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THE TYROL;

WITH

A GLANCE AT BAVARIA.

BY

HENRY D. INGLIS,

AUTHOR OF "SPAIN," 2 VOLS.: "IRELAND IN 1834:"
"CHANNEL ISLANDS:" "A JOURNEY THROUGH NORWAY:"
&c. &c.

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PREFACE

TO THE

SECOND EDITION.

THERE is perhaps no apology necessary, for the publication of a second edition of a work, the first edition of which, was exhausted within the first month after its publication. But, it would be unpardonable, if this unequivocal expression of public opinion in favour of the work, had not the effect of inciting its author to render the present re-print as perfect as possible. Faults, which are known to the author, sometimes escape the indulgent reviewer; and the favourable opinions expressed of the present work, not having blinded the author to its imperfections, he has endeavoured, to the best of his ability, to remedy them: nor has he forgotten the promise which

he made, to an anonymous correspondent of the Literary Gazette, that *Monte Stelvio* should be written with a *t*; and that the honour of containing a pot-house, as well as an inn, should be conceded to the village of Brenner.

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THE TYROL ;
WITH
A GLANCE AT BAVARIA.

CHAPTER I.

JOURNEY TO STRASBURG.

The old and new divisions of France—the Province of Champagne—Traits of Character—Nancy—effects of Field Labour—French Comedy—Alsace.

To reach the Tyrol, by way of Bavaria, one must either cross France,—or, taking the road through the Netherlands, ascend the Rhine, to Strasburg. I preferred the former of these routes; chiefly, because the French provinces of Champagne, Lorraine, and Alsace, although abounding less in natural beauty than the banks of the Rhine, yet possess higher claims upon the notice of the traveller who is desirous of avoiding as much as possible, those roads which are the most frequented.

To act rigidly upon this maxim, will not however, be always wisdom in the traveller,—because it is often precisely in those places which are the most frequented, that he will find the most to admire: but if an acquaintance with the character and manners of a people, enter into the objects of a journey, there can be no doubt, that these will be more fully attained by shunning, rather than by following the beaten path. These observations are scarcely, if at all, applicable to France; because there is no part of that country in which a traveller can hope to find himself the only observer: it is possible however, even in France, to make a better, or a worse choice of a route,—and in the belief that mine was chosen well, I stepped upon the pier at Dieppe, on my way to the Tyrol.

In speaking of the general aspect of France, it has been usual to call it uniform and monotonous: wide plains, uninclosed lands, and straight roads, are said by travellers, to be its distinguishing characteristics: but for my part, I have not found any reason to coincide in this opinion. The scenery of France, cannot any more than that of other countries, be described in two words. That uniformity, and monotony, interpret the character of a part of France, is indeed true; but it is equally true, that within its boundaries, is to be found, almost every variety in scenery that distinguishes the other European countries. Normandy, Champagne and Alsace, are as essentially

distinct in their aspect, as Herefordshire, Derbyshire, and Lincoln,—and surely no general term could be found to describe the scenery of these three counties. How is it possible, that a province which is one great orchard, as Normandy is,—that another, one of the great granaries and vineyards of France, as Champagne,—and a third, where may be seen every production that supplies either the wants or the luxuries of mankind, as Alsace—should admit one general term as characteristic of the aspect of all three.

When I think of France, whether while sitting by my fire-side at home, or while travelling through it, I cannot bring myself to admit the new nomenclature by which its divisions have been distinguished since the revolution. It is only within France herself, that the division into departments is recognized. In the mind of every one else, France is still divided into provinces. It is with the old division, that our historic recollections are associated; it is with the provinces, that our early impressions of France, are allied: we may pass from the department of the low to that of the high Seine,—but we are only conscious of travelling though Normandy; we may breakfast in the department of the Eastern Pyrennees, and sup in the department of the High Pyrenees,—but we know only that we are travelling through the province of Gascony. With Lorraine and Burgundy, and Champagne,—with Dauphiny, and

Provence, and Languedoc, we have separate associations and recollections, that cannot be effaced by the decree that has obliterated their names: the former, are rich in historic interest,—the latter, in legend and romance; and the ordonnance that should have attempted to sweep the name of France from the map of the world, would have been scarcely less impotent than that which has decreed the annihilation of the ancient provinces.

In travelling through the great plain of Champagne, the traveller sees nothing that serves to connect that province with the wines of which he has heard so much: plains, unless in hot countries, produce but indifferent wines; but at Chalons, if he pleases to partake of a *dejeuné à la fourchette*, he may command for the small sum of eight pence, a bottle of as choice Champagne as would cost six shillings in the French metropolis. This is the only thing that can recommend Chalons to the traveller's notice: the vine that produces the celebrated Champagne, grows on the small rocky eminences that lie towards the frontier of the province.

In travelling by the diligence from Paris to Nancy, I could not but observe how little French character has been changed by the events that have occurred since the days of Sterne. The postilion that drove us into Bar-le-Duc was another *Le Fleur*; his air, his dress, his bouquet, his smart cap, and snow white linen, could not, in that rank

of life, have belonged to any other than a Frenchman; and the lives of the travellers were in danger of being sacrificed to his impatience to reach his destination, that he might return home in time to dance at a *fête du village*.

No set of men can differ from each other more widely, than the postilions and conductors of the French diligences, and the drivers and guards of the English coaches. They are all men of importance in their own estimation,—but they shew their sense of it in a different way. The English coachman is taciturn, and grave,—and shews the responsibility of his mission, in the perfect mastery he displays in the discharge of his duties. The French postilion on the other hand, seems to be less desirous of securing the good opinion of the passengers, than of exacting the applause of those who inhabit the villages on the road: his entrance into every hamlet, is announced by the cracks of his whip; for every man he meets, he has a flourish of his instrument of office,—for every girl, a nod and a smile; and the salutations which he receives, are accepted and returned with that air, which shews, that he considers them due to the important situation which he holds. In the conversation too, which takes place between the postilion and the guard of a French diligence, there is a vivid illustration of the character of the people; for, while in England, the conversation of these persons relates exclusively to horses,

coaches, coach proprietors, fellow-servants, and all that concerns the business in which they are engaged,—in France, it takes entirely another turn: village feasts, little affairs of gallantry, the theatre, and all that relates to amusement, are the topics which form the subject of discourse.

The only town between Paris and Nancy in which there is anything to attract the attention of the traveller, is Bar-le-Duc; its situation is romantic,—and its environs have been greatly embellished by Marshal Oudinot, who is the chief proprietor in the neighbourhood, and who possesses one chateau within the town, and another about three leagues distant from it. It is at Bar-le-Duc also, where grows the *vin-de-Bar*,—a wine not much known in England, but which is in considerable estimation in France; the steeps on every side of the town, are covered with the vine which produces it; it is rose coloured,—pleasant in flavour,—and sells at about eight sous per bottle.

I should certainly hesitate to say, that the French are a more industrious people than the English; and yet, it must be admitted, that they commence the labours of the day at an earlier hour; for while in an English town, there is scarcely any appearance of activity before seven o'clock, most of the French towns present the aspect of business at least an hour earlier. In Chalons, which I reached a little before six, I observed most of the shops open; the window

shutters generally thrown back ; and the inhabitants already entered upon the business of the day.

Nothing, I am inclined to think, will strike the English traveller through the French eastern provinces more forcibly, than the difference in the external appearance of the French and the English country women,—I mean, both in features and in dress. I say without any hesitation, that a fine countenance is a rarity among the French country girls ; and that although there is something very charming in the pictures and prints we have all seen, of the *fêtes du village*, and in the portraits of the *village-belles* with sylph-like forms, who are represented as gracing these rustic assemblies, an actual visit to a few of these scenes will quickly dissipate the romance.

The children of the French peasantry are quite as beautiful as those we meet with in England ; but from childhood upwards, there is a manifest inferiority,—nor is this difficult to account for : the secret is, that beauty is destroyed by out-door labour. Throughout almost every part of France, it is the universal custom for women to work in the fields,—and this too, from the moment their labour is of any value : symmetry of form is thus destroyed ; the sun soon steals the complexion, and robs the skin of its freshness and polish ; and the features of the countenance even, are in some degree changed by the exertion of manual labour. It is this practice also, that gives to the French

villages so sombre an appearance; few doors are open; few children are playing in the streets; there is scarcely a sound either of persons talking, or of children screaming; every one is in the fields. This custom, even were it congenial with English feeling, could not be adopted in England; because there, the labourer's wife finds sufficient to occupy her at home: her house and furniture must be kept clean; her cooking must be attended to, and the implements used in it, washed, and laid aside; and above all, she has her husband's, her children's, and her own clothes to mend and wash. But these occupations, which employ almost the whole time of a labourer's wife in England, demand the sacrifice of but a very small part from the wife of a French labourer. In the house of a French peasant, there is scarcely any furniture—bread, wine, and a few vegetables, form the diet of the family, and require no cooking; and although even the wife of a French peasant, is not exempt from that love of finery which is characteristic of the nation,—yet, it consists in those things which require little time in preparation; a knot of gaudy ribbons, a laced bodice, some gilt tinsel, and a few strings of beads, are always ready for a *jour de fête*, which being a day dedicated to amusement, leaves ample time for the toilette.

In travelling through France, we cease to feel any surprise at the preference shewn by every Frenchman for Paris, as a place of residence.

Exclude Lyons, Bourdeaux, Marseilles, Thoulouse, and perhaps Rouen, and Nancy, from the list of French towns, and there is scarcely one, of which we might say in passing through, "this is a town I could live in." The gentry who do not live in Paris, or in the few first-rate towns, inhabit their *maisons de campagne*, which are either entirely secluded, or are situated near some small village; but scarcely any of the gentry live in towns of the fourth, fifth, and sixth rate order: in these are to be found neither society nor amusements of any kind; there are in fact, no towns in France which may be likened to our county towns, and provincial cities: there are no Yorks, Leicesters, Chesters, Maidstones, Canterburys, Herefords, Derbys, &c., so that unless a Frenchman be an inhabitant of one or other of the first-rate towns, he has no resource but in Paris, where alone, he thinks it possible for a man to spend his days,—and if a country life be excluded, he is perhaps in the right.

The moment we leave Champagne, and enter upon Lorraine, the landscape presents new features. The country swells from the plain, into soft undulations, and gradually rises into the picturesque; vines mingle with the crops of grain, and cover the sides of every eminence,—and before reaching Nancy, the road passes through several of the great royal forests that stretch through Lorraine.

I have spoken of Nancy, as one of the few towns in France where society and amusement may be

found; it is called in Lorraine, *Le petit Paris*, and it is perhaps deserving of the appellation. Situated between two and three hundred miles from Paris, and with no town of the smallest importance lying betwixt it and the metropolis, Nancy is the little capital of eastern France, as Exeter may be said to be of western England. From the moment you enter Lorraine, you hear Nancy mentioned by every one in terms of rapture,—“Have you been at Nancy?” “Are you going to Nancy?” are the questions invariably put by every stranger;—and “*c’est une belle ville,*” “*c’est une ville charmante,*” are the panegyrics that immediately follow. I could not therefore but feel some little excitement in approaching Nancy; and the entrance to it is not calculated to disappoint the expectations that may have been formed.

Nancy is indeed a beautiful town; the great square in the centre of the town, is not inferior in architecture, to the *Place Louis XV.* at Paris,—and from this square, diverge four wide and well built streets at right angles, terminating in handsome gates that separate the town from the suburbs: many magnificent fountains adorn the great square; and there is altogether, about Nancy, an air of grandeur, that is scarcely ever found excepting in a metropolis. One of the chief attractions of Nancy, is the public garden, which is equally remarkable for its great extent, as for the excellent taste with which it is laid out. I have seldom heard a

fuller chorus of nightingales than that which filled the groves of this garden.

Nancy is considered one of the cheapest places of residence in France, and I found that several English families had discovered this, and were domiciled in its neighbourhood. I had no opportunity of ascertaining the rent of houses,—but I inquired the prices of several articles of provision, with which the markets seemed to be very abundantly supplied. Meat sold at *4d.* and $4\frac{1}{2}d.$ per lb.; a couple of small fowls cost *1s. 4d.*; and vegetables were in great quantities, and low priced; an immense quantity of curd was exposed for sale, a commodity which is used in the town and neighbourhood, as a substitute for butter—a wretchedly bad one in my opinion.

Nancy possesses a good theatre, and can usually boast of an excellent company of comedians, whose performance I took the opportunity of witnessing, the evening before I left the town. Upon returning to the hotel, I found myself engaged immediately after supper, in a warm controversy upon the subject of the Drama, particularly with reference to the French school, which was upheld by my adversary, as the *ne plus ultra* of excellence.

It is somewhat curious, that however willing different nations may be, to concede the palm to each other, in some departments of letters, each seems disposed to uphold the perfection of its own Drama; and few disputes in matters of literature

have been carried higher, than that which relates to the comparative merits of the Dramas of France and England. We, who are accustomed to see upon the English stage, the high and the low mingled together, and to hear the vulgar, express the thoughts, and speak the language of the vulgar, feel it to be a departure from nature, when upon the French stage, we find from the beginning to the end of a Drama, nothing but elevated thoughts and fine diction. The French, on the other hand, whose Drama may be called the legitimate child of antiquity, look upon the Drama of England as the offspring of a barbarous taste; and in all disputes upon the subject, they refer to those models upon which their Drama is founded. But without disputing the excellence of those models, it may fairly be made a question, whether any modern nation has done well in adopting them; for however excellent may be the models left to us by the ancients, in many departments of letters, it may be doubted whether the Drama ought not to be made an exception, when we speak with reference to modern imitation. The Drama, which is a representation of life, ought in every country to be a national literature,—expressive of the character and manners of the people among whom it is found; nor altogether forgetful of their history: and if this view be correct, there is an absurdity in adopting as a model, a Drama that existed two thousand years ago, among those whose habits, character, religion,

government, prejudices, were entirely opposed to the genius of our own times; nay even, whose very virtues and vices, were judged by a standard unintelligible to us. But this digression is perhaps scarcely permissible,—and I therefore hasten upon my journey.

