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RECOLLECTIONS

OF THE

SALZKAMMERGUT,

SCHIL, SALZBURG, BAD GASTEIN,

WITH

A SKETCH OF TRIESTE

FRANKFORT ON THE MAINE

AND

THE BATHS OF HOMBURG IN WINTER

BY J. JOYCE.

(WITH ILLUSTRATIONS BY E. G. MAY & WIRSING.)

FRANKFORT O. M.,

SOLD BY DIFFERENT BOOKSELLERS IN FRANKFORT O. M., MUNICH,
SALZBURG, ISCHL, LINZ AND VIENNA.

1851.

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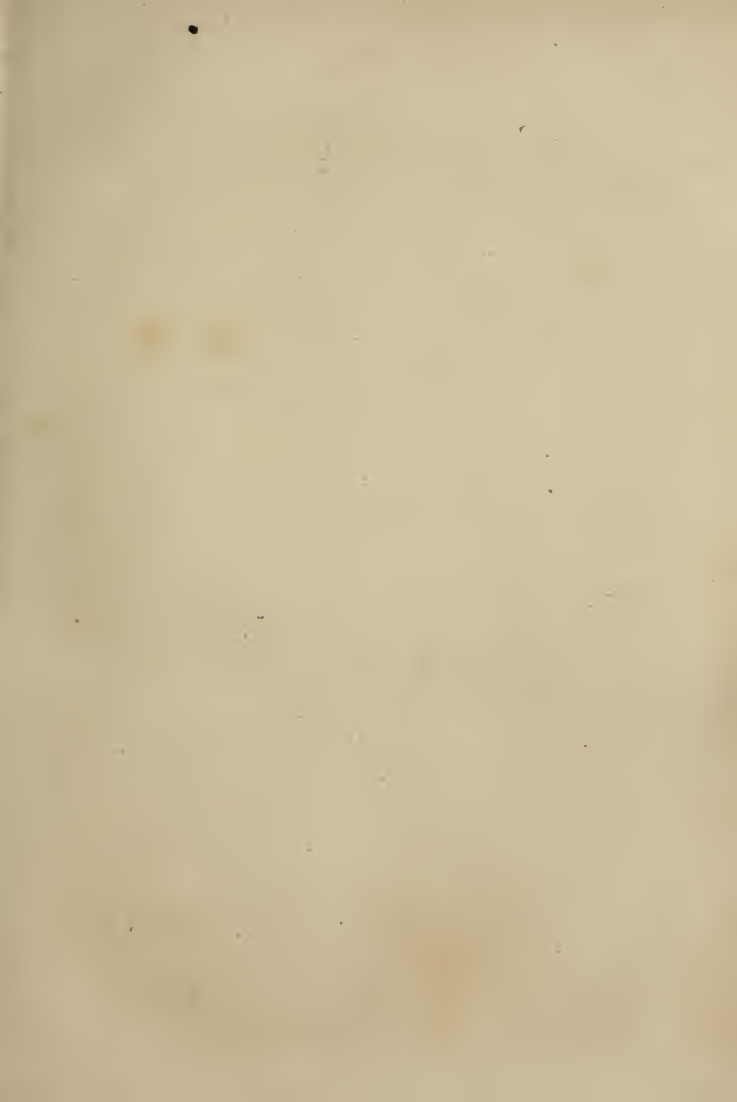
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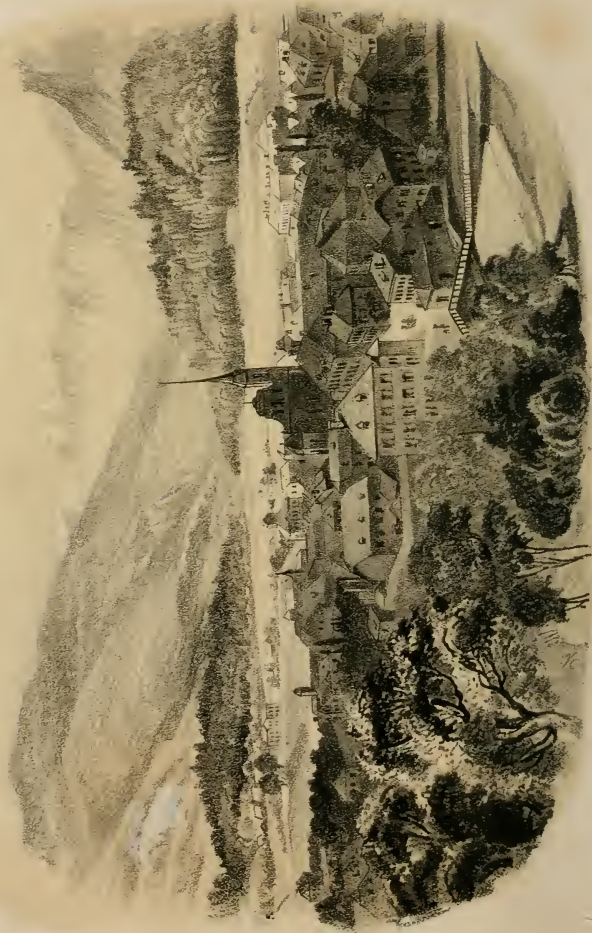
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INTRODUCTION.

I should be wanting in proper respect to my Readers, were I not to account as well as I can, for my presumption in appearing before them. The motives that prompted me to publish this little Work can be told in a few Words.

When I was in that beautiful Country the Salzkammergut last Summer, I found many English and American Tourists, who did not know a Word of any language but their own. Consequently they were quite at a loss how to ask for what they wanted, what Places they

ought to visit, and how they could best visit those Places, so as to save their time, money and labour; in a word, all abroad, (as they say in the Ring) and at the mercy of the mercenary People about them, who in the advice they gave, naturally looked to their own interest, in making the Traveller spend as much as possible.

After I had been in the Country some time, and had become acquainted with its Localities customs &c. &c., the thought struck me, whether I could not give a few hints and a little information, that might be useful to some future Tourists, and in a form more conversational and acceptable than the usual Routine and regular descriptions found in all the Guide Books.

On my return to Trieste I set my Recollections to work, (for I had not written a word

on the spot) with the intention of merely throwing out some suggestions, which might tend to render the way thro' that very interesting Region more easy and agreeable to some of my wandering Fellow Countrymen. But alas! these said Recollections have too often led me astray from my main object, and I may be truly charged with often more amusing myself when recalling the Past, than seeking to give useful information to a Traveller.

I have then to forewarn the kind Reader, that he will continually have to exercise his patience and good tempered indulgence in perusing these Pages; and the satirical Reader that he will find ample scope for the indulgence of sarcastic comments and ridicule. To all Readers I have to offer excuses, for the numerous Errata especially in the Punctuation;

the Composer altho a very intelligent young Man knew not a word of English, and his task of rendering the text perfect was a very difficult one.

In the description given of Bad Gastein, there is an allusion to an Illustration of the spot which for the present must be omitted.

From Vienna to Linz.

ONE morning in the beginning of June, I left my comfortable quarters the Stadt Frankfurt in Vienna, early enough to reach Nussdorf (from whence the Steamers take their departure) in good time to have my baggage weighed, my passage money paid and to get on board without the hurry and bustle attending a more tardy arrival. Fortunately my effects were within the prescribed weight, and here let me say, the lightness of my travelling accompaniments saved me much trouble and expence throughout my excursion. Seeing many passengers already on board, and recollecting that we should have to pass the night on the river, I descended at once into the cabin with my

carpet bag which I arranged so as to supply the place of a pillow, and my pea jacket to keep me warm, and there took possession of a snug corner, placing my effects in due order, and two or three Books on the table before me, so as to indicate ownership; and I took good care several times in the course of the day to resume my seat, for the sake of variety, reading, and quiet, and that the world on board might recognize my right to it.

The evening preceding, and during the night there had been much rain, and the morning was dark, hazy and unpromising. We feared that we should have to pass a wet and disagreeable day in a crowded cabin, but towards eight it began to clear up, and soon after the jolly old Sun burst forth, dispersing all the mists, and dispelling all our misgivings.

The first cabin of the Steamer Dorothea in which I took my passage was tolerably large and well fitted up, that of the Sophie I understand is much more capacious and splendid. I found the service pretty good and

reasonable enough when the requirements were confined to the items, mentioned on the Tariff, the prices of which are therein regulated. Excellent Coffee, Milk, Bread, as at Vienna, and a good Table d' hôte, at half-past one at a moderate price, (I forget how much) Besides which, one could have at any hour beefsteak and potatoes, or an excellent German dish, Snitzel mit Kartoffeln (Veal cutlet with potatoes), likewise stewed beef, which resembled our beef à la mode, and portions of various made dishes, which smelt-good, and which the natives on board appeared to eat with great relish. But let the passenger if he be an economist, beware of calling for any article especially of luxury not on the list. A young Triestene friend, travelling with me, asked for a small glass of Sherry, or Madeira; he was charged 24 Croitzers for his glass of wine, and 12 Cr. for two very small biscuits. I thought proper to indulge in a petit verre, they brought me Rum not too old, and it cost me 12 Croitzers.

As to the scenery on both sides of the Danube, I will not pretend to describe it; nor to particularize the different objects which attract the observation of the passenger. Every Tourist, who wishes really to enjoy a voyage on such a magnificent River, should go to the expence of a Panorama, which is to be bought very cheap at Vienna; for it is almost impossible to follow the description given in any book, of the various interesting objects which soon begin to present themselves rapidly to one's view at every turn on the river both to the right and to the left. On the Panorama, there is not only the name of every remarkable edifice, whether Palace, Castle, Church or Monastery, but also a small outline or sketch, so accurately delineated as to enable the beholder instantly to recognize and identify the place and name, without troubling with questions those around him.

For my part, I prefer the passage on the Danube to that on the Rhine. Altho

there may not to be seen any of those strikingly romantic windings, nor any of those beautiful openings bursting on the view, which several well known parts of the Rhine present, yet on the whole the eye is more gratified and the interest kept more alive during the day on the Danube. For some miles after leaving Nussdorf, the borders on both sides are flat but not unprofitable judging from the cultivation, soon after the heights begin to appear, and accompany us the remainder of the day. The most remarkable charm in the Austrian scenery is the exquisitely beautiful verdure of field and of forest. From the verge of the banks on each side of the river, there intervenes a verdant valley, extending to the base of those magnificent hills or mountains rather, and those, clothed to their summits with the everlasting pine, wearing the same charming livery of Nature. Instead of the Castle in ruin, or the rugged inaccessible Hold of some former Brigand chief which in times gone by excited

our interest on the Rhine, we have here on every commanding elevation, some fine church, or stately monastery, or some castle which appears habitable and inhabited by some lordly possessor. Several of the religious Edifices are quite princely, particularly that on the left called the M \ddot{o} lk, which brought to my recollection some engravings I had seen of the Escorial. I was informed by a Gentleman on board that vast as was the Establishment, it was completely filled, and that its occupants, the Brothers, devoted themselves to the instruction and the good of all around.

Every Englishman in passing will regard with particular interest the castle of Durrenstein on the right, in which our Lion Richard was some time a prisoner; his deliverance forms such a pretty and romantic incident in our history, that it seems scarcely worth while to throw doubts on the authenticity of the legend, as some historians have done; but at all events we may still believe it if we like, in spite of the prosaic

conclusions of matter of fact writers, for if it cannot be proved, it cannot be disproved at this distance of time.

The day passed rapidly and pleasantly; the weather was fine, and the passengers sociable. — I recollect being called on deck from below by my friend, to view the most beautiful spectacle of a wide and perfect circle tinged at the inner extremity by the prismatic colors surrounding at some distance the sun, then enthroned in his meridian glory. — I recollect also a trifling circumstance of a perfectly mundane character, and scarcely worth mentioning but to show that our enjoyment of the dilemmas of those around us, which they say we are all more or less prone to feel, may sometimes be testified malapropos. An infirm old Gentleman whom I had observed in the morning an object of great care and attention to his family, had occasion to go into a certain cabinet on board, the door of which fastened itself in the interior by a contrivance very clean and ingenious for the

initiated, but very puzzling and difficult to reopen by those unskilled in the understanding of locks, as the poor bungling inmate proved to be; and the consequence was, that he was kept, or rather kept himself prisoner for some time, nor could the bawling explanation of the steward and others on the outside, enable him to discover the secret-spring. This made some noise on board, and a young man sitting near me on deck enquiring the cause and being informed, rubbed his hands with gleeful satisfaction, laughing heartily and exclaiming, what a droll thing, how diverting; a few moments after he was called by one of his family to come below, and assist his Father out of his durance while. I shall not easily forget the sudden elongation of our young man's countenance. I conclude the poor captive was released after a time, for I saw the door wide open in the morning.

The night proved dark and foggy, and we were obliged to anchor some hours, it being dangerous to pass the rapids of Werbil and

Strudel near Grain, without good and sufficient light to steer the vessel through them. I understand, at this part of the river the scenery is very interesting and romantic, and I regretted the obscurity which enveloped every object in one universal thick and misty mantle of night. Here let me make a digression to caution any reader from addressing or asking a question of the man at the wheel; for the smallest distraction on his part from his fixed attention to the course of the stream might cause a deviation, and run the Vessel on one of the many shoals which render the steerage on this river so difficult, and oblige the Helmsman to vary his course every moment.

In the night, profiting by my foresight, I enjoyed some hours of sleep in my snug corner; we arrived about eight o'clock at Linz, and each accompanied by a porter directed his steps to the Hôtel which he had decided to patronize.

Instigated by the earnest persuasion of the Steward, my friend and I went to the Rothen

Krebs (Red Crab) on the banks of the river, which altho, a second rate Hôtel, we found comfortable enough but somewhat dear. I rather think that the bottle of wine I saw the Steward enjoying with a friend in the afternoon, was a bonus for recommending two of his passengers to the Hôtel, and for which, we doubtless paid in some shape in our reckoning. I was told by a fellow traveller who had gone to the Erzherzog Carl (Archduke Charles), that the charges were very high, but the situation very agreeable, and the accomodation first rate. The Goldene Löwe (the Golden Lion), was most favourably spoken of by others as very comfortable, clean, and moderate. Should it be my good fortune to revisit Linz, I shall make a point of going there.

One day in my opinion is quite enough for Linz, its charming situation on the banks of the Danube being its chief attraction, altho, it is certainly a fine town and a lively one. There are some fortifications on a new principle, the invention of the Prince Maximilian d'Este, well

worth visiting I was afterwards told. In the afternoon, my friend and I made an excursion to a place called the Maddalena on the other side of the river, to which we were conveyed by a carriage on the Train road, and where we found an excellent cup of Coffee, and a superb view of the Danube winding a long way thro' the charming and extensive valley beneath. I advise the Tourist to vary the day by a similar trip, and to go to bed early after paying his bill, (which we did not) for the Train starts at six in the morning for Gmunden, and he has need of repose after passing the last night on the river.

From Lutz to Gmunden and Ischl.

CONTRARY to our strict injunctions to be called early, the Porter knocked at each of our doors in the morning to tell us that we must be quick to save the first Train. The consequence was, that we had but just time to pay our bills without examining them, much to the satisfaction of the head waiter, and hurry off to the station which was at some distance. The second bell had just been rung when we arrived, and weighing and paying being accomplished, we took our places in the carriage already on the move. My seat was comfortable enough, and the motion on the rails, that uniform shaky rumbling to which we are all now

accustomed ; but instead of tearing on in the train of the hissing, spouting, infernal monster in front, we followed two jaded hacks in a slow jog trot through a long, straight, uninteresting avenue of firs, I amused myself by examining the bill I had just paid at the Hôtel, and it proved clearly enough, that the waiter had remembered to forget his promise to have us called early and in good time, for I perceived that I had been charged for what I had not had, and overcharged for what I had had ; this manoeuvre of obliging strangers to pay their bills in the hurry of departure, is often employed in many other places besides Linz by the cunning head waiters, who put all the excess above the bonâ fide account into their own pockets.

Sometime before reaching Lambach, we came in view of the renowned Traunstein, the first mountain that salutes us on entering the Salzkammergut. — The well known profile of Louis 16th. is at once to be recognized, the head as it were reclining on its

rocky pillow, and looking up into the Heavens. The features are perfectly delineated, and certainly bear a striking resemblance to the portraits preserved of that unfortunate Monarch, altho, a good friend of mine from our North, who lives in the neighbourhood and had passed that way frequently, told me that he had never been able to discover how, or in what manner the likeness was to be traced.

My friend and I had taken our places only as far as Lambach, that we might pay our respects to the first Lion of the Salzkammergut, the celebrated Traunfalls. After fortifying ourselves with a good breakfast of most excellent Coffee and accompaniments, at that comfortable Inn close to the station, we took the Landlord's (disinterested of course) advice in the shape of one of his open Vehicles with two horses, and proceeded to the Falls. Should any reader follow our example, which for reasons hereafter given I advise him not to do, let him request the Landlord not to give the sleepy or rather sleeping Coachman;

for the one who drove us swerved so continually almost at right angles over his horses, then to the right, and then to the left, that we feared he would fall headlong from his seat, and so strong was the propensity like that of the fat boy's in the immortal Pickwick to fall asleep, that not all my pokes, (some of them pretty hard ones) with my stout walking stick could keep him upright on his box. The Landlord who seemed wide awake to Jarvey's napping inclinations assured us on our return, that he would never employ him again in the same capacity, but no doubt when next turn was called, he was in readiness, and is most likely at the Reader's service at this moment. When at the Falls, we had the mortification of seeing the Train pass within a very short distance, and we afterwards learnt that at Linz one can make arrangements to be set down near the Falls, and be taken up by the next train, and taken on to Gmunden without any extra charge; so that by making a few previous enquiries, we might have saved our three florins, and the risk of being

spilt into some ditch by our drowzy driver. I confess I was much disappointed when I first saw those much talked of Falls. I had previously seen them represented in the engravings at Vienna and Linz, on such a foaming, roaring, grand scale, that the reality fell far short of my expectations. Murray likewise compares them to the falls of the Rhine „*Parva componere magnis*” I conjecture. But altho, my anticipations may not have been realized, and perhaps after having seen such magnificent waterfalls in other parts of the country I cannot do justice to the Traunfalls, yet I would gladly revisit them, and I advise all Tourists to go and judge for themselves. I retain the recollection of a large volume of water rushing over what we call weirs in England into the foaming vortex beneath, but the fall was not deep enough to excite those feelings of awe and admiration with which one regards a fine torrent precipitating itself into a profound far below. The water is of a beautiful colour and the scenery around pretty and picturesque ;

near the Falls there is a small Hôtel, comfortable enough in appearance, and where one can while away an intervening half hour with knife and fork, and no doubt upon some fine and very fresh trout. Some Tourists reserve visiting the Falls for an excursion from Gmunden, but I heard several express their regret for having thus lost their time and their money.

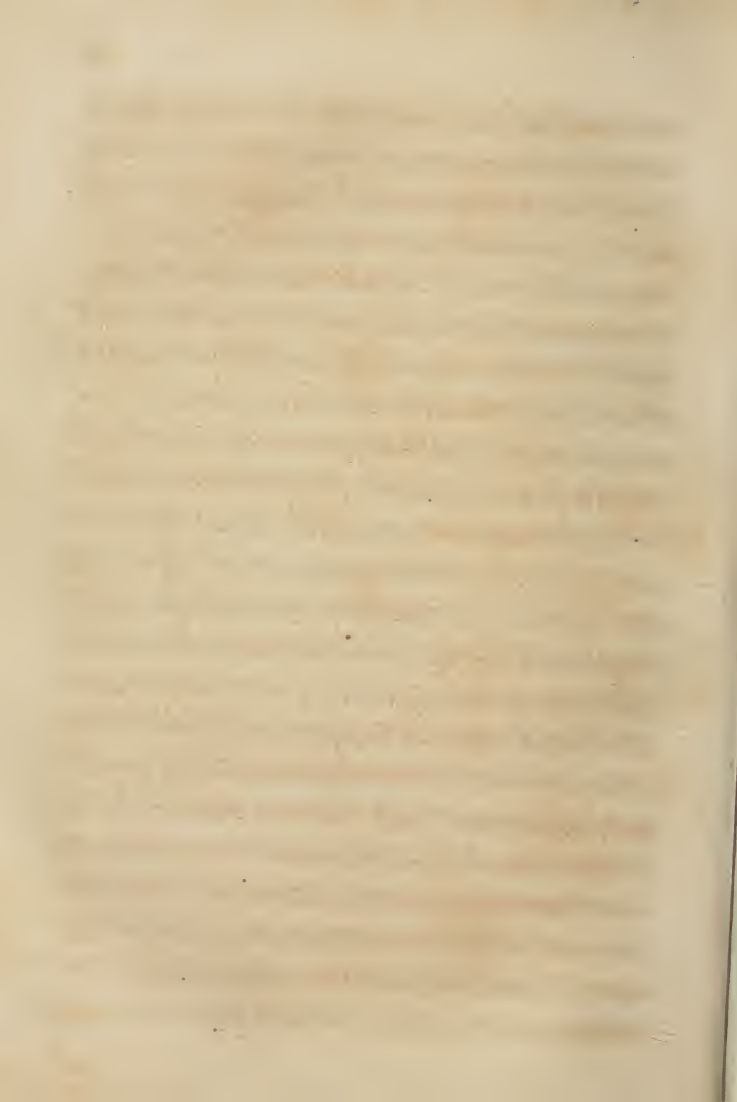
The country round Lambach is very charming, and there must be some attraction in the environs to induce so many to make a halt there for a short time. It is at Lambach we have the first view of the Traun, that beautiful river we shall so often see in the course of our route, winding its graceful way through the deep verdant valley beneath, or rushing by us with noisy rapidity when tempted to stroll along its banks.

After leaving Lambach by the afternoon Train it began to rain, and we were obliged to draw the curtains; I could however see from time to time, that the scenery was very picturesque, and the view of the Traun often

to be enjoyed. On arriving at Gmunden in the evening, I was convoyed in the rain, and through many a puddle, by a Porter to the Goldenen Schiff (Golden Ship) at the head of the Lake. The entrance to this Hôtel struck me as any thing but prepossessing, however every unfavorable impression was at once removed, when the view of that most beautiful Lake, as seen from the window of the Chamber into which I was shewn, presented itself for the first time to my admiring gaze. I am not surprized that many strangers should be tempted to remain some days at Gmunden; the novelty of the scene, the lively Quay, and above all that charming Lake, are very attractive to a new comer; but let me forewarn him, that on penetrating into the wonderful country before him, where there are so many interesting objects to be seen, and places to be visited, he will regret having lost his time at Gmunden. One day is quite enough, for should he stay a month, that beautiful Traunsee will still be as beautiful and attractive as ever. I advise him,



Gemunden from Habarenberge.



to ascend the Calvarienberg, that high green eminence behind the town, with its pretty Temple or Church on the summit, and there feast his eye as long as he pleases on that fine expanse of water spread out so far below, surrounded by the gigantic mountains; and turning round, dwell on that extensive range of hill and dale of such beautiful verdure and variety. Perhaps he will also see as I did, a nymph dressed in white, with a large pastoral straw hat and romantic ringlets, sitting on the green turf with two dogs sleeping at her feet, and intently reading some book. I had too much respect for the high place and her alonetiness (if I may say), to intrude on her meditations, and when I returned from veiwing the prospect on the other side of the Church, she had altogether disappeared, and who or what she was remains still a mystery; she could not have been Diana, for her dogs were not of the chase, one being a fine Newfoundland, and the other if I recollect rightly was of the Pug family.

Certainly the environs of Gmunden are very charming and no doubt afford many agreeable excursions to those who choose it as a temporary sojourn; but our object is to visit the Salzkammergut. There is nothing in our Hôtel which should, or can tempt one to remain. Its uncomfortable and intricate interior must have been planned by some crazy architect. There are a few rooms in the front commanding fine views of the lake, and in which one can take one's meals; the dining room below is a dark, low, common looking place, from which one is driven in the evening by the vulgar, noisy, smoking, spitting habitues who congregate there. Further on I can promise my Reader, large, light, and well arranged Salons, enlivened by the presence of gay, well dressed, well behaved visitors of both sexes, more to his taste I should suppose. However in that same Salle one dines well, as far as regards the gastronomic requisites, for all the articles of food were good, and the *cuisine*, according to my taste

irreproachable. The fish called the Rhine Auger is in my opinion very delicious, and is I believe peculiar to the Lake, and I recommend the white Vöslauer wine to the notice of the Stranger. The smiling young Landlady seems a very good natured agreeable person, but that short stout Landlord with his disagreeable, discontented voice is a great Republican, and with that sinister expression of countenance, one may be sure he has a dexterous hand in helping himself when occasions serve, at all events, he is a good hand at making out a bill, as I can testify; and this reminds me to advise any traveller who cares about his florins, to pay his dinner bill *instantly*, according to the prices marked on the Carte, in spite of Rosa's objections who will urge him to leave it for the final reckoning. As to that same Rosa (I mean the good looking girl with the white neck, and white teeth) if she is still the waitress, don't imagine that when she leans familiarly on your shoulder, and looks at you with a fixed tender regard, that she is smitten with your appearan-

ce; it is to tempt you to prolong your stay, or at all events to order another bottle. She is only labouring in her vocation as a good servant, who has the interest of her Master at heart, and swelling their bills in view when she flatters all new comers with seeming partiality. I met on my route two young Cantabs, one of whom fascinated by her caressing attentions, appeared deeply smitten, and thought that he had made a conquest, and expressed his intention of returning home via Gmunden, purposely to see her again. I trust his companion succeeded in dissuading him from such an absurdity, and that he is now safe in England dwelling on diviner subjects than on such a divinity as the waiting girl at Gmunden. On calling for my bill, I was much surprized at the amount charged to me as *Speisen*, (eating) but it was vain to remonstrate, for it was as possible to separate the particles of food when eaten, as to particularize the different articles thus totalized in one general charge. But I learnt the lesson, always to pay my dinner

bill at the moment whilst the items were fresh in my memory, and thus affording no opportunity for the waiter to score me *ad libitum*.

The hours sail across the lake with such scenery on every side, is a great treat for the Tourist. The cleanliness, comfort and convenience of the pretty Sophie will assure him that she is commanded by a Countryman, and as soon as he sees the fine, jolly looking Captain, he will pronounce him to be what he is, one of the best and worthiest of good fellows.

The turn round the Traunkirchen is exquisite, and equals any thing on the Rhine; and immediately one comes in view of Ebensee, with its fine extensive evaporating buildings, and those lofty mountains towering to the skies. Here one enters into the Salzkammergut. The good Captain is amiable to the last moment. Instead of the bluff peremptory command „Stop her” which we are accustomed to hear in the ports of the Channel, two sostenuto descending tones an octave apart, kindly

intreats the man below to „Stop her.” An Omnibus is in waiting to take us on to Ischl, and through a most beautiful valley by the side of the Traun, and a range of Mountains clothed to their summit with verdure we pass gently on in two hours to Ischl. When the view of that magnificent Amphitheatre of Mountains surrounding the valley in which Ischl is placed burst on my sight, I said to myself „All right” and drove up with gleeful anticipations to the Poste Hôtel.

St. Wolfgang.

I shall say very little at present of my first impressions at Ischl, having remained there but an hour or two on this my first visit; but a very short interview with Nature arrayed in such charms as appeared all around, sufficiently assured me of the many enjoyments she had in store for me when more intimately acquainted. I was anxious to proceed as soon as possible to St. Wolfgang, not merely impelled by the curiosity and impatience which most strangers feel on their first arrival to see the celebrated Lake of that name, but to rejoin my friend, who had preceded me to visit a family then residing at their Chateau on the bor-

ders of the Wolfgang See. However my impatience was not so great as to induce me to leave Ischl with an empty stomach. — A dish of Forrellen (Trout) with salad, and an excellent Cotelette with Erbsen (green peas), washed down with a glass of capital beer, and a halbe Flasche Wein, soon filled up the void, and I mounted into my open carriage which had been in the interim procured for me by Franz the head waiter, and rattled away right merrily to St. Wolfgang.

