, but they were exceedingly pretty, and the coloured flags certainly added much to the gaiety of the streets. One scene I must try and describe, for it was like a picture. It was in the house opposite to the hotel,—three Sisters of Charity were in it; one of them helped to light the row of lamps in the windows, and when

The line of people with torches came by, they all three looked out. The room was quite dark behind them, and the strong light from the torches shone full upon the faces of the Sisters, and the dress they wore, which was exactly that which I have seen in pictures several hundred years old. It was a white cap, fitting closely round the face, with two long and broad lappets reaching to the shoulder, and a square kind of black cape falling down behind. Round the neck they wore large white collars, plaited in a peculiar manner, in rows. Not a bit of hair was to be seen round their faces. They scarcely looked real, but as if they were forms in a picture, the frame of which was the framework of the window. This and the bright scene of the illumination will be my pleasant remembrance of my last evening in Germany. Tomorrow we hope to be really in Switzerland, a country which I have so much longed to visit, that all we have seen hitherto, though I have enjoyed it exceedingly, seems merely an introduction to it.

END OF PART I.

LONDON:
SPOTTISWOODES and SHAW,
New-street-Square.

JOURNAL OF A SUMMER TOUR.

PART II.

ZURICH: *Hôtel Baur. July 30th, 1851.*— We entered Switzerland to-day; but before I tell you what we have seen, or attempt to describe our road, it may be better to give you a short account of the country generally, for it may assist you in understanding our journey. You will be able to find Switzerland at once on the map, and probably to tell its boundaries:— Germany, on the north; Italy, on the south; France, on the west; and the Tyrol, on the east. Switzerland is what is called a Republic. It is not governed by one king, but is divided into twenty-two cantons, or divisions, each of which has a government of its own for purposes which concern only the particular canton, whilst all unite to make laws for the common good, or to determine upon peace or war. In order to do this, persons chosen from the different states meet together every year, either at Bern, Zurich, or Lucerne. Switzerland was not always independent. It was under the power of the Austrians till the year 1308, about the time of our Edward the Second, when the people, being grievously oppressed, rebelled, and after a long time succeeded in setting themselves free. The religion of the country is mixed; the inhabitants of some of the cantons being Protestants, and others

Roman Catholics. There is no regular Swiss language. German is commonly spoken ; but French is used in the neighbourhood of France, and Italian in the cantons near to Italy. The poor people, who have not been well taught, mix the different languages together in a very strange way, so that it is extremely difficult to understand them. Every one who has heard of Switzerland, knows that it is remarkable for its mountains. The highest of these are the Bernese Alps, which are principally in the canton of Bern. Mont Blanc, the highest mountain in Europe, is often spoken of as a Swiss mountain, but though it is close to Switzerland, it is actually in Savoy, in Italy. There are other mountains, also called Alps, which divide Switzerland from Italy and the Tyrol; and a lower range, called the Jura, separates it from France; but the most beautiful views in Switzerland itself are to be found amongst the Bernese Alps.

The chief of these mountains, named the Finster Aar Horn, is rather more than fourteen thousand feet high. In order to gain an idea of what this height is, it is necessary to compare it with some hill which we have seen ourselves. St. Catharine's, for instance, the highest hill in the Isle of Wight, is about nine hundred feet high; therefore the Finster Aar Horn is more than fifteen times as high as St. Catharine's. The summits of many of these mountains are always covered with snow. This does not mean that the snow never melts upon them; because the heat of the sun in summer causes snow to melt every where; but the warm weather lasts so short a time in these very high regions, that there is not time for the sun to melt the winter's snow before autumn has arrived, and it begins to fall again. Glaciers, and lakes, and water-

falls, are to be seen every where amongst the mountains; but they will be better described by-and-by. The inhabitants of Switzerland live principally in the valleys. Their chief occupation is feeding cattle; for there is not much corn grown in the country. It is too cold and mountainous; even the valleys being higher than many of the highest hills in England.

The inhabitants of the villages in the valleys have usually the right of sending a certain number of their cattle to feed upon the mountains. Early in the spring, as soon as the snow has disappeared, and the grass has begun to sprout, the cattle are sent up to the lower pasture lands, where they remain till the middle of June. They are then driven still higher to what are called the middle pastures; and, in the beginning of July, some are taken to the very summits of those mountains on which vegetation is to be found. About the 10th or 11th of October they all return to the valleys; as the winter is then beginning, and snow is likely to fall on the high grounds.

The cowherds, who have the charge of the cattle, do not lead by any means an easy life. They have to collect as many as eighty or ninety cows twice a day to be milked, to prevent them from wandering, to look after them if they are missing; besides keeping all the vessels required for the milk and cream, and cheese, perfectly clean. The cows are often enticed home at milking time by offering them salt, which they are very fond of. In some parts of Switzerland cows will eat four or five pounds of salt in a quarter of a year. Whilst taking charge of the cattle on the hills, the cowherd lives in what is called a *châlet*, which is a very different thing from a comfortable Swiss cottage, and really means a log hut. It is

formed of the trunks of trees, and has a long, low, flat roof, upon which stones are placed to prevent the shingles or tiles from being blown away by the wind. There is very little furniture in the inside; only perhaps a table and a bench, and the utensils necessary for the dairy, with some straw in a loft which serves for a bed. In these huts the cowherds live for several weeks, either in the lower, middle, or upper pasture lands.

The Swiss are not employed in their own country as regular soldiers; but every man is drilled at certain times, so that he may know how to defend his native land if necessary. They have also been accustomed to serve in the armies of foreign princes. They are celebrated for their attachment to their country, but they are not by any means such a noble people as they used to be. The number of strangers who visit Switzerland induces them to be grasping, and not strictly honest. English people, for instance, are often made to pay a great deal more than Germans or French, because they are supposed to be richer.*

The lakes of Switzerland are amongst the finest in Europe; there are a great many of them, and they add very much to the beauty of the scenery. Even persons who have never seen a lake, can imagine in a degree what it is like by watching the shadows and reflections of trees and banks round a pond, or in a river, — and then trying to fancy what it would be to look at miles of smooth water, coloured by the blue sky above, and the green trees, and the houses and cliffs, on the shore.

Several large rivers have their rise in Switzerland. The principal are the Rhine and the Rhone. The Rhine

* The most common coin in Switzerland is a batz; nine of which are equal to an English shilling.

rises in the canton of the Grisons, flows through Switzerland and Germany, and falls into the German Ocean.

The Rhone rises in the Canton Vallais, flows through the Lake of Geneva, and the south of France, and falls into the Mediterranean Sea. Thus we see that one of these great rivers flows towards the south, and the other towards the north.

The Inn also rises in Switzerland, in the Grisons, but it soon leaves that country, flows through the Tyrol, and joins the Danube. These rivers, which are lost, as it were, in larger rivers, are called tributary, as they give a tribute of their waters to increase the great stream. Two Swiss rivers, the Aar and the Reuss, are in this way tributary to the Rhine.

Other particulars relating to Switzerland will perhaps be better understood when I describe our journey through the country; so I must now proceed to give you an account of our departure from Constance, the last place at which we slept in Germany.

We were prepared to start about nine o'clock, but before we set off, we paid a visit to a house opposite to the hotel, in which lived a lady remarkable for her skill in painting. The master of the hotel, who told us this, advised us to go and look at her pictures, which, he assured us, the artist was very willing to show. "The Grand Duke of Baden," he said, "took a great deal of notice of her, and was going to pay her a visit that morning; and he believed she had painted some pictures for our Queen Victoria."

Having had this advice, we took advantage of a few spare minutes before the carriage was ready, and went across the road to the house which was pointed out to us. It was the same in which, the night before, I had seen

the three Sisters of Charity watching the illuminations in honour of the Grand Duke ;—an old house, but prettily ornamented with paintings on the walls by the staircase, and flowers in the passages. The lady herself was not at home, but her servant showed us the pictures, of which there were a great number very well worth seeing. Many were sacred subjects, paintings of the Apostles and of the Virgin Mary; the countenances so pure and beautiful that it gave one a great idea of the goodness of the person who could imagine them. There was a picture also of the lady's mother, which one can fancy it must have given her peculiar pleasure to paint. She had quite devoted herself to painting, as persons do to other professions, having been at Munich to study the splendid pictures which are collected there, and also I think having travelled to Italy for the same purpose.

We had hired a carriage and a pair of horses to take us from Constance to Zurich; our luggage followed in a kind of light open cart, which is very common in Switzerland. The weather was intensely hot; but for that, the journey would have been very pleasant. As it was, we were tired by twelve o'clock, and stopped to rest for half an hour at a small inn; and this we did again between three and four, when we sat out of doors some time in a garden belonging to the hotel. There was no air however to be had any where, and I do not know when I have suffered more from heat. These Swiss gardens seem to me much neater than those in Germany, but there is nothing in the least like an English garden. We see no lawns, and no laurels or evergreens. The country through which we have passed has not been very remarkable. The little towns and villages are not unlike German

towns, except that the houses are more square and formal, and white-washed. This part of Switzerland is so near to Germany that the people have very much the same customs. Yet it is a country in which I should like to live much better than in the north of Germany. There are more winding roads, and lanes, and hills; but the mountains are still a good way off. We only saw them in the distance occasionally. We did not reach Zurich till half-past eight, so that we have not had time to see much of it; but it looks like a large place, with very white square houses, having bright green or white blinds to them, which give them rather a glaring appearance. It is close by a long narrow lake. The views around are not very wonderful for their beauty; and although there are hills in the neighbourhood, they are not high enough to be called mountains. Still it is a very cheerful town; with vineyards, and orchards, and gardens, and gay houses, and comfortable villages, and churches, crowding the banks of the lake. It is a rich place also. There are great manufactures in silk and cotton carried on in it, and many thousand persons in the city and along the shores of the lake are employed in silk weaving. The old part of the town must be the most interesting. Zurich is famous in history, because the Reformation of religion in Switzerland began here, about the year 1519, in the time of our Henry the Eighth. Zwingli, originally a Roman Catholic clergyman, was the person who first exerted himself against the Roman Catholic Church in Switzerland; but I am afraid, though he gave up what was wrong in Romanism, his own teaching was not by any means free from error. He lived at Zurich, and preached there a great deal. Indeed the place has been quite

celebrated as a refuge for Protestants. In the reign of Queen Mary, many English Protestants, being afraid to live in their own country, came here, and were most kindly received by the inhabitants of the town; and it was here also that the first English version of the Bible is said to have been printed, in the year 1535.

Zurich, being one of the chief places in Switzerland, is appointed as one of the towns in which the Diet or Parliament is held, for two years at a time. The others are Bern and Lucerne.

Our hotel here is widely different from the curious little places at which we slept during the latter part of our travels in Germany. It is one of the best in Switzerland; and Swiss hotels in the large towns are remarkable for their size and comfort. In many respects this is like an English hotel. I have a carpet in my bed-room, and curtains to my bed, for instance; but it is not a four-post bed, that is a thing which one never sees abroad. Instead of blankets, we have had lately, very light, large pillows, which look exactly like little feather beds, put upon the great ones; but when they are touched, they shrink almost into nothing. They are stuffed with eider down, or the soft light feathers of the eider duck.

LUCERNE: *Schweitzer Hof* (Swiss Hotel). July 31st.

-Two days have passed since I last wrote my Journal, and they have been unfortunate days as regards the weather. Yesterday morning, at Zurich, it rained heavily, and we could scarcely get out at all. I did manage however to see a little of the town, at last, when it began to clear. It is very much what I supposed it to be on the night of our arrival. A cheer-

ful, white-looking town, with a broad open space, and rows of houses fronting the lake; and a number of narrow streets going straight up the hill from the water. The river Limmat flows out of the lake, and divides the town into two parts; and the bridges which cross the river add a great deal to the beauty of the place. There were once fortifications round the town, but they are not kept up. I can fancy Zurich a very agreeable place to live at, for many reasons,—and it seems to be considered so; as there are a great many good houses standing in gardens by the side of the lake. They are generally square, not at all resembling what we call Swiss cottages. As usual in foreign houses of any size, they have Venetian blinds outside the windows. These blinds are shut when the sun shines too powerfully, and it gives the houses a sleepy look, as if their eyes were shut. I observed in many of the gardens rows of small orange trees in square wooden tubs; but nothing like an English shrubbery, with its beautiful mixture of all kinds of trees. The shops at Zurich seemed very good. I was much tempted to stop at one where there were all kinds of pretty things made in wood,—models of Swiss cottages, boxes, tables, figures, needle-cases, rulers, &c. I thought I should like to get a little cottage for your school-room at home; but it was nearly dinner time, and I was obliged to go back to the hotel, and leave the Swiss cottage for another opportunity.

We left Zurich yesterday, directly after dinner; but not altogether, for some of my friends had agreed to make a little journey by themselves, in places to which we could not all go. Their plan was to cross the Lake of Zurich in a steam-boat. and then pro-

ceed to Lake Wallenstadt, which is very near it; from thence they were to make some excursions amongst the hills,—walking, and riding on ponies and mules; and on Monday next they hope to meet us on the top of a great mountain, the Righi, not far from Lucerne. If the weather should be fine they will be likely to enjoy the excursion extremely, but it has not been at all favourable yet. We however, who set off from Lucerne, had not much to complain of the first part of the way. It was quite fine then, and the clouds in the sky only made the country look more beautiful, by causing some parts to be in shade and others in light. Our carriage and horses were the same that had brought us from Constance. The driver was very anxious to go on with us, and assured us his horses could manage the distance perfectly well. He had taken warning from the heat of the last day, and put on a covering over the top of the carriage, which made us much more comfortable; though we did not need it as we did on Tuesday, for there had been thunder, and lightning, and rain in the night, and the air was much cooled.

The road was carried a little way by the side of the lake; and then we began to ascend a mountain called the Albis,—not a snow mountain, but a very high hill. Yet we went up quite easily. The road was so well managed that it wound up and up gently, and the horses seemed to have no difficulty at all. The view, when we were near the top, was most beautiful. We could see all over the Lake of Zurich, with the towns and villages on its borders; and some high mountains in the distance towards the south. Just below us was the side of the hill, covered with trees, and so steep that the tops of the trees were nearly

level with the road. If the carriage had gone at all to one side, there was nothing to prevent it from falling over: but there did not appear to be any danger, for the road was very broad, and there was always space enough to allow of our passing any thing we met.

We observed several cottages very high up on the hill, which looked warm and comfortable in the sunshine; but it must be a hard life for the poor people who inhabit them, when the snow is on the ground. We ought to have seen to a still greater distance when we reached the top of the hill, but clouds had gathered over the farthest mountains, and we only caught sight of the Lake of Zug once or twice, and of another curious little lake which, from the clearness of the water and the reflection of the hills and trees round it, looked a perfectly bright green; and then the rain came on, and, as we descended the hill on the other side, we could see nothing. I hope, though, that we did not lose very much, for I do not imagine there was any thing remarkably beautiful in that part of the country. Once we stopped to rest the horses, and by way of change and exercise, paddled across the wet road to the village church, but we had pain rather than pleasure for our trouble. The building was ugly and whitewashed, and it did not appear well taken care of. It was a Lutheran or Protestant church. I examined the books which had been left in the seats. They contained the Gospels, and a number of hymns, and some prayers for different services; the Holy Communion, the burial service, &c.; but they were not at all like our own prayer books. The villages we passed were particularly interesting and pretty. Between Constance and Zurich, as I think I mentioned, the cottages were like those in Germany,—in fact, not un-

like English cottages ; but as we approached Lucerne, I observed a great change. That which struck me the most at first, was the colour of the houses,—they were so very brown ; not dirty looking, but a deep, dark brown, the same kind of tint as old oak. They are built of wood, and, directly they become at all old, acquire this dark colour, which, in itself, makes them totally unlike any thing we are accustomed to see in England. The roofs project very far at the top, and there are lesser roofs over the windows of the different stories ; and, generally, stairs on the outside ; for the entrance to the habitable part of the cottage is not on the ground floor,—that is given up for the stables and the cattle. In this part of Switzerland there are barns adjoining the cottages, and the great projecting roof stretches over them also, as if it would take all under its protection. Great stacks of wood, cut up to be burnt in winter, are piled against the outside walls, and shelves for bee-hives are placed there also ; and above them, perhaps, hangs a ladder, the whole length of the building. Altogether, the houses have a very comfortable, home look.

One village which we passed, called Kappel, is rather celebrated in Swiss history ; for it was there that Zwingli, the Reformer, was killed, in a battle fought between the Roman Catholics and the Protestants. Zwingli, being a Protestant minister, did not fight himself, but he went with his people to the field of battle, to comfort them in their dying moments. He was struck down himself, and was lying on the ground, when a Roman Catholic soldier came up to him ; and, not knowing who he was, ordered him to call upon the Virgin Mary. Zwingli refused ; and the man instantly killed him. His enemies treated

even his dead body with contempt ; but his friends put up a monument formed of a massive block of stone, with an inscription to his memory, which stands not far from the little green lake of Turl.

It seemed a very long journey to Lucerne. Our driver did not know the road well, and took a wrong turn, but happily it did not lead us far astray. We were very near meeting with an accident at one ~~time~~. The cart which carried our luggage was following us, and the man who drove it, went to sleep, and allowed his horse to run up against us. But they manage things curiously in this part of the world ; and it so happened that although there was but one horse to the cart, the shafts were made for two ; and the horse being on the further side, took the matter very quietly, and did not kick or make any disturbance.

The length of the road put us quite in despair at last. Our driver asked several persons how far it was to Lucerne, and was constantly told about three-quarters of a mile ; whether we travelled quickly or slowly, it seemed that we had always three-quarters of a mile further to go ; and it was really growing dark, and lights were burning in the cottages, before we found ourselves actually driving into Lucerne, down a steep hill, with houses on each side, instead of plodding along between green banks and trees.

We had every comfort, however, to satisfy us when we did arrive ; for the hotel we are at is one of the first in Switzerland ; very spacious, and fronting the lake.

My room is particularly pleasant, though it is not much larger than is necessary to allow me to turn round in it. But it has a glass door, opening upon a balcony, and when I look out I can see part of the

town of Lucerne, close by the lake ; with a pier, and an old tower, and a broad open space, or quay, by the water's edge ; and a long range of wooded hills on the opposite side. I ought also to see some mountains, but the clouds have been covering them ever since we arrived, and not a single peak has been kind enough to show its head above them.

We intend to remain here for some days, it may be a week or more, and it is really quite a comfort to be at rest again. We have a large, pleasant sitting-room, or "salon," as it is called, and have settled ourselves in it just as if we were at home, with books, and work, and writing materials ; and I think you would say we look very comfortable. The only great wish I have just now is that the clouds would clear off the mountains, and allow me to see them.

Friday morning, August 1st. — A most thoroughly wet day, very unsatisfactory for those who wish to see the Lake of Lucerne, but giving me a very good opportunity of writing my Journal, without sitting up at night. This Swiss rain is as bad as German rain. It comes down in torrents, and when one thinks, or rather hopes, it is going to clear (for I have given up thinking upon the subject), the clouds gather thicker than ever upon the mountains, and the faint gleam of a brighter sky is gone before there has been time to welcome it. If it were not for our friends, who left us at Zurich to travel amongst the mountains, I should care less about it ; but it really is very unfortunate for them. I do not feel that I have seen the beauties of the lake yet ; but we managed yesterday to gain a little notion of what the town is like, though the weather was not very much better than it is to-day. Just before dinner we went out a little, and made our

way to a shop, and then to a church, with two tall spires, which is a little out of the town, but very near the hotel. Lucerne is a Roman Catholic canton, and this church was therefore Roman Catholic. There was nothing remarkable in it, except that there was a burial-ground attached to it, shut in by what are called cloisters, or long archways, underneath which people may walk. The greater part of the graves had black crosses upon them, and upon some were hung little wreaths of flowers. This was all we could see before dinner, which was at four o'clock. At the hotel there is a table d'hôte, or a public dinner for all persons who choose to dine together, twice in the day, at one o'clock and at four. I suppose it is found necessary to have rather a late dinner for the English, who throng here.

The weather had cleared after dinner, and we went for a little drive. I was standing in the balcony, waiting for the carriage, when I had my first view of the neighbouring mountains. The clouds had left the Righi, which is a mountain to the east of the lake, and I could see quite to the top. Beyond it appeared dark peaks, with heavy masses of clouds floating below them; and still further, — quite as it seemed amongst the clouds, — was a dazzling mass of gold — the reflection of the sun upon the snow of the distant hills.

Before, I fancied that I might be disappointed in the Lake of Lucerne, but I did not think so then; and it seemed almost wrong to turn away from the glorious mountains, into the narrow streets of the town. The first object in our drive was a celebrated monument, a very short distance from the town. It is the figure of a large lion, beautifully cut out of a steep sandstone

rock. The animal is represented as on the point of death; a spear is in his side, and his whole appearance shows that he has but a few minutes to live. Yet one paw is stretched out to cover and protect what is termed the shield of France,—a stone on which are carved the signs or emblems of the kingdom of France. There is a pool of water at the foot of the rock, and trees grow round it, and creepers cover it; and the figure of the lion stands out beautifully from amongst the green leaves and mosses. Below, are inscribed in the rock the names of a number of brave men, officers of the Swiss Guards, who were in the service of Louis XVI. the King of France, during the terrible French Revolution. The French people, as perhaps you may have heard, rebelled against King Louis, and attacked his palace, and when he was left without any other help, the Swiss Guards defended him to the last, and nearly all were killed on the spot. The figure of the lion is much larger than it at first appears. It is twenty-eight feet long, and eighteen feet high. The plan of the monument was made by a very celebrated German sculptor, named Thorwaldsen, but it was actually carved by another sculptor, a native of Constance. The Swiss are very proud of it, and they certainly have reason to be so. It used to be shown by one of the very guards who helped to defend the king; but I believe he is now dead. There is a little chapel near the monument, where, in accordance with the Roman Catholic belief, prayers are said for the souls of the dead. The Duchess of Angoulême, the sister of King Louis, worked the cloth which covers the altar herself.

We drove by the banks of the Lake of Lucerne, after leaving the monument, and again I had a view

of the mountain tops ; but the first striking effect was over. As it was not quite late enough to go in-doors, when we returned from our drive, we went for a walk through the town, for it was quite a delight to us to move about after having been so shut in by the weather. Yet there certainly was nothing very charming in our walk ; and if it had been an English town, instead of a Swiss one, which we were exploring, I might have said it was very disagreeable.* We wandered about through wet, dirty, narrow streets, and in the poorest part of the town ; sometimes passing through an archway, and finding ourselves outside the walls, and then making our way in again, and taking a wrong turn, and having to go back. But it was all very amusing. The windows at the tops of the houses have roofs over them, which nearly meet across the narrow streets. They reminded me of broad-brimmed hats, and I could almost have fancied that the houses meant to take them off, and say, "how d'ye do" to each other. Lucerne is a much older-looking place than Zurich, and much more quaint and strange. It has scarcely half as many inhabitants, and there are no great manufactures carried on in the place. In one street, when it was growing quite dusk, we stumbled upon a set of men, up in a corner, near an old tower, who were being drilled as soldiers, in the drollest way possible ; whilst the officer or serjeant was ordering them about, in a broad kind of German, which sounded exactly like the noise made when the figures called Punch and Judy are exhibited in the streets in England. The river Reuss flows into the lake at the southern end, and issues out of it again at Lucerne, so as to divide the town. The bridges built over it, and over a narrow part of the lake, near our hotel,

are some of the most remarkable things about the place; they are so old, and so odd, made of wood, and having roofs over them something like the roofs of barns. There are others which are open.

The bridge over the Reuss is very long, and in the roof are placed seventy-seven curious old pictures, some of which represent the history of William Tell, who is quite the celebrated person of this part of the world. He was a native of Switzerland, and lived about the time of our Edward the Second. Switzerland was then subject to an Austrian prince, called Albert of Hapsburg, who had been chosen Emperor of Germany. The Austrians treated the Swiss very badly, and were exceedingly haughty to them. Gessler, one of the Austrian governors, who was living in the town of Altorf, near the southern end of the Lake of Lucerne, was especially tyrannical. Amongst other insulting actions, he put up his hat in the market-place, and told all the people to bow to it. William Tell refused to do this, and was taken prisoner in consequence, and brought before the governor. He was a very skilful marksman, and could shoot wonderfully well with a bow and arrow, and this Gessler knew; and to punish him for what he declared to be a want of respect, he made Tell's little boy stand at a great distance, with an apple on his head, and ordered his father to hit the apple. One might imagine it impossible to do such a thing; a father would naturally be so very much afraid of injuring his child; but, as an old writer, who tells the story, says, "God was with Tell," and he succeeded. Gessler was still determined upon Tell's ruin, and determined to find some cause of complaint. Having perceived another arrow in his quiver, he inquired for what use it was

intended. Tell hesitated to reply; but the deceitful governor assured him that whatever it might be meant for, his life should be safe. "Had I hit my child," replied Tell, "the second arrow was for thee; and be sure I should not have missed my mark a second time." Gessler, in fear and rage at this bold answer, exclaimed, "Tell, I have promised thee life, but thou shalt pass it in a dungeon." A boat was instantly made ready, and Gessler prepared to convey Tell across the lake to a prison in a neighbouring canton. But a storm arose, and all were in great danger. Tell was as skilful in directing a boat as in aiming at a mark; and Gessler, much against his inclination, was obliged to give orders that the chains with which he was bound should be unfastened, and that he should be allowed to guide the vessel. They reached the foot of a huge cliff; the only possible landing-place for a great distance. Tell seized his cross-bow, and with a great effort leapt on shore, and left the boat to struggle on its way. It escaped the perils of the waves, and Gessler landed in safety. But Tell's revenge was not satisfied. He hid himself amongst some trees, on a bank by which Gessler was to pass, and as he approached, once more drew his bow, and shot his enemy dead.

Tell is looked upon as the deliverer of the Swiss; for after this there was a general insurrection, and in the end Switzerland became an independent country; but one cannot think that Tell's action was allowable, however he may have excused it to himself.

I have mentioned the Righi, as a celebrated mountain close to the Lake of Lucerne; but there is another still more so, which has a strange name, and a strange story attached to it. It is Mount Pilatus. I

can see it from the window of my bed-room, with its jagged peaks, and steep stony sides. The Swiss have a dread of this mountain, on account of its fearful name; for they say it was so called from Pilate, the Roman governor, who condemned our Blessed Lord to death. It is true that Pilate was banished from Judæa, and lived for a time in France; and the story that has been told for ages, adds, that he wandered about amongst the rocky hills in agony and despair, and at length threw himself from the summit of Pilatus, into a deep lake below, and perished for ever. The peasants believe that his spirit still haunts the spot, and is to be seen amidst the mists and storms which sweep over the dreary mountain.

To-day (Friday), we have approached rather nearer to Mount Pilatus, though not in a very satisfactory way. We had rain till five o'clock, but then it cleared up, and some of us contrived to have a tolerably long walk. If I had been told before I set out what it was to be like, I should have said, probably, that I would not attempt it, but we were led on by degrees. We crossed to the other side of the lake first, by one of the old bridges, and then took a path which led up a hill above the town; our only thought being to go as high as we could. And so we did ascend certainly, and at first very easily, and there were lovely views over the lake and the mountains, to make us forget our fatigue, whenever we stopped to take breath. But the path was different as we went on. It was more like going through a marsh in some places than anything else, the torrents of rain had made it in such a bad state. We were well contented, however, to proceed, for we were out of sight of Lucerne, and fancied we were nearer to Mount

Pilatus. At last, having gone a considerable distance, and not feeling inclined to return by the same path, we were forced to ask our way of some men, who were making a kind of ditch, or drain, directly across our road. The expression of their faces amused me extremely; they were evidently so surprised at seeing two ladies, and so shocked at the sight of our muddy dresses, which they pointed at, as if to ask what could have induced us to take such a walk. They talked wonderful German, but we caught a word here and there; and one of them offered to show us the way, and led us to the edge of a very steep grassy hill, on the side of which was a cottage, but with no sign of a footpath. This hill he told us we were to descend, and then he left us. It was a long way down, rather slippery, and very wet, but we found our way safely to the bottom, and were then in a straight path which led through a little village, apparently not far from Mount Pilatus. I say apparently, because in a mountainous country one is continually deceived about distances. Mount Pilatus is so far from Lucerne, that it must really have been impossible for us to have walked at all near to it, but it is so immense that it looked quite close. We had a most lovely view as we came to the bottom of the hill. The distant mountains on the opposite side of the lake were purple with the stormy clouds around them; but the sun shone out upon the gardens and trees and cottages of the village near us, and upon the church standing above it, the bell of which had just sounded for an evening service. There were signs of quietness, and plenty, and peace, in the village; and above it, as if to set off its cheerful beauty, rose the grim peaks of Mount Pilatus, sharp, grey, and stony, so that no

man, one should think, would venture to climb to its summit.

It struck me very much to-day, how easily, in this country, we could move from one spot to another, without fences and gates. We passed in our walk what looked like a gentleman's garden, but it was not in the least enclosed, and the path to the village went through it. So it is with the cottages. They stand in little gardens; but next to the garden, and not divided from it by any fence, may be a piece of pasture land, or a plantation, or a corn field. It all seems to be one.

Saturday, July 2nd. — There is not much to tell you of our day's proceedings. The rain has still been pursuing us, though it seemed every now and then likely to be fine. We spent the morning in-doors, — reading, and writing, and drawing, — and hoped that we should have a bright afternoon to enable us to make a little excursion part of the way down the lake, in a steam vessel, to a village called Beckenried, and from thence in a carriage to Stanzstadt, another place on the lake. There the steamer was to take us up again, and we were to return by it to Lucerne.

Though it had been raining in the morning, the weather cleared up a little between one and two o'clock, and according to our plan we went on board the steamer. The clouds, however, were still hanging about the mountains, and after a short time they gathered together again, and the rain and mist continued the whole way to Beckenried. I could not help laughing to see the number of dripping umbrellas, as we sat upon the deck of the vessel; for there were several persons in the same plight as ourselves. It seemed so absurd that we should all have come out to

see the views on the lake at such an unfortunate moment.

Happily our voyage was short, but we were doomed to be disappointed. When we landed at Beckenried, we found that every carriage in the place was engaged, and we had nothing to do but to remain at a little inn till the next steam vessel to Lucerne came by, looking out upon some cottages, and not even able to see the neighbouring hills, except through mists. We were not there above half an hour, and then the weather began once more to clear, which, however, only made me the more sorry that we could not have a carriage.

We had lovely views on our way back till just at last, when it became misty and rainy again. There are great mountains all round the lake, and at each turn there is something new to look at in their position; whilst every cloud that passes over the sky alters their colour by making them darker or lighter. They are to me like friends whom I am fond of and yet whom I do not thoroughly know; I am always learning something new about them.

I have called this lake the Lake of Lucerne, because it is generally known by that name; but in Switzerland it is termed the Lake of the Four Forest Cantons, —from the cantons of Uri, Unterwalden, Schwytz, and Lucerne, which form its shores. Its shape is very straggling. Perhaps it would be best described as being that of a cross; for there are two branches which stretch out like the arms of a cross. The hills shut it in completely. They are excessively steep; in some parts being nothing but rocky cliffs, which come close down to the water's edge. These cliffs are the bases or supports of the great mountains, but when

looking at them near the tops of the mountains cannot be seen; so that it is impossible to have a true idea of the height that is above. Even the height of the rocky cliffs is not at first understood. I think that which gave me the best idea of them to-day was looking at the villages and churches below them, and seeing how exceedingly small ~~they were~~ they were in comparison. For instance, we passed a church which was quite close to the edge of the lake, and yet appeared so small by the side of the mountains that it seemed merely like a model of a building, which could be taken up in the hand.

We returned to Lucerne by six o'clock. The waters of the lake had risen two feet above their usual height before we set off this afternoon; and when we came back the flood had increased. Some parts of the town can scarcely be passed. It is just the same in other places. I observed grass and wild flowers peeping out of the water, at one of the villages at which we stopped this afternoon, and looking extremely uncomfortable, as if they were not in the least used to that kind of water life.

The continual rain has been a great disappointment to us all, especially to our friends who left us at Zurich. This evening, just after tea, they made their appearance; the bad weather having compelled them to give up their expedition.

A great many English people are staying at this hotel, and it is very amusing to observe the difference between them and foreigners. At a table d'hôte, if French or Germans are present, there is a never-ceasing conversation; but to-day, when we were nearly all English, scarcely any one ventured to say a word. As a nation we certainly are famous for being shy and

cold in our manners, and I am afraid it does not make us generally liked.

Sunday, August 3rd. — We have been spending a quiet Sunday. Service at the English Chapel was at eleven in the morning, and six in the evening. The chapel, I am told, is used by the Swiss Protestants also, of whom there are about 180 in the town. They have their service in the hours between the two English services. The building is in a strange place, in a court in one of the back streets, and is excessively ugly and poor-looking both within and without. Happily the prayers, and the lessons, and the psalms, are the same everywhere; and their beauty and comfort is peculiarly felt when one is abroad. We had the Holy Communion also, which seems to be generally administered once a month in these foreign chapels. The streets leading to the chapel were nearly impassable, in consequence of the overflowing of the lake. We went in a carriage to church this morning, but in the evening I walked, and really, at one place, thought I must turn back. A plank had been placed for persons to cross upon, but it was half under water; and I was completely wet before I reached the chapel. The weather was dull and misty in the morning, and we were afraid that more rain was coming, but when we returned home after church, the mountains were quite bright, and the lake was a dazzling blue, and anything more lovely I never saw. I sat at the window in the afternoon, looking at the scene, till my eyes quite ached. The change since yesterday is wonderful. I could not help thinking that it might be something like the difference between what we fancy now of the loveliness of another world, from the faint ideas given us in the Bible, and what it really will be.

Yesterday I thought I knew something of the form and beauty of the hills, but to-day I discovered that I had known nothing; and the lines and colours of the glorious view gave me a feeling of delight which I could never have imagined or expected.

I came back from church in the evening just in time to see what I have often heard of, but never quite believed to be real,—a bright pink colour on the summit of the distant mountains; the reflection of the sunset on the snow. Mount Pilatus too was entirely pink for a few moments, though the colour was not so delicate, as there was no snow upon it. A light cloud has been resting on the summit all day, which they say is a sign of good weather. It certainly is a splendid hill,—so very steep and rugged! The stories about it were so much believed three or four hundred years ago, and it was considered so dangerous and awful from being, as was supposed, haunted by the restless spirit of the miserable Pilate, that no one was allowed to go up the mountain without the permission of the magistrates of Lucerne. To-morrow, if it should be fine, we hope to ascend the Righi, and sleep at an hotel on the top of the mountain, that we may be in readiness to see the sun rise the next morning. The view from the height when the sun first appears is said to be most beautiful.

HOTEL ON THE TOP OF THE RIGHI: *August 4th.*—I could not resist bringing my Journal, though I knew I should not have much time to write, and should probably be very tired. But it is always more real and satisfactory to put down what one sees on the spot, besides being extremely amusing afterwards

to look at the actual words written, and remember how one felt when writing them.

We have had exquisite weather to-day, bright and not too warm, and are really not much fatigued, though we have been journeying for several hours. We left Lucerne in a carriage, about half-past nine, and had a most lovely drive, by the side of the Lake of Lucerne, to a village called Arth, which is on the border of another lake,—the Lake of Zug. I dare say we enjoyed the drive particularly from having had so much rain and mist lately, but every thing struck us as looking cheerful and prosperous. The cottages were large and well built, and very odd and pretty, with their deep overhanging roofs, and the staircases and galleries on the outsides; and there were beehives, and flowers, and fruit trees belonging to them, which gave an idea of plenty. One steep, narrow lane, which we went through, is celebrated in history, for it is the place where William Tell shot Gessler. The banks on each side are very high, and covered with trees and brushwood. I climbed up to the spot where Tell is said to have concealed himself, in order to see whether a person could easily be hidden there: but I cannot say I felt much sympathy for William Tell, in spite of all his bravery, and the wrongs which the Austrians did to his country. The way in which he rid himself of Gessler, was undoubtedly wicked and treacherous. The Swiss seem to have been so delighted at having gained their liberty, that they did not much care what means were used for the purpose, and they have built a little chapel upon the spot in memory of the deed.

At Arth two of our party stopped to inquire about ponies to take us up the mountain. It is the best

place for procuring them. The rest of us went on to another village, Goldau, where the steep path up the Righi begins. The neighbourhood of Arth and Goldau has become celebrated from a most dreadful event which took place between forty and fifty years ago. I must give you a short history of it, from an account written at the time. It will make you understand our journey better. A great mountain called the Rossberg stands very near to Goldau. It is formed of what is called pudding stone, which is not like solid rock, but like a number of round stones cemented or joined together by a softer substance. The Germans call it nail rock, because there are knobs upon it, which they say look like nail heads. You will understand, I think, easily, that this kind of rock is very likely to crack, as it is not in solid masses; and where it is cracked, the rain and the springs of water from the hills penetrate into the crevices, and the clay which the rock rests upon becomes moist and soft, and then huge pieces fall off. The landslip in the Isle of Wight has been caused somewhat in the same way; only there, the rocks themselves are more solid than the pudding stone.

In the month of September, in the year 1806, after a very rainy summer, an enormous landslip took place from the Rossberg. Huge fragments of rock first rolled down from the mountain, and at the lower part the ground seemed every where in motion. Soon afterwards an immense crack was seen in the earth, it grew larger and larger, the pine trees of the forest reeled, birds flew away screaming, and by-and-by the whole side of the mountain was seen to glide slowly down into the valley. An old man who had often said that some event of the kind was likely to

happen, was sitting quietly in his cottage smoking his pipe, when a young man came running by and told him that the mountain was falling. The old man rose from his seat and looked out, but came back into the house again, saying "that he had time to fill another pipe;" and the young man left him, and rushed off. When, after a time, he ventured to look back, he saw the cottage carried off, as the ground around it slid away. In another place, just as a family were escaping, the house in which they lived seemed to be torn up, and spun round and round; and the mistress of the house, and two children, and a servant, were buried in the ruins. When they were taken out, the servant's thigh was broken; one child was so ill that it was thought she could not live, and she was blind for several days, and was always afterwards subject to terrible convulsion fits; whilst the poor mother was found dead with the other child in her arms. The quantity of mud and stones which fell from the mountain was so great that it filled up the end of a lake five miles distant; and the waters rose so as to sweep away many houses with their inhabitants. It is said that 111 houses, and more than 200 stables and châteaux, were buried under the rocks; and more than 450 human beings perished, besides herds of cattle. It took only about five minutes entirely to destroy a village. The people in the neighbouring towns and hamlets were roused by a noise like thunder, and saw a vast cloud of dust in the distance; and when it cleared away, the appearance of the whole country was changed; villages, and trees, and gardens, and palings, were all gone; there was nothing but a wide dreary space covered

with rocks and mud. This was the fate of the first village of Goldau. It was swept quite away, and buried beneath a heap of stones and rubbish one hundred feet high, and nothing was left of it but the bell which hung in the church steeple, and which was found about a mile off. Another village has since been built on the same spot, but for four or five miles around there is a waste tract of country, covered with rocks and stones.

It was at Goldau that we dined, and there our friends from Arth joined us with the ponies, and the guides who were to go with us up the Righi. Part of the landslip was quite close to the inn, and I went out to look at it. It was a most desolate scene, but it would be necessary to wander amongst the rocks and explore it thoroughly in order to gain a true idea of the vast mischief caused by it.

After our dinner, which was a very droll one and prepared in a bed-room, we set off for the Righi. I must tell you that we had been close under it in coming from Arth to Goldau; for the road passed between the Lake of Zug on one side and the mountain on the other; but it is not possible in such cases to see the top of a hill. The side is covered with a forest of pines, or stands out in immense rocky cliffs, but the summit is very far off, in the middle of the mountain, as it were; and no real notion of the height can be obtained, except by an actual ascent.

One of the gentlemen of our party intended to walk up the Righi; but the rest had ponies to ride on, and there was a guide for each lady.

Our path at first was tolerably good; not very broad, but smooth and easy, and ascending gradually through little orchards and pasture-grounds, with

cottages interspersed. Large rocks also were strewn around ; for, at the time of the landslip, the force with which some of the huge masses fell from the Rossberg was so great, that it actually tossed them up on the slope of the opposite mountain. After a time the narrow road became much steeper, and I felt very much as if I should fall backwards ; but the ponies went on wonderfully ; not merely up the path, but over stones which paved the way, and made it just like a stone staircase. If I had not known how well the animals were used to it, I should have been much frightened ; but, as it was, we went on pleasantly by the side of a deep, narrow hollow in the mountain, which I should describe to a person who has been in the Isle of Wight, as being like an enormous Shanklin Chine. After ascending a considerable height, we all stopped to rest opposite a little cottage, where we were offered some milk for refreshment. A lady was resting there likewise ; but she was going up in a very different way from ourselves, for she was carried in an arm-chair by men. This kind of travelling is common in Switzerland, in places where we should at first think it perfectly impossible. About half-way up we left off ascending, and seemed to go deep into the hill, which rose up on each side, green and smooth, with fir-trees scattered about, and sometimes a rushing torrent pouring down the middle. There was a convent very high up, at which three or four monks live all the year round ; and a strange, lonely home it must be in the winter, though it looked pleasant enough this afternoon, when every thing was sunny. Several buildings were near it, and a church, in front of which I fancied I saw one of the monks walking. The church is much frequented by pilgrims,

for it is considered an act of religion to make a journey from the foot of the hill, stopping to say prayers at different spots called stations. Each station is marked by a very small chapel, within which are pictures, representing the different circumstances of our Blessed Lord's sufferings. The church is surrounded by several buildings, some of which are regular inns, frequented by invalids, who are recommended to breathe the pure air of the mountain, and drink goats' whey; the others are more like common public-houses, and are generally occupied by the pilgrims.

We saw very few cattle. The guides told us that they were kept in the chalets because of the heat. The wild flowers were most beautiful; there were a great number of those which are common in England, and, in addition, we observed a lovely pink flower, a species of rhododendron, sometimes called the Alpine rose; besides a very delicate wild pink, fringed at the edge, and of a pale lilac colour. The rocks and trees, and little rushing waterfalls, with the glorious range of mountains which we saw behind us, whenever we turned round, made a scene more lovely than I can hope to make you imagine.

As we drew nearer to the summit, the trees were more scattered, and at last they looked quite scorched from exposure to the winds and storms. The turf, however, was still fresh and green, and the path good and not so steep as at first. The air, too, was so fresh, that it took away all feeling of fatigue; and I was less tired when I dismounted from my poney at the door of the hotel, after a ride of nine miles, which I think had taken us about three hours, than I was when

we set off from Goldau. A number of people had, like ourselves, chosen this day to ascend the Righi, though they did not all come by the same path.

It is a place which almost every one is anxious to visit if possible; and in order to provide for all, there are two hotels, one quite at the top and the other a little lower down. Our rooms were ordered before our arrival, which is fortunate, or we might not have been able to procure them.

We are at the hotel on the summit, a hideous square stone house, which would spoil the beauty of the view if any thing could; but the scene is so wonderful that I have scarcely thought of any thing but the mountains. We ladies have a small room with three beds in it, for the hotel is so full that persons are not allowed to have separate rooms. But in fact no one thinks of remaining in the house. We were all standing on the top of the mountain till the sun went down, trying to understand what we were looking at. The Lake of Lucerne appeared quite near, and Zug so close that it seemed as if one could jump from the rocky side of the mountain into the blue waters below; and beyond were miles and miles of country, with the mountains of the Black Forest, in Germany, in the distance. This was one view; but that which I cared most to look at was on the other side, where mountain rose beyond mountain, far as the eye could see; and sharp peaks of snowy whiteness stood forth against the sky, and could scarcely be distinguished from the mists which gathered round them. We watched till the sun set without a cloud, and the sky over the white mountains became a pale exquisite pink; and the further hills and the distant valleys grew to be

a soft, cold grey, and then we thought it time to go in.

It was very cold here even to-night, in the month of July. In winter it must be almost intolerable, yet people, I am told, live at the hotel all the year round. We have had a very different scene from the grand quiet mountains since sunset; a great supper in the "salon," for as many, I should say, as sixty persons, with closed windows, making the room intensely hot. And such a noise and confusion! I longed for it to be over, and now I am come to my room to have a short night's rest, and to be called at four to-morrow morning to see the sun rise. The number of people one meets here, the guides and the ponies, the calling, and talking, and the preparations for coffee, tea, and supper, and all that every one requires, make a very odd medley; and I could find it in my heart to wish that I could be on the top of the Righi alone, or at least with very few people. But of course one must take the enjoyment one has, and be thankful for it. Supper, I must tell you, was like a regular table d'hôte dinner; an immense number of dishes being handed round, which, unless one is very hungry, always make it a long and wearisome business; and which I felt to be even less agreeable at seven o'clock in the evening than in the middle of the day.

LUCERNE: *August 6th.* — I am quite vexed, in looking at what I wrote the night before last at the Righi, to see how little I was able to tell about it. But it is very difficult to describe clearly what one sees; and I was so very uncomfortable that night with a bad cold

which was just coming on, that what with the heat, and the noise of the supper table, I was quite tired out and almost ill. As to sleep, it was out of the question, I had such an uncomfortable bed, and was so restless; so I amused myself with reading part of the night; and a little before four in the morning a horn sounded outside the house, and we all jumped out of bed, with the notion—at least, I know I had it,—that if we did not rush out of doors directly, we should not see the sun rise. However, there was not really any reason to be in such a hurry. We had a little time to dress, and the horn was only intended to tell us to make haste. But, the moment we could, we wrapped our warm shawls round us and went out.

It was a cold, wintry scene. All the country lying below us grey and dim, and the mountains dreary though very grand, and the snow looking colder than ever upon their summits; whilst the wind whistled and blew as if it had been a November day. The top of the hill was crowded with people; and the appearance we made was most absurd. One gentleman had taken a blanket from his bed and wore it as a shawl; another had seized a counterpane for the same purpose; a French woman appeared with her night-cap under her bonnet, and a little girl who was with her exhibited a similar head dress. It was clear that we had all provided ourselves with what was most likely to be warm and quickly put on, and did not much care what we looked like; and there we were walking up and down in the wet grass, or standing upon a raised platform, on the highest point; now and then feeling delighted with the view, but for the

most part, I am afraid, thinking quite as much of the bitter wind, and the oddity of our appearance, as of the grandeur of the scene around us.

There was a red tint all round the sky for a long time, and then it grew deeper and deeper in one part, and lines of crimson were seen,—though not over the high mountains, for they lay to the west and south,—and we all stood watching in that one direction; and at last, the sun slowly rose above the lower hills in the east, and the peaks of the opposite mountains stood out clear and sharp as if anxious to catch the first ray of the morning light. It was a very beautiful sight; but, upon the whole, not as grand as I had expected. Whether it was the cold, and the wind, and the want of rest which prevented me from enjoying it properly, I don't know, but I must confess I was disappointed. I had heard that a sun rise from the Righi would be so lovely, that I suppose I expected more than I ought. The most beautiful sight to me was when I shut out the sun itself, by putting up my hand, and looked at the hills alone. They were seen then as if covered with a light pink haze or veil, all the forms marked separately, and yet the whole one mass of soft, bright colour.

Cold though it was, I could not bear to go in. I longed to see the hills green and the lakes blue in the sunshine; and I fancied that it would soon be so. But the change came so gradually that I was not able to wait for it; and after staying till nearly the last, we left the sunrise and went in,—not to our own rooms but to the “salon,” to have hot coffee. What other persons did afterwards I will not pretend to say, but I know that I went to bed again myself, and slept tolerably well till eight o'clock. We did not breakfast

till about half-past nine, and then found the hotel quite deserted, — not above two gentlemen were left; and when we asked for some cold meat, we were told that it had nearly all been eaten. We spent about a couple of hours on the mountain after breakfast. The weather was extremely enjoyable, deliciously warm, and yet with a gentle, refreshing breeze. To look around us was like studying a living map. It is said that on a clear day, the country can be seen for 300 miles. The Righi is not so very high, compared with other mountains in Switzerland; it is only 5700 feet above the level of the sea; whilst there are many which are more than 13,000, and Mont Blanc, the highest mountain in Europe, is 15,810; but the Righi stands apart by itself, and, in consequence, a better view can be obtained from it. I hoped I might have seen Mont Blanc, but it is too far off to be distinguished. The Righi is steep, or what is termed precipitous, only on one side; on the other it is more like a sloping down, so that one can walk about wherever one likes. It is from the steep side that the Lakes of Lucerne and Zug are seen below, the waters appearing to touch the base of the mountain. To persons accustomed to the sea, it is rather disappointing to see a lake from a height, — there is such a want of movement and sparkling life about it. I missed the curling of the waves and the dashing of the white foam upon the beach. * It was like the sea asleep, and I longed to waken it. It is said that eleven lakes can be seen from the Righi, but the greater number are so small and so distant that they can only look like pools.

One thing in the appearance of the country struck me as very different from England. If we look from a hill in England we see a number of lines and squares

formed by hedges and hedgerow trees; but in Switzerland, as there are no hedges, and the trees are generally fruit trees, planted amongst the corn, and in the pasture lands, the country looks as if it were divided into patches, and marked all over with dots. This makes a greater difference than any one would be likely to imagine who had not seen it. There is also a great sameness in the large fir-woods which cover the sides of the hills. They are grand and solemn from their extent and their dark colour; but I should be sorry to exchange our variety of trees,—oaks and beeches, elms and birches, &c., for them. All the time we were sitting on the summit of the Righi, there were clouds floating below us, hiding portions of the country; and after a time they gathered more thickly, and before we set off on our return to Lucerne, the greater part of the valley and of the mountain itself was concealed from our view.

I must not forget to mention, before leaving the Righi, a remarkable appearance sometimes observed upon its summit, and indeed not unfrequent on the tops of all high mountains. It occurs when a mist rise straight up from the valley below the mountain, on the side opposite to the sun, without covering the summit. At such times, if any person is standing on the top of the hill, his shadow falls upon the wall of mist, and looks of an enormous size; and this has given rise to the notion of a great spectre haunting the mountain.

We left the Righi about twelve o'clock, our guides and ponies being the same which had brought us up; but our road was different, for we intended to go down to Weggis, a little village on the shores of the Lake of Lucerne, and then return home in the steam-

packet, which at certain hours crosses the lake and calls for passengers at the different villages.

We had a most lovely ride the whole way. If I had been quite well I should have enjoyed it thoroughly. The path led us down the steep side of the mountain, and we rode at first along the edge, looking down upon the masses of fir-trees covering the hill, with the Lake of Lucerne, as it seemed, just under our feet. Then came a less steep part, an open space, with green turf, and rocks, and trees; and after that, what looked to me like a huge landslip, as it was a tract of ground scattered all over with enormous rocks, which had fallen from the cliffs; but I did not learn that the rocks had come down at one time, as in the landslip from the Rossberg. About seventy years ago, however, a most curious event took place on this side of the Righi,—not a fall of rocks, but of mud, which poured down upon the village of Weggis in a torrent, destroyed thirty houses, and covered sixty acres of good land. You may remember I told you that the pudding stone, of which the rocks are formed, rests upon clay. It is supposed that the springs of water and the rain, penetrating the crevices of the rocks, at last reached the clay and softened it; and the great rocks above pressing down upon it, squeezed it out, as it were, and caused it to flow like a flood down the mountain. It is only surprising that the rocks themselves did not fall at the same time. The size of the rocks which have separated from the mountain is much greater than in the Isle of Wight landslip; but I thought then, as I did before, that they did not look so grand, because they seemed made up of a number of small stones and clay, which I fancied I could knock to pieces if I chose to try. We

went quite through two huge pieces, which were covered in by a third and formed a cavern. The colour is very rich, — a dark reddish brown, which mixes very well with the green of the trees and the grass. Our road was worse to look back upon than to pass over. When I was near the foot of the mountain and looked back upon the steepness of the cliff above, and marked the spots where I had been only a short time before, I could almost have doubted the fact, — it seemed so impossible for any animal to find its way along such a narrow ledge. But our ponies went the whole way uncommonly well, though mine was particularly fond of keeping close to the edge of the precipice, which was not always pleasant. Some particular views I remember especially. One beautiful bit there was, with a tall fir-tree standing out from the side of the path, and a tall wooden cross rising up near it; and all around the enormous walls of red cliff, and smooth green turf and trees, with the blue lake seen below, and mountains in the distance. It was just what I should have chosen for a picture if I could draw. There are little chapels, or stations, on the mountain on the Weggis side, such as we observed in going up from Goldau. It certainly strikes me very much in travelling abroad, to see how constantly persons are reminded of sacred things, though the way in which it is done may not always please one. I remember the other day remarking a building which had a cross formed upon the roof in the tiles, and I. H. S., for the name of our Blessed Saviour, with the date of the year, 1848.

About three o'clock in the afternoon we reached the little village of Weggis, having several times fancied ourselves at our journey's end when we were

really far off. The descent had taken us about two hours and a half; the latter part was very easy, the pathway being carried amongst pasture lands and orchards, and scattered cottages, forming the brightest, prettiest scenes possible. A number of people were collected at Weggis, all intending to do what we had just done,—go up the mountain to see the sun set and sun rise;—but though I had had a great deal of enjoyment I was glad not to be amongst them, for I was too tired and unwell to wish for anything but quietness; and the hotel at Lucerne was much more charming to me at the moment than the top of the Righi. On inquiring at Weggis for the steamer which we expected to call there at half-past four, we found that it would not arrive till seven, and we therefore determined to take a boat instead. We waited for about an hour first, and had our dinner in a little inn, so close to the lake that the lower part of the house was quite under water, owing to the late floods, and we were in consequence obliged to cross the entrance passage upon planks. The row back to Lucerne was most cool and pleasant, but pleasanter than all was the rest I had on my arrival, in my own room at the hotel, which seemed quite like home.

To-day (Wednesday) I am very much better, and have been enjoying an excursion towards the further end of the lake, to a spot called Grütli, celebrated in Swiss history as the place where, in the dead of night, in the year 1307,—the same year in which Edward the Second of England began to reign,—three of the friends of William Tell met to arrange plans for freeing their country from the tyranny of the Austrians. Our excursion was made partly in a steamer, which took us to a village called Brunnen; and then

we hired a boat to carry us over to Grütli. It seemed as we looked across the lake from Brunnen, to the green spot under the cliff to which we were going, that a few minutes would bring us there; yet, in reality, it took us half an hour to reach it. Grütli is a green bank scattered over with trees close to the lake, and under a very high cliff. A little Swiss cottage stands upon it, with a small garden round it. The spot in itself is almost perfect, — lovely, peaceful, and sunny; but the view from it is enchanting. The mountains are higher at this end of the lake than they are near to Lucerne, and the cliffs come down to the water's edge, — so rugged and steep that it is a marvel even to see a goat climbing amongst them. Fir-trees and bright creeping plants grow in the crevices, and soften the stern hard appearance of the cliffs; and the clear blue waters of the lake ripple gently at their base, whilst just above tower the peaks of the far distant mountains.

I fancy that I should never be tired of rowing upon the lake in the evenings; the scenery is so constantly changing. To-night, as we were returning home, there were four different views to be seen by merely walking from one end of the vessel to the other, either of which would have been delightful. It was just in the middle of the lake, when there are branches which turn off like cross roads. Looking one way, towards Lucerne, there was a brilliant sunset, with the smooth lake reflecting all the glorious colours of the sky; and the town, with its towers and buildings, seen dark against it. Behind us were grey mountains, and snow peaks, a little reddened by the evening light; and a long reach of the lake with a track of light across it.

On the left were mountains, around which mists

were gathering; whilst above them was a mass of clouds, most brilliant in colour, and spreading itself out in the form, so it seemed to me, of a huge monster, summoning the lesser clouds which floated near to assist in the storm that was soon to burst; whilst to the right was an arm of the lake, shut in by lower hills, calm, and grey, and cold-looking, as if it would soon be ready for the dark night.

It was nearly dusk when we landed at Lucerne, and made our way across planks to the hotel. I was amused to see that before any one was allowed to leave the steam vessel, a great chest, with the letters of the post-office in it, was carefully landed; and great was the surprise of the captain of the vessel to see one stranger, very boldly and ignorantly, try to go on shore first. An outcry was made at once, and a man followed to stop him, and he was forced to wait on one side, in due order, till the letters had gone before.

I cannot say I much like having to walk upon planks over water, in a crowd. I felt to-night as we were all following and passing each other along them, that I might, with the least push, be turned into the water, and, though I should not have run any risk of drowning, I should certainly have been uncommonly uncomfortable. We have seen some strange dresses to-day, whilst stopping at one of the little villages on the lake. Each canton of Switzerland has a peculiar style of dress, which marks the inhabitants. The women we noticed this afternoon wore black caps, with standing-up frills of broad black net, stiff petticoats, and a kind of tight waistcoat, or what is often called a bodice, with a black collar round the neck. At the two corners of this collar behind were attached two silver chains, which were brought round under the arms,

and fastened to the front corners of the collar by two brooches. The peasants were good-humoured, honest-looking people, and seemed quite pleased when one of my friends began to sketch them.

The storm we saw gathering over the lake is at work now, for there are continual flashes of lightning. I only hope we are not going to have bad weather again; for some of our party are intending to set out once more on an expedition amongst the mountains, which will probably occupy them several days.

Thursday, August 7th.—Our last night at Lucerne! but there is not much to tell about this day's proceedings, for we have had an unfortunate excursion. The mountain party set out on their journey this morning, and I and another of my friends thought it would be pleasant to go with them on the lake as far as they went, and, when they left us, proceed by ourselves to Flüelen, a town quite at the extremity, which we had not seen. So we all set off by the steamer, at two o'clock, in spite of a thunder cloud which was hanging over Mount Pilatus.

The consequence was that we had to sit on deck in a pouring rain, and with thunder and lightning to startle us, and saw little or nothing. We parted company at Brunnen, the town we were at yesterday. The mountaineers landed there, and I and my friend went on to Flüelen; but we were in the cabin nearly the whole time. On returning we made up our minds to brave the weather a little, for the purpose of obtaining, if possible, a glimpse of the mountains; and having only one pair of galoshes between us, we went up in a most disconsolate manner, each in turn, to stand upon the wet deck, and persuade ourselves, if we could, that we were seeing something worth seeing.

But I cannot say much for our success ; though I did at last take possession of a camp stool, and, in spite of the rain, seat myself upon it, with a determination that I would not be quite disappointed. Unfortunately for me, my example was followed by a party of Germans, or Swiss, who crowded round me with large umbrellas, so that the little view I had was interrupted.

By-and-by the wind rose, and the lake grew rough, — so rough that we could not approach the little villages on the shore, — but passengers came off to the steamer in boats, which tossed up and down rather fearfully. For the last half hour of our voyage the rain ceased, but the sky looked exceedingly stormy, and I am afraid there will be bad weather again tomorrow. Altogether we had an unfortunate day, yet there was a good deal of amusement on board the steamer, with the numbers of people ; and I always feel that I am having a German lesson when they begin to talk, as it requires all my attention to understand in the least what they are saying.

The lower end of the lake by Flüelen must be most grand in fine weather ; the mountains crowding around it, and lifting their grey heads, one above the other, in a continual and wonderful variety.

That verse in the Psalms, "The strength of the hills is His also," is only understood well in a country like this. Ordinary hills in England, or what we call downs, give no idea of mountains. They are soft, and smooth, and peaceable-looking, even though they may be steep ; but these lofty, jagged peaks stand up as if prepared for war. Yet grass grows on the Swiss mountains higher than it does in England. The Righi is quite green at the top, though it is more than 2000

feet higher than the stony, rugged Snowdon, — the highest mountain in Wales.

There are very many spots of interest on the Lake of Lucerne, and another fortnight, with fine weather, could be spent here most pleasantly. Some of the villages are particularly pretty. One there is, called Gersau, at the foot of the Righi, which, with a small strip of land, formed, for four hundred years, an independent state, the smallest in Europe. The village of Gersau contains eighty-two cottages, standing on green banks, half hidden by orchards, and surrounded by the precipices of the Righi. The whole extent of the little state was not above four or five miles. I have read that the inhabitants of Gersau were, in the old times, bondsmen to some rich lords, and obliged to labour for them, and obey them almost like slaves; but they purchased their freedom by working hard for ten years, and saving out of their earnings six hundred and ninety pounds weight of small copper coins, termed pfennings. They had their own courts, and judges to try criminals. The gallows on which offenders were to be hung is still standing, but it is said that there was not a single instance of a public execution, during the whole time that Gersau was an independent state. It is now united to the canton of Schwytz.

Tell's chapel is also an interesting object; it is not very far distant from Grütli, but on the opposite side of the lake. We saw it, the other day, when we went to Grütli, but we had not time to visit it. The chapel is a small building, close to the water, and is built on the spot where Tell sprang on shore out of the boat, as Gessler was taking him to prison. It was built only thirty-one years after Tell's death, in memory of his

deliverance. One hundred and forty-one persons were present during its erection, who had known Tell personally, which is a very strong proof that the stories told of his life are, for the most part, true. A Roman Catholic service is said in this chapel, and a sermon preached there once a year, on the Friday after Ascension Day. The people living on the shores of the lake attend the service, and form a procession by water, which is, I should think, the only way of reaching the spot, since the chapel is built on a kind of shelf or platform, close under an enormous cliff.

LANGNAU: *Canton of Bern. August 8th.* — I was very sorry to leave Lucerne this morning. We had been there so many days that it gave one quite a settled home feeling, and there were such a number of beautiful places which we had not visited, that it was impossible to come away without a feeling of regret. The weather was threatening in the early part of the day, and indeed there was rain at first; but the sun came out brightly afterwards, and put us quite in good spirits; for we could not help thinking of our friends amongst the mountains, who are not likely to see any thing, or do any thing, but get very wet and come back again, if the weather should continue bad.

Our journey has been very pleasant. We set off about half-past ten, in a carriage, with a pair of horses, and a driver who has engaged to take us all the way to Thun. We have not been travelling amongst the mountains, and have only seen one or two in the distance, rising up like great walls. I do not remember to have observed any jagged peaks, such as surround

the Lake of Lucerne. But there has been nothing like flat country, and in England we should call it exceedingly hilly and very pretty. The road, for the greater part of the way, was carried along the banks of a swift rushing torrent,—the Emme, which we crossed continually by covered wooden bridges.

They are curious things to pass over. The planks shake a great deal, and some are often quite loose, and at first one cannot fancy them entirely safe, and able to bear the weight of a heavy carriage and a pair of horses; but one becomes accustomed to it after a time. I found myself on one to-night after I had been asleep for a little while, dreaming of Bonchurch, and of something about giving away prizes at the school; and the noise which woke me was the trampling of the horses' feet on the wooden floor of the bridge. It was a strange feeling to be brought back suddenly to Switzerland. Afterwards, I was rather more unpleasantly roused, for we came to a part of the road, close to the river, where the bank had fallen away, in consequence of the late violent rains, and there was barely room for the carriage to get by. I was not on the side near the river, so that I could not see how dangerous it was, but I knew quite enough to prevent me from dreaming any more. It was growing dusk then, but we had a lovely moon to light us to Langnau, where we arrived about nine o'clock. We thought we had reached it long before we really had, for the cottages we passed were so large, and there were so many of them, that we fancied again and again we must be coming to a great town.