A little more than half-way between Nancy and Strasburg, the traveller enters Alsace, which I look upon to be one of the most charming of the French provinces. Partly a grain and partly a wine country,—finely diversified with wood, and broken into eminences, which sometimes assume the importance of hills, Alsace is an agreeable country to journey through. After passing the town of Sauverne, the country becomes in the utmost degree picturesque; and whenever you reach an eminence, a charming back ground is presented in the mountains of the Vosges, a range of hills separating Alsace from Burgundy and Franche Compté—now forming a department in themselves,—and interesting, alike from the beauty of their scenery, and from the manners of those who inhabit them.

CHAPTER II.

STRASBURG, AND THE VOSGES MOUNTAINS.

The Rhine — Baden and Kell — the Steeple of Strasburg — curious Fact—French and German distinctions—Excursion to the Mountains of the Vosges—Details respecting Agriculture and Husbandry in Alsace—a sketch among the Mountains.

THE moment you enter Strasburg, you find a new state of things,—for Strasburg, although now the frontier town of France, is entirely German. I alighted at the hotel De la Fleur,—and almost immediately afterwards, I set off in search of the Rhine. Before reaching the river, many fortifications must be passed; and although I do not profess to be any judge of fortifications, I believe I may safely say, that those of Strasburg, are strong, and extensive. A little beyond the last gate, and close to the road leading to the river, stands a small mausoleum, erected to the memory of General Dessaix, who, a few months before he fell in battle, passed along that road, with the army of the Rhine. The monument is extremely simple, and is only interesting from the recollections which it recalls.

The first view of the Rhine at this point, must

disappoint every one who sees it there for the first time ; for although the river itself must appear a majestic stream to him who has never seen any river larger than the Thames,—yet, as our ideas of the Rhine are associated with the majestic scenery through which it flows ; and as at Strasburg, the country, for many leagues on both sides, is a dead level, expectation is scarcely realized. But to me, the Rhine was no stranger ; I had already made its acquaintance in the region of eternal snows, and watched all its changes, from the tiny rivulet, to the broad boundary of kingdoms. A few sous are paid for leave to pass over the bridge of boats that leads into the Grand Duchy of Baden,—and that I might have an opportunity of drinking the health of his Highness in his own dominions, and in his own Rhenish too, I walked over to Kell, where in a very clean auberge, I paid five francs for my complaisance.

Upon returning to the town with the intention of visiting the cathedral, I was struck with the very uncouth, though somewhat picturesque dress of the inhabitants,—the men, with hats precisely the same as those worn by the dignified clergy of the church of England ; the women, with black velvet laced bodices, and tinsel ornaments in their hair, and all who were beyond the age of thirty or thirty-five, carrying long staffs in their hands. In the market-place, I observed many girls with their hair plaited behind, and falling below the middle of

the back, and interwoven with silk ribbon, which reached almost to the heels; these were not Strasburghers, but the women of Baden, who bring vegetables to the market.

Everybody has heard of the steeple of Strasburg cathedral, because everybody has read Sterne's *Sentimental Journey*. It is a light and elegant structure, well worthy of the traveller's notice: and the labour of mounting to the summit, is amply repaid by the prospect to be enjoyed from it. This view has been so often described, that I shall be pardoned if I pass over it lightly; it is extensive, rather than beautiful, and will not bear a comparison with the view enjoyed from many eminences both in England and on the continent.

There is a curious circumstance connected with the clock in Strasburg cathedral: this clock is of very complicated, and delicate workmanship; and the artizan who contrived and made it, becoming blind before he had terminated his labour, it became a question of some difficulty, and of much importance, how the work was to be completed: the public authorities engaged other mechanics; but they being ignorant of the design upon which the whole was meant to be constructed, were unable to proceed; and the blind artizan, anxious to reap all the honour himself,—not willing that others should have the credit of finishing that which their genius could not have enabled them to begin, refused to communicate any information; but offered to com-

plete the work, blind as he was: and this very wonderful, and ingenious piece of mechanism, now remains not only a monument of the genius of the maker, but a curious illustration of the power of habit, as well as of the acuteness communicated to one sense, by the deprivation of another. Of the interior of Strasburg cathedral, which has been as often described as its steeple, I shall only say, that I was particularly struck with the splendid colouring and exquisite workmanship of the painted windows, which greatly surpass any thing of the kind in England, and which indeed, are only equalled by those in the cathedral churches of Spain.

The only other work of art worthy of notice in Strasburg, is the monument erected to Marshal Saxe, in one of the Protestant churches, which seemed to me to possess great merit, both in design and execution. The Marshal stands upon an eminence, in a dignified attitude, and with a tranquil countenance; Death, shrouded in a robe, and without presenting any of the hideous features in which death is too often represented, stands below, holding in his hand, an hour-glass, which he raises upwards; and between the Marshal and Death, is interposed the Genius of France, who with imploring looks, mingled with an expression of fear, stretches both hands towards the hour-glass, in a repelling attitude. The name of the sculptor has escaped my recollection.

Rhine wine may be drunk in perfection at Stras-

burg by those who choose to pay for it; but it requires some practice to be secure against imposition: for to one unpractised in the taste of Rhine wine, it is easy to pass off the wine that grows in various parts of Alsace and Baden, as genuine *vin du Rhin*,—which is the production of only a limited district.

Besides the dress of the Strasburghers, and the general aspect of the town, there are several other matters by which it is easy to discover, that Strasburg is more German than French: there is less bowing; less external civility; less animation; fewer gestures. The countenances too, are no longer French: few thin, dark, sallow countenances are to be seen; in their stead, we find broad faces, and fair complexions. Another difference is discernible in the cookery. In the hotels of Strasburg, we miss the delicatessen that distinguishes the cookery of “*La grande Nation*;” there is no longer that amalgamation of flavours in which no one predominates: the flavour is more prononcé: I am sorry to be obliged to make use of a French word,—but in speaking of an art which, after that of war, *fait la gloire de la France*, this is perhaps permissible.

Before proceeding from Strasburg to Constance, I resolved to make an excursion to the mountains of the Vosges. These mountains, as I have already mentioned, form the western boundary of Alsace, dividing that country from Burgundy and Franche

Compté. The inquiries I had made, both in journeying towards Strasburg, and after arriving there, seemed to promise a sufficient reward for the labour of an excursion.

Since leaving Paris, I had travelled by the diligence; but I now resolved to return to my old mode of travelling, and to become a pedestrian; and before setting out, let me observe, that in travelling three hundred and forty miles, from Paris to Strasburg, I found no reason to join in the cry so loudly raised against travelling in France. The French diligences perform their journeys at the rate of six miles per hour, including stoppages; they are generally more roomy and commodious than the English stage-coaches, and quite as well hung; and what does it signify to the traveller who finds himself seated in a place every way upon an equality with an English post chaise, if half a dozen others with lighter purses are shut up in the rotonde behind? and so long as the coach performs the journey within the stated time, of what importance is it, if the horses are rough and long tailed, or if the harness be made of ropes? and to this let me add, that coach fares in England are greatly higher than they are in France. The distance from Paris to Strasburg, I have already said, is three hundred and forty miles; and the fare for the best place is 37 francs, or if the traveller chooses to go outside, with a cabriolet covering, he may perform the journey for 10 francs less.

To reach the entrance to the Vosges, from Strasburg, you cross the richest and finest part of Alsasce,—though not the most picturesque; for until within a league of the mountains, the road lies through a continued plain covered with grain, and but scantily diversified with wood. Three leagues from Strasburg, I stopped to breakfast at a respectable auberge, the landlord of which was also a considerable propriétaire,—and I availed myself of the opportunity, to make some inquiries respecting the value of land, labour, &c., in Alsasce and Lorraine. I found him intelligent and communicative; but after he had given me some information upon various points, he proposed to conduct me to the house of a gentleman who resided at no great distance,—a very large proprietor, and one well acquainted with the subject upon which I was desirous of information. It may be easily supposed that I readily accepted the offer; and under convoy of the innkeeper, I reached the house of Mr. Ossman in about an hour.

I was received with *thé* greatest courtesy,—and was pressed to accept of the hospitalities of the house till next day, which I declined; but I agreed to stay my “*midi*,” which in Alsasce, means dinner, because it is taken at mid-day. I regret that my limited information upon agricultural matters, did not permit me to make inquiries, the answers to which might have been more worthy of recording. Such as they are however, they may not be altogether devoid of interest.

Throughout Alsace and Lorraine, the farmers are all proprietors,—and all the proprietors farmers. Such properties run from four acres up to two hundred: when they exceed this quantity, the proprietor then usually farms out a part of his land. About one fifth part of this produce goes to government in the shape of taxes. The best land will return 5 per cent. when let, and the rent is paid in produce,—a half or two thirds, or one third, according to the quality of the soil. Horses fit for farm service, cost from 2*l.* to 10*l.* A farm servant receives 10*l.* or 12*l.* a year; a day labourer is paid 1*s.* 3*d.* per day, excepting in the time of hay, or vintage, when he receives 1*s.* 6*d.* and as much wine as he chooses to drink; female servants, including cooks, receive from 4*l.* to 6*l.*; the keep of a horse costs about 12*l.* per annum; and there is no tax of any kind, either upon horses or servants.

The transference of property generally throughout France, is rare; this is partly owing to the high stamp duties which are exigible; but when good land is sold, it brings in these provinces about twenty years' purchase. To one travelling through the uninclosed lands in France, a difficulty is suggested to the mind, as to the manner of describing property in case of transference. This is done by describing the property to be sold, as bounded by other property; and the frontier of the different properties is marked by stones, along which an imaginary line is drawn.

Upon inquiring how much land might suffice for the support of a man and his family, I found that upon six acres, a man might live comfortably, eating fresh meat twice a week. No proprietor having less than one hundred and fifty acres, ever lets it out of his own hand,—nor, with property to this extent, does he consider himself above holding the plough,—which is invariably a wheel plough, drawn by two horses.

Besides grain, there are two important articles of produce in Alsace and Lorraine—tobacco and madder: these are both extremely profitable to the cultivator: the former pays to government 4*l.* upon every cwt.—and the cultivation of the latter has received important encouragement by the late government order, by which the dress-trowsers of the military are changed from blue to scarlet: this has had the double advantage, of encouraging agriculture, and of saving to government the expense of foreign dyes.

The cattle throughout Alsace are of the most miserable description; there is no pasture land; and the cows receive a scanty and unwholesome nourishment, from the rank grass and weeds that grow in the ditches by the way side: every few hundred yards along the road, women may be seen employed in cutting, and carrying away this coarse herbage. Nor are the horses throughout this part of France, better provided for; they are generally very wretched creatures—small, lank, and ill-fed.

We hear much in England, of French bread; and those who visit France for the first time, usually conceive high notions of its excellence: but this expectation is sure to be disappointed; for, to one who has been accustomed either to the bread of the London public baker,—or to the wholesome household bread baked in the country, nothing can be more insipid than the white, saltless bread, found throughout the greater part of France: but until I partook of the hospitalities of the house into which I had introduced myself on my way to the Vosges, it had never occurred to me to inquire why the French bread was baked without salt: the answer to my inquiry was quite satisfactory: there is a duty of eight sous per lb. upon salt. The same reason operates, in preventing salt being put into butter; but this want—if felt to be a want—is capable of being supplied; whereas the fault in the bread is irremediable.

I spent three days among the Vosges mountains; but as this journey is dedicated chiefly to the Tyrol, I shall only say of my excursion in Alsace, that I regretted then, and still regret, that my plans did not permit me to extend it. Europe is ransacked for the picturesque; but the department of the Vosges is passed over,—and yet I do not know any district in Europe, where it is to be found in so much perfection. I passed through many charming valleys, every one traversed by a stream, and overlooked by wooded rocks, cottages,

and ruins,—for there is scarcely an isolated eminence among the mountains of the Vosges, that is not crowned by the ivied walls of one of those strong-holds, that in former times, were the baronial castles of the German nobles. Nor in any place that I have yet visited, have I found more primitive manners than in the Vosges; but this will create no surprise when I add, that in the three villages where I passed three nights, I could not learn that any foreigner had visited them for several years. One single illustrative picture, I must gratify myself with sketching.

It was on the second day after leaving Strasburg, and when I had penetrated into the heart of the mountains, that on a delicious evening, I looked down upon a village called, I think, Rannes—one straggling street, suspended over the brawling stream that watered the little valley, and overtopped by the ruins of two—no doubt rival castles. I inquired for an auberge: but there are no inns in the Vosges, for there are no travellers; and uncertain how the night was to be spent, my pace had gradually waxed slower, till it came to a dead halt,—when an old, respectable-looking man, coming from the vine-covered porch of a house opposite, asked me if I were a stranger,—and learning my difficulty, he offered me the hospitalities of his house.

It was a patriarchal establishment; and there, might be seen all the domestic virtues: reverence

for age,—indulgence for youth,—motherly love,—sisterly and brotherly affection. I was received, as strangers were received of old, before the inhabitants of cities had carried their refinements,—perhaps their corruptions, into the lands of simplicity and hospitality. How equally flowed the stream of life, in this seclusion! what a picture of peace and serenity! and yet, to one whose scenes of life are shifted every day, and who is accustomed to men and cities, it is rather a painful, at all events, a regretful sensation, that is awakened by the contemplation of life without variety,—and, as it would seem, almost without enjoyment.