The first part of the road after leaving the town on the left bank of the river Ischl, is very pretty and interesting, soon after on turning over the bridge on the right, you lose sight of the river in a great measure, but still you have a fine verdant valley to pass through, and mountains varying in form and dimension on every side. If you wish to know the name of any particular mountain, ask Kutcher (coachman) for he knows them all. If by good chance you have the youngest Driver from the Anchor at Ischl, you will have a very

intelligent and accommodating fellow; of course you will have seen by the Tariff that one Spanning (Horse) is much cheaper than two, and is quite sufficient for one or two persons, unless you wish to act Milord, which is very troublesome as well as expensive in this country. On alighting at the white Horse Hôtel at the bottom of the steep hill at St. Wolfgang, I found a chamber already prepared for me, and on sending my card to the Schloss (castle), my friend soon made his appearance without his hat, thereby indicating that I must not keep him waiting, but proceed with him without parleying to be presented to his friends, by whom I was most kindly received.

Every Visitor to Ischl well knows the Schloss at St. Wolfgang inhabited during the summer months by its Proprietor Mr. Grohman, the Banker at Vienna, and likewise the very beautiful Garden, which, from its elevated and commanding situation, was formerly a Calvary, and now by a natural transition become a Paradise, into which all comers are free and

welcome to enter; and such is the curiosity and admiration these Gardens excite, that I have seen seven or eight carriages (some of them Royal) in waiting for the parties they had brought to visit them. Indeed the hand of Nature and the fine taste of man have combined to render this spot another Eden; that table-like eminence seems to have been raised up by the One, as a platform from whence to survey her lovely creation around; and that verdant space so tastefully laid out with its diversified walks, shrubberies &c. all kept in the most perfect order, evidence the horticultural genius of the worthy Proprietor. To enjoy fully the enchanting scenery around, there are many rustic seats and chairs placed in bower, grotto, arbour or temple, which seem to rival each other in their attractive invitations to enter, and from each there is a very fine view of the Lake spread out longitudinally as far as the eye can reach. The distant opposite borders so verdant and picturesque, add much to the



St. Wolfgang.



beauty of the prospect, and the lofty range of Mountains beyond, renders the coup d'oeil perfect. From this Garden the famous old Schafberg is seen in all its grandeur, the line of whose summit forms a most interesting feature in the landscape, and on which the eye rests with a longing regard, as the summit of one's ambition to reach. Every visitor to this favored spot must be struck with the brilliant hues of those beautiful choice, flowers, which spread themselves out so luxuriantly throughout the Garden, and which owe no doubt their peculiar bloom and fragrance, to the tending care of the amiable Mistress of the place. There is a particularly fine group of old trees on the verge of that beautiful terrace, which really appear coeval with the soil, but still preserving a most luxuriant foliage, and under the shade of these trees there is a characteristic seat, on which I often rested until very late; one evening I distinctly heard a conversation between two fishermen in their boat far out upon the Lake. I was afterwards

told that this was not at all remarkable, owing to the purity of the air.

The fine Schloss inhabited by the family was formerly an Abbey, belonging I believe to the Benedictine order, and was for some days the refuge of the Emperor Leopold in 1683, when Vienna was besieged by the Turks. In going to the Garden you pass through a fine Cloister, and the doors you see to the left, open to chambers most comfortably, and some of them beautifully fitted up. with fine pannelled oak ceilings and wainscoting, and corresponding furniture, the carving on which, displays the cunning workmanship of some clever Artists of former days, and the taste and splendor of the ancient Possessors. The family occupy the storey above, consisting of a suite of fine lofty apartments, where I often partook of the hospitality of the estimable Owner and his polished and most amiable Lady; the happy circle sometimes increased by the presence of their son, a tall manly looking fellow, with his very beauti-

ful wife, a Countrywoman of ours I am proud to say, and who live at a pretty Place about a mile from St. Wolfgang.

The little town of St. Wolfgang is a straggling sort of place, and not in character with its environs. The Hôtel is in a dull, low situation, and not at all alluring in its outward appearance, yet I passed upwards of a week there most comfortably and agreeably. Mine Host and his wife were so attentive and obliging, my nice breakfast of such excellent Coffe and good etceteras, and for my dinner Fish so fresh and well dressed; a Cotelette worthy of Ude, with capital beer and wine, my clean and comfortable Chamber, all these agrémens combined with my contiguity to the Schloss, to render me indisposed to depart. — Indeed this said White Horse Hôtel may be well recommended for a temporary sojourn, and as a point of departure to many objects and places of attraction in the immediate neighbourhood. Primo, it is by far the nearest and most convenient

spot to start from for the ascent of the Schafberg, which no traveller possessing vigour or perseverance will fail to make, if he has any regard for his reputation as an enterprizing and courageous Tourist, or any earnest desire of enjoying a most wonderful survey of the world he is in. To the infirm or indolent and to the fair sex there are facilities offered, which remove at once all difficulties and objections. For eight florins, you are conveyed in an easy chair to the very summit, and down again to your easy Chair in your room. For one person four porters are required, who take their turns two at a time, but altho the ascent in some places is so steep as to require great exertion of their strength, yet those fellows make nothing of it, and heavy as you may be, make light of you. Instead of taking their turns with reluctance, quite the contrary; they resume their places with alacrity, and with an apparent preference of the honor of carrying you to walking unemployed. Yet I should suppose they would

rather have the pleasure of taking up that young Lady with the slender form, than her Husband or Brother of sixteen Stone. Before deciding upon the ascent, some precautions are necessary, with respect to the weather, and time of the year; nor should the Stranger however young, agile, and adventurous attempt it without a Guide, for sometimes the fogs arise suddenly, and there would be great danger in being alone and unacquainted with the paths and turnings, especially in descending. Also in unfavorable weather, supposing the summit gained, there would be nothing else gained to repay one for so much fatigue and exertion, for the world below is enveloped in mist and obscurity, to say nothing of the difficult and slippery descent. In the next place, the mind must be made up to remain all the night on the summit, if we would enjoy one of the principal anticipations which urge on those who climb the steep ascent, I mean the setting, and especially the rising of the Sun. When all fatigues and difficulties are sur-

mounted, and you have reached the top, it is extremely agreeable to find a resting place, and especially a shelter for the night, however short the night, and rude the shelter. For these comforts, the New Arrivals have to thank the Landlord of the White Horse below, who has established himself Landlord above, far out of reach of Supervisors or licensing Magistrates I should suppose. The Hotel he has here constructed is not on a grand scale, but in that substantial Hut it is much better to sleep, than making your bed on the cold ground. There are beds for eight, and to ensure one, it is necessary to be provided with a ticket, which is given at the White Horse, and for which you pay 30 Croitzers. Altho' one always finds on the Mountain, Coffee, Bread, Saucisson, Cheese, Wine etc, yet I would advise every one to order something substantial according to his taste, to be carried up by the Guide, or one of the Porters, for one arrives on the summit pretty hungry, and the air there is very keen and

appetizing. Sometimes one meets pleasant parties on that high Eminence, and of course there can be no other alternative but to become sociable. I met a young Englishman at Ischl, who from some words which escaped him, had not long before made first acquaintance with his intended Wife in that Hut; but they say that marriages are made in the Heavens. It is only during the three months of July, August, and September, that open house is kept on the mountain, then the Landlord descends from his exalted position, and for the remainder of the year, the Eagles reign Lords paramount. Before setting out, it is well to be provided with a stout walking stick, or a staff well spiked, which they will give you at the Hotel, and very useful in Mountain excursions. Regard well also the solidity of your boots or shoes, and if you take up a good telescope, your enjoyment of the scene below will be much increased. Let your Guide also carry an additional light coat, if you happen to have one, for the sharp

air on the summit is apt to check the perspiration excited by the laborious ascent. For the young and active, about three hours and a half are sufficient for the ascent, but if not pressed for time, I advise every one to take it easily. It is better to leave St. Wolfgang about three in the afternoon, for then you reach the top in good time to enjoy the Sunset. At all the picture shops, they sell a small Panorama for ten Croitzers, which will be found very useful, and will enable the spectator to ascertain the name and position of each Lake, and also the name of the most conspicuous Mountains, among the infinite number which present themselves on all sides to your view. With a good glass on a clear day, one can see the distant Towers of Munich and Ratisbon; but it would be impossible to particularize the numberless attractions of the wonderful Panorama around. But the Visitor must not let the fatigue of the preceding day prevent him from rising before the dawu commences, for it is

the first glimmering approach, and the gradual increase of light which ushers in Aurora, and the receding shades of darkness, by degrees withdrawing the veil which covers the face of Nature, which form the wonderful beauty of that most glorious Spectacle, and which must impress every rational mind with feelings of awe, and grateful adoration towards the Almighty Creator who called such a beautiful world out of darkness, and gave it to us for our habitation. The Church at St. Wolfgang is very interesting in itself, and as so connected with the life of the holy man the canonized Bishop of that name. He was Bishop of Ratisbon in the 10th Century, who, to escape from the almost idolatrous worship of the people, fled from his Bishopric, and took refuge in the then wild country bordering the Lake. He erected a Chapel, and made himself a Cell at Frankenstein, where he lived an Anchorite five years. His piety soon attracted Pilgrims, of whom there came annually twelve thousand to receive his bene-

diction. Being recognized by a Mountaineer, he was prevailed upon to return to Ratisbon where he died. About a century after his death, they erected a Church to his memory, which was destroyed by fire in 1420, and replaced by the present Church, the interior of which is very fine as well as interesting, particularly the altar, a beautiful piece of workmanship by a Sculptor in wood named Michael Packer a Tyrolean Artist, and a scholar of Albert Durer. Besides other Altars, they shew you the Missal, the Cross and Chalice of the Saint, and his Cell enclosed with an iron grating. On the Sunday I heard some excellent music, but I could not help remarking the extraordinary plainness of the female peasant part of the congregation, and the premature shrivelled appearance of their tawney skin. Their shapes too, were most frightfully disfigured by those hideous brown stuff spencers which they all wear, and which give them the appearance of being hump backed, or at least of being very round shouldered. I suppose some chilly Fa-

shionable of that class, having desired her milliner to well stuff her spencer to protect her from the cold, was followed by a host of imitators, each rivalling the other in the quantity of padding about the shoulders, and which, even in the summer heat they do not abandon. However I must say, that the coquetteries of their toilette did not distract their attention from their religious duties, for I never saw a more attentive Congregation, and which indeed is the case throughout Austria, as far as I have seen. In the vicinity of St. Wolfgang, there are three other Lakes well worth visiting, should the Tourist have time, and inclination to see all. The Schwarzen See (Black Lake), so called from the dark appearance of its water, and very interesting on account of its solitary and elevated situation, but very fatiguing to ascend, and very disagreeable to descend, especially after wet weather. Next the Attersee, the largest of all the Lakes, on the borders of which there is a very good Hotel at Weissenbach, where one dines well,

and sleeps comfortably. Then the Mondsee, across which one sails to visit the town of that name, the Church of which is the finest in this country after the celebrated Dom at Salzburg. An agreeable excursion may be made to these two Lakes by leaving St. Wolfgang early in the morning with a boat and a couple of rowers. In about three quarters of an hour you arrive opposite the rock at Falkenstein, where there is an extraordinary Echo, which repeats words and even phrases several times. If you are provided with a pistol, you will be much struck with the report it makes, or with a Cornet a piston, producing the effect of a concert. Then a most charming sail to the farthest extremity of the lake takes you to Fierberg where you land, and if hungry will find some excellent fish. A walk of about an hour will bring you to Schærfling on the borders of the Mondsee, where you take boat to Au, from whence there is a path by the side of the Canal to Unterrach, where you embark for the Hotel at Weissenbach before

mentioned. If you wish to visit the town of Mondsee, or to loiter at any intervening spot, you can dismiss your boat when you reach Fierberg, and from Schærfling you have a picturesque way to St. Gilgen, and after exploring the beauties of that Place, you can return to Ischl by the direct post road, or cross the lake again to St. Wolfgang. There is also a very interesting walk of about an hour and a half, thro' a silent shady forest to the rock of Falkenstein, where one sees the Hermitage, and the cavern which St. Wolfgang inhabited, also many chapels, one of which is called the Kreuzkapelle (Chapel of the Cross), and surrounded by an immense quantity of stones, brought from time to time by pilgrims and devotees, with the superstitious expectation that when there is a sufficiency, a Church will arise without the aid of human hands. Altho the accumulation is at present great enough to build two Churches, yet the devotees persevere in their belief, and in their contributions towards the miraculous construction.

Gallstadt.

ALTHO it was with regret I quitted St. Wolfgang, yet it was not with regret I found myself once more alighting at the Poste Hotel at Ischl, where I was most hospitably welcomed. The Chamber into which I was shewn commanded a fine view of the Mountains, and on the back ground, the snowy head of the celebrated old Dachstein the presiding mountain of the Ischl district, was to be distinctly seen. On my remonstrating with the waiter about the price of the room; "Yes Sir," he replied, but you have a view of the Dachstein from it. Out of respect to the mountain, I did not resist the ten Croitzers charged to his

account, and having some Letters to answer, my correspondents were in some measure indebted to the said Dachstein, who tempted me to remain in my room to write to them. The next day passed in reconnoitring the attractions of Ischl, which I reserve as a *bonne bouchée* for a later period. But one discovery I made of a great enjoyment, I will not delay disclosing to my Reader a single hour, and of which he may partake in his short comings and goings to and from Ischl. The morning after my arrival, I was informed (I will not say by whom, for I promised Mr. Boots never to betray him, nor will I), that few of the Visitors breakfasted at the Hotel, but at a charming place called the Smallnau a short distance from Ischl. Following the directions given me, I turned down opposite the Theatre, and on the left, the long Bridge appeared, at the end of which I found the direction post "Fussweg zur Smallnau,, the index pointing to a gravel walk leading up a slope, to what appeared a plantation at the

foot of a high mountain behind. Following this walk up the ascent, I came to the entrance of a very pretty Garden (or rather Orchard orné, for the trees were apple) thickly planted, and underneath narrow walks thro the green turf leading to various little Temples, or to tables placed under the shade of the trees. Seeing many parties comfortably established at breakfast, I followed their good example, and was soon supplied by a comfortable looking Waitress with my portion of most excellent Coffee with Obers, (you must discover what Obers is, by tasting it), the whitest bread, and the freshest butter which those fine animals grazing in the meadow below, had given the wherewithal to make. The charge for a very good breakfast was only 17 Cr. To my demand: "Haben sie eine Zeitung?," (have you a newspaper?) Ja, mein Herr she replied, and the good Marié soon returned holding out, what? nothing less than a new, fresh, nay almost damp Galignani, arrived that very morning post haste from

Rue St. Vivienne, after a journey of only five days. My Reader may judge of my gratification in finding the Englishman's best friend and resource abroad so unexpectedly; a gratification I am sorry to say, not often to be enjoyed in this part of the world, and for which I would at any time have spared two or three of the highest Mountains. After spelling my newspaper, and the Debats likewise, and exploring some of the walks, strolling thro' the town, and dining, I returned with my friend to take our tea and pass the evening at the Smallnau. We then and there decided to visit the next day the Lake of Hallstadt, so celebrated for its solitary grandeur, and the charming melancholy it inspires, as we were told by a fair Lady at St. Wolfgang. Early next morning after taking our *Melange* and *Kipfel* at the Cafe opposite the Hotel, we proceeded in our one horse carriage towards Hallstadt; our Driver was the same good fellow as before, and took us by the longest, but by far the most agreeable route on

the right bank of the Traun, thro a pretty plantation shady and cool, called the Kaiser Ferdinand's Morgen Weg, it having been constructed by that Emperor, and where he constantly enjoyed his morning walk. We soon arrive at the top of a very steep short descent in veiw of Laufen, that little Town in the charming valley below, thro' which the Traun runs so rapidly as to give its name (Laufen in German signifies to run) Further on we come to Goisern, a large Village with its huge Protestant Church, or rather overgrown Dissenting looking Chapel on the right, the inhabitants being for the most part Protestants, as their fathers have been for ages. On, on, thro' the valley till we come to a fine bridge over the Traun, just where it issues from the Hallstadt Lake, Here, at the place called Steg, you can embark for Hallstadt, but most visitors prefer going on in their carriage by the side of the Lake to the Gosau Mühle, thereby saving much of their time. At the Gosau Mühle all road ends, and the



Healdstadt.

only way of reaching Hallstadt is by water, for which purpose there are large good boats always kept in readiness. There is certainly a foot path by the side of the Mountain, but very fatiguing, and also one loses the romantic and interesting appearance of Hallstadt, when first we come in view of it, on turning round the point projecting into the Lake, called the Gosauhalls. Nothing can be more strikingly picturesque and strange to the view than those solemn, spectral looking Houses, hanging over the verge of the still water, and seeming mysteriously attached to the deep base of those stupendous Mountains; and the nearer one approaches, the more one is surprised to find such a dismal out of the world place willingly inhabited. Yet on landing at the Eisen-Mann we found a very comfortable Hotel, and smiling contented faces about us. There are two other Hotels of good reputation further on, but the Eisen-Mann being the nearest, our Lady rowers took us there to save themselves a few extra strokes

of the oar. However uninviting the interior of the town appeared, we lost no time in exploring it, but not arm in arm, or abreast, but one by one, thro' the narrow passages, or galleries which lead through the Place, and I recollect that I was much incommoded by the smoke which issued from the chimnies immediately under us, and down which we could almost look. If, when the Sun shone bright in the middle of Summer, one shuddered at the idea of such a place for a perpetual home, what would one's feelings be in the dreary season of Winter, when for four months the Sun is altogether hidden from the town by the high mountains, and only a dim reflected light serves to divide the day from the night. I think that I should prefer the Polar darkness with its interesting phenomena to the dull monotony and "darkness visible," of this dismal region. However, we judge by contrast, happily for them, few of the inhabitants quit their homes, and therefore are not aware of their deprivations, and that

ought to be miserable and discontented. In passing thro' the narrow Alleys, I did not observe any particular expression of melancholy in the countenances of those I met, possibly they were not hungry, and had their provision of food for the morrow. The People are almost all employed in the Salt works, and gain a sure but scanty maintenance. The Miners work for a certain number of hours by turns; for the human frame and constitution could not endure for a long continuance, the hard labour and excessive cold in those chambers in the earth, darker than night.

At Hallstadt my friend and I separated, each to follow the course of his inclination, arranging to meet at dinner, and give an account of our adventures. He ran up the mountain to visit Rudolphs Tower, and the Salt mines, and I sauntered down thro' the valley to Waldbach Strub Waterfall. On my way through the Town, I heard the sound of falling water, and directing my steps to the quarter whence it proceeded, I came in

sight of a very pretty Cascade of no great volume of water, falling perpendicularly down a great height from a rock above. This Cascade in many other parts of the World would be deemed a great attraction, and would make the fortune of an Hôtel near it, but which is here seen by chance by the casual Stranger. But we are going to see a Cascade in the Country, of great reputation, and which exacts a long walk thro' the valley, and a laborious pull high up through the forest before it appears in view, altho' for some time the ear has been gratified by the Music of the Fall. But when at length the upper Gallery is attained, and the Spectator stands in front of that roaring torrent rushing madly over the precipice into the foaming gulf far below, he will think all his labour and fatigue well repaid by the magnificent spectacle before him. The scenery around is beautifully wild and of that character generally found near a Waterfall. I scarcely recollect from which point this Fall is seen to the

greatest advantage. From the upper Gallery one sees the precipitous Falls, (for there are two) and from the lowest bridge, there is a very fine view of the torrent rushing down in a sheet of foam a long way thro' the chasm it has forced in the rocky Mountain. It was with reluctance I quitted the sublime scene, and was returning with "lingering steps and slow" to my Hôtel, when there came out from a cottage near the Falls a hideous Ideot, with immense head and matted long hair, gibbering frightfully, and who followed me some way; my Reader may be sure that I quickened my pace. I know not whether it was one of those Cretins which are too often to be met with in these gloomy regions, for I naturally avoided looking at such an awful specimen of the Human form. On my arrival at mine Inn, I found my friend impatiently waiting dinner for me. During my stroll to the Falls, he had not only mounted to Rudolph's Tower 1300 feet above Hallstadt, and examined all its curiosities, but had

ascended 500 feet still higher, and had plunged into the bowels of the Salzberg, and visited many Chambers of the Salt mines. A feat so soon accomplished I should not have deemed possible, had not the said Antonio C-ch-ni brought down ample proofs, in the shape of specimens, books, and petrifications, furnished him by the Bergmeister who lives in the Tower. This Rudolph's Tower was built by the Emperor Albert about A-D 1280, as a defence against the attacks of those fighting fellows the Archbishops of Salzburg, who possessing the Salt mines at Hallein, wished to preserve the monopoly of such a lucrative article, and attempted by force to prevent the working of the mines at Hallstadt. About three years ago, in piercing the side of the Mountain to obtain sand or gravel for the roads, the pickaxe struck against something hard, which proved to be a human skull, and on continuing to dig, they came to a number of Tombs, each containing a perfect skeleton, some of them measuring upwards of seven feet, and also

different ornaments, utensils &c. They have discovered forty Tombs, and the search is still continued. Various conjectures have been broached as to origin of these Tombs, there having been as yet, no inscription found to aid the researches of the Antiquarian. A Vase has been dug out, round which are engraved several Suns, and Dolphins. The Bergmeister preserves all these objects with great care, and in great order, also a numerous collection of petrifications, very rich in specimens of ammonites &c. My friend described the Salt chambers as dreadfully cold, 5 degrees below the zero of Reaumur, and was very glad to get out of them, as all are I should conceive who visit them. We did not fail to do justice to the excellent dinner they gave us, consisting of several kinds of fish very well dressed, besides the tempting Cotolette &c., nor to the very good wine, of which if I recollect rightly we took a glass or two extra, my friend pleading as his excuse the cold he had endured in the Salt mine, and I, the dampness

occasioned by the spray of the Waterfall, and the frightful sight of the Cretin. In the evening we amused ourselves with looking over the Fremden-Buch (Strangers book), which contained some droll entries. The most part was written in the to me indecipherable German character, and from the disposition of the lines appeared to be poetry, no doubt the rhapsodical effusion of some long-haired, travelling German Artists, inspired by the good beer they were drinking. A French lady writes about the silent solemnity of the surrounding scenery, the stillness of the dark waters, the towering Majesty of the awful mountains, being in unison with the yearnings^r of her soul, which pants to emancipate itself from the frail form in which it is incorporated, and to mingle with the kindered spirits hovering round. This frail form has in all probability made such a dinner as none but a Frenchwoman can make, and is bursting from repletion. I trust her Husband recommended her to unlace her corset. The English visitors express themselves nearly all

in the same terms in all the Fremden books I met with “Mr. and Mrs. Christopher Smith are perfectly satisfied with the treatment they have received, and recommend the Hôtel for its comfort, cleanliness, and civility.” One entry amused us much; it said, a Party of Englishmen dining here to day, were much surprized to see a large dish of floating mustard set before them, and on expressing their disgust to the Waiter, he said, that one of the party had ordered it. This puzzled them extremely, as each disclaimed a taste for Mustard *per se*, and especially foreign Mustard. At last, one of the Party bethought himself that he had asked for *Cerf*, supposing it meant venison, and which the waiter not understanding French imagined must be *senf*, the German word for Mustard. As nothing is thought abroad too outré for an Englishman to eat, as well as to do, the dish was prepared and sent to table. How the poor Cook must have inwardly revolted at English taste, whilst superintending such an abomination. These and many other

curious emanations, and possibly the extra glass or glasses of the good wine, indisposed us for the enjoyment of the charming melancholy promised us by the fair Lady at St. Wolfgang, and in spite of that sombre Lake of Avernus under our windows, and the long antiquated, quaint looking Room, at the dark end of which the solemn faced Son of his mother the Landlady would persist in standing in attendance, we passed a very merry evening.

The next morning the Sun shone bright, and we were obliged to depart early, as my friend had promised to return to St. Wolfgang to dinner. But we did not leave Hallstadt without visiting the Church, which we reached on mounting a staircase, up thro' a curious Tunnel we saw in passing. The Interior of this Church, is very interesting, and contains another of those Altar Peices sculptured in wood, (like that at St. Wolfgangs) the work of an Artist of the fifteenth century named Leonard Astel. From the terrace round the Church, which is built on a projecting rock,

the Lake beneath is seen in all its solemn beauty, and those magnificent Mountains rising from it almost perpendicularly some 6000 feet. On this terrace one always finds in fine weather, some of the old inhabitants, who come up there to gossip, and to warm themselves by the heat of the Summer Sun, and who are very happy to tell any stranger the name, and height of the different Mountains, and to them I beg to refer any curious reader for information on those points.

After paying our reckoning which was very moderate, we were attended to our boat by the smiling fat Ladlady, and her long faced, bowing Son and Heir, and were rowed by two ladies of the lake to our landing place at the Gosau Mühle. During our voyage, our attentions to them were taken off by the wonder and admiration excited by those tunnels seen high up, skirting the ribs of the Mountains, and serving to convey the brine made in the Chambers of the Salzberg, to the evaporating Houses at Ischl and Ebensee.

At the Gosau Mühle we found our Chariot and One waiting for us, as we had appointed, but wishing to visit that stupendous Aqueduct one sees in the air, connecting those high Mountains separated by the deep valley between, we walked forward, ordering our Equipage to follow. On arriving at the Gosauzwang as it is called, my friend skipped up to the aerial bridge, as if animated by the music of the hand organ, but I reserved my breath for mounting operations at a later period. When viewed from below, he appeared on the Aqueduct like a little Automaton, and on descending, he told me that my bulk was much reduced, when seen from above. His short and rapid survey made the Bridge to be 420 feet in length, and the height of the middle pier of which there are seven, to be 108 feet. A simple, uneducated Miner was the Constructor of this stupendous piece of Architecture.

Our horse in haste to get home to his hay took us swiftly thro' the valley, and we

were soon set down at our Hôtel, delighted with our excursion. My friend went on to St. Wolfgang, and I after dinner, went up to Smallnau, to my tea and Galignani.

Salzburg.

I am about to fly off from the attractive Circle round Ischl, to take an elliptical direction, but I do not expect my Reader to follow my eccentric example. He will be naturally desirous to see all that is worth seeing in the environs of Ischl before leaving it. He has yet to visit the Gosau Lake, so interesting from its vicinity to Dachstein, and for its romantic situation, and solitary character, and then Ausee, so deserving the praises lavished on its attractions by all who visited it. I went to those places later, and the Reader will find them noticed in the routine of my excursion. But I would here recommend any Tourist who

may wish to save his time, to adopt the following plan of visiting those places, First; go early in the morning and see Gosau, and on his return to Gosau Mühle, dismiss his carriage and take boat to Hallstadt and sleep there; the next afternoon cross over the Lake to Obertraun, from whence there is a very agreeable altho long walk to Aussee, where at the Poste Hôtel, he will find very comfortable accommodation; the next day, he will have time to visit the Grundel See, and Alten Aussee, two charming walks, and in the afternoon at half past five, the Malle poste will take him on to Ischl, and set him down close to his Hôtel, having seen three of the principal objects of attraction in the three days of his absence.

The evening after my return from Hallstadt, I had the satisfaction of seeing a young English friend descend from the Omnibus from Ebensee with two companions, whose acquaintance he had made on board the Steamer on the Danube. This Trio being all of an active turn of mind, had decided to see as much as

possible in as little time as possible, and the next day was to be sufficient for the Lions of Ischl. I did not fail to take them up to Smallnau and introduce them to the good Marie, who invited us all to breakfast the next morning, which we of course promised and performed. I recollect that we dined together afterwards, and to return a compliment, I ordered a bottle of the expensive Hungarian wine, and as we must buy experience, I did not regret the addition to my dinner bill, as it convinced me that one trial of such sweet luscious wine was sufficient. The next day these Worthies decided should be appropriated to visiting Gosau, which having not yet seen, I consented to make a fourth in their carriage and go with them. But the next morning at six o'Clock, the rain descended in torrents, and I, foreadvised as to a certain walk from the Hôtel to the Lake, declined the pleasure of wading thro' the mud half way up the legs, and turning round, enjoyed an hour or so more of rest in my bed. But to reconcile them to

my absence, I promised that they should find me at Salzburg, which City I was very desirous to visit, having heard it so highly extolled by the many Strangers who had been tempted to stay there some days.