This part of the country—the valley of the Emme, or the Emmenthal, as it is called (“thal” meaning a

valley)—is particularly fertile, and the inhabitants are rich and prosperous. The cottages are as large again as those near to Lucerne, and the roofs project over them deeper than ever. The whole valley is famous for the quantity of cheese made in it. At a little village, Entlibuch, where we stopped to dine in the middle of the day, I saw a large white house, with smart green blinds, and a garden with flower beds, quite different from the ordinary cottages, and was told that it belonged to a cheese merchant. Milk and cream, and butter and cheese, must indeed be plentiful in these rich pasture lands. Honey, too, we find particularly good. Langnau is in the canton of Bern. It is a little country town,—or rather, perhaps, I ought to call it a large village; the largest in the valley. The hotel at which we are to sleep to-night is a regular Swiss country inn, not half as grand as the great hotels at Zurich and Lucerne, but very much more amusing. When we drove up to the door this evening, out came three or four girls dressed in the fashion of the canton, with beautifully clean, tight-fitting, white habit-shirts up to their throats, and sleeves down to the elbow; black collars, and bodices fastened by silver chains and brooches, such as I described yesterday. One answered our inquiries about the rooms we wanted, and the others took our luggage; and then they led the way up some steps, and along an open gallery, both on the outside of the house, and so to a second flight of steps, and another little gallery, till we came to a door leading into a passage by our bed-rooms, which are small, and not very splendidly furnished, but quite comfortable enough. The manners of the girls delighted me, they were so extremely gentle and civil; and their voices were so sweet it was quite a pleasure to

hear them speak. They are the landlord's daughters. We had our tea in the "salon," where we found only two or three English gentlemen. There are an immense number of English travellers in Switzerland, and it seems natural to meet them every where. I really heard much more English spoken at the table d'hôte at Lucerne, than I did French or German.

Though this part of Switzerland looks very prosperous and as if the people were very well off, yet we meet a great many beggars. As a nation the Swiss are said to be fond of money, and not always strictly honest in their dealings with travellers. The charges at the inns are sometimes disgraceful. To-day we asked at a little country inn for a roll or a piece of cake. A woman brought out two thin cakes, something between biscuit and plum-cake, and not much larger than English buns, and then told us we were to give as much as eleven pence for them.

THUN: *Hotel Belle Vue. Canton of Bern, August 9th.* — We made but a short journey this morning from Langnau to Thun; leaving Langnau with a very pleasant remembrance of the country inn. It was amusing from being unlike a common hotel; and the neatness of the house, and the attention of the people, made us particularly comfortable. We had a little conversation with one of the young girls in the morning. She told us that she had been sent away from home on purpose to learn French. It is quite necessary for persons at these Swiss hotels, which are so frequented by travellers, to be able to speak something besides German; and French is a language of which almost every one abroad is likely

to know something; so I dare say our young Swiss girl is a very useful person in her father's house.

The drive from Langnau was extremely pleasant, very much like what it was yesterday. The cottages still continued large, and I remarked that a great many had covered ways, or sloping bridges, leading from the ground to a door in the roof; so that carts could get quite to a level with the top of the house. This must be because the roofs are deep, and have lofts and store places in them, and by this means heavy goods can be brought up and taken away without the labour of carrying them up and down steps.

The town of Thun is not built on the Lake of Thun, as I used to imagine, but at the distance of about a mile, and on the banks of the river Aar.

There are no mountains quite close to it, but only a wide valley, with scattered trees, and beyond that the wall of giant hills rises up into the clouds. As yet I cannot say very truly what they are like, for mists were covering them when we arrived in the morning, and this evening it has rained almost incessantly. I went out however for a little while about six o'clock, when for a short time the weather cleared, and saw something of the town. It struck me as odd but interesting. I made my way first up some narrow steep streets to the church, which stands on a high hill just above the town. The view from the churchyard over the Lake of Thun, and the Alps beyond, is most splendid; but the weather was very much against my seeing it properly. The church itself is extremely ugly, and sadly defaced, — with the organ placed at the east end instead of the altar. It is a Lutheran church, for Thun is in the Protestant canton

of Bern. From the church I went down some covered stairs to a little six-sided building, where people were taking shelter from the rain; and from thence there was another flight of steps, one of the strangest I ever saw, though I am so well accustomed to the ninety-nine steps in our own village. These Thun steps were wide and shallow, leading, still under cover, from the steep hill on which the church stands, quite down into the street. Of course I descended, for it is always amusing to explore these odd ways. The streets were as uncommon as the long, covered flights of steps; the walking path at the side of the street being raised in some parts a great deal higher than the road, and in others carried under old, worn, curiously-shaped arches. The greater part of the town, indeed, seemed built with streets under arches. The streets themselves are narrow, and the shops poor. I was amused to see an old woman in an open shop, or one which had no glass window, seated upon the board on which her goods were placed, with her feet resting on a bench in the street, and reading a newspaper as quietly as if there had not been a single person near.

The river Aar flows through the middle of the town, and I went over it upon a covered bridge, and walked some way on the other side, in an incessant rain, hoping to be able to return by another bridge nearly opposite our hotel. But the bridge was shut up, and no one could pass without permission; so there was nothing to be done but to make my way back to the hotel through the dirty streets.

On my return I found that we were to drink tea out; quite a strange event it seemed to us who had been travelling about, scarcely knowing any one!

Our visit was not to be at any great distance, only at a different part of the same hotel; yet it was in another house, for in fact there are four houses in a garden, all belonging to the same establishment. When we arrived this morning, the hotel was very full, and we were obliged to put up with any thing we could get; so we were sent to a building called "the Baths,"—a small house with baths in it, where the servants dine, and where there are also two little bed-rooms, which were very comfortable, and suited us tolerably well.

The inconvenient part of the arrangement is, that we are obliged to have our meals at one of the other houses; and, the garden being extremely wet, we live rather the life of ducks, paddling about in a pond. But the people of the hotel seem to take it as a matter of course, and we walk under the dripping trees, or, what is just as frequent, under a heavy shower, without our bonnets and with umbrellas over our heads, and no one seems to suppose it can be disagreeable. This is however the only objection we can make to the hotel; every thing else is very comfortable, and the people are extremely civil. It is always satisfactory to know that one might be worse off, and I was quite contented with our rooms at the Baths after observing an unfortunate lady this evening seated upon her trunks before the door of the principal building, discoursing with the landlord, and apparently very doubtful whether she could find any accommodation at all.

Sunday, August 10th. — Rain again to-day! I really begin to fear we shall have no fine weather; and the accounts we have of the state of the country from the floods, are quite sad. We have been forming a plan for our future journey, but it is entirely put a

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stop to, as the road through the valley we were to pass—the Simmenthal—is entirely broken up.

I cannot say I know much more of Thun to-night than I did last night. Yet, in spite of the rain, I shall have a very pleasant recollection of the day, there was such a particularly nice service in a little chapel in the garden belonging to the hotel. The chapel was by far the best I have seen since I came abroad, and there was some very tolerable singing, and full service twice, with the Holy Communion, and all connected with the church was quiet and peaceful; which I cannot say was the case in that back court in Lucerne, where we went last Sunday. There, when the door was opened, a number of idle noisy children were both to be seen and heard; but here, there were trees all around, and a green bank sloping down in front, and a beautiful view beyond, over the river to the mountains. If it had been a fine day it would have been delightful; as it was we were kept, I dare say, twenty minutes, watching for the rain to cease, and not daring to venture out, though we had umbrellas, because it poured in such torrents. When at last we did go, it was necessary to take shelter half way, though the distance to the hotel was a mere nothing.

After tea, however, we managed to go as far as the hill on which the church stands. There is a castle on the same hill still higher, a desolate-looking building, seven hundred years old, consisting of a high, thick, square tower with a little turret at each end; but there is a beautiful view from it, and it looks very well from the town. I had an amusing little business to manage when I came home, which I shall tell you, not because it was of the least importance, but merely because it was unlike what would occur in England.

Lady H—— sent for her maid, but she was not to be found, and we were told she was at the other house. I had my bonnet on, and therefore offered to go and look for her, as it was rather late, and I knew she was wanted. The first person I met in the garden was a maid-servant carrying some soup. I stopped her and made her rather a long speech in French, telling her that the lady of Number 30, — which was the only way I could describe Lady H——, 30 being the number marked on her bed-room, — wanted her maid, and I wished to know where I could find her. The girl listened very patiently, and then, with a helpless kind of smile, made me understand that she did not comprehend a word I had been saying. I began then in German, very odd German, made up of the few words I could remember, and put together I have no doubt in a remarkable way; and the end of that speech was, that the girl agreed with me that I had better go and speak to one of the waiters. On I went into the house, where there was a table d'hôte going on in the salon, and where I saw, through an open door opposite, several men-cooks, with white caps on their heads, rushing about with pans and prongs, preparing the different dishes. I stopped a boy who was crossing the hall, and told him I wanted to see a waiter; and a minute afterwards a waiter came out from the "salon," heard me very civilly, and sent a message by another man to tell the lady's maid of Number 30 that she was wanted. But the lady's maid was gone; her door was shut, and no one knew where she was. I felt very helpless, and humbly inquired where she was likely to be; but the only answer I received was, "Out in the garden, perhaps, listening to the music," for, according to

foreign custom, there was a band playing during the time of supper. I did not much fancy wandering about in the garden to look for her ; but it struck me that she might possibly be gone to the house where our friends are staying, as I knew that their maid was an acquaintance of hers. So I made my way across the garden again to the third house ; still my search was in vain ; but at last some one suggested that probably Number 30 was at supper, and if so, I had better look for her at the Baths, — the very place I had set out from ; and once more I set off on my travels, though not alone this time, for it was really too late to be going about by myself. We went to the Baths, opened a door which we supposed to be the supper room, and there certainly was a long array of lady's maids and men-servants ; but the lady's maids appeared all alike, — dressed in black silk gowns with white sleeves, it was impossible to tell one from the other. I went up to a German-looking woman who was waiting upon them, and thinking I would be quite certain of doing right, addressed her in the very best German I could collect for the occasion, feeling quite proud of my sentence when it was finished. But I was doomed to be unfortunate. My new friend gazed at me vacantly, suggested that what I said was quite incomprehensible, and, half laughing and half in despair, I returned to French. Then at last there was a call made for Number 30, and from amongst the ranks of black silk gowns and white sleeves Number 30 stepped forth, having been enjoying her supper comfortably whilst I was making a journey of discovery in search of her.

I gave my message, and so ended my business, and so also ends my Journal for to-night.

BRIENZ, *August 11th.*— We left Thun this morning at half-past eight, intending to make a direct journey to Brienz, but we have not quite kept to our first arrangement. The Lake of Thun, I must tell you, is about ten miles long, and very near it is another lake, the Lake of Brienz, separated only by a piece of land about four miles across. Steamers go from Thun twice a day to carry passengers to the end of the lake, and carriages wait there to take them over the strip of land to another steamer which is ready to carry them on to Brienz, so that the journey is very straight and easy. Two villages, Unterseen and Interlachen, are built upon the land between the two lakes. Unterseen is a regular Swiss village, and Interlachen is rather a fashionable place, with large hotels and boarding houses, and is frequented by a great many English. Both these places are named from their situation; Unterseen and Interlachen having the same meaning, “between the lakes.” Our intention was to dine at Interlachen, walk about a little and see what the place was like, and afterwards proceed to Brienz either by a boat or a steam vessel, whichever might be the more convenient. When we went on board the steamer at Thun, however, we met some friends, who told us they were going to see a beautiful waterfall, close to the Lake of Brienz, called the Geissbach, and urged us to accompany them. We might, they said, dine with them at a little hotel at the falls of the Geissbach, and cross over to Brienz, which was on the opposite side of the lake, afterwards: and this plan was too pleasant to be refused.

We had a delightful voyage across the Lake of Thun, which is very different from that of Lucerne. It is not

by any means as grand, but there were some parts which it gave me excessive pleasure to look at. The steamer set off from the Aar, which I mentioned as flowing through Thun. This river rises amongst the Bernese Alps, flows through the Lake of Brienz, passes by Interlachen, and then enters the Lake of Thun; after which it takes its course through a more level part of Switzerland, and at last falls into the Rhine not far from Basle. There was nothing very remarkable to be seen at first, for the banks of the lake were flat; but we were soon opposite to the great wall of mountains, which can be seen from Thun, and after that, the scenery grew more and more beautiful. The mountains were all much further off than those of Lucerne, and instead of rocky cliffs coming down to the water's edge, there were pasture lands dotted with trees and houses. Beyond these hill after hill rose up, sometimes appearing to join and sometimes opening a little, so that one could fancy oneself wandering up the valleys amongst them. The Lake of Thun certainly gave me less of a prison feeling than Lucerne. There the rocks were so entirely inaccessible that one never thought of the possibility of reaching the top, or in any way going amongst them. The Lake of Thun has also some very grand points. Before us, on the right, nearly the whole time, stood a snowy mountain, the Blumlis Alp, dazzlingly bright, its edges quite sharp, and its sides steep and hollow; and further away towards the extremity of the lake one mighty peak, higher than all,—the great Eiger, or Giant, I think it was, one of the Bernese Alps,—lifted its white head from amongst a mass of floating clouds. One spot on the Lake of Thun was pointed out to me, not for its beauty, but its peculiarity. It is where a little river

called the Kander falls into the lake. More than a hundred years ago this river, instead of emptying itself into the lake, flowed by its side and joined the Aar below Thun. The district through which it passed was however exceedingly unhealthy; the river brought torrents of mud from the mountains and was continually overflowing, so that the land was a complete marsh. At last the evil became so great that the government of the canton determined, if possible, to remedy it. They set persons to work to cut a deep canal between the river and the lake, and, as water always flows to the lowest level, the river emptied itself into the canal, and from thence into the lake; and so the adjoining land was made fertile, and the air healthy. Still, however, the river Kander brings down mud and stones from the hills, which have formed what is called a "delta" at its mouth.

Some of you may perhaps have observed, when on the sea-shore, how the little streams which trickle from the cliffs, and amongst the sands, divide before they reach the sea, and leave spaces of sand and mud between. The same is the case with larger streams. They bring with them earth, and stones, and mud, which collect in a mass at the entrance of the river; whilst the river itself divides, and forms smaller channels, called mouths.

A large portion of Egypt, close to the sea, known by the name of the Delta, is formed in this way, by the branches of the river Nile. And so, in a smaller degree, there is a delta at the entrance of the Kander, formed by the earth washed down from the mountains.

There were a great many persons on board the steamer, and every one was rejoicing in the weather,

which was really lovely, and all the more enjoyable because we had not ventured to expect it. The voyage over the Lake of Thun seemed very short; and when we landed, all rushed through the passage of a small hotel to an open space behind, where a number of carriages were waiting to take persons to Interlachen. We and our friends made rather a large party, so we placed ourselves in two carriages, and away we drove, up a beautiful valley, between two ranges of steep hills, with woods covering their sides, and the river Aar flowing at their base. We soon came to a number of old Swiss cottages, forming a street, — and here, I must confess, my attention began to wander away from the scenes around me, for I was told that the post-office was very near, and I was expecting letters, and my thoughts were in England more than in Switzerland. My letters, however, did not quite prevent me from knowing where I was going, — and very lovely indeed the country was; and, most beautiful of all, a mass of dazzling snow covering the summit of a huge mountain,—the Jung Frau, or the Young Maiden, one of the highest in Switzerland, or indeed in Europe. It is seen at the end of a narrow rocky valley exactly fronting Interlachen; and this, with the fine views all around, has attracted a number of visitors, principally English, and caused the hotels and boarding houses to be built, which many persons say spoil the place.

I believe they are right, and that Interlachen must have been much more lovely before English people took it into their heads to frequent it; but really to-day I was not in a humour to think anything spoiled. The houses were large, and white, and square, but they stood back from the road in gardens, and there were some magnificent walnut trees shading them;

and the Jung Frau, glittering without a cloud, was opposite to them, and altogether I thought Interlachen a most lovely place. It is not quite so lovely, however, to its inhabitants in rainy weather, — such weather especially as we have had lately, — for the river Aar, which crosses the neck of land, having overflowed its banks, a sad accident happened a few days ago at Unterseen; one house was completely washed away, and several persons were drowned.

The drive between the two lakes was soon over, and we then went on board a steamer that was waiting for us a little way up the Aar, which, as I told you, flows through the Lake of Brienz, before it reaches the Lake of Thun.

The Brienz steamer was excessively crowded, and an awning had been put over our heads, which came down so low that it very much shut out the view. The Lake of Brienz is about eight miles long, and 2100 feet deep in the deepest part. It is entirely shut in by mountains, but they are not as grand as at Lucerne; and at first they strike one as being too much of the same height, and general appearance, to be very beautiful. The people who live in the little villages, between the hills and the water, are quite shut out from the world, for there is very little room for roads and lanes. There is, indeed, a walking path along the south shore, and a very rough road along the north; but I should think they were not half as much in use as the lake.

I had no idea of the height of the mountains till we went on shore, which we soon did, for it does not take long to go across a smooth lake in a steam vessel. We landed near the lower part of the Giessbach waterfall, just where a torrent of water tosses itself into the

lake. The path up the hill to the inn at which travellers generally dine begins at this spot, and a most lovely little bit of road it is, leading up the cliffs amongst rocks and fir-trees; and every now and then giving a glimpse of a foaming white torrent rushing down the side of the mountain. Though the weather was warm, and the ascent fatiguing, I could willingly have gone much higher, for the pleasure of stopping every now and then to rest, and look upon the beauty below. But the best view of the waterfall is to be had close to the hotel, and we hastened on till we reached a bench, on the top of a sloping green bank, where we could sit at our leisure and enjoy the scene. The water falls from a great height. There is not any very great quantity, but it dashes down most beautifully, — not all at once, but in a succession of steps, — and tosses and sparkles amongst dark rocks, and firs, and steep grassy banks; and the contrast of the snow-white foam, and the green of the leaves, and the grey rocks, is exquisitely lovely.

Dinner was prepared for us at a table d'hôte in the little inn, for there were many persons on board the steamer who had come like ourselves to see the waterfall. Some were rather in a hurry, as they were to return again soon by the steamer to Interlachen; but we were more fortunate, and when dinner was over we had time to go further up the hill behind the house, and stand upon a little wooden bridge, built across the torrent. It was very grand then, — the noise was almost deafening; and the water fell with a tremendous power from the top of the cliffs high above, and dashed among the rocks around and below us. There was something awful to me in watching it, and thinking of its unceasing motion, — how it is for ever

falling, year after year, from morning till night, from night till morning again, never for one instant ceasing, but always rushing down with unchecked force, as if it were a living being whom no human power could control. It was the finest waterfall I had ever seen; but I do not think I could have borne to look at it so near very long. The noise and the tumult of the waters were bewildering. We had not, however, very much time to spare, as we were anxious to cross the lake to the village of Brienz; so I turned away from the falls of the Giessbach, and went down the hill, and in a few minutes found myself in a little boat, being rowed across the lake to Brienz.

I had seen Brienz from the Giessbach, for it is just opposite. It looked then like a collection of cottage roofs made of burnt cinders; and really it was not very different when we came nearer. Such an odd *brown* little place I never saw before! It is exactly under the mountains, and close to the lake. There are but two white houses in the village, that I have seen; one of which is the hotel at which we are to sleep to-night. A little white church also stands by itself on a piece of rock at the end of the village, close to the lake, but every thing else about the place is dark brown:—brown walls, and brown window frames, and brown streets, and dirty brown people. We walked up the village after we had taken our rooms at the hotel. There is only one street, exceedingly narrow, without the least notion of a pavement. The cottages are old and weather-beaten, and project over the road on each side, as if they wished to shake hands with one another. Many of the little wooden galleries were broken, and upon some clothes were hanging, with bundles of hemp, put out to dry. Piles of cut-up wood were to be

seen in every direction; dark store places and cellars appeared to take up the ground floors of the cottages; and boats were drawn up from the lake nearly into the streets; and high above the roofs — far, as it seemed, into the sky — rose an enormous hill, which it would take hours to climb, — the sides covered with green turf and trees, and a torrent of water pouring down from it, like the Giessbach, into the lake.

The only thing for which I know Brienz to be famous is carved wood, made into boxes, paper knives, rulers, or little models of Swiss houses, such as I saw at Zurich, and wished to buy. We saw several men at work in the cottages; and a good many things are kept at the hotel for visitors to purchase, but there are no regular shops. Articles of the same kind may be procured all over Switzerland, but it is said that they are less expensive at Brienz than at any other place.

The hotel is small, but very comfortable. We were struck when we arrived by hearing the chambermaid speak very good English, though with a foreign accent; and in the course of the evening she told us her story, which was a curious one. She was born in Switzerland; but, when quite young, an English gentleman and lady, travelling through the country, took a great fancy to her, and proposed that she should go with them to England, promising to provide for her comfortably.

The offer was accepted, and she went; but the love of her native land was so great that she could not endure to be absent from it, and after a time she gave up all her bright prospects to return and become a servant in the little inn at Brienz. This feeling of affection for their country is quite remarkable amongst the Swiss. Their suffering, when com-

pelled to be away from it, in some cases causes real illness. They call it the "heimweh," or home sickness, a term which we understand very well, but I do not imagine that with us the feeling is in any way as strong as it is with them. It probably arises, in a great degree, from their being so shut in and living to themselves; but there must be something also in the fact of the country being mountainous, as the same thing has been remarked amongst other mountaineers, — the Tyrolese for instance. I fancy sometimes that I can understand how it is the feeling arises;—the mountains are so like friends. I felt it particularly at Lucerne, with regard to Mount Pilatus, which I watched under all changes, till at length it became quite familiar to me. When it was bright and clear my spirits rose in hope of a fine day; and when mists covered it, it seemed angry, and I waited anxiously for a smile again. Persons born in the country must have this kind of feeling infinitely more strongly. Besides which they are naturally proud of their mountains, and pleased that strangers should see and admire them, and this increases their delight in them.

The herdsmen amongst the mountains have a peculiar cry when they call their cattle,—a clear, lingering sound, which can be heard at a great distance; and it is said that when the same tones have been uttered in a foreign land, rough Swiss soldiers have been known to burst into tears.

We have been spending a quiet comfortable evening, — reading, and working; but we are much disappointed that our friends from the mountains have not arrived. They were to have joined us here to-night, and now we must go away to-morrow and leave them to follow us.

When we parted from them our idea was to meet

at Brienz, and then travel together to Bern, the capital of the canton of Bern, and indeed of all Switzerland; but our Thun friends have persuaded us to go with them first to a village called Grindelwald, high amongst the Bernese Alps, and not very far from Interlachen; and there we hope to be to-morrow.

I forgot to tell you that at the hotel at the Giessbach to-day, three or four children came into the room whilst we were at dinner, and sang Swiss songs to us, very simply and prettily. They were the grandchildren of an old schoolmaster of Brienz, who has for years been celebrated for his own singing, and that of his family. He taught his children the songs of their native land, and now he instructs his grandchildren.

The noise of the waterfall can be heard all across the lake. Now, when the village is silent, it sounds like the hoarse roaring of the wind when a storm is rising.

GRINDELWALD: *Hotel de l'Aigle, or Eagle Hotel, August 11th.*—A boat was ordered to be in readiness for us this morning soon after eight, and we set off from Brienz, leaving a message for the absent members of our party, to tell them, when they arrived, where we were gone, and that they were to follow us.

Our first point was Interlachen, where we were to meet our Thun friends, and with them proceed to Grindelwald. The row from one end of the lake to the other, which took us about two hours and a half, was most enjoyable;—and not having seen the views well yesterday from the steamer, they gave us now

the pleasure of fresh scenery. The quiet little villages bordering the lake struck me particularly; they nestle down so close under the huge cliffs, in the midst of small fields and fruit trees, and look as if they ought to be full of contentment; though of course there is just as much trouble to be found in them as in the noise and confusion of a great town.

All scenery looks particularly well early in the morning; and the end of the Lake of Brienz, which we were leaving, was most beautiful,—closed in with snow-topped mountains, which we watched with peculiar interest, because our absent friends were likely, we thought, to be travelling near them.

At Interlachen we found a carriage waiting for us with the party from Thun; and, as there was nothing to detain us, we all set off for Grindelwald at once.

A most wonderful and beautiful drive we had. I have seen many pictures of such scenery, but nothing could ever be like the reality.

First when we left Interlachen, and its white houses and broad road, and rows of walnut-trees, we turned up a valley exactly in front of the great mountain, the Jung Frau, which we saw yesterday, and which is 13,718 feet above the sea, or about fifteen times as high as St. Catharine's, in the Isle of Wight. Until the year 1828, no one had ever been known to ascend to the summit of the Jung Frau. Then, six peasants from Grindelwald made their way up, and four gentlemen have since done the same; but the snow lies upon it, year after year, deep and smooth, without a mark or a spot to break its white glistening surface.

The road through the valley was bordered by cot-

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tags and houses half hidden by the splendid walnut-trees ; on each side were enormous cliffs, covered with fir-trees, and with jagged rocks peeping out from amongst them ; whilst little chalets were dotted on every green spot, however high up it might be ; and quite at the end, blocking up the valley, was the white mass of the Jung Frau. This went on till the valley grew narrower, and we had a foaming river rushing by the roadside. This river has been the cause of a great deal of mischief lately. All mountain streams are higher in spring and summer than they are in winter, because the heat of the sun at those seasons melts the snow on the mountains, which, as it flows down, increases the quantity of water. This year, the spring being cold, the snow did not melt till very late, and there was a great rush all at once. Violent rains followed, and the consequence was, that every little torrent was swollen, and, as it came down the mountain, brought with it a quantity of rocks and mud, which were carried by it into the main river in the valley. From these causes the river rose higher and higher, and at last became a flood, and completely overflowed the land. We saw at every turn great masses of rock, and beds of mud, covering what a short time before had been a garden or a bit of pasture land belonging to a cottage ; the cottage itself, perhaps, being entirely broken down. It was quite melancholy to see a poor man here and there working to clear away the mud from his land. Such a season has not been known for several years, and I have been told that if the government had not given as much as forty thousand pounds to repair the mischief, the whole canton of Bern would have been ruined. Part of the road by which we passed

had been washed away by the river, and persons were busy repairing it.

After going some way into the valley, the road turned away from the Jung Frau, and began to ascend slowly and gradually for several miles. Other huge mountains were then in sight; the Eigher or Giant, and the Wetter Horn or Peak of Tempests. How beautiful it was, I never could hope to describe to any one. The places we had left were so far below, they seemed quite out of our reach; yet still before us were green pastures, and châteaux, and fir-trees, but the rocks which shut them in were blacker and steeper, and the lower peaks of the mountains more grey and sharp, whilst the snow on the highest summits seemed near,—as if one could stretch out one's hand and reach it.

Even then we were some distance from the valley of Grindelwald; and we went on and on, the road winding amongst little scattered cottages, till I began to give up the idea of stopping. We did however come to the end of our journey at last, and alighted at a very large Swiss house, an hotel, where we had every thing provided for our comfort; good bedrooms, and dinner, and persons to wait upon us, just as if we had been at one of the great hotels at Zurich or Lucerne.

The valley of Grindelwald is 3250 feet above the level of the sea, and shut in by snow between eight and nine months in the year. A great number of strangers visit it in the summer, but in the winter the inhabitants must live entirely to themselves. They have a pretty little church in the village, white-washed as all Swiss country churches are, but bright and neat looking. The chief employment of the

people is rearing cattle, six thousand of which it is said feed amongst the neighbouring pastures. Some of the men act as guides to the visitors who come to explore the mountains; but the children's trade seems that of begging. They run by the side of the carriages, follow strangers in their walks, and are in fact the torment of the place. I have been told that those who are really poor might obtain help at Bern, the capital of the canton, but they all prefer this idle mode of obtaining relief. I really wonder that they find it answer; for although strangers may be ready to afford assistance in cases of real suffering, it must be out of their power to give money to every child who asks it.

Grindelwald is chiefly remarkable for the grandeur of the mountains which surround it; but there is another most wonderful thing which we have been looking at this evening,—a glacier, or torrent of ice. It is formed by the snow which covers the highest mountains and fills up the great hollows between their peaks. Snow falls in these high regions for about nine months in the year, and for some time continues in the same state in which it descended; but, as summer approaches, the heat of the sun melts it, and it then becomes a wet mass, such as we often see ourselves when a mild day in winter follows a heavy snow-storm. Only, you must remember, that when I compare Swiss snow on the mountains with ordinary English snow, I merely mean that the actual substance is the same; as for the quantity, it is something greater amongst these huge mountains than you can imagine. There are miles and miles of snow so deep that the summer's sun never has power entirely to melt it. The wet masses of snow, which I spoke of, would become

streams of water if they were less enormous; but before they have had time to melt, the summer is gone, and the frost has begun, and so they harden into ice. In this way a glacier is first formed. There are an immense number amongst the Alps, some are only a few yards square, but others extend for many miles. Constant changes are going on amongst them. That portion which is nearest to the valley naturally dissolves, because the climate is much warmer there than at the summit of the mountains; and thus at the lower part of a glacier there will always be pools and marshes, and little rills of water. The whole of the outer surface of the ice also melts by degrees, besides some portion of that underneath which is near the ground; for earth and rocks are warmer than ice, and must therefore in time cause that which rests upon them to dissolve. From this it would seem that a glacier is always dissolving, and so in fact it is; and towards the end of summer it is much smaller than it is at the beginning. But the summer is short, and the melting only goes on for a few weeks; and after that the snow again returns, — falling upon the tops of the mountains, drifted down, partly melting, and becoming, not a thick, heavy mass of ice, which would remain stationary; but half ice and half water, — and so, when it reaches the slope of a mountain, flowing down as honey, or any substance half liquid and half solid, would flow slowly from a jar. In this way the spaces left by the summer meltings are filled up. The movement of a glacier has been observed to be about two feet in a day and night. It is stopped by a very hard frost, and quickened by a thaw.

My first notion of a glacier was that it would be a

dazzling mass of ice, but I was very much disappointed. There are two glaciers at Grindelwald; one of them was exactly opposite to my bed-room window, and when I first looked at it, it gave me the idea of an extremely steep, rough road, on which snow had fallen, and which persons had been passing over so as to make it uneven and dirty. The fact is, that as the glacier descends, it brings with it the rocks and rubbish of the mountain down which it flows, and this of course considerably diminishes its whiteness. When I went near to it, however, this evening, my ideas were quite changed. Though it looks so close, it is really a mile off, and the walk to it must be considerably more. The path which led across some pasture land, and amongst low shrubs and bushes, was stony, dirty, and wet. As we approached the glacier I saw that what, at a distance, appeared to be merely rough points,—like the uneven surface of a bad road in winter, when there has been a hard frost,—were in fact huge masses and walls of solid ice. These are formed as the glacier descends, for it does not flow down in one smooth mass, but splits and gapes in all directions, according to the unevenness of the mountain side on which it rests. When there is any precipice, or particularly steep slope, great masses are displaced, and heaved up, and tossed one above another; and some overhang the rest in crags, and others rise up in sharp peaks, and towers, from twenty to eighty feet high. These, however, must be seen better by persons who go high up by the side of a glacier. To-night we were only able to stand below. The gaps or crevasses, as they are called, form the chief danger to persons who attempt to cross the glaciers. There are an immense number of them.

Some extend a long way, and they are all wide in the middle and become narrow at each end. When they are not too wide, travellers leap across them. When this is impossible, they walk along by the side till they come to the narrow part. An inexperienced person would become perfectly lost and bewildered amongst them; but the mountain guides are wonderfully skilful in finding their way and avoiding dangerous parts. Even they, however, are sometimes at a loss, and terrible accidents have been known to happen, especially when snow has newly fallen, and frozen over the crevasses, so as to hide them. Then, even the most practised guide may step upon the snow thinking it firm, and sink down a depth of two or three hundred feet, never to rise again. This evening, though we were not able to get upon the glacier, and look down into a crevasse, we gained a good idea of the wonderful thickness and depth of the ice, by entering a sort of cavern formed by it at the lower part of the glacier. The water was dripping from the ice walls, which became narrower as we advanced further into the cavern, and nearly met high above our heads, forming something like a ceiling of ice, blue, and cold, and most dismal. The blue colour of the ice is very remarkable, but no one seems quite to know what causes it. But that which I think struck me more than all was a high dark-blue arch, at the foot of the glacier, out of which rushed a river, formed by the dripping of the ice as it melts. A strange and awful thing it was to see the water pouring forth, and to think how far one might follow its course through the arch into the crevasses and hollows of the frozen mass. There is a story told of a shepherd, who, in driving his flock over a glacier, to a pasture land high up on the side of the mountains,

fell into a crevasse near the course of the river, which was flowing under the ice. He managed to make his way by the stream of water, under the vault of ice, to the open air, and so escaped with only a broken arm, caused by the fall.

Many great rivers have their sources in glaciers. The Rhine is one, and the Rhone another. Our guides showed us to-night a second arch near that through which the river flowed, and told us that at a particular season every year the river leaves what may be called its present entrance gate, and issues forth from the other; returning to the former after a certain time. The use of a glacier is clearly seen, when we consider that the summer sun which dries the grass and the herbs of the fields, also melts the ice and snow, and the water then flowing down serves to supply the rivers and lakes, which make the valleys fertile.

There are one or two remarkable circumstances connected with glaciers which it may be as well to mention here. Whenever a single large mass of rock has fallen upon a glacier, the shade it gives prevents the sun's rays from melting the ice on which the rock rests, and so the ice diminishes all round, and the rock at last seems placed on a stand of ice, which is sometimes several feet high.

But if, instead of a large rock, only a small stone falls on the ice, just the contrary takes place. The little stone becomes quite warmed through by the sun's rays, and melts the ice on which it rests, and then sinks lower and lower, till, not unfrequently, it has pierced a hole some hundred feet deep, to the very bottom of the glacier. So again, if a leaf, or an insect, or anything very light, falls upon the ice, by degrees it entirely disappears.

We had guides with us when we went to the glacier, though the distance was so short, and we did not go into any dangerous places; but they are always useful in pointing out the easiest path, and giving assistance in rough places; and they are besides exceedingly intelligent, and, having lived all their lives amongst the mountains, can explain many things which otherwise would be puzzling to strangers.

Our walk back was exquisitely lovely. The grey mountain peaks were reddened by the sunset, and the clouds seemed like a soft veil thrown over them; and then, as the sun sank, the snow summits became of a delicate pink hue, and glittered above the mass of dark firs and the little brown cottages which were scattered around the base of the giant rocks.

I felt to-day as if I understood for the first time what is meant in the Bible when the foundations of the earth are spoken of. I could fancy that I was suddenly brought before them, and shown how vast and firm they are.

To-morrow we talk of forming a party to go to the top of a great mountain, the Faulhorn, which is very near Grindelwald, and from which, we are told, we shall have a very splendid view. It is 8140 feet above the level of the sea.

August 13th. — I was called this morning before five, and, at the moment, I must say, I rather wished it was not necessary to get up and prepare for a ride up the Faulhorn. But I am sure now that it was by far the best thing we could do to set off early, for by this means we had the coolness of the morning instead of the heat of the middle of the day for our expedition, and were not half as much tired as we should otherwise have been. Our party consisted of two gentle-

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three ladies, two guides, and a boy. The gentle-
walked, and we ladies rode. Two of our horses
were the same which brought us up to Grindelwald in
the carriage yesterday. I hear they have done nothing
but go up and down the mountains all their lives.
Mine was a particularly good one. Its name was
Maddy, and the way in which the guide called out to
it when it was going too fast, or too slow, was just as
if he was speaking to a human being.

I thought the height of the valley of Grindelwald very
great yesterday, but to-day it seems nothing when we
have been so much higher. We had no regular road,
and scarcely what in England we should call a lane;
but merely a little path between wooden fences, which
led high up amongst the pasture lands, and the scat-
tered cottages, till we came to some pine woods. That
was one of the most beautiful parts of the journey.
It was like seeing a lovely summer's day at the same
moment with a brilliant icy winter. The pine woods
were sparkling with sunshine; the trees rising against
a blue and cloudless sky, and lovely flowers growing in
profusion amidst the moss and the green banks, from
which the dark trunks spring; whilst directly beyond
— seen between the spreading boughs — were the
grey rocks, and the dazzling snow of the giant moun-
tains.

When we set off from Grindelwald the air was fresh,
and almost cold, for the sun had not long risen, and
though the peaks of the mountains were glittering in
light, the valleys were all in shade; but it was deli-
ciously warm when we reached the woods, and the
shelter of the trees was quite pleasant. The trees
which I remarked in going up the Faulhorn were quite
different from those on the Righi, and showed at once

how much higher we were. There were no orchards or fruit trees, with the exception of a few close to Grindelwald; for fruit trees will not grow above a certain level. The flowers too would have shown us the same fact if we had understood them properly. Many of them indeed were like those which we had seen on the Righi, ~~but these~~ are only found in spots close to the snow. I ~~could not~~ know all their names, they were so peculiarly beautiful. Some were flowers which we take pains to plant in our gardens. Dark blue gentians of the richest colour were to be seen every where, in clusters; together with yellow violets, and pansies, and one most beautiful little thing, the "schnee blumen," or fringed violet,—which is a small lilac flower, bell-shaped, and with a most delicate fringe round the edge. It is only to be found in snowy regions, as it springs up in places from which the snow has just disappeared.

The pine woods did not last very long, and the last trees belonging to them were torn with the roughness of the snow and the winter storms, and were ragged and dreary-looking. When these were passed we came out upon a wide space of turf and rocks, shut in by the grey walls and white snows of the neighbouring mountains; and in this part of the hills we journeyed on, continually rising, till we reached a small lake near the foot of the bare rocks which form the summit of the Faulhorn. The cattle which feed upon the hills are accustomed to collect at this lake at certain hours to drink, and just as we drew near a herd was standing in the water, whilst a few straggling cows were slowly making their way towards it along the steep sides of the hills. The sky was brilliantly blue, and every form and line was reflected in the clear lake, encircled by green banks; above which rose the

white heads of the Eigher, the Wetter Horn, the Schreck Horn or Peak of Terror, and the adjoining mountains. The spotless snow seemed to touch the green turf, for the ground rose in front so as to hide the lower rocky sides of the mountains; and the contrast of the colours, and the reflection of it in the water, formed a picture which was quite

Very nearly at the top of the Faulhorn is a little inn at which persons often sleep, as they do on the Righi, for the purpose of seeing the sun rise. The path leading to the hotel is very steep, and covered with large pieces of stone. All around, in the hollows of the mountain, the snow was still lying deep, yet melting away and forming little rivulets which fell down the sides of the rock, and, uniting afterwards, became mountain torrents. Our horses went up wonderfully. Maddy especially tried very hard to be always first, but the guide did not consider that its proper place, so I was obliged to keep behind. We did not, however, ride quite up to the hotel, for the path became so very steep, and was covered with so many rolling, sliding stones, that it would have been dangerous to attempt it, and accordingly we dismounted.

We were no sooner off our horses than we rushed past the little inn to gain the highest point of the mountain. Every moment was precious to us, for we could not tell how soon the clouds might gather below us. But all was clear when we stood upon the summit, and a marvellous view was spread around us. Miles and miles of mountains were to be seen, rising one behind another, in every form and shade of colour; some tolerably near, and covered with woods, and worn with the tracks of mountain torrents; others very far away, merely faint grey peaks; and before us, per-

fectly white, against a most clear and glorious sky, the tops of the snow mountains above Grindelwald, — the Wetter Horn, and the Eiger, and the Mönch, and the beautiful Jung Frau, which we had seen from Interlachen, and the high peak of the “Dark Aar,” or “Finster Aar Horn,” piercing the blue sky with an edge so sharp that not even a goat, one might imagine, would find space to stand upon it.

When we turned away from the snow mountains and looked behind us, we could see the Lake of Brienz and the Lake of Lucerne, with a tract of country which must have been part of Germany. But the mountains were our great delight, and we spent almost the whole time in looking at them. It was my particular pleasure to go close to the edge of the rock of the Faulhorn, and look down over it upon the mass of hills tossed about, as it were, immediately below us. It had taken us between four and five hours to ascend the mountain, and we remained two hours on the top, and had our dinner at the little inn, which was not an inviting place certainly, for it was by no means tidy or clean; but on the top of a mountain it does not do to be very particular; and after all the dinner itself was better than we could have expected. The inn is only occupied four months in the year. In the month of October the wind, and rain, and cold, oblige every one to leave it. One of the ornaments of the little salon in which we dined, was the skin of a chamois, or wild goat, the only four-footed animal which can find a safe path amongst the steep rocks of very high mountains. The chamois feed upon the spots of green grass high up, where one would think they could never be reached; but the hunters contrive to follow them, and, hiding themselves behind a rock, fire at

them with long guns. It is a very difficult thing to do; for besides the steepness of the cliffs, which renders the undertaking dangerous, the chamois is an animal so easily frightened that the least sound sends it away. Whilst I am speaking of sounds, I must not forget a most splendid one which I heard for the first time to-day, caused by the fall of an avalanche, or a vast mass of ice and snow, down the side of a mountain. We heard it three or four times: it was a noise like the rolling of thunder. There are several kinds of avalanches. At this season many descend from the Jung Frau, but they do little mischief, for they are caused only by the breaking up of some part of a glacier, and generally fall upon uninhabited spots. Yet they are very grand, for whole tons of solid ice are often seen to break away, and, in descending many hundred feet, are shattered to atoms. The dangerous avalanches fall in the winter and the spring. Some, called dust avalanches, are formed of loose snow, which is drifted by the wind to the edge of a precipice, and then tumbles down from point to point, increasing in quantity as it rushes on like lightning. These avalanches have been known to descend a distance of ten miles, overwhelming whole forests in their passage, and the force with which they come down sends them up the opposite hill, the forests of which are also broken up by their power. You will easily understand how this can be if you have ever run quickly down one steep hill with another directly in front of it, and observed how, instead of stopping at the bottom, you are forced to ascend the opposite hill, whether you like it or not. Another kind of avalanche occurs in April and May, when a thaw is going on. These

are the worst, because at such seasons the snow is half melted, and so is much more hard and clammy. Men or cattle buried by them can only be dug out with great difficulty, and are in danger of being crushed or suffocated; whereas, in the other cases, when the snow is loose, there are spaces left which serve as air holes, and persons can sometimes manage to free themselves by their own efforts.

Avalanches usually fall at fixed times and at fixed places. Their tracks can be seen on a mountain's side, worn perfectly smooth, and sometimes almost appearing polished. In places where they are very frequent, heavy projecting roofs or sheds are built out from the side of the hill, behind churches and houses, with a point turning upwards, so that the snow in falling upon them may be broken to pieces, and descend in a different direction from the building. The danger from avalanches is so great to travellers in the spring, that in passing spots where they are expected to fall, even speaking is forbidden, and the bells which hang on the necks of the mules are sometimes muffled, lest the least motion in the air should disturb the huge mass of snow just ready to fall upon the heads of those below. What generally increases the mischief caused by an avalanche is the blast of air which goes with it, and which, like a storm of wind, destroys all that comes in its way, and so does as much injury on each side of the avalanche as the snow itself could. The spire of a church has been known to be thrown down by the gust of an avalanche which fell a quarter of a mile off.

The avalanches we heard to day must have been at a considerable distance. One of my friends saw one

falling, but I did not. When they are so far off they only look like small heaps of snow rolling down the mountain.

Our ride down the Faulhorn was wonderfully beautiful, the snow mountains being in sight the whole way. The path was very steep, though not in any place, I think, as much so as the Righi. In one part we were obliged to dismount and walk, but there was nothing to make us afraid, except once or twice for a few minutes, when the little path went along the steep side of the mountain, and a single false step of our horses would have sent us down into a terrible depth.

Grindelwald seemed a wild place yesterday; but to day, when I came down from the Faulhorn, and saw the little cottages, and the church, and the trees scattered about in the valley, it looked like a cheerful, happy home. Places always appear to me like people with different characters: some are smiling and bright, some sad and gloomy; some, like the vast mountains I have seen to day, are stern, and forbidding, and even merciless. Perhaps they appeared so the more because I had been hearing some fearful stories of accidents amongst the glaciers above Grindelwald. One, especially, was very horrible. A gentleman — a Swiss clergyman — and his guide were standing upon the lower glaciers, looking down into one of the crevasses. The gentleman asked the guide how deep it was, and the man replied “he did not know, but he would fetch a stone and throw it down, and then the gentleman might judge.” He went away for a few minutes, and when he returned, the clergyman was gone.

The guide looked for him, but he was nowhere to be found. He returned home and told what had hap-

pened. Every one knew that the unfortunate clergyman must have fallen into the crevasse, but some thought that the guide had robbed and murdered him and thrown his body down, in order to avoid discovery. The guide himself was most anxious that every search should be made; and at length a man consented to be let down into the crevasse by a rope, a lantern being tied about his neck to give him light. He went down twice, and was drawn up without having discovered the body of the poor clergyman, and feeling almost exhausted himself for want of air. The third time, however, he was successful. The dead body was found at the depth of several hundred feet, and brought up out of the crevasse in the arms of the man who had gone down. Several limbs were broken, and there were many bruises upon it, so that it was supposed that the clergyman must have died before he reached the bottom. His watch and purse were safe, and the suspicions against the guide were therefore at an end, as it was clear he had not committed robbery. It is imagined that the clergyman had been leaning over the crevasse, resting upon the pole which persons generally carry across the mountains to help them in difficult places; and that the ice having given way, he had been cast forward into the chasm beneath his feet. He lies buried in the churchyard at Grindelwald. The story made a great impression upon me, and I looked upon the glaciers afterwards with a feeling of horror.

We were at Grindelwald again before five o'clock in the evening, and soon after our return our friends, who were to have joined us at Brienz, made their appearance, much to our satisfaction; for we had been expecting them ever since yesterday, and wondering

what had become of them. They seem to have had a great deal of enjoyment, notwithstanding the weather; and if I had not had so much pleasure myself I might be inclined to envy them some things which they have seen; but I doubt if they have had any thing to equal our ride up the Faulhorn.

MEYRINGEN: *August 15th, Friday.*—I could not write yesterday, I had not time; yet on the whole the day was more quiet than any we have lately spent. We have had a continual change of plans lately, which it would only puzzle you if I were to relate; so I must content myself with merely telling you what we have done, and not all that we have talked of doing. If you had taken a peep at us about six o'clock in the morning, yesterday, you would have seen us at breakfast in the salon of the hotel, very cheerful and comfortable, but every now and then casting rather anxious glances at the window to see if it rained still. We were all hoping to make an expedition over a mountain known by the name of the Wengern Alp, to a village called Lauterbrunnen. The views we were told would be excessively grand, for we should go just in front of the Jung Frau, with only a narrow valley between it and us, and we should also probably see and hear a great number of avalanches. The village of Lauterbrunnen also was, we understood, very beautifully situated in a deep ravine; and in fact it was a little journey which every one made a point of taking. All this sounded very pleasant, but then there was the rain—it would continue, though every one prophesied that it must leave off before

long. So, in the meantime, we put aside the thought of the Wengern Alp, and began to consider what we should do after we had seen it. This was a much more important and difficult question. Our object was to proceed to the town of Lausanne, on the Lake of Geneva, but there were several roads by which we might travel, and the point to be settled was, which would be the best? It was a very long business, and maps were brought out, and guide-books consulted, and a great many things proposed and objected to; but at last it was settled that we should once more separate, three of the party going by the regular high road, through the towns of Bern and Freyburg to Lausanne; and Mr. H——, one of his sisters, and myself, following a path over mountains, leading across what is called the Pass of the Grimsel, which would in the end bring us to the same point. A pass, I must tell you, is not a valley between mountains, but a way by which they may be crossed without going over the highest part. The plan was particularly agreeable to me, for I knew it would give me an opportunity of seeing some of the finest scenery in Switzerland. The journey from Grindelwald to Lausanne by this road would, we thought, take us about a week, and as the guides who had been with our friends in their last excursion were then waiting at Grindelwald, we determined to engage them to go with us. Only two men and two horses were required, for Mr. H—— intended to walk the whole way.

When all this was settled, we again turned our thoughts to the day's excursion and the Wengern Alp; but, alas! the rain fell still, not very heavily, but enough to frighten us, and make us fear that if we went we should not see any thing; and after a

little conversation we decided that the wisest thing we could do would be to go back to Interlachen, — where we might provide ourselves with several things we required before we set off on our journey over the Grimsel, — and take a rest there for the day. I will not say that I was not a little disappointed, but I believe it was really the best arrangement we could have made.

Accordingly we left Grindelwald; and no small fuss and confusion there was in the hotel before we set off; — numbers of people setting out on expeditions like ourselves, or talking about them; gentlemen and ladies having breakfast; waiters rushing about to attend upon them; guides coming in to settle where they were to go; and, outside the door, servants, and guides, and grooms, and peasants, all going somewhere or having something to do quickly; and this about seven o'clock in the morning, when houses in England are generally tolerably quiet. If the weather had been fine it would have been extremely amusing, but the rain rather saddened us all. It cleared, however, before we reached Interlachen; and, upon the whole, we had a pleasant drive of about two hours, and began to hope we should have fine weather again; but in the course of the day there was thunder and lightning, which is a bad sign, and the rain returned to frighten us every now and then.

We went to several droll little shops in the old Swiss village of Unterseen in the course of the afternoon. Every thing was very dear, — I suppose, because visitors stay at Interlachen so short a time, and only during a few months in the year, and so are made to pay for the absence of trade at other times. The people appear to have no idea of hurrying. A woman

in a shoemaker's shop was half surprised and half angry, when I asked if she could undertake a little piece of work which I wished to have finished before the evening. She seemed to think I had no idea of the vast trouble I was giving.

We took a walk in the evening to a wooded hill a little above the town, where we had a view over the Lake of Thun; and afterwards went back to the village and sat out of doors, as every one does at Interlachen, and then went to bed to be ready for the morning's journey.

But the morning came, and instead of a bright day there were clouds and rain, and though we were not prevented from setting off on our journey, we could not help feeling disappointed. We all left Interlachen together, for several of the party had not seen the waterfall at the Giessbach,—near which we who were going to the Grimsel were obliged to pass,—and it was therefore settled that we should remain together for one more day, go to the waterfall, cross to Brienz, and from thence proceed to a place called Meyringen, to sleep.

Our way lay once more over the Lake of Brienz, which we crossed in a boat. The weather had improved, and the row was very pleasant, and we stopped at the Giessbach and saw the waterfall, and were lingering about, when one of the two guides whom we had engaged to go with us to the Grimsel, and who had come with us from Grindelwald, warned us to make haste and return to the boat, which was waiting to carry us on to Brienz, for that a storm was coming.

And certainly it did come! not directly, but before we were across the lake. Such a pelting shower! the

huge drops falling into the lake made it look as if myriads of fish were darting up all around us. An awning was over our heads, and our carpet bags were drawn away from the end of the boat and placed under it, that they might not get wet; and we all crowded together as closely as we could. But the rain was a torrent: it rushed in at the sides and poured over the seats, and we seized our bundles of cloaks, and caught up our umbrellas, and covered ourselves completely with them, — but there was no escape. My side of the boat was a perfect pond in a few minutes, and I was afraid to stand up because of making a confusion; so at last, in despair, I crouched down at the bottom of the boat, buried myself under an immensely thick shawl, and held an umbrella and parasol over my head, and notwithstanding was wet through. We were a very short time in crossing the lake; the men rowed with all their might, so did a girl who helped them, — for it is quite the custom of the country for girls to row, — but we went on shore dripping, and were obliged to change our dresses immediately. The rain lasted nearly the whole afternoon. We dined at Brienz, and set off for Meyringen afterwards in a close carriage, and what is called a char-a-banc, a curious little vehicle peculiar to Switzerland. It has but one seat besides the driver's, placed sideways, and large enough to hold two persons comfortably, and three uncomfortably. It is covered at the top, and there are curtains round it, and a leathern apron or a board, instead of a door, in front; so that it is very tolerably shut in in case of rain; but the side-way motion is not at all agreeable. Any of you who have ever seen an Irish car will know exactly what I mean to describe. We ought to have had a beautiful drive from

Brienz to Meyringen; for there are rocky hills and snow mountains to be seen, and waterfalls rushing down from the heights, and the river Aar flowing through the midst of the valley; but the rain and mist prevented our having more than a glimpse of the beauty. After a drive of about an hour and a half we reached Meyringen, a regular Swiss town, close under a range of lofty hills, and with several mountain valleys leading from it. But we did not see much of the place, for the hotel was full, and we could not procure good rooms, and were obliged to turn back a little way and proceed about a mile and a quarter in another direction, to an inn called the Baths of Reichenbach, where we found every thing that we could desire for comfort.

THE HOSPICE OF THE GRIMSEL, *August 16th.* — I awoke this morning before six o'clock, and the first thing I heard was that it was likely to be a fine day. Very joyful news! and what I did not at all expect when I went to bed last night. Dressing and breakfast were managed as quickly as possible, and soon after seven I was mounted on my horse, with a small leathern bag strapped to the saddle behind me, and on my way to the Pass of the Grimsel, accompanied by Mr. H——, his sister, and two guides. The rest of the party were to go back to the Lake of Brienz, and from thence to Bern, as soon as we were gone.

The Valley of Meyringen looked very different under a bright sunshine from what it did in a pouring rain. The town is certainly very beautifully situated, but it is curiously out of the way, at least we should think so in England, for, although a great many roads

from the mountains meet there, they are not generally roads for carriages, but only mule paths, very steep and rough; and, in bad weather, they must often be impassable.

We went on easily at first, for the road was tolerably good, and a carriage might have driven along it, but this did not continue very long. We were following the course of the river Aar the whole way. It rises at the foot of a glacier, under a mountain, the top of which I told you I had seen from the Faulhorn, — the Dark Aar Peak, or the Finster Aar Horn, — and makes its way through a deep, narrow valley to Meyringen, and from thence to the Lake of Brienz. Having traced its course so far, it seemed like an old friend; but I cannot say it was a very quiet one. Such a tossing, foaming, rushing stream I scarcely ever saw! In one place, not very far from Meyringen, people say it once covered a little valley, and formed a lake; but, since then, it has forced its way through some high, dark rocks, and travels between them, swiftly and noisily; and what was formerly the lake is now pasture-ground, covered with little trees and cottages, and shut in, in a circle, by hills, just as a lake might be.

This was our last piece of open ground, for we then entered a deep valley, or what is more properly called a ravine, with huge cliffs and woods on each side, and the Aar tossing along between them; and up the cliffs we went, the horses apparently caring nothing for the steepness and roughness of the way, and I suspect much more at their ease than I was, when I looked from the narrow ledge, over which we were journeying, into the depths below. But that part of the road would seem nothing to me now; the path

became so much more wild afterwards. I do not think it was at any time so steep as the Faulhorn or the Righi; but it went on and on, winding up the rocks, and leading us higher and higher, without our knowing exactly how high we were; only I saw that we were getting deeper into the mountains.

We passed two or three little villages, which looked very poor, and in the winter can be scarcely habitable from the cold, for they are much exposed, though in appearance just like those in the valleys. But we never seemed to be really nearer the tops of the mountains. When I looked up to the mighty cliffs, shutting in the ravine, there was almost always a sharp, grey head peering above, and making me feel that the heights beyond could never be reached. In one village, the guide told me that the snow in winter was often up to the windows, though they were always on the first floor, and not near the ground.

The name of the village was Guttanen. It had a very small church, the smallest I have seen in Switzerland. The clergyman's house was pointed out to me,—a Swiss cottage, not in any way better than the others, except that it looked neater, and had curtains to the windows.

The guides seemed thoroughly to enjoy their walk. One of them is a very young man, and has very high spirits. He amused himself and me in trying to make out a little English, and to improve my knowledge of German; whilst every now and then he stopped to shout loudly, and wake the echoes amongst the hills. Both seemed well known on the road, and nodded and spoke to every peasant who passed; and peeped in at the cottage windows, as if quite at home. It was certainly a very droll path for a public road, going in

and out amongst the little cottages in the villages, sometimes in front, and sometimes behind; and once, taking us under a shed or barn, with a low roof, which made us stoop our heads lest we should knock them.

We stopped at a cottage, about eleven o'clock, and had some milk brought out to us, and a kind of cake, very thin and excessively light, and then we proceeded on our way, till between two and three, when we reached a *châlet*, called the "Handek," close to a celebrated waterfall of the same name. Here we were to dine. It was merely a Swiss cottage, in which were two long, and very low, and not at all clean-looking rooms, where a number of guides and rough-looking travellers were eating and drinking. At the corner of a table in the inner room a white cloth was spread for us, but we were told that dinner would not be ready directly; so, having ordered soup,—or broth, as we should call it,—and a cutlet, which are to be had almost every where, we went off to the waterfall.

It is at a very little distance from the *châlet*; but it would have been worth going many miles to see.

The path led us a little way down a cliff, forming the side of a ravine, and we then stood upon a narrow wooden bridge, and looked down. From under the bridge the river Aar was rushing through a dark gorge, and pouring itself over a precipice of rocks, from a height of 200 feet, with a power which it was really fearful to watch. At the distance of a few yards, the waters of another torrent, the Erlenbach, fell likewise down the sides of a mountain. The two rivers met directly below the bridge; the Erlenbach, as it seemed, struggling with the Aar; and the Aar,

from its vast force, completely swallowing it up: and, as the waters mingled and fell into the gulf, there arose a mist of spray, curling upward in light clouds, which, before they were dispersed into the air, were touched by the rays of the sun, and formed a beautiful painted arch of the colours of the rainbow.

I could not see quite into the depth, — the mists veiled it, — but it was far, far below; and I could just catch a glimpse of the foaming river, swelled by the torrent it had conquered, making its way through the gorge, and appearing, when seen amidst the spray, like a white cloud.

The châlet, and the dinner, and the guides, and the travellers, were a strange change from the waterfall. But the rest and refreshment were not to be despised, and when dinner was over, we remounted our horses, all much better able to pursue our journey.

What the remainder of the way was like I cannot hope to make any one understand who has not seen it.

We were soon beyond the fir-woods and châlets, and high and deep amongst the mountains; not green pasture-lands, but huge rocks of a stone called granite — miles of them. I could have fancied myself transported to a stone world. Stone there was for the pathway, smooth and broad; stone for the mighty cliffs; walls and walls of huge unbroken rock. Stone below us, and above us, and around us; our horses' feet clattering over it, as along a firm pavement.

A little grass and moss might be seen trying to cover the rocks, and a few larches and firs stood up boldly amongst them; but juniper was the most common shrub, which, according to its natural growth, bent down as if pursued by a rushing storm, and hastening to escape to some more quiet resting-place.

About two miles above Handek this stone region was the most remarkable, for we then passed a place where once there must have been a glacier or an avalanche, and the surface of the rock had been worn smooth and bright by the weight and friction of the ice and snow which had rolled over it. Here and there, however, it was marked by grooves and dents, caused by some sharp rock brought down by the glacier, and which had scratched the under rock, as a diamond scratches a pane of glass.

When we first came to the bare granite rocks, I thought we were approaching the termination of our journey, for I could well suppose them to form the summit of the mountain; but another glance showed me a grim peak, half buried in clouds, lifting itself above them, and I knew that the end was still far off. As to our road, I am bound to call it good, for it was one over which the horses travelled easily and safely; granite not being at all slippery. But I could not describe it better than by saying that, in many places, it was like riding along the top of a broad stone wall, except that you could only fall from it on one side. If you did fall, however, there were enormous rocks below to dash you to pieces, and the foaming Aar ready to receive any portion of you that might reach the bottom. In England such a path would have made me tremble. In Switzerland the horses are so accustomed to it, that one tries to think there is no danger, though it looks so fearful. Yet it is often necessary to recall to mind that the same Providence watches over us in the mountains as in the plains; and that an accident, if it should happen, would be as much ordered as a fever or any common illness.

It was droll enough that one of the few little events which might be called adventures that occurred on our journey, took place on a smooth piece of grass. My friend's horse having just gone through some water, took it into its head that a roll on the turf would be pleasant afterwards; and sank down as quietly as a donkey, giving its rider barely time to slide off its back.

We were obliged to cross the Aar several times, and this, I think, was as little agreeable as any thing; for the bridges were sometimes only trunks of trees joined together, and sometimes blocks of granite. As for a railing, or parapet, it was a precaution evidently never thought of.

After this long ascent we turned aside a little from the river, and for a short distance lost sight of it; and presently one of the guides came up to me, and pointing amongst the rocks to the left of the path, said: — "There is the Hospice," or the Inn of the Grimsel. I looked according to his direction, and saw a rough-built, rather low, and long, stone building, with out-houses adjoining it. The windows were very deep-set, and two or three steps led up to the door. The peaks of snow-mountains rose up in front of it, and all around were stone hills and rocks covered with patches of sun, and brightened by a few green spots of grass and moss, which had sprung up in the crevices, and upon which a few goats contrived to feed.

And this was our resting place, — and that of many others; for the Hospice of the Grimsel is near the top of the Pass, and is much frequented by travellers. Within, there are a number of small bed-rooms, with unpainted wooden walls, and wooden ceilings, — and

in each room are two little beds, a deal table, and two deal chairs. In one of these bed-rooms I am now writing; and in one of them I lay down to rest as soon as I came in. Since then, at seven o'clock in the evening, we have had supper, — or what, in fact, was a regular dinner, — in a large low salon, filled with gentlemen, most of them Swiss or Germans. We all sat at one long table, with the guides at the further end, whilst a few other smaller tables were prepared for tea. Only one gentleman and lady had tea, but I rather envied them, they seemed so quiet and comfortable, quite away by themselves; though I found a good deal of amusement in all that was going on round me. One gentleman, especially, puzzled me extremely. He began speaking French, like a Frenchman; went on in German, like a German; said a good deal in English, very like an Englishman; and at last proved to be a Dutchman.

Sunday, August 17th. — I certainly never expected to spend a Sunday on the top of the Grimsel; but it has been a very pleasant, though a very odd day. We breakfasted about half-past eight in the salon, and had the room almost to ourselves; three gentlemen, who appeared to be Americans, being the only persons who were having breakfast at the same time. The quietness was quite pleasant; for there had been nothing but trampling over head, and moving about the passages, and the voices of persons calling to one another, ever since daybreak. In a house of this kind, where there is so much wood, every little sound is heard; and I really could have fancied that a troop of soldiers was marching by my room, by the noise that was made. Mr. H—— wished to go for a walk to the top of a neighbouring mountain, — the

Sidel Horn, — in the course of the day; and for this purpose it was better to set off early and return early: so, directly after breakfast, we all went out together. But he soon left us, and we then turned back, and walked by the side of a small, very deep lake, close to the inn; — so close, indeed, that there is a way made under the house, by which the waters flow, in a little stream, and join the Aar. The lake is surrounded by the mountain walls, except in one part, where there is a small piece of green pasture land, upon which the innkeeper has two or three cows feeding; the servants rowing across the lake every day to milk them. We saw the boat going over, as we sat by the side of the lake under the shelter of a huge granite rock.

A still, stern, little lake it is; yet it looked very bright to-day under the light of a brilliant sun. Its depth is not known, and it is never frozen; neither will any fish live in it. The waters are exquisitely clear. One can see every stone under them near the shore; — but beyond, there is nothing but the darkness of a depth which no one can measure.

Quiet, and even solemn, as the scenery on the Grimsel is now, it was once disturbed by the sound of war. This happened rather more than fifty years ago, in 1799, when the French and Austrians were at war. The French were stationed in the little village of Guttanen, which we passed yesterday, and which, I said, was so often covered with snow up to the windows in the winter. The Austrians were encamped on the Grimsel. Their object was, to prevent the French from passing over the mountains, and entering the valley on the other side, called the Valley of the Rhone, — the very same valley which we hope to reach to-mor-

row. The Austrian general, naturally enough, thought himself quite safe. Nothing seemed easier than to prevent the French from coming up such a steep, narrow path as that which we travelled over yesterday; especially when the Austrians could place themselves behind the great rocks, and fire at their enemies without being in any danger themselves. The French general was of the same opinion, and was therefore in despair when he received an order from the commander-in-chief, who was his superior, to force his way over the pass of the Grimsel. What was to be done? He summoned his officers, and a great consultation took place in an inn at Guttanen. Whilst it was going on, the innkeeper was also talking to his guests in an outer room, and, amongst other things, boasted that he knew a path across some of the other mountains, by which he could bring the French general and his army to a spot higher than the Austrians, from whence they could pour down upon their enemies, and so might hope for victory. The words were repeated to the French general, who immediately caused the innkeeper to be brought before him, and half forced, half persuaded him to discover the path; promising that, if he would be faithful, he should have a certain piece of land for his own. It was a piece which my guide pointed out to me yesterday; but as I had not then heard the history belonging to it, I did not quite understand why he took such pains to show it to me.