The old man, whose head was frosted over with eighty winters, and his spouse, seemingly as aged, sat during the evening at the door, upon two seats formed of plaited vine twigs, watching silently the labour of their progeny. Their son, a healthy man, of perhaps forty years, was digging little troughs at the roots of his vines; while two boys, of about ten and twelve years old, carried pitchers of water from a neighbouring spring. The old man's daughter-in-law was within the house, preparing supper, and pleasing as she best could, a little pet of three or four years old, that sat upon a stool, eating cherries. But the gem,—the chief figure in the group, was the grand-daughter, who stood upon the threshold with her arms crossed, having just returned from a visit to the neighbouring cottage of a married sister. She was the first

and only French girl I ever saw, of whom one might say, "she is interesting." Many are piquantes, — many gentilles, — some, even, jolies comme des anges,—but interesting! how seldom. I will leave the sketch as it is,—and return to my journey.

CHAPTER III.

JOURNEY TO AUGSBURG.

Lindau—Wangen and a Village Fair—aspect of Bavaria—German Postilions—a Children's Feast—"Buy a Broom"—Roads, Towns, and Scenery—Usages of Bavaria—arrival at Augsburg.

THE same reasons that induce me to pass lightly over this excursion to Alsace, restrain me from giving any details of my journey from Strasburg to Constance,—the more so, that this route through the territory of Baden, by Schaffhausen, is too much travelled, to leave me the slightest hope of interesting the reader by my narrative. I left Constance by the steam-boat at five in the morning; and at three in the afternoon, on stepping upon the pier of Lindau, I found myself in Bavaria.

Ever since childhood, I have had pleasant thoughts of Constance and its lake; and these were among the places, to which I had ever resolved, one day or other, to make a pilgrimage: but now that I am sitting in the window of the inn, at Lindau, with the lake spread out below me, I must say, that I do not greatly admire it. It

wants alike, the defined character of a lake, and the illimitable attributes of the ocean. Lindau too, which seems upon the map, an important place,—the frontier town of Bavaria, —and built upon an island, in the very idea of which there is something imposing, is but a poor place when one gets into it: but whatever may be the merits of a frontier town, the traveller looks upon it with some interest, as being the first indicator of the manners, &c., of another country.

In walking to the inn from the custom-house, (where by the by, I was in danger of getting into trouble, from the discovery of half a pound of tea in my portmanteau), I needed nothing more to tell me that I was no longer in France, than the better looks, and neater dresses of the women; and in passing the Hotel de ville, I was reminded that I was in Germany; for from the mouths of each of the four sentinels on duty, depended an enormous pipe. This, however, I afterwards found, is a luxury rather winked at, than permitted, among the troops of His Bavarian Majesty: during parade, the pipe must be kept out of sight; but at a review which I saw at Augsburg, when the troops were ordered to stand at ease, before leaving the field,—the muskets were in a moment piled, and exchanged for pipes; and the smell of gunpowder was quickly lost in the fume of tobacco.

Lindau lies at the south western extremity of Bavaria,—Passau at the north eastern extremity,

on the frontier of Bohemia,—and from Lindau to Passau, I resolved to journey by the circuitous route of Augsburg and Munich, en voiture,—reserving pedestrianism for the more mountainous Bohemia, which I at that time purposed visiting,—a purpose, which was changed in the manner to be afterwards related. I accordingly concluded a bargain with a voiturier, to carry me to Augsburg for 15 florins; and next morning a little after five, I passed over the long wooden bridge which connects the island with the mainland. I did not venture upon breakfast at Lindau,—because, the evening before, having entrusted my tea-pot to the waiting girl, for a supply of boiling water, I found myself sipping a cup of bad lemonade; and upon a scrutiny, I discovered that it is the practice in Bavaria, to flavour the tea with a few slices of lemon. Generally speaking, the tea one purchases on the continent, needs nothing to disguise its taste,—it is both good and cheap. An odious monopoly * has not forced into existence, puffing establishments to vend trash at a low price; I paid at Strasburg 4s. per lb. for excellent black tea,—and about 4s. 8*d.* per lb. for green.

The country on leaving Lindau, I found as agreeable as a flat country can be: it was pretty equally divided between grass and corn; but I noticed also, a considerable quantity of wet uncultivable land,—and even some marshes. I was

* Since the publication of the first edition of this work, the China trade has been thrown open.

greatly surprised to see in several places, women in the fields mowing: they were accompanied by several men, and kept regular time with their male companions,—wielding the scythe as sturdily, and apparently with as much ease, as their stronger fellow labourers.

About two leagues from Lindau, the road crossed the frontier of Bavaria, and continued to run for two leagues more, through an angle of the kingdom of Wirtemberg; and soon after entering this territory, we arrived at Wangen, where we stopped to breakfast. There chanced to be a great fair this day at Wangen; the fields outside of the town, were covered with cattle, and buyers and sellers,—and the streets were lined with booths, and crowded with country people. The inns were of course also crowded; but so respectable an arrival as a caleche and pair, procured a vacant table in the window of the public room, which was filled with farmers, drovers, and itinerant merchants, enjoying themselves over a pot of ale, which, with the addition of bread and cheese, seemed to be the universal breakfast.

If the traveller in Bavaria wishes to breakfast comfortably, he must carry tea along with him; tea is not to be obtained in the country inns; and if coffee be asked for, it is served up in a most unsatisfactory way. In place of as much coffee and boiled milk being prepared, as will fill two or three breakfast basins,—one small pot, containing about

a gill of coffee, and another, containing about as much boiled cream, are placed upon the table. This mixture, besides the small quantity served, is too rich to be used otherwise than as a cordial.

While the horses were resting and feeding, I walked through the fair, which was a busy and lively scene. The chief articles exposed for sale, were calicos, silk handkerchiefs, and female ornaments: the calicoes were of Swiss manufacture; the silks were French; and the female ornaments, such as combs, and tinsel gewgaws, were manufactured in Bavaria. I was much pleased with the apparently comfortable condition of the Wirtembergers; the market and country people were well dressed, and to all appearance, well fed; and there was an air of contentment and good-humour in almost every countenance, that was strongly contrasted in my memory, with the haggard and thinking countenances of the manufacturing population of both France and England.

The outsides of the houses in this little town, struck me as being particularly grotesque,—not as in the country of the Grisons, painted upon classical models,—representing pillars, and pilastres, and pediments,—but daubed over in glaring colours, with representations of sea snakes, and dragons, and dolphins, and landscapes, and marine views.

From Wangen to Leutkirch, the road lay through a tolerably agreeable, fertile, and very populous country; the fields were spotted with labourers, and

women still formed the greater proportion of them. The cottages by the way-side were very numerous—and in their materials and construction, were all respectable; I noticed that all the houses, small and great, were tiled; and numerous red-tiled cottages certainly produce an agreeable and warm effect when thickly scattered over a country,—and are connected in our minds, with comfort and respectability.

The constant smoking of a German voiturier is amusing and annoying at the same time. It is amusing to see him make his pipe the object of his chief solicitude, and to find that from morning until night, he contrives to occupy himself with the different branches of his favourite, and never ending enjoyment,—screwing and unscrewing his pipe,—cleaning its various parts,—examining his flints,—striking a light, and putting his pipe into, and taking it out of his mouth. But it is also annoying; for it is impossible that a man can be occupied with his pipe and his horses at the same time. In this, as well as in other journeys which I have made with German postilions, I have been in constant danger of an overturn; the reins are often abandoned for the flint and steel; and nothing but the docility of the horses, saves the traveller from being thrown into the ditch, or smashed against some other vehicle.

At Leutkirch, we again enter Bavaria. Here we rested two hours,—and these two hours, I occupied

very agreeably. There was a children's feast; about two hundred boys and girls, all the girls dressed in white, headed by a band of music, and by several banners, walked to a neighbouring hill, where preparations had been already made for their reception. At first, having formed two circles, the girls inside, and the boys without,—a grave, but good humoured elderly gentleman made a speech to the little people, commending them for their industry and proficiency at school, and telling them, that they were assembled to enjoy themselves, to eat as much bun as they pleased, and to play till sunset; and he concluded by exhorting the boys to behave with gentleness and kindness to their female play-mates. Then the same old gentleman, distributed prizes to the little boys and girls; and a quantity of embroidered and sewed work was then produced from a basket, and exposed to the grown-up audience for sale, the proceeds to be appropriated to charitable purposes; and this being done, all the boys and girls were dismissed to their games. The next moment, all were at play, boys and girls mingling promiscuously; numerous tables too, were spread with buns, and light wine, and water, to which the youngsters resorted for refreshment. One beautiful little girl about twelve years of age appeared to be queen of the games: she wore a chaplet of flowers, and seemed to be invested with the authority which was yielded alike to her superior age, and charming countenance.

It was altogether, a beautiful and pleasing scene. New fangled notions of education and propriety had evidently made no progress in Bavaria; there was no torturing of nature; children were children—not ridiculous caricatures of men and women,—and the buoyancy of childhood, was not curbed by the silly prosaic maxims of modern philosophers. As for the sensible and kind-hearted old gentleman who lent his countenance to the children's feast, I could not resist the temptation of introducing myself to him, and expressing the great pleasure I had received. I found he was a magistrate of the town; and we spent a pleasant hour over a bottle of Rhine wine, and in talking of the improvements of modern times. They know but little in Bavaria of the march of mind; the old gentleman had never heard of Mechanics Institutes, or libraries for the people. “'Tis a great discovery,” said he, “but tell me one thing: are crime and vice diminished in your country, and are the people happier?” But as my voiturier was impatient,—the reins already in his hand, and the pipe in his mouth,—I had an excuse to rise suddenly, and take leave of my kind entertainer; and we were soon on the road to Meiningen.

It is scarcely possible to travel in Bavaria without calling to mind the Bavarian broom girls, and the “Buy a Broom” of Madame Vestris. One naturally expects to have the recollection of these refreshed in Bavaria; but from the hour

I entered, until the hour I quitted the country, I never saw one woman whose dress—still less, whose brooms, recalled to mind the broom girls who are seen in every street in England. I much question whether these persons are Bavarians; the greater number are more probably Dutch and Belgian. Bavaria is far distant from England; and I perceived nothing among the inhabitants, that could induce one to conclude they were driven by necessity, from their native country.

In this part of Bavaria, the country is extremely populous; between Leutkirch and Meiningen, I counted no fewer than thirteen towns, or large villages,—not, indeed, all of them lying by the way-side,—but situated within half a league of the road: here, the custom I had observed in Wangen, the little Wirtemberg town, that of painting the outside of the houses, is also followed. I noticed the fronts of several houses adorned with paintings from Bible history; and upon many of the window shutters were representations of popes and cardinals.

Every where in Bavaria, I was delighted with the excellence of the roads. No macadamization could make them better than they are. It is quite a mistake to suppose that good roads are to be found only in England; or, that in order to have good roads, we must pay a magnificent pension to a surveyor-general. In Bavaria,—in most parts of Switzerland, and the Tyrol,—in many parts of

the Netherlands,—and throughout all Sweden,—nay, even in some parts of Spain, I have travelled over as fine roads as I have ever seen in England; and in most of these countries the name of Macadam was never heard.

At Meiningen we did not stop,—but drove on towards Mindelheim, where I intended passing the night. This was a charming drive; the road lay through extensive forests of fir, mingled with some lighter wood. Here and there, small lakes glistened through the trees; beautiful grassy glades now and then opened among the woods,—and from the deep shades, though it was yet broad day, the nightingale's sharp and ever varying notes, poured from either side of the road. If this part of Bavaria were traversed by any sufficiently large river, flowing towards the lake of Constance, a fine revenue might be derived from her forests: timber might in that case reach the countries that stand in need of it, by way of the Rhine: but the only rivers that traverse Bavaria, are the Inn, the Iser, the Lech, and the Iller,—and all these excepting the Inn, which has its source in the Grisons, rise in the Tyrolean Alps, and flow due north, towards the Danube,—which would carry timber into timber countries, in place of into those which stand in need of it. The greater part of the country, however, through which I passed between the frontier and Augsburg, was arable, and under tillage. I remarked immense quantities of drilled

wheat, between Leutkirch and Mindleheim : every where, the crops were heavy ; and no labour seemed to be spared in the cultivation and preparation of the land. Here as in the neighbourhood of Lindau, women bore a large—I may say, indeed, an equal share of the toil with the men ; every kind of field labour was indiscriminately performed by men and women, and in several fields I observed women at the plough. We reached Mindelheim about seven in the evening.

I was much pleased with the Bavarian country towns. Both Meiningen and Mindelheim are agreeable places. The streets are wide, which in northern latitudes is an advantage : they are scrupulously clean ; the houses are for the most part respectable ; and the inhabitants are well dressed, and certainly, good looking. Let me add, that the inns are comfortable, and reasonable in their charges. I always found good dinners, clean beds, and moderate bills. In fact, if I were desired to name the country in which one may travel the cheapest, and at the same time enjoy a reasonable share of comforts, I should say Bavaria. Indeed, with the single exception of Bavaria, I have found no difference in the expense of travelling in one country and another. It is true, that in Bavaria, wine is not to be had for nothing, as it is in every part of France and in most of the southern countries ; for although Bavaria grows some wine, it is not a wine country : its wines however are not

expensive; and their quality is always agreeable,—generally of the Rhine wine species, and far superior to the vin ordinaire of almost every part of France.

I left Mindelheim at six the following morning. It is a curious law in Bavaria, that every traveller must pay four pence English, for a permit to leave every town; but this expense is more than compensated by his being allowed to keep his passport in his pocket. Soon after leaving Mindelheim, we entered upon an extensive plain,—part of that great plain which stretches over all the central parts of Bavaria. It is divided between corn and pasture land; and as it was now the hay harvest, the country was seen to the greatest advantage.