The next morning at five o Clock I found myself at Salzburg, having passed the charming road from Ischl to that city in the dark, and asleep in the Malle Poste. Here let me say, that on coming from Salzburg some days after, I saw a most beautiful and extensive view of the Wolfgang Lake and its borders from the top of the high hill you descend before arriving at St. Gilgen. At Salzburg I went to the Archduke Charles, and laid me down to repose for an hour or two, and afterwards breakfasted, but the situation of this Hôtel being very dull, and not prepossessed by the physiognomy of the Landlord, I sortied out to find one more to my taste. On a first visit to any City, I always direct my steps to the principal Church, and it may be supposed that the celebrated Dom or Cathedral of Salzburg

would be the first object of my curiosity and search. My way to it led me across the Place, of which the Cathedral forms one side, and in the centre of which, the beautiful Fountain, the admiration of every Stranger, throws up its pretty column of water. Facing the Cathedral and the Fountain appeared the Goldenes Schiff Hôtel, the very sort of place I was in search of. On asking a waiter who stood at the entrance if I could be accommodated for a few days, I was assured in very good English, that I should do honor to the Hôtel by my patronage, and that he and all the house were at my command. My commands were soon issued and obeyed, and *Eccomi*, here I am, established with all my traps in a most comfortable lively Chamber, charmingly situated in a wing projecting from the Hôtel, my front window commanding a fine view of the Monchsberg, Fortress, Cathedral, and Fountain, and the side windows to the right and left, presenting different parts of the City. I soon discovered Salzburg to be a charming and

interesting Town, and the more interesting, for its dissimilarity to any other I had ever visited, and I have heard many express the same opinion. That there is grass to be seen in many places, as Murray says, is not to be denied, I saw some in the Place in the corners under the Cathedral, and in a few other places. In fact Salzburg is not an overbuilt overpopulated City, nor is it a spruce, gay shopwindowed place, to suit the taste of a thorough paced loungeur, but a fine old Town, that breathes an air of respectability and antiquity. It must be a residence for many of the Aristocracy, if one may judge by the equipages and their occupants, one sees driving thro' the Streets. There are sufficient people to be met every where according to my taste. The market place is very lively, and amusing, and well supplied with well dressed respectable Buyers, and clean looking, civil Sellers of the necessaries and luxuries of life, good and cheap. If you like to be pushed and elbowed, go to the Bridge,

and streets adjoining, which are always thronged. That fine Bridge, with the wide torrent of the Salza rushing impetuously under it, and that enchanting view from it, as you look up the stream towards Eigen. Unless in the dry season, the Salza is a very fine river. The Cathedral is not very imposing in its exterior, but the interior is very striking for its vastness, and fine proportions. It is not highly ornamented, but sufficiently so for a Church, which in my opinion should inspire feelings of devotion, rather than admiration, and dispose the mind to the worship of Him in whose immediate presence we are, rather than distract it by the splendors around. There are five Organs, a fine large one, and four smaller near the Altar. On Sunday morning I heard some very fine Music, and also on Thursday morning, the Mass is performed by a full band, choral and instrumental. The Music Gallery is so high up, that the Leader with his energetic time marking flourishes, looked like one of those Puppets, whose arms you

move by pulling a string. A Stranger is at liberty to mount to the high Gallery behind the organ, which commands a fine view of any religious ceremony being performed. There are several other fine Churches each deserving Notice, especially the curious old Nonnberg, and likewise two Cemeteries, one adjoining St. Peters, and the other, a very large one, on the other side of the Bridge, both containing some old and interesting Monuments. After the principal Church, any eminence near a City becomes I think the object of ones curiosity, especially such an eminence as Monchsberg. I was on its summit, and round the Ramparts, as soon as such an ascent and extent would permit. They will admit the Stranger to see the interior of the Fortress, and to mount to the Keep, from whence there is a superb and extensive Coup d'oeil. The circuit of the ramparts is a very interesting walk, affording from many parts, fine views of the city. The prints exposed in the windows, of Salzburg and the Fortress,

as seen from the Calvarienberg, determined me to ascend that Mountain, and by the bye, all elevations bearing that name, deserve to be visited. After passing the bridge a little way up the street, I found an Arch way on the right, with steps leading up to the Church. On arriving at the top, I could find no place from whence to enjoy any view of the Town, but straight before me appeared a large gate, with the handle of a bell at the side. On pulling this bell, the gate was opened by a woman, who left me to pursue my own way. Seeing before me a path leading up thro' the Forest, I naturally concluded it must lead somewhere, as paths generally do, and when on the ascent, sometimes to some views of some merit. Pushing on, I came to a seat intended for a resting place, and then on to another, which assured me that I was in the right way. I kept on mounting until I arrived on the summit, where I found a large building, (called some Castle, I forget the name) the abode of the Keeper of the Forest. From the windows of



Salzburg.



the large rooms you enter, there are very fine extensive views of the valley beneath, and of the river Salza, till it is lost in the distance. On the right, the picturesque and verdant Gaisberg, the pet Mountain of this country has a charming appearance, and the green gradual sloping sides seem to invite the Stranger to try the ascent, which many make, to enjoy the beautiful view from the summit. In the Castle one finds refreshments, and very acceptable after the fatigue of mounting. I had not yet obtained the desired view of the City &c. but the Keeper kindly accompanied me down part of the descent, and diverging from the path, led me to an opening, from whence the City, Monchsberg, and the Fortress appeared in all their glory. From what I recollect of Edinburgh, this Fortress of Salzburg, bears a great resemblance to the Castle of the former City, and on a similar commanding position, but not so interesting as that of Auld Reekie.

I passed many days at Salzburg most agreeably, in rambling about, and making ex-

cursions to the different points of attraction in the neighbourhood. I felt also quite at home in my comfortable chamber, to which I could retreat, and enjoy uninterruptedly my books, thoughts, and repose, and in the night, composed to sleep by the soothing lullaby played by the falling waters of the Fountain. Nor must I omit those dear, quaint, strikingly antiquated Chimes, whose slow, halting, long-winded tones, made one dream of Olden times, and of the drawling, drowzy psalmody of an ancient German Congregation; with a pause between each stave, long enough to give the good old Worthies time to take breath, if not, a short doze. The living part of the life I led was also much to my taste. I recollect that I had an excellent breakfast of Coffee, or Tea &c. &c. for 20 Croitzers; and for my dinner, I indulged in the delicious venison of that Country whenever I could get it, called on the Carte Rehrücken or flesh of the Doe or Chevreuil, which are shot in great numbers on the Mountains, and sold to the Hôtel keepers.

I should much enjoy for my dinner to day, a portion of that same Venison, for which I paid only 15 Croitzers, and hungry as I am, it would satisfy my appetite, if accompanied by the salad with Eggs (Hauptel mit Eier) which gave such a zest to my gormandizing enjoyment. Also a very good beefsteak is forthcoming, if ordered a l'Anglaise, for every Cook abroad understands our sanguinary taste. There is a variety of made dishes (Eingemachtes) but I recommend my Reader to leave it to Louis the head Waiter, who speaks English well, to direct his Choice. A good fellow enough that Louis, and very attentive, unless when in grand toilette, and about to make his appearance on the *Pavé*, then I advise every one to get out of his way, and address those good boys, the underwaiters for any thing required. I wonder if Louis still wears, that perfectly white small hat, rounded on the crown, and brim turned up all round, with the Cocks feather stuck in it, which I saw perched on one side, on that magnificent crop of red hair, and also those

drab color brodequins, which appeared from under the bright sky blue Continuations, with a score of pearl buttons down the front, displaying those splay feet to the greatest advantage. The Speise Saal at the Golden Ship is small and low, but at certain hours always crowded. Several times I was obliged to seek my dinner at the Arch Duke Charles, where the *Salle a Manger* is much more capacious, but not so attractive, as I found there comparatively but few Guests. Some of the Frequenters of that Hôtel, would do well to advise the Landlord with his red solemn countenance, and brown smug wig which conceals but $\frac{3}{4}$ of his grey hair, not to enter the dining room, and offer so obsequiously his snuff box to the Diners. It is not every one who likes the smell of snuff, and his red nose fuller of it than it can hold, is not an agreeable object when eating one's Cotelette.

I often went in the afternoon to a very pretty place called Leopolds Crone, about half an hours walk, or a quarter of an hours drive in

the Omnibus ; and to which many resort in the evening. The road takes you through that wonderful work of labour, and perseverance, called Sigismonds Thor , cut for a long distance through the solid rock. The fine Chateau is partly occupied in the Summer months by an English family. The large sheet of water in front, forms one of the prettiest miniature Lakes in the world ; and it was a great enjoyment to take one's Coffee, fruit, or many other sorts of refreshment in the Plantation belonging to the Hôtel, where there were seats, and tables placed under the trees, with a carpet of verdant turf underneath. The Lake is very full of fish, which are left to increase and multiply ; for no one is permitted to catch them, and indeed if caught , they are not worth eating. They afforded me however much sport by their greedy rivalship for the bread I threw into the water ; at last I think they knew me, for my steps by the side of the Lake were followed by a shoal of them. There are many pretty boats kept purposely for the diversion

of the Visitors, and are at their service without any cost. It was a charming sight on a fine evening, to see a number of Rowers propelling their barks in the Venetian manner, to pass those before them; and many a pretty boat race ensued. One young Lady with a large Florentine straw hat, displayed her fine form to great advantage, and attracted much admiration, not only by her graceful, but also by her skilful management of her boat. At a decent distance, there is a Military swimming establishment, open to the Public, and much frequented, especially by youthful parties, whose floundering, splashing, ducking, diving, with continual shouts of triumph or reproach, carried me back to the buoyant amusements of my youth; when in the Summer, the best part of the day was spent in our beautiful River. Further on, there is a swimming School for the fair sex, whose performances were strictly private.

The Prints exposed in the windows, of Hellbrunn, and its Monsters spouting out water high

into the air, and the elegant *Beau Monde* promenading, or sitting in such interesting groups, tempted me to take an eight Croitzer ride in the Omnibus to those famed Gardens. I found certainly many groups of Sunday looking people, sitting, and smoking, with beer before them, and likewise Fountains fantastic enough, drivelling out water two inches high; in fact Hellbrunn is a fac simile of a Cockney place of Sunday resort. Very different is Eigen with its beautiful Gardens and grounds, to which one morning I bent my way. After a good walk of an hour and a half, I arrived at the entrance near the pretty Church, and on the left, I saw some steps leading up to a Platform, on which tables were disposed as if for dinner. I was right glad to find that I need not return to Salzburg to satisfy my appetite. It happened to be Monday, an idle day for a certain class of people; and there were many Guests. I noticed one long table, at which a numerous party had apparently eaten and drunk to repletion, to judge by the quantity of half de-

voured pieces of saucisson, ham, bread &c. spread over the table, and a countless number of Decanters half emptied of their contents of wine, beer &c. The Waitress told me that it was a wedding party, who had just breakfasted, and had ordered their dinner to be ready in an hour. Wishing to witness the gastronomic powers of such a party, I desired the waitress to have a Cotelette ready for me at the same time. After sauntering through the charming Park, I returned to my early dinner, and found the Party, consisting of more than twenty Persons, male and female, all seated at table, and impatiently calling out for dinner. The Bride and Bridegroom appeared both of them respectable, and upwards of 40, and no doubt this was not the first hymeneal celebration to either of the party. But such a scene followed of eating and drinking, and roars of laughter at the most abominably indecent jokes, which all, male and female, young and old, appeared to enjoy, I shall never forget. After consuming an incredible quantity

of solids and liquids, the Party rose from table, and departed in a long noisy procession of Carriages to Salzburg, there to finish the day most probably with a Carousal of the same description; and I employed the rest of the day, in exploring the pretty walks, and enjoying the beautiful views, which excite the admiration of the many Visitors of this charming resort. One day, tempted by the low fare, I made an excursion as far as Unken on the road to Innsbruck, having heard much of the picturesque scenery on entering the Tyrol; and also of the pretty and agreeable Town of Reichenhall, thro' which the road passes. This route takes one thro' a corner of the Bavarian territory, and then enters into the borders of the Tyrol. Every Traveller has no doubt experienced the vexatious and unnecessary searchings and delays, which are so annoying, especially on the Frontiers of petty States. At the Bavarian Custom House, our Omnibus made a formal halt, and every article of luggage was taken out to be searched. Unfortunately

we had with us as Passenger, a Tyrolese Pedlar, who appeared to be well known and suspected, for they examined évery part of his luggage with the most minute research. They made him take off his blouse, and actually take down his breeches, fortunately he had on another pair under. He was too cunning for them, for they found nothiug. I was surprized to see him count his one florin notes before them. When my turn came, altho I had only a small carpet bag with a change of linen, and the usual necessaries for the morning, yet three or four fellows examined it most minutely; they opened my tooth powder box, unfolded my clean shirt, and at last asked me if I had many bank notes. I took out my purse, the contents of which proved to them that I was no Agent of Rothschilds, journeying to profit by any difference of exchange. I was much pleased with Reichenhall, and induced to remain there all the night. During the Summer months, this very agreeable Town is very full of Visitors for the be-

nefit of the Salt baths. The Hôtel where the Diligence changes, is exceedingly comfortable, and the pretty Garden in front is very gay, and much frequented in Summer. In Dublin if one calls out "Pat bring me materials" you are immediately supplied with a portion of whiskey, sugar, water and lemon, but at Reichenhall, if a well known Customer makes a sign to one of the Hebes of the Gardens, she brings him forthwith, a glass of beer, a slice of bread, a raw turnip, a knife, and some salt. I saw many parties enjoying those luxuries.

The next morning I went on to Unken thro' a very beautiful country, which tells that we are in the Tyrol. On the way, one sees on the summit of a high steep Mountain, a very pretty Church, and near it some very interesting ruins of an old Castle. Further on, we come to some very ingenious and celebrated Hydraulic works, for forcing the water up from the river below, into the pipes leading to the Salt Works at Traunstein. On the road further on, there are two hills so steep, that

one fears that the Carriage will turn topsyturvy down them. Up these hills you must walk, infirm or lazy as you may be, or in whatever weather it may be. I think it was on my return, that the Driver pointed out to me that interesting looking Mountain the Untersberg, which had often attracted my attention when seen from a distance. According to Coachee, there is a certain Barbarian Tyrant chained in the bowels of the Mountain for his cruelty, and is not to be released until a certain number of years have revolved, when he is to remount his Throne. One requires the Authority of some such writer as Washington Irving, before one gives credence to such a mysterious affair. I would not quit Salzburg without mentioning the small but interesting Museum, for seeing which, tickets can be obtained at the fine Picture Shop near the bridge, and also the Church and Palace at Maria Plain, with its beautiful view; and the celebrated Hippodrome, where the Cavalry exercise every morning; and likewise the Governor's Summer Palace, and fine Gardens

over the Bridge, where there is sometimes good music in the evening. But one of the greatest advantages the Stranger finds at Salzburg, is the great facility of making excursions from it at a very cheap rate; for instance, one can go from Salzburg by a very comfortable Diligence.

To Innsbruck 5 florins

„ Linz 3 „

„ Munich 3 „

There is likewise an Omnibus every morning to Hallein for 15 Croitzers, and on to Gölling 15 Cr. more, to Berchtesgaden, and the König See 30 Cr. I took advantage of these cheap opportunities of visiting the celebrated Gollinger Waterfall, and the König See; and to those who are about to make the same excursion, I can only say, that I envy them the great enjoyment in store for them.

Golling, Schwarzbach Water-
fall, and König See.

THE Omnibus leaves Salzburg every morning at six o Clock for Hallein and Golling. Many Tourists who have not satisfied their curiosity at Ischl or Hallstadt, stop at Hallein to visit the celebrated Salt Mines. I candidly confess that I never visited any of them, preferring to leave that pleasure for the imagination. Those who had performed that exploit, seemed to regard it as an operation, or a duty, and glad when it was over, and to be able to say that they had done it. I should much enjoy the sight of those dark silent Chambers, lighted up as they are sometimes, when visited by Royalty. Hallein is

likewise celebrated for its excellent beer, and no doubt it has other claims on one's notice, altho I was so glad to get out of it, as a dull uninteresting Town. I fear the Landlord of the Poste Hôtel, where we changed horses, did not regard me with any good will, seeing that I was an Englishman, having had a dispute with three of my Countrymen two days before. This Party, which I had seen at Salzburg the preceding evening, told me, that they had dined at this Hôtel, and charged so extravagantly, that they had appealed to the Authorities. One of the Party spoke a little French, the Burgmeister nothing but Hallein German, but he seemed to understand what they meant; however he could only reply by shrugging his shoulders, saying, *sehr gut, sehr billig*, (very good, very reasonable). Of course they had no other alternative but to pay the bill; I asked them if they had deducted the sixth part of the amount, as the difference between the Austrian and the Bavarian currency, to which they replied that

they had not, not knowing that such a difference existed, and which, in some measure accounted for the apparent overcharge.

The Omnibus arrives about ten at Golling, where the Traveller will find a good breakfast at the Poste Hôtel. At all places they ask you to take a Guide, which I invariably refuse, not only to save the expence, but also to save myself the nuisance of their presence, when contemplating any beautiful object of Nature, which they shew such impatience to quit, in their hurry to get over their task. The Coachman on the road had pointed out the Church one sees to the right in the Valley, as the direction to the Waterfall, and that was sufficient. At the back of the Hôtel, I found the path leading to the bridge over the river (fine river), and to the Church further on. From the Church I was to ascend thro' the Forest. If we follow a path by the side of a river, and if we hear the distant sound of falling waters gradually becoming more distinct, we may be sure of being in

the right direction. When someway thro' the Forest, the rapidity of the stream increased, and the Current became a Torrent, foaming and agitated, as if it had just past thro' some frightful Ordeal. Soon after, it appeared dashing down at the foot of the Fall. Here one begins to ascend, and to meet the waters rushing down with increased fury, in proportion to the steepness of the descent. One comes at last to the foot of a zig zag staircase, where there is a commodious seat, and a Pedestal, on which is inscribed "that the Stranger is indebted to the munificence of the Prince Schwarzenberg, the Proprietor of the Forest, for the facilities afforded of beholding one of the most wonderful works of Nature." On ascending the stairs, or steps rather, cut in the side of the Mountain, and made solid by pieces of wood let into the soil, with a rail to assist the ascent, one comes to a seat opposite the lower Fall; a beautiful sheet of Water falling perpendicularly down over a rock; but looking very

high up, one sees a Bridge thrown over a Chasm, and connecting one butting rock with one opposite. I saw that this Bridge was to be attained, where to view the wonderful work of Nature, spoken of on the Pedestal. I immediately made for it, and never rested till I stood on that Bridge, where I must have arrived breathless with haste, and the fatigue of mounting. I perfectly recollect that I was breathless with admiration, when first I stood in presence of that beautiful Object, clothed in that long, white, dazzling dripping robe, throwing itself headlong into the awful foaming Gulph so far below. I must have remained a long time on that Bridge, and I recollect that "I often took leave, but was loth to depart," as some song says, and that during my stay, the volume of water from some cause greatly increased, and that the Rainbow was perfectly formed in the spray, which added greatly to the beauty of the scene. It was late in the afternoon when I returned to the Hôtel. After dinner, the good Landlady persuaded me to



Gollinger Waterfall.



take a carriage to visit the Oefen, a great curiosity about a league from Golling. About half way up a steep Hill, I came to some steps, cut in the high bank on the right, which the driver told me, led to the Oefen. On the summit of the bank, I found a path on the descent on the other side, which soon brought me to the brink of a precipice, from whence looking down, I saw the River whirling round, foaming, and boiling with rage as in a Cauldron, to escape from between the sides of the riven Rock, thro' which it had to pass some way. It is indeed a great Curiosity, and well worth the trouble of going more than a league to see. I returned to the road by a path and steps leading towards the top of the hill, from whence I had a fine view of the celebrated Pass Lueg, on the road to Bad Gastein. At that time I little thought it would be my good fortune to travel thro' that Pass on my way to those far famed Baths. I left Golling the next morning at 6 o'Clock by the Omnibus, and at Hallein, I took my usual conveyance to Berch-

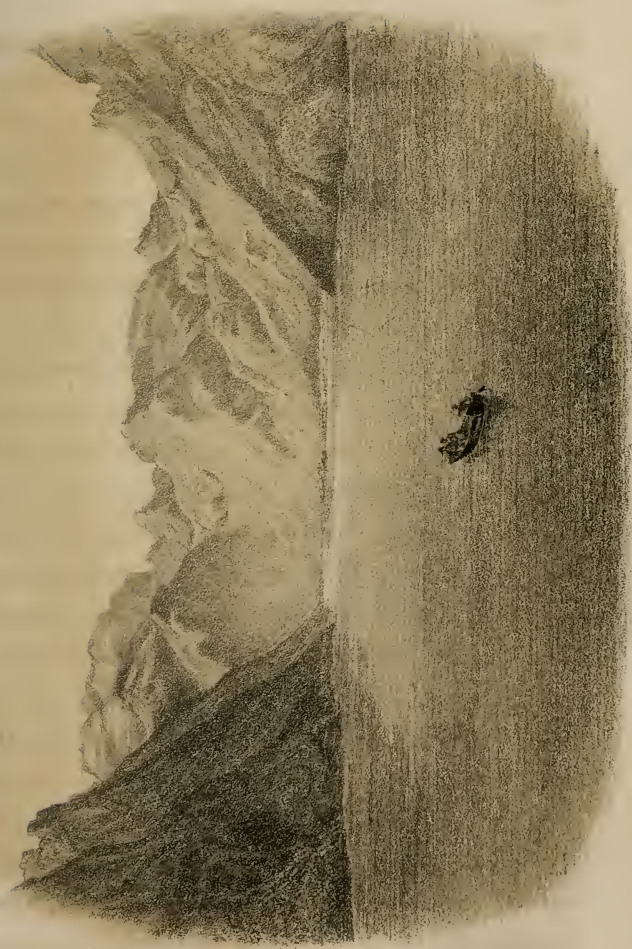
tesgaden ; a very pleasant Drive but very circuitous, to avoid the high Mountain, over which there is a road much nearer, but so steep, that very few Carriages pass that way. The Pedestrian who does not care about fatigue, will be amply repaid his exertion, by some beautiful views from the summit of the Mountain. Berchtesgaden is celebrated for the beauty of its situation, and as being the Summer residence of the King of Bavaria. The scenery around is very charming, and no doubt many Tourists would make a halt there, if a good Hôtel could be found. The Inn called Neues Gasthaus (New Hôtel) is very uncomfortable, and the head Waiter, as in most other Hôtels in this Country, has the entire management, and cheats like the D—l.

But the chief attraction in this part of the World is the König See, to which I advise every Tourist to drive at once ; for he will see enough of Berchtesgaden, in passing through it, going, and returning. After an agreeable walk, or ride, we arrive at the borders of this most

charming Lake, where good boats are always in readiness. The size of the boat, and the number of boatmen, will depend on the number of the Party, and the prices are regulated by a Tariff in a proportionate rate. To appreciate the sublime beauty of the scene, when gliding over the dark green silent waters one approaches the centre of the Lake, where it becomes shut in by the red rocky Mountains, rising perpendicularly from their base stupendously high, one must be there, with the reality before one; for no description can convey to the imagination the awe, and admiration it inspires. Some of the Mountains are immensely high; one of them on the left called the Matzman, is above 9000 feet; you have seen it from the Schafberg. On reaching a certain point, the boatman loads a large pistol; Bang, it strikes against the bare, red breast of the Mountain on the right, back, with a violent retort against the one opposite, back again, back again, the report makes the circuit of all the Mountains, which respond with a loud growl of defiance.

I made the fellow fire four times in going, and the same number in returning, which cost me 32 Cr.

I was delighted with St. Bartolomeo at the end of the Lake, which is a hunting and fishing Seat of the king of Bavaria; and where Strangers are most comfortably accommodated with excellent food, and with Beds, unless the king should be there, which rarely happens. I recollect that I dined in the pretty Plantation opposite the House, and that I feasted on some very delicious red trout, with some excellent wine. Sometimes they take fish of great weight and size in this Lake; in the entrance Hall, one sees the drawings of fish caught at different times, some of them if I recollect rightly near 30lbs. They had taken one of 13lbs. the morning I arrived, which had been sent to the Palace, all the Fish in the Lake belonging to the King. About a quarter of a league from St. Bartolomeo, there is another Lake, but much smaller, and not possessing the grand and solemn character of the König See. I can imagine that a few days might be passed most



Forney, Sec.

agreeably at this St. Bartolomeo, with such comfortable quarters, and beautiful scenery all around, especially if the nights were moon light, which must give a most romantic aspect to the dark silent Waters, and the gigantic Mountains which encompass them. I should like to go with the Fishermen, and see one of those lords of the lake, when first out of the element in which for years possibly, he must have spread terror far around him with his mighty lash, and devoured countless small fries, to have produced that immense bulk. On my return, the Boatman pointed out a Cavernous opening under the base of a high Mountain to the right, thro' which issues the water of the Lake, and after passing a long way underground, forms the Schwarzbach or Gollinger Waterfall. This seemed an ascertained and established fact, and never questioned by the Inhabitants in the vicinity of the two Places. I happened to speak of this afterwards at the Hôtel at Salzburg, when an Englishman in the room asserted that it was not the fact, and

upon my asking him his Authority for the denial, he said that Murray as much as denied it, by adding a note of interrogation when speaking of it; now, to question Murray's infallibility, is with an English Tourist abroad, rank blasphemy; and this mark of doubt, like the Burleigh shake of the head, is so unanswerable, as to put all argument out of the question. It would really seem, that a certain Class of our Tourists come abroad only to see what Murray speaks of, and return home perfectly satisfied if they have seen them all; and one sees them in the Churches, and Galleries, passing over every Object, Picture, or Statue, not noticed in the Hand Book, and seeking only to identify, Murray's Guido, or Murray's Assumption or Murray's Venus &c. &c. and if one asks a Tourist of that stamp, if he has remarked such and such a thing in any City, Church, or Gallery he has visited, he ask at once innocently, if it is mentioned in Murray; I cannot be supposed to speak in terms of disparagement of such an invaluable compilation,

but only of regret, that my worthy Countrymen do not see with their own eyes, and exercise their own judgments a little more, as to what is, and what deserves to be noticed and admired.

I slept that night at Berchtesgaden, to be in readiness for the Omnibus, which starts at six in the morning for Salzburg. The Waiter brought me my bill, just as the Coachman had taken the reins in hand. I saw that I had been charged for wax lights, altho I had had but a common dip to light me to bed; but I had no time to dispute. I gave him a ten florin Austrian note to change, and he in part, gave me a five florin Austrian note, which he reckoned as six florins, stating that to be the Agio! (the fellow said) and he persisted, till he saw himself about to be kicked for his bare faced attempt to cheat, when he gave up the point.

On my return to Salzburg I found the Trio, who had been making excursions to different places, and were delighted with all they had seen, particularly with Aussee. They described

the Country as most delightful, the two Lakes in the vicinity, and the walks to them as most enchanting, the Hôtel so clean and comfortable, mine Host such a fine fellow, the Hostess such a jolly nice Creature, and the neat handed Phyllis who waited on them, so dark eyed, smiling, and attentive. Moreover, the viands and wine were of the best quality, and the *Cuisine parfaite*; especially the fine Char, fresh from the Lakes, dressed so charmingly. But the greatest attraction remains to be told. I am a great Amateur of the Rod and Line; and in Murray, I had read of fishing; and I long'd to follow in his steps so wise a man as Humphry Davy; who two Years had pass'd, in captivating Trout in Aussee's Stream. I had likewise heard, that in passing thro' Aussee by the Malle Poste, he was so struck with the beauty, and picturesque aspect all around, that he ordered his Portmanteau to be taken out of the Carriage, and remained there two Years. Having some weeks at my disposal. I de-

cided on going to Aussee and stay a little time there, and accordingly went, and took my place in the Malle Poste for the next evening.