The pass of the Grimsel, I must tell you, is a ridge between two mountains; — one the Sidel Horn, which Mr. H—— went up this morning; and the other with a very curious name, — Nügeli's Grätli, or Nail's Head. The innkeeper's plan was to take the French by a way

which he knew, over the Nügeli's Grätli, and then bring them to the very summit of the Grimsel. By this means they would be much higher than their enemies; for the Austrians were stationed on the ground near the inn, and the top of the pass is seven hundred feet higher than that.

The innkeeper's plan was followed. The next morning a large body of Frenchmen marched up the same valley by which we came yesterday, to the front of the rather level ground on which the inn stands, and where the Austrians were stationed.

The Austrian general felt sure of dispersing them, but still he thought it better to have a good body of men to support him; so he drew away his troops which were near the top of the Grimsel, in order to repel the French lower down. Presently, to his surprise and dismay, he heard firing on the heights behind him. Two parties of French were attacking them behind. One had been led by the innkeeper over the Nügeli's Grätli; the other had passed over the Sidel Horn; and the unfortunate Austrians were completely surrounded and defeated. The bodies of those who fell were cast into a lake on the summit of the pass, which has since been known by the name of the "Tödten See," or the "Lake of the Dead."

The pass by which the innkeeper led the French over the Nügeli's Grätli, was so wild and fearful that the men believed he was treacherously leading them astray, and would have shot him if their officers had not prevented them.

He never obtained the reward which had been promised, for the Swiss government would not agree to let him have it, and the French general could not give away land which did not belong to him. The

battle I have described has been celebrated ever since as one of the most extraordinary ever fought. No one crossing these mountains would think it possible for an army to encamp and fight here.

Our morning passed very quickly. After the walk, and the rest by the lake, we went in and read the Church Service; and soon afterwards it was one o'clock, and dinner time. Mr. H—— came back soon. He told us that it took him a long time to go up the Sidel Horn; but that he came down very quickly, sliding upon the snow. The guides were with him, and described to me afterwards how amused they had been by the American gentlemen, who went up at the same time, and, not liking the snow, seated themselves on bags, and so slid down comfortably.

The guides spoke of this with considerable contempt, and seemed to think it a very ignoble way of proceeding.

The rest of the day passed as pleasantly as the morning had done. Besides reading, we went for a walk in the afternoon,—a quiet, country Sunday walk, to a glacier! It seemed very strange when we set out, from being so unlike any English walk; and it was more odd as we went on,—scrambling over huge stones, and crossing streams; stone mountains all round us, and blocks of granite forming our road. One of the guides took hold of my arm, and helped me along; and with that assistance, and the aid of a stick, I managed to get on extremely well. Granite rocks are extremely unlike those we are commonly accustomed to see in England. They are excessively hard, quite smooth, and of a yellow tint, and sparkle in the sun. When standing upright they are like smooth walls, and when lying upon the ground they

resemble a table or flat pavement. It is quite as easy to walk, upon these granite rocks as along a regular path; but I must say I was a little amused this evening, when we came to a place where there was really nothing but stone to be seen, and one of the guides said to Mr. H——, who was wandering away by himself,—that “it was better always to keep by the road.” It would have puzzled any person but a guide amongst the Alps to know where the road was.

The glacier which we went to see is close to the mountain called the Finster Aar Horn. The river Aar has its source in it. The blocks of ice of which it is formed are enormous; but a great deal of mud covers them.

I was disappointed in the source of the river, for it does not rush out from under an arch as at Grindelwald; but the water oozes forth from beneath the piles of ice, and then flows on in a small muddy stream,—very unlike the foaming torrent which it afterwards becomes, when it dashes through the valley by which we ascended yesterday, and throws itself madly into the gulf at Handek. All these glacier rivers are at first muddy, for their source is not very pure, a glacier being not merely ice and snow, but mixed with mud and stones. It is possible for persons to go from the source of the Aar to Grindelwald, by passing over glaciers the whole way. The distance is very considerable,—I think as much as twenty miles; but our guide seemed to think no more of it than we should of a walk of six or seven miles along a high road.

I have heard of one lady who was actually carried over in a chair, borne by men. She was an English person, and every one seems to think it a most dangerous and foolish expedition.

The guides made us stop once or twice during our walk to listen to the cry of a little animal, called the Alpine marmot, which is only to be found amongst high mountains. It is a curious creature, somewhat smaller than a hare, of a reddish brown colour, and having a head like a hare, whiskers like a cat, eyes like a squirrel, and legs like a bear. Generally its voice resembles the murmur of a dog when pleased,—but if it is frightened or angry it makes a shrill whistling noise, which it is painful for a person close to it to hear. It walks with ease on its hind legs, and eats in the same way as a squirrel does. Marmots are very active in the summer, and run more quickly up hill than on level ground. The people of Savoy, it is said, learned how to climb chimneys, in order to sweep them, from watching the movements of these animals. They eat any thing that is given them, flesh, bread, fruit, herbs, &c., but they like milk and butter better than any thing else, and are sometimes known to slip into dairies and drink a quantity of milk, as cats do.

In the winter, marmots sleep like dormice in holes, or in fact houses, which they dig for themselves in the ground. The way in which they make these houses is most interesting. They work together, digging out the earth with their claws, with immense quickness, and throwing it up behind them. The hole is very deep,—broader than it is long, and capable of containing several animals without making the air unwholesome or disagreeable. There are two galleries or long entrances to it which in winter are stopped up so carefully, that it is said to be more easy to dig the earth any where else than in the parts at which marmots have been working. The inside

of the hole is lined with moss and hay, which they employ themselves in collecting during the summer. It has been declared that they help each other in this work, by allowing themselves to be used as carriages by their companions. One, it is said, lies down on his back, spreads out his limbs, and allows himself to be loaded with hay: then the others drag him along by his tail, taking care not to upset him. The marmots, like many amongst ourselves, have a great objection to going out in bad weather. They go into their holes directly it begins to rain. They are also very timid, and when they are at play or at work one stands on a rock as a sentinel; and, if he perceives a man, an eagle, or a dog, or any other creature likely to do mischief, he utters a loud, shrill whistle, and the troop of marmots all rush to their holes, the sentinel himself being the last to enter. In the end of September, or the beginning of October, the marmots retire into their houses, and there bury themselves till April. The greater part of this time is spent in sleep; and they seem to know so well the state they will be in, that they do not lay up any provisions, though it is supposed that they eat the herbage with which they have lined their holes.

Marmots can be tamed nearly as well as cats and dogs, and may be taught to seize a stick, or to dance, and to obey the human voice; but they are rather fierce when made angry, and their teeth are so sharp that they can bite cruelly. Like cats they have a particular dislike to dogs.

The guide who told us to listen for the cry of a marmot said he saw one, but it was too far off for us to discover it.

We returned home in time to rest ourselves before

supper, or rather tea: for we ladies had taken warning from yesterday, and, instead of sitting at the noisy table, begged to have tea by ourselves at a separate part of the room, which was much more comfortable.

MÜNSTER: *Canton Vallais. August 18th.*—At half-past five this morning one of the guides knocked at my door to tell me that it was time to get up; and I was obliged to do so directly, for we were to set off at half-past seven. I looked out of the window with some anxiety. It was a very misty morning, clouds over the mountains, and nothing to be known about the weather. Every one in the house was preparing for departure about the same time; and the trampling overhead was even worse than yesterday: to say nothing of the loud calling and talking of some Germans in the next room to mine.

The salon was filled when I went down stairs. Breakfast was going on, and bills were being reckoned up and paid. The entrance was filled with guides, and the whole place in fact was in a bustle. If we had not had a particularly active and attentive landlady and her sister to wait upon us all, it might have been very inconvenient; as it was, I was never in an hotel where things were better managed.

Last night I was rather vexed with the fear of having lost a little brooch which I valued, and which I fancied must have been dropped by the side of the lake, but the guides were searching for it this morning by daybreak, and the young one came to me before breakfast, with the greatest glee, to tell me he had found it. It was really a pleasure to watch the expression of hearty delight in his face. He could not

have been more rejoiced if it had been his own treasure instead of mine. I was not a little glad, myself; for the loss of my brooch would have been the one unpleasant recollection connected with our stay at the Grimsel; and now I mounted my horse quite happy, and well prepared to enjoy my ride. We were the only persons going over the pass. Every one else seemed to be setting out on the way to Meyringen, by the road by which we came yesterday.

As we ascended the hill I looked back to carry away a last remembrance of the Hospice of the Grimsel. It is undoubtedly a very dreary place,—and if it appears so now in the height of summer, what must it be in the depth of winter! Yet it is inhabited all the year by one person. The innkeeper resides there from March to November; and then it is left in the charge of a servant, who is provided with a sufficient quantity of provisions to last during the winter months. He has also two dogs to be his companions, and to watch for the approach of travellers; for there is no season at which some persons, generally traders, may not be found crossing the Grimsel.

The Hospice was entirely destroyed in the month of March, in the year 1838. by the fall of an avalanche. The evening before, the man who was then living there alone heard, as he believed, the sound of a human voice, seemingly that of a person in distress. He went out immediately, taking a dog with him, and they began the search. But the snow was so deep that it was impossible to proceed, and after a time the servant returned to the Hospice. The next morning the sound was repeated,—and the crash of an avalanche followed. It broke through the roof of the house, and filled every room but one—that

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which the servant inhabited. This was a most providential circumstance, yet the poor man was still in danger, for the snow surrounded him on all sides. After considerable labour he contrived, however, to work his way through it, and reached Meyringen in safety, accompanied by his dog. The sound which he had heard is well known to the peasants of the Alps. It is always supposed to foretell some great disaster. And we may well believe that it is mercifully appointed by God to warn those who might otherwise suffer from the accidents common to the country.

A cloud was resting upon the top of the mountain as we rode up the steep path leading from the Hospice, but we would not own what we feared, and said to each other that it was only passing over and would soon be gone. As we ascended higher, however, the mist became heavier, the surrounding hills were more hidden, and at last we could see nothing but the huge granite rocks close to our path.

Snow was lying on the mountain in long wide patches, and our horses from time to time crossed it, the guides leading them carefully, though they were very sure-footed. The whole scene was exceedingly wild, nothing but mist, snow, and rocks around us; and when we passed the top of the mountain, which is about two miles from the Hospice, and began to descend on the other side, it grew worse. The snow spread above us in a wider tract and was lost in the clouds; and below, faintly gleaming through the mist, was the deep lake,—the Tödten See, or Lake of the Dead,—into which the bodies of the slain were thrown, when the French and Austrians fought on the top of the Grimsel.

The cloud which we had hoped would pass, seemed to have no intention of doing so. The damp drops became larger, and at last there was a regular rain.

We were then descending by a most steep path; often crossing the snow, and sometimes obliged to go over places which were certainly dangerous. In one part, especially, there were a few steps, which even now I wonder that our guides allowed us to attempt.

It was in a spot where there was no path, but only a sloping rock, forming part of the side of the mountain. Below us was a sea of mist, and the deep descent into the valley. How our horses scrambled over the rock I cannot tell, but they did manage it, and we went on again for a little way, till we came to a steeper and less stony part of the path, when the guides told us that we had better get off our horses and walk. It was certainly more agreeable to be trusting to one's own feet in such an awkward road, than to those of a horse, however sure-footed, but in other respects we were worse off now than before. The rain fell faster and faster, and the path was steep and rough, and like a pond. We wrapped ourselves in shawls, and covered our bonnets with waterproof hoods, and went on boldly, helped partly by the guides, and partly by sticks; but the boldness was merely because there was nothing else to be done, but to go on quickly. Every minute made us more thoroughly uncomfortable, for neither hoods, nor shawls, nor umbrellas, nor galoshes, could keep portions of our dress from being entirely drenched.

I suppose we may have walked as much as two miles in this way, always descending, when one of the party called out to me to look at the Rhone Glacier.

It was a glacier we had been very anxious to see; and we had gone a few miles out of our way on purpose to do so; but I thought little about it just then. That which was chiefly in my mind was that the neighbourhood of a glacier was likely to be extremely wet, more wet even than the sides of the mountain, and what we were to do I could not imagine. A few minutes afterwards, however, as we reached more level ground, a sudden turn brought us in sight of a small inn, very ugly, desolate, and dirty-looking; but to me at that moment it was a home. I hurried on, rushed into the house, and, when I found myself under shelter, was satisfied.

My friend was a little behind me, but when she arrived we were shown up stairs to a dismal, dirty little bed-room, and then we sent for our bags and knapsacks, and began to think of the comfort of having dry clothes.

Unfortunately, I had no other dress with me, and part of the one I wore being already as wet as it could be, I thought it was no use to trouble myself about a little rain more or less; but, as the weather was clearing, I put on another pair of boots and gashoes, and set off with the guides and Mr. H—— to walk up to the glacier, which was at a short distance from the house. As for the stones, and the wet grass, and the marshy banks of the brooks we crossed, they seemed a mere nothing; they could not be worse than the mountain-path, or make me more wet than I was already. The Glacier of the Rhone is so called because the River Rhone issues forth from it. It is an enormous mass of ice, fifteen miles long, and tremendously deep. When I went up close to it, the ice rose up before me like a cliff, and from under

a deep dark arch, which at the sides was a clear delicate blue, out of which the Rhone rushed, white and foaming. I certainly do not think any thing has ever given me a greater feeling of awe than a glacier when I have been close to it. It looks so intensely cold and merciless, and the accidents it causes are so terrible.

The Glacier of the Rhone is one of the finest in Switzerland, but it would be necessary to go upon it, as well as stand below it, in order to understand its size and depth. All these grand things in nature require to be, in a manner, learnt. They cannot be understood by merely looking at them; in the same way as no one can have a notion of the height of a mountain who has not gone up it.

I did not stay long at the glacier, and went back to the inn by myself, for the guide proposed to follow Mr. H——, who had wandered higher than I could venture. I do not think he liked the notion of trusting a stranger alone upon the ice.

My first object when I got back to the inn was to go to a fire and dry my dress. As for an English fire-place, it was a comfort not to be expected; but I went into a little kitchen, and stood by the side of a kind of oven, at which a good deal of cooking was going on; and my dress steamed away as if it had just passed through a lake. The Swiss servants gave me a good deal of pity, and so did every one who came in, which was very good-natured, and at the same time useful, as it helped me to practise my German in replying to them. One person puzzled me extremely. She came into the kitchen in a light kind of dress, with white sleeves, and slippers worked in gold thread, and began to assist in cooking something over the fire. At first I thought she was the

mess of the inn, and I wondered why she should choose such an odd dress, and thought how silly she must be; but she proved afterwards to be a German lady, who, like ourselves, had been wet through; and, as for the cooking, I suspect she was preparing something for her husband, for German ladies do a great many things of that kind for themselves.

My dress was not half dry when we had to set off again, but the sun was then shining brightly, and everything seemed rejoicing after the rain; and I was too glad to find myself on my horse, without having torrents of rain falling upon me, to think much of my wet garments.

We had a most lovely ride, the path going down the side of a steep cliff into a narrow valley; and, as if to mock at our slow pace, the Rhone rushed by us with a deafening sound, its waters swelled continually by the stream, which fell from the summits of the mountains. The path nearly made us dizzy, it went so close to the edge of the precipice. We met a party coming up the hill as we were going down, a lady and a gentleman, and some guides. The lady looked frightened, but I fancied she was relieved to see other ladies riding. I observed, however, that as soon as we had passed, she got off her horse and walked. A party met in this way, along a narrow mountain-path, forms the prettiest picture possible;—the travellers journeying on, one behind another, with packages and bags slung about on the mules or ponies, and the guides straggling by their sides. In this part of our road every step was beautiful. The colours of the hills and the woods were so lovely, they quite made me long for some one to see them who could paint them. In one spot I particularly remarked some dark fir-

trees, which were spreading their branches over a bright green bank, supported by blocks of yellowish-grey granite. The foaming white river was seen flowing far below; and, beyond, was a mountain covered with pine-woods, which at that moment appeared to be of a deep purple colour, from the distance, and the shadows which were upon them.

This great beauty did not last the whole way. After a time we came into a broad, open valley, having mountains at each side, which did not, however, appear to be of any wonderful height. Others, in the far distance, were very blue, with white peaks shining in the sunlight; but, after the lovely scenes we had just left, we thought less of them than we should have done at another time.

The whole of this valley, from the source of the Rhone to the Lake of Geneva, forms one of the cantons of Switzerland, and is commonly called the Vallais, or, in German, the Canton Wallis: it is divided into two parts, the Upper and the Lower Vallais. It is the Upper Vallais which we have been passing through to-day. There are a good many villages in it, but they are all very poor; and the cold must be something terrible in winter, the valley being so extremely high.

Our first resting-place was called Ober Gestelen. It was a little brown-looking village, in the middle of the valley, with a small white-washed church. The inn was very poor, but we managed to procure some dinner, and waited there a considerable time; for, soon after our arrival, the rain began again; and, at one time, I thought we should have been obliged to sleep there. The landlord was very urgent that we should, but as it would have obliged us to make a

very long day's journey to morrow, it seemed better to proceed if possible; so, as soon as the weather cleared a little, we again mounted our horses, wrapped ourselves in shawls, and cloaks, and hoods, ready prepared for rain, and went on; the bells which the horses wore round their necks tinkling merrily as we moved along the easy, even, though narrow path, which was quite a relief after the stony mountains; and the guides talking and shouting, and amusing us with stories about the country.

We found ourselves at Münster, the place to which we were going, before we at all expected it. It was not very unlike Ober Gestelen; in fact, all the villages in this valley seem to me alike. Some may be larger than others; and Münster is larger than Ober Gestelen: but they are all deep brown, all have white-washed churches, with ornaments, which show that the canton is Roman Catholic; and all look as if the poor little cottages had been frightened by a storm, and had crowded together into the middle of the valley, with no effort at forming streets, no hope of shelter from trees, very tiny attempts at gardens, and, in fact, with only one wish, that of being as close together as possible.

Such a place is Münster, but we are in a very tolerable little inn; and I hope there is a comfortable bed ready for me to rest in; and therefore, good night.

I take it for granted you all understand that when I speak of a bed, it is almost always without curtains, and that carpets are things unheard of.

BURG: *Canton Vallois. August 19th.*—When I woke this morning I fully thought that we should have spent the greater part of the day at least at

Münster, for it was raining heavily. We meant to have set off at seven o'clock, but instead of that we were at breakfast at half-past eight in the salon of the little inn, in which were two other persons,—a man in one corner, who was busied in writing something which he seemed to consider very important, and the priest of the parish, who sat by him. The priest happened to be rather useful to us, for the girl who waited on us spoke such bad German herself, and was so dull in understanding the right words used by others, that he came to our assistance, and helped to explain what we meant.

About ten o'clock it became fine. We did not like to wait a minute longer than we could help, fearing that the rain might return again; so we ordered our horses directly and set off. It was a most delightful morning, though what in England we should call very fresh. Snow had fallen during the night, and the tops of the mountains were more covered than they were yesterday. This I have been told is considered a sign of fine weather. How the poor people who live in the Upper Vallais manage to exist during the cold weather, it is difficult to imagine. The inn at Münster was full of cracks and holes, and seemed almost built for the purpose of letting in draughts; and the cottages give one but little idea of thoroughly sheltering the people who live in them.

We had a very easy road, that is to say, there were no precipices and no rocks. In other respects it was what we should call a very bad cross-road. The scenery was not as beautiful as on the mountains, but it was very cheerful; and as I went quietly along on my horse, I thought I had never enjoyed any thing much more.

The beauty too came at last; the valley grew narrower and steeper, the path went high along the sides of the hills, amongst rocks and fir-trees; the Rhone tossed along at their base; and the purple mountains covered with fir, and the sharp stone peaks crowned with snow, were to be seen through the branches of the trees.

This sounds like the same kind of country we had yesterday, and so indeed it was; and yet there was a continual change. No one can imagine the exceeding beauty of such a path along a mountain side who has not travelled along it. Sometimes a great granite rock juts out into the road; then, perhaps, follows an open piece of smooth green turf; then a steep bit of cliff; whilst on the other side the precipice is clothed with tall trees, allowing space between their smooth trunks for the white foam of the river, to be seen far, far below. The flowers too are most beautiful. Crimson mountain pinks and yellow pansies, which we cultivate in our gardens, grow luxuriantly here, and all our most beautiful wild flowers are found in abundance. Splendid butterflies flew about amongst them to-day; and curious large grasshoppers chirped loudly in the grass. I saw one quite close. It was of an immense size, brown and yellow underneath, and so fierce that it would bite any one who took hold of it. We followed the course of the Rhone the whole way, generally high above it. When first we set out from Münster, and the valley was wide, I wondered why no carriage road had been made so far; but when it afterwards became more like a ravine, I saw how difficult the undertaking would be. Lower down in the valley a road has been begun; but all the business in the upper part must be carried on by horses

and mules. The horse-path seems to have been made without any trouble; there is nothing like a regular hedge bordering it, but it is marked either by a few stones piled together, or a line of shrubs, or a little paling formed of rough pieces of wood, resting upon two sticks, which are stuck crosswise into the ground.

We stopped to dine at the village of Viesch, distant about twelve miles, or, as the Swiss say, four stunden, from Münster. A stunde is a measure which is not always of the same length. The word really means an hour; and the distance of a stunde is as much as a man can walk in an hour. This is considered in Switzerland to be about three miles, but of course it must vary; for in going up a steep hill a person would be obliged to walk much more slowly than on level ground. A stunde amongst the mountains is often not more than two English miles.

Viesch is in a very beautiful part of the valley of the Rhone, and people often stop there in order to go up to a glacier which appears as if it was just above it. The inn looked very dirty; but when we examined the book generally kept at these foreign inns, in which travellers write their names and their opinions of the place, we observed that every one spoke favourably of it. Certainly we had a very good dinner there, so we have no right to complain. The village was just like Münster; so was the next place we came to: they all strongly resembled each other; and a great many of them there were, each with its little church. I do not remember ever to have seen so many villages and churches within so short a distance before.

The inhabitants of the Vallais are exceedingly poor. We had observed a little girl about twelve or thirteen years of age, walking after us all the way from Mün-

ster. I saw her after dinner, seated upon the staircase of the inn, eating what seemed to be the remains of our dinner; and I asked the landlady some questions about her. She told me that the child was one of eight children, that her father was extremely poor, and in fact they had nothing to live on; and the child was then going to Brieg, a distance of about nine-and-twenty miles, to find work at a kind of public house. She had no friends at Brieg, but she was allowed to go about alone, because there was no one able to take care of her. The child set off again with us, and we meant to have given her something; but unhappily she stayed behind before we had done so, and we quite lost sight of her.

We had a most charming ride after dinner. The weather was quite warm,—extremely different from what it was when we set out in the morning from Münster. The very look of the country then was enough to make one cold. The mountains were so very white with the newly-fallen snow, and the poor little villages looked almost cheerless even under a bright sun. Towards the end of our journey to-day there was a great change in the scenery as well as the climate. The Upper Vallais, as I told you, is very high, and close to the mountains; but there is a very steep descent from that into the Lower Vallais; and instead of keeping above the Rhone, we went winding down the side of a cliff till we came quite close to the river, and looked over a bridge to watch it tearing along an extremely narrow pass between high rocks. We travelled by the banks of the Rhone then, the whole way to Brieg. A long way it seemed, and I missed being on a height, but it was a very pretty country. The river, though, is not as beautiful when

it has space as when it is kept between banks. When it spreads itself abroad there is a kind of shore to it, like the rocky shore of the sea, and it looks rather dreary.

The sun was setting before we reached Brieg. It had set long before to us, for it had been hidden behind the mountains, but the highest peaks were still bright and glittering with a golden colour. It was strange to approach a real town, and the sight of a cart was something quite new and pleasant.

Brieg is very unlike a Swiss town. It is near to Italy, for the great road between Switzerland and Italy, called the Simplon road, goes over the mountains which are just above it.

The colour of the houses is white instead of brown, and there are a good many towers of churches and other high buildings rising up amongst them, some with round glittering balls or domes at the top. The pasture lands which surround it are covered with fruit trees; and we saw vines growing in the open air: and altogether the country was totally unlike the broad cold valley and the snow mountains by Münster. It seemed as if we had come quite near to the sunny South, and left the cold North far behind. I observed one vine which had been planted near an apple-tree, and had climbed up its trunk, so that the leaves of both trees mingled. Another had been trained over poles laid upon the top of a rock. Vines are much more beautiful in this way than when they grow in vineyards and twine up rows of little sticks. They are formal then, but those we have seen to-day are rich and beautiful.

I think the difference of the churches struck me as much as anything. In the Upper Vallais they were

very small and poor-looking; but as we drew near to Brieg I observed one with a tall tower and good windows, which I was told was just like an Italian church: this made me, perhaps, think that Brieg resembled an Italian town; and I might even have forgotten that I was in Switzerland if I had not looked up and seen the grim peak of a snow mountain peering down upon me.

Our guides went before to secure rooms for us at the hotel, which we understood was the best in the town. But we need not have given ourselves any trouble about the matter; for when we arrived we found it quite unfrequented, and had it entirely to ourselves. A more uncomfortable place I never was in. We have been laughing extremely over the tea, which we could scarcely drink, and the bread, which was so sour that we could with difficulty make up our minds to eat it; and especially, we have been amused with a little boy who does the work both of chambermaid and waiter, and who evidently sees so few strangers that he does not know how to make enough of them when they do come in his way. When we arrived this evening he rushed before us, showed us our rooms, brought in warm water and towels, and when we went down stairs prepared to make the beds, shortly afterwards appearing in the salon with the tea-things. Once in the room, he could not make up his mind to leave it. We asked for nothing, for we were quite sure there was nothing to be had; but our little waiter lingered, and looked, and at last came behind my chair, peeped over my shoulder at a sketch which was lying on the table, and pronounced it to be very pretty. We all laughed, — it was impossible to help it; and the boy at length went off, satisfied, no

doubt, that he had made us thoroughly happy by his attention. If the place was clean, I should not care; but it seems so dirty, that I quite look forward to to-morrow, and the pleasure of leaving it.

We have parted from our guides, and our horses too, to-night — very much to our regret. The elder of the two guides, who was rather a conceited man, made a set speech, and wished us, as he said, “every thing which he could wish for himself.” The other — Johann Gasser, whom I liked far better — thanked us heartily when he received his money, wished us a good journey, and hoped that, perhaps, we would be kind enough to recommend him if we had the opportunity. Certainly, if I were ever to come to this part of Switzerland again, I should very much like to have him a second time for my guide.

OUCHY : *August 22nd.* — I have been unable to write my Journal for two days. We have been so late at night, and I have felt so tired; though we have had even roads and carriages, instead of mountain paths, and precipices, and horses. Our breakfast at Brieg, on Wednesday morning, was not at all better than the tea the night before; but if the people did not give us things we could eat, I must say they did not make us pay much, so perhaps we ought to have been more contented than we were.

I was not at all sorry to say good bye to Brieg, which in itself is but a dull place, and not half as pretty when seen near as it is at a distance; but I did not look forward to my journey with the same pleasure as if I had been preparing to cross a mountain on horseback. The carriage we were to travel

in was a char-à-banc, such as we had taken from Brieg to Meyringen. A most broken-down, dirty little conveyance it was! The sideway motion ~~is~~ to me very disagreeable; it makes one so sleepy; and besides, the country is not seen to advantage when one can only look at it in one direction. We jolted along at a very slow pace, half laughing, half grumbling, and all, I suspect, wishing ourselves upon the backs of our horses again. Our driver was the most obstinate man, I think, I ever met with. The pace at which we went was scarcely faster than that at which a man could walk; but he seemed to pride himself upon his powers of driving, and was very anxious to persuade us to take him on further than we at first proposed.

Our intention was to be driven in the char-à-banc to a town called Leuk, about nineteen miles from Brieg; and then, if we found it could be managed easily,—to proceed in another carriage to a village, high amongst the mountains, known by the name of the Baths of Leuk. There were several curious things, we were told, in the neighbourhood; and as we were near, it seemed a pity to miss the opportunity of seeing them, though they were out of the direct road.

This driver of ours knew we wished to go to the Baths of Leuk; and nothing we could say could convince him that we had determined upon taking another carriage and horse from the town of Leuk. Whenever he left his seat to walk up a little hill, he would come to the side of the char, and mumble in a cross, begging tone, that he could take us on very well,—that he would go very quickly,—that he had brought us quicker than others would have done;—and, at last, finding his words quite thrown away, he declared that, generally, persons took six hours to go the nineteen miles between Brieg and Leuk, whereas

he had required only four. This completely overcame us. The idea of requiring six hours to go nineteen miles, on a smooth, good road, was something so absurd, that it was with the greatest difficulty we could answer him for laughing. However, we still persisted in our determination, and on we went. Our road was pretty—I dare say in England we might have called it beautiful, for there were great mountains on each side, and snow peaks often appearing; but the valley itself was smooth, and flat, and broad,—and the Rhone flowed through it rather sluggishly, spreading itself out, as I described once before, in the midst of a shore of stones, which gave it a desolate appearance. The road, too, was a high road, and its course could be traced for miles.

Leuk, however, to which our slow driver brought us at last, was a very peculiar, interesting-looking place, built high on the side of a hill, and with some pretty buildings belonging to it—a “Rathhaus,” or town-hall, with four little towers at the corners; and a hospital, with strange peaks and gables. But the most striking thing connected with it was the range of mountains behind. They seemed to encircle it at the back, like enormous walls, coming down perfectly smooth and steep, except in parts where they were marked by long lines and ledges of snow. Yet I felt as I looked at them that what I fancied I saw was not the real thing; that the mountains could not actually be so near the town; and I found afterwards that there were cliffs, and woods, and torrents, and villages, and pasture-lands,—all hidden by the position of the town. The height of the immense cliffs in the distance, and the clearness of their forms, would have completely deceived me when I first came to Switzerland; but I

have learnt now how completely and easily I may be mistaken.

As for the town of Leuk itself I must say that it was more amusing to see than it would be pleasant to live in. It was a dirty place, with tall houses,—narrow, unpaved streets, some of which were very steep;—and broken down, irregular arcades, or covered ways in front of the houses. We stopped at an inn, looking, on the outside, not very unlike a stable, from which came forth an old woman, with a surprising cap on her head—something between a hat and a crown, made of flowered, reddish-brown silk, standing up in peaks, and finished off with a gold edging. This kind of cap is generally worn in the Canton Vallais; but when I have seen it before, it has been made of black silk: and certainly I was not quite prepared for the appearance of this ancient landlady, as she stepped forth from under the archway of her dingy inn, and began to discourse with us in bad German—the words rushing out of her mouth like a torrent.

Our great desire was to rid ourselves of our obstinate driver, for we felt sure that he never would leave off troubling us till he had actually seen us drive away in another char. Dinner, too, was a thing we much needed, and accordingly our first request was for something to eat, — any thing that could be brought quickly.

We were then shown upstairs into a dirty room, the principal furniture of which was a long table, partly covered with a cloth, that might have been white once, but was now grim from constant use. At one end of the table a Frenchman was seated, waiting for his dinner, and near him were two English ladies, looking out of the window, I dare say having been very

much amused at the appearance we made as we left our char, our bonnets and dresses not at all improved by exposure to rain and the roughness of our little mountain journey.

Then began our inquiries about carriages and horses ;— if there was a carriage at the inn, and if we were to hire it to take us to the Baths, what we should have to pay ; and if we made up our minds to go, whether we could return the next day in time for a diligence (which is a foreign name for a kind of stage coach) that might take us further on our journey. The answers we received were not satisfactory. The landlady asked a great deal of money for a carriage, and assured us that if we went to the Baths that night, and slept there, we should not be able to continue our journey by the diligence till seven o'clock the next evening, when we should of course have to travel by night if we wished to go any distance. We looked at each other a little sadly, but we all had the same thought — that it would be well to give up the idea of going to the Baths. There was a chance, we knew, that we might be able to visit them at a future time, as we should, probably, after seeing a little more of Switzerland, return by Leuk on our way to Italy and the Tyrol ; and then the rest of our party would be with us, which would much increase our pleasure.

We made one more effort to gain our point by sending for our sulky driver ; but his demands were very little less than those of the landlady of the inn ; and after a further consultation we determined to give up the Baths, and go that same evening by an omnibus to a town called, in German, Sitten.

When this was settled we had our dinner, which, notwithstanding the uncomfortable appearance of the

inn, was very well cooked, and indeed proved quite a treat after Brieg; and soon afterwards we set off for Sitten, not however in an omnibus, but in another char-à-banc, there being a man in the town willing to take us to Sitten for the same sum as we should have paid by the omnibus. This arrangement made us look forward to our afternoon's journey with much greater pleasure than we should otherwise have felt; the idea of passing several hours in an omnibus being far from agreeable, when we had so lately come from the mountains. Our old driver, however, was by no means equally satisfied. After being paid for bringing us from Brieg, he made his appearance in the salon again, declaring that he could take us on to Sitten perfectly well: and it was not till we repeated positively that we had engaged another man, and would have nothing more to do with him, that he at last departed, and we saw no more of him.

This second char-à-banc was a great improvement upon the first; it did not rattle half as much, and was really quite smart in comparison. The old one, as it stood in the street, seemed as if it had been rolled in mud.

The afternoon's journey was very pleasant — still along a carriage road, and through the same broad valley; but as evening drew on the colours became extremely lovely. The mountains in the distance were covered with a purple haze, and looked so soft and smooth, that it was difficult to believe them formed of huge rocks, such as those amongst which we had been lately journeying. When I was a child I used to read stories of fairies and fairy land, and fancy that mountains like these might shut in the country in which the fairies dwelt. I have learnt

now that such beings do not exist; but the shadowy purple hills still possess a great charm for me, and I can almost imagine, as I look upon them, that they belong, not to a fairy land, but to a true and a better world, where nothing sad or sinful has ever been known to enter.

It was dusk before we arrived at Sitten. As we approached, some one called it by another name—Sion; and then I had quite a different idea of it. Sitten I had never heard of, but Sion was a place the name of which I had known for years; for one of the first things I can remember, which gave me, as a child, an idea of the appearance of a Swiss town, was from a little picture of Sion, that belonged to one of my relations. As soon as I heard the name, I knew quite well what the place would be like. There would be a high hill, with a ruined castle on the top, and the town below. And there it was, as we came nearer!—the Rhone flowing close round the foot of the hill, trees growing up the sides, and the ruins on the top looking golden in the sunset. Behind us the mountains were still of a deep purple, with the exception of one peak, on which the light was lingering, and turning the white snow and the grey rocks into a brilliant reddish pink.

Sion is a very striking place, for the hill round which the town is built stands out by itself in the middle of the valley, and looks as if it intended to guard the flat country, and not let any one pass without permission. Sion is its French name, and that by which it is most commonly known; for French is the ordinary language of this part of the canton Vallais. Until we arrived here we found it necessary to speak German at all the country inns. Sion is the capital

of the Vallais, and contains rather more than two thousand five hundred inhabitants. It struck us as a large place, when we thought of the little brown villages we had been passing through. The houses are for the most part built of stone instead of wood, and, like those at Brieg, are tall and without projections. The hotel also seemed quite grand, though it was really not at all so. We chose our rooms, and ordered tea, and then went to take our places in the diligence, which was to carry us on the next day to Villeneuve, a town on the Lake of Geneva, from whence we intended to cross in a steamer to Ouchy, a village or suburb belonging to the town of Lausanne.

Though it was growing dark, we all wanted a walk after sitting so long cramped up in a char-à-banc, so we turned up a narrow street, which took us by a rough, dirty back way, full of stones and steps, to the top of one of the hills above the town; for there are, in fact, two hills close to each other, and a castle stands upon each, though at a distance, and from some points, they are not both seen separately. The Roman Catholic bishop of this part of Switzerland is called the Bishop of Sion, and one of the castles, which is on the highest point, used to be his residence, but it is now a complete ruin. We were not able to reach it; but we did not lose much, for it was too dark to see the view: still, when we were once near the summit of the lower hill, we did not like to turn back, and wandered on, scrambling over stones, till we came to some little low cottages, built close to what was once a castle, but is now a Roman Catholic college. A little further on, after going through some archways and passages, we were stopped by arriving at the door of a church, which was locked,

and then we thought the best thing we could do would be to turn back. The next minute, however, a woman came out of one of the little cottages, and proposed to show us the church, — a very absurd notion, considering the small degree of light which was left; but we were curious to see every thing we could, and accordingly we allowed our new friend to go into her house, and fetch a tallow candle, by the light of which she unlocked the door, and we entered the church.

It was an impressive, solemn-looking building, seen by such a faint light, with the high arches and columns standing back one behind another: and I thought what a feeling of peace and protection a church service there must give when a winter's storm is raging amongst the mountains; but as to any real knowledge of the church, we could gain little or none; and having walked round it, we gave our friend what she wanted, a little money for the trouble of lighting her candle, and made our way down the hill and back to the hotel as quickly as we could. There is, I believe, a third castle below the others, but we did not see it.

We met some acquaintances at tea in the salon: two were apparently Americans: we had seen them before on the Righi; the others were English. All, we found, were intending to travel by the diligence the next day; and as we were to set off at seven in the morning, every one agreed that it would be well to go to bed early, so about nine o'clock we went to our rooms.

We were awakened very early the following morning, and hurried down stairs, fearing we might be late for the diligence; but we distressed ourselves

quite unnecessarily. What the time really was, I will not venture to say, for the clocks in the town seemed all to have a will of their own, and to strike whatever hour most pleased them. One was six, another seven, another something else; and no two watches in the hotel went together. We waited, and waited, whilst, in the slowest manner, the horses were brought out and harnessed; and after the waste of at least half an hour we set off.

A Swiss diligence is not a very pleasant conveyance to travel by for any distance, as we found by experience soon after we began our journey. It is like a large stage-coach, which can carry about six persons in the inside, and two or three in a front seat with a head to it. The driver sits before this front seat, which is the best place for those who wish to see the country. We wanted to have it, but the Americans had taken it. The English people were in the inside with us, and there was a German besides, so that we had not too much space to move about in. I must tell you, however, that, in this description of a Swiss diligence, I am only referring to that in which we travelled when we left Sion; for a diligence is not, like a stage-coach, always the same; but sometimes it looks like two or three carriages joined together, and sometimes like four or even five. Generally speaking, a diligence travels quickly, but ours from Sion to Villeneuve went very slowly; the weather was extremely warm, and the seats were so placed that we could not see out of the windows, or at least not without difficulty; so you may imagine how many times we wished ourselves at the end of our journey. One satisfaction, at first, was, that the scenery was not remarkable for its beauty. The

valley through which the road passed, was barren and dreary-looking, and the tops of the mountains were covered with clouds. This lower part of the valley of the Rhone is particularly unhealthy, in consequence of the marshes formed by the mud brought down by the river. The inhabitants are dreadfully afflicted with the swelling of the throat, called *goître*, and many of them are cretins, or idiots. I have heard that there is more disease in this canton than in any other part of Switzerland.

Our English companions left us at a little town called Martigny. It is a place very much frequented, not for its beauty, but because several roads and mountain paths meet there, and people can go to and from it early. This is a great point in Switzerland. In looking at a map and planning a journey, one is often tempted to wonder why there should be any difficulty in travelling from one town or village to another, as we do in England,—they all look so near together, that it seems as if it must be the easiest thing possible; but the fact is, that where there are mountains it is impossible to pass, except in particular parts; and only people who have studied the country well can properly plan a journey.

The track of an avalanche of mud was one of the most curious things which we saw during our day's journey. It descended in the year 1835 from an immense mountain called the *Dent du Midi*, or the *Tooth of the South*, and, as it fell, cleared away every thing which came in its way. Huge forest-trees were snapped off as if they had been mere twigs; fields and orchards, and a few houses, were covered; but, Providentially, no lives were lost, as the stream of mud moved so slowly that persons were able to escape

before it reached them. It is said that the peak of the mountain had a little before been struck by lightning, and a huge mass, being loosened by the rain which fell at the same time, rolled down, and brought with it a considerable portion of a glacier. The rain, and the melting ice, and the fragments of the mountain, thus mixed together, formed the torrent of mud which did so much mischief. Great rocks, twelve feet high, were carried along with it, and floated upon it like corks.

We left the diligence for a short time at a little town called St. Maurice, where we had some milk and a biscuit at an inn, and sat for a few minutes under the shade of some trees in an open square, which seemed to be a market-place. I amused myself a little whilst we were there, by trying to understand the conversation of a Swiss soldier who was talking to some old market-women. But I could only make out a few words, for their language was neither French nor German, but a mixture of both. The people at the inn spoke French.

It seemed a long way from St. Maurice to Villeneuve. Being crowded together, so many in the diligence, made it very unpleasant; for although our English acquaintances left us, as I said, at Martigny, other persons took their places. I was very vexed, at last, not to be able to see more, for the mountains became very grand, and the Dent du Midi—the Tooth of the South—especially, stood up like a king at the head of all the others, sharp, and white, and glistening. It was only every now and then that I could have a glimpse of it, for it was behind us, and I was sitting with my back to it. At last the range of mountains which had bordered the valley of the Rhone, on the left, ever since

we descended into it from the Grimsel, suddenly came to an end, and before us was a long line of open country with faint hills beyond. I was sure then, that we were drawing near the Lake of Geneva, and that the hills in the distance must be on the opposite side; and a few minutes afterwards the waters of the lake were in sight. The smoke of a steamer caught my eye, and I presently observed one passing down the lake, having, as I supposed, just left Villeneuve. But I did not trouble myself much about it, supposing that of course there would be another waiting for passengers from the diligence. We drove into the town, the diligence stopped to change horses, and we prepared to get out, highly rejoiced that our land journey was at an end. But when we inquired for the steamer, we were told, to our dismay and disappointment, that it was just gone. I cannot say how vexed I felt for the moment. I thought we should be obliged to stay at Villeneuve; but the diligence was going on to Lausanne, and, in spite of the heat and the fatigue, we determined to proceed.

We were then obliged to think about dinner, for the drive round the lake to Lausanne would, we knew, take us a much longer time than the passage by the steamer; and we had breakfasted at six o'clock in the morning, and were feeling rather exhausted. But it is not an easy thing to procure any thing to eat when one is travelling by these public conveyances abroad; for they do not stop at regular good hotels, but at little out-of-the-way houses called postes, where the horses are kept. Once indeed in the day there is a pause for about half an hour, but we had not taken advantage of this at St. Maurice, thinking we should do very well till we reached Lausanne; and now

all we could do was to buy some rolls and figs of a woman who was selling them in the street. Figs, in England, are rather an expensive and rare species of fruit; but in many places abroad they are most plentiful.

The drive from Villeneuve took us the whole way by the lake; but, as before, we could not see much of the views. The Lake of Geneva is the largest in Switzerland. It is fifty miles in length, and about six in breadth in its broadest part, and the greatest depth is 900 feet. The quantity of water is increased at particular seasons, owing to the melting of the snow on the mountains and the glaciers.

It is not such a beautiful lake on the whole as the Lake of Lucerne. There are very grand mountains at the top, by the valley of the Rhone, through which we had been travelling, and there are others near them in the country of Savoy; but the shores become much more flat lower down. You will see, if you look in the map, that the Lake of Geneva is bordered by Switzerland, and Savoy in Italy; and that a range of mountains, called the Jura Mountains, separates it from France. These I had seen when, as I told you just now, we first approached the lake, and I observed some hills far away in the distance. But although they are really high mountains, they are nothing compared to the Alps. The town of Geneva, from which the lake takes its name, is at the lower end, quite at the south-west.

We passed through a town called Vevay, on our way to Lausanne; but I must not attempt to tell you any thing about it till I have seen it again, which I hope to do before long.

Lausanne, the place to which we were going in the

diligence, is the capital of the Canton Vaud. It is built upon the side of the hill, high above the lake, Ouchy, where we were to meet our friends, is a village lower down by the water side. These two places are so close to each other, that they may be considered almost as parts of the same town. I have scarcely seen anything of Lausanne yet, for we only drove through a few streets in the diligence, and then took a little carriage and came down to Ouchy, which is a very small straggling place; the hotel, kept by an English person, being the principal building in it.

We found, on reaching the hotel at Ouchy, that our friends were gone out; so we had the pleasure of surprising them on their return, as they had not expected to see us quite so soon. Of course, when we met, there was a great deal to ask and to tell as to what we had all been doing. They had gone from Thun to Bern and Freyburg, and from thence had travelled to Ouchy. There were two things which they had enjoyed, and which I regretted to have missed: one was a beautiful view of the Bernese Alps from the town of Bern; the other was the organ in the cathedral of Freyburg, said to be one of the finest in Europe.

We had quite a party in the evening, for some English friends, who were staying in the same hotel, drank tea with us. Amongst them were some gentlemen who had lately been on a most grand expedition to the top of Mont Blanc, the principal mountain in Europe, which is nearly 16,000 feet high. It is in the country of Savoy, and not very far from the Lake of Geneva.

These gentlemen gave us a most interesting account of the ascent; and some things they told me I must

try and remember for you as well as I can. There were four gentlemen, each of whom had four guides, and a number of persons besides accompanied them, carrying provisions. The party in all consisted of five-and-thirty people. They were fastened together by ropes, with a space of about a yard between them. This was done that in case any one fell into a crevasse in the glaciers which they had to cross, the others might help to draw him out. Several times, I was told, there would have been accidents but for this care.

The party began to ascend the mountain about eight o'clock in the morning, and went on till between three and four. The path was excessively dangerous, leading them over glaciers in which there were such wide crevasses that they were sometimes obliged to put a ladder across, and so manage to walk over, as they would have done over a bridge, though it must have been a very unsteady and unsafe one. At other times they went under enormous blocks of ice, which, if they had fallen, would probably have killed them all. The size of one of these blocks was so immense, that although the thirty-five persons walked after each other, at the distance of a yard apart, it would have covered and crushed them all. I was told by one of the gentlemen that he felt more really alarmed then than at any other time, for he knew that the mass of ice was not considered firm. About the time I have mentioned—four o'clock—they all stopped to rest upon some enormous ledges of rocks. Here they had a kind of dinner or supper, for they carried an enormous quantity of provisions with them, knowing how much they would require to support them when they were making such great exertions. The guides lighted fires and

sang songs; and after dinner they all lay down upon ledges of rocks, as best they could, hoping to sleep.

In order to reach the top of the mountain by sunrise, they began to ascend again at midnight, having a lantern to give them light, and hatchets to cut steps in the huge cliffs of ice as they went on. It was a terribly difficult undertaking, but not as bad as crossing the glaciers. The air was very dry, and so unlike the common air in lower regions that it was difficult to breathe. This is always the case in very high places. We all know how uncomfortable we feel on a thick, murky day, when we say that the weather is oppressive. The discomfort is caused then by the air being too heavy, and so not suited to our lungs. On high mountains, on the contrary, the air is too light, and the effect is then even worse. Many persons feel as if they could not live in such an air; but our friends did not suffer quite as much as that, though one of them looked black in the face when he reached the top of the mountain, and the whole party were frightened about him.

The snow was driven about them like dust, filling their eyes, and half blinding them, though they all wore veils and spectacles; and the longing for sleep was intense. This is one of the great dangers in cold regions. Persons lie down, thinking they will rest for a few minutes, and the cold so overpowers them that they never wake again, but are frozen to death.

Our friends did at last stand upon the summit of Mont Blanc, and they say that the feeling of delight and the wonders of the view quite repaid them for their labours. It was a clear morning, and the whole of the mountains of Switzerland were lying under their feet. As for the suffering from the cold, and the

air, they scarcely thought of it in the pleasure they felt at having accomplished their undertaking.

They remained upon the mountain about half an hour, and then came down,—much more quickly than they had gone up; for they slid down upon the snow, as Mr. H—— did the other day, when he came from the Sidel Horn. The people in the villages below had watched them a great part of the day, by means of telescopes, — or glasses, which have the power of making things and places at a distance seem very near. A cannon was fired in the village, to give notice when they had reached the ledges of rocks where they stopped to sleep, and another when they arrived at the top of the mountain. A lady who saw them sliding down became frightened, and thought they were all falling down the precipices. When, at last, they reached the foot of the mountain, a party of the villagers came out to meet them with a band of music, — rejoicing in their safety; and an entertainment was given to celebrate their success.

To-day (Friday) we have been resting quietly, for the weather has been very warm, and we could not go out till the evening. Then we had a delicious row on the lake, towards the Savoy Mountains, which are just opposite to us. The sunset was clear and cloudless, but not as beautiful as I have sometimes seen it. Yet it was very lovely, as we came back, to see the rich golden colour of the water, and the little boats forming dark spots on the brilliant light, with the deep purple of the Jura Mountains behind. A Savoy boat was just leaving Ouchy as we landed: the sails were very peculiar. They were furled up and placed crossways to the mast, instead of being fastened on to it: when unfurled they are extremely pretty. This kind of sail

is called a *latteen sail* ; it is very common in the south of Europe. The boat looked so tempting, with the awning over it, as it lay waiting for passengers, that I could willingly have entered it, and gone over to the opposite side, though it was so late. I did nothing, however, but land, and walk a little way along a narrow path bordering the lake, till the sunset colours had nearly faded away, and the bats were wheeling about amongst the trees of the gardens, which came down close to the water side ; and then we thought it time to go in and end our day : — and so Good night.

August 23rd.—We have had another quiet day, and a very warm one. Some of us went in the morning to Lausanne. It was too hot to walk, so we took a *char-à-banc* belonging to the hotel. The drive was very steep, for Lausanne stands high upon the hill, — or rather upon several small hills, forming the lower part of a mountain. Some of the streets are built upon the hills, and some in the little ravines between ; and there is a bridge going across from one hill to the other, just as we see bridges usually built over rivers. To look down from the bridge upon the houses, and gardens, and trees below has a most strange effect. The best parts of the town are on the hill ; the very old part seems chiefly to be in the ravines. There are good shops and large houses in the higher streets, and many large houses or villas, as they are called, a little way out of the town ; for Lausanne is a favourite residence with many people ; and several English families are living here. The views all around are beautiful, extending over the lake and the mountains. The most interesting part of the town is the summit of the hill on which the Great Church, the Cathedral, is built. It is a Lutheran church, for the religion of

the canton is Lutheran. There is but little ornament about it, and not much coloured glass; but it is a very handsome building, with a great many curious pillars and arches. It is round at the east end, instead of square, which is always striking when first one goes in. This circular end to a church is called an apse. One of the entrance porches was particularly beautiful. It is known by the name of the Apostles' Porch, because the figures of the Twelve Apostles are carved all round it. That which interested me, perhaps, more than any thing in the cathedral, was the tomb of a most excellent person, named Bernard de Menthon, who has been the cause of saving a vast number of persons, travelling amongst the Alps, from suffering and death. He was a gentleman of high birth, a native of Savoy, born in the year 923, about the time when Edward, the son of Alfred the Great, was reigning in England. When quite young, he became a Roman Catholic clergyman, and devoted himself to the task of converting the inhabitants of the mountains, who were then heathens. It was the custom at that time for persons to make pilgrimages, or journeys, to Rome, under the idea that it was a good and religious act to visit the city where the Pope, the head of the Roman Catholic Church, dwelt. Very many pilgrims crossed the Alps for this purpose; and Bernard de Menthon, whilst preaching amongst the mountains, saw the great difficulties and dangers which they had to encounter in their long journey. In order to assist and succour them, he induced a number of religious persons, called Augustine monks, to take up their abode in two convents or houses, built in the most desolate parts of the roads over the mountains, which the pilgrims were accustomed to cross, and which

were called afterwards, from Bernard de Menthon, the Great and the Little St. Bernard. One of these convents—that on the Great St. Bernard—was the highest habitation in the Alps. The employment of the monks was to receive travellers, and to search for any who might be lost in the snow. Bernard de Menthon, himself, acted as their chief, and was called the provost. These monasteries, or hospices, exist at the present day, and monks still live in them, and employ themselves as they did in the time of the founder. An immense number of travellers are received by them; six hundred having been entertained in one day, and 19,000 having been known to cross the mountains in the course of a year. They are assisted in their labour by dogs of a peculiar species, whose sense of smell is so quick that they can tell when a traveller is approaching, though he should be at two or three miles' distance. These dogs are also most useful in discovering the poor people who have been buried in the snow; and they can find their way back to the hospice when human beings are quite at a loss.

The bodies of the unfortunate persons who are found dead are placed in a low building, at a short distance from the convent, in order that any friends who may happen to be passing over the mountains may recognise them. The coldness of the air prevents the bodies from decaying quickly; and the clothes upon some have been known to remain untouched after eighteen years have gone by.

The dogs never live more than nine years, owing to attacks of rheumatism, caused by exposure to the severe weather; and the monks cannot, in general, bear the climate for more than fifteen years. The cold is so severe that there is frost early every morning, even

in the height of summer, and the hospice is rarely clear of deep snow four months in the year.

Bernard de Menthon lived to be a very old man. He was eighty-five years of age when he died: so that he was permitted to see the success of his plans, and to know that he had been allowed to render the most important services to hundreds of his fellow-creatures. But the full extent of the good he did no one can venture to reckon.

Near the cathedral of Lausanne stands an old castle, consisting of a large tower, with a little turret at each corner. The two buildings being placed so high, and so close together, look well from all parts of the town or the lake.

We walked down the hill to Ouchy, by a broad, straight, dusty road, with villas and enclosed gardens on each side, and were much too tired to go out again in the heat of the day. It was pleasant, however, to sit out of doors by the lake, in the afternoon, in a boat drawn up into the shade, and, amuse ourselves partly with reading, and partly with watching another Savoy boat, filled with peasants, about to cross to the opposite shore. The length of time the sailors seemed to require before they were ready to start was surprising; and I pitied the poor people who were delayed; but I suppose they are used to such slow movements. They did set off at last,—rowing, not sailing, for there was not wind enough for that: and a very pretty picture they made, crossing the glittering lake; every line of the dark figures being marked in the light of a brilliant sunshine. About half-past six we followed their example, and, taking another boat, were rowed about by two of our English friends, who are staying at the hotel. The evening was very like yesterday

evening, though there were a few more clouds in the sky, which I am afraid is a sign of bad weather. If I were in England, I should say also that we were certain to have a change of weather, from the loud braying of the most noisy donkey I ever remember to have heard. Both yesterday and to-day he has been making an intolerable noise, just in front of our windows; and I am afraid there is no way of getting rid of him, for his business is to stand by the side of the lake, in readiness to carry people up to Lausanne.

I must not forget to tell you that there is an hotel at Lausanne, named after an Englishman, — Gibbon. He lived at Lausanne for some time, and whilst he was there wrote a history of the events which happened to the Romans after the time of our Blessed Saviour. Some portion of his house now forms part of the hotel; and what was his garden is now the hotel garden. We did not go to see it, for there was not much time to spare, and I did not really care about it; for though he was a very clever man, he was not religious: and his history is full of things which had better never have been written; so that it would have given me pain rather than pleasure to be reminded of him.

Sunday, August 24th. — This has been an intensely hot day, — one of the hottest I have felt since we came abroad. The English service was at half-past eleven in the morning. The chapel, which is halfway between Ouchy and Lausanne, is a very ugly building, and most awkwardly and badly fitted up, with the pulpit placed at the east end, where the altar ought to be, and no reading-desk at all. The clergyman was obliged to stand in the pulpit during the time of prayers. I thought I had never seen a building less

like what one wishes a church to be. The seats also were placed so close together, that it really was a difficult matter to manage to kneel properly. The service itself, however, is always the same, and that is the really important thing.

There was no service in the afternoon; and it was too hot to go out till about five o'clock, when I walked with one of my friends to Lausanne, hoping to find out a house in which I was interested, some near connections of mine having once lived in it. We had a troublesome walk,—no one seemed able to help us. One woman whom we stopped was a stranger; another person, a man, declared that he had travelled backwards and forwards constantly in the road to which we had been directed, but he had never heard of such a place; and when at last we did find it, it was no easy matter to gain admittance. A gruff man came to answer the bell at the garden gate, and, without opening it, told us that the house was let, and the family were gone into the town, and the gate was locked, and he had not the key; if we would only come to-morrow, we should be quite at liberty to walk wherever we pleased. To-morrow, however, would not do; for to-morrow, if it is fine, we hope to go for an excursion on the lake; and the next day we intend to leave Lausanne for Geneva. So we turned away, and I felt very disappointed, and a little provoked, for I did not really believe the man's word; it seemed so very improbable that he should be locked in in that way. I found afterwards that I was right in my suspicion; for, as we were going down a lane at the back of the house, we observed an open gate, leading into the garden, and another person belonging to the house gave us permission at once to go in.

We took care not to annoy our gruff acquaintance by walking in front of the house; but it was a satisfaction to me to have gained my point, for the sake of some friends who I knew would be glad to hear that I had seen the place. The house was a villa, like others near Lausanne — standing in the midst of vineyards. This sounds as if it must be very pretty, but vineyards are not really pretty; they are so stiff and formal; the vines being trained up little sticks placed in the ground in rows; at least this is the case in Germany and generally in Switzerland. In Italy, I believe, they are cultivated differently. The view from the villa was most beautiful; but it seems impossible abroad to find any thing like neatness in a garden; and whilst the walks and flower-beds are untidy, I never can admire them.

We reached Ouchy without rain, which was more than we had ventured to expect, for the clouds are very threatening. We passed a woman on the road more sadly afflicted with *goître*, or swelling of the throat, than any one I have yet noticed. It is a most distressing complaint to see; but I believe it causes no pain, and the poor people who suffer from it become accustomed to it by degrees, and so do not feel it as we fancy they must.

VEVAY: *Hotel des Trois Couronnes; Hotel of the Three Crowns. August 25th.* — Our intention this morning was to make an excursion on the lake. We were to go in a steam-boat to Vevay — a town which we passed the other day in coming from Villeneuve; and from thence we thought of taking a boat to an old

castle called Chillon, which is some miles distant from We were to return to Ouchy in the evening in a carriage. All this was planned in the morning; and we made our arrangements, and were quite ready to go in good time. But we were kept waiting for the steam-packet longer than we expected; and when it did at last appear in sight, we were told that it would be necessary to go off to it in a boat, for that it would not come near the shore at Ouchy. I was standing by the window of my room, looking at the boats and the vessel, and supposing there was a good deal of time to spare, when some one called out that we had better come down as fast as we could, or we should be too late. We all hurried out in an instant; but when we reached the waterside we found, to our great annoyance, that the boats which are regularly employed to take passengers to the packet were gone. Another boat, however, was in readiness, — a large unpainted, cumbersome-looking thing, with no seats for any one to sit down upon; but we had not time to find fault; and four men being in readiness to row us, we placed ourselves in it as quickly as possible, and left the shore. The lake was rough, for there had been thunder and lightning during the night, and the weather was evidently changing. We held each others' hands to keep ourselves upright, and laughed heartily when we nearly fell down from the motion of the boat; but it was not very pleasant, and I, for one, soon sat down at the bottom, thinking it much better to be there than to run the risk of falling over-board.

We watched the steamer anxiously. It had stopped, and passengers were going on board from other boats, and we thought that, of course, the captain would wait

for us ; but as we were not in one of the regular boats, we were either not noticed, or not attended to : and when every one else was safely on board, the steamer slowly moved off in spite of all the signs we could make, and we were too late. Vexatious though it was, we could not help laughing, for we felt how absurd we must appear to the people on shore, tossing about for nothing. We turned back, and in a few minutes were all landed at Ouchy again. What was to be done then, was the next question. One proposed one thing, and one another ; but the decision at last was, that three of us should take a carriage and drive to the Castle of Chillon, and afterwards sleep at Vevay, as there would not be time for us to get back to Ouchy ; and that the next day we should return to Ouchy in a steam-packet, call for the rest of our party, and all go on to Geneva together.

This was done very soon after it was settled. We packed up the few things we wanted, ate a very hasty dinner at the table-d'hôte, and about half-past two were driving along the banks of the lake in a little char-à-banc, on our way to Vevay and Chillon. The char-à-banc was a very hot, uncomfortable little conveyance for three persons, for it was much smaller than those we had travelled in before ; but we were too glad to find ourselves going to Chillon, after our disappointment, to feel anything but pleasure. We went first to Vevay, and engaged our rooms at the hotel, and then our driver said he must stop to rest his horses ; but this would have delayed us, and made it too late for us to see the Castle of Chillon properly ; so we told him he might go back to Ouchy, and we would take another carriage to Vevay.

It was a good exchange, though we were kept waiting

a very long time before the carriage was ready, for when it did make its appearance we found it much more roomy, and the horse went much faster than our former animal, trotting along the smooth road by the side of the lake quicker than I have known any German or Swiss horse go since I have been abroad. Generally speaking the horses are most sedate animals, and do not in the least understand moving beyond a slow trot.

Chillon is between Vevay and Villeneuve. We passed it the other day in going from Villeneuve to Lausanne. It is a castle which once belonged to the dukes of Savoy; for in former times the Canton Vaud, in which it stands, — then called the Pays de Vaud, or the country of Vaud, — belonged to Savoy instead of Switzerland. It is built upon a little island in the lake, but so near the shore that the water between the castle and the shore is only about the width of a moat, or a very wide ditch, such as is commonly seen surrounding old castles. A bridge is thrown across it, called a drawbridge, because it is so contrived that it can be taken up or let down at pleasure. Geneva belonged to Savoy at the same time as the Pays de Vaud; and so they might both have remained, perhaps, till this day, if it had not been for the cruelty of the dukes of Savoy, who treated their subjects so badly that at last they rebelled. Religious disputes also increased their enmity, for the dukes of Savoy were Roman Catholics, and their subjects in Geneva and the Pays de Vaud were Protestants. The Bernese assisted their neighbours, and together they proved victorious; and about the year 1536, in the time of our Henry the Eighth, both Geneva and the Pays de Vaud were set free.

But it is not so much the history of the place which has made it celebrated as the history of one particular person, who, in the time of the war, was kept prisoner there. His name was Bonnivard. He was a native of Geneva, and had assisted to free his country from the power of the dukes of Savoy; and for this offence he was taken prisoner and thrown into a dungeon in the Castle of Chillon. A melancholy prison it was,—deep down, level with the waters of the lake, which tossed and plashed against the thick stone walls. Once, it is said, the dungeon had been a chapel, where Christians met and worshipped God; and the roof is arched and supported by thick columns, which look as if they must have belonged to a sacred building; but when Bonnivard was a prisoner, walls had been built up between the columns, so as to form several small cells, receiving light from a high narrow opening, through which only a streak of the blue sky, or the shadow of a passing cloud, could be seen. In one of these cells Bonnivard was placed; a chain, about four feet long, was fastened round him, and joined to an iron ring attached to the stone column of his cell; and there, for six long years, he lived, shut out from friends, and home, and earthly happiness,—left only with himself and God.

I stood to-day on the spot where the stone floor is worn away from his constant tread, as he slowly paced up and down the few steps which his chain would allow him to take. It was a horrible thought that any one should have spent six weary years in such a dungeon; and still more horrible that one human being should have condemned another to misery so great. To us, free as we are, it seems as if nature could not have borne the trial. The very sound of the waters of the lake, as they rippled softly against the

walls, must have given him the longing desire to be once more sailing upon them ; and the straggling rays of light which came to him through the small opening must have added tenfold to his eager wish once more to see the sun in its glory. I thought, as I stood there, that there was but one sight which would have helped him to bear the lingering torment,—the streak of blue sky, so bright and clear, which seemed to be the glimpse of a happier world, and to tell us that in Heaven there are no prisons and no tyrants.