At no time does a grass country look so beautiful as when it is dotted with hay ricks; at no time is the country so fragrant; and perhaps it is then also that the manners of the country people are the best displayed. But hay-making in Bavaria, is much the same as hay-making elsewhere,—a charming melange of labour and recreation: lads and lasses will always be lads and lasses, whether they be hay-making, or a-maying, in the fields of England, or France, or Bavaria. I noticed too, in every village, the garlanded Maypole; so that Bavaria has not yet parted with her old customs; and so little progress have new lights made in Bavaria, that her peasantry do not yet despise a merry-making.

The Bavarian peasantry are fond of dress,—and they dress tastefully; when I speak of Munich, I shall have occasion to say more upon this subject; but even in the country, and country towns, to dress becomingly, appears to be an object. Among other little embellishments to which they have recourse, to set off their charms, or to give an air of sprightliness, I may mention artificial flowers; which the women wear in their hair, and the men in their hats. These are little matters; but they are worth telling.

I have a great idea, that in writing travels, the art is, to set down little as well as great things,—for example, that women wear short petticoats, or men, tight small clothes, as well as that the country abounds in corn, or that the city overflows with wealth. I am doubtful, if the most erudite man, writes travels the most agreeably; small things escape, or are looked upon as beneath his notice. Travels are much the same in this respect, as memoirs; for the character of a people, as of an individual, is often best seen in trifles. The best biography the world ever saw is Boswell's life of Johnson; and had Boswell been a greater man, the work would have been less valuable: the real interests of the work consists in its minuteness; for it is by this quality, that we are made thoroughly acquainted with the subject of the biography.

All the way between Mindelheim and Augs-

burg, I passed through a continuous plain, generally fertile, well cultivated, and sprinkled with numerous flocks of cattle, and of swine; and about three o'clock, I reached Augsburg,—the spires of which had long been visible.

CHAPTER IV.

AUGSBURG.

Streets, Houses, Usages—a Delicate Digression—Pictures—Fountains—Gardens—Society—Prices of Provisions—Journey to Munich.

BEFORE we visit any place, fancy has always been at work ; and has already finished an etching—I need scarcely say how very far removed from truth. It is perhaps surprising, however, since towns so much resemble each other, that these fancy sketches should so seldom approach to the truth: occasionally, I have found a slight resemblance between the etching of fancy, and reality ; but this is rare ; and Augsburg was not one of the exceptions. I expected to see a dark, gloomy, ugly, ancient looking town ; and I found an open, handsome, fine city,—with streets that may be put in comparison with the most modern of those which are found in the most admired towns in Europe. The street in which my hotel,—the principal hotel in the city,—was situated, is at least three quarters of a mile in length ; broader than Regent-street ; and lined on either side, by houses, that both in height, and in general effect, arising

from the size of the houses, and the diversity in their architecture, very far eclipse any thing I know of in London. Where, in some of the old continental cities, the streets are wide, and the houses lofty and well built,—there is an air of substantiality, and even grandeur about them, that we cannot discover in the “Metropolitan Improvements,”—least of all, perhaps, in the ornamental shells that adorn the most beautiful of our parks.

In the street of which I am now speaking, are situated the town houses of the principal merchants and bankers, some of whom are possessed of princely fortunes,—at all events, of fortunes far greater than one could expect to find in Bavaria, and in a city, so little commercial as Augsburg. I walked through the house of a banker named Schaetzler, who is said to possess property amounting to at least six million of florins (upwards of 600,000*l.* sterling) and an income of a million of florins besides. The house, I found fit for the residence of royalty; magnificent in its extent, its furniture, its embellishments. One of the rooms had been lately fitted up, on the occasion of a visit from the king, who did the banker the honour of accepting a fête in his house; and this apartment was in every respect worthy of the purpose to which it was destined. Schaetzler is not however, the richest man in Augsburg, nor his house the finest. There is another, whose name has escaped me, who possesses three of the most splendid

houses in that street, each of them equal in extent to the London Mansion House, and who owns besides, nine country houses.

I have not seen the observation made by any traveller, that England is almost the only country in Europe, in which, among the middle classes, the master and mistress of a house occupy the same bed. This is not so insignificant an observation as it may at first sight appear; and I am much disposed to think, that the relation of a fact even such as this, bearing in any degree upon the manners or morals of the middle classes in a country, is more important than the most learned and elaborate description of public monuments. The observation is suggested, from having noticed that the house of the banker was an exception to the general continental rule,—and that there was in his house, a matrimonial chamber, as it is understood among the middle classes in England: and the same custom obtains throughout Bavaria generally, among all classes.

From the union or the separation, of the matrimonial establishment, I incline to draw some conclusions respecting the manners and morals of a people. Observation fully warrants me in this. I have constantly observed, that in those countries, and in that class of society, where the domestic virtues are the most prominent, and the marriage tie the most sacred, there is no separation of the kind alluded to,—and that precisely in the pro-

portion in which we find the marriage tie weak, the separation is extensive.

In England, it is only among the highest ranks — and far from universally among them — that there is no matrimonial chamber, in its general, old fashioned, and English acceptation: the middle classes admit no matrimonial separation; and among the middle classes of England, more than in any other country on earth, the domestic virtues are practised, and the obligation of the marriage relation revered and felt. Pass into France,— and we find, that the menage of the higher classes, is adopted also throughout the middle ranks: it is rarely, that among those above the rank of bourgeois, we find a matrimonial bed; and it is only among the bourgeois, in France, that we find the married life such as it is seen in England both among the lower and middle classes. The Netherlands rank in these respects with France. Then, if we travel farther south, we shall find a still farther corroboration of the truth of my assertion. In Spain, the matrimonial bed is unheard-of even among the lower classes; and in that country, the marriage tie is entirely disregarded,—and domestic comforts unknown.

It is my duty as a traveller, to state facts; and what appear to me to be their results; and if I am able to account for these results, so much the better. I think however, that in this case, no one will find much difficulty in seeing the connexion.

All habitual separation produces a diminution of affection; and all diminution of affection necessarily leads to a laxity in the marriage relation,—and to the absence of what we call, the domestic virtues. Had the author of “The City of the Plague” been of a different opinion, he could not have made use of that beautiful expression, in which is conveyed, a world of endearment and wedded confidence, “they who lay their heads on the same pillow.”

Switzerland may perhaps be cited, in opposition to the principle for which I have been contending: there, the menage of France is most generally adopted,—and yet, they have the reputation of being a moral people. This reputation, however it may have been earned, is, I suspect unjustly retained; at all events, there is little, in Switzerland, of that domestic union, and home comforts and enjoyments, which are so fully understood in England. The night separation is continued during the day. There is little mingling of male and female society; the husband has his re-union and the wife has hers; and though a cold country, fire-side pleasures are there little understood. But, to return to Bavaria,—things are differently managed in that country. There, the matrimonial chamber is found amongst all ranks,—even in the palace of the king; there, a greater simplicity of manners, and a greater purity of morals, are found among all classes—even up to royalty itself, which has the

wisdom not to despise the domestic enjoyments of a private station.

The traveller has no occasion to remain more than two or three days in Augsburg, which I found sufficient to see all that deserved notice. The morning after my arrival, I spent an hour or two agreeably in the Town Hall, which contains a tolerable collection of pictures of all the schools; particularly of the Flemish. Rubens and Vandyke are both conspicuous,—the latter especially, in one or two choice specimens; and there are some agreeable pictures too, from the hands of Lud, Caracci, Tintoretto, Carlo Dolce, and Provacini. Albert Durer also, arrests the lover of the antique. From the pictures, I walked to the church of St. Ulric—old, massive and gloomy,—and from thence I found my way to the arsenal, where they shewed me some cannon of extraordinary magnitude—a present to his Bavarian majesty—more curious however than useful; since eighteen horses are required to drag one.

Passing along the wide street of which I have already spoken, I observed that it is adorned by several ornamental fountains; and the sun being at that time intensely hot, I sensibly felt the effect which imagination exerts upon the temperament of the body. Undoubtedly narrow streets are the best security against heat; but in a northern climate, where such precautions are unnecessary, and where the admission of sunshine ought rather to be

studied, I know of no better mode of diffusing coolness during the heats of summer, than by an abundance of fountains. I do not mean, by the agitation of the air, and its decreased temperature in the immediate neighbourhood of the jet; but by the influence produced through the medium of imagination. This effect is greatly increased, by the singular device of one of the fountains of Augsburg: it is surmounted by a Hercules,—and the jet falls for ever upon his foot. No one walking upon the hot pavement, can look upon it without an agreeable sensation of coolness.

The Augsburgers are much addicted to the promenade: in fine weather, all classes resort to the different gardens which are set apart for the recreation of the inhabitants. I visited them all; and found, that in Augsburg, distinctions in society are carried as far as they are elsewhere. There are three gardens, each set apart for its own class of visitors; but no one yielding to the other, in the beauty of its walks, or in the accommodations which are offered to the frequenters of it. The highest in the grade of gentility is that which is under the especial patronage of the military.

This is a subscription promenade, to which only the upper ranks are admitted. The next is devoted to the middle ranks: and the citizens and trades-people have also their garden; where, if they are not entertained by a military band, a band bourgeois pleases them as well; and where, if there

be less of the graces that distinguish high life, there is more of the ease and freedom that attend a lower station.

I was much pleased with what I saw, in all these places of public resort. The music that distinguished the garden of the "exclusives," was charming; the middle classes appeared to be satisfied with the promenade and conversation; and in the garden bourgeois, the enjoyments were not quite so intellectual: wine, cake, and beer even, were in requisition,—and here and there, the young people had struck up a dance to very tolerable music. Among all classes, I observed an air of great respectability, and contentedness: this is observable in the streets as well as in the gardens; and nowhere, unless in Munich, have I ever seen a greater number of pretty faces,—and those who would be called in country dialect, smart girls.

Besides these gardens, the moat which surrounds Augsburg, and which is not stagnant, but is traversed by a running stream, has been converted into a promenade,—open to all,—and tastefully laid out. On the evening which I spent among these walks, a great many pleasure boats were rowing about: and after the military band had left the garden, it was transferred to one of the boats. I remember this evening with great pleasure: the weather was mild and calm; the music excellent; and the scene altogether, novel and agreeable.

I regret I am unable to recollect the name of the

hotel in which I resided, for the sake of those who may follow me,—it was so excellent: it seemed to me perfect in its arrangements, and extremely moderate in its charges; and some idea may be formed of its size, when I say, that it contained one room in which three thousand persons have often assembled at winter concerts and balls. How different is a German from a French *table d'hôte*! At the former, how much less pretension,—how much less self-importance,—how much less noise,—how much less selfishness and greed,—how much less inquisitiveness! Some would add—how much less excellent a dinner! this, however justly it might be said generally of German cookery, will not hold good if applied to Augsburg or Munich: but, to return to the word inquisitiveness,—I believe a foreigner might sit down at a *table d'hôte* in Bavaria day after day, and perhaps month after month, without being once requested to speak of himself: there is no “Monsieur is probably going to” such a place,—or “Monsieur has probably come from” such another place. One may have come from Peking or the moon,—or be going to Timbuctoo, or the world's end, for aught that a Bavarian cares. At the same time, I confess that for my own part, I do not object to a little inquisitiveness at a *table d'hôte*; and greatly prefer it to the taciturnity that distinguishes a table-full of Englishmen accidentally met together. Such little questioning, and counter questioning, breeds

an interchange of civilities afterwards: a little civilly spoken rudeness, accompanied by smiles and bows,—such as asking one another's business,—leads to a world of courtesies; and in fact, a promiscuous company, assembled accidentally, escapes by a little preliminary bad breeding, the far greater ill manners of sitting sulkily, among those whom chance has made for the time their equals.

Augsburg is a cheap place of residence: beef costs 10 kreutzers per lb. of 17oz.; veal and pork 11 kreutzers; butter, no more than 5 kreutzers; eggs, eight for 4 kreutzers. A house furnished, and fit for the reception of a respectable family, may be had for three hundred florins, (35*l.* ster.) per annum; and two well furnished rooms, cost about seven shillings per week.

Augsburg is not without its name in history; it was formerly an imperial city, governed by its own representatives, — which privileges are now exchanged for that of being the second city in the king of Bavaria's dominions. It was here, that in 1550, the Lutherans presented their Confession of Faith to the emperor Charles, and which, called “the Confession of Augsburg,” was the foundation of a civil war between the papists and the protestants, which lasted upwards of twenty years.

Having satisfied my curiosity at Augsburg, I left it for Munich,—bargaining with a voiturier returning to the capital, to be carried thither for nine florins. The first part of the road was

amusing, owing to the great concourse of persons who were coming to market with vegetables, farm produce, and poultry; and although I was now pretty well accustomed to the short petticoats of the women, the country damsels of the neighbourhood of Augsburg were conspicuous for these, even in Bavaria. Dress is very much a matter of convention: in England, it is called an *exposé* if a lady inadvertently shews her ankle; while a Bavarian exposes the whole leg without a blush, because habit has taught her, that there is nothing to blush for. It is a perfect plain that lies between Augsburg and Munich,—a corn and pasture country,—for the most part fertile, and generally, under a good system of husbandry: but it is far from being an interesting drive; and it was not therefore without satisfaction, that I saw the spires of Munich rise out of the level.

Munich is approached by broad and excellent roads; and even before entering the gate, it impresses the traveller favourably. There are many country houses, and beautiful gardens: the number of equipages one meets, gives an air of consequence to the city; and the traveller is in some degree, though not altogether prepared for the magnificence that awaits him within. I reached Munich about four o'clock, and alighted at the Black Eagle, to which I should be doing great injustice, if I did not recommend it as one of the very best hotels I ever entered, either in Bavaria, or in any other country.

CHAPTER V.

MUNICH.

Magnificence of Munich — Streets and Population — National Dress—the Opera, and its Arrangements—the King of Bavaria, his Popularity, and Public-Spiritedness—a Digression upon the Genius of the German and Italian Schools of Music—the Ballet—Music in Bavaria.