Aussee.

THE Malle Poste leaves Salzburg for Aussee at seven in the evening. The pretty Ischl was fast locked in the arms of sleep, when I passed thro' at three in the morning. I must have slept all along the Valley, and up the high Mountain the Pötcher, which one ascends on turning to the left, soon after passing thro Goisern. I descended at the Poste Hôtel at Aussee about seven in the morning, and I recollect that I was a little daunted and disappointed at the first view around; for it did not appear the Promised Land. On asking for a Chamber, they shewed me into one commanding a fine view of the Mountains; one in

particular, just opposite my window, of towering height, and beautiful shape, covered to the summit with the everlasting Pine. At any rate this looks well thought I, and descended to breakfast. Good Coffee always puts one in good humour, mine with the usual etceteras was most excellent, and abundant; for which, the charge was only 16 Croitzer. After visiting the Church, in which I found nothing remarkable, I mounted one of the eminences over the Town, and the *coup d'oeil* satisfied me as to the beauty of the Country all around. When I returned to the Hôtel, the good creature of a Landlady came to ask me what I should like for my dinner, and on hinting my predilections, she nodded her head as if to say, I was a person of good taste, "leave the rest to me." In half an hour, I sat down to my delicious, well dressed tho' simple repast, cooked, dished up, and brought to table with her own fat hands, the neat handed, dark eyed Phyllis aforesaid, officiating most attentively as my Cup bearer.

After dinner, when I asked for some fruit, instead of sending in a small portion at the usual charge of other Hôtels, she sent out a boy with 3 Croitzers for some Strawberries. He soon returned with a large quantity, to which she added of her own good will, full of human kindness, a glass of fresh milk, and Sugar, for which she would receive nothing. I may be laughed at for thus detailing such trivial instances of kind treatment, but I cannot deny myself the pleasure of recalling to my mind the amiable qualities of my generous Hostess, whose small, round, red countenance supported by that expansive form, beamed with the same kindness and earnestness to make me comfortable all the time I remained there.

In the afternoon I enquired my way to the Grundel See, which had in a great measure attracted me to Aussee, and where, my friend G—ll assured me, the fish would jump for joy on seeing me. The walk thro' the valley by the side of the Traun I found very charming, but my intent regard

into it for the fish which should have been swimming about, was not gratified by the sight of one. When I came to the very pretty and comfortable Hôtel on the rising ground at the head of the Lake, I accused my friends of withholding rather than exaggerating its apparent attractions, and the beauty of the fine sheet of water before it, with the exquisite scenery which surrounds. The next morning I sallied forth with rod and lines, and with full expectation of making my dinner on part of the fish which of course I should catch, and which the buxom young landlady, (the daughter of the very tall thin Robinson Crusoe looking Fischmeister who is Landlord, as well as Guardian of the lake) promised to dress for me (*Nota bene*, I should have had to pay for this fish). Instead of catching any fish, my hooks were caught by the large stones in the river, and the projecting stumps of trees. "Better luck next time," I quoted, and reserved two or three for the Lake after dinner. The young Landlady, to console me for not cat-

ching my fish, asked me to come with her and choose some. She led me down to a wooden house which enclosed a large tank let into the waters of the Lake, in which there were a great number of fish swimming about. With her fishing hand basket, she brought up several, and I naturally chose the biggest, which she suffered to slip out of grasp; the next, with all its lubricity could not wriggle out of her pertinacious clasp. On preparing to try my luck in the Lake after dinner, the Fischmeister told me, that the Saibling (Char or Lake trout) kept always far out in the deep waters, both for the sake of heat and society, and the fish I saw swimming about in the shallow parts, were coarse, and of no value. The Saibling are caught with the net, and principally in certain months of the year, September and October I believe, before the Lakes are covered with the Winter ice, and are preserved in large Reservoirs, for public demand. Being Imperial property, every Saibling is accounted for to the Imperial purse, and at

every Hôtel, charged at a high price, 30 to 40 Cr. for a small Portion.

I persevered in my fishing from day to day, until I lost nearly all my hooks and lines; at last, the upper joint of my fishing rod came off, and is now at the Reader's service if he will dive for it, in the whirlpool where the Traun issues from the Grundel See. As I was so unlucky in fishing for Trout, I determined to fish out some vestiges of our celebrated Sir Davy, who according to Murray, had sojourned so long chez Hakl. To Hakl's I went, but they disclaimed their Hostship and referred me to the Traube, where they said an Englishman had lived a long time; but the present Landlord of the Traube had inhabited the House but five years, and his Predecessors had taken away all books, or papers, wherein one might have found some entries or memoranda concerning him. Some of the old inhabitants recollected some Englishman to have lived at Aussee some time, but our Sir Humphry Davy was no Sir Humphry Davy to them, but a mere English-

man. In the various Fremden books I found some entries which in some measure reconciled me to my ill luck; many of my Predecessors having been attracted to Aussee, by the reputation it had obtained as good fishing ground: One of the emanations runs that;

Mr. Murray be wise

In the Traun try your flies

Before you republish your book

Then Strangers like me

Deceived will not be

Nor for fish in the river will look. Piscator another mournfully apostrophizes! "Ah fish, where" are ye? beyond the flood; beyond the flood! I met almost every day in my rambles, an Angler who in spite of his little success still persevered. One day I found him in great glee, having caught three trout and one of them almost a pound! He accounted for the scarcity of fish, by the immense quantity of heavy logs of wood sent down the river from the Forests for the Salt works, which must either crush or drive away the timid people of the water.



Near Grundel See.

Altho disappointed in my piscatorial pursuits, I contrived to pass my time very agreeably, in rambling about among the diversified scenery of this beautiful Country, enjoying the fine air, and the picturesque views on the Hills, or sauntering thro' the Valley, indulging in many a Reverie on the banks of the River, and many a day dream in a sweet shady spot I found, where the Grundel Lake could be seen embosomed between the Mountains, and where I often took my Book; but I fear the beauty of the scene before me, and the musings upon what I had seen, distracted my attention often from the Author, and it was there I believe, the rash idea of presenting you my dear Reader my random Recollections, first entered my head. I recollect that I often visited the large evaporating Salt works in the Town, and one source of enjoyment they afforded me, will argue a strange taste. We had some very warm weather, and in the hottest part of the day, I remember to have indulged in the selfish gratification, of watching

the men supplying the immense fires with wood, which I could see, when standing idly under the shade at some distance. They must have been working in the heat of Senegal, and I, doing nothing in comparative coolness. However, they can retaliate that selfish contrast at this moment, when writing in my Room without a Chimney, and shivering with cold, and they, before a blazing fire. One day I approached as near as possible one of the red hot Chambers, where the blocks of salt in the shape of loaves of Sugar are dried, and I pictured to myself, Shadrach and his Brethren, sitting cool, unsinged, in that fiery Furnace. How awfully sublime, appeared their Divine preservation. Another of my favorite walks was to the Valley and Lake of Alt Aussee. One day, an Englishman *en route* from Insbruck to Gratz, halted two days at Aussee. I took him to the two Lakes, and when he came to the high ground which commands a view of Alt Aussee, he was struck with admiration, and exclaimed, why, this

Valley much surpasses the celebrated Ziller Thal in the Tyrol. Indeed it is a beautiful Valley and possesses every attraction to make it a delightful Summer Resort. To judge by the number of pretty respectable Cottages dispersed about, and the parties of gay, well dressed, young people, I met in my rambles, it must attract many Visitors in the Summer season. There is a very pretty Place belonging to a Baron or Count Zedlitz (so they pronounced his name) built in the Swiss style, with Verandahs round the House, both on the first, and second Story, in which, I recollect to have noticed parties of Ladies, young, and not young, who appeared at a distance very charming, as no doubt they were. The Lake of Alt Aussee is very interesting, especially at the farther end, where it is shut in by the high Mountains. From this Lake, flows a branch of the Traun, called the Altausseer Traun, a pretty stream, and abounding in those rapids so grateful to the eye of an Angler. The Traun itself comes out from its Mothers Cham-

ber, (the little Kammer See, where it takes its rise, being literally Chamber Lake) a little puny weak Offspring, and after passing thro' the Töplitz and Grundel Lakes, issues from the latter, a considerable River. At Aussee, it receives the waters of the Alt Ausseer, and goes on thro' the beautiful Hallstadt and Traun Lakes, and forms that fine River which one sees rushing on with rapid and noisy haste, to finish its course, and lose its name in the mighty Danube.

I passed many days in a listless, *dolce far niente*, sort of existence, and I scarcely recollect what roused me from it. I believe it was a day or two of rainy weather, and the desire of knowing how the world went in Gallignani, and finding some good tea; the tea at Aussee being the tilleul leaf. Having three or four weeks of idleness still on my hands, I decided to return to my pretty Ischl, and stay a little time there. When I desired my bill to be made out, regret was very visible in their countenances, for possessing naturally an

even temper, and a quiet manner, unless thwarted, or contradicted, and easily satisfied when I can get all I want, they had become attached to me, and I to them. My good Dame instead of concocting one of those long accounts on pink or blue paper, went to her Cupboard, and brought out her slate, on which I had been chalked for what I had eaten and drunk. I found that I had been right in leaving to her honesty the different charges, for the amount was not half what I expected. At my departure by the Malle Poste, the fine looking Herr Postmeister, Landlady, Son, Daughter (fine girl) waiting maid, Chamber maid, cook, kitchen maid, boots, ostler, helper and supernumeraries, all came out to bid me adieu, and wished all sorts of good luck in all sorts of German phrases, expressive of good will towards me. I promised to return as soon as I could, and so I will.

On the summit of the Mountain you ascend from Aussee, there is a fine view of the Dachstein, and on descending some way down, a

most enchanting one, of the Lake of Hallstadt to the left. I made my *Entrée* into Ischl at about nine in the evening, and was received with due honors at the Poste Hôtel.

Ischl.

THE five or six weeks I spent at Ischl, appear now as a Dream, and I wake to the reality of crowded Streets, and a busy, noisy population. But on awaking I must rub my "mind's eye" to remove all mist from the recollections of the past, and reduce them to some order, in the shape of a short topographical sketch of the Place.

Unfortunately, Ischl can be no longer called a Village, nor fortunately can it be called a large Town, there being but about 250 Houses, and not more than 2000 Inhabitants. Happily, no Architect has been called in, except in one instance, to violate the simplicity

of the Valley, or mock the surrounding Mountains, by constructing staring regular Streets, or Places. Certainly, some of the Houses are built in a straight line with its neighbour to the right and left, especially that Row of houses facing the pretty, shady Promenade by the side of the Traun, but the houses are not uniform, and being for the most part, occupied by Visitors, present a lively and attractive appearance. The only regular Street is Wirers Strasse, which turns its back on the Town, to look on the stupendous Mountains, and the fine well kept Garden in front. A fine, well built street, built in honor of a very munificent Benefactor of that name. The remainder of the Town consists of good, clean looking, respectable Houses, nearly all commanding fine uninterrupted views of the Mountains, and in nearly all, excellent Apartments at your service. In short, there is an air of simplicity, carelessness (idleness certainly) throughout, that one strolls about the Place at one's ease, as to

the Toilette, and I really think that one could walk thro' the streets hatless, without attracting observation. There is also another large Garden opposite the Church, well laid out, with walks, shrubberies, and seats, but few resort to those Gardens, except nursery maids and children, the Visitors preferring to ramble up the Mountains, or down thro' the Valleys. There seem to be Bathing facilities out of number, and I have no doubt, that every Visitor could find a Bath at the same moment. There is nothing remarkable in the large Church, except on the Sunday, when some of the old Ladies make their appearance with those curious Gold head dresses, in the shape of a Helmet. The strains of the Organ reached me early in the morning in my chamber, and harmonized greatly with my taste and feelings. There are but three Hôtels of any reputation. That immense Building which you see from the fine bridge resembling a large County Court, is called the Hôtel *par Excellence*. Its Architect must have had his eye on

the Mountains, and his percentage, when he designed it, and the Proprietor, on the purses of the profuse and careless Russian or Hungarian Noble, and the ostentatious Englishman, when he paid for it. The Pile cost 250,000 florins. For one third of that amount, a first rate Hôtel might have been constructed, and if in character with the scenery around, and the size of the Place, would have formed a great additional attraction to Visitors. It is a fine stately Edifice, but defaced greatly by the narrow entrance near the end, which intended for a Carriage, seems exactly adapted for the Brewers dray. It has the reputation of being very dear, and indeed the few who go there, must expect to pay for those who go elsewhere. I understood there was a good Table d'hôte for one florin, but in the *Salle à manger* there appeared but a few melancholy Strangers waited on by a number of silent observing Waiters. My Hôtel the Poste, was always full of Strangers who came and departed in rapid succession at the beginning

of the Season. The *Salle a manger* was always crowded at the dinner hour, and the glasses ringing in all directions to attract the Waiters, who seemed the more pleased, the less you ordered. At the Hôtel the Goldenen Kreuz, (the Golden Cross), there are excellent Chambers very reasonable, and in the comfortable *Salle a manger* always full of cheerful company, a dinner *a la carte* very good, well dressed, and cheap enough. With respect to any particular gastronomic delicacies offered in those *Speisen Cartes* (bills of fare) in the different Hôtels, or whether among the numerous *Eingemachtes*, there were any dainty Dishes fit to set before an Epicure, I candidly confess my inability to give an opinion. Being written in German characters, I could not understand of what they were composed, and not wishing to disturb my bile by any saucy provocatives of unknown Cookery, I left them untasted, and confined myself to simple *Rôti*, or Beefsteak, or *Cotellette*, and with the same constant

penchant for the Venison, as according to the Epigram, epicure Quin entertained; I think the best sauce to our food, was the great appetite, which the fine Breezes on the Hills created in all, for at the Dinner hour, the clattering of the knife and fork was awful. But speaking frankly, I think the Epicure or Gourmand must anticipate more relish for his food, from his increased desire for it, than from any *piquante* zest of the Ischl *Cuisine*.

I dont think that the Public Dinners here would suit an East India Director, or an Alderman, or remind him of those often enjoyed at the Albion, or City of London, but by contrast. One day I was surprized to find the tables in the Speise-Saal disposed longitudinally, and laid out for a large Party. Franz the head Waiter told me, that a grand dinner annually given by the Inspector of the Salt works, who was then at Ischl, was to take place at three o'Clock. Determined to feast my eyes at least on the delicacies which were to feast the guests of so great a man, I ordered my dinner

at one of the side tables in the corner, reserved for the Inmates of the Hôtel. Punctual to the moment the Invited made their appearance, being the *elite* of the town, habited in the customary black, to the number of about twenty four. When seated at table, two dishes of Soup made their *entrée*, which I saw to be the thin wiry wormy Soup called I believe Vermicelli, so bad in general at the Hôtels; after came the never failing *Bouilli* with its red follower, the insipid Beet Root. The doors were then thrown open, to usher in two Attendants, bearing 2 dishes of Imperial Saibling, two in each dish; but the first served helped themselves to such large portions, that 4 heads, and 4 tails only were left for the Unfortunates at the bottom of the table. I really felt for them, and especially for the tall, good looking Dr. M—r., to whose generous catering I owe my good breakfast, and Galignani at the Small-nau, which is his property. Next came a dish of Cotelettes, with its accompaniment some green vegetable, and also some made Dish

handed round with much ceremony as the Cook's *Chef d'auvre*. Then the *Roti*, the Salad *en suite*, followed by a sponge cake pudding cut into slices; last came the *ne plus ultra* of the feast, an enormous Omelette *soufflée*, which made my mouth water. I must say that there was plenty of Champagne, the popping of the corks followed in as rapid succession as a *feu de joie* at a Review. After dinner, the President made a speech, which I am sure was a very loyal one, and I joined heartily in the Vivas. I do not give this bill of fare out of disparagement to the Hôtel, of which I would not speak slightly, but to shew, that such short commons which would not go down with our Functionaries and their friends in England, are quietly put up with by brother Officials in another Country.

. This subject of food, naturally leads me to speak of the fine, healthy, and appetizing air one breathes in this charming Country, and which must be to many constitutions most healing, and restorative. I can speak from experience of its beneficial effects,

for when I first came into this country suffering from Asthmatic affection, and palpitation of the heart, it was a painful effort to ascend the stairs or any elevation, but within a month, I could mount any Mountain; and I saw likewise many other Invalids recover gradually their strength and healthy appearance.

The valley of Ischl being upwards of 1400 feet above the level of the Sea, the air must naturally be pure and invigorating, and of which, from the particular conformation and position of the Mountains, there is a free and uninterrupted circulation; also during the Summer months, the atmosphere is free from the sultry, intense heat, which is so oppressive in the deep valleys of other Mountainous Regions. The current of air brought down by the rapid stream of the Traun, and also of the Ischl, which two Rivers unite near the town, having passed over the green Prairies, and along the sides of the Mountains covered with Alpine aromatic plants, flowers, and grasses, diffuses a balmy and exhilarating influence throughout;

likewise, the Atmosphere of Ischl must be strongly impregnated with the saline evaporations from the Salt works, which no doubt, must be extremely beneficial to some constitutions and complaints. For Invalids requiring change of air, or with constitutions enervated by over excitement, or exertion, or intense application, and likewise by laxity of life, I should suppose no climate can be more renovating or strengthening. For certain Maladies, and Chronic disorders, I understand the Salt Baths are exceedingly serviceable, and often effecting cures. But on these points, we must call in the advice of one or both of those eminent Physicians of Ischl, who enjoy great reputation, and which they deserve. All must allow that no treatment can be milder or more agreeable, nor any Pharmacopeia more simple than theirs. Dr. M—r recommends Whey from the Goats milk and the air of Smallnau; the Panacea of Dr. P—k is Whey from the milk of Cows, mineral waters, and strawberries acting as accessories. I do not know whether

the two Doctors are at issue upon these points, upon which so much can be said on both sides, and on which, our inimitable Fielding would have written a long argument, replete with wit, humour, and learning. They both appear to have numerous clients and friends; Dr. M—r nothing cowed by the opposite opinions of his Rival, pursues his Capricornican system in a very handsome Carriage; and the Dr. P—k seems to be followed by a long train of friends in his Via Lactea, which suggests a vile pun (Milky Whey or Milky Way). I reconciled the two Prescriptions to my taste and conscience, by often taking Strawberries, and inhaling at the same time the air of Smallnau. But if by this treatment the two Doctors dispense *with* all medicine, one asks if there be a Dispenser *of* Medicine in the Town; Oh yes “I do remember an Apothecary, and whereabouts he dwells,” just opposite the pretty Theatre, in a very good comfortable House, and whom I have seen sitting on the bench before his door, and enjoying his pipe,

and who presented a striking contrast to his Predecessor of Mantua; for his cheeks were plump and not meagre, nor had sharp misery worn him to the bones for they were well covered, and rounded with solid substantial flesh; whether he lived by culling and selling simples I know not, for I never enter from choice or curiosity a Druggists or Apothecarys shop.

Where to go and best enjoy the fine air of which I have been speaking, would be a question difficult to answer; not from the scarcity, but multiplicity of best places. There are paths and walks up the Mountains, and thro' the valleys in every direction, each leading to some pretty Temple, or Seat erected at the expence, and bearing the name of some munificent high Personage, that others might enjoy the beauty of the View, or some charm which the situation possessed in the eyes of the Donor. During the first fortnight, I had explored many of them, but when I had found two or three to my taste, I was constant to them. My favorite walk after



Smallbau.

The first part of the document discusses the importance of maintaining accurate records of all transactions. It emphasizes that every entry should be clearly documented and supported by appropriate evidence. This includes receipts, invoices, and other relevant documents that can be used to verify the information recorded.

The second part of the document outlines the procedures for handling disputes and resolving conflicts. It states that all parties involved in a transaction should be treated fairly and equitably. Any disagreements should be resolved through open communication and negotiation, rather than through litigation or other legal means.

The third part of the document provides a detailed overview of the company's financial policies and procedures. This includes information about budgeting, forecasting, and reporting. It also discusses the company's approach to risk management and internal controls, which are designed to ensure the integrity and accuracy of the financial data.

The fourth part of the document describes the company's commitment to ethical business practices and social responsibility. It outlines the company's policies on bribery, corruption, and other unethical behaviors. It also discusses the company's efforts to support the community and promote sustainable development.

The fifth and final part of the document provides a summary of the key findings and recommendations. It highlights the areas where the company is performing well and identifies the areas where improvement is needed. It also provides a clear action plan for addressing these issues and achieving the company's strategic goals.

breakfast was up the hill behind Smallnau, and turning to the left thro' a field, I came to a very charming natural platform, on which under the shade of some fine trees, seats and a table had been placed at the expence of the Archduchess Sophie, and called after her, Sophien-sitz. From this beautiful elevation, there is in front, one of the finest views possible of the Valley, with the Traun winding a long way thro' it, and of the white headed old Dachstein at the termination. On the right, one may take a long survey of the Valley leading to St. Wolfgang, with the Ischl streaming down in the centre. A remarkable Summit of one of the high Mountains will attract the notice of the Spectator, which appears cleft in two. This is called Teufels Berg (Devils Mountain), and the story tells that the said old Gentleman wishing to Macadamize the tops of the Mountains for the convenience of his morning walk, and of seeing what was going on below, was here arrested in his progress, and decapitated; his head being left as a warning to all his fol-

lowers professing levelling principles. Indeed it has the appearance of a Boars head being devilled, with its mouth distended, and tongue quivering with agony. The path behind the cottages at the back leads to the brow of a steep descent, looking down into a deep, narrow valley, which separates one from the high Mountain opposite. This valley is called Jain-sen Ramsau, but it deserves the name of another Sleepy Hollow; and from its dreamy mysterious aspect, would seem to be on the confines Fairyland; and that if followed to the right far enough, one might expect to see Puck, Cowslip, and the rest, gathering Flowers; and further on, to come to

“ The bank, whereon the wild thyme blows,
Where oxlips and the nodding violet grows;
Quite over-canopied with luscious woodbine;
With sweet musk roses, and with eglantine;
Where sleeps Titania,”

The path up the steep hill on the other side of the Valley, brings us to a Temple erected to the honor of Dachstein, or Thorstein rather,

which is the ancient and proper name; and to a Waterfall near, called the Hohenzollern Wasserfall; which must be very pretty when there happens to be any water. The Walk most frequented by the gay folks, is the Franzen-Allée by the side of the Traun, and shaded by rows of Ash Trees, a very agreeable Promenade, which at the termination branches off several ways and which lead to various Seats, and Temples for the accommodation of Visitors. In this neighbourhood is the Molken-sieder or Tea Gardens, of the same character as the Smallnau, and much resorted to by the Ischlites, especially on the Sunday. Near this, on an elevation in a very pretty Park, stands the Villa Hohenbruck; inhabited by the talented Nobleman of that name, and from which there are enchanting views of the Valley and Mountains. Up thro' the Forest, and we come to a Temple on a high mound, commanding the whole extent of the Valley and Ischl beyond, and looking up into the wood under the rock, we see the Ruins of the old Castle of Wil-

denstein, formerly the habitation of a powerful family of that name. But it would be an endless task, to enumerate the various walks and ways, each possessing its particular charm.

With respect to the Amusements or gaities of Ischl, I could easily imagine a Correspondent of the Post at a non plus, whence to draw his materials for composing an amusing and attractive article. On board the Steamer on the Danube, I asked a young well dressed fellow passenger, if he knew Ischl. "Oh yes" he replied, I known it well; it is a very beautiful Place certainly, but I found it rather *fade*; and such would be the reply of all those who seek in Watering Places and Summer resorts, the everlasting Routine of Evening Assemblies, and late hours, and who in Pleasures of that kind, to use a common expression, keep up the Ball all the Year round. To discuss about taste in these matters, would be very stupid and absurd, nor indeed is it a matter of taste in thousands, but of distaste for the charms of Nature, and into whose heads (I will

not misuse the terms imagination, or mind) the idea never enters, that there can be any thing worthy their notice in the wonderful works of Creation. To such, and to those who prefer the lounge in the shady side of a Street, to the umbragious walk in the Country, and the gay *beau monde* tricked out in Silks of many colors, to Nature attired in her verdant robe of Summer, I should suppose Ischl would prove *fade* and uninteresting. To the lover of the Country and its enjoyments, who does not think it solitude to be alone, who can feel delight in rambling thro'most charming and romantic Scenery, and in visiting Nature in her most sublime and beautiful Abodes, this part of the World, with its Lakes, Mountains, Valleys, and Waterfalls, must afford a month or two of most agreeable, as well as healthy relaxation during the Summer season.

In one respect I was much disappointed at Ischl. I had read, and heard of the Casino as being a very fine Establishment, and a great resource for the Visitor, and where I anticipated

the enjoyment of reading the newspaper or some periodical, and sometimes the quiet Rubber in the evening. I found the Casino but not the resource. The Interior is very well adapted for the purpose intended, having a fine large reading Salon, well lighted and cheerful, with a bow windowed front facing the River and the Mountains, and adjoining, a very fine Ball Room, elegantly fitted up with Chandeliers, Sofas, Music Gallery &c. &c. I went there the first evening at about 9 o'Clock, for the purpose of reading the newspapers, and to my surprize I found the Establishment in total darkness, and the doors lock'd. This early closing continued all the season except when there were Public Balls, or Reunions, or Concerts. The reason is, that the Visitors are mostly Germans who sup at nine, and retire to their homes at ten o'Clock. If there were more English or French visitors, no doubt the Establishment would be placed on the same footing, with those of other Watering Places.

I went once or twice to the Theatre

whose pretty Exterior adorns that part of the Town. We (I mean the Audience and I) appeared to be all in the same Box, and indeed the Interior must resemble the famous Hat box fitted up as a temporary dwelling for Mr. Lemuel Gulliver when he resided at Brobdignag. We were too close to the stage for any scenic effect. The Company altho small was respectable. I cannot recollect to have seen during my stay, any of those shabby genteel Romeos or Nephews, or seedy looking Uncles, who generally hang about the precincts of Provincial Theatres. The captive Queen, the gay Widow, the jealous Wife, the sighing Maiden, the Romp, the laughing Landlady, were all represented by a plump, round faced, roly polly, merry Creature of about 30, who came very often in the evening, attended by her Lady in Waiting, to take their Obers at the Smallnau, and where they did not rehearse their Tragic parts.