Bonnivard was set free at last. The Bernese and the Genevese besieged the castle ; and when it was taken by them he was once more at liberty. During those six years of his captivity his countrymen had gained all for which he had fought. They had freed themselves from the dominion of the dukes of Savoy, and were able openly to profess themselves Protestants : and since that time both Geneva and the Pays de Vaud have formed part of Switzerland.

Bonnivard lived many years after his imprisonment, and became a person of considerable importance ; but nothing, one should think, would ever have allowed him to forget the six long years spent in the dungeon of Chillon.

There is another story belonging to the castle now, —not a fact, but an invention. It was composed by an English nobleman, Lord Byron, who visited Chillon, and saw the dungeon, and afterwards tried to describe in verse what might be the misery of a boy imprisoned there with his two brothers, who are supposed to die and leave him alone. It is excessively beautiful and sad,—so sad that one can scarcely bear to read it ; and it is the remembrance of this story, also, which brings many persons to visit the castle. The name of

Byron was carved by Lord Byron, himself, upon one of the columns of the dungeon; and many other names of Englishmen and other foreigners who have visited Chillon are likewise to be seen there, many of them being persons of great distinction.

But Chillon would be interesting even if Bonnivard had never been imprisoned, and Lord Byron had never written a poem about it. It is a real castle of the old times, grim and dismal, and full of places which remind one of the cruelty and oppression then so common.

The outer part of the dungeon where Bonnivard was imprisoned, and which is very low and dark, was once a hall for the soldiers who were stationed there as guards. In it is a stone seat, upon which the prisoners were placed when, after having been tried for their offences, they were sentenced to death. They were examined in a large hall above, which we also saw. Close to this hall is a small room with a window fronting the lake, in the middle of which stands a high pole with a pulley at the top. The prisoners who did not confess their guilt were, at the command of the judge, drawn up to the top of this pole, and their shoulders dislocated, or put out of joint, under the idea that the dreadful pain would make them confess the crime of which they were accused.

But worse than all is a small room in an inner court, distinct from the dungeons and the hall of justice. There is nothing peculiar to mark it. It is entered by a common archway, and within nothing is to be seen but a broken niche or hollow in the wall, and a square opening in the floor. In the niche, in former days, was placed an image of the Virgin Mary, and before it the prisoner who was condemned to

death was bade to kneel and pray. The prayer over, he was seized and cast into the hole. His body fell upon sharp knives, and then sank deep into the lake which flowed beneath the pit. They call this horrible hole an "oubliette," or a place of forgetfulness; but it is an unfitting name, for though we may forget such deeds, there is One who cannot forget.

It was really a relief and pleasure, after seeing these remains of the cruelty of the Savoy dukes, to observe, in the kitchen of the castle, the arms or signs of the canton of Bern, which must have been put up after the country was united to Switzerland. It reminded one that now all this cruelty is at an end. The kitchen was also used as a dining-room; for persons in those days lived in a very simple way. The fire-place is immensely large, and the ceiling supported by wooden pillars. The private apartment of the dukes of Savoy was shown to us, and that of the duchesses also. They are both quite unfurnished. From the latter there was a splendid view over the lake and the Savoy mountains; but it seems as if no beauty could make amends to any woman, living in such a place, for the thought of the sufferings which persons near her were enduring.

It was a glorious evening for seeing the castle and the lake. The sun set amongst clouds, but the colours were wonderful in their beauty. As we stood in Bonnivard's dungeon, it poured through the narrow openings in the wall, and lighted up the dark stone as with shining torches. The castle is not large: it consists of two or three courts, with covered wooden galleries going round them. The person who shows the place has one or two rooms in it, and four soldiers are stationed in it. A few stores of cannon and

armour and harness are also kept there ; but the whole has a dreary look, though it is not at all ruinous.

On the outside it looks merely like a large square white tower ; with small towers, — the roofs of which are high and steep, — joined on to it.

The castle gave me an idea of cruelty and suffering such as I do not remember ever to have had before. Any thing kind, or gentle, or pretty, connected with it, seemed out of place. To see a woman playing with a dog, for instance, and petting it, and a standard rose-tree trained against the wall, appeared quite strange. One could fancy that nothing soothing and loving was ever known within so stern a place ; but the charms of plants and flowers are sent to us almost every where. A little clinging creeper I observed to-day had grown into the outer wall of the castle, and made its way through one of the dungeon crevices ; and so it may have been in the time of Bonnivard : and a tiny plant may, perhaps, have served to cheer the prisoner in his solitude, when every other earthly comfort was denied him.

We had a quiet pleasant drive back to Vevay, though it was nearly dark when we arrived there. Our bed-rooms are at the very top of the house, for the hotel, which is immensely large, is quite full. But it does not much signify, for we must go quite early to-morrow to be in time for the steamer to take us to Ouchy and Geneva.

Hotel des Bergues, Geneva. — We saw but little of Vevay this morning. I had only time to walk a little way down one of the streets, and stand for a few minutes looking at the misty mountains, and

the smooth lake, and the women on the shore washing their clothes in the water; and then it was time to go back to the hotel and have breakfast. I think upon the whole Vevay pleases me much more than Lausanne. I like its being close to the edge of the lake, and more within reach of high mountains. The town is not large, and not remarkable in any way. The only strange thing I saw in my walk was a woman carrying a very deep basket at her back, in which stood a little child with its head peeping over its mother's shoulder.

The neighbourhood of Vevay is celebrated for its vineyards; and the cultivation of vines is thought of so much importance that a number of people have joined together to encourage it. Every spring and autumn fit persons are sent round to examine the vineyards, and to give prizes to those vinedressers who have shown the most skill and industry; and once in fifteen or twenty years a great festival is held by the society. The vinedresser who has been the most successful is publicly crowned, and the people amuse themselves with dances and processions, and in singing the songs of their native country. The festival lasts for several days, and ends by the celebration of the wedding of some young girl, who is engaged to be married, but has not money enough to allow of it. She is chosen for her goodness and beauty; and the society provide her with the money she may require.

The hotel at Vevay is one of the things most worthy of notice in the place. It is so large, so well managed, and so very prettily situated in a garden quite close to the lake. I could have spent a morning there very happily, but we were obliged to leave

it directly after breakfast. A boat is kept at the hotel on purpose to take persons to and from the steamer; and in it we embarked, as soon as the vessel came in sight, for we remembered yesterday, and were resolved not to lose our passage a second time. It was an amusing instance of the difference between English and foreign habits to observe how slowly the boat moved off, and how patiently the men belonging to it waited for the steamer, having taken double the time which was necessary. But then they were sure of being ready; and in England, when we do things in a hurry, we are not always ready; so I suppose the Swiss may be considered the wiser people of the two. I observed that many of the houses and gardens come close to the edge of the lake, and have doors opening upon it just as if it was a high road.*

It was intensely hot whilst we were waiting about in the boat, but we had a cool, pleasant voyage afterwards. Our friends from Ouchy came on board when the steamer stopped there. The upper part of the Lake of Geneva is certainly by far the most beautiful. It looked very lovely this morning, though there were clouds over some of the tops of the mountains. The Dent du Midi, or Tooth of the South, is particularly beautiful from its jagged edge; I was quite sorry when a turn in the lake hid it from our view. But as we went on I forgot every thing else when I saw, between two distant hills, a mass of pure, brilliant snow, covering a mountain, one point of which was higher than all others. I knew, almost before I was told, that this must be Mont Blanc, the first of European mountains; and though for years I had been longing to see it, I did not feel that I was disappointed.

I have read a description of it in verse, which I think I must repeat to you, for it is not difficult to understand; and it was the first thing which came into my mind to-day when I saw Mont Blanc:—

Mont Blanc is the monarch of mountains,
They crowned him long ago,
On a throne of rocks, in a robe of clouds,
With a diadem of snow.

The robe of clouds was cast off to-day, and the diadem of snow shone brilliantly; and as I remembered the description I had heard of the difficulty of reaching the summit, I could tolerably well understand what the throne of rocks might be.

It is this view of Mont Blanc, and of some grey steep mountains near, which makes the lower part of the Lake of Geneva, on the Savoy side, interesting. On the opposite shore the Jura mountains are seen, dividing Switzerland from France; but they appear scarcely more than ordinary hills compared with their opposite neighbours. There are woods and green pasture-lands, seemingly, to the top, and sharp rocks and cliffs besides; but after once seeing snow covering a mountain, nothing else gives one an idea of immense height. The shores of the Lake of Geneva, close to the water, are not in any way remarkable. There are few trees, and a great many vineyards, which, as I have before said, are not pretty things. The villages are large, not at all like the little brown villages by the Lake of Brienz, but more resembling small white towns.

The town of Geneva, at the further end of the lake, is now the capital of one of the smallest of the Swiss cantons. It is particularly celebrated, because about three

hundred years ago its inhabitants were very earnest in opposing what they believed to be the errors of the Roman Catholic religion. One person, named John Calvin, especially distinguished himself at that time. He was a Frenchman by birth, but a great part of his life was spent at Geneva. Originally he was a Roman Catholic clergyman, but like many other persons at that time he became aware of the errors of Romanism, and his horror of it then became excessive. Unfortunately, though he opposed things which were really wrong, he also opposed many which were good and true; and his followers did worse, and would have no bishops, and scarcely any forms of church service; and so by degrees the old customs of the church, which were really right, and had been practised since the times of the Apostles, fell quite into disuse. Calvin was a very important person in his day, and not only managed church affairs at Geneva, but was also the head of a council, who ruled every thing in the town. The people of Geneva used to complain of the tyranny of the dukes of Savoy, and the authority of the Roman Catholic bishops, but they could not have been much better off under Calvin's rule; for he interfered in their most private affairs, and even limited the number of dishes they might have when they gave a party.

Geneva is a place through which many travellers pass, for it is near to France, and not far from Italy; so that it is in the way of persons who are going from one of these countries to the other. I saw little of the town to-day as we drove into it, for we went first to the post-office, where there were letters from England waiting for us; and these took up all our attention: and when I looked out of the window at

the hotel, the view took me quite by surprise. Below was the lake out of which the Rhone was flowing. A long, wide, open bridge crossed the river, on which many persons were passing and repassing between the old town, on the opposite side, and the suburb, or new part, in which our hotel stands. In the middle of the bridge was joined another smaller and shorter bridge, leading to a little island in the lake, which was neatly gravelled, and had a railing round it, and was planted with trees, beneath which persons were sitting on benches. Several other bridges crossed the Rhone higher up. The town, as I saw it from the window, looked like a row of large white houses fronting a broad road on the borders of the lake, with an innumerable quantity of chimneys, and the towers of a rather handsome church at the back. I say chimneys, because really I saw little else, the roofs were nearly hidden, and windows there were none to be seen; but the white chimneys clustered together, one behind another, till they were stopped by a range of cliffs, which seemed to be close behind the town, but in reality are at some little distance. The most charming thing, however, to be seen from this side of the lake is Mont Blanc, which rises above every thing. It is still clear, and we may think ourselves, therefore, particularly fortunate; for, being so high, the clouds rest upon it more constantly than upon the lower mountains.

We arrived at Geneva early in the afternoon, but we did not go out till the evening, when we took a carriage, and drove a little way out of the town to see the meeting of two rivers, the Rhone and the Arve, which flow together but do not join. The Rhone is of a peculiar blue colour, and beautifully bright,

having lost all the mud of the glaciers from which it rose, whilst passing through the Lake of Geneva. The Arve is a dingy, turbid stream, which has sprung from the neighbourhood of Mont Blanc, and been in the company of rocks and mud. The two rivers evidently are not friends. They flow side by side, without attempting to mingle, as strangers look at each other without speaking. The Rhone keeps its clear blue,—the Arve its muddy brown; and one could fancy that the Rhone looks with disgust and contempt upon its dusky neighbour.

But lower down I believe the Arve has the advantage. Its waters have succeeded in tainting the brightness of the Rhone; and, like one corrupted by an evil companion, the once pure stream pursues its course darkly and sadly to the sea.

We saw the two rivers to-night from the garden of a lady who allows strangers to pass through in order to have a good view of them: there being a bank at the lower end, from which they can be overlooked.

The place struck me as being very unlike any thing in England. The house was built with two towers, one at each end, joined together by a covered gallery on the outside. There was a great deal of gravel in front of the house, and a few flowers; but at the back I only saw some fruit-trees, and a field planted with an avenue, or two rows of trees. Two little narrow earth walks led down the avenue to the bank by the river, but nothing like our shrubberies and winding paths was to be seen.

After the drive, and the walk to the river, we returned home to tea, and to enjoy the sight of the town, looking most beautiful on the other side of the lake. The lights in the windows, and along the

bank of the lake were reflected in the water, and formed a scene like that which one might imagine in a busy city. I must mention one thing which I remarked to-day when we left the steamer,—the immense weight that the porters carry. The luggage was fastened together with cords, and I saw one man walking away with two trunks, two carpet bags, a bundle of cloaks, and a hat box — or something of the kind — on his back, without appearing to feel the weight at all more than he could bear.

SALLENCHES: *August 27th.* — I have rather a better notion of what Geneva is like now than I had last night, for we went about the town this morning, and did a little shopping, though we had not much time. It makes me think more of a French town than a Swiss; indeed there are so many French people and French fashions in it, that one could almost fancy one's self in Paris. The houses are tall and regular, there are a great many well-dressed people walking about, and carriages driving through the streets. Hotels seem to abound; of course that is because the place is so much visited by strangers. The shops are extremely good; and, in short, it is a town where persons who can afford it may have every luxury, and which is very pretty to see for a short time, though I have no wish to live in it.

The great trade of Geneva is in watches and ornaments, such as brooches, bracelets, &c. One hundred thousand watches are made there every year; and it is considered of so much importance that the work should be properly carried on, that persons are appointed by the Government to inspect the work-

shops, and the articles made in them, in order to be quite sure that the gold and silver which are used are of the best kind.

There was a good deal of business to be managed, before we left Geneva, respecting our future journey, and many arrangements were to be made about boxes and carpet-bags; for as we intended to go first to Chamouny, a village close under Mont Blanc, we did not wish to encumber ourselves with more luggage than was necessary. We have therefore left the greater part with the lady's maid at Geneva, and she is to meet us with it at Martigny, the village we passed through the other day, in coming down the valley of the Rhone.

Geneva is a good place for hiring carriages and coachmen, or "voituriers;" and as we shall soon be in want of some to take us through the Tyrol, it was necessary to make inquiries about them.

All this detained us so long that we did not leave Geneva till one o'clock. Then we started for Sallenches, a village half-way to Chamouny, in two carriages, — one an open fly, such as is commonly seen in England, and the other a kind of chaise, with a head over it, which held two persons. The intention evidently was for one of the two to drive, but this did not suit us; and accordingly we had a third person in it, a driver, who sat at the bottom of the chaise, with his feet dangling down in the drollest way imaginable.

The country close to Geneva is open and flat, and we drove along a broad, dusty road, and between houses and gardens, very like the suburbs of a large English town. After this we came close to the hills or cliffs, which I said yesterday seemed to rise close above the town; and from that time we had a very

pretty drive, through a broad plain, shut in by the rugged Savoy mountains.

These mountains appear to me different from those which I have been near before. There are fewer pine forests covering them; and, instead of a gradual ascent through pasture-lands and orchards, they rise up at once like great cliffs. Yet the people contrive to cultivate them wonderfully. I saw patches of corn to-day at an immense height. The Arve flows all the way through the valley up which we travelled. In fact, we followed it just as we did the Rhone the other day; only that, instead of tracing it from its source downwards, we were going upwards. It is a very strong, turbulent stream, and as a proof of this, there is a monument erected on the outside of the town of Bonneville, where we dined, as a mark of gratitude to one of the kings of Sardinia, who gave money to assist the inhabitants in building up walls and embankments to keep out the overflowing stream. We had rather a noisy dinner at Bonneville, for a party of Sardinian officers were dining in the same room, and talked as fast and as loud as possible. One of them, I observed, spoke Italian, but the ordinary language in this part of the world is French; though Chamouny, and in fact all the country a little beyond Geneva, is in Savoy, and belongs to the Italian king of Sardinia, who possesses the Island of Sardinia, Savoy, Piedmont, Nice, and Genoa, which are all in the north of Italy. We have been obliged to show our passports to-day in consequence of this change from Switzerland to Savoy. A passport means a permission; it is a paper signed by the chief rulers of the different countries, giving permission to travellers to pass through those countries. Officers are appointed at

certain places, whose duty it is to inquire whether the persons who are travelling have obtained the proper permission: if they have not, they are not allowed to go on.

We started again from Bonneville about half-past six. I was in the little carriage, from which I could see every thing particularly well, as long as there was light. The sun set brilliantly, and for a short time the steep grey cliffs near us looked very beautiful; but soon it became too dark to distinguish them. Yet it was very grand as we entered an extremely narrow valley, to look up to the enormous height of solid rock which bordered the road, and see the stars glittering above them in the dark, unclouded sky. Beyond this I have not much idea what the road was like, except that the Arve was flowing by our side all the way, and that we passed through several villages; the drivers smacking their whips furiously, to warn people to get out of their way, and nevertheless nearly running over some. It must have been almost nine o'clock when we stopped at the hotel at Salanches, and were shown to our rooms in the midst of a great commotion, caused, apparently, by our late arrival; the chamber-maids rushing about with our bags as if they were wild; and the waiter suddenly appearing in my bedroom with four lighted candles to add to the two which were already burning there. But it is all quiet now, we have had our tea, and every one is gone to bed.

We had one very lovely little bit of scenery this evening before it grew quite dark. A stone cross, placed in the centre of a bridge which crossed the Arve; on one side a splendid wall of rock; and on the other the river shut in by mountains. The cross,

as it stood up dark and grey in front of the view, was especially striking. I hear the Arve rushing past my window now. It must always be a destructive river, and this year, especially, it has done a great deal of mischief. Part of the road to-night had been broken down by it.

CHAMOUNY: *August 29th.* — I did not write last night, for we had a tiring day, and I went to bed early. We left Sallenches about ten o'clock yesterday morning. It is a place I should have been glad to see more of, the country around is so very lovely; but there was only just time, before breakfast, to walk a short distance to a bridge (not that which I mentioned last evening), the view from which is particularly celebrated.

And certainly it was exceedingly beautiful; for Mont Blanc, covered with snow, and surrounded by lower mountains, was exactly before me, and seemingly quite near, though the distance to the peak was in reality more than twelve miles; whilst on the further side of the bridge was the little village of St. Martin, and the narrow looking valley, through which we had journeyed in the dark, unable to see its beauty. St. Martin and Sallenches are close together. St. Martin is a pretty country village; Sallenches, a small new-looking town, with white houses, built regularly.

We hired two char-à-bancs to take us to Chamouny. The road made me think a little of the ascent to Grindelwald. It was the same kind of road, up the side of a mountain, with a river at the bottom, but the valley was not so narrow, and at first I did not think it as beautiful. I changed my mind afterwards when we

came nearer to Mont Blanc; the great points and rocks were then so magnificent. Mont Blanc itself is the highest point of a long range, but there are a great many others on each side of it, called "Aiguilles," or "Needles," which stand out against the sky, like a monstrous saw that could cut the earth.

I still missed the beautiful fir-woods, which I have seen in other parts of Switzerland clothing the base of the mountains. Every thing in this neighbourhood seems more wild, and rocky, and dreary than elsewhere. The road was tolerably good, though in one place, where it was only what is termed pavè, or a pavement of small rough stones, we were obliged to walk a little.

The valley of Chamouny, which we reached at last, is close under the Mont Blanc range of mountains, and extends a long way. There are several villages in it. That which is called Chamouny is nearly in the middle. The valley is so remote, and in former days it was difficult to reach it, that about a hundred years ago no persons, except those who had business with the inhabitants, went there, or knew any thing about it. But just at that time two Englishmen made an excursion to Chamouny, and published an account of what they had seen, which excited so much interest, that the place has been crowded with strangers ever since. More than three thousand are said to have visited it in one season. The village of Chamouny is particularly marked by two great glaciers which come down from the mountains on each side of it; indeed there are glaciers to be seen every where amongst the Mont Blanc mountains; but none of them are as near to Chamouny, as the first glacier I saw was to Grindelwald.

At Grindelwald it seemed as if we had gone straight up to the mountains and were stopped by them, as by a wall, so that we could not get on any further ; but Chamouny gives me the idea of having come into the midst of mountains, and being able to wander amongst them. Chamouny is certainly much grander than Grindelwald, but as yet it has not given me the same pleasure. We have, however, had very bad weather since we came, so that I am not a fair judge of it. The village of Chamouny is larger than Grindelwald ; there are more houses, and they are built more regularly ; and it seems a place where one would be more likely to procure all that one wants. I have not, however, observed any shops, except one or two for pebbles and curiosities picked up amongst the mountains. The village is full of visitors, and of course there are a great many guides, and mules, and ponies, and chars, to take them on mountain expeditions. The guides are famous for their cleverness and attention. There are sixty, who are regularly appointed by the Government, and, like soldiers, are under the command of a chief. They are chosen for their intelligence and good conduct. Besides these, there are a hundred young men learning their business, who often accompany travellers on dangerous expeditions, for the sake of practice. The chief of the guides is the person appointed to settle all disputes. Generally speaking, the guides take it in turns to go on expeditions, and if travellers wish to make a choice, they are obliged to pay something extra. One of these Chamouny guides was the first who ascended to the summit of Mont Blanc. He lived to be seventy years old, and was killed in the year 1835, by falling

over a precipice, as he was engaged in hunting a chamois.

When we arrived yesterday, in the middle of the day, the weather was so fine that we thought it better not to lose the opportunity of seeing something in the neighbourhood. A friend, whom we met, advised us to go to the Glacier de Bosson, which is one of those near to Chamouny. We passed it on the road as we were coming up, and particularly admired its clear pure colour.

The dinner hour at the table d'hôte, we were told, was five o'clock; and as this would have interfered with our plans, we ordered some cold meat at once, and then set off to the glacier,—one of the party walking, one riding a mule, and the rest in a little carriage. Guides there were, of course; no one at Chamouny goes any where without them.

It was a disastrous expedition. The sky was rather cloudy before we started, and when we had gone but a little way it began to rain. Still we went on, not thinking it would be very bad; or if we did think so, determined not to say so to each other. But when we had turned out of the regular road, and crossed some wet fields, and made our way through a copse, and up a steep path,—a very bad one, as I need scarcely say,—it poured in torrents. Happily a little cottage was near at hand, and to this we hastened. It was opposite to the glacier, and we sat under shelter and looked upon the wonderful mass of ice and snow, and might have enjoyed ourselves but for the cold. The glacier was by far the most beautiful I have seen; the ice was free from any mixture of mud, and brilliantly white; and we could plainly see the huge peaks

and pyramids, and arches, and blocks, some of them eighty feet high, though they looked much less, from the distance. I did not indeed think it true that they could be so immense, till Mr. H—— and the guides walked across to them, and then I saw that a tall man looked a mere speck by their side.

We waited at the cottage, I suppose about half an hour. The rain still continued, and the guide said it was not likely to leave off; and we thought, at last, that it would be better to brave it, and get back to Chamouny as well as we could. We had left the carriage near a cottage by the road side, and only the mule was with us, upon which one of the party mounted. The rest took umbrellas and sticks, and wrapped themselves up as well as they could, and set out. For myself, I was very soon thoroughly wet; it was impossible to keep dry in such a path; and as I was afraid to sit in the carriage with my dress quite drenched, I had nothing to do but to walk back the whole way to Chamouny; the rain being like a torrent, and the road strongly resembling a pond.

I was in a very forlorn condition when I arrived at the village, and to add to my discomfort, when I took off my dress and begged that it might be dried, I was told the hotel was so full, and there was so much to attend to, that it was not certain it could be done. These mountain inns always make one feel the necessity of taking care of oneself, and not troubling other people; but on the present occasion I was quite helpless. However, I did have my dress dried after a time, and soon forgot my troubles.

To-day (Friday) we have had another expedition, something of the same kind. The weather is exceedingly unsettled, and no one seems able to imagine

what it is likely to be. Lady H—— went back to Geneva this morning, at seven o'clock, intending to meet us at Martigny, with the carriages, and the luggage, and the lady's maid. As the road by which we came yesterday is too narrow and stony for a diligence, it is always arranged that travellers to Geneva shall go from Chamouny in the little charrs which happen to be there, and that the diligence shall take them up at Sallenches; so Lady H—— went away in a char, and the rest of the party remained, hoping to make an expedition to the Mer de Glace, or "Sea of Ice," which is the name of the other great glacier near Chamouny.

We wandered about after breakfast, looking into the shops where the Mont Blanc pebbles are sold, and examining a great model of the mountains, which gave us an excellent idea of them, as it showed how high one was compared with another; but still we could not determine what to do about our proposed excursion. One minute we thought we would go, the next we decided that it would be better not. At last, when the guides gave us hope that the weather would be fine, we took courage and set out, two on foot, the rest on mules.

And in this way we went on for a little distance, along a straight road through the valley, the tops of the mountains being hidden in clouds, and looking terribly like rain. It did rain a little from time to time, but we were not getting wet, and did not much care about it, till once more it came down in a torrent, and those of our party who were walking were obliged to stop, and take shelter in a little cottage. We who were riding had already gone so far up the ascent to the glacier, that the guides urged us to proceed a few

steps further to a chalet, where we might have a good view if it cleared off.

It was at a very little distance, but when we reached it we found it was only a barn filled with hay and straw. However, it gave us shelter, which was all we wanted then; and the mules were put under a shed, and we took possession of the barn. The guides were very anxious to make us comfortable, and seemed to be well acquainted with the conveniences of our new abode; for one of them, diving into the midst of the hay, brought out an old box, which he placed before us as a table, and then produced the basket of provisions. Something certainly was very much needed, for the cold was intense. We were too uncomfortable even to laugh. One gentleman, usually in the highest spirits, walked up and down the barn perfectly silent; the rest sat looking at each other, and I suspect, thinking how foolish it was to have ventured upon the expedition. Our friends from the cottage joined us after a short time, and one of them tried to teach us how to get warm by covering himself up with the hay, but it was not a very tempting resting place; and having had our luncheon, and the weather appearing a little inclined to improve, we began to think of setting forth again.

Before going away, however, we were joined by a stranger, driven, like ourselves, to take shelter in the barn. He was an adventurous traveller, who, yesterday, had tried to ascend Mont Blanc, but was driven back by the force of the wind, which carried him quite off his legs. The wind is always stronger on the summit of Mont Blanc than on any of the other mountains, from the fact of its being so much higher.

The rain left off whilst we were having our luncheon,

and then we had a consultation as to whether we should go on or turn back. The guides feared there would be more rain, but advised our going a little further, to a point where we might have a good view of the Mer de Glace,—the Ice Sea. We mounted our mules again therefore, and went up a little higher; but though the scene was very beautiful and grand, it was not what I wanted to see; and even now I do not feel that I am a good judge of what a glacier really is; and I shall not, till I have been upon one, and looked down into a crevasse, which has never been the case yet. After reaching this point the riding party turned back, but the two who were walking went on. They told us afterwards that the path was excessively steep, and could not have been passed by our mules. The weather was still against them. We had rain in the valley going home, but they had snow on the mountain, and were obliged to take shelter in a cave, and light a fire to keep themselves warm. This, however, they quite enjoyed, and instead of regretting their trouble, they seemed to think themselves well repaid by what they saw.

I asked my guide to-day several questions about the inhabitants of Chamouny. They were neither very poor nor very rich, he said. Most of them possess one or two cows and some pigs, and in the autumn they kill the meat for the winter, and have it salted. The snow is so deep then that they cannot reach any place where fresh meat is to be bought. He was a native of Chamouny himself, and has scarcely ever been beyond the valley, and to Geneva and Martigny. He told me that when, a few years ago, there was a war between the King of Sardinia and the Austrians, he paid nearly sixty pounds in

order to save his son from being taken as a soldier. He must be tolerably well off, or he never would have been able to raise such a sum.

There has been a bright wood fire all day in the salon, and a great comfort it is. I do not know when I have suffered more from cold than I have since I have been here; my hands were quite numb this evening when I was riding home from the glacier.

One thing which strikes me very much when staying in these mountain villages, is, the conversation that goes on. People in England talk about their friends and acquaintances; or about the schools, or the villages and towns which they are interested in; but here, every one is talking about avalanches, and glaciers, and torrents, and precipices; and the pictures which hang against the walls all represent some adventurous expedition, till at last it seems quite as natural for persons to be leading a scrambling life, full of risk, as it is in England for them to be sitting down every day to the same quiet occupations, and taking walks over smooth fields and along broad highways.

MARTIGNY: August 30th.—Our plan of proceeding for to-day was not quite settled till this morning, when the weather proved so unsettled that we felt it would be useless to stay any longer at Chamouny in the hope of seeing any thing; we therefore determined that the wisest thing we could do would be to set off at once for Martigny, the place at which Lady H—— had arranged to meet us with the carriages and the voituriers, who are to take us into the Tyrol.

We were seven in number when we set off; for a friend and her maid accompanied us, and there were

four guides for the party. I must confess that I left Chamouny with feelings of considerable disappointment. Ever since we entered Switzerland we had looked forward to it as a place more full of interest and beauty than any other; and the glimpses we had had of the mountains and the glaciers showed us that the neighbourhood was full of wonders. But we had seen scarcely any thing. However, it is neither wise nor right to complain of a disappointment caused by the state of the weather, and no doubt I ought to have been more grateful for having been allowed to visit Chamouny at all, than I was vexed at having seen it so imperfectly.

There are two paths from Chamouny to Martigny; one leads over the mountains, the other winds amongst them. We chose the latter, for it is considered better and prettier than the other. The first part of the way we went in a *char-à-banc*, for the road was tolerably broad and good, being the same by which we returned yesterday from the glacier; but after a time we were obliged to mount our mules, there being only one of the ordinary rough mountain paths before us.

It was tolerably fine when we set out, and I had really some hope of good weather; — but we had no sooner reached the place where we were to leave the carriage than the rain began. The tops of the mountains were covered, and though, doubtless, the scenery was very grand, we saw uncommonly little of it; and all we could do was to wrap ourselves up as usual in cloaks and shawls, and protect ourselves with umbrellas, and so journey on one behind another, whilst the rain changed into snow and sleet, and we became colder and colder every minute. We had just then turned aside from the broad part of the Valley of Cha-

mouny, and were ascending a hill, so that we were peculiarly exposed to the cold, but, happily, the path soon began to descend, and the rain ceased and the sun tried to make his appearance through the clouds and mist.

The scenery was then very grand, but I could not thoroughly enjoy it at first, from the cold. However, I made my guide lead the mule, whilst I rubbed my hands together, as boys do on a winter-day in England; and at last dismounted, and walked, and so succeeded in making myself comfortable again. At this time we were completely amongst the mountains; they were before us, and behind us, and on each side. Little scattered villages occasionally came in sight, some directly in our path, some very high up amongst the rocks, where it would have seemed that no one could reach them. Every now and then the mountains opened, as it were, and make a way between them for another valley, leading aside from that through which we were travelling. Pine forests, and rocks, and torrents, were also to be seen as usual, but it would not give you any new ideas, if I were to try and describe them, because it would sound exactly like what has before been mentioned, though, in reality, no two places which we have visited are alike, and every turn in the path to-day made the same things look new. The huge peaks and snow summits of Mont Blanc, and the Aiguilles, ought to have been seen, but they were almost always hidden by clouds; though now and then a white head would show itself high up, where one fancied there was only mist.

Several persons were going by the same road as ourselves, and we met others who had left Martigny and were on their way to Chamouny. It is strange

and amusing to meet persons in this sudden way; some, perhaps, who may be acquaintances, and whom one supposed to be in England. To-day a turn in the road brought before us an English bishop and his party, on their way to Chamouny. We did not know them personally, but we saw at once who they were, for we had been told that the bishop was in the neighbourhood; and one of the last things I heard as we were driving out of the hotel yard at Chamouny, was the voice of the landlady, loudly exhorting some guides to tell every one they met "that it was no use to hope for rooms there, for the Bishop of London was coming, and all were engaged." It was not the Bishop of London; but I suppose she had no notion of any other bishop belonging to England.

The general name for the road we have taken to-day is the path by the "Tête Noire," or "Black Head." It is so called from a part of the mountains where there is a tremendously steep cliff, along the side of which, at a great height, the path is cut. Immense mountains rise up opposite to it, and in the very narrow ravine below flows a torrent which afterwards joins the Rhone. This passage of the Tête Noire is one of the most splendid things I have seen in Switzerland. Even to-day, when the mountain tops were so often in mist, it was most grand: and, occasionally, when the clouds had dispersed, to gaze into the depth where the river was rushing along, and then, to look up to the height of what the Bible describes as "the everlasting hills," gave one a feeling of overpowering awe.

In one place our path carried us under an arched passage made actually through the rocks. The peasants were felling wood on the sides of the mountain, and sending it down into the stream, by means of

branches of trees, fastened together so as to form an exceedingly long hollow groove. One end of this leaned against the side of the mountain,—the other was near the river. When the wood was cut, large pieces were put into the groove, and, sliding down, fell into the water, and were carried down the torrent. It must be in this way that the rafts, which are seen on great rivers, such as the Rhine, are formed: the wood thus cut being afterwards collected and joined together.

It interested me to watch the logs of wood tumbling and tossing amongst the stones in the torrent; some thrown upon a rock and prevented from going further; others floating to a spot where there was a sudden descent; and after gliding quietly to the brink, plunging with force into the depth, and then pursuing their course to the river where all at last were to meet. We stood still for some time to watch them, and many remarks were made upon them. To me they were like human beings tossing along what is so often called the stream of life,—all intended to form one body in an eternity of happiness,—but meeting with trials, and difficulties, and dangers, in their course, and too many turned aside and stopped by evil temptations, and never reaching their destination.

But we had not time to think long about the wood, or the torrent, for soon after reaching the passage of the Tête Noire, we came to a little building, where we were told that we were to stop and rest our mules, and have some dinner. Being wet, and cold, and hungry, this was not by any means unwelcome information. A regular hotel has been begun there, but it is not finished, and all the accommodation we could find was in one room, furnished with two long

tables, some chairs, and — most agreeable of all — a stove. Round this we crowded, whilst dinner was preparing, which was not very long; soup, or broth, which is to be had everywhere abroad, being quickly ready for us. Some of our party, I observed, did not seem to fancy the soup, and put it aside; but I suppose I was too hungry to be particular, for I certainly did not discover what I was afterwards told, that it must have been made of the flesh of a venerable goat, too tough to be roasted. Goat's flesh is very common in Switzerland, but I never can like it. The chamois, or wild goat, is considered something like English venison. There was a chamois brought to Chamouny the other day, and sold for about sixteen shillings and eight pence, which is not a large sum, for, besides the flesh being eatable, the horns are made into handles for knives, sticks, &c. Common goat skins are often used by the peasants for coverings. I have seen several women to-day wearing them at their backs like capes.

This little odd dining room at the Tête Noire, was a shelter for a party of Germans, as well as for ourselves. They came in out of the midst of a pouring rain,—an elderly gentleman, and two or three ladies, who crowded round the stove, as we had done, evidently half-frozen and uncommonly hungry and tired. One of them fairly fell asleep, the others discussed what they were to have for dinner, in tones loud as those only can imagine who have heard Germans talk. The elderly gentleman was the only one whose spirits did not fail. He was in and out of the room perpetually; watching the weather, and intent upon making his daughter take notice of some curious stones, which he had picked up on the road, and which,

however remarkable, could not just then have been very interesting to her. Dinner, however, at last appeared, and with it some hot spirits and water, which had the effect of quieting the elderly gentleman, and rousing his companions. After pronouncing in his very loudest voice, "*rum ist gut,*" or, as we should say, "rum is good," he seated himself at the table, and peace was restored.

Our setting forth again was rather dismal. We had made up our minds that it would rain all the afternoon, and we settled ourselves upon our mules, in preparation for a storm. Amongst other things, we borrowed blankets, and a goat skin, from the people who kept the little room in which we had been dining; and, after all, it proved to be a fine afternoon: the sky cleared, and though the sun did not come out brightly, we had a dry ride till nearly the end of our journey.

This change quite cheered us, and we thoroughly enjoyed ourselves, especially at first, when we left the Tête Noire, and rode along the mountain side, amongst firs and rocks; and then crossing the river, ascended a most steep cliff, by a zigzag path, till we had some glorious views of the valleys we had left, and the snow mountains which shut it in. That steep zigzag path, though, was not very comfortable. It was not very unlike what one might suppose the ascent up the side of a house to be. At the top we took our leave of the Tête Noire, and turning quite away from it, began to descend into another valley. From this spot we could see far into the valley of the Rhone, and trace the road which we travelled last week in the diligence, when we went from Sion to Ouchy. It was a beautiful view, but not as grand as on the other side, and so we

went down, and down, for two hours, till we reached Martigny.

One of the things which interested me most in the descent was the opening of the valley leading to the mountain called the Great St., Bernard; on which stands the convent, where the monks provide a shelter for travellers, and search for them when it seems probable they may be lost in the snow.

One of our guides brought his little girl with him. She met us in the spot where we mounted our mules, not far from Chamouny. She had never been at Martigny before, and had persuaded her father to take her with him to see it. A most tidy-looking little thing she was, dressed in a frock, made with a blue stuff body, and cotton skirt; a handkerchief folded neatly over her neck; and on her head a droll little black silk cap, with a quilling of net round it.

I cannot say what a curious appearance we made as we rode into Martigny, wrapped up in all kinds of cloaks and coverings, — for it had then began to rain again; — a blanket over one, a goat skin over another, and all our packages slung about the mules at our backs. We certainly should have had a mob of people to stare at us in England, but in Switzerland every one is accustomed to such sights.

We had to show our passports again to-day, for we have passed once more from Savoy into Switzerland. There is nothing scarcely to mark the change from one country to another, though the guide did show me in one place a wall, which had been built in the time of some war between the Savoyards and the Swiss, to divide the two territories and serve as a defence. Only one really vexing circumstance has happened to-day, — one of my friends has lost a seal which she much

valued. She thinks it must have been dropped not far from Martigny. The guides have been most eager to recover it, and, amongst other plans, suggested that it should be cried. This sounds very like an English custom; but what is not at all English is, that it is to be cried in the church to-morrow, being Sunday. There is no irreverence meant in this: but Sunday being a festival day, all the peasants living on the hills come into the town, and, as a matter of course, all go to church. It is the only place where they are all likely to be together.

As we entered the town a line across the wall of a church was pointed out to me, marking the height of a torrent, or mountain river, which in the year 1818 caused terrible mischief in the neighbourhood. The accident was occasioned by the descent of some glaciers, which stopped the course of the river, and formed it into a lake. The water in this lake of course rose higher and higher every day, as the little streams which fell from the mountain, instead of flowing on as usual, were all stopped by the glacier; and at length the quantity became so great that the people in the neighbourhood were alarmed, and set to work to cut a way for the water through the glacier. But although they succeeded in letting out a good deal they were not able to prevent the mischief they feared. The water burst at last through the glacier, rushed along four or five times faster than the most rapid river ever known, carrying with it ice, rocks, trees, houses, cattle, and men. Four hundred cottages were destroyed by it, and thirty-four persons were killed; and if it had not been for the water which was let out before, the mischief would have been still greater. To give some idea of the quantity of water which then rushed along

I must tell you that it swept away a bridge built at a height of ninety feet above the usual course of the river.

THE BATHS OF LEUK : *September 1st.*— We had a very quiet day yesterday at Martigny. Lady H—— was with us, having come from Geneva with the carriages in which we are to travel through the Tyrol.

There was no English chapel in the place, and we were only able to read by ourselves. We walked a little near the town, and went up to a ruined castle, from which we had a beautiful view over the valley of the Rhone ; but Martigny, itself, is a small, and not a very pretty town, and there was nothing in it particularly to interest us. Lady H—— brought us a very bad account of the road between Chamouny, and Sallenches. When she left us the other day at Chamouny the torrents had overflowed so much that the road was scarcely passable ; the horses were taken out of the char, and ladies were carried over the water. This has undoubtedly been an unusually bad season. We were told at Chamouny that the oldest person in the valley never recollected having seen snow covering the mountains as low as it does now at this season of the year.

This morning (Monday) we began our journey towards the Tyrol, but we have some distance yet to travel before we are out of Switzerland. We intend to cross the Alps into Italy, and from thence to proceed to Innsbruck, the capital of the Tyrol. This, though it seems to be a very roundabout way, is in fact the only practicable one for us now ; for as I once before said, it is very easy to look at a map and

fancy you can travel from one country to another as you can from London to York; but it is not so easy, indeed it is quite impossible to do so in reality. Though Switzerland and the Tyrol lie side by side, there are great mountains rising up to separate them like the walls of a house, and if you wish to go from one to the other, you cannot break down the wall, but must as it were go out of the door into the street, and then enter at the other door. This is just what we intend to do. We are to go out of Switzerland into Italy, and then from Italy we shall find a pass or entrance into the Tyrol.

Our preparations for the journey are most comfortable. We have two very nice carriages, and travel three in each, so that we are not at all crowded; and we have a quantity of books and maps to give us information about the places we are to see.

We started about half-past seven this morning, before breakfast; that is to say, we had only a cup of coffee and a roll till we came to Sion, the place at which I had slept in coming from the Grimsel. We are in fact going over part of the same road again, the Simplon road, as it is called, because it leads over the mountain of the Simplon. It is a very celebrated road, and was made by the orders of the French emperor Napoleon Buonaparte, at the time when he was carrying on his conquests over the whole of Europe.

Perhaps you can imagine, from what I have said, of the difficulty of travelling amongst mountains, — how almost impossible it must be for an army to cross them; and it was this which determined Napoleon to have a road made between Switzerland and Italy; for he had once crossed himself, with his troops, over the Great St. Bernard, and did not wish to risk the same dangers again.

The Simplon road over the mountain was begun in the year 1800, and finished in six years. Thirty thousand men were employed upon it at one time; and it cost 5000*l.* a mile. In England the usual expense of a turnpike road is 1000*l.* for a mile.

The valley of the Rhone looked prettier to-day than it did when we last travelled through it. The mountains were not so much covered, and we had a very pleasant drive of about three hours between Martigny and Sion, where we stopped to breakfast, and to give the horses rest for about two hours. Some of us walked on a little way before the carriages were ready again, and tried to draw the old castles on the top of the hill, which from a very pretty picture; and after this we all went on as before till we reached Leuk, another place which I saw and described the other day.

There we left our carriages, the greater part of the luggage, the voituriers, and the lady's maid, with orders to go to a village some way further on, where we intend to meet them to-morrow. We ourselves proposed proceeding to the Baths of Leuk, which you may recollect we were prevented seeing when we were in the neighbourhood before.

The place itself is a large village, with several hotels, high up amongst the mountains above Leuk. It is famous for springs of hot water, which are used for baths, being considered very beneficial to persons afflicted with rheumatism and several other kinds of diseases.

The distance from Leuk to the Baths is not above seven or eight miles, but it seemed a long journey, for we seldom went beyond a foot pace. The road is really surprising, and one of the most beautiful I have seen

in Switzerland. It is cut along the side of the mountain, and ascends gradually, but constantly; and on rising higher and higher it is almost alarming to look down from it, especially in places where there are no stones or railing to protect the edge. To-night it looked particularly dangerous, because the evening was closing in fast. We did not leave Leuk till nearly six o'clock, and then the sun was sinking. At first I could scarcely be sorry, for as we looked behind us upon the broad valley of the Rhone, with the mountains one behind the other closing it in at each side and at the end, and the bright sky above them, it seemed difficult to imagine anything more lovely. For a few moments, also, the summits of the mountains opposite to the sunset were brilliantly red, but the colour was soon gone, and as we went on ascending amongst the rocks, I could not help wishing that we had more daylight. It was nearly ten o'clock before we reached our journey's end, and I cannot say that I have a comfortable remembrance of the latter part of the way. It was very cold, and I had felt ill all day, and was then suffering from toothache; so that it was not particularly agreeable to be jolted along in a *char-à-banc*. Every now and then, however, I fell asleep, and was wakened, perhaps, by the rushing of a torrent down the mountain side, when I started up to a knowledge of what a strange wild place I was in. My first notion of the Baths of Leuk was from perceiving lights glimmering under some great cliffs, half covered with snow. Since then I have seen that there are several Swiss cottages in the place, and some large, white, square hotels, looking very unfit for the rugged mountains.

These mountain inns have a peculiarly cold, dreary

appearance; there is such a quantity of unpainted and uncovered wood about them. The walls, and the floors, and the chairs, and the beds, are just alike; and there is a special care shown not to have a single thing in the room beyond what is absolutely necessary. The very sight of my bed-room to-night made me cold. However, there was a large wood fire in the salon which helped to cheer us all, myself especially. I am sure that a close German stove, could never be half as satisfactory as an open fireplace when one is tired and unwell.

The night that we slept at the Baths of Leuk, was the last in which I attempted to keep a regular Journal. The next two days I was too unwell to think of it, and afterwards we were for some time travelling almost constantly, so that I had no leisure, besides being obliged to get up very early in the morning, and therefore not liking to sit up late at night. However I did find time to put down a few words that might recall what we had seen, and I must continue the history of my travels from them.

I awoke the morning after our arrival at the Baths with the toothache still teasing me, but it did not prevent me from seeing every thing that was to be seen. The baths themselves are most curious places. They are in a house not far from the hotel. What we saw was in fact a large shed, divided into four parts, and filled with hot water. Here, the invalids, dressed in woollen gowns, sit on benches, with the water up to their chins, and little floating tables

before them, for several hours. Some have breakfast, some read, some talk. The absurdity of their appearance is beyond description, — there being nothing to be seen, but a number of heads ranged against a wall, and the little tables with coffee cups, or flowers, or books upon them. Every thing is done to make the time pass easily, but it must be a very tedious business; for although they begin with spending only one hour in the water, they are at last recommended to remain for eight.

But the baths were nothing when compared with the next place we visited in the neighbourhood. The weather was threatening, but not bad enough to induce us to remain at the hotel; so as soon as breakfast was ended, we ordered some mules, and set off for what are called, the Ladders; — about a mile and a half distant from the village. I was glad to see more of the mountains and the valley, for they are very striking: — the mountains so steep and rugged, and the broad green valley, dotted with cottages, being so entirely shut in by them. We rode a little way through the centre of the valley, and then turned aside across the green pasture land; and passing through a copse, came to the foot of some giant cliffs, of a rich reddish colour. Here we were obliged to dismount, and leaving the mules to the care of a boy, we began to ascend the cliff on foot. It was not a very difficult path, but it carried us up a considerable height, till we were stopped by reaching a spot where we saw before us a projecting cliff of an immense height, partly overgrown with shrubs and creepers. Against this were fixed about eight or ten loose, half broken ladders, — with, perhaps, twelve or fourteen rounds in each; they were fastened by hooked sticks

into the crevices of the rocks ; the rough surfaces of the cliffs, serving as landing places, from which persons might clamber from one ladder to another. This, it seems, is the common path from a village called Albinen, at the top of the cliffs, to the Baths of Leuk. Winter and summer, by day and by night, men, women, and children,—often with heavy burdens upon their backs,—go up and down these rickety ladders. Our English notions of cliffs, cannot give us the least notion of the height. It made me tremble when I looked up, especially when one of the gentlemen of our party insisted upon mounting to the top in order to discover the village. A little boy who was with us as a guide seemed delighted at the notion, and scrambled up like a monkey, no doubt being used to it; but with our friend it was different. We watched him till he was out of sight, scarcely liking to say to each other how uncomfortable we felt, and were still looking up, when a wild cry echoed amongst the cliffs. I turned to my companion and saw she looked terribly pale, but the next moment we discovered our tormenting little guide, stationed on one of the rocky landing places, and exercising his voice for his own amusement and our alarm. Even when we knew what it was, the sound was so sharp and thrilling,—as of a person in great terror—that we could not bear to hear it repeated, till our friend appeared again in sight, descending the cliffs. How long this strange pathway has existed I cannot say, but probably it will remain for years. In these remote places changes are not easily made, and the inhabitants of the village, accustomed to the precipices, probably think nothing more of them than we do of a high

road. I have been told that children of four years old go up and down the ladders.

We returned to the hotel only to set off in another direction to the entrance of, perhaps, the most celebrated mountain pass in Switzerland, known as the Pass of the Gemmi. We had once talked of going over it, but we were persuaded not to attempt it, and I think the advice was good, though at the time it was given I was not very much inclined to take it.

You may remember my mentioning the perfectly steep mountains, with ridges of snow, which rise above Leuk; and near which are the Baths. On first seeing them, any person unacquainted with the country would say that they were inaccessible; that you might go up to them, and stand at their base and look up, but that the idea of ever climbing to the top would be absurd. Amongst these steep cliffs is the Pass of the Gemmi. But as we rode up to them from the Baths, across the green valley, it was impossible to guess where the road could be, or how it could pass the enormous wall before us. Presently some one pointed out to me, a dark line across the face of the cliff, near the foot. That was the path; and it went winding up and up amongst the rocks, and we were to go a little way upon it ourselves, that we might judge what it was like. And so we did go, one behind another, the guides close beside us, till we stood upon the brink of a vast hollow, or cleft in the mountains, and saw the path, still ascending, in zigzag lines above us; sometimes so close to the brink that the traveller would look down upon a depth of nearly 500 feet; and nothing to guard the edge. A number of mules were descending the Pass as we were going up. The guide drew

my mule aside, and it stood quite close to the precipice. If the animals had pushed it in the least as they came down, we must have gone down together. I begged the guide to let me get off, but he assured me there was no danger, and I was ashamed to be cowardly, and gave up the point; but I own that I was heartily rejoiced when the train of mules had passed, and we also turned to descend again into the valley. The Pass of the Gemmi has been made about one hundred years. It is very much frequented, as it saves a round of 200 miles. That fact will give you a notion of the difficulty of going from one place to the other in Switzerland. Yet, steep as it is, invalids are often carried up and down in a kind of chair; their eyes, it is said, being frequently bandaged, to prevent their being frightened by the road.

I can look back upon all we saw that morning now, and enjoy it; but, at the time, I was most uncomfortable;—tired, and with a constant, wearing toothache. Dinner at the hotel was of very little consequence to me, and as the day went on I felt worse, and was scarcely able to take any pleasure in the wonders of our drive from the Baths to the town of Leuk; though, the night before, I had quite looked forward to passing by the same road. Yet it was most grand. I think it gave me a greater notion of height and depth than anything I have yet seen. We crossed a valley, for instance, and saw a range of cliffs above us, and could have fancied ourselves at the foot of the mountain; and then down we went again, and there was another valley, and another pile of cliffs, and yet we were to descend and descend, knowing than even when we reached Leuk, we should be still on a hill.

And then I thought of the Gemmi, and the two hours' continued ascent from the Baths to the top of the Pass, — and the summit of the mountain, which would be yet higher, — till it seemed impossible to understand such vastness.

We did not stop at Leuk, but went on to a town a little way beyond, where the carriages, and the lady's maid, and the luggage were waiting for us. It was a great relief to leave the char-à-banc, with its jolt motion; and our drive to Brieg, where we were to sleep, would at any other time have been agreeable; but, as it was, I only longed to be at my journey's end, that I might go to bed, and, if possible, to sleep.

Having had experience of one hotel at Brieg, we took care now to choose another. I had laughed at the bad tea and the sour bread, and the droll little waiter before, but I was not in a laughing mood on this second visit, and was only too glad to find myself in a room, where, though nothing was very grand, every thing was tolerably clean, and where I might hope to have a night's rest to fit me for the next day's journey over the Simplon.

The morning came, damp, cold, and cheerless; a most unfortunate day for crossing the Simplon. But we had no choice. All our plans were fixed, and could not be altered without inconvenience and expense. Perhaps the weather was of less consequence to me than to the rest of the party, for I was still suffering from toothache, and not very much improved by the sleep I had had; and even if the day had been fine, I could not thoroughly have enjoyed myself.

We set off early, — I think it must have been between eight and nine. The road begins to ascend directly after leaving Brieg, but it goes up so gra-

dually that it does not give one at all the idea of being trying to the horses. It winds in and out amongst the mountains, often on the brink of frightful precipices, but there is no idea of danger: the road is broad, and the edge protected; very unlike the narrow mule paths to which we have been accustomed in other parts of Switzerland. I really cannot pretend to give any account of the scenery, for there were mists all around us; and when for a few moments they cleared away, it was only in parts, so that we could not gain a true idea of what we were passing. The best view we had was of the town of Brieg, and the Valley of the Rhone; but I had seen that now so often that it did not charm me like a new view. The road itself was almost more interesting than anything else, when one thought about it,—so much labour must have been required to make it.

We were frequently reminded of the danger of the wild region through which it is carried, by the care taken to protect travellers. At different points, for instance, houses of refuge are built. They are not, indeed, very large, but in a snow storm they would be a great shelter and comfort. Then, in dangerous parts, where avalanches frequently fall, an immense sloping wooden roof is built over the road, so that the mass of snow may slide down and fall into the depth, instead of overwhelming the road itself. Long arched passages have been cut through the solid rock in many parts, which are also places of safety in storms. They reminded me of the tunnels of a railway, being dark, and damp, and giving a hollow sound to the roll of the carriage wheels, and the trampling of the horses, as we passed through them; but they were infinitely more grand when one remembered that they were hewn in

the mountains. At the top of the pass there are no less than six places of shelter within the distance of a mile and three quarters; — the danger in that high spot being very great in the winter season. About half way up the mountain is a small inn, a cold, wretched-looking, dreary place, where we stopped to have luncheon. A diligence going to Milan, in Italy, was waiting there at the same time as ourselves, for the road over the Simplon is the regular pass for all conveyances, whether public or private; and post horses are kept at the inn for the convenience of travellers. A little chapel has been built near the inn. Certainly it is striking to remark how, in the most solitary places in Switzerland, trouble has been taken to erect buildings for religious service. It makes one rather ashamed of our large hamlets left without any provision of the kind.

We ought to have had a grand view from the summit, over the Bernese Alps, some of which we visited when at Grindelwald. But I have no recollection of any thing but mists, sometimes gathering closely round us, sometimes dispersing and giving us a glimpse into deep ravines. Glaciers and waterfalls there were, too, but we could scarcely see any thing of them. In one place, a curious contrivance has been made for carrying the road under a waterfall, by covering it in, so that the water flows over the roof, and then dashes down at the side.

When Napoleon, the French emperor, caused the Simplon road to be made, he also ordered a place for the safety and refreshment of travellers to be built at the top. It is called the New Hospice, and, like the convent on the Great St. Bernard, is inhabited by monks. Dogs, also, of the same species as the St.

Bernard dogs, are kept there, but they are not often used: for the broad road and the houses of refuge, must make it much more easy to cross the Simplon than the Great St. Bernard.

On the summit of the pass nothing is to be seen but an open space, with bare-looking rocks, and coarse grass and herbage. But about three miles on the other side is a village called the Simplon, and here we had an idea of resting for the night. It had, however, taken us a shorter time than we expected to ascend the mountain, and the place was not at all inviting; and after a little consultation we determined to go on. I never saw a place more entirely like the scenery round it than this little village of the Simplon was. The houses were grey like the rocks, and the roofs had a yellow moss-covered hue. Travellers usually stop there to procure a huge log of wood, which is fastened to the carriage-wheel, instead of a common drag. The descent on this side of the mountain is so steep and so quick, that the constant rubbing often wears the wood completely away before the foot of the hill is reached.

We were now very near Italy, and extremely pleasant it was to think so, though it could not be expected that we should find any great change in the climate or the scenery directly. Yet we soon noticed some alteration, for the weather began to clear as soon as we had passed the top of the mountain, and before we had descended far, we had every hope of a fine evening. The road was totally different from that on the Swiss side. Instead of winding in and out for miles amongst the mountains, it went down into a deep gorge, great rocks rising up on each side, and a torrent, called the Doveria, flowing down the middle. The

scenery was solemn and grand, and not at all what I had imagined of the first entrance into Italy; but the very thought of the sunny land to which we were hastening made every thing appear bright. One rocky archway through which we passed, the Gallery of Gondo, is grander and more striking than any other. It is the longest gallery in the Simplon road, and the difficulty of piercing it was so great, from the hardness of the rock, that one hundred men worked, eight at a time, by night and day, for eighteen months, in order to finish it. They began at both ends, and at two places in the middle, at the same time. The men who were in the middle were suspended by ropes over the outside of the rock, and hammered incessantly, till they had knocked enough of it away to enable them to stand up and continue hollowing it out in the inside. It is grievous to think that all this labour and skill was employed for no other object, at the time, than that of enabling Napoleon to carry out his selfish ambitious schemes of conquering Italy. It has been of the greatest use since; but at the time it only made it the more easy to bring misery and bloodshed upon the kingdoms of Italy.

Our resting place for the night was at Isella, a small, cheerful, clean hotel by the side of the torrent, where the sound of a few Italian words made us at once feel that we were in a new country. It is the first place in this portion of the King of Sardinia's territory of Piedmont, and in consequence our passports were examined, and our boxes and bags just opened to see if they contained any articles for which a tax would be required. But there was nothing like the search which we have had to bear before. Tired though I was, I could not help rejoicing in the beauty of the

scene, as I looked at the rocks, and the torrent, crossed by a bridge, and the white Italian buildings on its banks, and the clear sky above and around. Yet it almost vexed us to hear that at Isella there had been been no rain for a fortnight. We were, however, going to the bright land, not leaving it, and we delighted ourselves with the thought that the weather of Italy at least would not disappoint us.

With this feeling of hope I went to bed, feeling rather better, and convinced that another night's rest would make me quite forget the toothache and every other grievance, and that I should be fully able to enjoy the charms of the new country we had entered.

END OF PART II.

LONDON :
SPOTTISWOODES and SHAW
New-street-Square.

JOURNAL OF A SUMMER TOUR.

PART III.

CHAPTER I.

My waking feelings on the first morning when I really felt that I was in Italy were very delightful. I had, indeed, been in the dominions of the King of Sardinia at Chamouny, and, I suppose, strictly speaking, I was then in Italy. But amidst the ice and snow of Mont Blanc and the glaciers, it was impossible to think of Italy as the bright country which it had always been described. At Isella all was different: my toothache was gone—in itself a sufficient cause for thankfulness and good spirits; the sky was cloudless, the air warm and refreshing, the scenery very lovely. I really do not think it would have been possible to find a party more prepared to enjoy themselves than we were, when, having had our breakfast, we placed ourselves in the two carriages, and set out for Domo d'Ossola, the place at which we were to stop in the middle of the day. I really longed to carry away a sketch of Isella; for before we started one of my companions called me to the bridge which crossed the torrent, and bade me observe what an exceedingly beautiful view was formed by the dark cliffs on each side of the stream, and the glittering snow of the mountains rising beyond them. Seen in the light of a brilliant Italian sunlight, with the water sparkling as

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it dashed down the deep ravine, it was quite perfect. Through this ravine went our road for a very considerable distance, close to the edge of the torrent, and shut in by the cliffs. It passes in several places through galleries cut in the rock, similar to those which we remarked when crossing the Simplon. The King of Sardinia is bound to keep the road in good order; but it is said that he does not take much trouble about it, and has allowed it to become more out of repair than it ought to be. Certainly in one place it was quite broken away, but then on the other hand, there were a great many persons employed in restoring it, and Sardinian officers were superintending the work: and a very pretty picture the people made scattered about under the dark cliffs.

I was not sorry to leave the ravine at last and reach a more open country; mountainous still — for it was impossible so soon to be out of the reach of the Alps — but less shut in. It is this view of a wider extent of country which first gives one the full impression of being in Italy. The dark rocks, and the foaming torrent at Isella, might very well belong to Switzerland; but the scenery near Domo d'Ossola is something only to be found in Italy. A house in Switzerland is brown; in Italy it is white. A church in Switzerland is usually a small poor-looking building; in Italy it may be small in itself, but close to it rises a tall, square tower, — a bell-tower, or campanile, as it is called, — looking as if it would willingly reach to the pure blue sky above it. Forests and woods in Switzerland are dark and melancholy, for they are formed almost entirely of firs and pines; but in Italy there are chestnut trees with their green leaves, and acacias almost yellow in their brightness, and luxuriant vines creeping over

houses and trellis-work or spreading from tree to tree. A gayer, happier-looking country than that in the neighbourhood of Domo d'Ossola can scarcely be imagined. I forget the exact time when we left Isella; but it was between eleven and twelve o'clock when we stopped to rest the horses and dine — very early certainly to think of dinner; but when travelling with a voiturier it is necessary to keep the hours which suit him. Domo d'Ossola was our first specimen of an Italian town. The houses were white, and the streets tolerably good, with two lines of pavement, formed of granite stones, laid down the middle, on which the wheels of the carriages rolled along perfectly smoothly, instead of jolting over rough stones as they do in Germany. The hotel was not far from the entrance of the town. It was built round a large court-yard, into which we drove. The business of the inn was apparently carried on in the lower rooms, and above were open galleries by which persons might go in and out of the sitting-rooms and bed-rooms, which opened upon them. The walls of this court-yard were painted in bright colours; a little the worse for wear, perhaps, but still fresh enough to give the place a very gay appearance, totally unlike our English notion of an inn in a country town.

We were shown up stairs into a large room, uncarpeted, and without much furniture; from this opened a bedroom, and beyond that another; forming what is called a suite or set of rooms — for this is the Italian fashion. The great object in the hotels seems to be to have plenty of space, so as not to be overpowered by the heat.

Dinner having been ordered, we set off for a walk. It was very hot, but we were not at all inclined to

complain of that circumstance; and passing down the principal street of the town, we turned up a path which led to what is called a Monte Calvario, or Mount Calvary. The name will at once give you an idea of what is meant, though we have nothing of this kind in England. Perhaps you may remember my describing some little chapels, placed at different distances, as we were going up the Righi, at which persons are accustomed to stop and to say prayers. A Calvario is something of the same kind, the hill being generally remarkable for the beautiful view to be obtained from it. The people we met were quite different from the Swiss; not by any means as active looking, but much handsomer, with dark-brown complexions, dark hair, and eyes. The women wore handkerchiefs tied over their heads, but their dress was not otherwise peculiar. They gave me the idea of living out of doors entirely. The path of the Monte Calvario was paved and very steep, and though the views were exquisitely lovely, I was soon tired, and turned back by myself, whilst my companions went on, one of them wishing to sketch. A quiet walk by oneself in a strange country is very pleasant at times. It gives leisure for thought, and enables one thoroughly to realise that one is in a foreign land; whereas in general the mere fact of being with those one is accustomed to, and talking about common things, takes off the feeling of strangeness and novelty. I very much liked my walk home, and every step gave me something new and amusing; though I could not help feeling how remarkable I must appear to the inhabitants of the place in my English dress. I had myself seen a very curious dress, when we all set out together; — that of a Capuchin Friar; one of a set or order of

Romanists who, of their own accord, live in poverty, depending upon the charity of others for support, and profess to devote themselves to a strict religious life. The Capuchin Friars go barefooted, and wear a long brown cloak with a hood to it, and a cord round their waists. Dinner was ready when I reached the house. We dined alone, for a table d'hôte is not common in Italy. The dishes were fewer and smaller than in Switzerland and Germany, but much more delicately dressed. They reminded me more of those which I had formerly seen in France.

Between one and two o'clock we set off again, having some distance to go in order to reach Baveno, a town on the Lago Maggiore, or Lake Maggiore, where we thought of sleeping. If we arrived there sufficiently early we also hoped to have a row on the lake to a celebrated island—the Isola Bella, or Beautiful Island.

I have not yet told you about our voituriers, although they were very important persons, and a great deal of our comfort depended upon them. The head voiturier, to whom the carriages and horses belonged, was an Italian, named Daval, a short, rather thick-set, man, with a fair complexion, sandy hair, a yellow beard, and a pair of sharp blue eyes; not, I think, particularly clever, but very civil and obliging. The under voiturier was a Swiss, rather tall than not, and as black as his companion was yellow; black hair, black eyes, black whiskers, and a dark complexion; altogether a handsome, pleasant-looking, man, and certainly possessed of the larger quantity of brains. The horses were very good upon the whole. There were three in the larger carriage, two in the other. One poor thing was lame, and was taken more because his master did not know how to leave him behind, than for any other reason.