I do not believe that any one who has never visited Munich, entertains a just idea of the Bavarian capital: I have no hesitation in saying, that it is the most beautiful little capital in Europe, whether in its public edifices, or in its general appearance: and it is as unquestionably, one of the most interesting, owing to the numerous objects of attraction which it contains. Wide, clean, and many of them, magnificent streets and squares,—extensive gardens,—fine walks and drives,—an excellent opera,—a gallery of pictures, surpassed by few in Europe,—a repository of ancient statues, of which I shall afterwards speak as one of the most splendid monuments that in any country has been dedicated to the fine arts: these are among the external attractions of this most fascinating metropolis.

The stranger who for the first time perambulates the streets of Munich, perceives at once, that he is in a flourishing city,—and in a country in which the blessings of peace have left leisure for the cultivation of those arts which spring out of it: he sees new and splendid streets stretching in every direction,—magnificent public edifices erected, or rapidly approaching their completion,—the hand of improvement every where visible,—and industry directed in every channel in which it can be made subservient to the wants of opulence, and to the desires or caprices of taste and refinement.

If from these mute signs of prosperity, we turn to the street population, we see new proofs of it. We see a respectable and well dressed population; no dirt, or rags, or squalidness, or discontented faces; every one carries with him, the look of aisance. This indeed is not greatly to be wondered at in the capital of so small a kingdom,—the residence of the court,—the head quarters of the military,—the seat of the chief public judicature, and of all the public state offices—the residence of the nobility, ambassadors, employés, and of all who are attracted by the presence and patronage of a court,—the chief domicile of the clergy; and a city, moreover, in which manufactures are not of sufficient importance to attract superabundant labour, which in great commercial towns, lays the foundation of poverty. The population of Munich does not greatly exceed

fifty thousand; and subtracting from this number all those who live by the court, and by public offices, the remainder may be easily accounted for among tradesmen, artificers, shopkeepers, and servants.

I was struck with nothing so much in walking the streets of Munich, as the beautiful and tasteful dresses of the women; I mean of course, the bourgeois; for the dresses of the upper classes in no country, excepting Spain, can be said to be national. The peculiar costume of the Bavarians is seen to a certain extent every day; but there, as in every other town, to most advantage on holidays and Sundays. It chanced, that the day after my arrival in Munich, was the day upon which the king was expected to return from a distant country, and a long absence, occasioned by the state of his health; it was an universal holiday in Munich; and his entry, was almost like a triumph.

I was somewhat prepared for the novel, tasteful, and really beautiful dresses that greeted my eye in the streets, by the costume of the washer-woman who came to receive my commands at the hotel,—and of the girl who waited at my dinner table. The former wore a silver head dress, confining all the back hair, and forming a tiara in front; a blue satin brocaded waist, and skirt of flowered muslin, with a worked muslin apron. The latter, besides a silver head-dress like the other, wore a gown, the

whole of which above the ceinture, was entirely of silver. It is these silver head ornaments, and silver—and some gilded waisted gowns, that form the distinctive national costume of the women of Munich, whose countenances and figures are very worthy to be so set off: and truly, customs like these give great life and beauty to the picture of a street population; nor is it easy to forget the brilliant effect of these silver tiaras, and silver and gold waisted gowns, when on Sunday evening, a Munich holiday is held in the royal garden.

The king honoured the opera with his presence the same evening of his return: I of course was present, and secured in good time, a place serré. I cannot help observing that in most parts of the continent, the comfort of those who frequent places of public resort, is more attended to than in England; and in nothing is this more visible, than in the place serré of the pit. Most of my readers no doubt understand what this is,—but there may be some who do not. To take the Munich theatre as an example—the six or eight back seats in the pit are, as the whole pit is in England,—open to all who can crush into them,—and the first who arrives is the best accommodated; but the remainder of the seats are places serrés. Tickets are purchased in the morning,—not at the door in the evening,—and the places so secured, are kept vacant by the simplest invention. The seat has a hinge,—folds back, and locks,—so that until it be unlocked,

there is no place to sit down upon: every seat is numbered; and so is every ticket sold: the door-keeper examines the number on the ticket,—opens, and lets down the seat which corresponds to it; and so the pit is filled, without scrambling or noise. There is no crowding at the door, because there is no occasion for it; no crushing, and screaming, and rudeness, and pocket picking; no uncomfortable pressure within, because the tickets issued, and the seats, are equal in number. I cannot believe that any objection would be made in London, to the adoption of so rational and comfortable an improvement,—by which respectable persons might enjoy a play, without being first subjected to the rude incivility of a crowd; and by which, all the unseemly, and some times even dangerous scenes witnessed at a pit door might be avoided.

The king arrived before the opera began,—accompanied by the queen. Their majesties were received with every demonstration of affection; and frequently during the evening, these testimonies of respect were repeated. The king of Bavaria is a slight gentlemanlike person, with a pleasing, but not handsome countenance: he has an air of great affability; and if he owns a smaller dominion than some other kings, he can boast a larger share of his people's affection,—which is better. His majesty may be seen any day in Munich, walking through the hall of ancient statues; or in the neighbourhood of the new palace which is now erecting. He

deserves his popularity: he lives with great moderation; and the large surplus which his unostentatious habits enable him to save from his revenue, permits him to beautify his capital, and to be the munificent patron of literature and the arts. That most beautiful edifice in Europe, the Glypthothek, to which I shall afterwards return, has been erected at his own expense; and the magnificent palace now nearly completed, is also the offspring of his moderation, and public-spiritedness.

When I was at Munich, the opera was upon an excellent footing,—and under good management. German and Italian operas used formerly to be given only at the court theatre; but since the erection of the splendid house in the neighbourhood of the palace, the German and Italian operas are given there, alternately, with a comedy. The star at this time was Mlle. Schechner,—since, I believe, known to a London audience; a very charming singer, and with all the advantages of youth, agreeable features, and intelligence. She made her debût at Berlin, where she was—as she everywhere deserves to be—a decided favourite; and at Munich, where she had been three months, she still continued to attract crowded houses. Schechner, though the best, was not the only good singer in the Munich company; the parts were all more than respectably filled; and the orchestra was among the most effective I have anywhere heard. It is certainly a mystery which has never yet been

satisfactorily explained, that in London, one must pay half a guinea for a pit ticket to an opera, generally inferior to many abroad, to which one is admitted for one third of the sum. Somewhat higher salaries may reasonably be expected in a country where residence is more expensive; but this cannot warrant the difference between the London and the continental prices. The following are the prices of admission at Munich: a whole box in the first and second tier, 8 florins; a single place in a box, 1 florin, 12 kreutzers (3s.). The amphitheatre, 1 florin, 12 kreutzers. The reserved places in the pit, 1 florin. How much pleasure therefore may be purchased in Munich for 2s. 4d.

During the fortnight that I remained in Munich, I went four times to the opera. They do not perform there, as in many cities, the same opera during half a season; each of the four times I saw a different opera: two of them were German, and two Italian: *Fidelio* by Beethoven; Weber's *Der Fritchutz*; Rossini's *Cerentola*; and Mozart's *Flauto Magico*. The king prefers the Italian,—the queen, the German opera; and, judging by the demeanour of the audience, it seemed to me, that the people sided with the king.

Listening alternately to the German and Italian opera, I was more than usually struck with the essential distinctions in the character of the music of the Italian and German schools. The music of Italy I think may be characterised as graceful and

tender; expressive of hope and joy, and of the tender emotions; smooth and flowing; framed to soothe and tranquillize, and “to take the prisoned soul, and lap it in Elysium.”

The music of Germany is impassioned, rather than tender; abrupt, rather than flowing; expressive of despondency, rather than of hope; of melancholy, rather than of joy; and in place of soothing, it excites the mind to feelings of sublimity,—and diffuses over it, sentiments of solemnity and awe. As a contrast between the operatic music of Germany and Italy, and as illustrative of the distinctions I have drawn, the *Fidelio* of Beethoven—one of the most extraordinary of all the productions of human genius—may be taken, with *Tancredi*, of Rossini, or *Figaro*, of Mozart.

But the music of Rossini, and of Mozart, although both of the Italian school, differs widely in its character. I was particularly struck with this difference, in listening to the “*Cerentola*,” and “*Il Flauto Magico*.” It seems to me, that the characteristics of Rossini’s music, are variety, grace, playfulness, and simplicity: I say simplicity; for although in his style, he is ornate, yet, in his original conceptions, he is simple;—as a simple idea is often expressed in flowery language. Rossini is never sublime,—seldom even bold; for if sometimes he seems to be the latter, it is mainly owing to the variety and rapidity of the movements. Nor can the compositions of this master be classed

with the tender; they are sweet and elegant, but seldom touching;—never impassioned. Deep sentiment, he rarely attempts; and when he does attempt it, he fails. Rossini is one of those masters who, in music, as in painting and poetry, arise to give grace and polish, but at the sacrifice of higher excellences.

The genius of Mozart seems to me of a higher order. With more elegance than Rossini, and with equal sweetness, he is master of the passions. Lofty and solemn conceptions are presented to us; but these are not presented, as they are in the works of Handel,—in unadorned grandeur; he throws around them the charms of wondrous beauty and inimitable grace. The compositions of Mozart, when he chooses to address our sensibilities, draw tears,—whilst those of Rossini rather call into our cheek, the smile of pleasure. I suspect that with the musician, as with the poet, a touch of melancholy is needed, to imbue his compositions with that greatness which survives the caprices of fashion.

I have sometimes thought, that listening to an opera of Rossini might be compared to walking through a beautiful park, where nature and art are prettily and happily blended—where on every side, and at every step we are struck with variety—where, every now and then, some pleasing vista opens before us—where, here we have a succession of flowers, there, a foaming waterfall; now, a

grotto, then a temple—but where the range is too limited to permit us to lose sight of these objects, which re-appear in the course of our walk.

In listening to an opera of Mozart, I seem to be walking through an open and fertile country,—not all redolent with sweets,—but where I often find myself in spots of surpassing beauty;—where there is little recurrence of the same scenery;—where the flowers are not in parterres, but lie on sunny slopes, scattered there by the hand of nature;—where wood is not in groves,—but stretches into a forest;—where the heights swell into hills, and sometimes, almost into mountains;—and where, if even a desolate scene rise beyond, the bright sun illuminates it, and the blue sky canopies all.

I must not permit this digression to lead me entirely from the opera of Munich, of which I have to add, that the Bavarians also support a ballet,—not indeed like that of the Academie de Musique,—but still, very respectable for so small a metropolis. The conception of the ballet was beautiful,—tending to display to much effect, the charm of grouping; but I am constrained to say, that there was no Tagliôni. I have always thought, that the beauty of a ballet consists more in the conception of the ballet, and in the grace of the individual performers, than in that which is generally looked upon as its chief attraction. Difficult performances,—and attitudes, which have cost half a lifetime to master, are the parts of a ballet that

are the most applauded. Wonderful, these may be,—but beautiful, they certainly do not deserve to be called; for nothing that is out of nature can be beautiful. It is not natural to the human figure, to stand or walk upon the tiptoe; to form a right angle with the limbs; or to perform a rapid evolution of the body: to do all, or any of these things, nature must be tortured, and the common principles of natural motion violated. I cannot perceive any difference between such performances and those of an Indian juggler, unless that the latter are still more difficult and unnatural: and I am convinced, that if any one, while applauding such exhibitions, will examine his mind, he will discover, that it is not his sense of beauty, but his astonishment that pays the tribute.

The theatre and opera house of Munich, is an elegant structure,—and in the interior, large, commodious, and tastefully decorated. On every occasion when I visited it, it was crowded in all parts; and the audience were particularly to be commended for their silence, and the interest with which they appeared to listen. Music is much cultivated in Munich; all indeed that belongs to the fine arts having the especial patronage of the court: the upper and middle classes follow so illustrious an example; and it is well, when the tastes of a king are such, as may be imitated with advantage to the intellect, and morals of the people,—and where the favourite amusements of a

court, may innocently become the relaxation of the citizens.

But excluding the patronage and example of the court, the Bavarians are attached to the study of music; and in Munich, there are many facilities for its cultivation and enjoyment. Among other societies, in whose institution music forms a prominent part, is the society called Bauhof. Besides dramatic performances, four concerts are given every month; and in these, the members of the society assist the professional men. Scarcely a lady in the middle ranks of life is to be found, who is not a pianist,—and the number of private amateur clubs is innumerable.

The lowest classes too, enjoy the daily opportunity of hearing excellent music from the military bands that play every night in the court garden. It is not marches, dances, and trifling airs, which they perform,—but sterling compositions of the German and Italian masters; and those who have never been in any of the German states, can form no idea of the excellence of the military bands, both as regards the choice, and variety of instruments, and the masterly execution of the musicians. These regular musical performances in the gardens, which are open to all, shew a praiseworthy attention on the part of the powers that be, to the amusement of the people: and it is really a delightful spectacle when sitting in the garden on a

holiday evening, to see it crowded with the citizens in their brilliant holiday dresses, and with their happy faces, listening with evident delight, to the compositions of Haydn, Mozart, Romberg, or Ries.

CHAPTER VI.

MUNICH.

The Palace—English Impudence—the Munich Gallery—Claude, and the Flemish Masters—the study of Painting in Munich—Private Galleries—the Glypthothek; a King's hobby—Citizen Kings—Habits of the Royal Family—the Fête Dieu at Munich—Schleisheim—an idea of a Gallery.

I visited the palace of the Bavarian kings, on an early day after arriving in Munich; and found it worthy of a visit. It was built by Maximilian I., in the sixteenth century, upon a design by Canditi, a disciple of Vasari; but since that time, various improvements have been made upon it,—and although the new palace now erecting under the immediate superintendence of the king, be in all respects a more splendid structure than the old, the present palace is certainly sufficient for the wants of royalty. But of this, the king who builds a palace from his private purse, must be allowed to be the best judge.