One may be always sure of finding at such a Summer resort as Ischl, itinerant Musicians, and especially Tyrolese, who wander

about in families of Musical organization. When I first arrived, the People of Ischl were lending their ears to the Hoste family, consisting of the Father, who played well on some stringed Instrument which he fastened to the table, and two Daughters with their Mother Shipton hats and sharp features, and two sharp looking Boys, who performed their national airs *secundum artem*, much better adapted for distant Mountains than a crowded room or indeed any Room. As the season advanced, the coming of the four Brothers Meister, was announced and the Hostes took to flight as Pigmies would, on the approach of Giants. Soon the four *Brüder* appeared, gigantic fellows of immense bulk, and each in himself a Host. They lived at their ease all the rest of the Season at Ischl. smoked and got fatter from the produce of occasional Concerts. I went once to hear them, to realize Dickens humerous, discription of the Somethingean Singers at Mrs. Leo Hunters public breakfast, but here in addition to the grunt and the howl, the biggest of the lot

produced such high treble tones, that I really blushed for him, for uttering such unmanly notes. I was contented afterwards to hear them from a distance, but I was much amused by seeing them often walking about in the Streets, and roads, and always in straight line abreast, "eyes right;" and in the same order, as when singing at the Concerts. When walking behind them, I could not help admiring their immense Calves, shown off by the white stocking, their broad shoulders, and indeed all their hinder proportions. There came also a professional Gentleman with his Wife, on a Musical Tour, who gave two or three concerts at the Rooms, but as the Pieces to be played, were all of his own composition, I would not risk my florin for the probability of having my ears bored with common place music. I had been sickened at Vienna with young Straus's staccato jiggish Compositions, and I think every Composer should have the merit of his productions well established, before he asks people to pay for

listening to them. We had likewise an Equestrian Troop, but which did not remain long, for the Horses not being Highflyers, nor their Riders qualified "to witch the World with feats of Horsemanship," they attracted little attention. The Master of the Troop, as if to convince the World of the want of taste in the Ischites, determined to have them drawn out in all their glory, and Daguerotyped. I happened to be passing, just at the time when the Troop was being artistically grouped, but the pencil only could convey to the Reader, the exquisite absurdity of the scene. They mustered four Horses, all perfect Hacks of the road, but in good condition, and on them, the Female Riders were seated. At their head, Thalestris their Queen, a Woman of about 35, attired in a riding habit and a black beaver hat, of astonishing height in the crown, and very narrow in the brim, but such a Mouth!! which compressed as small as possible, could not conceal two long tusks, her only teeth. Her Amazons, types of their pro-

fession, their brown skin contrasted by their white dresses, and vulgar faces by artificial wreathes of Flowers. When the Group was arranged to the best advantage, the Master, a stout good looking Man with a long sandy beard, put himself at their head on foot, and threw himself into an attitude, no doubt studied for the occasion; his body a little on one side, the large right hand with the large ring on the fore finger supporting the cigar he was smoking, and the left arm negligently placed akimbo. But the old Drummer in front dressed in a large Cocked Hat, and the Military long red coat, which from its appearance dated at least a Century back, completed the picture. When the Artist nodded his head as if to say, "that will do," the Queen screwed up her mouth, the Girls put on their smirk, the Master puffed out a long volume of smoke, and the old Drummer struck up on his drum, and I verily believe, that he thought his tattoo would be Daguerotyped with the rest.

Ischl.

(CONTINUED.)

JUDGING from appearances, as well as from report, there must be a good deal of good society at Ischl. I saw several of the best Houses lighted up in the evening, as if for Parties, and I met many Sedan Chairs with Ladies inside, no doubt, going to them. I heard that several Families of Distinction opened their Salons every Evening to receive their Friends; particularly the Comtesse Wrbna, who lives in the pretty Villa with the beautiful Garden, the Stranger will see in passing thro' Gratzter Street, over the Bridge; and I have no doubt, but that Visitors of any respectability, wishing for Society, could obtain the *Entrée* into

their Circles. Some Members of the Imperial Family reside there always in the Summer, and are much beloved, as well as respected, for their amiable and affable manners, and unostentations mode of living. One morning, when taking my breakfast at Smallnau, I observed a tall footman in the Imperial undress livery, enter the Garden, and address himself to the Waitress Marie, who after giving some directions to those preparing Coffee &c. in the Cottage, went to her room in the Farm house near, as if to arrange her Toilette. She soon reappeared with her head dress not whiter, but blacker than before; the Females in this country of her Class, always wear black silk handkerchiefs round their heads. I soon after saw four Ladies coming up the slope, one of whom Marie told me, was the Archduchess Amelia, Daughter of the late Archduke Charles. They seated themselves quietly in the only Temple unoccupied, and presently, a young Man came cantering up on a very pretty pony, with a little spaniel at its heels. This

was the Archduke Wilhelm, Brother of the Archduchess. I am sure the Imperial Party enjoyed their rustic breakfast, for I never heard more joyous laughter than proceeded from their Temple, and the nimble Marie was obliged to trip over the grass very often for additional supplies, and indeed they appeared only as one of the many Parties then breakfasting, but for the annoying presence of a Police Officer, who hovered about near them, and with gloomy Official scrutiny, regarded us all, as if we were going to fall with our knives upon his Protegees, instead of our bread and butter. The gait of the Royal young people, seemed to astound the solemn Menial, who possibly thought he ought to interfere, to prevent such Unimperial sounds from reaching common ears; however the Empire has not been endangered, nor respect for the Imperial Family diminished, by their enjoyment of their breakfast in our hearing.

About the second week in July, the full Season commenced at Ischl; altho' during the

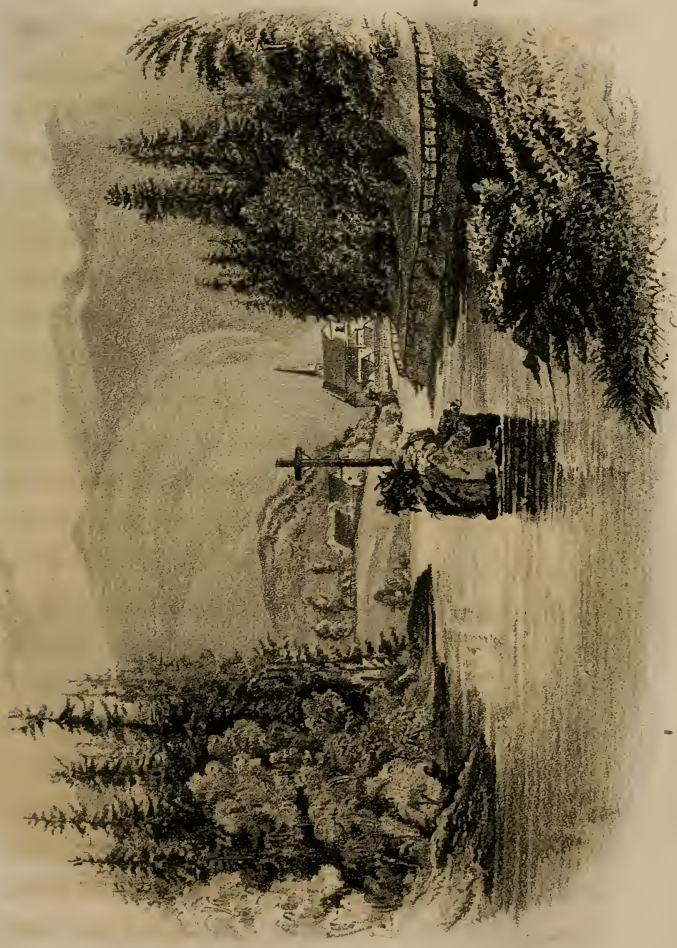
preceding Month, many Visitors had established themselves in Lodgings, and there had been a constant succession of Tourists, going and coming to and from the different points of attraction in the Neighbourhood. During the previous Seasons, some Russian and Hungarian Noble Families had been accustomed to pass some Months here, but this Year, owing to political events, few if any, made their appearance.

They say that Ischl is the Paradise of the Viennese, who flock here in great numbers in this Month of July. Mine Host of the Poste, was obliged to refuse hosts of New arrivals, who were forced to take refuge at the Grand Hôtel, which began to open by degrees its *Jalousies*.

To the great joy of the Ischlites, the Archduke Frances and his Archduchess, who pass two or three Months at Ischl during the Season, now made their accustomed visit. The Inhabitants of this Country have a peculiar, and very striking way of celebrating any

Event, and expressing their joy on any particular Occasion. I recollect one evening at Aussee, when writing in my Chamber, I observed an immense Bonfire on the summit of the high Sugar Loaf Mountain opposite my Window, which had a very beautiful effect, when throwing its lurid flames high up into the dark sky; and soon after, the Postmeister's fine looking son came into my Room, to call my attention to this interesting appearance. He told me, that it was the eve of the *Fête* of a young Lady, and that her Betrothed had lighted up this Fire, as a Complimentary *Bouquet* on the occasion. A very pretty and characteristic mode, some fair Lady may possibly think, for a young Spark thus to display the ardent Nature of his love.

I was returning in the evening near dusk, from a favorite walk by the side of the Traun on the way to Ebensee, when I saw several large Fires blazing on the tops of different Mountains, and on reaching my Hôtel I was told, they were to compliment the Archduke and



Road to Ebenezer.

his Duchess on their arrival. I had heard nothing of their coming, and I believe the Town had received very short notice of their immediate approach; and how they could have got up to those apparently inaccessible Heights so soon, appeared impossible; and really one could have almost fancied, that each Mountain had awakened up its Genius, and sent it forth to light up, and manifest its joy. Late as it was, I went up to Smallnau, from whence I could better see the Mountain Illumination. Here, the Summit of the beautiful Syrius Kogel appeared in a blaze of light, with an Imperial Crown, and the Initials of the Royal Pair display'd in colored Lamps. Whilst there, the Cannon began to bellow out its "*Willkommen*" and in a second, Echo from behind Katharinen Kogel in front, responded with a detonating Crash, and sent it across to Hohe Jock far behind me, who reechoed it on with a tremendous roar at an obtuse angle to the far distant, cloud kissing, rocky Im Himmel; by whom and the neighbouring Mountains, it was

received with a thundering peal of loyalty, which continued for some seconds. To speak plainly, the reverberation had a fine effect, and instead of making the Circuit of the Mountains, as I had heard it at Genoa and elsewhere, it went from Mountain to Mountain, in very eccentric and capricious directions.

The Weather was now very fine, and all was life and animation. A good Band of Musicians began their Summer Concerts in the Evening on the Esplanade, which was crowded. I was obliged to rise early to secure a seat at Small-nau for my Breakfast, and poor Marie, was worn off her legs, in running backwards and forwards to satisfy so many hungry Claimants. Up the steep Mountain, and down the deep Valley, every where one met the noisy German Parties, and one head at a distance, the women laughing, and the eternal Ja-ing and Nein-ing, of which the German conversation appears half composed.

But it was in the Speisen Salle at the Poste when dining or supping, their bliss appeared

most perfect, and certainly it was a happy and charming scene to witness; their unbounded enjoyment of their Months holiday; So many delightful recognitions, and surprizes of Friends living in streets far apart at Vienna, finding each other at the same time together at Ischl; and then, the Salutations between the Ladies, from the kiss to the curtesy, denoting the degree of intimacy between them. I must own, that I was sometimes much displeas'd to see a Black-beard rise up with his mouth full, and kiss on his lips a new Comer, but there is no accounting for tastes. They all seem'd to know each other, and certainly are a worthy and sociable people. I have seen a woman at a table, nudge her Husband and point out, Herr such a one, dining with his Wife in a distant part of the room, and instantly, an expression of awe and respect would steal over the good Man's countenance, for no doubt, the Herr, is a tip top Dealer, and very rich. But I was glad to see the Wholesaler (I fear this word is not in the

Dictionary) shake hands with the Retailer (most probably), and the Lady of the one, salute the Wife of the other, hoping that she and all her family were well. This act of condescension most likely secured a constant customer to the Big one.

On the Saturday Evening, there was the greatest Influx of Visitors to Ischl. I recollect once I came in to take my tea, and seated myself at a table near a Party just arrived by the Omnibus from Ebensee, consisting of two Wives, and their two Husbands. They all appeared good sort of people, of the Middle Class, who had come out to enjoy themselves for once in their lives. One of the Wives in particular, a good looking, good tempered Creature of about 36, seemed out of her wits for joy at finding herself at Ischl, probably her first Visit. She pinched her friends ear continually, shook hands often with her friends Husband, and squeezed the knee of her own, and looked at him so lovingly, that he must have been reminded of his Wedding Trip. But Sup-

per was to be ordered, and Franz brought the Carte. I saw that a favorite Viennese dish the Snitzel, so much better at Hôtels than at home, was one of those which followed the soup. The Husband, without consulting his Wife, called out manfully for a salad, on which she nodded her head, as if to say. "Do my Dear" and the other Husband followed his example. Kaiser Schmarn (Pancake in tatters, very good), was brought for all the Party. When the Waiter came to reckon, no objection was made to the prices of the Dishes which had been served, for "tho' the Portions were but scant", they were very good; but when 12 Croitzers were marked down for the two Salads, "Good Gracious", it was impossible; for at the Market in Vienna, two Lettuces, which composed the two Salads, could be bought for one Croitzer. But in vain the good Creature, red and perspiring with emotion, urged the absurdity of such a charge; Franz, like another Shylock, was inexorable, "twas so nominated in the Bond" pointing to the

Carte, where sure enough was to be seen Häuptel 15 which being multiplied by 2 and divided by 5, left 6 Cr. each, or 12 Cr. Münz for the two.

One day, when I went to dine at the Golden Cross, I took, my usual seat which happened to be near a Party of six or seven Persons, who appeared to have dined well, and drunk enough; but one of the Husbands, called out loudly to the Waiter to bring a Bottle of Champagne, to the manifest horror and consternation of his Wife. But the order was given and the Wine was brought. I saw in a moment, by the shape and size of the Bottle, that it had never been in France, and when the cork was drawn, there was none of the Gallic froth, nor effervescing haste to escape from a long twelvemonths constraint, which are the characteristic National qualities of that delicious Wine. The Ladies, who were first served, after tasting it, looked first at each other, and then at their Husbands, as if to ask, "Is this the famous Wine of which

we have heard so much." A little Boy of about 10, to whom half a glass had been given, added as much water to make it the more; I was much amused at the little Urchin's wry face of disappointment when he tasted it. In after life, I should hope he will be secure from dreaming of Champagne as Nectar.

There were now Balls, and Reunions once or twice a week in the large Assembly Rooms. In the morning, I promised myself to go to them, but when the Evening came, and it was time to dress, I excused myself to myself, as being too late, or too fatigued, or too lazy. Once, I saw thro' the large bow window from the road under, that they were pretty well attended, but as I could not hear the Music, the dancing appeared in the grotesque and unmeaning form, which it must assume in the eyes of a deaf man. I soon left looking into the gay Salon, with its glaring Lights, and formal Dancers, to resume my favorite post on the Bridge, and gaze on the boundless Dome

of Heaven, illumined with ten thousand stars, and on the Moonbeams, dancing on the rippling waves of the rapid Current.

The Presence of the Imperial Family put the Town and its Inhabitants on the *qui vive*; the Notables, were every where seen hurrying thro' the Streets, in Pumps, silk stockings, and white Waistcoats, as if going to, or coming from the Imperial Residence; and in the Evening, their Ladies went often to pay their Court. When standing on the Bridge, the Sedan Chairs passed me in rapid succession, carrying the lovely Inmates to the Reception, and the Chairmen, shuffled along with their peculiar swing, and *Pari passu*, (which reminded me of the Chairmen of Bath in my gay days) as if in a hurry to set down, and return to take up other fair Burthens.

I dont recollect any Lions, or *Liones* to have made their appearance during the Season, or any Display, or "turn out", to have excited our admiration or envy. Certainly, some of the Hats which the Men wore, might have

been called Exclusive, and *Distinguè*, in Seasons past, but we were now used to them. Smallnau continued crowded Morning and Evening, and during the day, all the shady Seats, and resting places in the Walks, and on the Heights were occupied. It was a pleasing picture, to see the Family Groups accompanying and surrounding the Invalid, or infirm Relative, carryed in those pretty *Chaises à Porteurs*, by the two Tyrolese looking Porters, even to the highest elevations, for the sake of the fine air and views.

The four Brother Minstrels came up several times in the Evening to Smallnau, and actually, "ranged themselves in front of one of the apple Trees" and I feared every moment they would begin howling, but they did not.

The fine Weather continued to keep all in good humour, and the delicious Strawberries which were abundant, kept us all in good health. The amiable Dr. P—k who dined frequently in our Salle, must have enjoyed seeing his Friends following his prescription,

which, tho' it brought him few fees, brought him many feelings of respect and gratitude for his disinterested advice. Indeed, he appeared a great favorite with the Germans, and hand and glove with them all, and reminded me of the Ally Croker of my youthful days,

“He talked with the Father, he joked with the Mother,
He flirted with the Sister and smoked with the Brother.”

I fear the tall, good looking Dr. M—r was ill and confined to his House about this time, for I missed him many days; but no doubt, his many Friends and Patients, who appeared of the *Haute Volée*, followed his system, for I saw many of his Protegees browsing, and capering on the side of the high Mountains, under the care of their old Milkmaid; I had the pleasure of seeing the worthy Dr. before my departure resume his Visits, and looking as fresh and as English as ever, and I trust he found the pulses of his fair Patients as regular, and their tongues as healthy, and musical as ever. But I must

add that the simple, rational, and agreeable treatment (of which I have spoken) pursued by both Doctors, no doubt was prescribed only for the many Patients who visit Ischl, for change of air, and renovating or strengthening deranged nerves and system; those suffering from more serious Maladies, would find I feel assured, in either of those Gentlemen, the most efficacious remedies, and skilful treatment, that experience and professional talent could afford. Dr. M—r has walked one of our Hospitals, and understands English Practise as well as our language perfectly well; and Dr. P—k speaks it also fluently, and is much distinguished for literary, as well as for his scientific and practical knowledge and attainments.

Gosau Lake.

ABOUT this time I received several Letters from Friends living in different Places, each complaining of the intense heat he was enduring, which proved to me, that I was enjoying a Temperature comparatively cool. Indeed the weather was beautifully fine, and in the hottest hour of the hottest day, always fresh air on the Hills, and happily, plenty of shade. The Evenings were delightfully cool, and in the night, instead of throwing off all covering as I had been obliged to do in many other places, I found a sheet and counterpane very comfortable. From observations made for a numbers of Years, the mean degree of heat-

during the three summer Months at Ischl, has been 14:59 of Reaumur, and the Maximum never so high as at Vienna by two or three degrees. Certainly the Weather is more variable here, and no doubt, there are more rainy days than in many other Places in the early part of the Summer, which, however annoying to Tourists and early Visitors, keeps the temperature cool, and preserves fresh and verdant the beautiful face of Nature. In the latter part of June the weather becomes more fixed, and one has the enjoyment of the Summer in all its charms. But fine weather in the most favored climes will not last for ever. An instinct which I possess in common with those wind-seeing Animals who

“When any Storm is nigh,
Snuff up, and smell it in the lowering sky”

told me, that a change of Weather was approaching, and that if I meant to go at all to visit the Gosau Lake, and approach the Venerable Dachstein,⁷ on whom I had so often gazed at a distance, I had no time to lose. I forth-

wise went and ordered Kutscher to be at the Hôtel at 6 the next morning.

I have already spoken of the Drive thro' the Valley, and of Laufen, and Goisern, and therefore to save time, let me imagine myself at the Gosau Mühle, and turning to the right, ascending the long Defile between the high Mountains, and on the right, the rapid Torrent rushing thro' the Ravine deep below, and by those numberless lazy logs, which have been rolled down from the heights, and are waiting in the rocky bed of the River, till some violent rains shall have given the Current sufficient force to take them down to the fiery furnace that awaits them.

The ascent is terribly long, and sometimes very steep; Kutcher leaves in to your choice, and your humanity, whether you will keep your seat; but the motion of the poor Animal's tail before me seemed to say, "You big lazy fellow, why don't you get out and walk;" so out I jumped, and went up the greatest part of the Hill on foot. The steep sides of the

Mountain are clothed the whole way with the Pine, in some places partially thinned out, disclosing here and there, the picturesque Alpine Hut, the Shelter, and sometimes the Home of the Wood Cutter; and one wonders how they preserve their perpendicular on such steep declivities. One sees also on the very summits of the lofty Pines in inaccessible situations, pieces of wood elaborately fastened to them, in the form of a Cross, whether to excite the piety of the Wood Cutter, or the pity of his sparing Axe, I was at a loss to conjecture; but the wonder was, how they could have got on those thin tapering tops, which appeared too weak to bear their crosses, much more to bear up against the weight of any ladder, even of rope, employed for placing them.

We reached the summit at last, and immediately began to descend. Some way down, the river appeared as if running rapidly up hill, and soon the Valley was seen in all its extent. I had heard much of this Valley, as being more Elysian than that of Ischl, but on

nearing it, the whole aspect struck me as being extremely lifeless and melancholy; and so far from being Elysian, it looked more like the Valley the wrong side of the Styx. The very extensive range of Meadows were clothed with green certainly, but the color seemed to be of Seasons past, not fresh, but preserved, or may I say, pickled by the hand of Nature. There were no birds singing, and altho' very warm, no flies buzzing about, or Insects to torment and keep one on the *qui vive*. The few Women I met had Mummified complexions. A few black spectral Butterflies flitted here and there; and there were Horses and Cattle grazing in the distance, but not in sufficient numbers, to disturb the silent monotony of the wide Valley.

It was Harvest time, and the People here have the custom of drying their Corn, made into much smaller Sheaves than ours, on knotted Poles of 6 feet high, fixed in the ground, a much better mode than ours, I should conceive. The first Sheaf pierced in the middle by the

Pole, when brought to the ground, is made to rest as it were on two legs; the other Sheaves follow one upon the other, and the top one is made to spread out as much as possible, to perform the office of Hat, or thatched roof to the body. These being placed in Rows, or Groups, present the most grotesque appearance, and you might fancy you saw a large Party of Bears, each on its two hind legs opposite their Partners, waiting, for some Orpheus to strike up, to begin the Dance. Other Groups resembled those well dressed Gentlemen the Esquimaux, and others, those droll objects of Egyptian worship one sees at the British Museum. Most probably, the Israelities dressed out their Sheaves of Corn in the same manner, which would give Joseph's dream a much more striking effect, than the idea of our short, thick, ungainly Sheaves making Obeisance.

I made Kutcher drive as fast as possible thro' this long Valley, which took an hour and a half before we arrived at the Schmidts.

Here, we found a number of Chairmen waiting for Parties, who come only in fine Weather to visit the Lake, and also many Peasant Girls with baskets of fresh gathered strawberries, and I found a midday dose of the good Dr. Polaks delicious remedy most refreshing after so long a drive. Resisting the importunities of the Chairmen, I pushed on towards the Lakes, my Legs not being yet worn out. The first part of the way is over a Morass, made passable by Hurdles, or rods let into the soil; but even in the driest Season, yielding to the tread, and admitting the Moisture. The remainder is up a shingly Mountain Path, most disagreeable and fatiguing. At last one comes to a turn to the left, and following the stony direction, I came in sight of Dachstein, and soon I stood on the borders of the Lake. I did not shout, but I exclaimed mentally, Prodigious! Nothing can be more beautifully grand and sublime, than the scene before one. The very Waters of the Lake, and the romantic Borders



Gossau Lake.

which encompass them, seem to wear an aspect of awe, and solemn reverence, in the presence of that Majestic Mountain, which has overlooked them since the Creation. We are here about 2800 feet above the level of the Sea, and the snow covered Summit before us, is nearly 10,000 feet. I waited until all other Visitors had left, that I might be alone in the pretty Temple on the elevation commanding a fine view of the Lake, and its steep tho' verdant sides. Here, one is in front of old Dachstein, on whose summit Winter enveloped in his eternal mantle of snow, seems sternly waiting his time and turn to descend, and exercise dominion over the Regions below. The lofty serrated ridge of Mountains to the right of Dachstein, and nearly on a level, presents a very interesting continuity to the beautiful sublimity before us, or rather above us. There is another Lake farther on towards Dachstein, called the Hinter Gossau See, but few Tourists have the patience and hardihood to penetrate so far, the way to it being

so extremely difficult and fatiguing, always by the side of the Mountain, and on the ascent, this Lake being 1000 higher than the first, or as it is called the Vordere See. I likewise heard that when there, the scenery is not to be compared with that of the first Lake, and altho nearer, the view of Dachstein not half so grand, if seen at all.

I suppose it was the recollection of the long way I had to return, and possibly the yearning after the Dish of Trout I had ordered to be ready for me at the Schmidts, that reconciled me to leaving such a beautiful Scene. I found the road down the Mountain, more disagreeable than when I came up, and my feet, and Wellingtons to boot, bore testimony for several days of the cutting cruelty of those sharp rolling peices of rock, which mark out the way to descend. I have not the smallest doubt, but that the Schmidt (on whose face cunning is strongly developed) and his Myrmidons, keep the road out of repair, to oblige Ladies, and all corny Gentlemen to make use of their Chairs.

On my return, I found my fish, which my

Hunger had made me hope might be a König See Monster, served up in the shape of small inferior Fry, and on my remonstrating, the cunning fellow, who is Landlord, as well as Vulcan, assured me that they were much superior to Trout, and as a proof thereof, he charged me more than for that Fish.

If I should ever make that excursion again, I would order my Dinner to be ready on my return (unless I went to Hallstadt), at that comfortable Inn at Laufen just over the Bridge, with the Garden in front, and kept by a very good sort of Widow. I had desired Kutcher to pull up where I could get a good cup of Coffee, He, a glass of good beer, and the Horse a drink of fresh Water, and he shewed his judgment in choosing the said Widows, for the Coffee was most excellent, and I have no doubt, Kutcher and his Horse, were equally satisfied. The good woman promised me a dish of fine Trout and a Cotelette when next I came that way, and I recommend the Reader to claim the performance of that promise as my Substitute.

Ischl.

(CONTINUED.)

MY predictions as to a change of weather, were fulfilled soon after my visit to the Gosau Lake. The next evening when at the Smallnau, I observed the Clouds gradually rising from behind the Mountains, and soon the distant Thunder announced the coming Storm. I had just time to reach the Hôtel, when down it came in good earnest, and continued without intermission for forty eight hours. Instead of going up to the Smallnau, I picked my way to the pretty Kiosk, which the Stranger coming from Ebensee will see, perched up on the Rock above the road to his right, just before coming to the Bridge, a short distance from

Ischl. Whoever mounts to this charming little place, will find a pretty Garden tastefully laid out, and various Temples, and Seats, temptingly, and comfortably disposed for taking Coffee &c., which besides being excellent, is served by two or three young Nymphs very amiable and good looking. My favorite seat when taking my Breakfast, was in one of the rooms of the Pavillion, just opposite the long Bridge over the Traun, under which it flows in a graceful bend, a fine, wide, and rapid Current; and just under my Window, the pretty river Ischl was to be seen rushing into its embrace; and the two becoming one, formed the fine Stream, which in another graceful bend, is lost to the view, on entering between two hidden banks on its course to Ebensee. Whoever visits the Kiosk, will not fail to ascend the winding staircase to the top, which being covered, and provided with seats, affords one the full enjoyment of the Panorama around, at one's ease, and protected from any rain. The Daguerotyped appearance of Nature, as seen

thro' the four large panes of colored glass fixed to the sides, is extremely interesting for a short time; and afterwards, one returns to gaze upon her as She really is, with fresh and congratulatory feelings of delight, that She is as She is.

When the weather cleared up, a new source of amusement was opened to me. Every Stranger who comes into this part of the world, cannot fail to remark wherever he goes, the immense quantity of logs of wood, either piled up in long stacks ready for the Furnace, or lying in the bed of the river, into which they have been rolled from the Forests. During the Summer months, these logs lie on the shallow parts, until after some violent rains, the river is swollen, and the current becomes strong enough to raise them from their resting places, and carry them to their destination. The River Ischl now became a very rapid Torrent, and a little out of the Town towards St. Wolfgang, had to pass over some deep Weirs, and with such an increase of Water

formed a fine Fall. From the road which overlooked it, it was really very interesting and amusing, to see those logs, some of them of great bulk, come in rapid succession majestically down the river, like so many swimming Bears, and when approaching the Fall, rush forward, and plunge over the Weirs into the flood beneath. Some of them took the leap gallantly, clearing the circling vortex below, and diving some way, reappeared, and went down the Stream. Others came floundering over into the foaming Whirlpool, like some unlucky Riders into the Ditch the other side; and where they found other flounders, rolling about, and carried round and round in the Eddy. Soon they met, and came to logger-heads, bumping and thumping each other like fighting Porpoises; till some King Log, would give his opponent a mighty shove, which expelled him from the Circle, and sent him down the Stream, to join the General Assemblage of his Neighbours of the Forest, all waiting their inevitable doom, to be quartered, or sawn

asunder, and after to be burned. The voyage of a Log from its native Forest to its destination, might afford some "Passages" analogous to the course of human life; it has its rubs and scrubs, and repeated obstructions to meet, and hindrances to get over, and sometimes going down in full tide of prosperity, and at others, basking in the Sunshine. But until Tom Cringle's Log is forgotten, I think' it would be better for all other Logs to remain silent.