He was a good horse, and managed to get on very fairly, though every now and then he was fastened behind the carriage instead of in front. The Italian had a tolerable knowledge of French, and could speak a few words of German; the Swiss spoke French and a little Italian; so that between the different languages we all managed to make ourselves understood.

From Domo d'Ossola to the Lago Maggiore I do not know that there is any thing very remarkable to be noticed. The road is broad and good, like a turnpike road in England, only not bordered by clipt hedges. It passes through a broad valley, and there are pretty views of the hills on each side, and the Alps behind, and a small river flows down from the mountains to pour its waters into the lake. Villages and houses are scattered about, with trees, vineyards, and fields of maize or Indian corn, — a grain much cultivated in this part of Europe. The people make their bread of it as they do of wheat in England. It is a very handsome looking plant, and grows to a height of four or five feet. It has one straight stalk, from which long large leaves hang down. The corn grows in very large bunches half way up the stalk. When ripe it is a bright yellow. I often afterwards saw it spread upon the ground, or hung out of the windows of cottages, to ripen. The blue sky and the warmth were delicious, and there was little either in the climate or the scenery to remind one of Switzerland, except the view of a splendid snow mountain at the end of a valley—the Monte Rosa—the second highest mountain in Europe.

One circumstance which happened was, however, more Italian to my notions than any sight. The road led us to the margin of the river, which was rather

broad, but not at all too broad for a bridge. In England one would have been built over it without delay; and so once in Italy there had been a bridge; but it had been broken away, and when we now wanted to cross, a huge ferry-boat came up to the banks, and in this, carriages and horses, men and women were to be placed; the horses, of course, strongly objecting to such a proceeding, and requiring sundry calls and cuts to induce them to leave the firm land and put their feet on board the rough vessel which was to bear them to the other side. They did get on board though, and we went with them, for we still sat in the carriage; and then, more slowly than I can hope to make you understand, we moved off. Two minutes or less would have been sufficient to allow us to cross the river on a bridge; ten, at least, were taken in the ferry; and this happened in two parts of the river; and when I said that I supposed the bridges had been broken away lately, and would soon be rebuilt, I was told, "Oh! the mischief had been done for some years." But the people were satisfied with the ferry, and so I suppose they will continue. The indolent look of the Italians gives one the idea that it must take a great deal to induce them to exert themselves; and indeed I can feel with them to a certain extent. The soft air is exceedingly pleasant, but does not inspire the least wish to work. On the contrary, one cannot help believing that it must be very pleasant to sit out of doors under the vineyards and do nothing all day, though I dare say experience would make one change one's mind.

We stopped much sooner than I had expected at an hotel standing by itself by the road-side. The hotel at Baveno we had learnt was likely to be bad, this one

at Fariolo was good ; and whether we stopped at one place or the other would be of no consequence, as we should still be able to take a boat and row to the Isola Bella ; Fariolo being close to the lake. For myself, I was well contented with the arrangement. I had caught a glimpse of the smooth blue waters of the lovely lake, and the sooner I found myself upon it the better I knew I should be pleased. Only I was rather tired and hungry, and it was said that we were not to have our tea till we reached the island, which would be at least half an hour. The boat was drawn up close to the shore, and we all got in ; an awning was over our heads to shelter us ; two men were ready to row us. The water was exquisitely smooth ; the views all round were most lovely ; mountains on every side of the lake, soft, and smooth, and sunny looking ; very different from the stern, rugged rocks bordering the Lake of Lucerne : nothing could be more delightful. But—it is such a pity that one cannot forget one's bodily feelings—my head was beginning to ache because I wanted something to eat. The Lago Maggiore is about fifty-two miles long, and nine wide in the broadest part. Besides the beauty of the shores there are three islands which are particularly to be remarked. One is the Isola Bella, to which we were going ; the others are the Isola dei Pescatori, or the Fisherman's Island ; and the Isola Madre, or the Mother's Island. They are all rather near to each other. On the Isola Madre we were told there was not much to be seen except a curious collection of shrubs and plants ; but I have since heard that it is extremely beautiful. The Fisherman's Island is chiefly inhabited by fishermen. The houses upon it are small and poor, but it looks extremely pretty from the water, with rows of boats drawn up on the beach.

The Isola Bella was a place of which I had heard from childhood. The very name was sufficient to make me think of green banks and glades, flowers and shrubs, brighter than any which could be seen in the cold climate of England. But my first view of the Isola Bella showed me a large square white building, seeming to cover the whole of the island. It was handsome, certainly, and there was a splendid flight of white stone steps leading down to the water's edge ; but there was nothing which might not have been seen elsewhere. This building is a palace ; it belongs to the Count Borromeo, whose family have had it in their possession for very many years. The gardens are, however, more celebrated than the house, and to the gardens we proposed to go. But the man who showed the place seemed determined to take us his own way, and instead of opening a door into the gardens, he led us into the palace. It was a large cool place ; that I think was its chief charm. There was not very much furniture in it, for abroad persons do not furnish their houses with so many sofas, and tables, and chairs as are to be seen in a gentleman's house in England. All that there was was very handsome, and a great deal was made of marble and gold ; but we walked hastily through one room after another, wishing to see all that our guide was determined to show us, and then to be permitted to enter the garden. The last place we were taken to was a set of underground rooms, called the grottos, the walls of which were covered with shells and stones. I cannot say I saw much use in them, or any particular beauty ; the only advantage being that they were close to the lake and very cool, and so might be pleasant on an intensely hot day. Having at last gone the round of the house,

we were allowed to proceed to the gardens. And here, perhaps, it will be as well to say at once, that, though I have been disappointed in many things in the course of my life, I was never more disappointed than in the gardens of the Isola Bella. An English person can scarcely imagine beauty in a garden without smooth green lawns, and flower-beds exquisitely neat, and winding walks amongst tall shrubs; but the Isola Bella has nothing like this. The garden consists of rows of raised walks or terraces one above another, with flights of steps leading up to them, and bordered by shrubs which are certainly rare and valuable. At the terminations of these terraces, large stone figures, blackened by long exposure to the air and the weather, stand up against the blue sky, with their arms stretched out as if they were threatening it; and in the middle of the garden is a kind of mock building made of pebbles and sand, with figures stuck upon it, like the little ornaments I have sometimes seen in England, formed of curiosities picked up on the seashore. The real and, I think, the only charm of the Isola Bella, except the lovely views which it commands, is to be found in the choice plants cultivated in the garden. It is said they were collected many years ago by a Count Borromeo, who married a lady born in a warmer climate than that of the North of Italy. In his love for his wife, he longed to give her everything in which she could have delighted in the gardens of her own land; with this view he gathered together all the plants which she had been accustomed to see, and placed them in the Isola Bella; and now the tea-tree, and the coffee-plant, the camphor-tree, the oleander with its pink flower and rich scent, the aloe, and the cactus, and the orange-tree, are all to be seen

flourishing upon the little island in the Lago Maggiore. But they are carefully guarded. The terraces are boarded over during the winter, and heated by stoves like a greenhouse. It must have been an immense labour to form the garden, for the island was originally nothing but slate rock ; and every handful of the mould in which the plants grow was originally brought from a distance, and even now fresh earth is required from time to time.

I feel as if I had spoken rather hardly of the Isola Bella, because I was disappointed with it ; and if the same opinion had not been expressed by others, I might have fancied that my own feelings prevented me from properly enjoying it ; for I must own that by the time we had gone through the palace, and over the garden, I was thoroughly uncomfortable ; my head ached most painfully ; and when I heard that it would be too late for us to drink tea at the hotel on the island, and that we must go back to Fariolo as soon as we could, I was obliged to confess that I was not very well, and humbly to ask if there was a possibility of procuring something to eat. One of the party produced a dry crust of bread which had been carried off at breakfast or dinner in case of its being needed in the course of the day. But my acknowledgment of being rather starved made every one else remember that they were the same. There was a general request that we might have something directly ; and as it was too late to wait for tea or coffee, the boatmen were dispatched to the hotel with orders for milk and bread. After a considerable delay these were brought to us, and on the steps of Count Borromeo's grand palace we took our very simple meal, which I certainly valued far more than many a good dinner.

The row across the lake afterwards, in the moonlight, was most exquisite. The shores are exceedingly lovely; and though I have complained of the Isola Bella itself, I must confess that it is quite worth while to go and see it for the sake of the beautiful scenery.

We landed in the court-yard of the hotel, which came down to the water's edge; and our boat no sooner touched the shore, than men rushed out with torches to light us. The whole place was in a bustle — as much work going on as in the day-time. A girl was washing her clothes at the edge of the lake; and beneath a shed of trellis-work, covered with vines, a large party of women and girls, full of glee, were engaged in carding hemp and burning straw. As the blazing light fell upon their merry handsome faces, I thought I had never seen a prettier picture. I went in doors with a strange mixture of remembrances — moonlight, and the lake, and marble palaces, and orange-trees, and pretty faces — and felt very happy to be in Italy.

CHAP. II.

OUR first few days in Italy must certainly always be remembered for the charm of the weather. I do not think it would be possible to imagine any thing more delightful than the warmth, and yet freshness, of the air. It was a peculiar satisfaction to us the morning after we slept at Fariolo, for we had planned an excursion for the day to a small lake, the Lago d'Orta, not very far distant from the Lago Maggiore, but separated

from it by a mountain called the Monterone, which we intended to cross. By setting off early, we hoped to arrive at the town of Orta in time for dinner, rest there for an hour or two, and then return again to the Lago Maggiore, and sleep at Arona, a town on the south-west bank of the lake. Lady H— was afraid of the fatigue of a journey over the mountain; so it was arranged that she should take a carriage and go by the road, and meet us in the middle of the day at Orta.

We were to set off at seven o'clock—breakfast was over—we were all waiting—expecting not mules, but donkeys—a proof at once that we were not in Switzerland. Special orders had been given about them the night before, but they were delayed a long time; and when, at last, they did appear, they were wonderfully shabby-looking;—there were no bridles, but a piece of cord was fastened on one side of the animal's head, which we pulled about as we could, when we wished to guide it. And in this way we set out at a very slow pace; but it was in Italy, not Switzerland; and the habits of Italy were fast creeping over us. To move slowly, and bask in the sun, and take the world easily, seems sufficient for the happiness of the people; and I do not think we wanted much more: at least I know that, for myself, I thought the slow ascent of the hill, which began almost immediately, under a trellis-work, covered with vines, complete luxury. We were soon upon the mountain side, and here the difference between Italy and Switzerland was still more remarkable. There were no rugged rocks and precipices, and snow peaks; but the hills around us were round and smooth;—and fern and heath were scattered over them, as we see upon an

open down in England; whilst the colour of the chestnut trees gave a look of peculiar brightness to the whole scene. Below was the blue lake, with glittering white towns and villages clustered on its banks, and mountains rising behind. It was impossible to feel tired with so much beauty to interest one, and the freshness of the mountain air to give one strength; and we all walked occasionally, for our donkeys were not the strongest of animals, and the path was sometimes very rough and steep. One man and two boys accompanied us. I tried to talk a little to one of the boys, wishing to practise myself in speaking Italian, of which I knew very little; but his language was most remarkable—not in the least like the Italian to which I had been accustomed. In fact, the language of Piedmont is not really Italian; it is more, I imagine, what Scotch is compared to English; and even persons who understand Italian well are often completely puzzled with it. The other boy, however, was a more agreeable companion: his words were much more within one's comprehension; and I suspect he was a little proud of being called upon, as he was now and then, to talk and explain things. He was a quick clever boy, but not a little inclined to be conceited.

We had brought some rolls and hard eggs with us, thinking that it would be well not to run the risk of being starved again, in case it should take us longer than we imagined to reach Orta; and the guide told us that he knew a farm-house upon the mountain, where, if we chose it, we might procure some milk. So we made our way towards it; but when we arrived, after having had the trouble of dismounting, we found that no one was at home, and we were obliged to ascend still higher to another farm. These moun-

tain farms, I must tell you, are well-built substantial stone cottages—not in the least like the little Swiss châlets, which can only be inhabited in winter. They stand upon the green turf, with a tree, and a spring of water, perhaps, beside them; and though there is no beauty in them, in themselves, yet they look very well as part of a beautiful view. At the second farm we found a very old woman and a young one. The former was the owner of the dairy, which was at a short distance from the farm. She watched very carefully over her treasure, for she would not give any one the keys of the dairy, but hobbled along, assisted by the young woman, to unlock the door herself. We went with her; and, seating ourselves under the shade of a tree, on a sloping bank, commanding an exquisite view of the lake, waited till the milk should be brought to us.

In a few moments the girl came back with a large wooden bowl of milk, and one of cream, which was rather puzzling to us at first, for the people gave it a name which we did not understand; and we drank it, fancying it a mixture of something peculiar to the country, and did not discover till afterwards that it was nothing but rich cream.

We continued our ride, feeling very much refreshed; and not long afterwards reached a little church built for the accommodation of the peasants living amongst the hills. The clergyman who undertakes the duty lives upon the Isola Bella, and has the charge of the inhabitants of the islands also. We had a consultation now as to whether it would be wise to go quite to the top of the mountain, which is about fourteen hundred feet lower than the Rhige. The guides said that it would take us a considerable time, and that we

could not go upon mules; and he assured us that the view from the spot where we then were was quite as good. This last piece of information I did not thoroughly believe, since we could see the country only on one side; but as we were afraid of being late at Orta, we gave up the idea of reaching the summit, and contented ourselves with dismounting, to enjoy the view from the church.

And most lovely it was! The Lago Maggiore, bright and calm, lay beneath us, bounded by soft grey hills, and its shores dotted with white towns and villages. Beyond, very far away to the north-west, was the line of the Alps, dividing Switzerland from Italy; whilst, to the south and east, could be seen a wide tract of rich country, brightened by three little blue lakes, and reaching as far as the great city of Milan, the capital of Lombardy, — a province of Italy, belonging to the Emperor of Austria.

We spread out a map, and tried, by its help, to understand the country thoroughly, a proceeding in which our clever little boy guide took great interest; and I was amused to see how soon he comprehended what we were doing, and could point out on the map the situation of the places which he knew.

The descent of the Monterone was a very easy matter, for we had a regular path, and not a remarkably steep one. The greatest interest of the mountain was over then, for we might have found just such a road over the downs in England; and as we went on and on, apparently not at all nearer our journey's end, we began to grow a little impatient, and to wish that we could see the town of Orta. The lake we had already caught sight of, just on the opposite side of the Monterone and the Lago Maggiore. It is small, but exquisitely lovely, shut in by hills, steep and very

woody; and brilliant with the rich colours of the foliage and the deep blue of the waters. But it took us a long time to reach it; and I began to think, at last, that we had mistaken our way, for, after passing some little villages, and along some paved paths under a vine-covered trellis-work, we came into a regular high-road, which I felt nearly sure led away from the town of Orta, instead of towards it. And so it did in reality; and though at length we took a sharp turn, which brought us close to the lake, and in sight of the town, we had undoubtedly gone by a most winding wearisome road.

Even when we were quite near to the town, however, we were in a measure deceived as to the distance; for there is a hill, called the Monte Sacro, or Sacred Hill, close to it, jutting out into the lake, and covered with buildings, which at first we thought must be Orta itself. This Monte Sacro is one of the many hills which are met with near Italian towns, devoted to sacred purposes, having a church at the top, and little chapels or stations by the side of the pathway leading up to it.

We met Lady H—— walking towards us as we entered the town. She had arrived some time before, and had been expecting us; but the society of some English persons, whose acquaintance she had accidentally made, had served to amuse the time of our absence. Orta is a peculiar place, very pretty, and I suspect not a little dirty, though we were not there long enough to have much experience of its comfort or discomfort. We followed in procession through a long street, built close along the shores of the lake, so narrow that it seemed as if persons could shake hands with each other from the opposite houses, and with galleries going across

it; and then came out upon an open space, in which stood the hotel, fronting the water, and immediately in view of a little rocky island, covered with buildings and containing a college for Roman Catholic priests. This island had been a great subject of discourse with our guides as we were descending the Monterone, and the boy who spoke well had taken great pains to give us a full and particular account of the story belonging to it,—his eyes sparkling with delight, as he repeated, in his clearest, loudest tones, the wonderful history of Saint Julian, from whom the island derives its name. I am afraid I cannot undertake to tell the story to you, for some parts of it I did not quite understand, and others I have forgotten; but I know that Saint Julian was a very good man, and is declared to have killed an enormous serpent which infested the country, and that the back bone of a creature, said to be this same serpent, is kept in the Church of St. Julian, in the island opposite to Orta. Our little guide fully credited the story; so it was not worth while to tell him, what I believe is really the case, that the bone must have belonged to a whale and not a serpent. It was quite plain that he did not think there was any thing else in Orta half as well worth seeing.

For myself, I think the hotel amused me as much as any thing; it was so gay, and bustling, and odd, and, I must own also, so dirty. It had a court-yard like other Italian inns, with rooms and open galleries all round it; but the rooms on the ground floor appeared to have neither windows nor doors, and one could look under the arches which surrounded the court, and see all the business of the place going on,—that of the kitchen included; all the frying, and stewing, and roasting; and persons rushing about busy, and chattering, and with it all such a smell of dinner! As for persons occupying

themselves quietly alone, or carrying on their business privately, or in fact doing any thing so as not to be seen, it scarcely ever seems to enter the mind of an Italian.

Dinner was ordered almost immediately upon our arrival. We had it in a kind of public dining room at the top of the stairs, surrounded by a set of bedrooms. The English friends whom Lady H — had met, dined in the same room, but not at the same table. This marks the difference between German or Swiss, and Italian habits. In the former case it is usual for all persons to dine together, whether strangers or friends. Our new acquaintances had travelled a good deal, and gave us much valuable information as to the road we were intending to take into the Tyrol. By their advice we went after dinner to a hill above the town, dedicated to the memory of a Roman Catholic saint, St. Francis d'Assisi. It is a very favourite spot with the inhabitants of Orta. The view from it is most lovely, and the ground is laid out in broad walks bordered by trees. But the chief objects of attraction are the little chapels, twenty-two in number, in which are represented the different events in the life of St. Francis.

The chapels were small buildings, with open gratings before them. I suppose not more than four or five persons could kneel in them at the same time. They contained figures as large as life, some standing, some kneeling, according to the different circumstances described.

I was told that it is the custom with the people of Orta to pray to the saint at these different chapels, a practice which one can never think of without deep regret.

Orta is not a large place, but it is very much fre-

quented ; there are many large and good houses in it. I think of all the places I have seen abroad it is that which I should be the most inclined to fix upon, if I were to choose a residence for a month or six weeks in the beginning of summer. Our friends had been there a week, and were intending to remain, for there are many most charming excursions to be made in the neighbourhood.

A close, dismal old carriage was in readiness when we returned to the hotel to take us to Arona, on the banks of the Lago Maggiore. It was the only one to be had, so there was no choice, but it quite prevented us from enjoying any thing of the view as we drove along the shore of the lake of Orta. After that there was very little to be seen. We had a good, straight, broad road, such as we might have had in England, and a flat uninteresting country. It must have been six o'clock before we set off, and a bright moon was shining upon us before we reached Arona. It was of some service to us as we drove into the town, enabling us to see two very curious old towers, built at the end of some walls which project into the lake to protect the town, and form what is called a fortified harbour. The waters of the lake flow between these walls and the shore, and any vessels in the inside are safe. The principal street of Arona, like that of Orta, is so narrow that only one carriage can pass at a time.

I have a bright remembrance of looking out of the window of the "salon" in the hotel at which we slept, upon the harbour, and the towers, and the lake beyond, and the far distant Alps ; but it is very like a dream. The uncertain light of the moon, and the strangeness of the place, were very confusing, like the indistinct ideas which filled my mind when, soon after tea was over, I laid my head upon my pillow and fell asleep.

CHAP. III.

PERSONS visiting Arona generally make a point of walking to a hill about half an hour's distance from the town, in order to see the statue of St. Charles Borromeo, who was Archbishop of Milan about three hundred years ago. We had not time to do this, and I was sorry for it. The statue in itself is curious, and the character of the archbishop is so wonderfully good, that every thing connected with him has a charm. He was born at Arona in the year 1538. His father was a nobleman, and he inherited great wealth; but from his childhood he cared nothing for the splendours and pleasures of the world, and thought only of the poor. When twelve years old one of his relations offered him a considerable property, which he accepted; but it was entirely bestowed in charity; and this disposition continued unchanged through life. His uncle was Pope, or chief bishop of the Romish Church, and St. Charles was made a cardinal, and an archbishop, both very high dignities. But nothing made the least alteration in him. Though he had a splendid house, and a number of servants, because it was the will of the Pope that he should assume the outward appearance of greatness, his own habits of life were the most simple possible. He never indulged himself in the smallest luxury, and gave up all his thoughts to the improvement of his clergy, the restoration and rebuilding of churches, the care of the poor, and the encouragement of learned men. This example of self-denial he was very anxious

to impress upon others. It is said that being once on a visit to another archbishop, who entertained him in a very magnificent and extravagant manner, he rose hastily from his seat, when dinner was nearly over, and, although it was raining hard, insisted upon departing, saying, "My Lord, if I should tarry here to-night, you would give me another treat such as that I have just seen, and the poor would then suffer another loss; for great numbers might have been fed with the unnecessary luxuries which have been now set before us." But St. Charles Borromeo is chiefly remembered for his unwearied exertions during the time of the great plague at Milan, in the year 1576. The plague is a disease little known in Europe now; but in former times, before proper attention was paid to cleanliness in the great towns, it was very common. In Milan it then raged fearfully. The sufferings endured from fever and thirst were beyond imagination terrible, and the dearest friends and relations were afraid to approach each other, lest they might also take the infection. But the Archbishop of Milan had no fear, because he had no thought for himself. Morning, noon, and night, he attended upon the sick and the dying, ministering to their bodily comfort, and, what was still more precious to them, giving them the consolations of religion. Wherever the plague raged he was to be seen, not only in Milan, but in the neighbouring parishes. Nothing escaped his attention. The merest trifles which might add to the comfort of the sufferers were cared for by him, and all this time he was busied in encouraging the clergy to do their duty in a similar way, and punishing those who in any way neglected it; whilst his daily devotions were as strictly attended to as at other times.

His excessive labours in the end shortened his life. He escaped the plague, and indeed lived eight years afterwards, but while engaged in some important business for the Duke of Savoy he was seized with a fever, and died at Milan, on the 3d of November, 1584. He has since been honoured as a saint by the Romish Church; and certainly, as far as one can judge, he has a most true claim to the title; though, of course, none to the worship which is paid him. A volume, indeed, might be filled with the account of his excessive charity and humility. One of the most striking things in his history is the early age at which his religious life began. He was not, like many others, a thoughtless child, and a careless young man, brought afterwards by suffering to devote himself to God; but his was a life holy from childhood; most happy therefore in the peace of his own conscience, and blessed a thousandfold by God.

The statue to his memory represents him extending his hand towards the lake, and over the town of Arona, in the act of giving his blessing. It is cast in bronze and copper, and, being hollowed, it is possible to enter it, and ascend to the head. But the undertaking is very difficult, and not at all fitted for ladies, as it is necessary to climb ladders, and scramble about in the dark, catching hold of pieces of iron to support oneself. The head will contain three persons, and people who are very adventurous like to say that they have climbed up to it, and sat in the nose of St. Charles, or San Carlo, as the Italians call him.

The weather was dull when we left Arona the following morning, which was rather a disappointment, as we had looked forward to a beautiful view of the Monte Rosa, having heard that it looked particularly

grand from the lower part of Lake Maggiore. I had also hoped that part of our day's expedition would be upon the water, but this plan was given up,—I forget exactly why,—and it was settled that we were to drive round the lake instead of crossing over. We had a rather long journey before us, but we hoped in the evening to reach the town of Como on the lake of Como.

Before I proceed further, I must tell you that the country on the east side of Lake Maggiore forms part of the Italian province of Lombardy, and is subject to the dominion of the Emperor of Austria. The west shores belong to the King of Sardinia.

This province of Lombardy has lately been the scene of much misery and bloodshed. The inhabitants rebelled against the late Emperor of Austria, and were assisted by the King of Sardinia, and a war between the two countries was the consequence. The people of Lombardy, however, did not succeed in making themselves independent of Austria. They are subject to that country now, but I have been told that they are still extremely discontented. Whether they have any real cause for complaint, it is impossible for a person to say who is not well acquainted with the mode of government, but it must be difficult for one monarch to satisfy two people so unlike as Germans and Italians.

A strict examination is made of the luggage of all persons passing from the dominions of the King of Sardinia into those of the Emperor of Austria.

This we found upon reaching Sesto Calende, a town in Lombardy, about five miles from Arona. The drive to it was rather dull; for the road, instead of passing close to the lake, took us far away from

it, that we could see very little of the views. Sesto Calende stands on the left bank of the river Ticino, which issues out of Lake Maggiore at this spot. A ferry boat was waiting to take us across the river, and as soon as we landed all our luggage was carried away to be examined by the Austrian officers at the Custom House. We were kept in the town a considerable time; some of us sat in the carriages, others wandered about buying figs and grapes, or trying to sketch. Sesto Calende was not a very interesting place compared with others, but there is always something to be seen in a foreign town new and strange, and unlike England. When at last our luggage was brought back we were told that a strict search had been made to find out if we had Bibles with us. The religion of Austria is Roman Catholic, and it is not thought desirable in Roman Catholic countries for every one to read the Bible by himself, as we do in England. Of course we had English Bibles; those, I imagine, they could not object to, as no one would be likely to understand them but ourselves; but if we had had German or Italian Bibles they would no doubt have been taken from us. Foreigners must certainly be much puzzled by many things which English persons carry with them. One of my friends had a large drawing-box, with papers and drawings in it, and this I heard was examined with particular attention, as if there had been something wrong in it.

We were not sorry to escape from Sesto Calende, and to find ourselves on the road to Varrese, where we were to dine. It is very near a lake, one of the three which I told you we saw from the top of the Monterone. These Italian roads are very much alike; they are broad and straight, and generally bordered

by acacia trees, which are very bright-looking, far better than the poplars of Germany; but there is nothing at all like the beauty of the winding roads of England. Generally speaking, also, Lombardy is very flat; the only hilly part we came to in the journey was close to Varese, where there was a steep descent into the town, and some beautiful hills encircled the lake. I could not help being sorry for the dull sky. Every one must know how different a place looks when the sun shines, to what it does when the sky is cloudy; and an Italian sky is something so lovely, that one misses it all the more after being for a little while accustomed to it.

We entered Varese, and drove, as usual, into the court-yard of an hotel, something like that at Orta, except that we were not allowed to see the work of the kitchen going on. Whilst dinner was getting ready we sallied forth into the town. Such an old gay bustling place it would be difficult to imagine without seeing it! The shops were within arcades, but many of the goods were placed on stalls on the outside. Articles of every description were there, — bright handkerchiefs, gowns, pins, brooches, rings, boots and shoes, pots and pans, cups and jugs; — the same kind of things which we use in England, only old and odd, as if the contents of some very ancient shop had been turned out and piled together in the streets. And amongst these stalls and shops walked a swarm of people, almost all handsome, and tidily dressed, but many with bare feet, whilst the women wore the most striking and really pretty ornament for the hair which we saw during the whole time of our being abroad. It was formed of a great number of very long silver pins, as many as eighteen or twenty,

prettily worked at the top, and stuck into the hair at the back of the head, so as to form a kind of half-coronet. The last pin at each side was much longer than the others, and finished off by a large silver knob. These ornaments were worn by the very poorest-looking people. We went into a shop and inquired the price of the pins, and really they were very expensive. I do not think a set could have cost less than five-and-twenty or thirty shillings. In England no one would think of wearing them except at an evening party. Yet the dress of the women generally did not give one an idea of their spending much money about it. They had no gay ribbons and silly finery; but the clothes, which must have suited their grandmothers, appeared equally to satisfy them, and the ornaments seemed worn, not to excite notice, but because it was as much the custom of the country as it is amongst us to wear shoes and stockings,—articles which, though they cost a good deal of money, are considered quite necessary.

Our party dispersed for another walk after dinner, some went one way and some another. My choice, and that of one of my friends, was rather a mistake; we went to some public gardens, which, like all other foreign gardens, were formal and untidy. If we had done wisely we should have tried to find our way to a hill, and so have gained a view of the lake, which must be lovely.

It was pleasant afterwards to meet and compare what we had all seen and done; those who had gone into the town amongst the shops, I suspect, found the chief amusement. The strange figures induced one of the party to sketch,—a proceeding which rather pleased the people than not; they seemed to take it

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as a compliment, but it must have been difficult to manage with a crowd of men, women, and boys gathering round to peep at what was going on.

The afternoon's drive was not unlike that of the morning,—a straight road, rather dusty,—acacia hedges, fields of Indian corn:—I do not know that there was any thing else to be noticed till, about six o'clock, we drew near to Como. Then came a very steep descent into the town, which is surrounded by high hills; a fine old castle on one side of the road, a number of white houses, showing that we were approaching a large place, and a glimpse of the waters of the lake below us. We came to the bottom of the hill; there was a broad open space and trees on one side, and on the other some high strong walls, inclosing the town; and before we were allowed to enter our passports were to be shown. We were then admitted into a maze of narrow streets, some too narrow for a carriage to pass, and turning a corner came suddenly upon the lake, the quay bordered by houses, and the hotel at which we were to remain for the next day.

CHAP. IV.

“SHOWERY, thunderstorm,” are the first words I find in the notes which I wrote on the Sunday we spent at Como. It was the return of the bad weather, and we were never quite free from it again all the time we were abroad. The hotel was comfortable, and rather English-like. The floor was carpeted, the walls were papered, and the ceiling painted. More of the town

than of the lake was to be seen from the windows, and it was amusing enough to look down upon the old houses and arches bordering the quay, the circle of boats with awnings over them drawn up on the shore, and the numbers of people moving about and enjoying their holiday, as it was Sunday. There was no English chapel. We stayed at home till the afternoon, when we went to the cathedral, which is the third in size and beauty in Italy. It was begun in 1396, but not finished till 1732, and from first to last was built entirely by the contributions of the people, who at the commencement of the work caused inscriptions to be carved on the walls, stating that they considered it a privilege to be permitted to devote their wealth and labour to the service of God. It is certainly a very beautiful building; the material is marble, and no expense has been spared upon it. It is a curious mixture of round arches and pointed, with a circular east end, and is not like any church or cathedral in England; but the whole effect is very good, and the painted windows give it a rich solemn colour. The ceiling has lately been painted in blue and gold. A service was going on when we first went in; the people were kneeling on the ground, or in chairs, so that the beauty of the building was not destroyed, as it is with us, by high pews. The women wore black lace veils, covering the head, and falling down over the shoulders; their manner was less devotional than I have noticed elsewhere, for they were constantly looking about. A chant which I well knew was being sung, and it carried my mind back to England, and gave me a pleasant feeling of home, though it made me long to be able to join in the service. The rain prevented us from seeing any thing else except a building close to

the cathedral, the Broletto, or Town Hall, built of red and white marble, and particularly admired by persons who are good judges of buildings.

In the old days the north of Italy was not under the dominion of any one monarch, but was divided into a number of small states or republics, the inhabitants of which governed themselves. Como belonged to one of these republics, and the chief magistrates, when they wished to address the people, used to stand at the windows of the Broletto and make their speeches. The building was finished in the year 1215, so that it is more than six hundred years old, but it would be useless to expect any thing as beautiful to be built in these days. The lower part is a kind of open arcade, underneath which we stood in the midst of a crowd of people, taking shelter from the rain for a considerable time, and then, seeing no prospect of better weather, rushed back to the hotel as fast as we could through the narrow streets, and did not go out again that evening.

We were to leave Como at 8 o'clock on the Monday morning, so it had been settled long before. A steam vessel was to carry us about half way up the lake, to Varenna, a town on the lake. There, our two carriages—having gone away earlier, as the distance was long by the road—were to meet us, and in the afternoon we were to proceed to the town of Morbegno.

There was, however, one slight difficulty in our way. On entering Como, our passports had been sent to be examined, and they had not been returned. Nothing seemed easier than to ask for them, and receive them at a moment's notice; but on Sunday night it struck us that it was just possible the passport

office might not be open at 8 o'clock, and it would be no use to send, and the idea made us a little uncomfortable. The very first thing thought of in the morning was to dispatch one of the gentlemen to the office. We were all ready, the steamer was in sight, but the passports had not arrived. A messenger belonging to the hotel thought he should be more successful, and away he went; the minutes went by, and another messenger was sent off. In the meantime the steamer was in the harbour, and crowds of people were going on board. It was a festival day,—a Roman Catholic festival,—the Nativity of the Virgin Mary; every one was intending to spend it in enjoyment. But we, unfortunate English, could only think of our passports. Our friend returned, but he had only been able to procure his own passport; the others were to be given in a few minutes. We looked at the steamer anxiously; the crowd was really tremendous. We were almost glad that there was a probability of our not being added to the number. Yet the inconvenience would be so great! What should we do? We turned away from the steamer, and watched the street by which our messengers were to arrive. The people of the hotel watched too; the whole place was, in fact, in a state of excitement. The next minute the steamer was off, and as it moved away there was a rush and a bustle in the inn, and eager Italian talking and pointing up the street, and our two messengers appeared, one after the other, the passports in their hands. But it was too late. Perhaps if we had been extremely anxious upon the matter we might have made an effort even then to overtake the steamer, but the crowd on the deck was more than we could venture to join. Something was even said about danger, and the vessel being over-

loaded. At any rate, there was quite a sufficient chance of discomfort to make us satisfied in remaining where we were, independent of the pleasure of seeing more of the town and its neighbourhood.

It was a particularly gay day ; the men were walking about with ribbons in their hats, the shops were shut, and festival services were going on at the different churches. Our first object was to visit the churches which we had missed before. One especially, called the church of San Fedele (or St. Faithful), a very old one, built about the time of our Saxon monarchs, when Lombardy was a kingdom by itself. The churches in those days were very peculiar and beautiful. The generality of churches in England, you may perhaps know, have tall columns and pointed arches in the aisles. But the arches in an old Lombard church are always round. The building is of brick ; but not plain, ugly brick, such as we use, but cut and ornamented. The church of San Fedele, however, has been so much altered in later times, that very little of the old work remains. Still it is always interesting to be in a place which has been standing for hundreds of years, and to think of the number of wonderful events that have happened since the masons and carpenters of those days first began to build it.

Our party separated in the course of the morning. Lady H—— wished to take a drive by the side of the lake, and two or three of us, myself included, determined to go with her ; so we turned back to the hotel, intending, on our way, to buy a quantity of fruit and some cakes which we might carry with us on our journey to Innsbruck. Soap also was an article much needed, for it is never provided at the hotels ; and Como being a famous place for soap, we

thought it well to lay in a stock. It was amusing enough, and very like England, to see a quantity of common yellow soap brought out, but it was not at all cheap.

In consequence of the festival, shopping was not as easy as it might have been at other times. Half the people in the place were at church, or gone on some excursion. We purchased grapes and cakes; but when we required a basket to put them in, we found that we were in a difficulty. None were to be seen in the windows; and we only procured one at last by the favour of a woman in a grocer's shop, who sent a message to a neighbour to say what we wanted. Then, indeed, a man appeared, who led us across the street, unlocked and unbarred a door, and gave us entrance into a basket warehouse, where we had a choice of baskets, very much the same as we might have had in England.

The crowds in the churches, on these festival days abroad, is very striking; but still more striking at Como was the sight of a number of persons, men and women, kneeling in the open air, before the entrance of a private house, in a square, where a dying person was about to receive the last sacrament of the Romish Church. It was impossible not to be touched with the sympathy thus publicly shown for a fellow creature at such an awful moment. All seemed to join as they best could in prayer; and not only was there a crowd before the house, but I even saw a woman on the opposite side of the square, kneeling behind a door engaged in the same service.

The drive by the side of the lake was more exquisitely lovely than I can attempt to describe. There are but few things in life, especially when one is

travelling, which answer one's expectations ; but I do really think the views round the lake of Como quite equalled all that I could have imagined. Any thing more perfectly lovely than the steep but smooth hills, with the handsome villas beneath them, the tall bell towers, and white churches, the acacias, chestnuts, grey olive trees, and luxuriant vines ; the sparkling blue lake, and the depth of the unclouded sky, it seems as if it would be impossible to find on earth. And every thing around adds to the sense of richness and plenty. The quantity of fruit that people were selling in the streets, and as we drove out of the town, was something of which one could have no idea in England, except, perhaps, when passing through a great London market. Figs were especially plentiful, and so cheap, that a handful could be procured for a mere trifle. Wishing to lay in a store for our journey, we stopped the carriage, and went up to a stall, where some particularly fine ones were to be sold. The bargain was made, and in payment, Lady H—— offered, with other money, a small bright new copper coin, which she had received, I think, in Switzerland. It was a coin which was good for Italy also, but being new, it had something the appearance of gold. The fruit woman took it, looked at it, and returned it. " We had made a mistake," she said ; " it was gold." We assured her it was not, and she looked at it again, but she was not satisfied ; and, still looking at it doubtfully, began to count the change. When she came to the copper coin, she hesitated, saying, " This may be reckoned for a batz,"—or a kreutzer,—I forget which ; but she could not allow herself really to call it by its name. We laughed ; and the poor woman, very much puzzled, summoned a neighbour to examine

the disputed coin. He agreed with us it was copper; but even then she could not believe it. And as we turned away, I thought I heard her declare, that she was so rich now, she would go into the town and spend her treasure. I really felt sorry for her; for if she offered it to any one else, she would soon have been convinced how little it was worth.

We drove by the lake to a large villa or country house, the Villa d'Este, once inhabited by Caroline, the wife of King George the Fourth. Acacia hedges bordered the road nearly the whole way. The villa is what in England would be called a show place, always open to strangers; and there was a porter's lodge, and a gardener to go about with visitors; and a party were walking over the grounds just when we drove up. This happened rather unfortunately for us, for we waited and waited, and no gardener came; and at last we were tired of looking at the back of a stone house, and peeping through an iron railing at a fountain, and a stone figure, in a little pond, and thought we would be bold and go through the gardens by ourselves. But we had then too short a time to spare to see much. After all, the views of the lake would have been the chief delight to us; for in describing one foreign garden, one has very nearly described all. The feeling uppermost in one's mind in looking at them is the longing for a clever, active English gardener, who shall trim the flower beds, and make the walks tidy, and mow the turf, that is to say, if turf can ever be made to grow in such a dry climate, which, I believe, is very doubtful.

It was nearly one o'clock before we got back to the hotel; and at one the next steamer was to start, so we had only time to collect our luggage, and go on

board, and, in a very short time, we fairly said good b'ye to Como.

The voyage was quite as delightful as the drive. All was lovely, rich, and luxuriant. The only regret being that in looking at the beautiful scenery on one side of the vessel, one missed something equally beautiful on the other side. I think the olive trees were the only things which struck me as new. They are very quiet and sober looking trees, and do not grow to any great height; the leaves are small, and of a dull greyish green. When mixed with other trees, they look extremely well, but they are rather gloomy by themselves. There was a good deal of gaiety at the little towns and villages at which we stopped, in consequence of the festival. The houses were decorated, and the people in their best and gayest dresses. The favourite colour for awnings and blinds to the houses was a brownish yellow, which, though not very pretty in itself, served to brighten the streets a good deal. There are a great number of gentlemen's houses on the shores of the Lake of Como. It is a very favourite place with persons who wish to have change of air from the great towns. And so it has been, apparently, for hundreds of years: for as far back as about one hundred years after the birth of our Blessed Saviour, a celebrated Roman, named Pliny, had a villa on the Lake of Como. The spot on which his house stood, was pointed out to us; the house itself has, of course, long being destroyed, but some columns have been found near, in the lake, which probably formed part of it.

The handsomest place we saw was the Villa Sommariva, a very large stone house, with stone balconies, wide flights of steps, and gardens leading down to the

water's edge. Here, when the French were invading Italy, about sixty years ago, Napoleon Buonaparte, who was afterwards Emperor, lived for some time with his wife Josephine. It struck me as far too charming a place for one who had brought so much misery upon the country.

The Lake of Como is divided into two parts, as you will see at once by looking at the map. That part of it which branches off to the south-east, is called the Lake of Lecco. Varenna, the town at which we were to stop, is built near the spot where the two divisions of the lake meet. We were not quite sure whether we should sleep at Varenna or not. If we had time, we knew it would be desirable to go on further; but this could only be settled by consulting our voituriers, who were to meet us there with the carriages. The wind had risen after we left Como, and it was what sailors call fresh. As we came opposite to Varenna, a large, cumbersome, unpainted boat drew alongside of the vessel; and, after some difficulty, we managed to seat ourselves in it, with two or three Italians. Two men, I think, were to row us. The steamer moved off, and we turned towards the shore; but it was a great mistake to think that we were to arrive soon, or to suppose, as one is apt to do, that because a lake is not the sea, therefore it is never rough. I could not wish for a more unpleasant little voyage than we had from the steamer to Varenna. It took us a whole hour; and there was a chilly, blustering wind, and the water was rough, and several of the party were not at all good sailors; so that, altogether, it was a trial.

Heartily glad we were at last to find ourselves on the shore, and in the town; for the streets are close to the water's edge. Varenna is a small place built

on a steep bank—so steep, indeed, that some of the little streets leading from it are formed of steps, whilst others are nothing but narrow passages between walls. Daval, our head voiturier, met us at landing. He was relieved at our arrival, as he had been expecting us by the early steamer. We found, on consulting him, that we must give up the idea of going further that evening. The only place we could reach was Colico, a town at the upper end of the lake, at which we had been especially warned not to stop, as it is considered extremely unhealthy from the marshes which surround it. So dinner was ordered, and we settled to take a walk afterwards to an old castle which we had seen standing on a hill above the town, and soon made ourselves at home in our new quarters. The hotel was comfortable, and very prettily situated close to the lake.

I remember the dinner particularly, it was so very like an English dinner—a roast leg of mutton and rice, and chicken. The after-dinner walk was a very amusing scramble, though we never reached the castle, and were rather silly to attempt it. After all our experience of hills and distances, we might have known that it was much easier to plan such a walk than to take it, the distance being almost always two or three times as great as it appears. We asked a woman, whom we met, just as we were leaving the town, how we were to find our way to the castle; and her direction was, to go on till we came to a chapel and a very bad path. There could not have been a better description. A very bad path indeed it was! I doubt if I ever was on a worse. Brambles, and bushes, and stones, stopped us at every turn; and when we might have been about three parts up the

hill, it was growing so dusk that we took the prudent resolution of turning back ; and down we came, one after the other, managing as we best could each for himself ; and two of the most spirited of the party, who particularly prided themselves upon never making false steps, having had little private falls which they were forced afterwards to acknowledge. The walk was pleasant enough, but the views were the charm. You will be tired if I am always talking of blue lakes, and chestnut trees, and mountains ; but if you had once seen the Lake of Como, I think you would make allowance for me, — and understand besides the delight of opening the window of my room when I went to bed, and looking out upon the water glistening in the moonlight, and hearing the soothing sound of its gentle ripple.

CHAP. V.

It was a long journey from the Lake of Como to Innsbruck, and it is better, perhaps, not to give in detail the history of every day. There may be great variety for the persons travelling, but the descriptions are likely to be much the same, especially when, as is frequently the case abroad, you enter long valleys, shut in by mountains, which it may require two or three days to pass through. The road which we took to Innsbruck affords a great deal of scenery of this kind. It goes through what is called the Valte-line, a portion of Austrian Lombardy ; bounded by Switzerland on the north-west, and Italy on the south-east.

At the end of the Valteline there is a great barrier of mountains separating Italy from the Tyrol, and over these the high road into the Tyrol is carried by a pass called the Stelvio. On the further side of the Stelvio, at the distance of about twenty miles, begins another long valley between mountains, which leads to Innsbruck, the capital of the Tyrol. This latter valley is termed the Innthal, or the valley of the Inn, because the river Inn flows through it. You may imagine by this that our road was very direct, not winding in and out with other roads meeting it, as there might be in England, but so plainly marked that it seemed next to impossible to mistake it. Our mode of travelling was much the same as it had been ever since we set off in the carriages from Martigny. We breakfasted about half-past six or seven, and set off directly afterwards; stopped in the middle of the day at some town where we might rest the horses for about two hours, have our dinner, and take a walk; and then went on again till half-past six or seven in the evening. We generally had another little walk at that time; but the days were not very long, and knowing that we must rise very early in the morning, we soon had our tea and went to bed. Few persons could have travelled more pleasantly than we did during this part of our journey. Having two carriages we changed our positions in them whenever we chose, and sometimes were with one friend, sometimes with another. We had a number of books if we felt inclined to read; maps to help us to understand the country: figs, grapes, and pears, to refresh us if we were hungry or thirsty; and above all excellent spirits and a full determination to enjoy ourselves.

Yet with all this, I think, if I were to go abroad

again, I would rather go from the Tyrol into Italy, than from Italy into the Tyrol. When we left Varenna, and drove by the side of the lovely Lake of Como towards the north, we all felt that we were leaving warmth and brightness for cold grandeur. The blue skies and the chestnut woods of Italy had a little spoiled us, and the first sight of a snow mountain as we advanced towards the Tyrol, instead of giving us pleasure as at first, made us rather shudder at the thought of the bleak winds we might encounter amongst them. The upper end of the Lake of Como is much grander than the lower, on account of the height of the mountains; but it had not to me the same charm, for it was less thoroughly Italian: perhaps if I had seen it from the water I might have felt differently, but as we drove along the shore of the lake a great deal of the beauty on one side was lost. It certainly made me think of Switzerland more than Italy. The road is so shut in between the hills and the water that in some places it has been necessary to bore the rock and make an archway or gallery for it. Colico was the last town on the lake which we passed, but we made a point of not stopping there at all. It is surrounded by marshes formed by the river Adda, which rises amongst the mountains between the Tyrol and Lombardy, flows through the Valteline, and enters the Lake of Como close by Colico. It leaves the lake afterwards at Lecco, and joins the river Po near Cremona.

After reaching Colico we turned away to the right, or as I ought to say the north-east, and entered the Valteline. Our resting places, before we came to the mountain pass of the Stelvio, were Morbegno, Sondrio, Tirano, and Bormio. They are small towns, not in

any way remarkable ; Sondrio is the largest place, for it is the capital of the district. The hotel there was large and comfortable, and I remember being particularly struck by the merry voices of some young girls who were at work in a manufactory opposite to the hotel. The windows were open, and they were all singing together in parts, taking firsts and seconds. It must have been between five and six o'clock in the evening when we arrived at Sondrio, and they were then singing with all their hearts ; and between six and seven the next morning they had begun again. We had a pleasant scrambling walk also at Sondrio, up a hill of course, for it is always one's object in a new place to get upon a height and see all that one can.

A large building had attracted our attention as we drove into the town ; we thought it was a convent, but it proved to be only a prison. However we made our way to it, and had some splendid views over the snow-mountains, red and sparkling in the sunset. What pleased me, however, quite as much as the sunset, was the civility of some of the peasants whom we met. I and one of my companions had wandered away from the rest, wishing to reach the top of the hill for the sake of the view ; finding ourselves in a little, narrow, stony, shut-in path, we ventured to trespass into a vineyard through a gap in a kind of hedge. We were standing in the vineyard, looking at the sunset, when a labourer came up the path ; and, seeing we were strangers and ladies, he stopped, wished us good evening, and, without being asked, began to cut away the brambles in the gap, so that we might get back again easily, and then gave us directions as to the road we should take to return to the town. We passed some

cottages afterwards, and the people told us something more of the road, and, when we had gone on a few steps, sent a child after us to accompany us, lest we should mistake the way.

I cannot say what a pleasant, cordial feeling this unasked for civility from the poor people gives one. This instance I particularly remember, but it is only a specimen of the behaviour we observed constantly. If we passed a peasant in the road, he would take his hat off and wish us good morning or good evening, and one felt directly as if one had met a friend.

All the business of this part of the country, amongst the villages, must, I imagine, be carried on by mules. The hills are very near the towns, and there do not seem to be any roads for carts, for as we were coming down the hill into Sondrio, we met several laden mules going up.

The Valteline is a species of half-way country between the Tyrol and Italy. The language is not thoroughly Italian, and the people are more German than Italian looking, and are not by any means as handsome and graceful as at Como and the Lago Maggiore. Their dress also has a stout German air. The shoes are often wooden slippers; and the women wear red woollen stockings without feet, a most strange practice, which, however, is common in the Tyrol. Their gowns are made with broad coloured borders worked into the stuff. The gown may be purple, for instance, and the border red. The men's hats have peaked crowns, which is another thing peculiar to the dress of the Tyrolese. All these changes and the increasing cold, made us feel more and more that we were drawing near to a new country.

Tirano, the town at which we dined the day we left

Sondrio, is a very small, dirty, and not an interesting place. It is built close by the Adda, which, with the distant line of mountains, forms the only thing deserving notice in the scenery. I should scarcely have thought it worth while to mention the place except for a conversation which I held with a man in an old book shop, and which, as it gave me a little information about Austrian village schools, rather interested me. The Valteline, you must remember, is in the dominions of the Emperor of Austria, though the people, and their language, and their manners and customs, are in a great measure Italian.

This bookshop attracted my notice, as we were wandering about in the town, if I remember rightly, because there were some Italian school-books in the window, and I thought I should like to look them over, and see whether they were at all like our own; so I made an excuse for going in, to inquire for something else, and then began a little conversation with the master. He was an elderly man, with very bad eyesight, and seemed rather dull, till something was said about schools, and then he brightened up extremely. He himself was the master of the school at Tirano; and he had fifty scholars, who were employed for two hours in the morning, and two in the afternoon; and were taught reading, writing, grammar, and arithmetic. No payment was required. A nice-looking little girl was standing in the shop, and he pointed her out with some pride as one of his scholars. The priest of the parish, he said, came twice a week to give them religious instruction. He showed me some of their writing copies, which were amusingly like the little long blue writing copies from which I was taught myself when I was a child; only the words were Italian,

and the letters were more sloping. I asked him whether anything was done to reward the boys who were attentive and likely to get on well; and he replied, that if they were clever and good they might be removed from the national school to another, a higher school, called the Gymnasium, at Sondrio. Here they were obliged to pay about 1*l.* 10*s.* a month. Those who after this were found to be fitted for a superior profession or public office, or who desired to be clergymen, might go for further education to Como or Pavia.

It was a dull, cold afternoon, when we left Tirano, on our way to Bormio. We were drawing nearer and nearer to the snow mountains; the valley was growing narrower—the hills were more rocky—the trees were few, and the stone cottages were poor and ugly, and bore no resemblance to the Swiss cottages, except in the roofs, which projected at the top. The churches were very numerous, and the tall towers were particularly striking, and reminded us that we were still in Italy. This kind of country is very interesting on a bright summer's morning, when you have, as the saying is, the day before you, and when the snow-topped mountains give a feeling of agreeable refreshment. But to travel along slowly, with tired horses, on a chilly evening in the month of September, when both the driver and yourself are doubtful as to the distance you have to go, and what sort of accommodation you will find at the end of your journey, is not quite so satisfactory.

This was our case as we approached, or rather hoped we were approaching, Bormio. Our wish had been to reach a good hotel at a place called the Baths of Bormio, a little beyond the town; but we soon gave

up that idea. There were three horses to the large carriage, and they did very well. But the small one, in which I happened to be that afternoon, was thought to require only two; and up to this time we had managed easily enough. Now, however, there were evident signs that one horse at least had done quite as much work as was good for it; and our pace became alarmingly slow. The voituriers stopped at a little inn by the roadside, and a kind of gruel was brought out, with which all the horses were fed; and this had some effect for a time; but as we actually came in sight of Bormio, the small carriage was left so far behind, that I began to think seriously we must get out and walk. It was then cold and dark; the town was a wretched-looking place; and when at last we did manage to creep into it, no one knew where to find the hotel. The voituriers, it seemed, had never travelled by the road before, so they knew nothing of the resting-places. We made most awkward turnings in and out amongst the narrow streets, exciting such a commotion that we drew some of the inhabitants to the doors of their houses with tallow candles, which they held up to examine us as we passed; and at length found ourselves before the entrance of a dirty comfortless inn. We all felt very cold, and rather forlorn; but tea, and a fire in the salon, were instantly ordered; and then we were shown to our bedrooms. The wretchedness of their appearance it would be difficult to describe. I might have been in others equally unfurnished, but none ever gave me a more dreary sensation. The night was extremely cold; and the place stands so high, and so much in the neighbourhood of snow mountains, that even in summer I can imagine it scarcely warm. A carpet one did not expect; and,

indeed, the place looked so dirty, that it was better to be without; but the little furniture there was, gave an idea of discomfort, poverty, and untidiness, which, after a weary journey, was peculiarly trying. In all these cases, however, there is one consolation, one may hope to go to sleep and forget it; and so, after having had our supper, which I must confess was better than we had ventured to expect, we went to our rooms, piled shawls and cloaks upon our beds, and slept, upon the whole, very tolerably well.

When I said that our supper was better than we had expected, I must except the tea, which was uncommonly nasty. Tea and coffee are great difficulties in these out-of-the-way places. Persons sometimes think that you can get good coffee, at least, anywhere abroad, but this is a great mistake. I think we almost as often had bad coffee as bad tea. Now and then the people at the hotels would acknowledge, when we asked for tea, that it was not good; but in general they seemed to have no idea that there could be anything in the coffee to find fault with. We found, usually, that at these dirty, uncomfortable inns, we were called upon to pay a great deal more than we ought; and, if I remember rightly, Bormio was no exception to the rule. This custom of overcharging is a great inconvenience and annoyance in travelling. We found it just as much in Switzerland as in Italy. It was always necessary to look over a bill and correct it; and I recollect, at one place in Switzerland, ten or twelve shillings being taken away from a bill because it was not a fair charge, and the people of the hotel had not a word to say against it. Then the difference of coins makes great confusion. The coin which is common to almost all countries in Europe is a French coin, a

franc, worth about 10*d.*; but there are a great many others peculiar to the various states; and when a bill is made out, you never know whether the number at the bottom means so much in French money, or so much in German, or Italian. This causes a difficulty, and requires explanation, and takes up time. The ordinary Austrian coin is a zwanziger, which is in value about 8*d.*; and if a bill is made out in zwanzigers, and you possess only French francs, there must be a reckoning of the difference. Sometimes a bill appears reasonable if it is in zwanzigers, but when you pay it, the people, perhaps, turn round, and say they mean French francs; and then follows a dispute, which is anything but agreeable.

We had some misgivings about the horses when we left Bormio the next morning; but Daval assured us we need not be at all uneasy. There had been some mistake, he said, the day before, which had prevented their being fed properly, and this was one cause of their being over-tired; and, moreover, we were to have additional horses to carry us over the mountain, men going with them to bring them back; so we set off at seven o'clock, only a little doubtful how we should reach our journey's end.

The weather was still very cold; it was difficult, indeed, to suppose that it was ever anything else in such a region, for we were now as completely amongst the barren, rocky, snow-topped mountains, as we had been in Switzerland. The road over the pass of the Stelvio begins to ascend the mountain close to the Baths of Bormio, which are about two miles from the town. In a degree, it resembles the Simplon; in fact, all these mountain roads must be somewhat alike — they are all cut in zigzags; in parts carried under

archways hewn out of the rock ; and sheltered by great sheds, down which the avalanches roll, and are thus prevented from destroying the road. The great difference, I think, between the Simplon and the Stelvio road is, that in crossing the Simplon the road ascends more gradually, and the zigzag lines are long ; whereas on the Stelvio, you seem to be continually turning in and out, and can look up and see a great line of the road just above you, which it seems next to impossible you should ever reach. The mountains by the Stelvio are more barren than those by the Simplon : there are very few trees, and no views of distant country ; it is all bare, and rocky, and dreary. One could fancy enjoying a Swiss *châlet* on a fine day on the side of the Simplon ; but I cannot imagine anything but absolute necessity obliging one to take up one's abode on any part of the Stelvio. Indeed, there are no cottages, or pasture lands, or signs of habitation for man or beast, to be seen there, until the summit is reached.

The weather was bitterly cold, and we were obliged from time to time to get out of the carriages and walk, in order to warm ourselves. I was walking when we drew near the summit of the mountain, after an ascent of between three and four hours.

The sun shone brightly, but glaringly, upon the unsullied snow-peaks around us ; while a most bitter wind at the same time pierced us through and through. There were but few signs of vegetation — none of any human dwelling-place ; till, as we wandered on, we came in sight of a large stone building, with a broad covered archway in front, under which carriages might drive for shelter. The sight of this building scarcely gave me any feeling of comfort. There was an indescribable air of dirt and neglect

about it, large and substantial though it was. We walked up and down under the archway, waiting for the other carriages to come up, and trying, but failing, to keep ourselves warm, and, as soon as our companions joined us, entered the house. The dirty wooden stairs, the long dark passage, the wretched apartment through which we passed, and in which two unfortunate travellers were trying to find comfort without warmth, and the still more wretched room within, into which we were shown—no grate, no fire, only the bare open hearth—the windows with double glass, to keep out the cold—the dirty table—the few chairs—the glare of the snow, and the fierceness of the biting wind which followed us, I shall never forget. A fire, of course, was our first order; and when logs of wood were blazing on the hearth our spirits began to revive. Dinner was the next thought, but we had arrived at an unfortunate moment. The man who had been the master of the inn was dead, and his widow was gone to his funeral. There were no persons about the place but a boy and a young girl, neither of them apparently much acquainted with their business. The lady's maid took pity on us under these trying circumstances. She went down to the kitchen, searched the closets, brought out all they contained, and then set to work to dress a beef-steak; and in course of time a dinner appeared, of boiled chicken, beef-steaks, and sponge-cakes for pudding, which was not at all to be despised. Nothing, however, could make me forget my first impression of the place—it was the very wildest, dreariest, most desolate house I ever was in; and its size only increased the feeling of horror it gave me. I felt that all the stories of robberies and murders which used to frighten me as a child would

haunt me if I were obliged to stop there ; but happily I did not think of any nearer danger ; though we have since learnt that five days after we crossed the pass a party of gentlemen were attacked on the road by brigands or highway robbers, and only escaped by shooting one of them. We had nothing like pistols with us ; so that if we had been attacked, the robbers might have done anything we chose with us and our luggage.

When dinner was over, and we were preparing to set out again, the lady's maid informed us that the girl belonging to the house wished us to make out our own bill, for she did not understand how to do it herself. The request amused us not a little. But the girl knew quite enough to be exacting, and, when the bill was shown to her, found considerable fault with it, and grumbled and scolded till we left the place.

This inn, Santa Maria, as it is called, is not quite at the top of the pass ; the road ascends still higher for a short distance, till it reaches a small house or shed, the highest human habitation in Europe.

Opposite to this is an obelisk or pillar, marking the boundary between Lombardy and the Tyrol ; for, on descending the opposite side of the pass, we had entered a new country. The Tyrolese are a very peculiar race ; I must tell you something about them by and by, but just now I am only anxious to reach the end of the day's journey.

It was much more agreeable than the beginning. One sight alone, indescribably grand, which came upon us as soon as we stood upon the summit of the pass, was alone sufficient to repay us for any trouble, or suffering from cold. Immediately before us, closer than we had ever seen any grand mountain, was the

Orteler Spitz, inferior only to Mont Blanc and the Monte Rosa — a huge mass of a singular soft grey colour, and glittering with untrodden snow; two splendid glaciers coming down on each side of it, and only a deep narrow ravine, as it seemed, separating it from the steep mountain side, down which the zigzag road of the Stelvio pass was carried. In looking back upon our journey, some scenes stand out apart from all others; and this view of the Orteler Spitz is one never to be forgotten.

You may imagine how quick our descent was, yet it went on for a very considerable time. A few straggling fir trees at last appeared on the bleak mountains, and then followed signs of human habitation — little stone cottages, and a village, at which we talked of stopping; but it was too early in the afternoon, and the place was not inviting, so we continued our journey to Prad. The country around was not particularly remarkable. It bore some resemblance to Switzerland, but was different in having fewer trees. The people were working in the pasture lands making hay; for in the Tyrol there are two hay harvests in the course of the year. The women seemed to employ themselves out of doors as much as the men. Their dress reminded me of Wales, for they wore men's hats.

Prad is a small village, with the ruins of an old castle near it, to which we found our way whilst tea was preparing. The inn was small and homely, but very clean, and the civil German-speaking women who waited on us did every thing in their power to make us comfortable.

CHAP. VI.

PERSONS travelling through the Tyrol cannot properly enjoy the country without some knowledge of its history; and before we entered it, we had all taken some pains to learn the chief facts belonging to it. In the very old times the Tyrol was subject to a number of petty lords, one of whom at last became chief of all the others. The daughter of this nobleman, Margaret, surnamed Maultasch, or Greatmouth, married an Austrian prince, and as she inherited her father's dominions, the Tyrol from that time belonged to the princes of Austria. This union of the two countries took place in the year 1363. The government of Austria was good, and in the course of time many privileges were granted to the Tyrolese, which strongly attached them to their rulers; and when, about fifty years ago, the French having conquered the Austrians, declared they would take away the Tyrol from them, and give it to the Bavarians, the greatest possible feeling of indignation was excited throughout the country. The Tyrolese were devotedly fond of their native land, and entirely loyal to their Austrian sovereigns; they felt, as we may imagine the inhabitants of an English county would feel, if they were suddenly told that they were no longer to be subjects to the Queen of England, but were to be given over to the French.

The Austrians, being aware of their discontent, contrived to give them notice that they were willing to assist them in case they rebelled against the French and Bavarians, and soon after an insurrection broke out all over the country.

It was chiefly remarkable for the person who headed it — Hofer, the son of an innkeeper. He was a man of tolerable education, very religious, and honourable. His attachment to his country was excessive. Every thing belonging to the Tyrol he considered perfect; alterations were hateful to him; and his one great object was to restore every thing to the same state in which it had been before. There was something narrow-minded in this, yet no one can help admiring Hofer's noble, unselfish character; and the Tyrolese then, and ever since, have looked upon him quite as the hero of their country. He, and two friends — Speckbacher, a farmer, and Haspinger, a Roman Catholic priest — roused their countrymen to begin the war, and, after a number of battles and skirmishes, the French and Bavarians were defeated, and Hofer ruled the country in the name of the Austrian Government.

It was then that he showed his true greatness, for he was not in the least changed by suddenly acquiring rank and power. He lived in the most simple manner, wore his peasant's dress, and never required any one to pay him particular honour, but was addressed by his Christian name Anderl, or Andrew. Above all, he never permitted anything to interfere with his religious duties; and it is said that when friends were dining with him, and the hour for evening service arrived, he used to turn to them, and say, "We have eaten together, let us pray together."

The Tyrol continued free for a short time, but it was doomed at last to be conquered. The French again invaded the country, Hofer was taken prisoner, carried to Mantua, in Italy, and condemned to be shot. As he was led from prison to the place of execution, some of his countrymen threw themselves on the

ground before him, weeping bitterly, and entreating his blessing. Hofer gave it; at the same time asking forgiveness of all who had been led into misfortune by his example. He then delivered to the priest who accompanied him all that he possessed, adding, "My wife and family I leave to the Emperor."

He was placed in front of the line of soldiers, and required to kneel, but he refused. "I am used," he said, "to stand upright before my Creator, and in that posture I will deliver up my spirit to Him." There was no want of humility in this speech, neither did it imply that he never knelt. Hofer had spent all the previous night in devotion, but feeling himself an innocent person, unjustly condemned, he wished to show publicly, at the last moment of his life, that he was not ashamed of the part he had taken, nor afraid to trust himself to the Mercy of God. In the same spirit he refused to have his eyes bandaged, saying, "No, I have been accustomed to look into the mouths of cannon." When all was ready he gave a piece of money to the corporal, bidding him perform his duty well, and, retiring a few paces, pronounced in a firm voice "fire." The soldiers obeyed, but their hands were unsteady. They had too much sympathy with Hofer to be calm at such a moment. Every shot at first failed, but one at length proved more successful, and Hofer fell to the ground dead.