I have no intention of entering into any minute description of the palace. I will only say, that all that luxury can desire, or art produce, decorates the apartments of the queen; and that those of his

majesty are in accordance with the simple, but refined taste of their owner. Will it be credited, that one Englishman with a long purse, was so ill-mannered as to insult the king, by asking a price to be put upon a miniature picture representing Orpheus charming the beasts; and that another, offered to purchase the valuable porcelain that is contained in the king's cabinet.

The lover of sights and wonders, will find much to delight him in the palace: there is a bed with two hundred and twenty-nine lbs. weight of gold in it; there are mirrors, and gildings, and bronze, and tapestries, and curiosities, without number,—particularly, a chapel and treasury attached to it, full of precious things,—among others, a Virgin, with a gold habit and a diamond crown, standing upon a pedestal of lapis lazuli; another Virgin, with vestments scarcely less precious; an organ constructed of gold, silver, ebony and mother of pearl, and adorned by innumerable pearls and other jewels; a statue of St. George and the dragon,—the knight in gold, the dragon in jasper; and adorned with no fewer than 2291 brilliants, 406 rubies, and 209 large oriental pearls,—with numerous other curious and rich gewgaws. I had certainly no idea that the king of Bavaria possessed so much useless wealth.

Formerly, the palace was rich in pictures; but these, as well as the gallery of Schleisheim, have been lately transferred to “the Munich gallery,” of which I shall presently speak.

The Munich gallery, whether in its extent, or its excellence, is surpassed but by few in Europe. I passed an hour or two in it every morning while I remained at Munich, and never turned away from it without regret. It would be impossible for me to particularize the pictures of which this treasure consists; and indeed, with the exception of those few pictures whose interest arises from the uncommon character of their subjects, it appears to me, that the description of a picture gallery is necessarily unsatisfactory, — because words can never convey any distinct conception of that of which the senses take cognizance.

The gallery is divided into twelve halls. The first of these contains the works of Bavarian artists — many of them highly creditable to the country. The second hall is allotted to the Flemish school — chiefly, but not exclusively. The third hall is dedicated to the masters who have been the most celebrated for their colouring. The fourth hall, is called “the hall of Rubens;” and to the admirers of Rubens, will afford a rich study. Among the pictures, are found “Seneca dying.” Several of “the wife of Rubens,” an admirable portrait of “a Jesuit,” “the reconciliation of Esau and Jacob,” &c. The fifth hall is devoted chiefly to the Flemish and German schools, among which Vandyke, Wouvermanns and Ruysdael are conspicuous; and in the sixth and seventh halls, are found, the choicest pictures of all the schools. But here I

must remain for a little while. The pictures that struck me as being the most excellent, were, “a flight into Egypt,” by Paul Veronese;” “a Satyr embracing a nymph,” by Titian; “Mary, with the Infant Jesus and St. John,” by Da Vinci—a picture of extreme beauty; a “St. Francis,” by Lud Caracci; “a girl and a boy,” and “an old man,” and “a boy,” by Murillo, in all the nature, and exquisite colouring of that inimitable master; “a Holy Family,” by Andrea del Sarto; “a massacre of the Innocents,” by Han. Caracci,—interesting when compared with the same subject by Rubens, as shewing the different views which two great men have taken of the same incident; several portraits of old persons, by Rembrandt, and by Denner; “the Virgin, with the Infant Jesus and Saint Joseph,” by Van Dyke;—“a lion hunt,” by Rubens; several curious pictures by François Mieris, &c. &c.

But besides these pictures in the “Great Style,” the Munich gallery is most interesting, from the many admirable morsels of Berghem, Hobbima, Cuyp, and Ruysdael, with which it abounds. The Italian school takes, and is entitled to, the precedence, chiefly because of the higher subjects upon which the genius of its masters has been exercised; and Claude,—French in birth, but Italian by education,—has always held in landscape, the same rank that is yielded to the first masters in the historical style; I am not however ashamed to ac-

knowledge, that I have seen pictures of Ruysdael, Hobbima, Cuyp, &c., upon which I would more willingly rest my eye, than upon those of Claude—owing I believe to their simple delineations of nature. This I know will be considered a heresy; but I suspect, that the authority of great names is sometimes owing to its being established before competition arose,—thus acquiring a sort of prescriptive title to veneration.

The essential distinction between Claude, and the first masters of the Flemish school in the same department, consists principally in this: Claude does not paint nature as he finds her; but as he supposes she might be: he makes choice of her most attractive parts; and works them up as his fancy dictates; and this is in precise agreement with the advice given by Sir Joshua Reynolds in his Discourses. Ruysdael on the contrary, and the other masters at the head of this department in the Flemish school, paint nature as she is; and for this reason, the appearance of nature, as we walk abroad on a summer's evening, brings to our recollection, Ruysdael, Berghem, Cuyp, or Hobbima, rather than Claude. Notwithstanding this, Claude is probably the greater painter,—though he cannot be said to be the most popular; in the same manner that "Paradise Lost" is a greater, but a less popular poem, than "the Deserted Village."

In Munich, the utmost liberality is shewn towards strangers, in the facilities offered to them in

visiting all the institutions dedicated to the fine arts; and what is still more important,—artists, and students, are encouraged in every way, to cultivate a knowledge of the “divine art.” Of the excellent opportunities offered to them by the Munich gallery, they amply avail themselves; and it was gratifying to see, not only the numbers, who were at all times employed in copying in the gallery, but to observe the good judgment that had directed them in their choice of subjects. I noticed, that few, or none, had selected the pictures of Bavarian artists,—but almost without exception, those chef d’œuvres, of the Italian and Flemish schools, a study of which, is most likely to lead to future eminence. How different in this respect is Bavaria from France, where national vanity leads the young artists to select for their models, the paintings in the Luxembourg gallery, where, with some few exceptions, extravagance and caricature are blended with weakness and effeminacy—and to pass by the immortal works of the Italian, Spanish, and Flemish schools, that adorn the Hall of the Louvre.

An academy of the fine arts was founded in the year 1808,—in which painting, sculpture, architecture and engraving are taught gratuitously to above a hundred pupils; and the result has been gratifying to the founders. There are at this moment, many most promising artists in Munich: and all who devote themselves to the study of any branch of the fine arts, may reasonably entertain the

agreeable belief, that genius is assured of its reward, from the liberal patronage bestowed upon it by the present royal family.

Besides the Munich gallery, there are several private collections worthy the attention of a stranger,—particularly those of Prince Eugene, Duke of Leuchtenberg; and of the Count Riehberg. The former of these contains about one hundred and fifty chef-d'œuvres of all the schools,—among them, several pictures by Sehidone, Paul Veronese, Annibal Caracci, Guereino, and Tintoretto; and some charming things by Wouvermanns, Berghem, Paul Potter, Van der Velde, Holbein, and Denner. In the prince's collection there is also a "Magdalen of Canova,"—and the "Three Graees" from the hand of the same celebrated artist. The other collection has the honour of containing a small and very beautiful "Entombment," by Raphael. A "St. Catherine," by Da Vinci; "the Annunciation," by Albano; "St. John Baptist," by Murillo; and other productions of true excellence, by Carlo Dolce, Rembrandt, Dominichino, Titian, Mola, Parmegiano, Breughel, Ruysdael, &c. Besides these, there are many other private collections,—and I do not hesitate to say, that the true lover of the fine arts might find employment, and delightful employment too, in the picture galleries of Munich, during at least two months.

I have already incidentally mentioned the Glyptothek,—and now return to it with eagerness.

This most chaste and beautiful edifice, destined for the reception of ancient statues, was not quite completed when I visited Munich; but it had made so much progress towards completion, that one might well form an opinion of its claims to distinction. I do not hesitate to say, that a journey from London to Munich would be well repaid by a visit to the Glypthothek, which in the beauty of its marbles, is not equalled by any edifice in Europe. I say this with some boldness, having seen the marbles of the Escorial, which has hitherto been admitted to possess the finest marbles in the world; but nothing that I have seen either in the Escorial, or in any other edifice, will bear a comparison with the floors and walls of the Glypthothek.

It is said, that this building is the king's hobby—and a charming hobby it is, to watch the elevation and completion of so beautiful a monument to the fine arts,—nor less a monument to the good taste, and wise economy of a prince. Well indeed may the king of Bavaria enjoy a walk through the halls of his Glypthothek; and the reflection, that although the monarch of one of the smallest states, no head of the greatest empire has raised so proud a trophy. As yet, the number of statues, and the relics of ancient sculpture, brought into the Glypthothek, are insufficient to fill its halls; but the attention of the king is constantly directed to the accumulation of objects that may be worthy of being received into so beautiful a temple,—and

there is little doubt that ere long, the contents of the Glypthothek will be scarcely less worthy of admiration than the building itself.

The king of Bavaria, although not a "citizen king," in the meaning in which that expression is used, when speaking of Louis Philippe,—is a citizen king in another and a better meaning: his is not a political, but a social citizenship; and although he might not choose perhaps to sit down at table with Mr. Citizen, drummer of the national guard, he will chat as familiarly with any of the workmen of the Glypthothek, as if he were the overseer: and will listen to the suggestion of a man with a mallet in his hand, as patiently, and even thankfully, as if he had not a palace to go home to, and a crown to put upon his head.

The king of even a small kingdom is an object of some interest,—it may be difficult to say why! but in the belief that the ingoings and outgoings of the king of Bavaria are worthy of record, I shall make no apology for informing the reader, that his majesty rises at five o'clock the year round,—that immediately afterwards, he takes a basin of soup—that about eleven, he breakfasts upon coffee, &c.—the queen at the same time, breakfasting à la fourchette—that the royal family dine at five—and that his majesty takes no supper. But with these plain tastes and unostentatious habits, the king shews at times, that he has not forgotten he is a king. The usual state equipage is in no respect

inferior to that of more powerful monarchs,—and it is possible that the demeanour of a king may be dignified, at the same time that it is affable.

While I was at Munich, it chanced to be Fête Dieu,—which, in a Catholic country, is always one of the best opportunities a traveller can have of seeing the court, as well as the people. The fête was conducted with sufficient splendour; and it afforded me an opportunity besides, of forming some judgment of the externals at least, of the Bavarian troops. There were several regiments of both horse and infantry; and I have seldom seen in any country, troops better dressed, or better accoutred, than these; and I understood from those who had no prejudice, and who were well capable of judging, that they shewed a state of excellent discipline,—and performed their evolutions with much precision.

Bavaria, I believe, is bound to furnish 40,000 men as its quota,—but it is understood that his majesty could send 100,000 men into the field. The Fête Dieu was greatly honoured at Munich. His majesty and the court shewed all befitting humility; and the people paid to it the best of all marks of respect, by dressing themselves in their very best clothes; the streets were one blaze of silver and gold; and in the evening, all the public gardens resounded to the exhilarating sounds of music and dancing.

As I have spoken of the fine arts in this chapter, I may as well exhaust the subject, by including a

visit to Schleisheim. This palace is situated three leagues from Munich; the road is far from interesting; it leads in a straight line through a level and very poor country, between rows of ugly firs and willow. The building itself is fine,—but entirely neglected, both in its interior, and in the grounds that surround it; and the gallery of pictures for which it was formerly remarkable, has been united with the Munich gallery, of which I have already spoken. The gallery of ancient pictures, using the word “ancient” in its real sense,—still remains; and will no doubt be a high treat to those genuine virtuosos, who look upon beauty as a very secondary consideration.

This gallery exhibits the progress of the art from the days of Cimabue,—and in works of the old German schools, is nowhere surpassed. There are even preserved here, some paintings, said to be of a date long antecedent to the revival of letters and the fine arts,—among others, a picture referred to the eleventh century; and a portrait—one of the many, that the indefatigable Saint Luke is said to have painted. The series however, properly begins with Cimabue; and then follow innumerable pictures by artists who were no doubt celebrated in their day; but whose works are now incapable of giving pleasure to any but an antiquarian. There are however, many curious and interesting pictures of old Jean Holbein, and Martin Schön,—and Albert Dürer,—and Müller, and Burghmayer. Some few pictures also remain,

by Weenix, Rembrandt, Ostade, Breughel, Gerard Dow, and Ruysdael, one of whose pictures,—a road through a forest,—I yet often recollect with pleasure.

It has sometimes occurred to me as matter of surprise, when I have walked through galleries like those of Schleisheim,—and even in walking through any picture gallery, that no one has ever thought of forming a gallery, the principle of selection being beauty only; including whatever is beautiful in nature, but rejecting whatever that word would exclude, however curious, or even however talented,—a gallery, containing angels, and children, and lambs, such as Murillo painted—nymphs and Venuses, such as rose under the hand of Titian or Albano,—Magdalens, like Corregio's, and Madonnas like Da Vinci's,—and sweet scenes of inanimate nature, or of the busy and the still mingled together—like those that have been created by the genius of a Claude, a Breughel, a Cuyp, a Ruysdael, a Hobbima, a Van-der-Velde, or a Canaletto. I would have no Dutch boors, even if painted by the hand of Ostade or Dow,—no harsh featured old misers or attenuated saints, even if from the hand of Rembrandt, or Españoletto,—no martyrdom of holy men, or massacres of the Innocents, even if produced from the workshop of Rubens or Caracci. I would have exquisite painting, illustrating beautiful subjects: it is then, that the "Divine Art" is the most divine.

CHAPTER VII.

MUNICH.

The Prison of Munich, and Details, and Reflections—Hospitals, Churches, and Public Institutions.