One Morning, when I was thus amusing myself, I saw one of the Salt Boats which are at least 50 feet long, come out from a bend of the River, and from the attitude the four Men in it assumed, and their crossing themselves, I was assured they were going over the Fall. I confess that I felt my heart beat for their safety; however on it came crest erect, till half its length advanced high over the Fall; when losing its equilibrium, down it came with its Prow splash into the water, tilting up its helm, and the two

men steering, high into the air, as if to say, "D—I take the hindmost"; but in a moment, the rapidity of the current brought down the helm into the stream below, and on they went again in horizontal unity. I recollect also being much diver'ed one morning, when the waters were abated, at seeing two old Women in the River considerably above their knees, washing an enormous Pig. The shrieks of the Animal were horribly piercing, and its struggles to get away most violent. At last it piggishly upset one of the Ladies into the stream, but she, by the assistance of her associate, soon recovered her perpendicular; however the great Unwashed escaped down the River, and landing at the first slope of the bank, trotted home to his mire, grunting with indignation at the treatment he had received. I fancy Pigs have as great an antipathy to cold water, as Cats, or a London Hackney Coachman.

The weather now became fine and cheerful again, and we were cheered also by the cer-

tainty of the young Emperor's coming to celebrate his Mothers *Fête*. A day or two before that event, on returning from my afternoon walk, I saw them preparing an Arch of Evergreens at the entrance of the Esplanade; and the next morning when taking an early stroll. I was nearly rode over by a Horseman tearing along, waving his hat, and crying "he is coming, he is coming"; and they had scarcely time to form the avenue of green Peasants, each with a large bough in his hand, when an open Calash drawn by two Horses, and preceded by an Outrider, drove rapidly up with two young Men in it, the Emperor and one of his Brothers. I had seen the young Emperor at Vienna, heading the Procession of the *Corpus Domini*, and had been much prepossessed by his Appearance, and this prepossession was confirmed at Ischl. He is a tall, fine, good-looking young Man, and his countenance bespeaks a good heart, and that if left to pursue the dictates of that heart, he will make a good Emperor.

All were now busied in preparing for the grand illuminations, which were to celebrate the *Fête*. Fortunately the Evening was fine, and the illumination shewed itself to the best advantage. Some of the Villas just out of the Town were very brilliantly lighted up, particularly the Villa Sickengen, and also the Public Establishments. The Bridge had a very pretty appearance with its rows of colored Lamps, and from it, the long Vista of colored Lamps up and down the River, and reflected by the passing Current, had a very charming effect. Indeed all the Houses blazed with loyalty, except the Grand Hôtel, which was thrown completely in the shade by the surrounding brightness, and its long dark Front appeared from the Bridge, *Monstrum, ingens, cui lumen ademptum*; but to save their Credit, one of the two florin engravings of the young Emperor, was exposed in the centre of the large Bow Window, with a Candle on each side, to do honor to it. At London every Window would have been smashed in. My Hôtel

the Poste was glaring with light and loyalty, and Banners floated from every Window. A large transparency of Plenty with a huge Cornucopia, and a long German Motto beneath, was placed above the Entrance, and attracted crowds of admirers. The Painting was not too good, nor was the Plenty outside, I thought, very typical of the Plenty within, unless well paid for.

But these hours of idleness were not to last for ever; I had duties to perform in a distant part, and my Holidays drew near their termination. But before quitting this part of the World, I resolv'd to make a short excursion, and visit Gmunden once more; not only to see the worthy Captain again, but to dispossess my mind of its prejudices against the Hôtel there. I found the Valley more charming than ever, and on arriving at Ebensee, I could see from a distance, the countenance of the Captain more glowing than ever with good humour, and exposure to the Summer's sun; and grinning with pleasure, when he hailed

me as one of the Passengers. The Sail across the Lake appeared more delightful than before, and the point round the Traunkirchen more beautiful than any thing I had seen; and the approach to the Town so striking, that I repented not to have made the excursion from Ischl more frequently. I found the Landlord surly as usual, poor Rosa looked care worn, and as if wearied with smiling. I asked for a Chamber at the price I had given at Salzburg, Aussee, and Ischl for good ones; He called a servant to shew me one which resembled a large wine bin; and the next morning, I was charged for a supper, altho' I had only taken Coffee. It is a pity there is not a better Hôtel at this charming place, where there are so many attractions for the Visitor.

On this my second visit to Gmunden, I could not but remark, that the Females justly merit the reputation they have obtained for personal charms. For many weeks I had been accustomed to the Female Peasantry of the Mountains and Valleys, who certainly are very ill favored,

with smoke dried complexions, bad teeth, and many, with the dreadful goitrous conformation, in numerous cases horribly developed. Even some of the young females, betray symptoms of the approaching deformity. But most of the Women at Gmunden have fine complexions, small regular features, and good teeth; and one is surprised to find at so short a distance, such a perfect contrast in personal appearance.

On my return to Ischl, I found a Letter from an estimable Friend, which gave me another fortnights holiday; and I could not resist availing myself of the opportunity to visit Bad Gastein, of which so many Visitors had spoken in raptures, and also of the Pass Lueg, Werfen, and Lendner Waterfall, which one passes *en route* to Bad Gastein; I had nothing to do but to pack up, pay my bill, and take a place to Salzburg, and run up to Smallnau to take my leave, and farewell cup of tea. I shall drop the curtain before the parting interview between Dachstein, Marie, and myself. She gave me a flower and a kiss on the hand, I gave her

(I forget how much), and a hearty English shake of the hand. I often wondered afterwards, who was the Landlord of the Poste, where I had been staying so many weeks. Franz, the head Waiter was the Factotum, and ruled the roast, and boiled likewise I imagine; for he ordered every thing, and allotted each his Chamber, and fixed the price. There were many who appeared to belong to the Establishment, but no apparently recognized Master or Mistress. I rather think that the rosy, round faced, curly light haired, youngish looking Man, whom I often saw rubbing his hands at the Entrance, and two Children clinging to his knees, was the Master, but he never saluted any one. The Hôtel is only open for six Months in the Year; at the latter of October it is shut up, and Master, Mistress, Men and Maids separate each to their Winter Quarters. and bid as I do,

Adieu to Ischl.

Bad Gastein.

It commenced to rain just as I was leaving Ischl, and it was raining when I arrived at Salzburg, and continued to pour down without intermission for two days. In the evening of the second day, we had some Arrivals from Bad Gastein, who informed us that it did not rain there, but that it snowed heavily. Preferring the novelty of Snow, to the wearisome sameness of Rain, I determined to lose no more time, and took my place for Bad Gastein by the Malle Poste at 7 the next morning. I fortunately had a very agreeable companion as my fellow Passenger, the Son of Mr. Jugel, the celebrated Bookseller and Publisher at



Tap Lucy

Frankfort who speaking English well, and being very lively and amusing, the gloomy Weather lost its effect, and I enjoyed my journey extremely. After leaving Golling, altho' cooped up in the Malle Poste, and the rain still falling, the beautiful scenery on each side could be sufficiently seen to keep alive our attention, and give interest to the dirty splashing road.

On the summit of the Hill beyond the Oefen of which I have already spoken, we see before us the Pass Lueg at the bottom of a steep long descent, and on reaching it, we enter on a long Gallery beautifully constructed along the side of the steep Mountain on the left, and on the right, deep below, the rapid River Salza flows by the base of the Mountain opposite. All Passes of this kind are very interesting, some of course much more so than others, and depending greatly upon the difficulties the persevering hand of Man has had to surmount, in rendering such Passages secure for the Traveller. This Pass Lueg is indebted to the scenes of bloody combat it has witnessed, as

well as to its romantic scenery, for the interest it excites.

The route continues thro' a fine verdant Country, till we come in sight of the Fortress of Werfen, beautifully situated high on an Eminence commanding all around, and on which the eye rests till the Malle Poste arrives at the Town of Werfen, where the other side of the Fortress presents itself, still as strikingly grand and imposing. But here in Werfen we have another object grander still; the stupendous Mountain the Tannenberg, which frowns over the Town, and whose rugged Summit 6000 feet high, defyingly challenges the daring adventurer to attempt to reach, but which has been reached repeatedly, according to the Landlord. There is a very good dinner at the Hôtel, and sufficient time allowed to enjoy it, before being summoned by the Conductor.

On the road after leaving Werfen, I was much struck with the beauty of the verdant Terraces which rise at a little distance on each side; formed by Nature as artistically as

by the hand of the most skilful Gardener, nor could the slopes at Windsor be kept in better order, or display a finer carpet of Turf, or a more elegant *tournure* of form. The Mountain Ash, with its boughs laden with red Berries, appeared every where gracefully hanging over, and on the sides of these Terraces.

On reaching St. Johann, my Companion got out to light his Cigar at the Inn where we changed horses, and on reentering, he appeared much amused, which I found to be at the expense of a Countryman of mine whom he had seen in the Inn. This Englishman had been stopt here by the rain, and had made up his mind not to budge until the weather had cleared up. He had already been in this dull place three days; and he told Mr. J that the evening before, he had gone to bed at 8 o'Clock, and had remained in it till 2 in the afternoon when we arrived, for the sake of variety.

We went on until the MallePoste halted on the Bridge of Lend, to give the Passengers a few moments to see the celebrated Waterfall

of that name, foaming down the Precipice on our left. These few moments were very tantalizing and made us more anxious to enjoy the beautiful sight longer; but we were late, and had still far to go, a long ascent to climb, and it was desirable to pass thro' the narrow Galleries, cut in the rock, known by the name of the Klam Pass, with a little light if possible. After changing Horses at the Inn the other side of the River, we recrossed and immediately began to ascend the Mountain. Some way up we approached the brink of the deep Gulph between the cleft Mountain, down which, the River dashed from Fall to Fall, in a perpetual foam, and of course the higher we mounted, the deep Profound became deeper still, and every moment added additional Grandeur to the Scene. When we arrived on the highest Gallery, the evening was just closing, and the gloom which succeeded a wet and dark day, gave an awfully sublime aspect to the Abyss, over which we drove on Planks let into the perpendicular Mountain on the right,

and which actually bent and shook under the wheels of our Carriage in passing over them. I must own I was glad when we reached Terra Ferma, and a wider road. There were at that late hour many Workmen repairing the Galleries, the supports of which had given way, in consequence of the heavy Rains having loosened the soil below, on the steep declivity on which they rested. The Hot Baths of Bad Gastein having being known, and in repute for many Ages, there has been a communication between them and the main Road from time immemorial, but not until the year 1534 was there a regular Road established by means of this Pass, which takes its name from the old Castle of Klamstein, built in the eleventh Century, and inhabited by the ancient Family of Pielstone, then Lords of the Land around.

We passed thro' Dorf Gastein and Hof Gastein in the dark, and it was Midnight when we reached Bad Gastein. I shall never forget the feelings of astonishment and delight which the first view of that Cataract close to the

Hôtel excited; and really the darkness all around served to give that tall, rushing Form, enveloped in its perfectly white sheet of foam, a supernatural appearance. The drawings I had seen had prepared me to expect a fine Cascade, but I had no idea I should find it as it was. No doubt the heavy rains had swollen the River above, and increased its furious precipitancy down the Fall. We fortunately found Chambers which had been vacated in the day by Departures, for altho' late in the Season, the Hôtel was still a'most full. During the previous Months, there had been such an Influx of Visitors, that not only had the Hôtels and private Houses been thronged, but Hof Gastein, altho' so far distant, had been filled. The sleepy Waiter roused himself to give some of us our Tea, and others their Supper. When I retired to my bed, tired as I was, and late as it was, I could not sleep for the overpowering noise of the roaring Cataract, and I found myself likewise so cold, that I was glad to replace the Eider-down Bed on my feet, that I had thrown off so

disdainfully. In the morning I sallied out in my usual English costume, but the cold air sent me back to put on my warm comfortable Pea Jacket. The Mountains were all covered with snow altho but in the middle of August, and the Atmosphere as chilly, and the general appearance of Nature as Wintry, as in the middle of December. The Visitors were all anxiously waiting for the return of the fine Weather, and the renewal of their Walks and enjoyments in this beautiful Region.

This Bad Gastein must be a charming Resort in the Summer Months. Here, the Invalid in search of good Air, or relief from certain Maladies, breathes in an Element pure and invigorating, for he is nearly 3000 feet above the Sea level, and besides, he has the Hot Baths, for many Ages celebrated for their beneficial effects, especially in cases of Paralysis, Rheumatic Affections, disordered Nerves, and imperfect circulation of Blood. For the Tourist in search of the sublime and beautiful, there are Mountains, and Valleys, Cas-

cedes, the wild and romantic Recesses, and Beauties of Nature to explore in endless variety in the Region around. For these, and for the Majority of Visitors to the Continent, who come out in search of change of scene and for amusement, there are the comforts, and gaities of a large Hôtel, full of Guests, anxious to please, and be pleased, the immediate Environs affording charming Rambles, and Prospects, and at a little distance, interesting Places and Objects to be visited, and every facility for visiting them at small expence. The annexed little Drawing will give the Reader some idea of the spot on which the Visitor is domiciled, during his or her stay, but it is a very imperfect sketch of the beautiful Reality. The large Building is Staubinger's Hôtel, which, from the wooden House one reads of, is become the large substantial well built Establishment one sees. There must be many Chambers, and private sitting Rooms, for I saw many Corridors, and Galleries, with Apartments on each side. On the Ground



Bad Gastein.

floor, an Entrance Hall, and on the right, a fine capacious *Salle à Manger*, in which there is a *Table d'Hôte* at one o' Clock, for 50 Croitzers, but rather on the Abstinence system. Altho getting late in the Season, I counted upwards of a Hundred at Table, and nearly the same number at Supper. Leading from the *Salle à Manger* down a few stairs, we come to a large Salon, well fitted up for the accommodation of the Visitors, whether disposed for Breakfast, or Billiards, or Cards, or Conversation, or lounging, or doing nothing, or reading, there being a pretty good supply of Books, Newspapers &c., in short, a *Sans Souci* sort of place, where you feel at your ease, to do as you please. The long Gallery seen to the right of the Hôtel, commences by a Corridor, built on the Arch over the Cascade about eight Years ago, to replace the slight and dangerous Bridge, which crossed it formerly; and this Corridor being covered, and well floored, the Spectator enjoys from the Window, a commanding view of the first

Leap of the Fall, and in the rear, the Torrent is seen rushing down with furious course over a second Fall. Further on we come to the long Gallery, which is one of the most charming Promenades in the World, built, like our Pump Rooms, expressly for the Invalid, and indeed for all the Visitors to enjoy their necessary exercise in all weathers. If I recollect rightly, I made 600 Paces from end to end, and in it the Valetudinarian can take his prescribed Walk with certainty and ease, and at the same time, enjoying a great variety of enchanting Views from the range of Windows looking down into the Valley, and which can be taken down, or put up, as the state of the weather renders most desirable. From one of the Windows in particular, the Cataract, which becomes contracted below the Bridge at the bottom, is seen rushing down with very fine effect thro' a dark Ravine a great distance into the Valley deep beneath. In the Afternoon, a small, but excellent Band of Musicians play some choice

selections from the best Masters, and at that hour the long Gallery is crowded with Visitors.

Unfavorable as the Weather was, I roved about, and ascended to all the Heights and elevations attainable in the immediate environs of Bad Gastein, and where, I generally found Temples, or Seats, which in fine Weather, must afford the Rambler most agreeable resting places, and charming views. From one in particular called the Gloriette, one looks down into the Valley deep below, which receives the Ache after its long and furious descent, and high above, are seen the towering summits of the Mountains, which shut the Valley in on all sides, making it appear deeper still. It was with great regret I relinquished the idea of exploring the Country round Bad Gastein; but the weather still continued unfavorable, and the Season was too advanced for making excursions in these exalted Regions in such weather. I penetrated some way into the Valley of the Ache above the Fall, but the ground was covered with Snow, and I could

find no path to direct my steps, and it appeared hazardous, as well as uninviting to proceed. I must therefore leave unsung or unsaid for the present, the charms of that interesting Valley, and also Bockstein, and Nassfeld, the Pinzgau, and the most beautiful of Austrian Water Falls, the Kremler Fall, and many other places and objects usually visited by the Tourist, and the Lover of Nature in her grandest and most sublime Form. The Mountains in this district are of the highest Altitude, the Gross Glockner, the Salzbacher Venidiger, the Scharek, the Goldberg, all upwards of 10,000 feet, and many others, nearly as high, which are all accessible to the hardy and courageous Tourist.

Altho' until my departure I continued to gaze upon the Cataract close to the Hôtel with unabated admiration and delight, yet possibly if I had remained much longer, it would have lost much of its attraction. It really seems a sacrilege to build an Hôtel so very close to such a beautiful Object; which one gets accustomed to pass

and repass, as an every day sort of thing, and to hear the rushing noise of the Fall, mingled with the clattering of plates, and knives and forks, and the din of dinner Conversation. The Staubinger Family can have no idea of the Wonder and admiration excited by the view of a Cataract. Certainly, such a beautiful variety in Creation should have to be found in the Solitude, amongst the Mountains, far from the habitations of Men, and its distant Roar should strike the ear of the Stranger from afar, to be justly appreciated as one of Natures most sublime and beautiful Handy-works.

But Bad Gastein does not owe its origin to the romantic charms of its Situation, nor to its vicinity to the Fall, but to its numerous Hot Springs. These were known in the time of the Romans, and must have been highly valued by those bath-loving Warriors; and from that early period to the present day, they have maintained their Medicinal celebrity. There have been eight Springs discovered, and each

has its separate Name and Establishment. One of them rises in the centre of the Cataract, and is called the *Wasserfall-Quelle* (Waterfall Spring. A Physician of great reputation (Dr. Kiene) resides at Bad Gastein, by whose advice, Patients are guided in making use of these Baths. I was told that on being analyzed, they were found perfectly neutral, yielding neither acid, nor alkiline, nor mineral results. The water is beautifully clear and transparent, and of a delightful degree of Heat when taking a bath. From the property they possess of restoring withered Flowers, (after the stems have been immersed some time in them), to a bloom and freshness as if just gathered, one would infer, that these Springs must exercise a renovating, tho' perhaps no outwardly perceptible influence on the Human Frame. At all events, the appetite is renovated after being some time in the bath, and that result should satisfy those whose blooming Seasons are gone by.

I was surprized to see by the *Fremden Book*, what a small number of English had

visited these Baths for many Years past; and I could only account for it by the supposition, that such a beautiful Summer Resort, could not be known to many of the English Visitors to the Continent. I observed by one of the Entries, that his Grace of Devonshire had inhabited the prettiest Place at Bad Gastein called the Solitude, one Season; near it, is the unpretending Residence of the Archduke John, who resides here with his Family during the Season, and is as much beloved here, as every where else. His pretty Garden adjoining his House, is filled with the choicest Alpine Flowers and Plants.

One gratification I enjoyed must not be forgotten. I desired the Waiter to send me the Barber. In a few minutes a tap at the door announced some one, and on being opened, a youngish, good looking Woman appeared with the apparatus for shaving. — *Sind Sie der Barbier?* I asked, *ja mein Herr.* I sat down, and I suppose I blushed whilst operated upon by the fair One, who performed her part dex-

terously and smoothly. I left Bad Gastein with much reluctance, and with my curiosity not half satisfied, however "reasons infinite did make against" my prolonging my stay, and I decided to surfeit myself of my taste for Mountains, by returning through that Alpine Region between Werfen and Lubiana, altho' at Bad Gastein, I was dissuaded from taking that route. Accordingly I took my place to Werfen only, thro' which the Malle Poste passes twice a week from Salzburg to Laibach.

Beautiful the Gasteiner Thal appeared as I passed thro' it early in the morning, and when I reached the Klam Pass, altho divested of the awfully terrific aspect it wore, when I came thro' it in the gloomy closing of a wet day, yet it was impossible to pass thro' that narrow Gallery cut in the perpendicular Mountain, and impending over the deep Abyss, even in broad daylight, without a certain feeling of danger, nor could one fail to do homage to the surpassing skill, and indefatigable perseverance, which could thus surmount, and

enable Man to pass such formidable Barriers of Nature, with ease and in security. The Fall of the River down the Ravine below thro' the cleft Mountains, is seen to much greater advantage in ascending than in descending, in meeting, than in going down with it. I took advantage of the half hour which the Malle Poste takes to change Horses, to hasten on to the Bridge facing the last Leap of the Fall, but which now appeared a small affair, after the Cataract at Bad Gastein, but I took leave of the last Lion of this Country with regret, and remounted into the Malle Poste with as much resignation as I could muster. The beautiful Terraces appeared to have been just mown by the Gardener as I repassed them, and the River Salza to have acquired fresh rapidity.

We arrived at Werfen about two o' Clock, and I confess that I took my place to Villach contrary to my inclination. Instead of reaching my favorite Hôtel at Salzburg in time for my comfortable tea, the enjoyment of a ride thro' a charming Country to Linz the next day, and

then, the delightful rapid Voyage down the Danube to Vienna; some days in that most delightful of Cities with valued Friends, and after, the rapid rail road to Laibach, I had to wait many hours in a dull Town, and then, the anticipation of passing many tedious hours in a Carriage, moving slowly from necessity thro' a Region, savage and mountainous; however I determined to make the best of it, by making a good dinner. About 8 in the Evening, the Malle Poste arrived from Salzburg, and after allowing an hour for a fat Radstater to make his supper, which was scarcely time enough, I was summoned to turn my back upon Upper Austria. We had a stupid, pudding headed Conducteur, with whom I had a squabble about my place, he giving my seat to a Crony of the fat Radstater, but the Crony being an old Man, I did not pull him out, but satisfied myself with reporting the fellow at the Malle Poste office at Laibach.

Soon we quitted the road leading to Bad Gastein, and turned to the left up a steep Moun-

tain, so steep, that on two or three occasions, the Horses could not proceed without resting, and the Carriage made a retrograde movement, which greatly frightened the Conduc-teur by whom I was seated in front; and in many after difficult Passes of this terrible Route, the fellow displayed his cowardly un-fitness for his Office. We reached the top in safety, and at about 1 in the morning, the fat Radstadter descended at his door, and no doubt made a second hearty supper. After leaving Radstadt, we began to ascend the Radstadter Tauern 6000 feet, the summit of which is seen from the Schafberg. It was getting light when we reached that lofty dreary Ridge covered with Snow; on we went, till we came to the Poste House, a mean looking Place, where we found some indif-ferent Coffee, on, on, up and down the Moun-tains, until we arrived at Tweng, where we were to dine. In the *Salle à Manger* there was a table spread for the Passengers, and noth er large one spread with half a dozen

Taylor's, stitching away, as if some naked Customers were waiting for their Garments to get up. Possibly the Innkeeper united the two trades, or as in some places, a society of Taylor's went from house to house to supply the yearly wardrobe. I had observed when we breakfasted, that they brought a young kitten just born to the Conductor the moment he descended, who seemed heart and soul to be occupied in forcing milk down its throat. Here at Tweng where we dined, they brought a young Pup, that had not yet opened its eyes, and this poor little wretch, the stupid fellow was gorging with food in the same manner. It must have been a Mania, for almost at every Relay we were kept waiting an hour whilst he fed some Animal just born. I think in one instance it was a little Owlet. To confess the truth, this a most disagreeable Route; Mountain after Mountain without end, and Valleys. uninteresting and common placed succeeding each other. We passed thro' Spital, where there is a fine Chateau belonging to Prince Porcia

whom I had had the honor to meet in Society, and I believe there are some fine Churches in that Town. Here, I observed a company of Shoemakers at work in the *Salle à Manger* of the Hôtel where we changed Horses.

I was rejoiced when we arrived at the Poste Hôtel at Villach, where I found some good tea, and a comfortable bed, and glad to quit the worst Conveyance, and the worst Conducteur I had ever met with. The fellows name they told me was Häring. Instead of going on to Laibach direct, I decided to make a detour thro' Klagenfurt. One Omnibus leaves Villach at 12 o' Clock for that Town, which gave me an opportunity of seeing the first mentioned, which is a respectable and lively Place, and it being Sunday, the Streets were thronged with well dressed People. I entered a Barbers shop for a very evident purpose. The last time I had been shaved by a Woman at Bad Gastein, and this time, I was lathered by One, and shaved directly after by her Hus-

band I suppose. I confess I wish this daily misery was inflicted upon us always by the soft small hand of a Female; we should then regard the operation as a luxury, rather than the penance it now is, altho' the Practitioner be Figaro himself. The road between Villach and Klagenfurt is almost level, and which proved a most agreeable Variety, after the Mountainous Route of the last two days. In passing, one sees here, as throughout Austria, on every elevation, and commanding position, some fine Church or religious Establishment, and also several fine Castles belonging to the Nobility. Soon we came in sight of a very large Lake, called the Werther See, and which extends nearly to Klagenfurt, but which had no interest for me, but as an immense sheet of Water; so much do Lakes, and indeed Rivers, depend on their Banks, and Borders, and surrounding Scenery, for their beauty, and the interest they inspire.

We arrived late at Klagenfurt, and as it rained, I was obliged to sleep at the Inn

where the Omnibus stopt. I was taken thro' an immense Chamber with a dozen Beds in it, to another large Chamber with many Beds also. As I had no wish to sleep in Barracks, I asked for a private room, but they had none, and I therefore locked my door to keep others out, and descended into the *Salle à Manger* hoping to find some Tea to refresh me.

Tea was not to be had, and my enquiries for it, attracted all the Smokers, and Black Beards and Sandy Beards towards the strange Animal who required such a strange article; however they gave me some good Coffee. Next morning I sallied out to view the Town, of which I had met *en route* many warm admirers. It is certainly a fine Town, with many handsome Churches and a Fountain celebrated for something; but it was perfectly dry, and Fountains without water lose the effect which the Architect meant to produce. A very good Coffee in the Grand Place seemed to be well frequented with *Habitué*s, and Officers, and well furnished with Newspapers, Waitresses,

Cigars, Billiards &c. Two respectable Men of about 30, who left Klagenfurt by the same Malle, were kissed twice each on the two cheeks, and some on the mouth, by a numerous Acquaintance, who came to see them off; and their parting seemed to indicate that they had paid a most agreeable Visit; and I think it very possible to like Klagenfurt, altho I was so glad to proceed on my journey.

The celebrated ascent of the Leobel a Mountain of more than 4000 feet is to be made between Klagenfurt and Laibach. A very fine zig zag Road, originally made by the Romans, but rendered more accessible by the Austrian Government. My companion in the body of the Coach, was a respectable young Woman, who parted with her Husband at the foot of the Mountain; when we came about half way down the Mountain on the other side, She, who had been absorbed in her reflections, as I in mine, broke out into a rapturous exclamation, and clasping her hands, cried, "there it is, there it is" point-

ing to a little Town seen in the distance beyond the bottom of the descent, no doubt her youthful habitation, and her Paradise; and to me, when I passed thro' the said Town called Newmarkt, one of the most uninteresting, and uninviting Places I ever saw.

We arrived very late at Laibach, and I found great difficulty in getting a Chamber; at last at the Court of Austria, they made me up a Bed in one of the dining Rooms. I left the agreeable Town of Laibach the next morning with a lively French Lady for my travelling Companion, who amused me much with her vivacity during the day; but towards the end of the journey, I very ungallantly fell asleep, from which I was roused by my fair Companion with "*Voila Trieste, Monsieur*" and there, sure enough, appeared in the Valley deep beneath, the Lights of that fine Town, with the well known lofty Lanterna far out into the Sea.