In appearance Hofer was exceedingly strong; but he was not very tall, and stooped when he walked. He had black eyes, brown bushy hair, and a beard which reached almost to his girdle. This was common at that time amongst the innkeepers in the Tyrol, and being an ancient practice, Hofer would on no account have given it up. His dress was always the same; a

broad-brimmed hat, ornamented with black ribbons and black feathers, a short green coat, a red waistcoat, with green braces, black breeches, and red stockings.

After his death his wife received a sum of money yearly from the Emperor of Austria; but the Austrians had never helped the Tyrolese as much as they had promised, and it is astonishing that the people should have remained as loyal to them as they did.

Hofer's friends, Speckbacher and Haspinger, escaped being taken prisoners; but both suffered much. Speckbacher hid himself in a cave amongst the mountains, till an avalanche one day swept over the hills and carried him into the valley. In the fall his leg was put out of joint, but he contrived to crawl to a village in the neighbourhood, not far from his own dwelling, and sought refuge in a cottage, the owners of which had formerly been very kind to him. These poor people being afraid that he would be discovered, if he remained there, — as the Bavarians were actually stationed in his house, — took him to his own stable, and there, for seven weeks, he remained, lying in a hole which a servant dug for him, underneath the spot where the cattle were accustomed to stand; never changing his position, and fed from time to time with the food he could manage to eat whilst lying in such a position, and which was brought to him by his servant. When the Bavarians had left the house he ventured forth, and, being joined by his wife, escaped to Austria.

Some years after the death of Hofer, when the power of the French was lessened, the Tyrol was again restored to the Austrians, and it has ever since remained subject to them.

After this short account of the events which have in late years made the Tyrol interesting, you will, I

hope, better understand the account of all we saw whilst journeying through it.

It took us several days to travel through the valley of the Inn, or the Innthal, as it is usually called, to Innsbruck, the capital of the Tyrol. I suppose we can scarcely be said to have gained a very true notion either of the country or the people from merely passing quickly amongst them. We know ourselves what strange ideas foreigners often form of us, and how much they alter their opinions when they come to live with us. But there were some things which it was impossible not to remark, and in which one could not be mistaken; and these I shall try and remember, as giving the best idea I was able to obtain of the Tyrol and its inhabitants.

In many respects there must naturally be a great resemblance between the Tyrol and Switzerland, for both are mountainous countries, and in both there are torrents, and ravines, and glaciers. But the mountains of the Tyrol are not as high as those of Switzerland; the snow-peaks and glaciers are fewer; the streams are smaller. It is not such a grand country, but it gives one more the idea of a pleasant land to live in, and it has a greater number of objects of interest belonging to by-gone days, especially old ruined towers and castles, standing on rocks and on the sides of the hills. This, indeed, is one of the first things which strikes one on entering the country. A Swiss valley is generally small, and formed of flat pasture lands, dotted about with cottages and châlets; but the valley of the Inn, the largest of the Tyrolean valleys, is not less than one hundred and twenty miles long, and from two to six miles wide; and instead of being flat it is broken into smaller hills, or bits of rising ground,

shut in by the great mountains at the side; and on these small hills, in the middle of the valley, stand the old ruined towers and churches, with villages scattered about every where. As a whole I think the Innthal is without exception the most beautiful valley I have ever seen, and certainly it was that which gave me the most pleasure whilst I was abroad, though the weather was not favourable for seeing it, being cold and cloudy.

In Switzerland the peasants have a right to feed their cattle upon the mountains, but this is not the case in the Tyrol. A Tyrolean peasant possesses, perhaps, a cow, and one or two pigs, and a small piece of land, but this is only just sufficient to keep his family upon bread made of Indian corn, and milk; so that he is not much better off than an ordinary day labourer in England. Indian corn is more cultivated than any other kind of grain. Besides forming the chief food of the poor, it is eaten by horses, and the husks and sheaths are used in stuffing mattresses, and are burnt for firewood. The climate of the Tyrol is cold, especially in the Innthal; the city of Innsbruck, which is in the centre, being two thousand feet above the level of the sea. Only hardy vegetables, therefore, will grow in this part of the Tyrol; but nearer to Italy, in what is called the Southern Tyrol, fruit and vines are cultivated.

The villages have a bright prosperous appearance; the cottages are all built of stone, with projecting roofs, like those I have before described; and in the neighbourhood of the mountains we observed that they had double windows to keep out the cold. A gentleman's house is not to be seen, but there is an air of comfort about the peasants which is very pleasing, though I must say I was surprised to find almost as many beggars as

in Italy. The inns amused me much ; they were such large, old, rambling houses, and every now and then one met with something so odd and unlike what one was accustomed to elsewhere. Generally there was a long, large room at the top of the staircase, into which the bedrooms opened. What this large room was used for I could not quite understand. It appeared to be a kind of passage, as there was no door to shut it in, but it was furnished with a table and chairs like a regular room. There was a peculiar window in many of the houses which especially charmed me ; a kind of bay window, very deep, like an extra little room or closet, with glass all round it. It was usually placed at the corner of the house, and added greatly to its beauty on the outside, and in the inside it formed a convenient corner window, to which, in a large party, two or three persons might go aside by themselves to talk quietly. The towns at which we stopped in the Lunthal had all, except one, names of one syllable. We passed through Prad, Mals, Graun, Pfunds, Landek, Imst, and Telfs, before we reached Innsbruck.

Graun was the place at which we dined on the day we left Prad. It was a small country town, in no way remarkable. A red-faced landlord came to the door of the inn to receive us, and ushered us up stairs into a large room, with a handsome ornamented ceiling and painted walls, against which hung pictures and a crucifix. The house evidently had belonged to some rich person in former days ; even the lock of the door was a curiosity, from its size and the difficult way in which it was made.

In due course of time the dinner was placed upon the table, but one of the gentlemen of our party declared himself unable to touch it. I inquired after-

wards what was the matter, and he told me that just after we arrived, as we were going out to take a little walk, he saw the unfortunate fowls upon which we were to dine brought in alive. This was very unlucky, for it so happened that, for the first day or two in the Tyrol, we were at very poor little country inns, where we had bad bread, butter which was quite uneatable, coffee and tea equally objectionable, and meat only tolerable; so that at last one or two of the party began to feel ill for want of proper food. Honey used to help us out of our difficulties in Switzerland, but we could not get it in the Tyrol. I was quite surprised to find the butter so bad. It seems as if it ought not to be so in a pasture country; but they never put any salt to it as we do in England, and, if there is anything disagreeable in the taste, there is nothing besides to make it bearable. Salt is, I believe, heavily taxed, which must be the reason for using it so little.

We had a specimen of the simple habits of the Tyrolese as we left Graun. No regular bill was brought—indeed, I doubt if the people of the inn could write properly—but they put down some figures on a slate, and then brought it to us for the sum to be paid.

The money in general use in the Tyrol is something like the Bavarian money; florins, worth about 1s. 8d., and kreutzers, sixty of which make a florin. Zwanzigers also are very common.

The drive between Graun and Pfunds, the next village at which we slept, was most beautiful. It took us through one of the most splendid ravines amongst the Alps, called the pass of the Finsternünz, or Dark Mouth.

This pass is a cleft in the mountains, formed by the river Inn, which has forced its way through them, out of the Engadine, a Swiss valley, into the Tyrol. A person travelling on foot could make his way from the Tyrol into Switzerland, by following the course of the torrent, along a very difficult footpath; but no carriage could possibly attempt it. The road itself is most wonderful; it is cut along the side of the great cliffs, at an immense height, and from it you look down into the deep hollow, through which the Inn flows, and upwards to the rock, the summit of which your eye can scarcely reach. The sides of the pass are covered with trees; the rocks are rather of a reddish colour. This road through the Finstermünz and over the Stelvio, is one of the high-roads from the Tyrol into Lombardy; and it is, therefore, of great importance that it should be well made and kept in good repair; for as the people of Lombardy are not very contented with the Austrian Government, and are often inclined to rebel, it is necessary to have the means of sending soldiers into the country at any moment. Such facts do not appear to us of much importance, living as we do, in an island, and not very often troubling ourselves with any thoughts of invasion; but we must remember that what the sea is to us, the mountains are to such a country as the Tyrol. They shut it in, and defend it; and as we build forts on the sea coast, in places where we think it possible an enemy might land, so the Emperor of Austria has built a great fortress at the entrance of the Finstermünz, that, in case of a war, he might be able to prevent a foreign army from entering the Tyrol. It is for this reason also, I imagine, that he has given orders for another road to be made through it. The present

road appears to do very well for travellers, but probably is not quite so easy for troops, and a higher road has been begun, the plans for which we watched with much interest.

Just as we entered the ravine, and began to descend towards the river, we observed a number of people at work amongst the rocks above us, and presently down came stones and rubbish very awkwardly, and almost upon our heads. On inquiry we found that a Government officer was then employed in marking out the new road, and white posts were placed at certain distances along the cliffs to show where it was to be carried. It was a perfect marvel to us where it could go. The rock appeared quite steep, and the height was tremendous; yet in places where one would think even a bird would scarcely perch, the white poles were stuck. The lower part of the pass has some defence as well as the upper; for the road, on reaching the banks of the river, is carried over to the other side by a bridge, on which stands an old tower and a gateway, and — what one sees in every place abroad, however wild — a Chapel. Whether the tower could stand very long if it were attacked by an army, I cannot pretend to say; but it would make a very pretty picture, with the bridge, and the river, and the huge cliffs rising up around, and I quite longed to draw it.

The inn at which we slept that night, at the little town of Pfunds, will be always memorable to me for the stupidity of the people, the meagre coldness of the rooms and the furniture, the bad supper which only a few of us could eat, the general low spirits of the party, and the overpowering headache which obliged one who was always called upon to talk for the rest to go to bed before tea.

But more than all to be remembered was the despair of the lady's maid, who delighted in large rooms and comfort, hated rocks and mountains, and could not in the least understand what pleasure we could find in wandering in such out-of-the-way places ; where people talked German, which she could not understand, and gave us such very indifferent food, that even Daval went to bed because he could not make up his mind to eat what was offered him.

For myself, I had not much to complain of, for, instead of being called upon to arrange for other people's comfort, they were kind enough to arrange for mine ; and, if I remember rightly, I made a very good supper in spite of the musty bread and bad butter. Pfunds, however, is not a very delightful place. It is nothing but a straggling village, not very clean, formed of a number of narrow lanes, through which streams flow from the mountains, and cows and goats wander at will. We walked about a little just after our arrival, and looked into two churches, which had all the usual ornaments of Roman Catholic churches. In one, there was an evening service, which reminded me of an English service, all the congregation joining in the responses as we do in the Litany. The manner of the people was very devout ; and this I believe is remarkable throughout the Tyrol, the inhabitants having the character of being extremely religious.

CHAP. VII.

It was pleasant the next day to reach Landek, one of the largest villages in the Tyrol. It was the first place

at which our friend, who grieved so much over the untimely death of the chicken at Graun, was able to make a good dinner; and it really was a satisfaction to see him eat heartily, for he was beginning to look quite ill. The situation of Landek is perfectly lovely. It has hills, and castles, and woods, and mountains, all around it, and the river Inn flowing by it; and every little piece of ground close to the town is pretty, and the views of the mountains further up the valley are most grand. We went for a walk as usual up one of the nearest hills, which, from the green turf and the trees scattered about, and the lovely flowers, made me think of an English gentleman's park. When I say, however, that we took a walk, you must not imagine that we went easily along a lane, or even over a tolerably steep path. Our walks were always scrambles; this one, I remember, led us up a watercourse, in some places so steep that we could scarcely get on.

In mountainous countries one cannot go any distance without climbing; and indeed, as far as I can judge, the absence of what we call cross roads and lanes everywhere abroad would be a great drawback to one's daily pleasures. There are many days when one is not at all inclined to climb a steep hill or scramble up a watercourse, and yet one has no fancy for the high road, and it is then, I think, one should long for a pleasant, shady, English lane.

We went into the church at Landek, which is beautifully situated on a hill, but the building itself did not please me. It is white, like all the churches in the Tyrol, and the corners were painted yellow, which gave it a poor, tawdry, look. The churchyard was very striking, being filled with little gilt crosses placed over the different graves; and as we stood at one end

of the ground, and looked across it, we could see nothing but the glittering crosses rising up against a most enormous wall of grey mountains. All the space between the churchyard and the mountains was hidden from our view. There were no houses, no signs of human life, nothing to remind one of the business and cares of this world; but in their stead the holy sign which told of redemption from the grave, and the mighty hills which spoke of the Majesty of God. The inscriptions on the crosses were very touching—"to the memory of those who were resting in peace and hope, having been strengthened by the last sacraments of the Church." They were of course Roman Catholic inscriptions, for the Tyrolese are all Romanists; but a churchyard is not a place in which one is inclined to dwell upon the points in which persons differ from oneself. Religion in the Tyrol is brought before one constantly. Every tiny village has its church. The number is marvellous. Crucifixes and pictures meet one at every turn; and I was disappointed to observe also an immense number of images of the Virgin Mary. I had been led to expect that the Tyrolese were less devoted to Romish practices than the Italians, but, certainly from all I saw, I should imagine there could be but little difference between them, at least as regards the worship of the Virgin.

One day we saw, in a country town, a procession entirely in her honour. A number of school children walked first, carrying banners; the boys and girls separately; then came the priests in ornamented robes; and then a number of women, two and two, followed by the men. They were all chanting slowly, but the voices were rather wearisome. The people were

staring and looking about, and did not give me a notion of being very serious.

The Tyrolese are not by any means as handsome as the Italians, and their dress is far less becoming. The men wear knee-breeches, corded with yellow, white or grey stockings, grey waistcoats, and peaked hats, with tassels hanging down, or a peacock's feather or a ribbon fastened in them. They generally carry about with them a large knife, the handle of which is seen sticking out of their dress. The women sometimes wear men's hats with gilt tassels, and sometimes very large caps made of the skin of the otter, which makes it appear as if they had put a child's muff upon their heads. They are very sturdy looking, for they put on a great number of petticoats. Even the little children wear men's hats.

The mistress of an inn carries at her side a large leathern pocket or bag, with a clasp; fastened round her waist by a leathern belt. These bags are pretty looking things, for they are very neatly worked in patterns with the white upper portions of the quill of a peacock's feather.

The men wear large leathern belts, very broad in front, worked in the same way. The belts are hollow, and in them they carry their money. The women are often employed in ornamenting them.

After a drive through one of the most lovely parts of the Innthal, we arrived at Imst, the place at which we were to sleep after leaving Landek, in time for a walk; and, in order to obtain the best view of the town and the country, we went up a hill, which, like those in Italy, was dedicated to sacred remembrances. There were little chapels and pictures as usual at different stations, and by each picture were inscribed a few

verses in German, referring to the subject. A person must be very cold and indifferent who could ascend the steep hill and stop to read the simple, earnest, verses without some serious feeling. And there was nothing likely to disturb it. The pictures were roughly done, but were in no way irreverent, neither was there anything in them to remind one of the worship of the Virgin. It was simply a place dedicated to the memory of our Lord, as a church might be, and it satisfied me more than anything else of the kind I had seen.

The country also was impressive. The view was extensive; on one side looking over a long valley, which we were not, however, to pass through; and on the other giving us a glimpse of the road through the Innthal by which we were travelling, and the mountains which were a barrier between us and Innsbruck; whilst close to us was a rugged ravine leading up into the hills, below which stands the town of Imst. These mountain views, seen as the sun is setting, with the snow glittering upon the tops of the stupendous hills, and the shades gathering around them, are very solemn. They make one feel how much there is even in this world which man can never reach,—wild regions of rocks, and snow tracts, and precipices, over which we have no power, but which are, as it were, the peculiar property of Him who made them.

The religious habits of the people were shown as we came down from the hill. It was the time for evening service, and every one was flocking to church; the women coming out of the houses with their children, and locking the doors, but not seeming to think it at all necessary that any one should be kept from church to take care of the cottage.

Imst is a cheerful looking town, with tolerably large houses, and particularly pleasant to us, as we found a good inn there. The room in which we sat had a corner window, which made a most comfortable, pretty little parlour, especially convenient, as the room itself was in fact a bedroom.

Our landlady at Imst exerted herself to the utmost to make us comfortable, whilst she rushed about with a great bunch of keys at her side, talking in a loud, sharp voice, as fast and as incessantly as if she had nothing to do but to chatter, and we had nothing to do but to listen. The whole inn, indeed, was in commotion that evening; for, besides ourselves, a party of German travellers had arrived, who were going through the Tyrol on foot; and every room in the house was occupied.

I must not forget to tell you that Imst was once a very famous place for canary birds. An immense number were bred here, and carried afterwards to distant countries. The trade was then so flourishing that the men who travelled to sell the birds often returned after an absence of eight or nine months with between two and three thousand pounds to divide amongst the persons to whom the canaries belonged. It is very different now; but there are still some houses in the place, in which these birds are bred.

The signs in the street, at Imst, I remember, amused me very much. Instead of having the name of the shop written up, a picture was painted to represent the articles to be sold. At a grocer's, for instance, there were some eggs and cheese; and at a butcher's, a man lifting up his hand to kill a great ox, and a little dog looking up at him.

It was a day's journey from Imst to Innsbruck.

The road was excessively beautiful at first, with the Inn winding through the valley, its banks covered with wood, churches dotted about, and huge misty mountains on each side, the white summits of which peered above masses of clouds. But nearer to Innsbruck the valley widens, and the Inn, like many other rivers, spreads itself out, and has a stony, dreary looking beach; and this is always a great drawback to what might otherwise be a beautiful view.

We dined at Telfs, a moderately sized village with a wonderful peaked mountain rising just behind it, and then set out on our last drive before we reached Innsbruck.

The road passed near the foot of the great hills, and close under one giant cliff, which had a peculiar interest from the story attached to it. Martin's Wand, or Martin's Wall as it is called, is a steep, unbroken precipice, 770 feet high, immediately below which flows the river Inn. Between three and four hundred years ago, Maximilian of Austria, lord of the Tyrol, and afterwards Emperor of Germany, was pursuing a chamois amongst the rocks above Martin's Wand, when he missed his footing, and rolled to the edge of the precipice. He was just able to save himself from falling headlong over, by clinging, with his head downwards, to a ledge of rock; but he was unable to move either up or down, and it seemed as if no human being could approach him. His death appeared certain; and when his situation was known, the Abbot of Wilten, a priest of the Roman Catholic Church, drew near to the foot of the rock, and offered up the prayers for the dying. The prince considered himself lost, and recommended himself to the mercy of God. But a loud cry was suddenly heard, and a bold hunter, named

Zips, who had been clambering after a chamois, drew near the spot. He no sooner discovered the prince's danger than he made his way to him, by steps which no other person would have dared to take, held out his arm, and assisted in guiding him along the face of the rock, till he reached a place of safety. The preservation of the prince was considered such a miracle, that the common people even now believe that an angel was sent to save him. Maximilian himself did not fail to acknowledge the mercy thus shown him, and year by year he retired for a certain number of weeks from the splendour of a court, to the poverty of a convent, that he might occupy himself in penitence, prayer, and thanksgiving.

It is said that the bold hunter received the title of Count Hollauer von Hohenfelsen, or Count Hulloo of the High Rock, in remembrance of the cry which first attracted the prince's notice; and the name of Zips is mentioned amongst the list of those who yearly received a certain sum of money from the royal treasury. The spot where this event happened is now hollowed out into a cave, and marked by a crucifix.

CHAP. VIII.

MARTIN'S WAND is about eight miles from Innsbruck. We drove into the town as the sun was setting splendidly over the mountains behind us. I had thought of our arrival so much and so long, and had for so many years longed to visit Innsbruck, that perhaps it was scarcely possible I should not be disappointed in it. It is, undoubtedly, a surprising place in its situa-

tion. A person who has not been there can scarcely imagine the strangeness of seeing immense mountains, eight or nine thousand feet high, rising up at the end of the streets, as if they were quite close; or, as it has been said, "as if the wolves prowling amongst them could look down into the town." When we were at Innsbruck the weather was cold, and it was late in the season, and there was snow resting upon the mountains, which increased their grandeur; and I never could get over the feeling of wonder when I looked out of the window of the hotel, into a handsome, broad street, and then cast my eyes up to the snow. It seemed as if the two things could not possibly have any right to be so near together — they were so unsuited for each other. But, except in the situation, I saw little in Innsbruck to admire, though a great deal to excite interest. The houses are white, and very tolerably regular; and the streets are broad and level; for the town stands on even ground in the centre of the valley; and though the mountains look so near when they are seen at the end of the streets, they are, in reality, many miles off. Some old parts there are with covered ways, and arches along the streets; but the town, as a whole, does not look very old. That which struck me more than anything else was its quietness, and that it seemed to belong entirely to the peasants. This, indeed, is remarkable all through the Tyrol, as far as I have seen. The country people seem to be every thing; and so it is at Innsbruck. Though it is the chief city, the capital of the country, it seems to be the capital only for the peasants. The articles of dress in the shops are such as the peasants wear: hats with peacock's feathers, shawls, and stuff gowns and prints; no rich silks and

gay dresses, such as are seen in the large towns in England. Then the streets are so empty! I do not recollect to have observed a private carriage all the time I was there, except one belonging to some English people who were setting off on a journey; neither are there any stands of carriages for hire; and the sight of an Austrian officer riding slowly up the town was perfectly astonishing. This kind of stillness is more remarkable when one thinks of the bustle of London.

The hotels are good. We were not at the largest, but at another, just opposite, called the "Goldene Sonne," or Golden Sun. Our sitting room was of a good size, uncarpeted, and with a stove in one corner, looking like a white polished pillar. As the weather was cold, we had it lighted, but it did not make up for the blazing warmth of an English fire. We used to stand by it, and put our hands upon it, to warm them, but no one thought of sitting near the stove; and after it had been burning some time, the heat and closeness of the room became oppressive.

I think you would have been amused at the first order given after our arrival. Three washerwomen were to be sent for at nine o'clock the next morning. The very thought of them was a satisfaction; for the quantity of dust and dirt which our dresses, and the carriages, and every thing belonging to us, had gathered during our long journey is not to be described. I scarcely ever remember to have been more anxious for a new ribbon and a clean bonnet cap. But shopping in Innsbruck is not a very easy matter. A plain straw bonnet was a treasure not to be purchased at any price. There were some,—fine, flimsy, and open-worked, brought, we were told, from

Vienna; but we could not meet with anything more substantial, except the peasants' caps. Matching ribbon was especially difficult, though the colour required was a common dark purple. I ordered a new stick for my parasol, which was broken; and when it was brought home it was like a long, stout, little walking-stick; very strong, undoubtedly, as the woman reminded me with great satisfaction when she held it up to be admired, but not quite what we are accustomed to carry about with us in England. As for pins, they were a perpetual torment; but I believe bad pins are not peculiar to Innsbruck, but are common everywhere abroad. I bought a paper of very large ones, thinking they would be serviceable, and they were no sooner put into my dress than they bent like pieces of wire.

But if finding what one needed was a difficulty, paying for it was much more so. The Austrian money is more puzzling and provoking than can well be imagined. It consists, principally, of little strips of paper, marked with the number of kreutzers which it is supposed to be worth, and the value of a kreutzer may be about three farthings. If only this paper money were used it would be all very well; but there are other kreutzers, coined in metal, like our pence and halfpence, and these, though they go by the same name, are worth more than the paper kreutzer. For instance, if you wished to change a paper florin, you would receive for it sixty paper kreutzers, but not half the number if you were paid in coin. The paper money, in fact, is bad money, and the people call it "schein," or "make believe." The real money is called "münz," or coined. When we first heard this word we were extremely perplexed. We were

told that something we wished to purchase would be so many kreuzters "*münz*," but what was meant by "*münz*" we had not the least idea. Nothing is more easy than to cheat persons who do not understand the difference of the two kinds of money, since they may be charged the true price according to the bad money, and yet may be allowed to pay in *münz*, or good money.

The churches at Innsbruck were the first things we went to see. The Hof Kirche, or Court Church, is the most celebrated; not so much for its size and grandeur, as for the remarkable monuments which it contains. In the very centre of the church stands an immense marble tomb, in honour of the Emperor Maximilian, whose figure you may perhaps recollect that I mentioned to have seen, carved over a mantel-piece at Bruges in Belgium. He was a powerful monarch, and his dominions were very extensive, and on his tomb are sculptured the principal events of his reign,—battles, and councils, and marriages, and interviews with different sovereigns. The subjects are not, indeed, suited for a tomb, which can only remind one that all earthly glory is nothing, and must soon pass away for ever: but they are most exquisitely carved in white marble: the most trifling objects—the ornaments of a lady's dress, the head dresses, the patterns of robes, being all as clearly marked as if they were painted. There are no less than twenty-four of these small carved pictures. I saw them twice, but it would take a longer time to examine any one properly.

But that which strikes a stranger most, on entering the great church at Innsbruck, is a collection of immense figures, cast in a dark metal called bronze, and representing all kinds of celebrated persons of former

days. They stand in two rows, on each side of the centre aisle, with their black, heavy armour, and swords, and quaint dresses; some looking fierce, and all very strange, and unfitted for a church. And yet there is something solemn in the still, motionless forms,—one could not wish them to be removed. Why they were chosen it is difficult to understand, for they do not all belong to the Tyrol, or even to Austria: one of our old Saxon kings—Arthur—is amongst them, and there are several ladies, extremely ugly, and most unbecomingly dressed.

The same person—Collin—who carved the marble tomb of the Emperor Maximilian was also employed to ornament in the same way the tomb of one of his descendants,—Ferdinand, Archduke of Austria, and Count of the Tyrol. The history of this prince interested me much. When he was only nineteen he married a young girl named Philippina Welser, the daughter of a merchant of Augsburg, in Germany. Philippina was a very beautiful and charming person, but her father-in-law, who was Emperor of Germany, could not forget that she was the daughter of a German citizen; and he would not forgive his son, or acknowledge her as his daughter. Eight years went by and the Emperor and Philippina had never met. But at the end of that time the young Archduchess contrived to gain an interview with her father-in-law, and, throwing herself at his feet, entreated him with tears to grant his son's pardon. The sight of her distress touched the monarch's heart, and from that hour they were friends. The Emperor had no reason to repent his forgiveness, for Philippina proved a most excellent wife, and made her husband happy for thirty years, during which they lived together. The

monument of Ferdinand and Philippina is placed in what is called the Silver Chapel, a small building added on to the great church. It was built by Ferdinand, as the especial burying-place of himself and his wife; and he gave to it an image of the Virgin Mary made of solid silver; from which, and another silver ornament — a kind of picture — over the altar, the chapel receives its name.

Andrew Hofer was buried in the Court Church. His body was brought to Innsbruck eleven years after his death. The last Emperor of Austria erected a marble statue to his memory. He is represented in the dress of a peasant of the Tyrol, with his rifle slung over his shoulder, and a banner in his hand.

The other churches at Innsbruck are not very remarkable.

We spent one morning at the museum — a collection of curious and interesting things belonging to the country. The affection which the Tyrolese feel for Hofer is particularly shown in this place. They keep his picture there, his sword, his green braces, and a medal which he wore round his neck, bearing the image of the saint whom he believed peculiarly watched over him. Museums in great cities usually contain curiosities from all parts of the world, but at Innsbruck there is scarcely any thing which has not some connection with the Tyrol. There are pictures, but they are copies by native artists; globes and maps, made by the peasants; stones, from the mountains; wood carvings, for which the Tyrolese are famous; salt, from the mines; gloves, of wash-leather, and of a peculiar soft skin, which are made to cover the wrist much more than ours: specimens, in short, of all things in any way peculiar to them: and even one of

the princes of the royal family of Austria is represented in a Tyrolean dress, and wearing a hat ornamented with peacock's feathers. All this helps to keep up that strong love of their country and their ancient customs for which they are remarkable.

Foreigners are not the only persons who come to Innsbruck to see sights. An astonishing old woman, a peasant from the country, accompanied by a man, went through the great church at the same time as ourselves. She was very stout, and the number of her petticoats I will not venture to guess, but they certainly made her a surprising size. Round her neck she wore two necklaces, one coral, and the other garnet; and, instead of a bonnet, her hair was plaited, and black velvet fastened round it. She quite haunted us, for she appeared again in the afternoon of the day on which we had seen her at the church, as we were going over an old castle on a hill, a short distance from the town.

The word castle makes English people think of thick grey walls covered with ivy; but castles abroad are often spoilt by being whitened on the outside, so that no one would imagine them to be old buildings. Castle Ambras resembles an oddly built house, with little turrets at the corners. I was disappointed in it, and yet glad that I saw it, for there were many interesting things about it. In former times it was the residence of the archdukes of Austria; and in it Ferdinand and Philippina passed many years of their life. There was something very touching in finding in the deserted castle some things which had been the actual property of Philippina, and which are still kept in the room which she inhabited. Amongst other things we saw a little chamber organ, a harpsichord or old-

fashioned piano, a tortoiseshell cabinet, a case with two hundred little drawers in it, a mirror which reflected the same thing fifteen times, ornaments brought to her from Genoa, and—what especially seemed to carry one back to the years when she was living—her money-chest, and a child's toy with little moving figures, most likely used by one of her own children. It made one grave, and almost sad, to look at these trifles, although there was no real cause for sadness. Philippina was, I believe, a good person, and lived upon the whole a happy life; but articles once commonly used by persons who have so long been dead, make one feel that they really existed on earth much more than great buildings or monuments; and then serious thoughts are apt to come to one's mind, as to where they are now, and where we shall all soon be.

There are a few pictures of the royal family of Austria kept in the castle of Ambras, and some suits of armour, or steel covering, which persons used to wear in the old times when they went to war: but the most strange thing I saw there was the skin of a horse belonging to Charles V., Emperor of Germany, and uncle to Philippina's husband. Charles was a very celebrated king, and his horse, I suppose, was celebrated too, for its skin, as I said, has been preserved, and put upon a wooden model, so that it looks as if the creature had been stuffed. In the same way another horse, who took a famous leap in those days, has been remembered by having his skin kept; and in the room with these animals is a figure dressed in the clothes which actually belonged to a stable-boy at the same time. There are no large rooms, or grand halls, or staircases, in the castle of Ambras, and, with

the exception of the few things I have mentioned, there is nothing to be seen there except the view from the roof, which extends a great way, but is not so splendid as I was inclined to imagine. The valley of the Inn is certainly by no means as beautiful near the city as it is at a distance. The river, with its stony shore, looks quite dreary, and there is a great want of wood; indeed that I remarked from the first moment we entered the Tyrol. Another large town besides Innsbruck can be seen from the castle of Ambras—Hall, near which are some famous salt-mines. There seemed to be very little ground about Ambras: it was built quite on the edge of the hill, and a road passed directly behind it.

On the same day that we went to the castle we also paid a visit to the Abbey of Wilten, a great church, which is memorable to the Tyrolese because Hofer and his friend Speckbacher met one night in the churchyard to form plans for the deliverance of their country, and ask the blessing of God upon their undertaking. For this reason I also was interested in the spot; but in itself the abbey was as ugly a building as one could well see: white and yellow on the outside, and with a mixture of black and tawdry ornaments in the inside. A person who expected to see any thing like a beautiful old English abbey or cathedral would be grievously disappointed. Having shortly before read accounts of the defence of the country by Hofer, and the battles and sieges which took place at that time, it was satisfactory to be able to trace the spots where the different events took place. A hill, called the Iselberg, to which we drove after seeing Castle Ambras and Wilten, was one particularly noted, as it stands just above the town, and both the

Tyrolese and their enemies several times encamped and fought upon it. It is principally used now as a rifle-ground, for the Tyrolese are remarkable for their skill in shooting with this particular kind of gun, and practise a great deal.

Our last day at Innsbruck was wet and cold; but we managed to go out a little while in the town to finish our shopping. The stout old woman, with the quantity of peccatoats and the plaited hair, was wandering about at the same time, and I began to look upon her as an old acquaintance. Shopping in Innsbruck can in one respect be managed better than in many other places, for a great number of the shops are under arcades, so that one can walk about without getting wet. These arcades form the oldest part of the town. A house once inhabited by the counts of Tyrol is still standing there, which has an oriel window,—a particular kind of ornamented bay window,—covered with a roof of gilt copper. It is said to have been made by the command of one of the counts of Tyrol, called Frederick of the Empty Purse, because he was supposed to have no money. In order to show that this nick-name was unfounded, he spent 30,000 ducats—more than 14,000*l.*—in this absurd way.

One thing more may be mentioned before leaving Innsbruck,—the constant use which is made there, and, indeed, throughout the Tyrol, of aniseed in bread. Except in the great hotels, one can scarcely meet with any bread free from it, and even as we passed through the streets the smell in the bakers' shops was quite strong. Unfortunately we all disliked it.

Fresh arrangements were required to be made for our journey from Innsbruck to Venice. We had only engaged our voituriers as far as Innsbruck, but on

talking to Daval we found he was willing to carry us on farther. Whilst we were seeing sights he was busy in buying and selling horses; the horse which was so knocked up before we crossed the Stelvio, being pronounced lazy and unfit for hard work. The day before we left Innsbruck, Daval announced with great glee that he had made a capital purchase, and the gentlemen of our party were summoned into the court-yard of the hotel to see the new horse. Daval's ambition was to have four greys, for he intended, he said, to go to Florence for the winter, and there the ladies and gentlemen liked to have horses to their carriages all of one colour. We were to part from our Swiss voiturier and his carriage at Innsbruck. I do not know what prevented him from going on with us, for we were all sorry to say "good b'ye!" to him; and he, on his part, did not at all seem to fancy returning into Italy by the pass of the Stelvio, as he had engaged to do, having been hired by a party who were wishing to travel that way. "Cela m'ennuie,"—"It wearies me,"—he said to me, when we were talking about it; and I could quite sympathise with him. Grand as the Stelvio undoubtedly was, I should not at all have enjoyed the thought of going back to its perpetual snows and fierce winds.

CHAP. IX.

WE left Innsbruck on the 18th of September, intending to make about a week's journey to Venice. Daval had engaged a new voiturier, and a new carriage; the latter not quite as comfortable as that which we had

parted with, being rather small for three persons. The voiturier was an Italian, a Venetian, who spoke Venetian, which is a peculiar kind of Italian; so peculiar indeed that it is difficult to understand it; and the quickness with which his words followed each other was a constant source of wonder. He was a round-faced, black-haired, merry-looking man, with a pair of sparkling black eyes, which gave one the notion that he could get into a passion in a moment. The Tyrol was quite a new country to him, and he was full of admiration of what he had seen, describing to us, as he walked up the hills by the side of the carriage, how he had stood "bocca aperta," or open mouthed, with astonishment at the bronze figures in the great church at Innsbruck. But sight-seeing was not every thing to him. He could not speak a word of German, and was unable therefore to ask for what he wanted, and when dinner time came, he was in despair: "all he could do," he said, "was to go into the kitchen, point first to one thing, then to another, then to himself, until at last he made the people understand his necessities." He was evidently rejoiced to be travelling again towards Italy.

So I think were we. Notwithstanding the beauty of the Tyrol, and the interest which we felt in the history of the country, and the character of the people, the prospect of the warmth and brightness of the south, and the idea of seeing Venice, were very delightful. The weather, when we started, was sufficient in itself to make us wish for a better climate, it being dull and cold, something like a February day in England. It was half-past seven before we set off, — half an hour later than we had intended; but there is always a good deal to do and say at the last moment

before beginning a long journey. Daval's four horses looked quite grand, and considerable interest was taken in the new one, which promised to be a particularly good purchase. The road led us past the Abbey of Wilten, and soon began to ascend what the guide books said was a mountain, called the Brenner; but it was not in the least like the passes of the Simplon and the Stelvio; for it did not wind in and out amongst rocks and precipices, but was only like any other very long and steep hill. It was almost too cold to enjoy the views: I remarked nothing very peculiar, except the coloured spires of the little churches, bright red and green, which looked very cheerful, but very odd.

Some of the women whom we met wore stockings without feet, as we had remarked on first entering the Tyrol, and the men had artificial flowers in their hats. We dined at a little town called Steinach, and did not go out at all: the weather was so cold that we only cared to order a fire and sit by it. Hofer slept at a little inn in this place the night before one of his battles, and the people keep his bed, and the chamber, as something quite sacred. A travelling cap was lost at Steinach, which was hung upon a peg in the outer room to that which we occupied: just as we were setting off it was missed, and could no where be found. The people of the inn spoke Italian as well as German, and we took it into our heads that it was a specimen of Italian dishonesty, for we had been told that a difference could be perceived in the people directly we approached Italy. But it was rather an absurd idea, considering how near we still were to Innsbruck. We reached the highest part of the road over the Brenner in our drive after dinner, and just about that time it

began to rain a little, which was unfortunate, as it obliged us to have the carriage shut, and prevented our seeing the view well. Two little mountain streams have their sources on the top of the Brenner, very near each other; yet, from taking different directions, one goes to the south, joins the river Adige, and falls into the Adriatic: the other goes to the north, flows into the river Inn, and afterwards joins the Danube, and falls at last into the Black Sea. Nothing gives one a more true and interesting knowledge of geography in travelling, than tracing the course of the little mountain streams in this way. It is so strange to think how far apart their end may be, though in their birth they were side by side.

It was a very pretty country which we passed through after crossing the Brenner. The Eisack, the little stream which flows into the Adige, is beautifully clear, and there are cliffs and rocks all round it. We observed women ploughing in the fields, for in the Tyrol, as in other countries abroad, women do a great deal of the out-of-door work.

Sterzing, at which place we slept, was rather a large town with fine old houses. In former days there were valuable mines of silver, lead, and copper, in the neighbourhood, and the miners grew so rich that they were able to build handsome ornamented houses, which are still standing, though the place is not as prosperous as it used to be; the mines having ceased to be productive. The miners also gave a large portion of their wealth to build the parish church; but we were not able to visit it, as it stands a little way out of the town, and we had only time to wander about through the streets, trying to find out one particular house which we had heard was worth seeing, but which we

did not satisfactorily make out. It is difficult to understand how high the villages and towns in a mountainous country may be. When we were at Sterzing, I forgot that we had been ascending a mountain all day, and had only descended a little distance on the other side; and I could scarcely have believed that we were then three thousand feet above the level of the sea.

It is not to be wondered at that we found it cold at such a height in the middle of September; but it is another warning against going into a mountainous country too late in the season.

Sterzing was very cold; the inn was large, and with an arched way or covered court for the entrance, and very long, large passages by the bed-rooms. Most of the houses in the place gave me the idea of being built in the same way. We ordered the stove in one of the bed-rooms to be lighted, and managed to make ourselves comfortable; but I am more and more convinced that there is nothing half as pleasant as our cheerful open English hearths.

I was amused before we set off from Sterzing the next morning, to see three persons, engaged in making out the bill, leaning against the railing on the top of the stairs, and marking down the different articles with a piece of chalk on a slate. The weather was a little warmer on this day, and the road exceedingly pretty, with old ruined castles perched on the tops of the lesser hills, and the Eisack flowing through the valley. Snow had so lately fallen that even the trees on the sides of the hills were tipped with it.

The valley became narrower and narrower as we went on, and at the end it was defended by a huge fortress, something in the same way as the pass of the

Finstermünz. The fortress is called Franzensveste, or Francis' Fort. Just near this place the Tyrolese made a most brave defence against the French in the time of their celebrated war. The river Eisack flows between very high steep banks, and forms a ravine, up which the French general attempted to pass. The Tyrolese were under the guidance of Haspinger, the priest, who, though he did not fight himself, used to encourage the people by rushing from one to the other with a crucifix in his hand, exhorting them to bravery. On this occasion the peasants hid themselves amongst the trees and roots on the sides of the ravine, and as the French entered it they started up, firing upon their enemies, hurling down stones, and throwing the French into such desperate confusion that they were completely overcome. It is only when one has passed through the country, and seen one of these great hollows amongst the hills, that one can begin to understand how terrible such an attack must be. We dined at Mühlbach, a small village most beautifully situated at the bottom of a deep glen. The landlady of the inn proposed to us to carry away the cakes which she brought us after dinner, as we had not eaten them; and when we declined, she insisted upon taking them off the bill; a piece of strict honesty we should not have easily found in Italy, or even in England.

One of the few accidents which happened during our travels, occurred that afternoon, as we were driving through a long valley called the Pustertal to the town of Brunecken. The trace which fastened the horses to one of the carriages was very old and rotten, and it broke. One of the wheel horses fell, and as we were going down hill, and near a bank, with something of a precipice on the other side, it was rather awkward.

Daval, however, managed very cleverly, and pulled the other wheel horse down, so as to stop the carriage, and prevent further mischief. Daval looked pale and frightened when it was all over; but he took the matter very coolly at the time, and I don't think he quite knew how much danger there was until afterwards. Brunecken is the chief town of the Pusterthal, with a castle on a hill, and a prison, and a long street of tall houses. We went up to the castle, and enjoyed the view from it, which is very extensive, and made one long for time and summer days, that one might wander about amongst the valleys and mountains; and then we returned to our hotel, and to the delights of a smoky stove, which is quite as disagreeable as a smoky fireplace, and not half as cheerful.

The dress of the women in this part of the Tyrol is particularly ugly — red stockings, and a coarse plaited woollen apron, with some bright-coloured gown underneath. It is pleasant to see the peasants working on their lands so diligently — they all have an interest in the country, and in country work, for there are no manufactures as there are with us. They do not give me the idea of a very quick people. At the inns their manner is often quite dull, as if they did not care whether they pleased you or not.

It was a rainy morning when we started from Brunecken at eight o'clock. Of course we did not see much of the country; but the little we did gain a glimpse of seemed less interesting than any we had passed through before.

Niederndorf, where we stopped to dine, was a small quiet place, not remarkable, as far as we were concerned, for anything but the fresh trout, caught in a little river that flows by the village. Trout are plen-

tiful all through the Tyrol. They are generally boiled, as in England; but when they are brought to table, instead of being laid straight on the dish, they look as if they had been cooked in the very act of jumping out of the water, their heads and fins being curled and twisted as if they were alive.

The weather cleared in the middle of the day, and became warm and pleasant; and when we set off, after dinner, for Cortina d'Ampezzo, where we were to sleep, I felt as if we were really advancing towards Italy. The name was decidedly Italian, and the place was in fact on the borders of the two countries.

Our Italian voiturier had taken an additional horse at Brunecken, but had sent him back, not liking, I suppose, the expense, which in such cases is borne, not by the travellers, but the driver. At Niederndorf, however, Daval, I believe, had persuaded him to engage another, for we had a long drive before us over the Ampezzo Pass—a way through the mountains which separate this part of the Tyrol from the province of Venice, in Italy. We drove for some distance towards the east, over what is called a table land,—that is a tract of country high, but very flat,—when we perceived a wooden cross of an enormous size, at the foot of which two roads met. They led not merely, as in England, to different villages or towns, but to distinct countries, unlike in manners, laws, and language. One road would have led us to Austria and Hungary; the other, which we took, carried us into Italy. I looked at the word Carinthia, written on a sign-post which we passed almost immediately afterwards; and it seemed as if I had never understood before that such a country existed.

But I was not to see Carinthia then. Daval turned

our horses heads towards the south, and in a few minutes we had left the open table land, and were driving through a narrow valley between gigantic pointed cliffs, wooded at the base, but tipped with snow. They were very grand, quite unlike anything we had seen before, more sharp and steep, and separate one from another ; and they continued to succeed each other for several miles. Some persons might think it very extraordinary that one could think of anything but the scenery just then ; but I confess that from time to time my attention was withdrawn from the rocks to a little business which was being transacted between our Italian voiturier and the Tyrol peasant, to whom the additional horse belonged. One spoke nothing but Italian—the other understood only German ; yet the Italian contrived to make his new acquaintance understand that he should like to buy the horse ; and there was a long discussion going on by signs and gingling of money, as to the payment. At last they became so serious in the business, that they stopped a man in the road to make him decide as to the price. But, as is usual in such cases, there was a great variety of opinion as to the value of the animal. The Italian would only offer a small sum, and the Tyrol peasant was equally determined not to be contented with it ; and it ended in the peasant unfastening his horse at the top of the pass, and turning back, the Italian debating till the very last moment, and casting a lingering look behind, as if repenting his stinginess.

Before, however, we reached this summit of the pass, we had enjoyed some of the very grandest scenery which is to be met with either in the Tyrol, Italy, or even Switzerland. The Ampezzo Pass is not exactly a mountain pass. The road ascends, but so

slowly and gradually, that you are scarcely aware of it; and it does not wind in and out, up the side of a hill, in zigzags, but goes straight on through a valley, with the huge cliffs which I have before described on each side.

The height and colour of these cliffs towards the end of the pass is something more beautiful than any words can hope to describe. We saw them at a particularly fortunate moment, when the sun was setting gorgeously at the close of a bright autumn day. The cliffs were for the most part black, red, and yellow. The black really black, like pitch; the yellow rather pale; and the red — which appeared in parts — a deep, but bright brick colour. The giant rocks were pointed, like the edges of a saw; and behind them rose the still higher summits of sharp snow-covered mountains, steeped in that singular, soft, rich golden hue, which it seems that nothing but the snow and the sunset can ever give.

Near the summit of the pass are the ruins of a grand old castle, which in former days served to defend this entrance into the Tyrol. It was here that the peasant and his horse took their leave of us; and after crossing a bridge over a little river called the Boîte, which falls into the Adige, we began to descend. Down we went, on and on, the road winding backwards and forwards along the side of a cliff, and giving us glimpses of a long distant valley, edged by the black cliffs, and looking like the dark pictures of a night scene. How far off Cortina d'Ampezzo then was, no one seemed able to tell — perhaps it was as well not to know, for the length of time which it took to reach it was very tantalising. The beauty of the scenery was over, and night was coming on. We

had entered a dreary tract of country, open and wild, like the sides of a mountain; no trees, and the ground cultivated in patches. Then were seen a few houses in the distance, but they were not Cortina — then a few by the road-side; but we drove past them. I tried not to think about the place at all, but that was a very useless attempt; and at last, when we were all weary with expectation, we did stop before a small inn, having no great appearance of comfort. It was decidedly Italian, however; and if no one else was happy, our new voiturier at least was contented.

My bed-room was peculiarly dreary: there was actually nothing in it but two beds when I was shown into it; but, by the help of the lady's maid, it was soon arranged more comfortably; and, after a little fuss, a fire was lighted in a stove in one of the bed-rooms, which joined a passage-room in which we sat; and the back part being taken out for the purpose of heating it, was afterwards left open like a fireplace. Round this we gathered, thinking ourselves very fortunate to have anything so warm and cheerful-looking. Soon after tea, I went to bed; and though the bed was made of straw, and, like the country we had been passing through, was full of astonishing hills and valleys, I contrived to sink into one of the valleys, and slept soundly.

CHAP. X.

THOUGH Cortina d'Ampezzo seemed a dreary, dull, place when we arrived there at night, it was much more interesting by daylight, for the cliffs around are

very grand. We left it about eight o'clock in the morning, and had a most exquisitely lovely drive afterwards; perhaps, upon the whole, the most beautiful of all which we enjoyed whilst abroad. Mountains tipped with snow, and hills covered with wood, were scattered, as it seemed, all around us; huge crags, of a yellowish colour, rose up amongst them, interspersed with deep ravines; and villages, churches, and old castles, were dotted about under the cliffs, and on projecting banks; and amongst these the road wound in and out, giving us a new view at every turn.

Perhaps something of the charm consisted in the feeling that we were in Italy again, travelling towards the south, with the blue sky over our heads, and enjoying the deliciously warm climate in which we had so delighted at Como. Cortina, and two little villages beyond it, were in the Tyrol; but when they were passed, we were in the Austrian province of Venice. The language of the people was now entirely Italian; but their dress had still something of the Tyrol fashion about it, for men's hats were usually worn by the women; the gowns were made with a bodice of a different colour from the skirt, and necklaces of silver or coral, with a cross hanging from them, were very common.

We dined at a dirty inn, in a village called Perarollo, the situation of which was perfectly lovely. The dirt was a great contrast to the Tyrol, where every thing is beautifully neat, however poor it may be; but the dinner was better dressed than it would have been in a country village of the same size in the Tyrol. The Italians have a custom of putting scraped cheese in their soup, of a kind which in England is very ex-

pensive, but which one finds at the most remote places in Italy.

The weather became cold before we left Perarollo, and we walked along the banks of the little river Piave, before the carriages were ready, trying to get warm by exercise; and talking, I remember, of England and English friends, and forgetting Italy and its pleasures as our thoughts wandered back to our own country and those dear to us.

Where our resting place for the night would be when we left Perarollo was a matter of uncertainty to us all. The voituriers talked of a place called Capo di Ponte, and said we might sleep there; but it was not mentioned in the map, and some of us had been consulting the guide book, and nothing about Capo di Ponte could we find there except the name; no account of a village or an hotel. The road led between a cliff on one side, the river on the other, and we had nothing to do but to follow it. There was no fear of making a mistake, for it was the only way by which a carriage could pass. By-and-by the valley opened a little more; the cliffs stood farther off, the river spread itself wider, a pretty little town appeared, with a bridge across the river; but it was not Capo di Ponte, and the time was early in the afternoon. If we stopped there we might have too long a journey the next day, so we passed Longarone, and on we went in search of Capo di Ponte. By this time we had travelled from the mountains and reached a more open, and a far less interesting, country. No village was in sight, and how far we might have to go was quite doubtful. For my own part, I began to have some suspicion whether any such place as Capo di Ponte existed; but a peasant whom we stopped in the road set our minds at rest on that point.

and we proceeded more hopefully, and at last reached a straggling little village, only remarkable for a long wooden bridge over the Piave, from which I suppose its name of Capo di Ponte, or Bridge Head, is derived.

The inn at which we stopped was crowded with Italian peasants, not of the most respectable looking kind. The arrival of our two carriages caused great commotion. Out rushed the landlady, a black-haired waiter, and several other persons, all eager to help us, and most especially desirous of assuring us that we could find accommodation for the night. We had no choice, and indeed were only too glad to find that, after all our doubts, Capo di Ponte was an actual town, and not, as we had feared, merely the turn of a road, or a place where two roads met. We passed by the rough men who were standing about the entrance, and were shown up stairs into a small room with a large bed in it. This was to be our sitting-room; a fire was lighted, a table placed by the bedside, the chambermaid was called, and other rooms provided for the rest of the party; and, whilst supper was preparing, two or three of us wandered out to the shore of the river, and scrambled over rough stones, and climbed up banks, and managed to spend about half an hour to very little purpose, except that of giving ourselves exercise, and then went back to the inn.

We found our little black-looking waiter in the height of excitement and delight. Whether he had ever before been called upon to attend to so large a party of English strangers I very much question; but he was certainly resolved to exert his talents that night to the utmost. He skipped in and out of the room perpetually, spreading the square table with a cloth,

which he puckered into ornamental figures ; and placing upon it some glass bottles, into which he put green leaves for stoppers. We were afraid of depending entirely upon the chance of tea in such an out-of-the-way place, and had therefore ordered fish, soup, and an omelette, all of which were placed upon the table with a look that evidently meant, "Is it possible that any thing could be better?" We sat down to supper, but the fish was not good, and the waiter skipped away with it. The soup and the omelette did very well, but at last some one suggested whether it would be possible to have some honey. We inquired for it, but our poor little waiter was much perplexed: his Italian and ours did not suit, and he could not comprehend. He looked at us with the most ludicrous face of anxiety, and we repeated the word. Then he caught it, and in an instant he was gone, nearly knocking down the landlady, who stood behind him, in his eagerness to inquire for what I suspect he quite well knew was not in the house.

Supper being over, we soon afterwards went to our bed-rooms, where we found everything very comfortable. Even if it had not been we could scarcely have complained, the people were so exceedingly anxious to oblige us; the chambermaid saying to me that she hoped I should find the bed as I liked, but they had not been accustomed to wait upon ladies.

Our friend the waiter continued his polite attentions to us the next morning, rather, indeed, before we were prepared for them; for he rushed into my room before I had left it, made a grimace and an apology, hurried to a closet, caught up some glasses which were wanted, and was gone almost before I had time to laugh. He followed us to the carriage of course; but not contented

with that, he persisted in accompanying us across the bridge, and there, unfortunately, we were obliged to part. I have since wished that the town and the inn were mentioned in the guide book for the convenience of future travellers. Poor though the place was, there are many times when persons might be most thankful for the attention and the accommodation we found there.

We were now completely in the midst of Italian scenery. There were the straight level roads, the soft rounded hills, the trees and vineyards which we had seen at Como and Lake Maggiore. Even the blue waters were not wanting, for as we drove along or walked slowly up the hills, enjoying the warmth, and the beauty of the view, we passed two little lakes—the Lake of Santa Croce or St. Cross, and the Lago Morto or Dead Lake. The latter was a most singular little sheet of water—just like its name—so still that it might well have been termed dead; and shut in by steep cliffs.

Sarravalle was the first large town which we reached, but it was too early to stop there, though we could have found infinite amusement in the streets. It was market day, and the curious dresses of the people, the painted houses, the arcades, the quantity of fruit stalls, and the perpetual chattering, made a most amusing mixture of gaiety, bustle, and business.

We dined at Conegliano, a particularly interesting place—indeed, there is a great deal of interest in all these towns in Northern Italy. They were subject to powerful lords in ancient days, and the remains of grandeur are still to be traced in them. Conegliano is divided into two parts—a lower town and an upper. The upper town is shut in by walls, and contains the

cathedral and a castle. The hotel was in the lower part, in a street built with arcades, such as are common in Italy, and which serve somewhat the same purpose as shops, since they are generally crowded with fruit stalls. Whilst dinner was preparing, we wandered up the hill to the upper town. It is an ordinary practice in Italy to paint the outside walls of houses, and the houses at Conegliano still retained traces of fine pictures by a celebrated artist, besides being beautifully ornamented with carved stonework. The streets were narrow, and built with arcades, like those below. We separated as we were walking about, one of my friends stayed behind and began to sketch a very beautiful old house, and I and another of the party went on further. A large court-yard attracted our notice. It bore signs of having been once very handsome, though it was now filled with tubs and casks. The gates were open, and we entered. Within was another court, having a pretty covered gallery round it, and in the corner several broken stone statues. A flight of steps led from the outer court, we supposed to some upper rooms and the gallery, but we were half afraid to explore any farther. At length, however, seeing no one near, I grew rather bolder, and up the stairs I went; and the next minute summoned my friend to follow me. The stairs led through a passage, the floor of which was marble, to a large handsome room, hung with tattered paintings of men in armour, princes, and nobles. Their titles were written beneath, but they did not belong to any of the great kings and princes of Europe whose names we were acquainted with, and we were completely puzzled. They must have been, doubtless, powerful in their day; but these torn and faded pictures hung unthought of

and uncared for, in what we saw at once must have been their ancient palace. The place was so utterly neglected, so heaped up with dirt and rubbish, that we could not make our way even to those parts of the palace which were open, except into one small room with a painted ceiling. We were afterwards told by a man whom we saw standing in the court, that the palace was the property of an Italian nobleman, the Count of Mont Alba. The pictures were probably the portraits of his ancestors; but it appeared strange that they should be permitted to remain so neglected.

The traces of deserted grandeur were to be seen also on the road to Treviso, the place at which we slept after leaving Conegliano;—handsome houses standing by the roadside, empty and decaying, which gave one a sad feeling, as if the country must once have been so much more prosperous than it is now. There were scarcely any gardens about them, and they were quite exposed to the view of the passers by. The road was in other respects very much the same as those we had travelled in Italy before, being straight, and with no remarkable objects to attract attention.

Treviso is a large town, containing more than 18,000 inhabitants, and possessing flourishing manufactures of cloth and paper. It is, besides, the chief city of the province, and the residence of a bishop, so that it is quite an important place, and we looked at it with some excitement and curiosity, as we drove through the streets. It was too late, however, to form any good idea of it, and we could only see that there were many narrow streets, and arcades, and an appearance of a good deal of bustle. The hotel was only tolerable; the rooms were large but dirty. We had, if I remember rightly, carpets in our bed room. They are

more common in Italy than in Switzerland or the Tyrol, but I would rather be without them; they are always dingy and dirty looking, as if they were never swept or shaken.

We had intended to leave Treviso early the next morning, but when we met at breakfast, and looked out of the windows of the salon into the square, we decided that we must stay and see something more of the strange old place, and the amusing people. It was market day and the town was crowded, and the bustle of buying and selling going on all around. Breakfast was no sooner over than we went out, intending to see the cathedral and some famous pictures, but the market place was a great temptation to us, and we could scarcely make up our minds to leave it. Macaroni, fruit, fish, flowers, shoes and boots, both old and new, birds, bread, coloured cloth, and handkerchiefs, were all to be seen in one great medley. The numbers of men and women were, I think, about equal. The women usually wore large straw hats, but their dress was otherwise less peculiar than in Switzerland or the Tyrol. Boiling chestnuts seemed a flourishing and favourite business. The chestnuts were put into pots set over little pans of charcoal, and really looked very nice as they were brought out hot and steaming. Large slices from hot cakes made of Indian corn, were sold in the same way; these puzzled me very much at first, for I thought they were melons, and I could not understand how they were dressed. The long arcades in the streets are great ornaments to the town, but the principal amusement on that day was to be found in the square, and some of the party were so charmed with the scene, that we could not get them away from it; but they

declared it would be quite necessary to stay, and sketch some of the market figures. The rest of us went to the cathedral. It is a handsome building, with five domes, and contains some good pictures. Another church, San Nicolo, or Nicholas, which was ugly on the outside, but rather fine in the interior, was built of brick. This is not at all an uncommon material for churches in the North of Italy. One would scarcely fancy that it could look well, yet in the old buildings it is so beautifully worked and moulded, that it is almost as handsome as stone. In the church of San Nicolo, I observed, I think for the first time, what I afterwards found was a common custom in Italy. The great pillars in the aisle were half covered with crimson cloth; the brightness of the colour was striking, but if a church is really handsome, I should prefer leaving the plain stone pillars without additional ornaments. Seeing these churches, and looking into the shops, and wandering about the square, and searching after a fine picture, which we were told was to be seen in the town, but which we found had been sent to Venice to be cleaned, occupied us till the middle of the day, when we went back to the hotel to dinner.

This hotel was really the worst thing about Treviso; the salon in which we dined was a dark, uncomfortable room, quite unlike what one had a right to expect at a large hotel, and when the bill was brought after dinner, the sum was so high as to be quite absurd. A complaint was made, and the only excuse the landlord could make was that he had charged more because it was market day!

CHAP. XI.

WE were not sorry to leave Treviso, in spite of the amusement we had found there, for we were now on our road to Venice, within the distance of an afternoon's drive. From the moment of leaving England, Venice had been uppermost in all our thoughts, as the place we most longed to see; whenever any thing had pleased us, we had always said, that delightful though it was, Venice must be still more. Half the charm of the place, however, consists in its history; therefore, before I tell you any thing of our entrance into the city, I must give you a short account of its foundation and government.

Venice is said to have been founded about 450 years after the birth of our blessed Saviour. At that time the vast Roman Empire, which included the greater part of the known world, was falling to decay. Italy was overrun by barbarians, and the inhabitants of the northern provinces, being alarmed at the invasion of Attila, king of the Huns, fled for safety to a number of small islands on the coast of the Adriatic Sea. These islands were protected against the open sea by long slips of land; whilst between them and the mainland was a bed of soft mud, now termed the Lagoon, covered with about two feet of water. The islands are supposed to have been formed by the deposits of earth, rock, &c., brought down from the distant mountains by a great number of rivers,—the Adige, the Po, the Piave, the Brenta, and several others, which fall into the Adriatic Sea about this spot. From their situation the islands were difficult of approach; very small boats might pass over the shallow water of the

Lagune, but other vessels were obliged to make their way by the channels of the rivers, or by canals, which were, by degrees, dug in the Lagune for the purpose of giving entrance to the city. From the sea, also, it was equally difficult to reach Venice. The long slips of land, one of which is now known as the Lido, were like a wall before the city, and the channels between them were narrow and intricate. The people, therefore, who fled to these islands found themselves secure from invasion, and, being left in peace, they began to build houses, and occupy themselves in improvements. As years went on, a regular city grew up, first occupying one island, then another, and another, the communication between them being formed by canals and bridges, instead of streets and roads. Thus, at last, Venice became a powerful city, and the inhabitants, not contented with their own possession, acquired territories on the mainland, and became the lords of Padua, Verona, Vicenza, and indeed of all the great towns in the north-east of Italy, together with many on the opposite coast of the Adriatic Sea. They were also able to carry on considerable wars, especially with the Turks, who after taking possession of Turkey, about the year 1453, tried to conquer other parts of the South of Europe. But the great prosperity of Venice was owing to its situation and its commerce. It was conveniently situated for persons trading between Asia and Europe, and ships from all lands were accustomed to resort there. This made the inhabitants wealthy; but about the time of our Henry VII., the Portuguese, who were then famous for their navy, and their discoveries by sea, found out that it was easier to reach India, and the East, by sailing round the Cape of Good Hope, than by taking a long land journey; and from

that ~~time~~ the prosperity of Venice began to decrease. The ships which were accustomed to resort thither took a different course, Venice ceased to be the great resting place between the East and the West, and the wealth and power of the city fell to decay.

Venice was as peculiar in its government, as in its position. It was a Republic, that is, it was not subject to a king. All the authority was placed in the hands of the chief persons or nobles, who met together in a council of state. One amongst these nobles was chosen to be the head, and was called the doge, or duke. This was the general form of the government whilst Venice remained independent, though certain alterations were made from time to time. In the early days Venice appears to have been justly and wisely ruled, and during that period the prosperity of the Venetians gradually increased; but the history of the country in later years is full of instances of the most terrible cruelty and deceit.

The first great change in the government took place about the year 1325. Then, in consequence of a conspiracy amongst the nobles, a council of ten persons was appointed, who were to have supreme power. Any individual suspected by them might be taken prisoner, examined secretly, and condemned,—whether justly or unjustly,—and no one could venture to interpose. In some cases the person accused was not even allowed to speak in his own defence, and never saw or heard the witnesses brought forward against him.

All persons, even the Doge himself, were subject to this court, and might be degraded and put to death at its will. Not content with this sovereign authority, the Council of Ten by degrees assumed to itself the power of making war or peace, forming treaties with

foreign countries, and in fact managing all the business of the State.

The Council of Ten had existed for about a hundred years, when finding it rather difficult to assemble sufficiently quickly, as often as the affairs of the country required it, they induced the nobles and the Doge to consent to another change in the government, by which three of their members, forming a council called the Inquisition of State, were to be entrusted with as much, or even greater authority, than the Council of Ten.

The rules of the Inquisition of State, written out by one of its members, were discovered not very long since, and are found to be so cruel and treacherous that one can scarcely imagine how any state could have endured such a tyranny for a single year. The copy of the rules was placed in a casket, the key of which was kept by each of the magistrates in turn, for the great object of the Inquisition of State was that all its laws and proceedings should be secret.