I was greatly pleased by a visit to the prison of Munich. The principle of this excellently regulated establishment is, that every one in it, shall gain his own bread. Every prisoner is obliged to work at his own trade; so that there is no kind of handicraft that is not going on within the prison walls. It is like a general manufactory: carpenters, blacksmiths, saddlers, tailors, shoemakers, dyers,—all are seen plying their trades; but no one is forced to work beyond what is necessary for his sustenance; whatever he gains by his labour more than suffices to maintain him, is kept until the term of his imprisonment expires; and is then given to him,—deducting a quota for the expenses of the establishment. There is a separate workshop allotted to each trade; the prisoners work in company, and are permitted to converse upon allowed topics—overseers being of course present. Shortly before I visited the prison, a man whose term of punishment had expired, received no less

than 800 florins (about 83*l.* sterling) upon leaving the prison. Criminals who are admitted at so early an age as not to have yet learnt a trade, are permitted to make choice of one, which is taught to them. Women (who are rigorously separated from the male prisoners), follow their trades also: we see embroidery, stocking weaving, straw-hat making and plaiting, and all the other kinds of labour in which women are engaged: women who have been servants before, are servants still; cooks are cooks; housemaids, housemaids. In fact, the interior service of the prison is performed by the criminals; and all their wants are supplied by themselves, or their neighbours. I tasted the soup and meat in the kitchen, and the bread in the bakehouse; and found both excellent.

The proceeds of the sale of articles made in the prison, (i. e. the surplus remaining after the expenses of the establishment have been paid, and the prisoners maintained), to be kept for the benefit of the prisoners themselves, generally amounts to nearly 50,000 florins,—upwards of 6000*l.* per annum,—a sum, which, properly applied, as it doubtless is, cannot fail to produce most important results upon the future lives of the prisoners for whose benefit it is intended.

I saw some prisoners confined for life,—for crimes, which in England would have sent them to the gallows: these are tasked to a certain quantity of work, and maintain themselves, and benefit

the state at the same time. No one has been executed at Munich since the year 1821. By a singularly humane enactment, prisoners for life are allowed some indulgences that are denied to those whose punishment is for a limited term. It is thought for example, a fair and proper aggravation of punishment, that the use of tobacco should be prohibited to those who may hope by good conduct and industry, to be restored after a time, to the world, with the means of subsistence, and even of rational enjoyment; but this is considered an unnecessary cruelty towards a man whose punishment terminates only with his life.

The utmost cleanliness and simplicity pervade every department of this excellent establishment: a proper discipline, and just restraint, are united to those arrangements that assure the health and improvement of the prisoners; and the building itself, is one of the most complete that I have ever seen set apart for the correction of criminals. There is one singular part of the establishment—a phalanx of very large and fierce dogs, which during the night, are turned loose into the open space that surrounds the prison, and are a sufficient security against escape. When I visited the prison, there were six hundred and sixty-six persons confined, one hundred and forty of whom were women.

A detail like the above, may well lead to important reflection. The adaptation of punishment

to crime, as well as the true end of punishment, have always been deep and important problems in legislation: and it is certainly the duty of the legislature to collect from every source, information that may direct them right in this matter.

The system pursued in the prison of Munich, appears to unite all the advantages that ought to be aimed at in legislating upon crime and punishment. The State is not burdened with the expense of transporting prisoners to distant colonies, or of maintaining them at home; nor is the criminal turned out of prison, without a stiver in his pocket, left to the mercy of a hard judging world.

The two great objects of criminal legislation, independently of the terror of punishment in preventing the commission of crime, ought unquestionably to be, correction of the criminal's habits while under punishment,—and some security, that when punishment ends, these corrected habits may continue.

Solitary imprisonment which finds many advocates may effect the first, but cannot effect the second of these objects; nor does it even always certainly effect the first object—that of correction. It may, or it may not: some minds may be tamed and tutored by it; and the awfulness of solitude, and the weary, but only resource of reflection, must no doubt often produce an advantageous result; but minds of a different complexion may be hardened by solitude: impatience of its loneliness,

may produce a bitterness and doggedness of feeling; and reflection, in place of leading to wholesome meditation, may run in a wrong channel. But, at all events, whatever may be the effect of this punishment in correcting the habits, or rather, in improving the mind of the prisoner, its benefit ceases with its term; and it is impossible to conceive a case of greater cruelty, than that of a criminal who, after being trained by a long course of punishment for habits of honesty and industry, is then thrown loose upon the world, with no temptation to the one, and no call upon the other.

I cannot for my own part, conceive any system so perfectly adapted for the correction of idle and profligate courses, as daily employment in the trade to which a felon has been accustomed, in his innocent days; with a knowledge, that his industry is not only procuring him his daily bread; but that it is forming for him a little stock, by which when his confinement is over, he may carry with him a claim to the consideration of others,—which is the surest foundation of self-respect: it seems a return to honest days: he is again a tradesman, living by his labour, and laying by the surplus from his necessities; nor am I sure that the society and conversation of others, actuated like himself, by similar feelings and with similar hopes, under the surveillance of proper persons, is any bar to an improvement in his feelings. Few men are bettered by continued solitude,—however advantageous occa-

sional retirement may be ; and if something be subtracted from the severity of punishment, by permitting under proper restraints, an intercourse among the prisoners, it is amply compensated by other advantages. It would be impossible indeed, to combine solitary imprisonment with the system pursued in the prison of Munich ; because it would be impossible to have a separate forge for every blacksmith, who indeed cannot work alone ; or a separate workshop for every saddler or carpenter.

The Munich system appears in fact, to come as near perfection, as any human institution can. To be faultless, is a vain hope ; to err as little as possible, is all that can be reasonably desired. Whether as respects the state,—the offender, or society, it seems to accomplish all that legislation can hope for.

The demands of public justice are satisfied without any expense to the revenue ; but on the contrary with an advantage. The constant labour of six or eight hundred persons, increases the product of national industry, and therefore enriches the state,—which is also a gainer in another way. Many of the army accoutrements,—saddles, caps, knapsacks, and belts ; shoes, horse shoes, and clothing, are produced from prison labour : and although the prisoners be paid for their labour, there is no injustice in paying for it at a somewhat lower rate than it could be obtained for in the free market. Prison maintenance,—in which no kind of strong

drink forms any part—costs but an inconsiderable sum, so that the surplus is always sufficient to form a respectable fund at the conclusion of the punishment.

Then, if we pass from the state which is benefited, to the offender,—we find a result still more important: industrious habits are recovered,—or formed; the desire of acquisition is addressed; and the hope of respectability engendered. There are but few men rogues from choice; idleness and poverty—twin sisters, are the fruitful mothers of crime; and after the offender has thus expiated his crime, and in expiating it, improved his own habits and character, he is placed in the world with a desire for gaining his bread in an honest way, and with the means of subsistence until he finds employment, or travels to that part of the kingdom where he may expect to meet friends. It is true, that in some cases the freed offender may squander his money, and recur to his old practices; but it is more likely that he will not; and that the possession of a sum of money greater perhaps than he ever had before, will produce its usual effect,—a desire of adding to it.

Upon a matter of this kind, nothing can be so satisfactory as facts. I took some pains to ascertain the result, as far as those in the management of the prison could inform me; and I learnt that in but few cases, offenders were committed a second time; and that those who had been dismissed with the

largest sums, had in no instance returned. Many of the young who had been taught trades in the prison, were respectable handicraftsmen and tradesmen,—and crime was yearly on the decrease.

As for the results of the system on society, these appear to be equally favourable to society, and to the state, as upon the criminal himself. Little more argument is needed in proof of this, than that crime diminishes under the system; and it cannot surely require any proof in favour of so clear a position, as that society is less likely to be injured by the return to it, of some thousands of felons, with improved habits, and money in their pockets, than by an equal number of pennyless vagabonds let loose upon it. With respect to the delusion of severe punishment deterring from crime, it is perfectly well known that the contrary is the fact; that whenever the enactments of law cease to be in accordance with men's opinions, they become worse than useless; that sympathy with the criminal, and not respect for the law is engendered; and that evil thoughts are born in the very sight of exemplary punishments. Thieves, forgers, and incendiaries, have sprung into existence in front of a gallows; and a man hanging in chains, on a moonlight heath, has begotten a murderer.

I ought perhaps to apologize for the length of these remarks; but the system pursued in the prison of Munich seemed to be so founded on both wisdom and humanity, that I felt it to be almost a

duty to enlarge upon a subject which so well deserves public consideration.

Munich is rich in those establishments which profess to relieve or ameliorate men's physical condition. There is an institution for the reception of the poor, who are of two classes,—those who are unable to work; and those who are unable to procure it. The first class are received, without any other recommendation than helplessness and indigence, and are clothed, lodged, and fed. The second class are furnished with employment suitable to their capacity. There, as in the prison, every trade is carried on; and in consideration of their labour, the poor are provided for, so long as they choose to remain upon the establishment. The number belonging to the second class while I was at Munich, amounted to one thousand four hundred and eighty-seven. This institution is supported, partly by royal donation, and partly by private benevolence.

The general hospital is another noble institution. The building, in the construction of which, every modern improvement has been introduced, is capable of containing from seven to eight hundred sick persons. These are divided into three classes: those who are received gratuitously,—which of course includes by far the greater number; those who pay an annual subscription of four florins (nearly 11s.) for the privilege of the hospital at all times when required; and those strangers, or per-

sons in a superior rank of life, who wish to be no inconvenience or burden to their friends, and who, by paying thirty kreutzers per day, are received into the common ward, or by paying about 3s. sterling per day, are accommodated with a private chamber, with attendance, nourishment, medical advice and remedies,—and with all, in short, that the most skilful physicians may consider necessary towards the cure of a disease. This is certainly a splendid, and humane institution. A noble garden is attached to it,—whose fine walks, pleasant shades, flowers, and freshness, are well suited to assist in the re-establishment of health.

Besides those hospitals, there is the hospital of the Holy Spirit, under the superintendence of charitable persons; a military hospital; a lunatic asylum; a foundling and lying-in hospital; an orphans' hospital; and several smaller establishments for the treatment of particular classes of disease.

The churches of so catholic a city as Munich, are of course sufficiently numerous: the three principal are, the Cathedral, St. Michael's, and St. Theatin's. I have no talent at describing churches; and think besides, that a traveller may fill his book with something better. A few words however may be allowed. The cathedral church of "Notre Dame"—sombre, and of the gothic style of the fifteenth century, contains a black mausoleum of the Emperor Louis of Bavaria in black marble,

bronze, and does great credit to the design of Candit. The tower of this church is 333 feet in height, and for the trouble of an ascent, I thought myself rewarded by a view over almost all ancient Bavaria. The church of St. Michael is a beautiful piece of architecture, in the best Italian style; but although containing some good sculpture and fine marbles, it is too much loaded with a profusion of gilding and stucco; and shews in every part, its jesuitical origin, having been originally the church of the college of Jesuits. The church of the Theatins, deserves merely to be named,—but not to be dwelt upon.

Neither is Munich deficient in institutions for the improvement of the intellectual condition. The chief of these is the “Academy of Sciences,” attached to which is a library, a museum of natural history, an anatomical institute, a botanical garden, an observatory, a cabinet of coins and medals, and a repertory of antiquities. The library in particular deserves notice, both on account of its very great extent, and of its valuable contents. The library was founded at a very early epoch, by Duke Albert; and so early as the year 1595 we find an ordinance of Maximilian I. desiring every convent to send a list of whatever literary documents it possessed; and all books and manuscripts acquired during the thirty years’ war found their way to this library. But it is rather its actual condition, than its history, that I would dilate upon. It

contains at present four hundred thousand volumes, arranged in no fewer than fifty-four different apartments: and in manuscripts, the library is no less rich than in printed works. We find three hundred oriental manuscripts, among which is a Koran of extreme beauty; a Malabar poem written on palm tree leaves; two hundred and fifty Hebrew manuscripts; five hundred and eighty Greek manuscripts, among which is a Thucydides, of the eleventh century, and the Gospels, in three volumes, of the eighth century; and eight thousand Latin, French, German, and Italian manuscripts. Among these, are found, a copy of the Evangelists in Latin, of the eleventh century, in gold and silver characters, written on purple parchment. The Psalms, with the musical score, by Orlando Lasso, — illustrated by curious miniatures, by Mielich; a prayer book, by Anthony Simbaldu, of the fourth century, with very fine embellishments; the prayer book of the Emperor Louis Fourth; a Theodosian code of the fifth century; an Augustine code of the eighth century; a Boccacio of the year 1458; a *codex traditionum Ecclesiæ Ravenatensis* of the ninth century, written on papyrus of Egypt; and a very great variety of curious early German manuscripts, particularly poetry. There are also very many books referable to the first era of printing,—some of them containing fac-similes of the early reformers,—and illustrated by designs of Albert Durer. I noticed,

among others, the Latin Bible of Faust and Guttemberg, of 1450; and that of Faust Schöffer of 1462, finely illustrated by Luc Cranach; the offices of Cicero, printed in 1365; and another, in 1466; and Schöffer's curious and rare work on insects and frogs. From this catalogue, it will be sufficiently apparent, that Munich is scarcely less celebrated for the extent and value of its library, than for the riches of its picture gallery.

The cabinet of natural history (attached to the same institution,—the academy of sciences) is also well worthy of a visit. This is considered to be one of the most complete, and best arranged in Europe. The collection of birds is beautiful, numerous, and in excellent preservation. The butterflies are no less rare and numerous. The mineral cabinet is rich and extensive, and is arranged with that strict regard to order and system, which adds so greatly to the value of such collections, as regards the instruction of the public; and which is so agreeable to the eye of even the unlearned. In the same cabinet, an apartment is dedicated to the reception of works of art and industry.

In connexion with the same institution, is the botanic garden. This beautiful garden covers thirteen acres: and in the taste displayed in its arrangement, as well as the perfect order in which it is kept, it maintains fully the high character of all the public institutions of the Bavarian capital.

Classification may be seen in many of the botanic gardens of European cities, but taste and classification blended, is of rarer occurrence. Among other peculiarities of this garden, there is a small lake, which is made subservient to the cultivation of all aquatic plants. Besides innumerable trees and shrubs, there are upwards of twenty thousand plants cultivated in the open air: and an immensely large greenhouse, of chaste architecture, contains thousands of those exotics which are too delicate to bear the climate of Bavaria, and which are arranged in six divisions, to which different degrees of temperature are communicated.