After a good nights rest at the National, it was with great pleasure I greeted the Hills

at Trieste (One in particular) in the morning; and in spite of the impressions still so fresh in my Mind and in my Eye, of the charming and romantic Scenery and the magnificent Works of Nature I had been so long and so lately living amongst, I was more than ever struck with admiration at the view of the beautiful Adriatic from the fine Mole, and the superb Establishments and especially the unparalleled Tergesteo; the lively Corso; but more than all, with the beauty of the Women, who, handsome as they are, appeared the more so, from the Contrast between them and the Females I had had before my eyes for the last three Months.

Indeed I should ill shew the respect and partiality I feel for this fair City of Trieste, if I contented myself with thus merely alluding to it at the end of my little Work; and I feel assured that any Compatriot of mine, into whose hands this little Production may haply fall, will not be displeased with being enabled to form some idea of this fine Town, at pre-

sent holding a high rank among the principal and most flourishing Ports of Europe, and whose future Destiny cannot fail to advance it to be one of the first, and most important maritime Cities in this Quarter of the Globe.

A Sketch of Trieste.

I was at Venice at the time of the Congress, or meeting of the *Scienziati* in September 1847. A most favorable Juncture for visiting that most beautiful City; for not only did it resume its long lost appearance of Prosperity and Animation, but the *Biglietto*, which they gave every Stranger of respectability, admitted him into every Public Building and Establishment, and gave him an opportunity of leisurely surveying the numerous Monuments of the Glory and Splendour of that once celebrated Republic. The greatest enjoyment that Privilege afforded me was, the liberty of entering when I liked, and remaining as long as I liked in the

splendid Chambers of the Ducal Palace, thro' which the Stranger is generally hurried by the impatient Cicerone or Custode.

There is no Interior of any Palace in Europe, I should suppose more interesting with respect to the Past, than that of the Ducal Palace at Venice; nor any Walls if they could speak, could tell more wonderful tales yet unrevealed, of Scenes, Deeds, and Events they have witnessed. I confess that the silent and empty Salons had more charms for me, than the thronged and noisy ones appropriated to the different Committees; and that I passed more time in the beautiful and interesting Grand Council Chamber, (where I was sometimes quite alone) in gazing on the Portraits of the Doges, and dwelling in imagination on the Parts they had acted upon the very boards on which I stood, than attending to my Duties as one of the *Scienziati*. I was present at many of the Discussions, but there were so many Speakers, and so many anxious to speak, that I thought it bet-

ter to perform my Part as a good Listener, at the same time, looking as wise as I could, and as if able to throw light upon many an obscure Matter if I chose. The Military Music, which was played every Evening, pleased me more than any thing I heard, and the nightly Illumination on the *Piazza San Marco*, gave it the appearance of Enchantment. I left Venice before the result of the Researches and Labours of so much Collective Wisdom could be known, that is to say, before the Grand Tombola was drawn, and the fortunate Terno announced. But before quitting this side of Italy, I decided to cross the Adriatic, to pay a short Visit to a Friend, with whom I had passed many happy days of intimacy, in a far distant City of France, and now married, and living at Trieste.

It was early on a beautiful morning in the latter part of September, when standing on the Deck of one of the splendid Steamers of Lloyds Austr. Comp., and making its way gallantly thro' the glistening Waters of the

most beautiful of Seas , I first came in view of the Hills that rise from behind the fair City of Trieste. At a great distance the lofty Lanterna or Fanale, (which had long before espied us, and signalized our approach), was seen advancing far out into the Sea, as if to meet us, and grant permission to enter the Harbour, which it concealed from our View. Our fine Vessel neared the Port fast, and soon the commanding Citadel appeared, looking down from its high Elevation with proud and stern defiance, as if ever on the watch over the City under its charge and protection. On the sloping Hills, the numerous Country Houses, with their Gardens, became every moment more distinctly seen, attesting the opulence of the Merchants, and their enjoyment of that opulence, in such healthy, happy looking Homes. The rapidity of our speed quickly brought us within the Harbour, and in sight of the City. The first view of the numerous shipping, the long extent of the fine Quays, the Range of lofty handsome Houses facing

the Harbour, the superb Hôtel near the pretty looking Greek Church, and above all, the busy animation which prevailed everywhere on Shore, even at that early hour, assured me that I was come to a flourishing and important City, and when I landed on the fine Mole, I thanked my Stars for having brought me to it.

After a comfortable warm bath at the then Hôtel Metternich, and a good Breakfast in one of the pleasant Chambers facing the Port and the Sea, I sallied out to find my Friend's Domicile. Anxious as I was to see him after a long absence, I could not refrain when I came on the fine and lively Corso, from going to the end, nor from loitering on that very striking part, where one side so gracefully recedes, as if to give place and space for the grandiose Portico of the old Bourse, and the magnificent Front of its successful Rival, the Tergesteo, to shew themselves to the best advantage. Already the Windows of the fine Magazines were dressed out, with their display of rich and tempting Novelties, and costly

Ornaments, and there were many fair Wearers of such Gear already abroad in the Streets, and in the Shops, whose genteel appearance, fine eyes, and handsome expressive faces, gave me as a Stranger, an assurance of the personal Attractions of the fair Daughters of Trieste; and when I found my Friend, I congratulated him on having fixed his Residence, in one of the most apparently agreeable, and desirable Cities I had ever visited.

I passed a very happy fortnight with my Friends, who took me to all the most pleasant Resorts in the Environs. We went to Opschina to take the air, to Servola to eat Oysters, to the Boschetto to take our Coffee, and to St. Andrea to take our Stroll; and when my Friend came to take me to either, he was always sure to find me on the Mole, looking out on the blue, tranquil Waters of the beautiful Adriatic. I regarded all I saw, as a Stranger enjoying a transient View of a Place he visits for the first and last time, and was preparing for my departure, but my Destiny had ordered otherwise.

The Reader would not much care to be told, why, in A D, 1850, I am still in Trieste, nor would I intrude farther on his notice and patience, had I not to speak of a very interesting and eventful Period, and of the Constancy, and Patriotism displayed in convulsed and perilous times, by a large City, and numerous and sensitive Community, which, altho in itself divided and agitated by conflicting Prepossessions and Politics, yet unanimously united in Devotion to the Public Good, the support of existing Authorities, and maintenance of order and Tranquillity. And History will record, that whilst every other important City of Italy, had thrown off allegiance to its Government, and was a Prey to Commotion and Violence, and even the Capital of the Empire exhibited scenes of Insurrection and Tumult, the City of Trieste remained unmoved and unscathed by the Revolutions and Convulsions round her, and became in fact a City of Refuge to the Stranger, and to all who fled from Persecution and Danger.

I had fixed the day for my Departure, when my Friends most unexpectedly received a Letter, which called them to England on some domestic Matters, and they proposed to me to reside in their House, and preside over their Establishment in their Absence. Leading a Nomade sort of Life, and having no fixed Home, and as their House was very comfortable, and contained a choice selection of Books, and their Establishment easy to govern, consisting of a Canary, which sang most charmingly, and a English Housekeeper, who dressed a Mutton Chop and mashed Potatoes, besides cooking other English luxuries to perfection, I willingly accepted their offer, and the more willingly, because I had not only already conceived a partiality for the Place, but had found so many agreeable and friendly Compatriots here. Behold me then, and you with me dear patient Reader, *Booked* for the Winter, which I will make as short, and as little tedious as possible.

I had happily brought with me Letters of Introduction to two of the Principal Mer-

chants, which immediately placed me on terms of intimacy with two of the best and kindest of Friends, and with the remainder I soon scraped acquaintance, and became one of the cozing Coterie at our daily Rendezvous at the Tergesteo. I had now time to indulge myself in my favorite Promenade up and down the fine Mole, and watching the Arrival and Departure of the many Ships and Steamers. I likewise, often made one of the Loungers on the lively Corso, gazing at the splendid *Nouveautés*, and pretty articles of *Bijouterie*, and the knicknacks in the Windows, and admiring likewise (in a Pickwickian point of view) the fair Promenaders, whose attractive Presence renders the Corso, at certain hours, one of the most agreeable and lively streets in the World. But let me tell, the Reader, that it is not on the Mole or Corso alone if he is disposed to be amused, and not too fastidious, or splenetic, he can pass away some of his time agreeably. There are the fine Quays, *Cafés*, and lively Markets, Fish, *Fleisch*, Fruit, and Flower, (I

myself love Fruit and Flower Markets,) and last and by no means least, the Tergesteo, the Strangers great Resource, of which I shall speak hereafter. The City of Trieste is only geographically known to the general Run of Visitors to the Continent, for being separated by the Sea, from the customary and beaten Track, or Route pursued by Travellers and Tourists, is seldom visited from motives of Curiosity, Pleasure, or Health; and owes all its Life, and Animation to its own *Agrémens*, and Resources. One never sees here in the Streets, as in other Cities of Italy and France, the Courier tearing along, smacking his Whip to announce my Lords approach, and to order a fire to be lighted in his Bed Chamber; nor are there to be seen in the Streets, those strange specimens of English Women, in poke bonnets, and stout walking shoes, staring about, and striding along, with their Husbands with the Red Hand-Book under his left Arm, which, one has the Mortification of seeing so often, in Genoa, and Marseilles, and other Cities of

the South. I have been often provoked in those Places, in hearing my beloved Country Women described, as being all of such a Class, but it was by those who knew nothing about them, for those who did, acknowledged the real English well bred Women, to be the personification of gentility and loveliness, and

"fitted, or to grace a Court,
or walk the Streets with unaffected ease."

But altho few Tourists pass this way, yet there are Numbers who come here on their Commercial affairs, and also many English *en route* to and from the Indies, Egypt, or Syria; and one sees almost every day in the Tergesteo some Strangers, Civilians or Officers going to join the Army in India, or coming home on leave. One can distinguish those coming home, by an appearance of wear, and exposure, and also by the peculiarity of their Mufti, for the Moses and Sons of Bombay, are later in their fashions, than the Moses and Sons of the Minorities. But however dressed they might be, one could not help regarding

with interest and admiration those fine Fellows, some of them Heroes, who had greatly distinguished themselves, and had gained their Laurels under a burning Sun, and at the Cannon's Mouth. Many likewise passed thro' to Egypt, or Syria, either on account of the Climate, or to gratify their Curiosity in those interesting Countries. They generally made a Halt at Trieste, finding it such a fine Town, and such a resource in the Tergesteo, where we soon became acquainted. I was much amused with one of those Travellers, who was going to Egypt in search of a hot Sun, and Curiosities. I dont know whether he had taken this Route in preference to others for the purpose, but he was exceedingly anxious to see those marvellous St. Anthony's Pigs, of which Murray speaks in his Hand-Book; but no one at the Hôtel or elsewhere could satisfy his curiosity about them, for in fact, no one had ever heard of them. In his extremity, he applied to our Consul for information, but

that good worthy Man knew nothing of such Gentry; nor could a young intelligent and active Friend of mine, after making many enquiries, make head or tail of those privileged Animals. Since I have been at Trieste, I have never seen a live Pig, and I suppose there are thousands of the Inhabitants, who have never heard the sweet Music of that Quadruped, or have seen it “lovely in its life;” for those and all other Animals are executed outside the Town, and the Bodies only admitted within. But I must leave to Hand Books, Guide Books, &c. &c., to amuse their Readers after their manner, and to describe in their methodical Routine, the Churches, Streets, Establishments, Hôtels of this Town, for I cannot spare a line from the few that remain, but to say a few words about a favorite Resort, and most agreeable Resource I have found in this Town; and which, is as much appreciated by all others, as it is by me.

I have already spoken in a cursory manner of the Tergesteo, the Front of

which, the Reader sees in the little Engraving in the Title Page, and into which he will find wide Entrances from the Street, in the Centre of each of the four Sides. He will come into a light, airy, wide Gallery, or Arcade, beautifully paved with flags of fine Granite, or rather Marble, and lighted by a lofty glazed Roof. This Gallery crosses at right angles the Ground Floor of this immense Edifice; and is at present, with the different Salons to the Right and Left, applied to the Commercial purposes of the City; and is used by the Merchants and Traders of all denominations, as their Bourse or Exchange. Altho there may be larger and more imposing Exchanges in some of the Capitals of Europe, the Merchant could not I think, find a more convenient as well as agreeable Place for meeting his Connexions and Friends, and transacting his Business, than in this charming Gallery, and the public and private Salons adjoining. The Tables in the Reading Salons are covered with Newspapers from every Country in Europe, and Foreign

Parts, and in every Language; and one reads them with great comfort in these well lighted Salons, and on such agreeable seats. This Establishment is always open from an early hour in the morning till 11 in the Evening, to the great comfort and enjoyment of the Subscribers, some of whom, I really believe, pass the greater part of their days in it. At the hour of Exchange, from $\frac{1}{2}$ past 12 to $\frac{1}{2}$ past 1, the Gallery and Salons are crowded, and at that time, there must be at least twelve hundred Persons of all Nations, and Costumes. At that hour the English are in great force, and among them several Drones, who must much annoy the Bees on many occasions, and I am sure the anxious Broker hovering near his Principal, must often begrudge the time and attention paid to the piquant sallies, and pleasantries of several well known Characters there. Into this Establishment Strangers can enter without fear of being regarded as Intruders, and if remaining some time, the signature of a Subscriber will give him the *Entrée*

for 3 Months. The celebrated Lloyds Printing Establishment occupies a long Range and many Offices on the first Story, and on the other side on the second Story, the Lloyds Austriaco hold their seat of Government, with the numerous Departments for the Direction and Management of their important Concerns and mighty Fleet, besides their Offices and Depots on the Ground Floor. In another Part, the Lloyds Assurance Company has established itself, and there are yet numerous Suites of Apartments, and private Offices, and Magazines in this immense Edifice, of which the Secretary of the Establishment will give you full particulars.

The Triestines have other Resources besides the Tergesteo. Of course there are here as in every other City of Italy and France, Cafes and Restaurants of different Grades. My favorite Cafe has ever been that of the Specchi, which, altho not grand nor lofty nor much ornamented has something within it that surpasses show, an air of graceful Comfort.

The Cafe Tommaso is the most frequented, especially in the Summer, to hear the Military Music played there in the Evening. There are also four Casinos, Nobile (or Vecchio), Tedesco, Greek, and Commercial. The Casino Tedesco occupies a very fine Suite of Rooms, very handsomely fitted up, and is altogether a very charming Establishment. The three roaring Fires in English Grates, which are kept up during the Winter, are worth the twenty Florins one pays for the Years subscription; and I can assure the Reader, that these Salons with their brilliant Lights, and their fine inlaid Floors, (fine Brussels Carpets would be much better) and the different Parties at play, and the aforesaid roaring Fires, form a very agreeable Contrast when one enters at Night from the cold Streets. During the Heat of Summer, the Subscribers have a most delightful, luxurious Lounge, in their lofty, large, Elegant Ball Room, always cool and airy, where they read their Newspaper or play their games of Cards or Chess, or take

their Coffee, Ices or *Siesta*, and waited on by the politest Waiters in Italy. In the Carnival, Balls are given by the Subscribers to the Wives and Daughters of their Friends, (their own have a vested right to come) and then, there is a brilliant Display, and the whole range of Apartments blazes with Beauty and Brightness. The Casino Nobile occupies the suite of Rooms under that of the Tedesco, and presents the same appearance of Taste and Elegance, and regard to Comfort and Enjoyment.

The greatest Drawback to the enjoyment of Life at Trieste is the great scarcity, and indeed the total absence of agreeable Country Walks in the immediate Environs. That of St. Andrea is a very pleasant one by the side of the Sea; but it is too much of a Promenade, as is that of the Boschetto, and one sighs for the variety of green fields, and shady walks, and temporary retirement from the Pavé and a noisy Population. This St. Andrea is the Hyde Park of Trieste, and at the fashionable Hours, crowded with fair Promenaders and

their Escorts. The Drive at the side, presents sometimes two lines of very respectable Equipages, and several of the Turns Out *a l'Anglaise* very stylish, as well as elegant.

The Winter now began to give Signals of its speedy approach. On returning home one afternoon, I found the Jalousies removed, and in their Place an outside Window; the first precaution of the kind against cold I had ever seen. On expressing my opinion that it was useless, the simple reply was, wait till the Bora comes, and then say whether you think it useless. I had heard much of this "Blustring Railer", and I confess that I longed to know whether he was stronger than his twin Brother, the Mistral, whom I had often met at Marseilles. After giving several times note of its coming, about the middle of December, it sounded its arrival in the Neighbourhood of Opschina, where it established its Winter Quarters, and blew down upon the Town, (according to an excellent Friends Meteorological report) 56 days without in-

termission, and with a fury inconceivable by those who have never felt it. On one of those days, my good Housekeeper slyly left the outside Window open without my perceiving it, and on my complaining of the unusual coldness of the Room, she advised me to have the outside Window closed; and then I was convinced of the difference between the single and double Glass Protection.

During the continuance of the Bora, one heard nothing but complaints against it, and it appeared to be considered as one of greatest Evils of the City, and the greatest drawback to the comfort and enjoyment of Life. Certainly it is a most rude Visitor and the great violence of its Character often produces effects greatly to be deplored. Not content with blowing Trees and sometimes Chimnies down, and Tiles off the Houses, and keeping many an impatient Captain when in sight of the City, from entering the Port for many days, and various other mischievous Vagaries; it blows a young Lady's Ringlets out of Curl,

and rudely blows about the petticoats of an Unprotected Female, and obliges her to cling to a Post for security; and almost blows off his legs and against a House, some good Fellow returning home after supping with his Friends. But let me remind these, and all other Complainers, of the universal Prayer in the time of the Cholera, for the return of the much abused Bora, (that mighty Agent of a Protecting Providence,) to repel the baleful Sirocco, and dispel into thin Air, the noxious Gases, and the Pestilential Vapours, which the fell Monster breathed over the City, the inhaling of which, was Death to many thousands.

For my part I love the Bora. It acts upon me as a "Spirit of Health, bringing airs from Heaven," and altho I have found it difficult to bear up against when returning home, yet once there, its tremendous Roaring against my Windows, was to me the Music of the finest Wind Instrument I ever heard. It must be owned that the cold was most intense,

and made the poor Bachelor sigh for the Carpets and cheerful Fires of a comfortable English Chamber. That there are numerous attractions to draw and keep the English on the Continent is not to be denied, but to come to the south of France, (excepting Hyères,) or to most parts of Italy, to escape the cold of Winter, is now I believe, generally acknowledged to be a great Farce.

However in time the Bora being exhausted, reposed to take breath; the Days became longer, and the Sun more powerful, and we had reached the beginning of February. At that time, every Newspaper from France teemed with angry Discussions in the Chambers, and contentions between the Government and the People. The day approached for the Reform Banquet, and a Collision was to be feared; and every Courier expected with impatience. At length there was a total cessation of Newspapers from the West, and we Englishmen were without our darling Galignani for many days. The mysterious non

appearance of our punctual trusty Messenger, assured us that something very extraordinary had happened, and the suspense gave occasion for numerous wise surmises, and sagacious suppositions; but the most ominous conjecture of the greatest Alarmist among us, fell far short of the astounding reality communicated by the Telegraphic Dispatch; "that a Revolution had again broken out in Paris, that Louis Philippe and his Family had fled, and that a Republic had been declared."

After this Outburst, the rapidity with which the Flames of Rebellion, fed and fanned by the inflammatory state and spirit of the times, spread over a great part of Continental Europe, is now a matter of History. Every day brought its reports of Insurrections, Barriades, and Comotions in various Cities; many of which the Courier or Telegraphic Dispatch unhappily confirmed. As yet the Storm was heard only in the Distance, but soon it was felt coming near. The Newspapers from Vienna ceased to arrive, which alarmed

the Triestenes more than all, and crowds waited the arrival of the Malle Poste, to learn from the Conducteur what had happened. Soon it was known that an Excitement almost amounting to Insurrection prevailed in the loyal and tranquil City of Vienna, and that Discontent against the Government had assumed such a menacing Form, that he, who had so long held the reins of that Government, had fled from the fearful responsibility he had incurred for so many Years Misrule, and for having brought the State and the Country into such difficulty and danger. This sudden Flight betraying a consciousness of having deserved the indignation of his Country, proved at once to the Triestenes, that He was no longer worthy to occupy the high place in public estimation, they had held him and assigned him, and an instantaneous Impulse led them to make the only popular display of Self Will during the eventful Period, that of demanding, that their Grand Hôtel should no longer bear the name of Metternich. As soon as possible

a long Board concealed the proud Characters deepen graven in the hard Granite, and in the Morning one read roughly written on that Board, "Hôtel National." The Directors of the Tergesteo had wisely testified their own change of regard, by taking down that fine Portrait of the Minister in his Robes of State, which met the Eye on entering the Principal Reading Salon, and substituted that of the good, but hitherto ill advised Emperor.

All eyes were now turned towards Vienna, and every night Crowds waited the arrival of the Malle Poste; many of them, in their impatience, went some way to meet it. A night or two after, when asleep in my Chamber at the Hôtel, (for my Friends had returned from England) I was awakened by the sound of Military Music and Hurraing in the Streets; and on looking out, I saw the Houses illuminated, and throngs of People about, at that late or rather early Hour. Soon a long Procession headed by a Military Band, playing God save the Emperor, passed under my Window, and

I naturally concluded, that good news had arrived from Vienna by that Nights Mail. In the morning I was told that the Courier had brought intelligence, that the Emperor had issued an Edict promising a Constitution to the Empire and Lombardy; and that the Discontent and Disaffection of the Viennese had turned into unbounded joy, and public testimonies of Loyalty and Gratitude. The Edict proclaimed the immediate formation of a National Guard, the Abolition of the Censorship of the Press, and that a Convocation of Delegates from all the States of the German, Sclavonian and Lombardo - Venetian Kingdoms would be summoned. The next day, the Inhabitants of Trieste were invited to form a National Guard; and immediately were to be seen all Classes of every Denomination, Politics and Nation hastening forward to enrol themselves, and to demand Arms for the defence of the City and State, from any possible danger. And now the drill superseded all commercial affairs, and the sound of the drum drowned the

fearful speculations of the apprehensive. It was very amusing to see the Groups of young Men filled with martial ardour, forming rank and file, and marching for the sake of the thing, thro' the crowds of admiring young Ladies: for there were always Assemblages in the Streets, and among them numbers of the Fair Sex regarding with interest the March of Events, and their Fathers Brothers and perhaps Lovers marching by, with the deadly Musket resting on their Arms.

I was preparing to leave Trieste at this interesting Period, and to return to my former place of abode on the other side of Italy; expecting to find the Cities, thro which I had to pass tranquillized and restored to order by the Concessions which had been granted.

But they had been granted too late; the Spirit of Rebellion had taken fast hold on the passions of the People; and a universal determination to cast off the domination of Austria, repelled every Overture of Reconciliation and Concession. Soon the news came that the

Milanese after an obstinate Fight of five days in their Streets, had compelled the Austrians to retire, and had established a Provisional Government composed of its own Citizens, and on the same day, Venice had, almost without a struggle, been given up by the Austrian Governor to its own Inhabitants and its own Controul. All communication between Trieste and the revolted Cities had now ceased, and it was scarcely possible to pass thro' a Country, the whole extent of which was a Field of Battle between the Population and the Austrian Soldiers, and I was constrained to remain until the Crisis had passed.

And soon the Crisis appeared approaching. Rebellion spread with irresistible force like a mighty Tide over the fertile Plains of Lombardy. In every City, the tricolored Standard was displayed, and the People *en masse*, threw off allegiance to the Austrian Domination, whose Armies, being too weak to oppose resistance, retired on all sides to their own Confines, and for a time the Im-

perial Brow seemed destined to wear no longer the Iron Crown. The Scene of Combat now approached Trieste; Palmanuova within a short distance had disarmed its Garrison and established its Independance, and the contending Parties were fighting in the immediate Neighbourhood. Several times some of the Tergesteans reported that they had heard Cannonading in the Night.

Indeed the situation of Trieste was at this time very critical, and the Authorities and Partizans of Austria had much cause for Alarm. It was the only City of Italy that remained firm and faithful in its adherence to the House of Austria, and as yet undisturbed by factious Displays, or Disorders. But it could not be known whether the all pervading, and all prevailing Spirit of Revolution then abroad, might not have infused its dangerous principles into the minds and hearts of some part of the Community, and prepared them for an Outbreak on the first fitting opportunity. At this time, the English and French Steamers

had brought from Venice, crowds of Strangers; some fleeing from Danger, and others bringing Danger with them. I saw in the Cafés and Streets many wearing the Calabrese Hat and Cockade, but these openly proclaimed their principles, and were not half so dangerous as the secret Emissaries, sowing the seeds of Discontent and Dissaffection among the People. It was not possible to foresee, what effect a sudden Cry raised by the Enemies of the Government might produce upon a numerous and animated Population, for whom Variety and Change have always great attractions, to say nothing of the tempting chances and opportunities of helping themselves to what they much wanted, which an Insurrectionary Tumult would afford to the needy part of the Populace of a large City.

During this state of suspense, there reigned throughout a perfect tranquillity and order; not a sound of triumph or fear or discontent was to be heard, and altho among the res-

pectable part of the Community, there were Men of different Politics, Predilections, Nations and Religions; yet a firm determination to resist all clamourous and unconstitutional Movements was evidently manifested by all: and I am sure, that if any Commotion had been raised, the greatest Liberal, and the most enthusiastic Italian would have been found foremost in the Ranks fighting with his Fellow Citizens, Germans, Greeks, English and Hebrews, in maintenance of order, and in support of the existing Government. But soon an opportunity arrived of ascertaining the Bias of the People, and the strength of their Attachment to the Austrian Sway. I recollect that I was taking my Coffee one afternoon at the Specchi, when I heard a great noise in the Street, and every one rushed from the Cafe, and I among them. In the Strada opposite the Governors, and in the *Piazza del Teatro*, there was a large Crowd assembled, for what purpose I could not learn, but it had a very dangerous appearance. Soon I heard several Cries

of *Viva la Republica*, and several Hats or Caps were thrown into the air; but to the Honor and Credit of the Multitude composed of all Classes, there was a general murmur of Disapprobation, and many cried *Non vogliamo Republica*; and shortly after the Military Music was heard approaching, and all hastened towards it, and soon the Crowd formed their usual close Column, and marched away before the Band playing, God save the Emperor. I have always thought since, that this Assemblage had been collected by some Means by the Fomentors of Rebellion, to strike their grand *Coup* for exciting an Insurrectionary Movement, but the Result had a very contrary effect, and only confirmed the People in their Fidelity and Devotion to the Austrian Cause; for after this Declaration of the Public Voice, the People manifested more than ever their determination to be governed by their present Rulers.

From this day there were continual Displays of Loyalty and Attachment, and altho the City was proclaimed in a State of Siege, the

Measure was taken, more as a Protection from Enemies without, than implying suspicion of the Inhabitants. One great Instrument employed by the Authorities to keep the People contented and in good humour, was the frequent Marching of the Military Music thro' the Streets, and the Evening Playing before the Governor's. We always knew when any adverse news had arrived by the Band making its appearance. The Populace at Trieste are more than usually fond of Music as a Populace, and I really think, that in the midst of any tumultuous Commotion, the approach of a Band playing some popular air, would soften the most angry passions, and silence every insurrectionary Cry. It is always a great source of pleasure to me, to see the close Phalanx of what we call in England Ragamuffins in long lines abreast, and arm in arm, before the Band, marching in time with the Music, and looking as happy and joyous, as if they were marching to a good dinner, or to receive a new pair of Breeches each, and which they all much need.

Indeed I think that a spirit of Harmony and Order prevails in a most extraordinary manner thro' all Classes of Society in this City. During the three Years I have lived here, I have not only, not seen a blow struck, but I have never heard a single Dispute, or even an angry word pass, (excepting when my good Landlady chides her Daughter), neither in the Streets, Theatres or Markets. Six Years ago, a Millionaire gave a Man a slap in the Face in the Tergesteo, and since that time he has never dared to shew his Face there. In the Cafés all is harmony and good fellowship, and sometimes too much hugging. My Chamber Windows overlook a large *Piazza*, in which there is a Stand for Coaches, and a Fountain which supplies a populous Quarter with Water, and always surrounded by Nymphs of the Pail waiting their turns. I am perpetually amused by the mock fights, knocking off hats, and other practical Jokes of the Jarvies; but I never yet saw or heard any kind of quarrel, or angry dispute about priority or precedence

or any thing else; I have often seen an Unprotected Female pulled away from the fortunate Holder of the Prize, without exciting any appearance of anger or reproach; and it seems to be one of the standing Jokes of the Brethren to outjockey each other. As to the Water Nymphs they are much too patient and quiet. I enjoy much the wordy war (when it does not come to blows) between two eloquent fair Members of Society, such as I have often heard in Dublin and Marseilles.