The inquisitors appeared as private persons, and were never allowed to betray that they belonged to the Council, so that they were able to act as spies over all that went on; and no one in Venice could tell whether the person who pretended to be his dearest friend might not belong to this terrible court, and be about to betray him. Hired spies were also employed from all classes; mechanics, citizens, nobles, priests, — all were employed in this disgraceful way. If a foreign ambassador came to Venice, some person in attendance upon him was offered a certain sum every month, on condition that he should give information whether his master had any secret intercourse with the Venetian nobles; this being a point which the

Inquisition of State particular dreaded, for, of course, if the nobles had joined with any other power, they might soon have put an end to the tyranny of the Council. Spies were also often placed in the houses next to the ambassadors, and their expenses were paid by the Court. This treachery was carried so far, that the spies were even ordered to tempt the nobles who were appointed to any high office, by offering them bribes, as if from a foreign ambassador. If they accepted them, they were instantly betrayed and punished. A noble, guilty of speaking carelessly against the government, was twice reprov'd; the third time he was forbidden to appear in the public streets, or the Council, for two years; and if after that period he was again guilty of the offence, he was carried away and drowned. Drowning, in fact, was the easy way in which the inquisitors got rid of all suspicious persons. Secret poisoning and stabbing were also often made use of for the same purpose.

Very many other instances of the detestable character of the Venetian Government might be given, but these will be sufficient to afford some idea of its nature; and although as its power decreased its cruelty lessened, no one can feel any real regret for its total downfall. This took place about the year 1796, in the time of the French Revolution. The French then invaded Italy, under Napoleon Buonaparte, afterwards Emperor of France. The Venetians were no longer powerful; their trade was gone, their dominion had been taken from them, the nobles were weak and luxurious; and although if they had collected their ships, and made a stand against the French power, they might have resisted it for a long time, scarcely any one had the spirit to propose a defence.

When the Doge Manini was told that the French were preparing to besiege Venice, and that the Venetian Admiral was ready to resist them, and only waiting for orders, he, turning pale, staggered through the chamber, and faltered out, "This very night we are by no means sure of sleeping securely in our beds."

The few nobles who did urge resistance were called rash, headstrong, and ignorant. By the consent of almost the whole of the Great Council, Venice submitted to the French, and the ancient government ceased to exist. An arrangement was then made between the French and the Emperor of Austria, by which Venice was given up to the Emperor, and it has ever since remained subject to him.

The Venetians believed themselves to be under the peculiar protection of the Evangelist St. Mark, in consequence, it is said, of having, about the year 827, obtained possession of the body of the saint, who was originally buried at Alexandria, in Egypt. The four Evangelists are commonly represented by some figure or emblem; that of St. Mark is a winged lion, and this is still to be seen in every part of Venice, and in many of the other cities subject to her dominion.

The pomp and splendour of the city of Venice, in its prosperous days, must have been almost unequalled, for the inhabitants were proud and luxurious, and delighted on all occasions to show their wealth and influence. But their chief strength was in their navy, and the sea was looked upon as their own peculiar inheritance. A singular yearly custom referring to this idea prevailed amongst them, called the Marriage of the Adriatic. It had its origin from the following circumstances.

About the year 1177 the Pope, or Bishop of Rome, Alexander the Third, being attacked by the German Emperor, Frederick Barbarossa, who wished to place another pope in his stead, fled for safety to Venice. He was kindly and respectfully received by the Doge Ziani and the Venetians, and preparations were quickly made for supporting his cause. A fleet was collected under the command of the Doge, and a battle fought between the Germans and the Venetians, in which the Emperor's forces were defeated, and his son was taken prisoner.

On the return of the conquerors, Pope Alexander hastened to receive the Doge, and to express his gratitude; and as soon as Ziani touched the land he presented to him a ring of gold, saying, "Take this ring, and with it take, on my authority, the sea as your subject. Every year, on the return of this happy day, you and your successors shall make known to all posterity, that the right of conquest has placed the Adriatic under the dominion of Venice, as a wife is subject to her husband."

As it was then the common opinion that the popes had the power of giving or taking away earthly dominion, this grant was remembered by the Venetians, with great pride. For more than six hundred years afterwards, on the Festival of the Ascension, the Doge and some of the chief nobles were accustomed, after attending service at the Church of St. Nicholas, to embark on board a splendid ship, called the Bucentaur, blazing with gold and ornaments, and amid shouts of rejoicing and triumphant music, to sail to the Lido near the mouth of the harbour, where the Doge dropped a golden ring into the water, repeating the

following words, "We wed thee with this ring, in token of our true and perpetual sovereignty."

Perhaps after hearing this singular history you will be able a little to understand the eagerness with which we looked forward to our first view of Venice.

There was but one drawback, we were to enter it by a railway, a style of travelling which the ancient doges and senators could never have imagined possible. It was no doubt a very curious railway, resting upon an immense number of arches, built upon the lagunes or sands between the city and the mainland. No doubt, also, it might be more convenient for the inhabitants than the boats of former days, but Venice had always been to our minds a city in the sea, which no one could approach except by the sea, and the prospect of entering by a railway was, to say the least, very disappointing. However, the plan had been formed according to what was considered the best arrangement, and we tried to forget the railway, and think only of Venice itself.

We had a rather dull drive from Treviso, and when we reached Mestre, a long straggling country town, close to the narrow channel of the sea that separates Venice from the mainland, we drove quickly through it to the railway station. But we were very early, at least an hour and a half too early; what could we do with ourselves all that time at a railway station? A long discussion followed. I was in the second carriage, taking no part in it, but waiting till others had decided for me, when, to my great delight, I heard that some one, — Daval, I think, — had suggested that we should all go back to Mestre, and, taking a boat from thence, enter Venice, in the fashion of ancient days, by water.

No one, of course, objected; in fact I suspect we all rather wondered why we had ever thought of doing any thing else; so the horses' heads were turned from the railway station, and in a very few minutes we were standing by the water-side on the quay at Mestre.

I had then my first sight of a gondola. It is a long, narrow boat, coming almost to a point at each end, and finished off with what is called a beak, a thin curved piece of steel in the front, and a more spreading piece behind. Over the middle of the boat is a wooden covering or awning, painted black; and underneath this are low seats and soft cushions, upon which two people can sit very comfortably, and four even can find room if it is necessary. The awning is entered by a door, and there are windows at the sides, so that the persons within can observe everything which is passing, whilst they are scarcely at all seen themselves. The awnings are, however, so small, that when there is a large party, or if the weather is very fine, it is more agreeable to have it taken quite away, which can easily be managed. One man, termed a gondolier, usually guides the boat, standing upon the edge, and bending forward upon one oar; but if the boat is heavy, another assists, by urging it onward from behind.

Two of these gondolas without the awnings were now hired to carry us to Venice. We placed ourselves in one, and the luggage was stowed away in the other; but it was a work of considerable difficulty. As soon as it was known that we were going to embark, the quay was crowded with porters and beggars, and, having no great opinion of Italian honesty, we were obliged to watch carefully lest some box or bag might

be carried off in the confusion. At length, however, we were considered ready, the gondolas were pushed off, and we floated down a narrow channel between low flat banks, without a tree, a fence, or a house to be seen. There was not the least beauty; yet it was very pleasant: all was so new, and bewildering, like the scenes which come before one in dreams. The narrow channels, and the flat banks, continued for a considerable distance; it was growing dark, and clouds were gathering in the sky threatening a thunderstorm. We glided on till we approached an Austrian government vessel, by the side of which we waited whilst our passports were given up and examined, the dark form of the vessel being all that we could see, except the figures of a few soldiers on the deck, shown by the light of some dim candles. The examination seemed as if it would never end; but we were dismissed at last, and again we floated on, away from the narrow banks, and across a broad channel, which is, in truth, a part of the Adriatic. Just then a flash of lightning burst from the clouds, and before us, rising out of the water, we perceived a line of dark, tall buildings, whilst a few minutes afterwards the sound of bells, with a slow and heavy toll, came softly over the sea. It was our first idea of Venice.

The flashes of lightning now became more frequent, —buildings were seen for a moment brilliantly, and then were lost in shadow; but we drew nearer and nearer to the houses just in front of us, and, turning a corner, found ourselves in a street of water.

The houses on each side were built of brick, and were tall and irregular; and in this first canal, there was sufficient space for a walking path between them and the water; but as we entered narrower canals, the walls of the buildings came close to the water's

edge, and doors opened from the houses directly upon it. There were no sounds of merriment—no signs of life in the houses; only a ghostly gondola floated past us occasionally, giving notice of its approach by the light fastened to the awning, and showing us for a moment the carving and ornament of some once splendid house; and then passing noiselessly away, and leaving us again to the increasing darkness.

But the gondolas left the narrow canals and crossed one which was much broader, more winding, and better lighted. This I knew at once. There was a wide covered bridge over it formed of a single broad arch, which I had seen again and again in pictures. The canal was the largest in Venice—the Grand Canal: the bridge was one generally known as the Rialto. There was no need to ask the gondoliers whether we were right: the scene was so exactly like the pictures that it was impossible to mistake it.

It was but the glimpse of a moment however; the gondolas glided on, and again we were in the smaller canals with the tall houses rising on each side of us.

We came at length into one singularly narrow and gloomy. I could see by the dim light which was still lingering in the sky, that it was shut in by two large buildings; one lofty and richly ornamented, the other lower and perfectly plain. Before us was a high covered bridge across the canal, connecting the two buildings. "The Bridge of Sighs!" we all exclaimed, and a feeling of awe came over us, for the name was most fitly given.

It was the bridge leading from the ducal palace to the prisons; and in the days of the old Venetian power, the unhappy prisoners who were accused (often unjustly) of offences against the government, after

being tried before the judges in the palace, were taken over the closed bridge, so that no one might know their fate, and thrown into the dungeons of the prison on the opposite side, from which few ever were again set free.

We were all silent as we passed beneath the high arch. The feelings excited were oppressive, and they were scarcely lessened when the gondola turned sharply round the corner of the Palace, and we came once more into the Grand Canal, and in sight of the sparkling lamps and the exquisitely beautiful arcades of the Grand Square of Venice, or the Piazzetta of St. Mark.

The contrast was so great as to be painful. It was as if one had been taken suddenly from some poor cottage, full of sorrow, to a palace where all was thoughtlessness and merriment. The Piazzetta is in front of the Ducal Palace, and thus, in all times, the greatest gaiety and the most terrible suffering have, in Venice, lived, as it were, side by side.

A little beyond the Prison and the Bridge of Sighs we once more turned into a narrow canal, and directly afterwards the gondola stopped in front of an archway, with steps leading down to the water side. This was the entrance to Danielli's Hotel, which we had been told was one of the best in Venice. But now came a considerable perplexity. We expected to meet at Venice a gentleman, a friend of Lady H——, who had been asked to order rooms for us at an hotel which we had named. But finding from the gondoliers that this hotel had lately been given up, we were obliged to choose another. We had also agreed that this gentleman should join us at the railway station, but as we had entered Venice by water, we had missed each other. This would not have signified if we had been able to keep to our first arrangement as to th

hotel at which we were to take up our abode ; but as it was this gentleman might wander half over Venice trying to find out where we were without succeeding.

The master of the hotel came forward to satisfy our minds, and assured us that some person in attendance upon an English gentleman had been there, and ordered rooms for a party travelling from Innsbruck : he had no doubt that the order was sent by our friend. But we had considerable doubt upon the subject, especially when we were shown up stairs into some uncomfortable rooms with scarcely any view from them. We felt sure these were not such as would have been chosen for us. We could, however, do nothing more that night, except despatch a messenger to the railway station, with orders to find out an English gentleman who would be waiting there, and give him a note, telling him where we all were. As the order was given I could not help fearing in my own mind that the note never would reach the person for whom it was intended, for to send an Italian to seek for an unknown Englishman at a railway station was as difficult a command as I could well imagine. The messenger having departed we went to our rooms, and began to unpack our carpet bags, and prepare for tea. The only remarkable thing in my bedroom, besides its gloominess, was that the bed was entirely shut in by thin muslin curtains, called musquito curtains. They are used to protect persons from the sting of the musquito, a most troublesome kind of gnat, very common in hot countries.

When tea was ready we went to the salon, a long, large room, not particularly comfortable. We had nearly finished, and were talking over our misadventure, and what we should do the next day if our

friend did not arrive, when the door opened and he walked in. The satisfaction of the whole party was extreme, for all our difficulties were now at an end. The first thing we were told was, that he had never thought of placing us where we were, but had engaged much better rooms for us at the Imperatore, or Emperor's Hotel, on the Grand Canal, and that a gondola was even then waiting to convey us thither. We were sent back to our rooms to pack our carpet bags again, and orders were given to carry all the luggage down stairs. This was not to be done in a moment, with the quantity of boxes and trunks which we were obliged to carry about for so large a party; and whilst the porter and the lady's maid were rushing backwards and forwards, and the landlord was being paid his bill, and every one was busied, taking care that nothing should be forgotten, our friend produced a packet of English letters, which he had brought for us from the Post Office. I took mine and read it in the midst of the confusion with a most bewildering feeling. It contained news sudden and sad; not indeed of any near relation, but of the death of a friend for whom I had a true regard, and most deep respect, and it carried me away in thought very far from Venice, to a scene of such grief, that it seemed wrong to think again that night of any thing approaching to enjoyment. I shall never forget the feelings which weighed upon me as we once more glided in a gondola down the Grand Canal. The exceeding dreaminess and beauty of the scene, the brilliant piazza, the tall buildings, the lights in the windows reflected in the water, with the quietness of the great city, the strangeness of finding myself at last in Venice, and the oppressive sense of the new, deep, sadness which I felt was in the world.

But the gondola stopped again before a flight of broad steps. We entered a large court surrounded by pillars, a fountain in the middle, another flight of steps at the further end. A side staircase led us to the upper apartments. We passed through a large outer room, an antechamber, and entered another still more handsome; very high, with a painted ceiling and walls, a floor made to represent marble, sofas and chairs covered with crimson and white damask.

It was a palace to appearance, and it had once been a palace in reality. But Venetian palaces, like Venetian power, have now passed away. It was but the Hotel of the Imperatore; yet I could not divest myself of the impression of its grandeur; and I went to my room, an apartment furnished in the same style as the salon, and leading through folding doors to others equally large, with the feeling that I had been suddenly transported into one of those magic scenes of which in my childish days I used to read in the tales of fairy land.

CHAP. XII.

WHEN I look back upon all we saw and did at Venice, it seems almost hopeless to attempt to describe it properly. The great drawback to our enjoyment was the weather. The rain which had accompanied us through Switzerland followed us into Italy, and the day after our arrival at Venice was rainy. This, however, did not prevent us from going out; and soon after breakfast a gondola was ordered to take us about the city, just as in other places a carriage would be hired

for the same purpose. A number of these boats are always in readiness, crowded together like the stands of carriages which are seen in London, or in other large towns. They are very elegant in form, but heavy and gloomy, from the awning and the black covering. Private gondolas are more ornamented, but the colour is always the same. They are generally distinguished by the dress of the gondolier, who wears a kind of livery, a black velvet jacket with a red scarf round his waist.

Our first visit that morning was to the post office, which, like the Hotel of the Imperatore, was once a palace belonging to a noble family, some of whom were doges. It is the custom to call all the great houses belonging to the nobles of Venice, palaces; but it would be a mistake to think that they come up to our English ideas of a palace. They are large and handsome buildings, built very much alike, with three ornamented windows close together in the middle, and smaller ones at each side, and they generally have pretty carved balconies. At the entrance is a court, or hall, surrounded by pillars, with sets of high, fine rooms above, opening one into the other; but I imagine that many of our noblemen's houses in London, though they are not called palaces, are equally grand, perhaps even much more so. The beauty and taste of the ornaments form the principal charm of the Venetian palaces. There are a great many of these houses on the banks of the Grand Canal, which winds through the city in the shape of the letter S. In former days they must have had a splendid appearance; but it is very sad to see them now, dirty, and unpainted, and falling to ruin. It is this which must always, I should think, strike a stranger on first seeing

Venice by daylight. The buildings are so fast decaying, that in a few years it seems as if ancient Venice would almost cease to exist. And the decay is not like that of the old grey walls which we often see in England, caused by time, and softened by the ivy and creepers, which render it exquisitely beautiful: it is the decay of dirt and poverty. Persons in England sometimes see beautiful prints and pictures of Venice and imagine that they represent the place truly. And so they do, as far as regards the mere forms of the buildings; but they never describe the impression which the mouldering, dingy walls must give when seen for the first time. This of course was more striking to me in the morning than it had been in the evening; and at first it gave me a feeling of disappointment, but when I had become accustomed to the sight of very old Venice—such as it is now—I learnt to picture to myself what it must have been in the days when the palaces were kept up in splendour, and the canals were crowded with private gondolas, and ambassadors from all parts of the world came to beg the favour and protection of the City of the sea; and the present views became more like the outlines of a drawing which I could fill up for myself.

It is very necessary to know something of the history of Venice in order properly to enjoy it. We had all been reading an account of it during our journey from Innsbruck, and now the different palaces had a peculiar interest from the events connected with them. One nearly opposite to our hotel—the palace of the Foscari—recalled a most touching and miserable story. Francesco Foscari, Doge of Venice, about the year 1423, had four sons, three of whom died early. Jacopo, the survivor, his father's only comfort and support,

married a noble lady, and for four years enjoyed a peaceful and prosperous life; but at the end of that time he was accused of having received presents from a foreign prince, and being put to the torture, in the presence of the Doge, who was compelled to preside at the horrible examination, was induced to confess himself guilty, and, by the sentence of his father's lips, sent into exile.

Permission was granted him to live at Treviso, and there he remained, with his wife, for about five years, when a fresh charge was brought against him—that of being concerned in the murder of a chief of the Council of Ten. The proofs were not forthcoming; indeed every thing tended to show that he could have had no share in the crime; but he was sent for to Venice, again put to the torture, in his father's presence, and once more condemned to banishment,—this time more distant, for he was exiled to the island of Candia. The real murderer was afterwards discovered; but the fact made no difference in the fate of Jacopo Foscari: he was still ordered to remain at Candia, away from his father, his wife, and his children. The trial was greater than he could endure. In his intense longing once more to revisit his home, he committed an act contrary to the severe laws of Venice, and appealed to a foreign prince for help, entreating his intercession with the senate. This letter was purposely left open, in a place where it was likely to be discovered. It was conveyed to the Council of Ten, and Jacopo was a second time recalled to his native city.

In the presence of his judges he openly confessed the motive of his offence: his words were doubted, and he was put to the torture to induce him to retract

them. But he persisted in his assertion, and at length, perfectly exhausted, was carried to his father's apartments, bleeding and senseless. Sentence of exile was passed; for it was the most cruel punishment which could be fixed upon. Before his departure one last interview was permitted with his family. The Doge, an old, infirm man, walking with the support of a crutch, entered the chamber. Jacopo entreated him to solicit mercy; but the unfortunate father, hopeless of obtaining it, answered, "Go, Jacopo, submit to the will of your country, and seek nothing further;" then, bidding his son a last farewell, he retired and fainted in the arms of his attendants. Jacopo reached Candia, but died soon after his arrival. His father, less happy, lived on. His trials were not yet ended. Loredano, one of the chiefs of the Council of Ten, having unjustly suspected the Doge of being concerned in the death of his father and his uncle, became his bitter enemy, and raised a party against him. By the command of the Council of Ten, his office of Doge was declared vacant, and he was commanded to quit the ducal palace within three days. He was then eighty-four years of age, and a short delay would have spared the necessity of so cruel an act. But this would not have satisfied Loredano. A sum of money was allowed for the support of Foscari; which was all the mercy shown him. Five days after he was deposed his successor was chosen. The bell of the Campanile announced the event. The unfortunate Doge checked his feelings at the moment; but the agitation of his mind was too great for a frame so weakened by age and sorrow. He burst a blood-vessel, and died within a few hours. It is said that when the event was told to Loredano, he took down a book in which an account

of his business transactions was kept, and turned to a blank leaf. On the opposite side was written, among his list of debtors, "Francesco Foscari, for the death of my father and my uncle." The blank leaf was now inscribed with the words, "He has paid me."

Perhaps you can imagine the interest with which we looked at the palace of the Foscari after reading this terrible story, — thinking that Jacopo and his father had once actually inhabited it.

The churches of Venice are generally considered the first objects to be visited, and, after settling our business at the post office, we rowed to the Santa Maria Formosa, a church near one of the small canals. It was a special festival day in honour of the Virgin Mary; service was going on, and the building crowded. The dresses of the priests were most splendid, and the church was very gaily decorated with flowers; but the music was quick and irreverent, and gave me no pleasure. The next church — San Giovanni e Paolo, or St. John and St. Paul — was grand and quiet, and contained several very fine monuments of the old Venetian Doges; but its principal treasure was a famous picture by Titian, — one of the most celebrated of the great painters of Italy. Indeed the churches of Venice, and of Italy generally, are crowded with pictures, for many of which persons in England would give thousands of pounds. From the church of St. John and St. Paul we proceeded to the Academy, a building which, like the gallery at Munich, is set apart for paintings and statues. It is of red brick, and very ugly in itself, but the pictures it contains are most wonderfully beautiful. By far the greater number were the work of persons who were either born at Venice or in some part of the Venetian dominions.

In these days, when there are very few fine painters, it seems astonishing that so many should have been found in one small State. They taught and helped each other, and their pictures are all something alike, and are remarkable for the brightness of the colouring; so that in going into a gallery of paintings, a person accustomed to observe them would fix at once upon those which are the work of Venetian artists.

We were not able to stay at the Academy long enough to examine all the pictures, and arranged therefore to pay it a visit another day. A good deal of business remained for that afternoon; the Piazza, or Great Square, was to be seen; and, a little shopping to be done,—amongst other articles a straw bonnet to be bought, if such a common thing could be found in Venice; and above all, we should have been ashamed to allow one day to pass without at least walking through the grand Cathedral, one of the most celebrated in the world.

“The Piazza,” was our first order to the gondolier, and we were accordingly carried a little way down the Grand Canal, and then allowed to land in front of a large open space, called the Piazzetta, with the Doge’s beautiful palace on one side, and some fine buildings, now used for the Emperor of Austria’s palace, on the other. Each of these palaces was ornamented with arcades, exquisitely carved; and in the front of the open space, near the water, were two very tall stone columns, having a figure of the lion of St. Mark on one, and that of a saint, called St. Theodore, on the other. The latter is represented standing on a crocodile. It is said that these columns were brought from Constantinople about the time of our Henry the Second, and when taken on

shore were found to be so heavy that no one could raise them. The Doge declared that whoever should succeed in doing so might ask any reward he chose. A native of Lombardy, by an ingenious contrivance, did cause the columns to be raised, and placed on their pedestals, and for his reward begged that it might be permitted to the Venetians to play games of chance in the space between the columns, though they were forbidden to do so elsewhere. The Doge could not well break his word, and the request was granted; but, in order to do away with the bad consequences, it was decreed that all the criminals who were sentenced to die in public should be executed between the columns.

The spot was immediately considered unlucky, and if a person only crossed it, it was supposed that his fate would be to be hung.

The front of the columns, however, seemed a favourite place, for I constantly saw men lying there asleep in the sun.

The Piazza, or Great Square, opens out of the Piazzetta. It is surrounded on three sides with arcades; whilst on the fourth is the splendid cathedral of St. Mark, before which stand three tall masts. From these masts three banners of silk and gold hung in former days, supposed to signify the dominions of the Venetians. At one corner of the square rises a very tall tower, the Campanile, or bell tower. It is extremely striking and beautiful, but not much ornamented. The lower part is now spoilt by an ugly kind of shed, or penthouse, which I felt sure the proud doges, and the Venetian senators, would never have allowed to remain a day.

The Piazza is the gayest place in Venice,—every

one goes there. There are shops underneath the arcades, and the pavement is constantly crowded with ladies and gentlemen, priests, German officers, English strangers, walking up and down, or sitting on benches, drinking coffee, reading, talking,—making themselves, in fact, quite at home; whilst men and boys carry about amongst them things for sale—trays of trinkets, soap, and perfumery, dried fruits, boiled and crusted with sugar, and stuck upon skewers; water in large cans, boxes and ornaments of pretty mother-of-pearl shells, numbers of which are found in the little islands around Venice. The dress of the people struck me less than might have been expected; but I had by this time become so accustomed to every variety of fashion, that nothing of that kind seemed to surprise me. I could not, however, fail to notice three Greeks, sitting smoking, with very long pipes, in a café, or public room. They wore red caps, flowing cloaks, fastened by a red girdle round the waist, and very loose trousers tightened with leather at the ankle. The best time for the Piazza is the evening, when it is lighted; and the sounds then are as amusing as the sight;—the sharp cries of the different sellers of water, fruits, shells, &c., mingling with the hum of voices in conversation, and the sounds of street music. A band often plays in the square; but the weather was not good whilst we were at Venice, and we were not fortunate enough to hear it.

The arcades are hung with curtains, which do not improve their appearance, being rather shabby. They are used for shelter to the shops when the sun is too powerful. We took our luncheon, of coffee and other refreshments, at a café, intending at five o'clock to go back to the hotel to dine at a table d'hôte, quite an

unusual event in Italy. This rather hurried us, and we had only time to go into a few shops, and just enter the great Cathedral for a few minutes.

It is certainly a most wonderful building, unlike any other which I had ever seen or heard of. Its foundation was laid in the year 977, but it was not finished for more than a hundred and thirty years afterwards. It is said to be more like an Eastern building than anything in Europe; but on this point I can be no judge. Upon first entering it is so dark that one can scarcely understand it; and at all times a great deal of the beauty of the ornaments must be lost from the want of light; yet one can scarcely wish it to be otherwise, the building is so impressive in its solemn gloom. The richness of the materials of which it is composed are beyond all imagination. The walls are of a dark red marble; and on the outside, in the principal front, there are 500 columns of precious coloured marble, all of the greatest value. The gates are of bronze and silver; and the whole building, both on the outside front and in the interior, is covered with gilding, and patterns and figures formed in what is called Mosaic work, which looks like painting, but is in fact composed of excessively small particles of coloured marble joined together. The figures were drawn and executed by the most celebrated artists of different periods; Titian himself having designed some, especially a figure of St. Mark in the entrance. It requires much time and knowledge to comprehend the beauty and value of the ornaments and paintings of this great church. As I said before, a great deal is lost to persons from the want of light, and a great deal more is quaint and strange, being the work of very ancient days; whilst the brightness of the gilding is in parts

much faded. Yet St. Mark's suits admirably with Venice for it has the same very old look. Happily it does not give one the same idea of falling to decay from neglect: and though the marble pavement is so worn with age, and the crowds of worshippers who have passed over it, that it is almost dangerous; and the gilding has in many places nearly disappeared; it is still a splendid building, loved and cared for, and impresses all who enter it with solemn reverence. This first glance was just sufficient to show us how much time it would require to see the whole, and we determined to return to it again the next day. That evening we could only take a little row in a gondola after dinner; passing the Piazza, and proceeding for a short distance beyond. The motion of a gondola is perfectly delightful, — so smooth and gliding, and noiseless. This part of Venice is never more striking than at night. The lamps in the square and the houses throw a bright light upon the beautiful masses of buildings, and the Campanile rises up like a pale ghost into the dark sky. I saw the Piazzetta and the Campanile from the water every evening whilst we were at Venice; yet the beauty of the scene seemed each time to increase, as if I had never before sufficiently admired it.

CHAP. XIII.

I WAS at St. Mark's soon after seven the next morning with one of my friends, examining the mosaics. Those on the outside are amongst the most modern, and the colours are therefore the brightest; and when

the sun shines upon them, and upon the rich gilding which forms the ground-work, the effect is most splendid. Four gilt bronze horses, brought from Constantinople very many years ago, are placed on the outside, over the centre porch. They were once taken away by the French, but happily have been restored again; for they could never have the same value in any other place, since they mark events belonging only to Venetian history.

It is difficult to examine and admire the mosaic figures in the roof of the interior of St. Mark's, for both the eyes and the neck are apt to ache after looking up for a very long time. This was my first visit to the Cathedral before breakfast, but it was by no means the last. Venice is a most charming place for persons who draw, and my friend being anxious to make a sketch of part of the Ducal palace, persuaded me to go with her at the same hour every morning, when we might be less liable to remark and interruption than in the middle of the day. I have a most happy remembrance of these early mornings at the Piazza. There were gondolas to be hired close to our hotel, and we had nothing to do but to stand upon the steps, make a sign to a gondolier, and in another minute we were floating along the canal, hidden from sight ourselves, but enjoying the exquisite beauty of the quiet city. My only regret was that the distance was not greater. On landing, our first business used to be to repair to a fruit-stall, under the arcade by the Doge's palace, where we purchased a store of figs for an early breakfast, and having eaten them, proceeded to business. My friend took her drawing-book, and stationed herself by a great pillar; and I sat down on a step of the cathedral with a book, or spent my time in the interior.

My friend had not such a quiet hour as myself. When I went to her every now and then to see how she was getting on, I used to find her surrounded by a tribe of little boys, and even men and women, very civil, but extremely curious to know what she was about. They were a considerable annoyance, but she bore it most patiently, and at last became almost accustomed to them.

After the first day, we engaged a gondola for our use all the time we were at Venice, which was a more convenient and less expensive arrangement than hiring one from place to place. The churches seem innumerable, and our second morning was given up to them. But it would be tedious to describe each separately. I did not admire them very much as a whole, though they are built of the most gorgeous materials, and highly ornamented. It always seemed to me as if the valuable marbles and mosaics were wasted. I saw one church, the Church of the Jesuits, which had a marble floor; walls, covered with verd antique, — a most rare kind of marble of a greenish colour, — and having patterns of flowers in other kinds of marble formed upon them; columns supporting the altar, of solid blocks of verd antique; and an altar of lapis lazuli, — a marble of the most brilliant blue colour. The pulpit appeared to be hung with curtains, but in fact it was marble made to represent curtains: even the tassels were marble: and yet, with all this splendour, the building gave me no pleasure. It was not beautiful in itself, and the ornaments were gaudy.

The monuments are more interesting than the buildings. In the Church of the Scalzi, the pride of Venice for its magnificence, the last Doge lies buried before the altar. He was a weak man, unfit to govern.

When told that the government was to be at an end, he submitted without resistance; and when called upon to take an oath of fidelity to the Austrian Emperor, he fell to the ground senseless.

A number of people came in to see the Jesuits' Church whilst we were there; they had just landed from an omnibus, — a gondola omnibus, for in Venice every kind of business is carried on by water. The letters of the post office are taken backwards and forwards in a gondola, visits are paid in gondolas; even the funerals are arranged in the same way: and a startling and solemn thing it is to see the dark boat, with the coffin and the priest on board, gliding, silently as the dead, through the narrow canals towards the island which is peculiarly set apart as the burying place of the city.

But when I say that every kind of business in Venice is carried on by water, you must not imagine that there are no streets. Half the interest of the place consists in the streets, of which there are a great number, — narrow, bustling, and confusing, in which no carriage is ever seen, and two persons can with difficulty walk abreast. I made a point of walking through them as we were visiting the churches, for I had my choice between them and the gondola. As to ladies going by themselves, it would have been out of the question; but accompanied by a gentleman, and with the help of a map, we contrived to find our way from one place to another without much difficulty. As Venice is built upon a number of small islands, separated by the canals, the streets are connected by bridges, which are so numerous that they meet one at every turn. The streets themselves are sometimes merely alleys between high walls; from which, perhaps, you turn into

one crowded with shops, and half blocked up with stalls, at which boys and women are selling fruit and boiling chestnuts. The shops themselves are very small, open, without windows, and in them the people sit, working at their different trades. After passing through a short street, you generally come to a bridge over a narrow canal, so high, that there are steps to go up and down; then may follow a wider space in front of a church, or perhaps giving room for a little attempt at a garden; and then you wander on again, and are lost in the maze of narrow lanes. I walked through these streets one night from our hotel to the Piazza in a pouring rain—an Italian rain, the drops being twice as large and twice as powerful as the drops of English rain. There were three or four of us in the party, but only one knew the way; and we hurried forwards, one behind the other, only caring to keep our leader in view, and sorely confused by the crush of dripping umbrellas, which crowded up the narrow way. At last the rain became actually a sheet of water, and we rushed on with the faint hope that we might reach the Piazza of St. Mark without being thoroughly drenched. When I found myself there and under shelter, I looked round to see by which corner I had entered. To my excessive surprise, we were exactly opposite to that which I expected. How we came there I could never understand. It seemed as if, in order to reach it, we must have followed the banks of the Grand Canal, whereas we had gone entirely away from it. If I had ever thought it possible before to walk about Venice without a guide, I should have been quite convinced then of the folly of the attempt. A more perplexing maze of bustling little alleys it is quite impossible to imagine.

The principal streets join the Piazza, and are known by the name of the Merceria, or Market. The entrance to them is through an archway with a tower over it, called the Clock Tower, from a very large painted and gilded clock in the centre; above which are two immense figures of giants, or savages, who beat the number of the hours upon the bell, instead of the time being marked in the common way, by the striking of the clock. The whole of the Tower is very much ornamented, and looks extremely gay with its bright colours and gilding.

We often used to go into the Merceria, for the best shops are in that part of the town; and even if one wanted nothing oneself, it was amusing to accompany others who were making purchases.

The articles I saw, which seemed most peculiar to Venice, were ornaments made of mother-of-pearl shells, such as bracelets, brooches, &c.; and glass cups, vases, &c., worked in patterns, something like Bohemian glass, though not so rich. Gold chains are also very beautifully made there. Venice was once famous for a peculiar kind of medicine, called Venice treacle, which was supposed to do away with the bad effects of poison. It was made of a hundred ingredients, the chief of which was the pounded flesh of vipers. I cannot say that I saw any myself, but I have been told that it is still made and sold to the people of some of the countries of the East. One shop in the Merceria was full of articles brought from Turkey, made of a variety of colours mixed together without any pattern. Turkish dressing-gowns used to hang up in this shop, and purses, and bags, all of the same kind; and we also met with some sweetmeats there, which Lady H—— told me she had fre-

quently seen at Malta, and which tasted like rich rose leaves. I was extravagant enough to buy some for a friend in England; not because they were very superior to English sweetmeats, but for the pleasure of giving something which had been made in Turkey and bought at Venice. This kind of feeling is a great temptation when one is abroad: there are so many persons to whom one longs to carry back a remembrance of the places visited.

Our evenings generally ended with a walk round the Piazza, and refreshments at a café; and part of our business then was to make a bargain with a man who kept a most inviting shop full of the shell ornaments which I before mentioned. These shell ornaments were just the things which suited us for presents, for they could not be procured in England; and the very first night of my walk round the Piazza, I discovered this shop, and set my affections upon some bracelets. But it is the custom throughout Italy for the shopkeepers to ask a great deal more for the articles they sell, than they are really worth; and it is just as much expected that you will offer a less sum, as it is in England that you will pay the money demanded. The price fixed for my bracelets was much more than I believed I ought to give, but not being accustomed to make a bargain, I put my business into the hands of a gentleman of our party who could speak Italian much better than I could, and understood more what he was about. After having made the offer of a certain sum, which was not accepted, we went away. The next night we walked again round the Piazza, and as we stopped for a minute before the shop, my friend said, "so many zwanzigers?" naming the sum I proposed to give. The man shook his

head, and exclaimed, "Impossible!" and on we went. The following night we returned once more, stopped, made our offer, and were again rejected. At last the man naturally seemed to expect us, and we nearly laughed in each other's faces as the scene was repeated. I think he would have been more willing to agree to our price if he had not had a fierce wife or sister, who was always urging him not to yield. Perhaps, too, he thought that having set my heart upon the bracelets, I was likely to buy them, whatever the price might be; and he was rather right, for the last night but one of our stay at Venice, I felt I had no more time to lose, and must not play at buying presents, but do so really; so we went in a body to the shop, and concluded the bargain. He took off something from the sum he asked, and I added something to that which I had offered, and thus between us we managed to come to a friendly agreement which satisfied us both; but an English shopkeeper would have been affronted if we had acted in the same manner with him.

I had an opportunity twice of seeing the interior of two old palaces, besides the hotel, which, as I mentioned, was once a palace. In one, the Manfrini Palace, there is a very beautiful collection of pictures, which are kept there for the pleasure of visitors, but for no other purpose. No one inhabits the palace now, though a descendant of the ancient family is still living. We walked through spacious rooms, the walls of which were covered with faded blue silk worked in flowers; but this was all that remained of its former magnificence, except the splendid pictures, shown merely for the sake of obtaining money from strangers. There was a garden belonging to the palace, the

largest I saw in Venice, cut into beds of a square formal pattern. At another palace, we found that the pictures had been bought lately by the Emperor of Russia, and carried to St. Petersburg. So it is that everything great and beautiful which once belonged to Venice is taken from it. A third palace which we visited for the sake of seeing two or three pictures, is inhabited in the winter by a gentleman and his daughter, descendants of the ancient noble family to whom it has for many years belonged. There was more furniture in it than in the Mansfrini Palace, and the salon or drawing room was very handsome, with glass chandeliers or candlesticks, hanging from the ceiling, and pictures of the distinguished persons of the family adorning the walls; yet, on the whole, the appearance of the rooms was sadly decayed.

The Doge's palace, perhaps the most interesting thing in Venice, gives one the same melancholy feeling of past greatness. There is a great deal to be seen in it, and we went to it twice. The entrance is from the Piazzetta, through a beautifully ornamented archway, which leads into an open court, with fine buildings all round it, and a bronze fountain in the centre, from which women were drawing water, unconscious, apparently, that they were intruding into what had once been the resort of princes and nobles. A splendid flight of steps, inlaid with metal, called the Giant's Staircase, from two enormous figures of the heathen gods which stand at the top, conducts to an exquisitely carved open gallery, or arcade, carried along one side of the court about half way from the ground, and from this gallery another staircase gives entrance to the interior of the palace. In one of the first passages a hole in the wall is shown, into which written accusa-

tions were in former days put secretly. The persons thus accused were suddenly arrested, taken to prison, and afterwards tried, so that no one in Venice could at any moment feel secure of his liberty. This hole was covered with a lion's head, the hole forming the mouth, and it was known by the name of the Lion's Mouth.

In the interior of the palace only the pictures remain, which were, and indeed are still, the glory of the Venetians; but I think our principal interest was in going through the very rooms in which the different meetings and councils were held. Every thing tells of what once was the greatness of the State of Venice. The pictures in the grand halls are of an immense size, and represent triumphs of all kinds, not only in war, but under other circumstances, — princes, and nobles, and bishops, appealing to the doges and senators for pardon or protection. One picture describes an event which occurred at the time of the Holy War, undertaken to recover Jerusalem from the hands of the Saracens. The Venetians then promised to assist the other European armies; but, thinking more of increasing their own power than delivering the Holy City, they employed their troops principally in making war with the Christians, who possessed the country which is now called Turkey. The picture in the Doge's palace represents the siege of Constantinople, the capital of Turkey, the assault being led by Dandolo, a Venetian Doge, who was ninety years of age, and blind. The room which contains this picture is termed the hall of the Great Council. Around the walls are portraits of the Doges of Venice, from the first to the last. But as the eye passes from one to the other, it is stopped by observing in one corner, where a picture should be,

nothing but the painting of a black curtain with a Latin inscription, the meaning of which is, "Marino Faliero, beheaded for his crimes." It refers to a terrible history of a Doge of Venice—Marino Faliero, who being angry with the senators and the government, formed a plot to destroy them, which was discovered, and he was in consequence beheaded in his own palace.

It was natural to imagine, after hearing so much of the secret tyranny of the Venetian government, that the rooms in which the councils were held must be gloomy and awful; but this was by no means the case. The hall of the Council of Ten was a moderately-sized cheerful room; and that of the Inquisition of State, the members of which were the worst of all, was quite bright. The chamber in which the grand meeting of all the nobles, called the Senate, was held, gives a better idea of the old times than any other; for the seats, with the raised throne of the Doge at the upper end, are still placed as if in readiness for an assembly, and so probably they may stand for many years, empty and useless, till they are carried away as lumber, or crumble into dust, and the last relics of the authority of the old Venetian nobles will be gone.

Yet one can scarcely feel sad at the thought; it was a government so full of wickedness, and deceit, and selfishness. The downfall of such greatness might be regretted whilst passing through the deserted halls of the palace; but no one could for a moment wish to bring it back, after seeing the prisons. These were not shown to us till our second visit. The entrance formerly was by a staircase and door near the council rooms, so that the prisoners might at once be taken before their judges; but this door is now, I

think, closed. The present entrance is near the open gallery of the court, and we passed at once from the light of day into the darkness of a narrow stone passage; our guide lighting a torch, and leading the way. There was not space for two to go together, and we followed each other, between the thick cold walls, every now and then descending a flight of narrow steps, till we reached a small cell with a grating in the wall to give air from the passage. It was lined with wood, and contained a shelf for food, and space for a straw bed. Here, we were told, the prisoners were first brought to be examined. Other cells of the same kind, but darker, joined it; and I believe there is a range of cells still lower, which are perfectly dark. The cells, themselves, miserable though they were, did not give one such a feeling of despair as the long winding stone passages which led to them, and from which, one felt, there could be no escape. Even this, however, could be borne, if the government had been fair, and open, and honest, like an English government; but in Venice every thing was secret. The unhappy prisoner was taken away from his home secretly, thrown into the dungeon secretly, tried often by his known enemies, and, when sentenced to death, he was led to the end of the winding passages, seated in front of a small grating, which admitted air from one of the narrow canals, and the next minute his head was cut off. The body was borne down a stone staircase leading to the water side, and placed in a gondola which was in waiting, and then the dark boat glided noiselessly away with its fearful burden, which was cast into a distant canal. It is said that men were forbidden to fish at that particular spot, lest they might discover the bodies of the dead.

I do not believe, however, that this cruelty was carried on in later days; for when the French plundered and destroyed Venice, they broke open the prisons, and found only one person in them. From these prisons we were taken by another passage to the council room, and from thence to the Bridge of Sighs, which leads across the canal to some more prisons resembling, as our guide told us, those in the palace. The bridge, as I have before said, is closely covered in, so that no person crossing it could be seen from the water. There are two passages in it, one for those going to the prisons, the other for those returning, and they are separated by a wall, in order that the prisoners might not see or know each other. The door at the end, by which the opposite prisons were entered, is now blocked up; but the cells are still used by the Austrian government, and there are persons kept in them now.

To visit such places as these is very sad and oppressive, and the feeling which they give haunts one. After seeing the prisons and the Bridge of Sighs, I never could think that Venice was a gay place: the gaiety always seemed to me a mockery and pretence.

There was formerly another set of prisons called the Sotto Piombi, or "under the leads," and they have been described as even worse than the lower prisons, from the intense suffering caused by the heat. But this, I believe, is not true. They were not immediately under the leads of the palace, for there was a considerable space between the roof and the ceiling of the cells, so that the sun did not strike upon them with the force which has been described, and they were considered remarkably healthy. They are now used as ordinary

rooms. In later years, the Austrian government ordered some persons who, it was believed, had been engaged in plotting and rebellion, to be kept in a prison of this kind. Terrible accounts were given by the prisoners of the sufferings which they endured; but I cannot help now doubting the truth of these statements. The building was pointed out to us. It looked like a little, common, red brick house, perched on the top of the palace, and was remarkably ugly; but the windows were large, and if the heat of the sun was great, there must also have been a good deal of fresh air, as the rooms were so high above the other buildings of the palace.

CHAP. XIV.

Our afternoon, after seeing the prisons, was spent in visiting Murano, one of the Venetian islands, which in other places would be considered a suburb of the town, for it is covered with buildings, and is just like Venice itself. The distance to Murano is short, yet it was long enough to make us feel the roughness of a more open sea. The canals are smooth as a pond, but the moment we were out of them the motion of the gondola was far from pleasant.

Murano is famous for its glass works. In former days Venetian glass was considered the finest in Europe, and it is said that when one of the French kings visited the manufactory, he was so pleased with the skill of the workmen that he made them all nobles. At that time, also, Venetian glass was believed to possess a peculiar property by which poison was dis-

covered. No one pretended to know how it happened ; but it was said that if poison was poured into a cup, made of this glass, it would shiver to atoms. This, of course, was a mere fancy. The manufactory is now very small, glass beads being the principal things made there.

An English gentleman, named Evelyn, who visited Venice in the time of Oliver Cromwell, speaks of Murano as a "very nobly built town," having "divers noblemen's palaces in it, and handsome gardens." He would say very differently if he saw it now, for a more wretched decayed place it is scarcely possible to imagine ; the houses dirty and ruinous, no signs of business, except when the workmen come down to the canal as strangers arrive, and beg them to visit the glass manufactory ; and scarcely any one to be seen in the place except a number of idle ragged children.

One thing however remains, to show the ancient grandeur of Murano,— a splendid old Cathedral. It was surprising to see a building so very handsome in a place so wretched. The form of the building is very grand, and tells at once how old it is. The east end, which is round, is particularly beautiful. In the inside it is dark, like St. Mark's, but that does not prevent one from seeing that the floor and the columns are of marble, and the ceiling over the altar covered with gilding. It was growing dusk as we were in the Cathedral, and persons were assembling for evening service. The poor people entered the beautiful church, one after the other, seeming to consider it their common home, to which all had the same right ; and not thinking it necessary to wait till they had better clothes before they ventured to go to church, but kneeling down, after their day's labour, in their

working dress, to say their evening prayers. If I had been sure they were praying to our Blessed Saviour, and not to the Virgin Mary, I should have longed that our English poor people could do like them.

Another of the Venetian islands, called Torcello, which was inhabited before Venice was built, has a still more splendid church than Murano, but unfortunately, as it was farther off, we were not able to go to it. Close to Murano is the small island which is used for the cemetery or burying ground. I have heard these Venetian islands called very beautiful; but I cannot say they appeared so to me, for there are very few trees upon them, and the buildings are every where decaying. They only look pretty at a distance, when they are seen, perhaps, by the evening light, with the mainland, and the mountains of the Tyrol, faint and misty beyond them. Several are occupied for special purposes. One, as I have said, is the cemetery; on another is a lunatic asylum, and on a third stands an Armenian convent, belonging to a Society of Christians, who in many respects resemble Roman Catholics, but differ from them in some particular points. They originally came from Armenia, a country of Asia. This convent we visited, one afternoon, having first spent a short time in the public gardens, almost the only green spot about Venice. They are close to the principal island, but were not in existence in the days of the Doges, having been made by the French after they had taken possession of the place. French gardens are always full of straight walks, and small trees, and these at Venice contain nothing more; but the shade is pleasant, and it is a secure place for children, who play about there with their nurses, and have thus an opportunity of learning

what trees are like, which otherwise, if they lived all their lives in Venice, they might not be so likely to know.

The Armenian convent pleased me far more than the public gardens. It was a delightfully quiet spot, where it seemed as if life might pass happily and peacefully. The convent is a plain white building close to the water, and not remarkable in any way. When we reached it, and rang a bell to ask for admittance, a man came down to the water side, and very civilly conducted us across a small court, with a garden in the centre, and covered walks or cloisters all round, into a small room, where he begged us to wait for a few minutes until one of the fathers, or monks, could come to us. The room was rather dark ; but there were some good paintings in it, copies made by some of the monks of celebrated pictures. In a short time the father who was to show us the convent made his appearance, dressed in the black gown, somewhat like a clergyman's gown, which it is usual for monks to wear, and having the crown of his head shaved. He was a sensible, agreeable, gentlemanlike man, with a pleasant voice, which made his good Italian sound particularly well. He took us first to the library, a large, long room, very like some rooms I have seen in England, at Oxford, in which were a number of curious and valuable old books, some printed, and some written before printing was invented. One of these written books, or manuscripts, was more than a thousand years old. Another, which was written in an Eastern language—I think it was the Burmese—no one, he said, had ever been able to make out. His own taste, I suspect, was for pictures, for he pointed out with great delight a beautiful

painting by a celebrated old Venetian artist, which hung against the wall by the staircase, and told us that two hundred pounds had been offered for it by persons in England, but that no sum of money would ever induce them to part with it. From the library we went to the chapel, which pleased me more than any other foreign church I had seen, in one respect; for, although it was not particularly handsome, it was simple, and neat, and there were no images of the Virgin Mary in it. There was a curtain to draw across the front of the altar, and separate the priests from the people during certain parts of the service, and this, I think, was the chief difference between the Armenian chapel and what one might see in England. A chair also was placed in it for the Armenian archbishop, whenever he should visit the convent.

Our friend the monk talked to us a little of the difference between Roman Catholics and themselves. "They agreed in almost every point," he said; "but they could not worship together, because there was some difference." One of the party suggested that perhaps, in spite of this, they might unite and become one Church; but he would not listen to the idea, and said, "the Armenians never change." Young men are sent from the East to be educated at this convent, and the monks employ themselves besides in superintending the printing of books in different languages. We were taken into the printing room where the men were at work, and also into the room where their books are kept: amongst them was an account of the convent, — when it was established, and what its history had been. The island we found had originally been set apart by the Venetians for the use of persons affected with leprosy — that dreadful disease being

common in Europe in those days. The garden I have already mentioned; but there is besides a vineyard, which looked most cool and tempting; the vines being trained over arches, and forming long, green, covered walks. Our last visit was to a terrace, overlooking the sea. Venice was to be seen to the right, and in front were the distant shores and mountains of the mainland. Very lovely it was; but the beauty is in some degree spoilt when the water is low, as the sand of the lagoon is then scarcely covered.

That evening, as we rowed away from the Armenian convent, we ordered our gondoliers to take us to the Lido. The word really means the shore; but it is especially applied to a sandy bank, forming part of a long island, which lies between Venice and the Adriatic Sea. I expected to see a dreary spot, and I was not disappointed. We landed by a few poor cottages, walked along a raised path by a narrow canal, with Indian corn growing by the sides of the flat banks, and then came upon the barren sand, washed by the waves of the Adriatic. The spot was once chosen by an English nobleman as a riding ground; and it may, perhaps, be the only place in the neighbourhood of Venice fitted for such a purpose; but nothing can be more desolate than its appearance: no trees, no houses—no signs of human life;—and the Adriatic that night looked dark and angry. There are, I believe, a few ancient tombs of the Jews upon the Lido, their burying-place being generally kept far away from that of Christians.

We spent one Sunday in Venice, and were fortunate enough to enjoy our own English service in a private room at the hotel—an English clergyman undertaking the duty. This is constantly done abroad, for the number of English who travel is so large that

there are generally enough visitors in a town to form a good congregation. It is usual on these occasions to send word to the other hotels when the service will be, and at what hour.

Monday, the 29th of September, was to be our last day at Venice. On the following morning we were to leave it for Padua, and go from thence by railway to Verona, where we had again engaged Daval to meet us, and take us on to Milan. The other voiturier's services would not be wanted; he came, therefore, into Venice, from Mestre, where he and Daval had been waiting for a day or two, to be paid, and wish us good b'ye. This last was a ceremony we were not quite prepared for. One of my friends being in her room, resting after a good deal of fatigue, the door was suddenly thrown open, the black-haired Italian, his eyes sparkling with eagerness, rushed up to her, seized her hand, kissed it, poured forth a torrent of Venetian gratitude, and retired before she was able to recover from her surprise.

Last days have always a great deal of business crowded into them. I was at St. Mark's, as usual, soon after seven, returned to breakfast at nine, and went out again soon afterwards; first, to the church built by the Venetian senators in thankfulness for deliverance from a great plague, in which 60,000 persons are said to have died. It is on an island exactly opposite the Ducal Palace, and looks well at a distance, with the wide flight of steps leading up to the entrance, and the great dome in the roof; but on seeing it nearer I cared more for the view from it over the calm blue water, to the beautiful arcades of the Piazzetta, and the two columns, and the tall tower of the Campanile, and the domes of St. Mark's, than for the building itself. As in the case of the other Venetian churches,

a great deal of money has been spent upon it without making it beautiful.

From the church we went to the palace now used by the Emperor of Austria, and here we heard an interesting piece of intelligence—that the Emperor was expected in Venice that evening. A palace requires the same kind of cleaning and dusting as an ordinary house; and in the large room into which we were shown two women were busily employed in making up curtains, whilst the chairs and sofas were all turned out of their places and scattered about the room in anything but princely order. In such a state of things there was no chance of our seeing very much, and indeed there appeared but little to be seen;—only a few pictures, which were not in any way wonderful. We should not have stayed there as long as we did, but that some of the gentlemen were gone to inquire for the governor of the arsenal,—the place where all the great ships of Venice used to be made,—who, it was hoped, would give us permission to go over it. I will not tire you, as we were tired ourselves that morning, by describing how we went from one person to another, and one place to another, in search of this officer, who, after all, was never found. It was rather provoking to waste time on our last day, but I was always tolerably contented when in a gondola. The principal thing I had wished to see in the arsenal was the great ship the “Bucentaur,” in which the Doge always used to appear on grand occasions. I fancied it was still in existence, but I found that the French had destroyed it, and only a model was kept there now, so that I had less cause to be sorry that we could not gain admittance.

The morning went quickly, and did not give us time

to do what we had talked of doing continually—ascend to the top of the Campanile, in the Great Square, in order to see the view. We were so determined not to omit this, that we set off for the Piazza again directly after dinner, though with a considerable misgiving as to whether we should not be too late. It was very vexatious to be told when we reached it that no one was allowed to go up after five o'clock, for we had no one to blame but ourselves. Some of the party were anxious to persuade the man who had the care of it to make an exception in our favour; but he was quite firm; and, really, when I looked in and saw the dark way by which we were to ascend, I was not at all sorry. I believe there are no steps, but what is called an inclined plane—a continual smooth ascent, going round and round to the top.

After a walk round the Piazza, and a little wandering amongst the streets of the Merceria, to complete our purchases and remembrances of Venice, we went back to our gondola, but with no intention of returning to the hotel. The Emperor was really coming. He was expected to make his entrance at eleven o'clock at night, and there was to be an illumination in his honour. We could not, therefore, do better than row about the town and see all that was going on. So we made our gondoliers carry us out some distance amongst the merchant vessels, which were gaily decorated with flags, and then made our way up the Grand Canal to the bridge of the Rialto. We had seen stands of candles in the Piazza, and many were placed in rows in the windows; and coloured rugs and cloths were hung out, but there were no inscriptions,—nothing to mark any feeling of loyalty and affection in the people. Venice must always be a singularly quiet

place; but I think if it had been filled with English people, expecting to receive an English sovereign, they would have contrived in some way or other to make a much greater noise and bustle, and I am sure they would have felt a great deal more pleasure. Still, the remembrance of the scene that night will always remain with me, as one of the most beautiful I could possibly have beheld. We rowed, as I have said, to the Rialto, where the preparations for the illuminations were just beginning, returned to the hotel to drink tea, and went out again directly afterwards. The lamps on the bridge were lighted then; the outline of the arch marked in brilliant lines of yellow and red on one side, and blue and green on the other. Rows of lamps, also, were placed under the arch, against the edge of the water, but the houses on the banks of the canal were only partially lighted. At this time the people were collecting in crowds, and there was a crush of gondolas close to the bridge. We managed to pass between them, and proceeded to a spot near the railway station, from which we knew the Emperor would embark in his gondola; but not being quite satisfied with our position we returned again to the Rialto, as a deafening peal of bells from the innumerable churches of Venice told that the Emperor was arrived, and placed ourselves on one side, where we could not fail to see every thing that went by. Gondolas went up and down incessantly; their dark forms, and the figures of the gondoliers, lighted up for a moment as they glided beneath the brilliant arch of the bridge, and quickly lost again in the confused mass of men and boats which crowded the canal. With some were borne coloured-lighted torches, and it was beautiful

then to watch them as they threaded their way into the darkness. But a blaze of light suddenly fell upon the buildings near us,—a pale green, clear and brilliant, marking every exquisite line and carving of the old palaces. It died away, and another flashed from the opposite side; and then, from beyond the bridge of the Rialto, a flood of crimson colour was poured upon a long line of rich buildings, which shone like a city of fairy land. The people were burning coloured lights, and shouts rose from the multitude as they watched them, but there was no real excitement or delight,—no great feeling for the Emperor; and as the gondolas came down more closely and quickly, and the sound of distant music reached us, I longed for a hearty English cheer to tell him that he was welcome. One huge boat passed, so crowded with people that it caused general ridicule, and sharp whistles and hisses were heard. For the moment we mistook the cause, and thought that they were meant in insult, but this was not the case; there was some attempt at cheering as the gondola filled with the officers of the Court and the band of musicians came in sight; and when the Emperor followed it would have been impossible for any person not to feel something like enthusiasm, if it were only from the singular sight. The canal was completely covered with gondolas; the Emperor was in the centre, but his boat could not be distinguished from the rest. They came down as one rapid moving mass of oars, and arms, and figures bent forward in the act of rowing,—the light from the Rialto falling full upon them: and on they passed, brilliantly visible for a moment, when they glided beneath the arch, and then vanishing in darkness, and traced only by the light of torches and the

sounds of music falling fainter and fainter upon the ear.

We watched them whilst they were in sight, and then we turned away into one of the narrow silent canals, with the tall palaces rising on each side, and only an occasional lamp giving notice of a bridge or a gondola; and, passing between the Ducal Palace and the prison, looked up to the Bridge of Sighs, and felt, as every person, one would think, must feel in Venice,—in indignation at its past offences and sorrow for its present fate.

For it is a place fallen, as it would seem, never to rise again. The people have no wish to restore the power of the Doges and the Senators; but there is a spirit of discontent amongst them, and they will not submit patiently to the authority of the Austrian Emperor; and whilst plots are formed, and fear and distrust are every where felt, trade decays and poverty depresses the inhabitants of the once powerful and wealthy city.

We hoped that evening to have seen the Emperor, for we were told that he would probably appear at a balcony in front of his palace, some of the upper rooms of which are over the lower buildings of the Piazza. But although the Piazza was well lighted, and the front of St. Mark's was glorious with the sparkling gilding and bright colours, and a band was playing in the square, and we sat in the upper window of a café, opposite to the palace, drinking coffee and eating buns, and wishing that his Majesty would come forth, he did not take the trouble to satisfy our curiosity. There were lights in his apartments, and we could see his officers go backwards and forwards; but the Emperor was either too tired, or too little pleased

with his reception, to take any trouble about the matter. Perhaps he did not think there were a sufficient number of people collected, for certainly the Piazza was not very crowded.

But then it was extremely late, and all prudent people were probably gone to bed. The giants in the clock tower struck one as we entered our gondola, and, taking one lingering look at St. Mark's, and the Arcades, and the ghostly Campanile, glided for the last time at night over the dark waters of the Grand Canal.

CHAP. XV.

It was half past two o'clock before I was in bed,—packing, and putting down the notes of my journal, that I might not forget what I had seen, took me so long; and before six I was up again, for we were to leave Venice at nine, and there was a great deal to be done first;—breakfast, and the row to the railway station, and a church to be seen close to it.

I will not attempt to describe how sleepy and tired I felt when I was called, or how little inclined I was for the business of the day: but it was a case in which there was no choice; and, after the final packings were completed, and breakfast was over, and we had watched from the windows some of the Austrian officers passing in their gondolas in full dress to pay their homage to the Emperor, we also entered a gondola, and said farewell to the hotel of the Imperatore. We were in very good time, and were able not only to see the Church of the Scalsi, but also had the satisfaction of spending a quarter of an hour in the

wretched little waiting-room at the railway station, a place as unlike Venice, and as unsuited to it, as can well be imagined. The railway itself is not as ugly an object as might be expected. It is of an immense length; I do not quite know how long,—but it stretches away with a regular line of arches like a never ending bridge over the sea; and when one is actually upon it, there is something strange and exciting in seeing the water on each side, whilst the view of Venice is very interesting. The shores of the main land are so flat, and the water runs up in such narrow and shallow channels, that one cannot tell the exact spot where the railway leaves the lagune and rests upon the firm earth, and this makes its length appear greater than it otherwise would.

I know very little of the road between Venice and Padua, the place to which we were going, except that the country was flat, and that the river Brenta flowed through it. Want of rest and sleep made me feel so unwell that I cared very little for anything, even for leaving Venice; and when we reached Padua, after a short journey, I went to my room, and lay down on a sofa, and begged that every one else would go out and see the town and leave me alone. It was rather vexatious to spend in this way one's first hours at a celebrated place, but I contrived to see a good deal in the afternoon.

Padua is believed to be, perhaps, the oldest city in the north of Italy, and to have been founded more than a thousand years before the birth of our blessed Saviour; at the time when Judges were governing the Israelites. It is one of the great Universities of Italy, where learned men study, and young men go to be instructed. The knowledge of medicine is particu-

larly taught there. One of the first things which caught my eye as we were going into the hotel, was a handbill, giving notice of some discovery which had been made in medicine. The great building in which the young men receive instruction has a curious name. It is called "il Bo," or the ox,—no one seems to know exactly why, but there is the figure of an ox carved on one of the columns within it.

The town is full of narrow streets, with arcades, and great houses, which, like the Venetian houses, are termed palaces. They are entered generally by a gate leading into a court-yard, beyond which is a garden, looking very pretty as one sees it from the street. Still, the city has an appearance of decay, and a great deal of the beauty is lost from the custom of whitening the houses. I always fancied Padua to be a handsome, though a gloomy town, and so it is really; but these rather dirty white walls give it a poor look, without any grandeur or dignity.

The churches and the pictures in them are now the chief charm of the place, and we spent nearly the whole of that afternoon, and the greater part of the next day, in examining them. The principal pictures are painted in what is called fresco, which is a peculiar kind of paint, commonly used before oil colours were invented, and particularly employed in adorning walls and large buildings. Unhappily the colours wear and fade away, so that many of the most beautiful paintings that were ever executed have now nearly vanished.

We saw one exquisite little church, called Giotto's Chapel, from Giotto, a very ancient and very celebrated artist, who designed and adorned it. It stood in a garden,—not a neat garden,—that one could not ex-

fect in Italy,—but having trees and flowers in it, and away from the noise of the town. It was quite small, with only one aisle, a very high roof, and a beautiful arch for the chancel. The ground colour of the walls was a most lovely deep blue, like the blue of the sky in the early morning of a summer's day : the roof was of the same hue, and studded with golden stars, and on every side were pictures in fresco, representing the different scenes of the supposed life of the Virgin Mary, and the real life of our Blessed Lord. The expressions of the faces, and the outlines of the figures, were quite wonderful ; especially the grief in the countenances of the persons present at the burial of our Lord, and the harsh cruelty of those who mocked Him as He stood before Caiaphas. This last picture was so natural as to be very painful. Yet all this wonderful work is vanishing away ; time has destroyed the brightness of the colours, and the outline of the figures can often be scarcely traced. Lovely indeed it still is, but, like the loveliness of a dying person, it is seen with mingled sorrow and pleasure. The building itself, however, is not likely to be allowed to decay. It is the property of an ancient Venetian noble family, and service is performed in it every day.

The other churches I should only weary you by describing. They are full of beautiful fresco paintings. The largest and most celebrated is the Church of St. Antonio, or St. Antony, who is considered the patron saint of the city. It has seven domes, and three spires, and in a degree resembles St. Mark's at Venice, though it is much less splendid. It was particularly interesting to me, as being a specimen of the beautiful brick-work which is common in old buildings in the north of Italy, and which must always, I think, strike English

people, who are accustomed to consider brick as only fitted for the plainest and most ordinary buildings. The frescoes in this church, and in another close to it, the Church of St. George, were amongst the finest I saw in Italy. Before the church stands a figure of a man on horseback, known by the name of Gatta Melata, or "the honied cat." In former days there used to be bands of soldiers, headed by various chiefs, who were hired to fight by the different princes of Europe when they went to war; and this Gatta Melata was one of the most celebrated of the commanders. His figure looks very well in front of the old church.