But Trieste had yet another Ordeal to pass through, before it could be pronounced out of Danger. Charles Albert now appeared on the Field of Battle, leading on his Piedmontese to the Cry of *Viva! l' Italia libera*, and proclaiming that he would not leave a foot of Italian Ground to the Enemy. His successful March thro' the Country seemed to promise, that his mighty Purposes were to be accomplished. His threat of sending his Fleet into the Adriatic to succour Venice, and to punish Trieste for its fidelity to the cause of Austria,

was soon followed by the actual appearance of his Ships in the Gulph, and their approach to Trieste. It would be impossible to describe the excitement which prevailed, when the Fanale signalized "Enemy's Fleet in View," and which was tenfold increased, when the Cannon sounded the Alarm from the Citadel. The Drums beat to arms; the National Guards ran to take their Muskets; and thousands ran to the Mole and to the Quays, to be convinced of the truth; and others to their Homes to allay the fears of their Wives and Children, and to concert means for their Safety in case of need. My old Landlady, when the alarm was given, locked herself into her Bed Chamber; closed the Windows, and peeped though the keyhole at the coming Danger. The old market Women must have thought the World was at an end, when obliged to throw their Onions and Cabbages and other precious Articles, higgledy piggledy into their Baskets, and to take down their Stalls, and take themselves off, that the Cannon might supply their places.

The Enemy's Fleet formed in menacing Line in Front of the Port, and a Cannonading was expected from hour to hour; but whether from the remonstrances of the different Consuls, or from other powerful considerations, not a shot was fired. After keeping all in doubt, and the timid in fear for some days, the Enemy disappeared one morning, and sailed to Venice. In the meantime, preparations were made to be in readiness to receive a second and possibly more hostile visit. Batteries were erected, and Cannon bristled on every possible advanced point. In a few days, the Fanale signalized once more the Enemy, and again the Citadel sounded the Alarm, and again the old Ladies of the Market were obliged to pack up and pack off. Thousands were now seen making their way to St. Andrea to watch the approach of the Foe; but I observed that in their hurry the Fair Ones had taken time enough to put on their usual becoming attire. Soon the Enemy approached almost within Cannon

shot, and I am sure there were Multitudes of those that lined the shore who wished the sport to begin; I did for one. In the dead of the Night, a loud report of a Cannon was heard, and immediately followed by another, and no doubt thousands jumped out of Bed as I did, expecting that it was the commencement of the Storm; but it arose from one of the hostile Ships approaching too near one of the Batteries.

The Enemy still preserved strict silence, but at the same time maintained a strict Blockade; and their Presence, tho' a short way out at Sea, ceased to excite so much alarm. Certainly a Bombardment of the City would have been destructive of Property as well as of Life; but the Cannon from the Batteries, from the Citadel, and from the Quays would have poured forth such a terrible Fire, that the Enemy must have soon been silenced, if not destroyed.

At that time we had two British Ships of War in the Port, sent by Admiral Parker to

protect the English, and their interests, and to give them shelter in case of need; and to watch the motions of the Sardinian and Neapolitan Fleets; and no doubt their Presence with that of a French Ship of War, tended to keep the Hostile Squadrons on their best behaviour. One of our Ships was the glorious looking Terrible, and the other the fine Frigate the Spartan. The Officers were for the most part nice good Fellows, and enlivened our Society by their gaiety, and the Town by their frequent and animated appearance. The fine old Veteran who commanded the Terrible often came to the Tergesteo to read the Newspaper, and one could plainly see, that he would prefer shewing his fine range of Teeth in the face of an Enemy, than in the presence of Ladies in a Ball Room. The Captain of the Spartan was a very handsome Man, a gallant Sailor, and the Idol of his Men; but whose Language partook so much of the old Nautical style as in Smollets time, that his best Friends would sometimes gladly have shut

their ears if they could. The Chaplains of the two Ships were young Men, Pinks of their Profession, exemplary in their devotion to the Fair Sex, and irreproachable for the spotless Purity of their Shirts and Neckcloths. The rest of the Officers were fine spirited Fellows, and promised to do honor to the Service and their Country, if ever Occasion should permit.

In a short time the Neapolitan Fleet separated from the Sardinian, and sailed for Naples; and soon after, the Sardinians received their orders to leave the Adriatic and return to Genoa. The Terrible if I recollect had left before. The war in Italy now approached its termination. As is well known, the successful onward march of the Piedmontese was but of short duration. After enriching the already fertile Plains of Lombardy with the blood of many of their fellow Soldiers, the remainder of the Army hastened for safety to their own Borders; on which those decisive Battles were fought, which reestablished Austria in the Sovereignty of Lombardy, and soon after in the

whole of the Lombardo - Venetian Kingdom. Charles Albert sleeps with his Fathers. His Misfortunes and the melancholy termination of his Career, will no doubt soften the severity of future Historians, in passing Judgment on his Conduct and Character as Prince and as King.

The Spartan remained with us all the Winter, during which she was joined by the Mutine. The Officers must have passed a happy time here, and will long remember no doubt, the gay Parties, the Carnival Balls, the hospitality of their Countrymen, and the happy Evenings spent in the cheerful and delightful Salons of Bora Hall. A gloom was thrown over our Christmas Festivities by the Melancholy Shipwreck of the poor Mutine, and the loss of one of our greatest Favorites the fine and gallant Whiting, in heroically attempting to effect a communication between the Shore and his Ship whilst battling against the Waves and the Hurricane. In him the Country lost, should it have needed, another Naval Hero. But in time

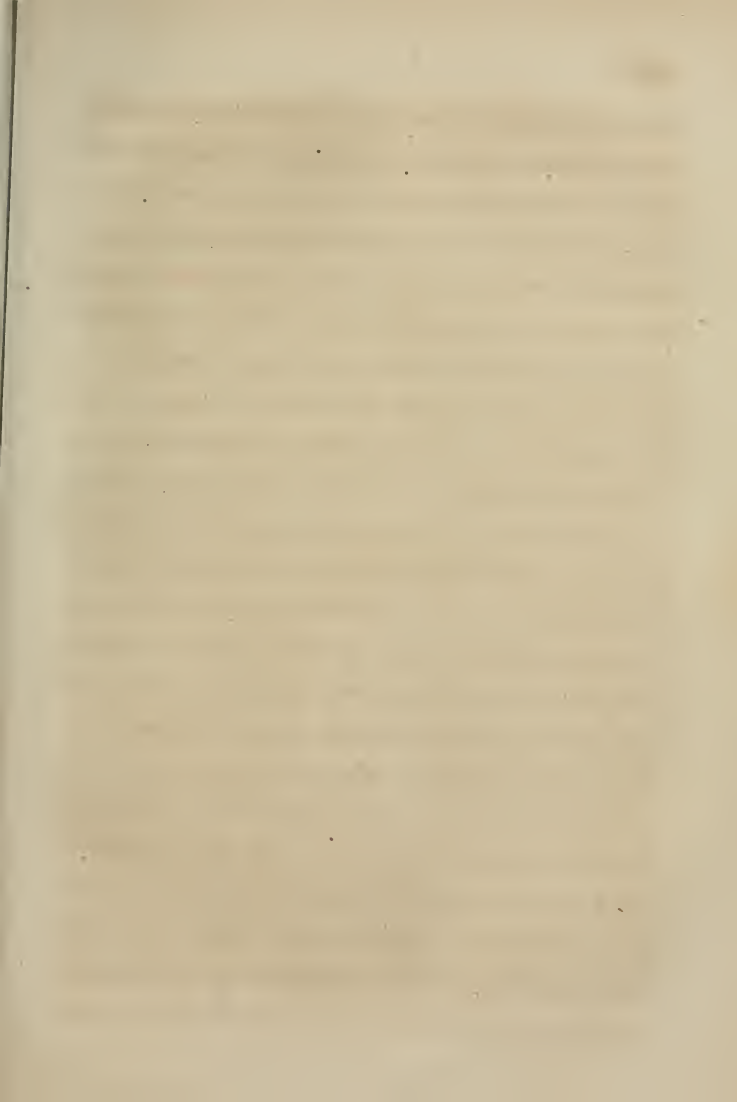
the Spartan received her orders and left; and with her departed the last vestige of the eventful Period.

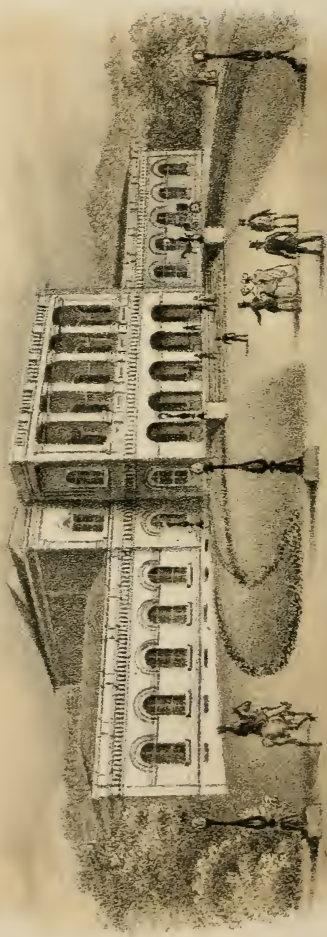
But Trieste remains, and will remain, true to her self, and to the happiness and best interests of her Citizens and their Children, in continuing true in her allegiance to that Rule under which she has become such a rich, powerful, and prosperous City.

In conclusion; I should much like (if it were permitted) to see through some Mesmeric Influence, this fair City as it will, and must be twenty years hence. Already the communication by Railway is finished (excepting the traverse of a few hours and the labour of a few Years) which will bring Egypt and the Levant within ten days from Hamburg and the Baltic and the North Sea; and already the numerous Fleet of Lloyds Austriaco is on the Seas, which will bear the produce of those fertile Countries to Trieste, to be sent forward by the Railway to all parts of the North; for altho France will have her rail

road from Marseilles, and Italy from Genoa, yet Trieste must be the Emporium for all the Northern Countries and Seas.

At the Port of Trieste in a very short time, the greatest part of the numerous English going overland to India will take their leave of Europe, and on their return will first salute the European Shore. There can be no doubt, but that when the line of Railway is complete, almost all going or returning to and from India by land, will prefer the agreeable and varied *Route* thro Vienna to Trieste, and the direct short Sea Passage to Alexandria by the Adriatic, to the uninteresting and monotonous Journey thro France, and the long and more circuitous Voyage from Marseilles. Already an increasing number of Passengers take advantage of the monthly Service established by Lloyds Austriaco Comp.^y whose fine Ships, fitted up with every comfort and convenience, make the Passage direct from this Port to Alexandria in about five days.





The Baths of Homburg in winter.

FRANKFORT ON THE MAINE

AND

THE BATHS OF HOMBURG IN WINTER.

The Sirocco, that terrible wind which is so prevalent along the Italian shores, and which in many of the maritime parts exercises such baleful influence over the health and constitutions of the natives themselves, affects me here at Trieste as it formerly did when residing in the beautiful city of Genoa. When those fatal blasts from the South replace the winds from the North, I am laid prostrate, I breathe with the greatest difficulty, my heart palpitates under the painful pressure of a waking nightmare, and when I

attempt to walk, my legs seem to be wading through an invisible quagmire. — Early in the night I am awakened by a feeling of suffocation, followed by an attack of asthma, only relieved by an hours coughing. My kind friends and good Physician seeing me sinking under so much suffering, entreat me to fly from a climate so injurious to the health, and the latter advises me to go inland, and seek a level dry open country, free from those continual changes of atmosphere so much felt in Italy, and far from those perpetual contentions for mastery between the pestilential gales from Africa, and the glacial wolfish torrents of wind rushing down from the Mountains. Regretting to bid adieu to the many kind English and Triestene friends to whom I was sincerely attached, and from whom, during a residence of three years I had received so many proofs of goodness of heart and generous hospitality, I found myself obliged to leave the interesting land of the South, the very agreeable

city of Trieste, the beautiful cloudless sky of Italy, and the dazzling waters of the Adriatic, reflecting on their tranquil bosom the deep blue of the Heavenly dome above, on which I had so often gazed with admiration and delight. Retaining for many years a fond recollection of the City of Frankfort where long ago I had passed nearly a month most agreeably, I determined to bend my steps thitherward, and thus in opposition to all received sanative maxims and measures, I quitted the far famed favored climate of Italy to seek for health in the cold regions of the North.

When I alighted on my arrival at my old quarters the Hotel d'Angleterre, I was by chance shewn into the same chamber which I recollected to have occupied so many years before, and was again refreshed after my long journey with that fragrant tea with its accompaniments which an Englishman only can appreciate, and for my breakfast in the morning with coffee fine flavored and strong enough to satisfy the most fastidious

Frenchman. Intending to remain some time in this city, I immediately sought an apartment, and found a very pleasant one in the beautiful street the Zeil, in the house of Mr. Hahn the hatter &c. (whom I recommend to my countrymen as an honest and very civil tradesman) nearly opposite the Post-office and also the fine Hotel de Russie, one of the best and most comfortable Hotels on the Continent, and where I have the pleasure of seeing from my windows many of my fellow Countrymen alight on their arrival.

With great delight I find that my good Doctor was right in his opinion that my complaints were not radical, and that a change of climate would remove them. — From the first hour I breathed this fine pure air all my maladies have left me, and the health and almost the elasticity of younger days seem to be restored to me. I have no longer asthma, my heart is free from pressure and palpitation, and my limbs from restraint. — I can walk all the day without fatigue, and I likewise

enjoy the inexpressible comfort of a good nights sleep. How delightful it is to feel the heart released from its deadly burden, to breathe unobstructedly throughout the day the delicious air from Heaven unmixed with noxious earthly gases, to be assured by the silent imperceptible pulsation that the beautiful machinery within which diffuses the vital fluid through the frame, is restored to perfect order, to find my limbs freed from that hidden obstruction to their onward movement, and to awake in the morning refreshed by sleep, instead of being disturbed early in the night by laborious respiration. In this air I can sing or even shout, and not only walk fast but run, and possibly dance if I were to try. Many of my friends at Trieste advised me to resort to the Hydropathic or cold water system, but thank Heaven I had too much confidence in its own pure congenial air as a restorative, to have recourse to such a troublesome, out of the way, though possibly scientific mode of cure.

It will then be very natural that I speak in terms of great partiality of this charming city of Frankfort, which besides its fine healthy air is undeniably a most agreeable place of residence for us Englishmen, and judging from the number of my compatriots here, its advantages are duly appreciated; however of its numerous attractions all the Guide Books and descriptions given by travellers bear ample testimony, particularly the charming lively works of Mrs. Trollope in which this city is enthusiastically spoken of, and also the Englishmans best and most useful companion, the red Hand Book, which gives its usual faithful and minute details of the many objects which will please and interest the visitor to this city. As to my own experience of its *agrémens* a few words must suffice. Besides my home in my own comfortable apartment, the obliging Mr. Charles Jügel gave me a card of introduction into the celebrated Casino, where, in its well heated, brilliantly lighted range of Salons, and with the resources

of newspapers, periodicals, cards and billiards &c. a Stranger can pass many agreeable hours during the dreary season of the Year. The extensive circulating library of Mr. Oehler in which I found many modern works that had not yet reached the South, has been a great resource, and likewise the charming and lively Cafe Milani, where in the evening I have enjoyed my favorite game of Chess, and where all Englishman can find Galignani, Times, Punch and all the Illustrations, with a most excellent cup of Tea or Coffee, and the greatest civility from the obliging proprietor Il Signor Milani, who is possessed with Anglomania to a high degree. I have visited the Churches, Library, Picture Gallery, Museum of Natural History &c. but my greatest delight has been to walk along the fine Quay by the side of the fast flowing Maine, or to wander through the charming diversified walks in the enchanting gardens which nearly environ the city, and which extending for nearly three miles, are all laid out in that beau-

tiful and natural style so congenial to the English taste. I have likewise paid repeated morning visits to Dannecker's most lovely Ariadne, who seems almost sensible of ones admiration, for really that roseate tint thrown upon it through the screen of silk, gives it the hue of life and the semblance of animation, and especially when the sun shines.

A resident in Frankfort enjoys a very great and important advantage in the means of rapid and constant communication with all parts of Europe. I can be in London, or Berlin, Vienna, or Paris in much less than two days, and indeed to all parts, East, West, North or South the Railway carriages depart many times in the day: Likewise the numerous noted and agreeable places of resort in the immediate neighbourhood afford most pleasant short excursions, at a very small expense. For example, the celebrated Baths of Homburg open and gay in the dull season of Winter and throughout the year, are reached by numerous

conveyances during the day in an hour and a half for 30 Kreuzers, and by the Railway and Omnibus in about an hour for 33 Kreuzers. Having heard so much of the Winter attractions of Homburg, I determined to drive over and judge for myself, and accordingly a day or two after my arrival I took my place in the Mail, and after a pleasant ride of less than an hour and a half on a fine road mostly on a gradual ascent, I arrived at the Capital of the Principality of Hesse Homburg.

On entering the town from Frankfort, the stranger passes up a regular fine looking street, on each side of which, those newly built respectable houses have evidently been erected for the accommodation of Visitors, and among them, some large prepossessing Hotels, and to judge from their exterior, the Visitors must find themselves very agreeably and comfortably lodged therein. Further on, in a spacious open place tastily laid out, and at about fifty yards distance from the Street

appeared a very superb Edifice, which I at once knew to be the famous Kursaal, and on alighting I made my way to it. This magnificent Structure which is approached by circular carriage drives at each end, and by a fine promenade walk in the centre, is built in the beautiful Italian style of architecture, and with its very handsome portico surmounted by an elegant capacious balcony, and relieved by those graceful wings extended on each side, reminded me forcibly of the splendid Palaces I had seen in Genoa, Venice, and other cities of Italy. At this season of the year too, instead of the deserted melancholy appearance worn by all its other fellow Establishments on the Continent, with their doors barred up and window shutters closed, as if in mourning for departed attractions, here, the Visitor is struck with the animated, joyous, and alluring aspect all around, the gay world is seen through the windows, and on mounting the steps into the portico, the doors of the principal entrance seem to open

of, their own accord into a fine large hall, where he is received and saluted by servants in handsome livery.

My description of the interior which I at once perceived to be of the same spacious costly character as the exterior, will be as short and hasty, as, impelled by curiosity to see all, my progress was through it. Attracted by certain chinking metallic sounds, — "how pleasant tis to hear them," I entered the Salon where, altho in Winter, there was much company engaged at the lively and amusing Roulette. The next apartment I found to be the reading room where round tables covered with newspapers, and sitting at the windows, I saw many of my fellow countrymen enjoying their Globe, Times, Morning Post, Punch, Galignany &c. &c. Back through the Roulette Salon, and across a hall for the attendants into a spacious Salon, thronged with visitors sitting and standing, and deeply engrossed in the interesting and fascinating game of Trente

et Quarante or Rouge & Noir. I observed two Frenchmen who appeared to be partners with a large heap of gold before them, which they had just won: Through an open door into a fine Salon handsomely and most comfortably fitted up for conversation, cards, chess &c. where there were two Frenchmen profoundly absorbed in the calculating stratagems of the latter warlike game, and in a snug corner, a Cosmopolite party at Whist, composed of an Englishman, a Frenchman, a German, and a Dummy. From this apartment a door opened into the magnificent Ball and Music Room, of noble dimensions and elegant proportions, embellished with beautiful marble columns supporting the Galleries for the spectators and the orchestra, and a handsome large Box for Royal Visitors. My curiosity then led me through the various fine billiard, dining Salons and Divan into the Cafe where I regaled myself with a cup of my favorite beverage.

Altho it was a true Winters day, yet I ventured out to explore the gardens and plantations

under the back front of the Establishment, and altho all around wore the aspect of the season, yet it was easily perceived that the extensive grounds were laid out with excellent taste, and one could easily imagine their beautiful appearance in Summer, when the trees, shrubs, and lawns were dressed in their livery of green, and the varied walks enlivened by groups and parties of fair visitors, strolling about, or sitting to enjoy the music from that pretty Temple. The garden front of the Establishment strikes one as more magnificent and imposing than the real front. That handsome *façade* with its wide terrace before it, and the fine flight of steps leading down into the garden, present a very grand and noble appearance when viewed from a distance beneath. The view from that spacious Terrace floored with asphalt must be exceedingly beautiful in Summer, as it commands from its elevation not only the enchanting lively gardens immediately below, but also that fine expanse of dark forest spread out

far and wide before, and extending from the verge of the grounds in a graceful gradual slope, to the ridge of the lofty Taunus Mountains which bound the horizon afar off; I longed to traverse that wide avenue which leads to the summit, but the weather was unpropitious, and I was glad to reenter into the warm and lively Salons.

After taking a peep at the Globe I amused myself during the remainder of my visit in watching the changes and chances of the different games, with which every one nowadays is quite familiar. I observed that those who played according to their own peculiar system more often lost than won. A few Minutes before the table d'hote dinner hour, two Englishmen hastily entered just as the white ball had commenced its rapid circle, one of them called out, *un Guillaume sur Manque*, in a minute the ball descended into Manque, and altho they had not staked their money, yet the gold piece (18^s) was thrown down to them with that liberal promptitude which distinguishes the

Bank on all occasions; and they went out and no doubt added a bottle or two of their favorite wine to the excellent table d'hote dinner. I also threw down my Thaler or the red, red it was, and I was perfectly satisfied with pocketing enough to pay my days expenees. Since that day I have made the excursion several times, and always with renewed pleasure. Once I walked back to Frankfort and with perfect ease in rather more than three hours. Another time I remained until after the evening Concert which is given every day throughout the year, and certainly I scarcely ever heard more delicious music. The beautiful large Ball Room when brilliantly lighted up with its chandeliers and lustres shews off its frescoes and fine decorations to great advantage, and with the gay throng which assembles every evening, presents a charming contrast to the wintry aspect without.

Should I remain in this part of the world, I shall certainly be disposed to pass my next Winter at Homburg, not only on account of its

fine healthy situation and pure invigorating air, but also for the inducements which the good roads, the inviting open country around, and the vicinity of the attractive City of Frankfort hold out for long walks and vigorous glowing exercise, so salutary and indeed necessary to circulate the blood and promote proper digestion in the cold astringent season of Winter. Likewise, at that period one has at command the choice of good, comfortable and cheap apartments, and also a very great resource in that fine Establishment open from early morn till late at night, and in whose well heated, well lighted Salons, all the visitors can find amusement, society, newspapers, periodicals &c. offered gratis by the liberal Proprietors, who seem to spare no expense to render the Winters sojourn lively and agreeable. Another great attraction for me would be the evening concert, when the choisest pieces of the first Masters are played by a select band of performers and conducted by leaders of the first

talents, and in that charming Salon, admirably constructed to give Music its divinest effect. If I were young enough to be a Sportsman, the extensive Forest abounding with game, and which with a vast tract of country, the visitors are allowed to shoot over, would be another very great attraction.

Hitherto I have spoken of Homburg as I have found it in the winter; now whilst I write, the Gardens and the beautiful country around are adorned with the verdant charms of the Spring, and one is enabled to judge of their enchanting appearance in the season, when enlivened by the numerous visitors. Among the multitudes who flock to Homburg in the Summer, there are numbers who come for the benefit of the saline waters, celebrated for their remedial efficacy in many cases of disease. One morning when in Mr. Jügel's library I took up a work on the Spas of Homburg, written by the eminent Physician here Sir Alexander Downie, and I was so much gra-

tified by the explicit and convincing proofs he gives of the salubrity of the climate, its peculiar suitableness to some constitutions, and its restorative effects on many invalids, that I felt anxious to see the talented Author and state to him my own recovery from the maladies under which I had suffered. An opportunity soon presented itself, and I was happy to hear from his own lips, that many similar cases had occurred in his experience of patients affected by the same complaints having derived equal benefit from the peculiar purity of the air in this fine open Country. I have therefore the valuable authority of a Physician of the highest reputation, and of long and extensive practise to confirm my own individual experience and which will have much greater weight in inducing those suffering from asthma &c. to seek relief in the pure, elastic, reviving air of this dry and healthy Climate. And whilst I am thus inhaling with every inspiration the best panacea of Heavens own air, I cannot read Sir Alexanders

interesting description of the wonderful medicinal properties and virtues of the Spas of Homburg and of their curative efficacy in removing many disorders, without being still more impressed with grateful admiration towards that Almighty Creative Providence which has made the Earth to send forth from her bowels those gushing saline waters already physically endowed and suited for the internal and external relief of suffering humanity. How pitiful and contemptible are the nostrums and remedies foisted on the world as a speculation, in the form of pills &c. of specious names and universal infallible virtues, compared with these waters of Jordan prescribed and prepared for us by our Heavenly Physician. Thank Heaven this air restores to me the famous appetite and good digestion I enjoyed in my younger days (altho I recollect to have swallowed on one or two occasions the well known black draught (*horresco referens*) administered by our family apothecary) yet there are thousands of my

fellow countrymen who suffer from what the Doctors call Dyspepsia or bad digestion, and for these as well as for other chronic disorders these Spas of Homburg appear to be peculiarly applicable. I cannot render a greater service to those labouring under such Maladies, than to give them the judicious conclusive opinion of a Physician, of great professional talent and experience who has made the properties and the effective application of these mineral Springs and Baths his particular study; nor can I do better than conclude this little work of mine with giving that opinion in his own masterly and impressive language. After citing many cases of recovery from chronic catarrhal affection, bronchitis, asthma &c. &c. Sir Alexander thus writes on the subject of impaired powers of digestion *).

„I have treated so many cases of this description at Homburg, that I cannot too strongly

*) The Spas of Homburg by Sir. A. M. Downie, A. M. M. D.

„urge upon those whose powers of digestion are
„impaired by close application to study or busi-
„ness, the pleasures of the table, residence in
„tropical climates, or the abuse of purgative me-
„dicines, the permanent advantages which they
„will derive from the use of these valuable
„springs. I have as uniformly avoided in my own
„works, as I have condemned in those of others,
„any exaggerated or overcharged description of
„the cures which may be effected by the proper
„use of mineral waters; but when I year after
„year see both the mental and bodily vigour of
„the wretched hypochondriac restored, the glow
„of health suffuse the sallow and pale counte-
„nance of the dyspeptic, the heart of the fond and
„anxious parent made glad by seeing her daughter,
„whose progress towards womanhood had for a
„time been interrupted, throw off the oppressive
„languor with which she had been affected, and,
„assuming her natural bloom of youth, able once
„more to join in the innocent recreations beco-

»ming her sex; when such instances, joined to a
»host of others, are placed before me, am I not
»bound in justice to bear testimony to the efficacy
»of the means by which such salutary changes
»have been effected, and at the same time to ex-
»press my regret that prejudice and ignorance of
»the subject should prevail to so great an extent
»in my own country?«

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ERRATA.

Page 7 bottom line for clean read clever

„ 8 16 „ „ while „ vile

„ 11 5 „ „ Train „ Tram

„ 13 5 „ after firs a period instead of comma

„ 19 14 „ for alontiness read loneliness.

There are many others which the intelligent Reader will kind'y correct and also will pardon the frequent absurd use of capital letters and commas which the German compositor has been pleased to disperse so pleatifully throughout this little work.

[The text on this page is extremely faint and illegible. It appears to be a list or ledger with multiple columns and rows of entries, possibly containing names, dates, and numerical values. The text is too faded to transcribe accurately.]

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