The most striking building in Padua, next to the Church of St. Antony, is an old palace, called the Palazzo della Ragione, or the Palace of Justice. It is a very large building, standing upon open arches on one side of the market place. Its principal wonder is an immense hall, the roof of which is supposed to be the largest in the world, not supported by pillars. It is nearly half as high again as the walls. The plan of it is said to have been brought to Padua by a friar, who had travelled a great deal in distant countries, and returned with drawings of all the fine buildings he had seen, and amongst others of the roof of a great palace in India. The Paduans were so delighted with the design that they entreated the friar to build them a roof for their hall like it, and he agreed, only asking to be paid by the wood and tiles of the old roof, when it was taken down. It is a strange, mysterious looking room, with very small windows, very high up, and the walls covered with paintings of figures, considerably faded, but all supposed to have some deep meaning. A person would feel quite alone in it when standing at one end with the rest of the party at the other—the

distance is so great for a room, and the dim light makes it so solemn. Several figures of celebrated persons are placed at the lower part of the hall, and an enormous figure of a wooden horse, which perhaps gives a better idea of the size of the room than anything else. It is hollow, and is said to be capable of containing twenty-four persons, and yet it did not look much larger than an ordinary horse when compared with the rest of the room. This wooden horse is connected with the history of Padua. You may remember that I told you the city was supposed to have been founded a very great many years ago. Antenor, the person who founded it, is said to have been an inhabitant of Troy, a city in Asia, which was besieged for ten years by the Greeks without success. At the end of that time the Greeks made a huge hollow, wooden horse, in which a party of soldiers hid themselves, and this was foolishly taken into the town by the Trojans, who did not know what it contained. The Greek soldiers remained in the wooden horse very quietly all day, but when night came they got out of it and opened the gates to their friends, and so Troy was taken; and Antenor, one of the chief men, escaped, and came to Italy and founded Padua.

Padua was one of the first places in which clocks were made to strike the hour. There is a great tower with a clock in it in one of the squares, which was contrived in the year 1344, by a man called Dondi, who became so famous in consequence, that the name of "Orologio," or Clock, was given him. His family are said to be living at this day, and are called Dondi dell' Orologio, or Dondi of the Clock. Dondi's daughter was a very learned lady, and is placed

amongst the celebrated people in the great hall of the Palace of Justice.

The inhabitants of Padua seem always to have had a great remembrance of their distinguished men. A large oval green place near the outside of the town, surrounded by a small canal, is adorned with statues of famous persons. It was intended only for those who had actually belonged to the city, but these were not found sufficient, and now, I must say, there is a very odd mixture. The statues, however, have a very good appearance as they stand up side by side round the open green space.

We had our luncheon at a splendid café, built of marble, and called the Café Pedrocchi, from the person who erected it. He was a poor man, and in his early days lived in a little house which stood just where the beautiful café is now to be seen. The old house being ruinous, he was obliged at last to pull it down; and after this was done, to the great surprise of the Paduans, Pedrocchi grew wonderfully rich, collected workmen, and gave orders for the new marble building. He took great delight in the work, and went every evening regularly to pay his workmen in old Venetian gold. The strange part of the history is, that no one could ever find out where his money came from, and many wonderful things are still said as to the way in which he became possessed of it. Some suppose that he must have found a hidden treasure.

We left Padua by the railway in the afternoon, and reached Verona too late to see anything of the town that evening. The hotel was comfortable, but rather dingy. I remember particularly a dark green carpet in one of the bed-rooms, apparently lined and stuffed with straw, into which one's foot sank as one walked

in a most unnatural manner, giving one all kinds of unpleasant ideas of dirt and insects. I must confess though, for the honour of Verona, and especially of the hotel of the "Due Torri," or the "two towers," that I did not make acquaintance with either the one or the other.

CHAP. XVI.

WE were full of business the next morning; all Verona was to be seen in the course of a few hours; and any person who has ever been there, would know that such an undertaking is no slight one. For Verona is even more full of curious and ancient buildings, and monuments, and churches, than Padua. It is also a much larger place, and contains fifty thousand inhabitants. The situation is extremely lovely; some persons say that it is the finest in the north of Italy. Beautiful hills covered with vineyards, and trees, and villas, surround it; and the river Adige flows through it, and is crossed by some very remarkable old bridges, built with battlements, like the walls of a castle. The streets are, I think, narrower than those of Padua; the houses better, and ornamented, and not whitened. The shops are good, and the dress of the people, especially of the women, with their black veils, such as we saw at Como, contributes to form a very pretty, and constantly changing, scene. One thing only was wanted to make our morning at Verona perfectly agreeable, — fine weather; but alas! we had had a perpetual little drizzle at Venice, — a decided rain in the evening at Padua, — and rain still followed us to

Verona. It is amusing, however, to observe how soon one becomes accustomed to any state of circumstances. We had learned now to calculate upon rain, and it never prevented us from going out.

Our first visit was to the remains of a great building, — a Roman amphitheatre, one of the most remarkable things in Italy. You must all, I think, have heard that in the times of the Roman Emperors public shows, consisting of combats of men and of wild beasts, were the common amusement of the people; and you must know also that the early Christians, instead of being put to death by a public execution, were often condemned to die in this horrible manner, fighting with savage animals. St. Paul alludes to this custom, when he says, in the first epistle to the Corinthians, “If after the manner of men I have fought with beasts at Ephesus, what advantageth it me if the dead rise not?” The amphitheatre was the place in which these terrible scenes took place. Sometimes, men, called gladiators, fought with each other; and sometimes savage animals were chosen instead. But, in either case, it was a scene of cruelty and bloodshed. The largest amphitheatre in Italy is at Rome: it is called the Coliseum. This one at Verona is, however, the most perfect in some respects. It is a very large open space surrounded by rows of stone seats, which rise one behind the other to an immense height. It is uncovered, for the shows took place in the day-time, and, with the warm climate and bright skies of Italy, nothing was required but an awning supported by a mast placed in the centre. The size of the amphitheatre is best understood by knowing that it would hold 32,000 people.

Underneath the seats there are long passages and

vaults, in some of which it is supposed the wild beasts were kept. The whole is shut in by surprisingly thick walls, once divided into seventy-two arches, through which persons could enter the passages, and so reach the centre space, or the arena; or else make their way to the seats. Only four, however, of these outer arches are now standing. Many of the arcades and passages are now occupied by smiths, and farriers, and persons who have things to sell. The building is of marble, except in some few parts, where a little brick has been used. The arches were formerly all numbered, and the persons who went to the amphitheatre received tickets, marked with the same number as the arch through which they were to pass. Some, who went in carriages, instead of getting out at the arches, and walking through the passages, were driven up a broad, sloping stone road, or, what is called, an inclined plane, which enabled them to reach the height of some of the upper seats before they left their carriages. The seats are of marble, like the rest of the building, — one row to sit upon, and the next for the spectators to rest their feet upon. They are divided into different sets, and between these sets a space is left for steps, to go up and down amongst them; otherwise it would have been impossible for any one person to move without greatly disturbing his neighbours.

The colour of the building is a dark red; but it is overgrown with creeping plants on the outside, which greatly add to its beauty as a ruin. In the inside, the open centre is overgrown with grass, but the seats are all perfect, for the inhabitants of Verona are obliged by law to repair them from time to time, and shows are still occasionally held in the amphitheatre; though, of course, not of the same kind as formerly.

From the amphitheatre we went to visit some famous old monuments, belonging to a noble family, who were once lords of Verona. The first of the family was called Mastino della Scala, or Mastino of the Ladder; for a ladder was considered the sign of the family: and in every part of Verona it is to be seen, carved on buildings or monuments, as we see in England the lion and the unicorn, and the signs, or arms, of our own royal family. No one exactly knows where the Scala family came from; but Mastino was chosen by the people of Verona to be their lord after the death of a most cruel tyrant, named Ezzelino of Ravenna, who had ruled over Verona, Padua, and other cities in the north of Italy, and whose cruelty was so shocking that people thought he must be under the special dominion of the spirit of evil.

Strange names abounded in the family of Scala, or the Scaligeri, as they were called, and almost all had something to do with dogs, but the reason is not exactly known. Mastino means a mastiff; Cangrande, another common name amongst them, meant the great dog; and Can Signore, the chief dog. They were all powerful princes, and ruled their people well; and now they rest together under sumptuous marble tombs, in the centre of the city which was subject to them. Two are represented upon the top of their separate monuments in full armour, mounted upon their war horses; whilst below their figures are carved lying in their royal robes.

The rest of our time at Verona was spent in seeing churches. The most interesting and beautiful was the Church of St. Zeno, an African saint, said to have been Bishop of Verona about 362 years after the birth of our Saviour.

This church must have been originally begun when

the great Roman empire was falling to pieces, and when a new people, the Lombards, had settled themselves in the north of Italy, and were governed by their own kings. This happened about the time when the Saxons were ruling in Britain. Lombard Churches are very curious, with round arches, and thick pillars, and all kinds of strange figures as ornaments about them. The columns of the porch of San Zeno rested upon two figures resembling lions, lying down; and round the archway was carved a hunt, — the stag, and the dogs, — with the king following them. It referred to some old story connected with religion, which was believed in those days.

We had but just time to hurry over our dinner when Daval's carriage was ready to take us from Verona; the lady's maid was to go by the diligence. I have scarcely ever left a place with more regret; so many things were left unvisited; and seeing the buildings which had remained unchanged for so many years was better far than reading history. It was as if one had gone back to the times themselves. But there was nothing to be done but to try and be contented; and, after driving through a street with old palaces on each side, and passing once more the church of San Zeno, we said good b'ye to Verona, and proceeded on our way to Desenzano, a little town on the Lago di Garda, or the Lake of Garda, at which we were to sleep.

The afternoon's journey will soon be described: we had a straight road, few villages, and the river Brenta flowing part of the way by our side. We passed a small town called Peschiera, with strong walls round it for defence, and then travelled by the side of the Lake of Garda, and looked, a little longingly, at the

great hills which rose up in the distance, and reminded us of the mountains of the Tyrol;—for the upper part of the lake is in the Tyrol,—and at last we stopped at a droll little inn, close by the water side, not very clean, and where we had none but men to wait upon us, according to the disagreeable custom of all small Italian inns; but where we contrived to sleep with tolerable comfort.

We were in the carriage again at seven o'clock the next morning, the weather cloudy and threatening for rain, and particularly tantalising to us, because it prevented us from seeing the views on the lake to advantage. I am afraid one is always inclined to be discontented. When I was in the Tyrol I used to think how delightful it would be to enjoy again the soft warm air, and the lovely scenery of Italy: and now I looked at the mountains, with the earnest desire that we were all going off in a boat towards them. I fancied the scenery there must be so very beautiful; and so I believe it is. But we had no time to bestow upon it, and, after a short glimpse of the water, the horses' heads were turned just in the contrary direction, and away we drove, left the Lago di Garda behind us, and returned to the flat country, the straight roads, and the acacia hedges. It was the middle of the day before the appearance of a number of large houses scattered about on the hills gave notice that we were approaching Brescia, where we were to rest the horses and have our dinner. It is the same kind of place as Padua and Verona, having similar narrow streets, and handsome houses. But we had only two hours to spare for it; and we no sooner reached the hotel, and had ordered dinner, than we made inquiry for some person who might be able to show us every thing worth seeing in

the shortest space of time. Such persons are always at hand in foreign towns where there are many visitors; and our guide, a solemn man, wearing a blue linen jacket, and a straw hat, set rather dandily on one side, having made his appearance, we sallied forth, the guide leading the way. He took us first to the remains of an old Roman building, which, until within a few years, had been buried beneath stones and rubbish, with only one column just seen above the ground. It was this column which first gave the idea that the rest of the building might be in existence, and orders were issued that the ground should be dug up. Some more most exquisitely carved columns and portions of a large building were then discovered, beneath which were passages and vaults. In these were found many things belonging to heathen temples; and it is supposed that, when Christianity was established in the Roman Empire, the idolaters hid the signs of their worship in these dark underground places, when they were forgotten till brought to light so many hundred years afterwards. The pictures in the churches were next visited, and also a small, but most beautiful and valuable collection, made by an Italian nobleman, Count Tosi, who in his will left them to the inhabitants of Brescia.

Our sight-seeing hour was over then; dinner was likely to be ready, and the rain had come, and we had to make our way back to the hotel in spite of it. That walk was really one of the longest to my feelings that I ever took. The rain poured in torrents, and we hurried on through street after street, not knowing where we were going. Constantly I thought we must stop, and as constantly our blue guide and his straw hat were seen in the distance rushing forwards, and

compelling us to follow at the same pace, lest we should lose sight of him altogether.

It rained all the afternoon, and I have no knowledge or remembrance of the drive, till we entered a town called Chiari, when — the rain being quite surprising in its vehemence — Daval made a sudden dart into the court-yard of a wretched inn, at which we were to remain for the night. What a recollection I have of the sound of the rain upon the pavement, as I looked out of the window of my dark little bedroom into a narrow lane, with a high wall rising up just in front; and not even an odd window or a projecting roof to amuse me with the thought that I was in Italy! Further, to raise one's spirits, as we sat down to tea, intelligence was brought us that a bridge had broken down on the road to Milan, which we had hoped to reach the next day, and that we should have great difficulty in getting there. The news gave us a subject of conversation for a long time, and I confess that, in my heart, I was not very sorry to be told, at last, that it would be necessary to turn aside from the usual road and go the following day to Bergamo. The guide book gave a most tempting description of the place; and I had so fallen in love with Padua, Verona, and Brescia, that I longed to see another of the beautiful towns of Lombardy. But it was not to be. Fine weather and different intelligence came the next morning. The bridge had been mended, or was being mended, and it was thought we should pass over it very easily, and at seven o'clock we were on our way to Milan, with only one uncomfortable thought in our minds, — how the poor lady's maid, who had been travelling all night, had fared in the diligence when it passed the bridge.

Straight roads and acacia hedges ! you will be a little tired of hearing of them, and I was a little tired of seeing them. But then we had the Tyrol mountains in the distance, and my spirits rose at the sight of a snow peak, as at the meeting with an old friend. The broken bridge was only a kind of apology for a bridge, — very low, and carried over what perhaps would properly be called a drain : but it would have served the purpose of stopping our progress, just as much as the ruin of a handsome arch, if the Italians had not for once exerted themselves and worked diligently to repair it — covering the part which had fallen away with boards, and filling up the spaces with earth and stones. We were kept waiting there for a few minutes in company with another carriage and a great diligence ; but we all passed safely and went on to Treviglio, from which place there is a railway into Milan.

The railway bridge was broken down ! that was the next thing we heard : happily it did not signify to us, for the carriage could as well take us into Milan as the railway. So we troubled ourselves very little about the matter, but wandered about in the town, where there was a market of shoes, cotton, cattle, and old knives, and found out there was very little to be seen, and had our dinner and set off again.

The country between Treviglio and Milan was flooded, and looked desolate in consequence ; but the road was wide, the houses on each side were good ; and when, at length, we drove through a very handsome gateway into an exceedingly broad, fine street, with handsome buildings on each side, and passed a splendid carriage drive leading from it, planted with rows of

trees, I was quite satisfied with my first view of Milan, the capital of Lombardy.

The great wonder of Milan is its Cathedral of pure white marble. I caught sight of it as we entered a rather narrow street, — the white marble pinnacles at the top glittering above the stains of smoke and the dust of ages which had discoloured the lower part. But it was only the glimpse of a moment, and almost immediately afterwards we drove into the court-yard of the Albergo Reale, or the Royal Hotel, at which, as events proved, we were to take up our residence for the next ten days.

CHAP. XVII.

THE time we spent at Milan was in one respect unfortunate, for we were kept there in consequence of an accident which happened to one of the party, who slipped down a dark staircase, and very much hurt her foot. This made us anxious for several days, though the injury proved to be less serious than we had at first feared. I was rather sorry to be detained at Milan. It is not a very interesting place,—I scarcely know why, for it is famous in history,—and the Cathedral is always delightful, and there is a fine gallery of pictures, and the shops are good, and it is certainly a cheerful place. But it is too much like any other large town, too regularly handsome, and I did not become in the least fond of it. Verona, with its ruins, and curious bridges, and old buildings, was far more charming. The lady's maid, I think, enjoyed Milan more than any one else; and she really required some

pleasure, for that night journey of hers, in the diligence, over the broken bridge, and stopped by the broken-up railway, was a most dismal one. She gave me a lamentable account of it, but I forget the particulars: only I know that the passengers in the diligence were all obliged to get out, and find accommodation for the night as they best could; and that, if it had not been for the kindness of a gentleman, who allowed her to share the same room with his wife and sister, she would have been left without shelter in a strange town.

Our party broke up too at Milan; and that was not agreeable. Two were obliged to return to England, and when we said good b'ye to them, it reminded us that our pleasant summer excursion was drawing to a close for us all. Yet there were some things in Milan which gave me excessive pleasure. The pictures in the Brera, or the great gallery of paintings, though not very well arranged, were delightful; and we happened to have arrived just at the right time, for shortly before many of them had been hidden by an exhibition of modern pictures, which is made every year, and which really quite distressed me, when I one day saw them: they were so ugly, and badly done. They were taken away, happily, directly after we came.

The Cathedral, being very near our hotel, was visited every day. It was the one thing which I regretted when we left Milan. We usually finished our walk through the busy streets by spending a quarter of an hour in it; and the rest was as good for the mind as the body. Before I went to Milan, I was told that I should be disappointed in the Cathedral—that it was a mistake to imagine it at all the more beautiful for being built of white marble—for that it was not easy

to distinguish the marble from any common stone. But I did not find this to be the case. I dare say persons, who know exactly how churches ought to be built, might find great faults in it: indeed, I could discover a good many myself; and I do not think it pleased me by any means as much as the Cathedral at Cologne: but it is still unlike any other building which I have ever seen; and, in some respects, it is more beautiful. The lower part is certainly stained and discoloured, as all buildings must be, after a time, in large towns; but the hue of the stone is, nevertheless, richer than that of common stone; and above, where the pinnacles and statues are newer, they sparkle like silver, especially when seen at a distance, on a bright day, rising up against the blue sky. On one side, the church is very much disfigured by the stalls, which are placed close to it; but the front faces an open square. It is said that the person who designed Milan Cathedral came from Germany; and this seems very probable, for it is not at all like an Italian building. The arches are pointed, and not round; and the pillars are like those which are found in our own Cathedrals. It is, in fact, what is called a Gothic building. The size is immense — very much greater, I believe, than that of Cologne — and the beautiful rows of marble columns, along the vast aisles, gave me a feeling of awe and delight, which was always new. I was rather vexed to have it pointed out to me that the ceiling, instead of being of carved stone, is merely painted, to represent it. It would have been more pleasant at the time to be ignorant of the fact, which, perhaps, I should not have discovered myself. As it was, I never looked up to the roof, without a notion of its being pretence; looking like something which it

really was not. The interior is dark and rich from the colour of the painted glass, which is especially beautiful at the east end; but there is no painting upon the walls as there is at Cologne. The altars are not as numerous as is usual in Roman Catholic churches. In fact, the original intention was, that there should be only one altar, as in our own Church; for the services used by the Church at Milan since the time of St. Ambrose, who was archbishop in the year 375, are rather different from the common Romish services, and do not encourage prayers to the Saints in the same degree. There are two pulpits in the Cathedral, very unlike our pulpits; for they are galleries of bronze, placed round two pillars—one on each side of the choir. They are very beautiful, and suit extremely well with the rest of the building. The Cathedral contains very few pictures or remarkable monuments; but I do not think any one would regret this: the effect of the whole is so beautiful, that one does not wish to think about the separate parts. The tomb of San Carlo Borromeo is, however, a great object of interest. He was, as you may remember I told you, Archbishop of Milan, about the time of our Queens, Mary and Elizabeth. He was buried in a chapel underneath the cathedral. When standing in the centre aisle, just in front of the choir, one can look down into it; for there is a large open space in the floor, surrounded by iron railings, and lamps are always kept burning below. Besides the burying-place of San Carlo, there is an under church, in which the service is celebrated in the winter, as it is much warmer than the choir above. I believe that the remains of San Carlo are sometimes shown; for his body was embalmed to preserve it—a custom of

which we often read in the Bible ; but it would have been a very painful sight. The chapel and the tomb are most richly ornamented, and San Carlo's favourite word, "Umilitas," or humility, is inscribed upon his tomb in golden letters. San Carlo is quite the favourite saint in Milan—one of the squares is named after him ; and in it stands a fine figure of the Archbishop, with the same word, "umilitas," on the pedestal.

To judge of the real beauty of the Cathedral, it is necessary to go to the top of the highest tower—an undertaking much less difficult than it sounds. It is the very easiest ascent that can be imagined. Instead of going round and round a little narrow staircase, growing darker as you ascend, and making you so giddy, that you scarcely know whether to move backwards or forward, the ascent of Milan Cathedral is principally by a square tower, with straight steps, made in sets of three and four, with a little landing-place between. The first tower is the highest ; but even that we did not find at all trying, compared with other church towers ; and from it we walked out upon the roof of the church—a marble roof, white and sparkling, with marble balustrades, marble pinnacles, marble buttresses, the ornaments of which were made to represent flowers, and a profusion of marble statues ; many by Monti, a celebrated Milanese sculptor, whose works were shown in the Great Exhibition in London. Above them were other smaller marble towers, and galleries, exquisitely carved ; and looking, as they stood out against the sky, almost too delicate to be the work of a human hand. Persons may say what they like as to the defects of Milan Cathedral, and how much more beautiful it

might have been made, but I cannot imagine any one standing upon the roof, and looking around him upon the profusion of rich material, and the perfect finish of every part, without feeling that it is one of the most marvellous buildings in existence. Perhaps one of its greatest charms is, that every part which has yet been completed has been done in the best way; no expense has been spared; and even in places where, as the common saying is, no one would notice, it is as delicately carved and ornamented as in the front. The building was raised for the honour of God; and they who planned it knew that His Eye can see everywhere.

The principal and most striking defect is, that it has no great tower. There is an ugly square belfry, besides the smaller towers, by which we ascended to the top; but the building has never been completed as it was first planned. It was begun in the year 1386, and yet workmen are still employed about it. The sums of money required to finish it must be enormous. Napoleon Buonaparte, the Emperor of France, when he conquered Italy, took great pains to set forward the completion of Milan Cathedral; and it has been said that he spent a great deal of money upon it. But this is not strictly true. He seized upon property which did not rightfully belong to him, and used it for that purpose; but he did nothing more — and now his statue is placed upon one of the pinnacles in remembrance of his deeds. I asked the man who was showing us the building, whom the statues were meant to represent, and his answer was, “Napoleon, and the Saints!” We went to the top of the Cathedral twice; once in the afternoon, and once just in time for the sunset. An attempt was also made to

see it very early in the morning, at seven o'clock, when the view is said to be the most distinct: but though we gave ourselves a short night's rest, and dressed when we were more inclined to be dreaming, it was to no purpose; the morning was cloudy — and if we had gone up we should have seen nothing — so we chose the sunset instead. And the view then was most magnificent, over miles and miles of the rich Lombardy plain, dotted with trees and towns, to the long range of the Alps, including the Simplon, over which we had passed into Italy, and the St. Gothard, by which we then talked of returning, and the Splügen, by which we actually did return; whilst, on the other side, the beginning of the Apennines, — the great chain of mountains which passes down the centre of Italy, — was clearly to be traced. Brescia, Verona, Lodi, Pavia, and Como are all, it is said, to be seen from the tower of the Cathedral; but I cannot say that I saw them, because I did not exactly know where to look for them, and so could not properly distinguish them.

As usual in these great churches, there are, in Milan Cathedral, a quantity of treasures shown to strangers. Silver figures of St. Ambrose and other saints; a gold crucifix, covered with precious stones; a book bound in gold; and, what pleased me almost as much as anything, the front of an altar-cloth worked by a lady who lived at the same time as San Carlo Borromeo. The Cathedral certainly takes the first place in my memory, when I think of Milan, — we went to it so often, and it seemed, in a degree, to give a sacred character to the city. But there was something else which, though totally different, afforded me, I think, a higher pleasure. You will consider it

strange when I tell you that it was nothing but an old faded picture, on the wall of an empty building, which had once been a church, but now was scarcely more than a barn. The picture was spoilt more than any valuable picture I ever saw; the colours having worn away, different painters had at times tried to restore them, and had much changed the original expression. Some of the faces were evidently quite altered—three of the most beautiful were only shadows. It was merely the wreck of a picture; and yet, when we stood before it, a party of six or seven persons, full of life and gaiety, we all became quite grave; the few observations made were spoken in an under tone; and, after seating ourselves before it for a considerable time, we went out silently, with but one feeling, that it would be impossible to forget it.

The picture was the representation of the Last Supper of our Blessed Lord, by an Italian painter, Leonardo da Vinci. There are many prints of it in England; and I thought that I knew it well. But no lines, or colours, or words, can give any idea of the intense, awful beauty of the faded original in the old empty church. The expression of our Blessed Lord's Face is so wonderful in its Majesty and Love, that one could believe the painter who imagined it to have been inspired. Certainly, he was gifted with that humility which brings us, perhaps, nearer than any other grace to the mind of our Redeemer; for it is said that he told the Duke of Milan, for whom the painting was executed, that he must leave the head of our Saviour imperfect, knowing that it would be in vain to seek for such a countenance on earth, and that he could not believe it in his own power to imagine the beauty which it ought to possess.

We saw the picture twice. I was curious to see whether it would produce the same effect on a second visit as at the first. I thought there might be something excited in our own imaginations, from having heard a great deal of it beforehand; but the impression was just the same; and we left it, feeling, as one of the party said, that to look at it was better than any sermon.

The churches of Milan, generally, with the exception of the Cathedral, are not very striking in their splendour. But there is one — St. Ambrose — which has a much higher interest. It is one of the oldest churches in Italy, built of brick, and was founded by St. Ambrose, Bishop of Milan, and dedicated by him to All Saints, on the 19th of June, in the year 387. It is, therefore, an admirable specimen of an early Christian church; for, although it has been repaired and restored since, it has never been altered. There is a large court in front of it, surrounded by arcades; and this was set apart for the Catechumens, or persons who were receiving instruction previous to being admitted to the privileges of baptism, and who were not allowed to worship in the body of the church. In the walls of this court are inserted many very old tombstones of the first Christians,—the letters so worn as scarcely to be traced. One has a date of only three months after the dedication of the church. They carried one very far back into past years, and make one long to be able to converse with those whom they commemorate, and see and know for oneself the life which, in those primitive days, Christians used to live. The doors of the church have a remarkable history attached to them. They are said to have been placed originally at the great entrance to the cathedral, but to have

been removed to the Church of St. Ambrose, in consequence of their being connected with a celebrated event in the life of the bishop. The Emperor Theodosius was reigning over a large portion of the Roman Empire when St. Ambrose was Bishop of Milan. Theodosius was a religious and good prince, but too apt to give way to a passionate temper; and, being offended with the inhabitants of one of his principal cities, he gave orders for a cruel massacre, contrary to a promise of pardon which he had given to St. Ambrose. On his return to Milan, he went to the Cathedral, as was his custom, intending to receive the Holy Communion; but the Bishop met him at the church porch, and closed the doors against him, saying:—“Sir, let not the splendours of your purple robes hinder you from being acquainted with the infirmities of the body which they cover. How will you stretch forth those hands in prayer that are still reeking with the blood of the innocent? How will you presume, with such hands, to receive the most sacred Body of our Lord? How will you lift up His precious Blood to those lips which lately uttered so savage a decree for the unjust shedding of so much blood? Depart, therefore, and seek not, by a second offence, to aggravate your former fault.” The Emperor, not as might have been imagined, indignant, but overwhelmed with shame and repentance, retired. For eight months he remained shut out from the services of the Church, during which period he wore mourning garments, and gave every mark of true sorrow for sin. At the end of that time, he once more appeared at the entrance of the Cathedral; and St. Ambrose, having made him consent to some strict laws, by which no harsh sentence could again be so hastily executed, granted him

absolution, and admitted him again to the full privileges of a Christian. The Church of St. Ambrose is dark and impressive at all times. It was particularly so when we saw it; for twilight was approaching, and the people were preparing for the evening service. The arches are low, wide, and circular; and there is a good deal of curious painting at the east end. The chair in which St. Ambrose used to sit when he was holding a council with the neighbouring bishops is still preserved.

Another building in Milan which pleased me excessively was the hospital. It was one of the most beautiful specimens we had seen of the brick buildings of Lombardy; and we drove in front of it several times for the pleasure of looking at it.

On the outside of the town there was, in former days, a hospital especially used at the time of the plague. It consists of a number of low rooms of brick, with prettily ornamented arches before them. They are built round a large green square; or, at least, such was the first plan; but only three sides have ever been finished. There was a chapel in the centre, but it is now filled with hay; and the rooms are let. San Carlo Borromeo, I believe, built the hospital; for in his days the plague in Milan was more fearful than can be imagined. It was strange to see how much pains had been taken to make the building pretty, though it was to be used for such a sad purpose. In our days, we should probably put up the cheapest brick building we could, and consider every thing like ornament wasted. This hospital, the Lazzaretto, as it is called, was used a few years ago, at a time when the cholera was raging at Milan.

Our usual drive at Milan was round the broad road,

planted with trees, which I noticed the first evening that we entered. It is the grand place for amusement and exercise; but the streets were more amusing than the drive. They were so much alike, that it was a perpetual puzzle to us to know where we were. One of the gentlemen who was with us during the early part of our stay at Milan was very clever at finding his way, and studied a map of the town so diligently, that he could take us about without any difficulty; but the very day we parted from him, as we were returning from the diligence office to the hotel, we took a wrong turning, and went I cannot say how far out of our road. Another day I set off with a lady to find out a palace, at which some beautiful pictures were to be seen, and, after wandering about up and down for an immense time, we only found our way back to the hotel by the aid of a good-natured little shopman, who not only gave us a direction in words, but, without being asked, flitted before us along the streets, with a cigar in his mouth, till he left us in safety in front of the hotel court-yard. One singular thing I remarked in some great houses was, that parts of the building were supported by enormous stone figures, bending down as if bearing the whole weight of the house. It almost made one's back ache to look at them.

Our last visit, on the last evening we were at Milan, was to the top of the Cathedral. I knew that I might probably see it again, yet it was impossible to leave it without great regret, and a feeling of thankfulness also, for the rest which our visits to it had been in the midst of the distraction of the city. As we came down from the tower, a man went up to see that no one was left amongst the galleries and turrets, and gave a loud and rather musical call, as a notice that

the doors below were about to be locked. The church was then nearly empty, but looked most glorious with the rich mysterious colour gleaming over it, softened by the approaching twilight. It pleased me much that evening to notice soldiers wandering into the Cathedral, one by one, and kneeling down to their evening prayers. One is so apt to fancy them a careless and thoughtless set of men, that it struck me particularly. I have said nothing as yet of the dress of the Milanese, for it is less remarkable than in many other places. The ladies wear bonnets; the lower classes generally go about without anything upon their heads, or only a handkerchief. I forget whether I saw many black veils, but I remember observing a procession of school-children with veils of white muslin, and thinking how amused my friends at home would be at the sight.

CHAP. XVIII.

WE left Milan for Genoa in Daval's carriage, with post-horses. Daval himself had been engaged to go, — I think to Florence, — with an English party. He would have been glad, and so should we, if we could have travelled with him in our old voiturier fashion; but time was becoming rather precious to us, and the constant change of horses in posting enables one to go at a much quicker rate, and much further in a day, than when the whole journey is to be managed with the same animals.

The country around Milan is flat, and continued so

the greater part of the way during our first day's journey. It was now the 13th of October, and the autumnal tints were spreading over the country. I imagine that the continued rains must have been a cause of the early fading of the trees; for when I returned to England, where the summer had been very fine, I remarked that the foliage was not as yellow as I had seen it in Italy three weeks before. The warmth, however, was still very agreeable. It was, in fact, just the kind of weather in which one is never made to think whether it is too hot or too cold. The quick travelling, also, was very pleasant, though the country was not interesting; the road following the course of a canal all the way to Pavia, and the only change being that of crossing the river Po, on a rickety bridge of boats. Pavia was the capital of Lombardy in the old times of the Lombard kings. Now it is a university, and considered one of the chief towns of the province. But it is a dull-looking place, and the wide deserted square and the long street through which we passed did not give me any great wish to stay there, though I believe there is a good deal worth seeing in the churches. One of the finest churches in Italy, belonging to a monastery or convent called the Certosa, is very near Pavia, and I confess it did vex me a little to be obliged to pass the avenue which led to it without being able to visit it; but we had no time to lose, and only stopped at Pavia to change horses. Soon afterwards we left Lombardy, and entered the dominions of the King of Sardinia. We dined at a little village, the name of which I forget, but I know that there was scarcely a house in the place, except the inn, the sign of which was "The Queen of England." We had a

charming drive after dinner. The distant mountains on each side of us, tipped with snow, were seen to the greatest advantage in a glorious sunset. In the west the sky was pink, and the mountains were purple; and in the east there was a most gorgeous orange colour, against which the trees stood out clear, as if every leaf was pencilled, whilst occasionally, through an open window in the tall tower of a church, the bright orange was seen melting into a most exquisite blue. We travelled on till it grew dark, and the stars glittering over our heads made me think of home, and the cliffs at Bonchurch, above which I had so often seen one particular set, known by the name of Ursa Major, or the Great Bear, the same which were now lighting us on our journey through Italy.

We were kept waiting a very long time for horses in the back street of the little town of Voghera, after passing which we entered the State of Genoa. This state was once, like Venice, independent, and governed by its own rulers, but since the year 1815 it has belonged to the King of Sardinia. The last post was performed with the aid of three horses; one a most astonishing creature, which on first setting off had not apparently the slightest idea that it had anything to do with the carriage, but supposed itself at liberty to gallop wherever it pleased, as in an open field. I happened to be on the front seat, so that I had the full benefit of its movements. It was fastened on before the others, but every now and then it took a fancy to trot by their side; then, with a sudden rush, it advanced to the front; and, in another moment, before one had time to prepare oneself, it was out of sight round a sharp corner. I was glad when we were out of the streets, and in an open road, though the other

horses kept the carriage tolerably steady; its vagaries were over then, and we went on quietly enough to Novi, where we were to sleep.

The following are the remarks which I find in my note-book, written that night before I went to bed:—
“Novi, about half-past eight. Know nothing of the place; only,—smoky tea, and indifferent bread; curtains to the doors, carpets lined with straw, like Verona; and little boys for chambermaids.”

The next day's journey was short, for we set off about eight, and reached Genoa in the middle of the day. The scenery was much more interesting than before, as we soon reached the beginning of the Apennines, and the road wound in and out amongst hills covered with groves of chestnuts mingled with rugged rocks. The autumnal appearance of the country was a little melancholy; the leaves of the chestnuts were falling, and the vines fading, the sky was dull and heavy, and the air almost cold. We passed several villages very much alike, the houses being square and white, and built of stone; but our chief object of interest was the railroad, which has lately been begun, and is intended to be carried on between Genoa and Turin. It will be a wonderful work when it is completed, for it must be cut quite through the mountains; and we can scarcely imagine in England the labour of such an undertaking. The carriage-road was a continual slow ascent for several miles. As we reached the top, and began to descend on the other side, I observed in an opening between the hills what seemed at first a line of grey clouds. On a second glance I saw that it must be the sea—the Mediterranean! It was a little disappointing. The blue Mediterranean, I had always heard it called; to me it was a very grey

Mediterranean; but, then, I was in Italy in the middle of October, in a very wet season,—what else could I expect? We were now rapidly approaching Genoa, travelling along a wide road, and passing many large houses; and after a descent of a few miles found ourselves in a wide street, close to the waters of the Mediterranean, whilst far away to the right stretched a long circle of high hills, covered with vineyards, and houses, and villages;—and becoming grey and misty, as they marked the most distant outline of the beautiful Gulf of Genoa. The first glance of that exceedingly lovely coast made my heart thrill with delight; but the houses in the street shut it out from our view, and I felt disappointed. If we had entered Genoa, Genoa was not what I had expected; the street was wide, but there was nothing grand or solemn about it as I had been led to expect. We went on, however, and I found that the street was but the suburb of San Pietro d'Arena, or St. Peter of the Shore. It was soon left behind us, and we were driving up a hill, by a tall and beautiful building—a “lanterna” or lighthouse, and in another minute we had passed under a handsome archway, and Genoa la Superba—Genoa the Proud, as the Italians love to call it,—burst upon our view. It is fitly so named; I know no other word which would fully express the grandeur and the beauty of its position. It is built round a harbour; the form of the city, therefore, is that of a half-circle. The houses rise one behind another, not smoke-dried and dingy, but of a pale rich yellow colour, such as can only be preserved under an Italian sky. High hills, and vineyards, and villas surround it, and mountains, on which the clouds often rest, stand behind to guard it; the waters of the Mediterranean fill its splendid harbour,

and close to the shore, mingling as it seems with the buildings, are the tall masts of the ships which carry on its trade; whilst beyond, a dark point of land stretches out into the sea, giving a faint idea of the loveliness yet unseen.

We drove round the harbour, threaded our way ~~between~~ the men, women, children, carts, and mules that thronged the road and the streets, and at last stopped before the entrance to the Albergo Reale, or Royal Hotel. A true disappointment began there. We had been recommended to the hotel, but it was not a good one, for it was dirty and noisy; amongst other sounds, a smith's anvil beginning its work at four o'clock in the morning, and continuing without ceasing till nine at night. There was no view from it, or, at least, none from the lower windows. This, indeed, must be the case with all the hotels close to the harbour; for round the harbour has been built a very broad wall, upon the top of which it is extremely pleasant to walk, but which entirely shuts out every thing like a view from the lower part of the houses in front of it. The circumstance was particularly unfortunate for us, one of our party being still unable to walk. The space below the windows was open, and frequented by a good many people, who seemed to hold a kind of market there; but not to see the sea was especially vexatious.

We had a very long and most fatiguing walk after dinner. We talked of merely going to the post-office, but it was not very easy, in a new and interesting place, to prevent ourselves from going a little farther — so we proceeded to some public gardens in the centre of the town, called the *Acqua Sola*. The walk gave us a very tolerable idea of the city, which was

much more active and bustling than I was prepared for. There are a number of splendid old houses and palaces—one street, called the Street of Palaces, having no inferior house in it; but the general appearance of the place is that of a gay, busy, thriving town: numbers of people are to be seen moving about; every one seems to have plenty to do; and the stands of carriages, the well-dressed ladies and gentlemen, and the officers and soldiers of the Sardinian army, give it quite the air of a capital city.

It is not the capital, however — that honour belongs to Turin; but it is said that the King of Sardinia is inclined to like the Genoese best, because they are so much more loyal. The streets are extremely narrow, and this certainly gives it rather a grand and gloomy appearance, especially in the Street of Palaces, where the houses are so particularly handsome; or, rather, it would do so, were it not for the business which is going on in them. A large portion of the town is built upon a hill, and in some parts, instead of streets or lanes, there are flights of steps. The public gardens are very high, and from them there is a fine view over the town, and over a suburb called Albaro, which afterwards became particularly interesting to us.

We lost our way in going home, and lengthened our walk till we were quite tired out. Yet it was a very amusing wandering; there was as much bustle in the streets as if it had been broad daylight. Priests and soldiers, men, women, children, and carts, passing and repassing; women sitting out of doors selling fruit, and working by the light of little tapers, which shed a curious faint glare over the tall houses, some of them seven stories high, and forming streets so narrow that the sky above looked only like a dark line. All the women of the poorer classes, both old and

young, wear white muslin veils, thrown over the head, and covering their necks like a handkerchief or small shawl. It is, in fact, their only out-of-door dress in the summer. These veils look extremely pretty, but very singular to an English eye. I never became quite accustomed to them, even when we had been at Genoa some days; and still felt surprised when a woman, professing to be a cook, and wearing a white muslin veil, came to engage herself as a servant. You will be surprised to hear of our having anything to do with hiring servants; but some of our party were intending to remain at Genoa for the winter; and a great part of our time during the few days we were there was occupied in looking out for a house for them, and making all the necessary arrangements. The very day after our arrival, we set to work in the regular English fashion, applying to a house agent, an Italian, a very civil man, who had several houses to let; and, after giving us all the information we asked, sent us off on a journey of inquiry, that we might see and judge for ourselves. The first house was at the top of a very steep street, and too much shut in by other houses—that, we decided almost immediately, was not likely to suit; indeed, we were bent upon finding a house out of the town; so we walked to the square, where we knew we should find a stand of carriages; and, having engaged one, told the man to drive us to the “Palazzo Paradisino,” or the “Palace of the Little Paradise,” a place that we had heard was to be let in the village of Albaro, which is quite close to the town of Genoa, and indeed almost forms part of it. We rattled through the streets, passed under a great archway, and along a dusty road, with houses and vineyards on each side, and a view of the Medi-

terranean beyond ; and then drove up a very steep hill, and stopped before some iron gates, looking as if they, as well as the house to which they belonged, had known better days. Here we all left the carriage ; and, the gates being open, we entered without ceremony, and walked up to the house—not along a smooth carriage drive, but over a pavé or a road formed of small stones, amongst which grass had space to flourish luxuriantly. The pavé was very steep, and bordered by vineyards. It led to the front of the house, which was covered with creepers, and before which grew orange trees, verbenas, geraniums, oleanders, and aloes ;—almost every thing, in fact, that one could wish for was to be found there, except neatness. And such a lovely view !—over the villas and vineyards of Albaro ; and the rich, yellow-tinted houses, and towers, and domes of Genoa ; with the forest of masts in the harbour, and the chestnut hills behind it ; to the purple mountains far in the distance, which encircle the Gulf. It certainly was not inaptly named the Little Paradise. Within there was a hall empty of furniture, the walls covered with faded paintings, and from this a short flight of steps led to a set of rooms opening one into the other—a drawing-room, a small dining-room, and two or three bed-rooms—dingy, certainly, as regarded the appearance of the furniture, but bright from the loveliness of the view seen through the window.

These apartments were to be let for about two pounds a week. They were very much what were required, but we would not determine upon them without seeing a few more of the Albaro houses first. We found none, however, at all equal to it. One was too much shut in, another was too high and too far from the town, and they all had a great disadvantage in the

way of approach; for, instead of a broad easy road leading to them, they could be reached only through paved lanes, with high walls on each side, and so narrow, that it would have been actually impossible for two carriages to pass. This seems to be the case all round Genoa. The hills are covered with vineyards, and the vineyards are enclosed with walls; and amongst them the villas or country-houses have been built. There does not appear to be any difficulty in going from one vineyard to another — they and the gardens and houses seem all one. The quiet indolent way in which every thing in Italy is managed is most amusing. When we went to the Paradisino the door was locked. A woman looked out of the window, smiled, and seemed pleased to see us, but did not give us any hope of being admitted. After a time she came down to us. We asked to see the house. This she declared was impossible — the master was out, and she had not the keys — we could not get in. “But,” we said, “you have just come out; can’t we go in by the same entrance?” “Oh no! it was out of the question — she had not the keys.” We could get nothing more from her, and might have gone away but for the assistance of an Italian gentleman who was living in the upper rooms, and who admitted us by another door. The same kind of difficulty happened afterwards. An old woman, who we were told had the keys of a house, assured us it was quite impossible for us to see it — it was locked. After a long parley, we persuaded her at least to show us the way to it through the garden; and then, upon meeting with a bare-footed labouring man, they consulted together, and decided that we might go in if we liked it, and see the lower rooms. As for any eagerness in

the matter, it never seemed to enter their minds, that it was a case of the smallest consequence to them or to us.

Choosing the house occupied us the greater part of the day, for some of the party were obliged to go again to the Paradisino in the afternoon to decide upon finally taking it. I was not with them, for I had some shopping to do, and therefore set forth boldly by myself to what is called the Goldsmith's Street, which was not far from the hotel. It is a narrow street with small shops on each side, filled with silver, and gold, and coral ornaments, most beautifully worked, for which Genoa is famous. I suppose I must have spent an hour or more in this street, looking at the different things, and choosing what I wanted; and at last I finished by finding my way to another street, and purchasing a bright blue umbrella; such a lovely colour, that it almost made me wish for rain for the pleasure of using it! The brilliancy of the umbrellas always struck me particularly in Italy — blue, and bright green, and red, and lilac — they quite enlivened the streets on a wet day; and there was a most comfortable fashion, of having stands of umbrellas for sale in the streets. Indeed, they seem to provide against rain much more than we do. I saw more umbrellas at Genoa than I have ever observed commonly in England.

CHAP. XIX.

WHEN once the question of the house was settled, we had time to think of seeing more of Genoa. The

weather was much against us, it being very cloudy and threatening; but in spite of it we put ourselves into a boat, the morning after our visit to the Paradisino, and told the boatmen to row across the harbour to the Doria Palace. This palace formerly belonged to a great Genoese admiral — Andrea Doria — a man who, in the days when the Venetians and the Genoese were rivals, was looked up to as the chief person in the State. His palace and gardens border the harbour; and we could easily have driven to them through the streets, but the water looked inviting, and we thought we should be there in a few minutes. It was a great mistake though; the wind was blowing freshly, the sea was rough; one landing-place, close to the palace, we were told was shut up, another could not be reached, and, instead of merely gliding across smooth water for about ten minutes, as we had intended, we had a rough passage of at least twenty or more, quite enough to make those who were not good sailors very uncomfortable. We landed so far from the palace, that we were not able to walk to it; and, seeing a carriage come by with a respectable looking peasant woman and a boy in it, we made a sign to the driver, who stopped, and took two of us into it also. It seems a custom in Genoa to use carriages as we do omnibuses, for the convenience of persons who are going short distances. We several times saw the labouring people in them.

The Doria Palace is chiefly remarkable now for its situation. We did not go into the interior, for we were told that there was very little to be seen there except empty rooms. The gardens might be most beautiful, but they are sadly neglected, overrun with weeds, and grass, and the shrubs growing wildly, so

that it looks like a wilderness. But that which nothing can destroy is the view over the harbour, from the broad white marble terrace, which borders the water. The profusion of white marble in Genoa is indeed bewildering at first. Steps, balustrades, and pavements are made of it; one begins at last to consider it quite a common every-day material, like stone, or even brick, in England. A great statue of Andrea Doria, under the figure of one of the heathen gods, stands in the centre of a fountain in the garden. I believe it is considered very fine, but it did not in the least please me.

After leaving the palace, I walked with one of my friends on the broad wall which I described as being built round the harbour; and which, like the terrace in the Doria Palace, is of marble. We were tempted afterwards to wander all along the ramparts, till we found ourselves in some of the back streets, where all the work for the shipping is carried on. It was a curious walk, but not quite agreeable. The streets were narrow, and there were dark passages and archways to go through, full of bustle and business — smiths at work in them — mules passing backwards and forwards with coals — the sights and smells of a seaport town; very unlike the stately grandeur of the Street of Palaces, or the richness of the Goldsmith's Street. We managed, however, to make our way tolerably well before we returned home, paid a visit to the more habitable parts of the town, and saw the Cathedral, which is built of black and white marble, and is very handsome, and I felt that I ought to admire it. But, to confess the truth, I did not. The black and white stripes of the marble were very unpleasing to an eye unaccustomed to them. Torrents

of rain came the next day, and the day after, but the weather did not keep us quite within doors. We spent one morning at one of the palaces, or noble-men's houses, looking at some splendid pictures, and walked about besides in the wet streets without much regard to the rain. The articles in the shops struck me as very English, — English shawls, English silks, English handkerchiefs ! In this respect I was a little disappointed ; there were not even as many peculiarities as we had observed at Venice, and the prices of everything were very much the same as in England.

We had intended to take possession of the Paradisino on the Saturday after our arrival at Genoa, to spend the Sunday there, and set off on our return to England on the Monday, leaving behind us those of our party who proposed to remain during the winter at Genoa. The lady's maid, however, was taken ill, and we could not leave her at the hotel alone ; so we all went up to the Paradisino to dine, and then three of us returned to Genoa to sleep. Yet even that one evening in the country was delightful, and made me half wish that I could stay behind, instead of returning to England. It was so quiet and refreshing after the noise of Genoa, and the perpetual sound of the smith's anvil near the hotel ; and it was so very home-like to find oneself in a private house after having for months lived at hotels. The view, too, was most exquisite. I longed to spend two or three days there for the pleasure of looking upon it in the early morning. The great drawback to the comfort of the household establishment at the Paradisino was the Italian cook, who boasted the grand name of Camilla, and had assured us, when she was engaged, that all her former masters and mistresses had been delighted with her.

She proved, however, to be utterly incapable; so wise in her own opinion, and so foolish in that of every other person, that we did not venture to trust ourselves to the chance of her providing a dinner for us the next day, but arranged that we would go to a species of hotel, where we could have what we wanted without trouble. We walked up to breakfast at the Paradisino the next morning. A good deal of business was going on in the streets, especially in the way of selling fruit; figs were to be seen in profusion. I saw a little boy in Albaro, a peasant's child, apparently, leaning against a wall, eating his breakfast of figs and a roll most luxuriously. The labouring people certainly do not look as wretched as they often do in England, and they have a gay, brighter, manner; but the beggars are most deplorable; worse, I think, than I have ever seen them in our own country. When we went again into Genoa, in the morning, to the English chapel, a band was playing in one of the squares, and well-dressed ladies and gentlemen were walking up and down; but there was then very little buying and selling.

Our last evening at Genoa was stormy; there was no rain, but the wind rose, and the sky was cloudy, and we gave up all hope of seeing the Mediterranean look blue. We were to leave the Paradisino the next morning at five, and go to a café in Genoa to breakfast, for as to trusting to Camilla's energies to prepare anything in time, it was out of the question. A good deal of packing and many arrangements were necessary at the last, for this departure was unlike any other that we had lately been accustomed to. It was really starting for England; for we were to travel as fast as we could, not pausing for any sight or any beauty; and

indeed, I had scarcely the wish to do so. After being absent from home four months, the most eager desire I had was to find myself there again. We all slept at the Paradisino on Sunday night, and I had the pleasure of waking in the morning and looking at the view; but there was little time then really to enjoy it. You may imagine how our friends, who were to remain, stood in the hall watching the carriage which was to take us away, and how many times we said good b'ye, and promised to write, and hoped that all would go well with each other whilst we were separated. Boxes, and bags, and packages were all collected and ready at length;—everything but my poor blue umbrella, which in the whirl of moving from the hotel to the Paradisino had most unfortunately been lost; there was nothing more to be said or done, and we also took our seats in the carriage, and with one more look at the Paradisino and its inhabitants, drove off.

My last remembrance of Genoa is a white marble one; for it is a recollection of the white marble steps leading up to the café at which we breakfasted, and the white marble court ornamented with orange trees and a fountain. I have a recollection too of a handsome room full of gilding and coloured glass, in which we sat at a little round table, and ordered rolls, and coffee, and eggs, and cutlets, to the consternation of the waiter, who apparently did not comprehend why we should have chosen such an early hour as half-past six for our repast; and neither am I likely to forget how we passed from the gilding, and the marble, and the orange trees, and the fountain, to the narrow street, and the heavy rumbling diligence which was to convey us on our journey, and felt that at last we were fairly on our way to

England. The particulars of this homeward journey must be given shortly. When persons travel almost night and day, there is but little to tell.

Our first day's journey was in no way remarkable. We rattled along in the diligence, and slept, and read, and passed our time as best we could, till the middle of the day, when we stopped to dine, and proceeded in the afternoon by the railway to Alessandria, where we slept. The next day was rather more adventurous. It began badly, for we had very uncomfortable places in the diligence; and had not become accustomed to them before we reached a river which had overflowed, and in which the diligence stuck fast for three quarters of an hour. In England, ten minutes, probably, would have been sufficient to get out of the difficulty, but in Italy they manage things differently. The conducteur, or driver, and the peasants who collected about us, looked, and talked, and scolded the horses; and little boys came up, and shouted, and laughed; but the diligence had a stronger will than theirs, and move it would not for all their talking. It was too heavily laden, thought the conducteur,—and he proceeded to unload it of its living luggage; passenger after passenger being carried through the water, on the backs of men, and deposited firmly on dry land. They came to us at last. My friend said she did not choose to go; I said the same; and the men agreed to let us remain; but they seized upon a sturdy old farmer, and a tall Roman Catholic priest, and placing the farmer upon the back of one man, they sent him off, and then proceeded to carry away the priest also. But it was of no avail; the diligence was still obstinate, and what was to be done?

Italian brains are unquestionably more fertile than English. I am convinced no Englishman, if he had

thought from the day of his birth till his death, would ever have hit upon the aid which suggested itself to the minds of these *quick-witted* Italians. Five stout horses had failed to move the diligence, therefore, they brought up a donkey! placed him in front, and shouted, and talked, and urged once more.

The best schemes, however, are liable to fail; the donkey was no doubt a strong donkey and a willing, but the diligence was stronger and unwilling, and it won the day; and we might have remained there till this time for any efforts that the donkey could use; but, happily, some great oxen were sent to our rescue, and by their aid we were at length dragged up the bank of the river, and fairly set forth again on our way to Milan.

The loss of three quarters of an hour is, however, a serious matter in a long journey towards the end of October; for the days are short, and in spite of all one's wishes, evening will draw on before one is aware of it; and so we found ourselves on the banks of another river, the Ticino, rather late, with a red sunset, and some dark clouds in the sky, suggesting not very agreeable ideas of a thunder storm. Our friend, the farmer, knew the road well, and proceeded to give us some information about it. There was a ferry over the river, he said; but the Ticino,—like almost all the other rivers which it had been our fate to meet with in our travels,—had overflowed; he did not think we could cross the ferry, but instead, he imagined we must all go over in a boat. We had scarcely realised the idea, when the diligence stopped by the side of a broad, smooth, spreading river, with low, flat, sandy banks; and a large rough boat being brought to the shore, we were desired to alight and place ourselves in it.

Luggage and passengers — how much and how many I will not venture to say — all found room in it; and in really a short space of time we were gliding up the river, pulled and pushed by five or six men with bronze faces, white shirts, and bare legs, who waded through the water or jumped into the boat, just as the fancy seized them. I could not guess where we were going: we went up the river, not across it; and what we were going for was also rather a mystery. It was growing dark, the banks of the river were sandy, nothing was to be seen but the smooth water, or the tall reeds and grass of a desolate little island in the centre of the stream. Now and then a shout rang upon our ears, followed by a listening silence; that, too, was a mystery. The boatmen talked, but their Milanese language might just as well have been Hebrew or Greek for anything I could understand from it. It was all very odd, and I thought of home, and wondered whether my friends would guess where to look for me if they wanted to find me. There was nothing, I believed, to frighten one; but an unfortunate French lady, who was seated by my side, was not of the same opinion. To be upon the water was evidently to her to be at the very utmost point of danger, and after a few useless lamentations and exclamations, she buried her face in her hands and sank into the silence of overpowering fear. The boat wandered on, and the cries grew more frequent, and the talking amongst the boatmen more energetic. They were expecting a diligence to meet us on the opposite side of the river; but from some cause, I suppose the lateness of our arrival, it was not there. We drew near the opposite bank, and, after an earnest consultation between the boatmen, we were informed that the only thing to be done was to turn back. This certainly

did appear to me the most hopeless of all proceedings. We had left a sandy beach, a desolate country, without a house to be seen. The diligence which had brought us there was in all probability gone, and when we should reach the shore what help could we expect to find there? Our thoughts, however, were of no avail to any one but ourselves: we were completely in the boatmen's power, and they were determined, it seemed, upon returning. So the boat twisted and turned till I lost all knowledge of which was the north and which the south, and we soon found ourselves again in the middle of the river. By this time I had some faint idea of the reasons which induced our boatmen to insist so eagerly upon going back. The opposite side of the river was in the Austrian territories. Officers were stationed there to search the luggage. There was great jealousy and suspicion of every one coming from the dominions of the King of Sardinia, and unless the diligence had been ready to meet us, and so to account for our proceedings, we should be looked upon as suspicious persons, and be shot if we attempted to land. This was the story of the boatmen, and they certainly believed it themselves, for they were in a great fright. I have no doubt that it was a most absurd idea, but the absurdity did not help us just at that moment. We were wandering up and down the Ticino, night was approaching, and a thunder storm was beginning, and what we were to do upon landing no one seemed to know. The boatmen's uneasiness increased every moment. They would allow no one to stir, and insisted that a gentleman of our party, who was standing up to put on his great coat, should instantly sit down. "Il y va de la vie," "Our lives depend upon it," I heard some

one say; and having only a half knowledge of what was going on, the words did not tend to make me more comfortable. We all grew very silent. The poor French lady sat motionless, her face still buried in her hands, whilst a stout, lively, dark-whiskered Italian, who had been most eager in conversation before, sank suddenly from the edge of the boat to the bottom, as a vivid flash of lightning brightened the dark sky. I became more and more perplexed; there certainly, I thought, must be some danger which I could not comprehend. But we approached the shore again; several men were standing upon a high bank watching us: the excitement amongst the boatmen became excessive. I caught the words, "pregar alla Madonna"—pray to the Virgin Mary,—the constant prayer of a Romanist in peril. Then, for one moment, I was seriously alarmed. I had no intention of praying to the Virgin Mary, but another prayer did rise in my mind. Yet at that very instant all cause for anxiety—if there ever had been any—was over. We had reached—in some way or other, I do not pretend to understand how—the spot where our conveyance was waiting; the men on the bank were persons in readiness to help us, and we had nothing to do but to step on shore, take our seats, and pursue our journey to Milan.

A more absurd panic could scarcely have been; and we laughed heartily at the adventure afterwards. I scarcely ventured to acknowledge that I had felt any real alarm,—it seemed so ludicrous; but for truth's sake I must confess that my mind was considerably relieved when I found myself seated in a carriage, instead of wandering up and down the Ticino in a boat.

We did not arrive at Milan till twelve o'clock at

night; and most forlorn it was to be standing at that hour, in the court-yard of the diligence office, guarding our luggage, and waiting for a porter to take us to the hotel, the *Albergo Reale*. But when we reached it the feeling of rest and home was delightful. The waiter knew us; so did the chambermaid, a remarkably kind-hearted Swiss girl, who had been most careful for our comfort when we were at Milan before. We were received quite as old friends; tea was brought us directly, and when that was over we went to rest.

This late arrival and the fatigue of the journey induced us to spend the next day at Milan. We enjoyed ourselves at our leisure in the day, and I made a purchase of a second blue umbrella, and so charmed the woman of the shop that she seized both my hands, and called me "*Cara Signora!*"—dear lady!—I suppose—in gratitude; and then we finished our ramble by a visit to the Cathedral, and a quarter of an hour's rest and peace in it.

In the evening we went to a curious kind of puppet-show or theatre, common in Italy, the figures being of wood, but nearly as large as life. The arms were moved wonderfully, but in walking both legs would set off at the same time, which was slightly remarkable. Upon the whole I contrived to extract a considerable quantity of amusement from them, and before I came away felt particularly anxious to learn the fate of an unhappy lady-puppet who had been taken prisoner by a most fierce robber. We did not, however, wait till the end, and whether she ever escaped from him I am still ignorant.

We remained at Milan till two o'clock the next day. Then we took possession of the *Malle Poste*, as it is called,—in England in former days we should have termed it the Mail,—which carries the letters. We

were to travel all night and all the next day. And so we did, on, and on, without rest, except for a quarter of an hour every now and then. We passed by Lecco, at the south-east extremity of the lake of Como, and looked out eagerly for the beautiful mountains and the water; and sighed, and bemoaned our hard fate that it should be so dark as to prevent our seeing any thing clearly of their exquisite beauty; and then we went on in the dark to Chiavenna; and from thence I did not know where, for I fell asleep. But about five o'clock in the morning, just as it was growing very cold, and a dull light was creeping over the sky, I awoke, and saw that we were ascending a mountain, shadowy and grim as the autumn morning; trunks of leafless trees being scattered around, and grey rocks looking like ghosts, and turf, which might be green in the sunshine, but partook then of the universal colour; and we said to each other that we were ascending the Splügen, one of the great mountain passes between Italy and Switzerland.

To attempt to describe a mountain view at five o'clock in the morning in autumn, seen from the inside of a Swiss diligence,—for we had been obliged to change carriages several times on our journey,—would be absurd. I have a general idea of what the Splügen is like, but nothing more; I know that there were rocks, and precipices, and galleries, and covered ways to protect the road from avalanches, but the distant views were very imperfectly seen. We stopped at the little village of Splügen, about half-past twelve o'clock, and dined there. By that time we had passed the summit of the mountain, and had been descending for about an hour on the Swiss side. Here the diligence was changed again, which was a great annoyance,

for, besides the trouble, we were not always secure of having good seats. We were very unfortunate in this instance, and, being placed with our backs to the horses, lost a great deal of one of the grandest ravines in Switzerland,—the Via Mala, or the Bad Way; so named from the height of the cliffs, the narrowness of the gorge, and the difficulty of making a road through it. If we had been ascending instead of descending, I should have begged to get out and walk, but it would have been impossible to keep pace with the diligence as it went rapidly down the hill; and I could only obtain a passing glimpse of the giant rocks and the depth below; through which rushed the Rhine, which has its rise in the neighbourhood of the Splügen. Very strange, certainly, it was to see the tossing little torrent, and think of the broad smooth river which it afterwards becomes. A part of the Via Mala was in former days considered quite impassable, the walls of rock were so steep and smooth that not even a goat could find a footing amongst them, and the peasants gave it the name of the Lost Gulf; and, instead of attempting to make their way through it, clambered over the mountains whenever they wanted to go to the villages on the other side. But in these days no difficulties of this kind seem too great to be overcome, and the person who undertook to form a road through the Via Mala avoided the Lost Gulf by piercing the rock, and carrying the road through the cliff by a gallery. The cliffs which form the ravine are in some places 1600 feet high, and not more than ten yards apart. Bridges have been built over the river in different parts, which form some of the most striking objects in the whole scene. One of them is 400 feet above the river, and yet, in the year 1834, in consequence of a terrible

flood, the water nearly reached to its level. We had a long day's journey after the Via Mala, through a very pretty country, interesting especially because we could trace the course of the Rhine, which we were following. It was dark long before we reached Coire, a town in the canton of the Grisons, where we were to sleep; and after so much travelling we were uncommonly tired. There was only time, however, to have tea and go to bed for a few hours. At half-past three I was awakened again, and at five we found ourselves once more in the diligence travelling on in the twilight, not knowing quite whether we were asleep or awake. By the middle of the day we had reached the shores of Lake Wallenstadt, which, doubtless, is very grand and very delightful on a warm summer's day, when one can sit at one's ease in the sunshine, and admire the great steep cliffs which surrounds it, but which was uncommonly cold and dreary that afternoon. It is a small lake, and we soon crossed it in a steam vessel, and proceeded in a covered boat, by a canal which joins Lake Wallenstadt, to the lake of Zurich. There, another steamer was waiting for us, and after a tiresome passage of several hours, the greater part of which was spent in the cabin, the cold being too great to allow of our remaining on deck, we landed at Zurich.

A diligence journey to Basle, a railway to Mannheim, and a steamboat to Cologne, brought us in the course of the next few days very near England. They were not days of comfort by any means. The weather was far too cold to be agreeable, and we travelled too fast to see anything properly. We were now so anxious to be at home that it was with considerable satisfaction we learnt on reaching the Hotel Disch, our old quarters, that we might, by starting early the next morning,

arrive at Ostend in time for the packet which would cross that same night. I am not sure, even, that I felt regret at not having another glimpse of Cologne Cathedral; the longing for home, after an absence of four months, made one forget every thing else; and I really think I left Cologne, on my return, with quite as much satisfaction as I had felt upon entering it when I set out on my travels.

* One more long railway journey,—cheered, however, by meeting a friend, who like ourselves was on her way to England,—four hours of discomfort in the cabin of the steam vessel,—and another hour of annoyance as we were detained outside the harbour at Dover, because the tide would not allow us to enter,—and then once more we were upon English ground!

I will not say that the hotel at Dover looked very bright after the glittering rooms of the Hotel Disch; or that the dingy four-post bed was equal in comfort and convenience to a French or German bed. In these respects, and many others, we are much behind our neighbours. But if any one is inclined to ask whether the things I had seen and enjoyed, made me discontented with my own country, or gave me the least wish to live abroad, I can answer from my heart that I returned satisfied with an English climate, thankful for English laws and customs, and with one earnest hope that I might never be insensible to the inestimable blessings bestowed upon the members of the English Church.

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