I have yet to say a few words of the cabinets of medals, and of antiquities; both, also within the jurisdiction of the academy of sciences.

The cabinet of medals was founded by Albert V. and in the reign of Maximilian I. A beautiful specimen of art was constructed for the reception of the medals, by a Bavarian named Angermayer. It is of lapis lazuli; adorned with bas-reliefs; of the most charming workmanship. The present king of Bavaria has not neglected this, among the many departments in virtue, to which he has dedicated his leisure, and his revenue. The cabinet is well arranged, and contains at present upwards of ten thousand Greek and Roman medals in gold,—with innumerable medals and coins of modern days; and a fine collection of precious stones. The cabinet of antiquities contains many

precious relics of past days: some of these,—the most valuable of course,—are destined to adorn the halls of the Glypthothek.

Besides the academy of sciences, several other institutions contributing to mental instruction, are found in Munich,—among others, the royal institute, in which philosophy, mathematics, history, the Latin and Greek languages, and philology, are taught; a medical school, gratuitous; a military, and a veterinary school; an institution called, the seminary, in which music, dancing, design, geography, and the living language, are taught. All the students live within the seminary; and for board, lodging, and education, pay the sum of 240 florins (28*l.* sterling) each.

Nor is the education of the female sex neglected in Munich. There is a seminary or college, for the education of sixty young ladies, daughters of gentlemen to whom the charges of instruction would be a burden. The king nominates to the vacancies; and pays all the expenses of the establishment, which was instituted in the year 1813.

An equal number with the gratuitous élèves, are admitted, upon paying the sum of two hundred florins at entry, and four hundred florins per annum; and in this seminary, every branch of useful knowledge, and every elegant accomplishment is taught.

There is also in the Bavarian capital, a Sunday-school upon a very extensive plan: when I visited

Munich, there were no fewer than one thousand six hundred and twenty-nine scholars, with sixteen masters, who taught their pupils morals, the principles of physics, geography, natural history, chemistry, and geometry. Attached to the institution, there is a useful library, a physical and chemical apparatus, models of machines, &c. This school is frequented chiefly by the sons of artisans, to whom all the instructions are communicated gratuitously; and it is not on Sundays only, but on fête days also, which, in a Catholic country, are too often lost to utility, that this institution offers its advantages. Add to all these,—an agricultural school; an institution for the encouragement of natural industry, and an academy of the fine arts, which I have already mentioned, and it will be admitted, that the capital of Bavaria is scarcely less distinguished by its useful establishments than by the opportunities it offers for the advancement of the arts and letters.

CHAPTER VIII.

MUNICH.

The People—Manners—Religion—Condition of the lower orders
—Prices—Summary of Attractions—Historic Glance—Excursions in the neighbourhood.

THE people of Munich cannot be called a sombre people: they are of the gayer class of Germans; fond of amusement and holidays, but willing to be sober and industrious, when sobriety and industry are called for. I need scarcely observe, after what I have already said, that the women are fond of dress, which generally betokens, or begets love of admiration. I know few towns where the women are more seen than in Munich; and so universal is the practice of looking out of the window, that almost every window is provided with a cushion on the outside, for the arms to lean upon; and these cushions, being generally of a gaudy colour, give a grotesque air to the external appearance of the houses.

Music, and the promenade, and the dance occasionally, are the summer recreations of the inhabitants: different ranks enjoy these in different ways: the upper ranks have their private concerts

and the opera,—promenade en voiture; and dance at home: the bourgeois classes, have the military and bourgeois bands,—promenade in the gardens, and waltz in an arbour. As far as I could learn, the Bavarians hold a higher rank in the scale of morals, than several of the other Germanic nations; and the lower orders are certainly not addicted to intemperance, although both beer and spirits are cheap throughout Bavaria. The beer is excellent too,—and is the liquor generally drunk in the cafés.

Bavaria is completely catholic, in the general feelings of the people. Among the lower orders there is decidedly much bigotry and superstition. Images of the Virgin, and of saints, are very commonly seen in private houses, particularly in bed-rooms; mass is always well attended, both in Munich and in the country; and Bavaria furnishes a very large quota of the misguided pilgrims, who every year journey from all parts, to pay their adorations at the shrine of the miraculous image, preserved in the abbey of Einseideln in Switzerland.

I have already said, that in Munich, there is little of misery to be seen; and generally throughout the country, the people, though for the most part labourers, and not proprietors, do not present an appearance of much poverty. The price of labour is indeed low, seldom exceeding half a florin per day, (1s. 2d.); and more frequently,

falling considerably below this sum; but provisions are generally cheap, especially country produce; and habits are simple. However indicative of natural prosperity, high wages may be, the condition of the lower orders is not greatly influenced by this prosperity,—for a high price of labour is but the consequence of a high scale of prices in other things, and of excessive taxation. If meat were but *2d.* or $2\frac{1}{2}d.$ per lb., bread *1d.* per lb., and other articles in proportion, an English labourer would not find himself impoverished by a Bavarian rate of wages. I know, that such a state of things could not exist in a great commercial country; but in travelling among the continental nations, one is often forced to admit the truth, that the comfort of the lower orders, and national greatness are not synonymous. The prices of provisions in Munich differ not greatly from the prices of Augsburg,—excepting butter, which is nearly three times higher. House-rent also, in Munich, is double that of Augsburg.

I do not know any city which is altogether more-deserving of a visit than Munich: a few weeks may be spent there most agreeably; especially by those who cultivate a knowledge of the fine arts. An hour or two, every morning, may be delightfully employed in one or other of the galleries, or in the Glypthothek: the Place Maximilian, and the avenue of Schwabing, are always full of gaiety and variety: a perfect shade may at all times be

found in the Court-garden, near the centre of the town; while the English garden affords a longer and more varied promenade; carriages of all kinds may be hired at a remarkably cheap rate, for drives or excursions; an opera, surpassed by few in Europe, and at a small cost, is open at least twice in the week; and every night, excellent military music may be heard in the public walks; civility is every where found; and easy access is obtained to literary and musical clubs. Add to all this, the comforts and luxuries that await one in the hotel of the Black Eagle, in the Kaufinger Gasse. I sat down every day at the table d'hôte with a varied and pleasant party of at least thirty persons,—and to a dinner that would not have disgraced the Rocher de Cancale. An agreeable band of wind instruments played in an adjoining room; and all this, wine included, cost but one florin.

Munich is a very ancient city; but its origin is, like most other towns, lost in the obscurity of remote ages. Mention is made of it in ancient documents under the name of Muonichen, Mounichen, Mouchen (almost the present name München) and Mounichingo,—all of them doubtless derivations of the German word Mönch (Monk), from which, it may be reasonably presumed, that it owed its origin to some fraternity of monks in very ancient days; for in the eleventh and twelfth centuries, Munich was a considerable burgh, and was a city in 1175. In more modern

times, since the year 1632, when Gustavus Adolphus of Sweden entered it, Munich has been often the scene of struggle, and the victim of incendiaryism; and during the thirty years' war, it suffered more perhaps than any other city of the Germanic empire. The embellishments of Munich, began with Louis the Severe; and seem to have been never lost sight of by the Dukes of Bavaria: but, for the present king, the honour has been reserved of raising his capital to the rank which in beauty and interest it is well entitled to hold among the continental cities.

There are several places in the neighbourhood, or at a short distance from Munich, worthy of a visit; and to these, I devoted a few days before leaving the Bavarian capital. My visit to Schliesheim, I have already mentioned. The next excursion which I made, was to Nymphenbourg, one of the royal palaces: part of the palace is fitted up in the antique style; and part is modern; but it is every where either gorgeous or tasteful. The apartments of the king in particular, are fitted up with a regard for comfort more than for display. The admirers of fine tapestry, will also find much to attract their attention. The garden and artificial water are well laid out; and to those who are fond of seeing abundance of deer, pheasants, black swans, and other curious birds, a day spent at Nymphenbourg will leave pleasant recollections behind it. Dachau also, now a ruin,

once a castle of the celebrated Otto of Wittelsback, —and Arlaching, another ruin —once the residence of Claude de Lorraine, are both worthy of a visit.

Staremburg required the sacrifice of two or three days. This is a lake and a village, situated five leagues from Munich. I took advantage of the public conveyance; and reached Staremburg to a late breakfast. Although the lake has not the magnificence or variety of a Swiss lake, it is not without its charm: the water is very limpid; and its shores, gently sloping, are covered with greenness and fertility: country seats, villages, and churches, dot the neighbouring banks; and the summits of the Alps rise in the distance. The gardener at the royal castle keeps a small inn; and there, one may eat of the delicious fish called rengen,—and taste how superior is the flavour of vegetables that are grown in a king's garden.

My intention was, to have travelled from Munich through the central parts of Germany, and all my arrangements had been made for that purpose; but a singular chance altered my plans, and sent me to the Tyrol.

CHAPTER IX.

JOURNEY FROM MUNICH THROUGH THE BAVARIAN ALPS.

A sudden Resolution—French not the universal Language—the Tyrol little visited, and why—the Plain of Bavaria—the Iser—approach to the Tyrolean Alps—the Kochel-see, and charming Scenery—the Wallen-see—walk to Mittewald, the last Town of Bavaria—People and Cottages.

THE weather since my arrival at Munich had been cloudy; and the day having been particularly unfavourable when I ascended to the summit of the tower of Notre Dame, a few days after my arrival, I resolved to repeat the ascent on the last day of my residence there; so rising a little earlier than usual from the table d'hôte, I was soon standing on the summit, with the man by my side who undertakes to point out to the stranger, the limits of ancient Bavaria. The atmosphere was perfectly clear; and the immense plain of Bavaria was spread out below like a coloured map, bounded by a long range of mountains that formed the southern horizon. I must admit my deficiency in geographical knowledge, in asking the man who stood by, what mountains these were? but of late years, there has been so much patching up, and slicing off kingdoms, that one may well be excused

in being puzzled with their boundaries. This, at least, is the only excuse I am able to offer, for requesting to know the name of the mountains which my guide pointed out as the boundary of Bavaria on the south. "These," said he, "are the Bavarian Alps." "And what country lies on the other side?"—"The Tyrol."

I had intended as I have already told the reader, to have gone next day to Passau, Bohemia, and God knows where else; but my plans were changed in a moment. "The Tyrol!" said I to myself, "I know almost as little about the Tyrol as the celestial empire;" and to the Tyrol, I accordingly resolved to go. I straightway returned to the hotel—dismissed half a dozen voituriers, who were striving which of them should carry me off to Passau and Prague, hurried to my bankers, and got Austrian for Bavarian money, and letters upon Inspruck,—went once more to the opera to hear Mlle. Schechner, and at six next morning was seated in a calèche, on my way to the Bavarian Alps and the Tyrol.

Let the direction of a traveller from Munich be what it may, he has no occasion to hire a voiture exprès: return vehicles are almost daily setting out on all the great roads; and information upon this subject, is conveyed to those who stand in need of it, in the most public way. In several of the principal streets,—particularly in the Kaufinger-Gasse, and in the Theatiner-Strasse, boards are displayed

with the names of the towns to which carriages are about to return, and the days upon which they set out; and a good bargain-maker may always contrive to travel in this way at an easier rate than he could by a public conveyance, if any such travelled that way. I think for seven florins per day, about 16s. 6d. English, one may generally find this accommodation; and to those travellers who do not speak either German or Italian, but who foolishly imagine that French, "the universal language," will carry them through Europe, it may be agreeable to know, that the master of the hotel where one resides is always ready to arrange the terms of a bargain—better certainly, than a traveller, ignorant of the language, could make without his assistance; but scarcely so good as one acquainted with the language, could make for himself,—for reasons which will be obvious to every one.

It is certainly too common an error, to suppose that a good knowledge of French is sufficient for the wants of a traveller. French will carry a traveller through the Netherlands, the southern parts of Holland, and some of the cantons of Switzerland, with perfect comfort; through the north of Italy, the other parts of Holland, and others of the Swiss cantons, without extraordinary inconvenience; and in all the cities of both Italy and Germany, it is true that some person may always be found, to whom French is intelligible, if not familiar; and in the higher grades of society through all Europe, a

traveller who understands French well, will never, or rarely, be at fault. But more is required by the traveller than all this. French will not even obtain for him, the common necessities of the day in some parts of Germany, particularly in the east. It will do nothing for him in the Tyrol, or in the Swiss Grisons; he would starve upon it in Hungary, and Turkey; and grow thin upon it in southern Italy, as well as in Sweden, and Denmark. As for Spain, I do not include it, because travellers eschew its *ventas* and *banditti*; but a traveller might as well go to Spain with a knowledge of Sanscrit as of French; for it is entirely a mistake to suppose, that the occupation of Spain by the French army, caused any general diffusion of the French language.

Besides, in many of those countries and districts in which a knowledge of French will procure the common needs of a traveller, it will procure nothing more; it will not command advice,—still less information. A traveller through the German cantons of Switzerland, or through any part of Germany, and many parts of Italy, although he may very probably find a French waiter in the hotel, may ask in vain for any information upon the road; and will most probably be seated every day at a *table d'hôte* between two persons who know nothing of French beyond “*Monsieur,*” or “*voulez vous.*”

It is difficult to understand why the Tyrol should

be so little visited; there are few countries of which we hear more,—few, with which we so readily connect a fine romantic region, and noble peasantry; and yet, while Switzerland, which lies as one may say next door, is overrun by tourists, scarcely any one deviates from the beaten track, to visit this land of romantic associations, and patriot recollections. But in truth, it is difficult to entice the tourist from the beaten path,—still more difficult, if in quitting it, comforts must be left behind also: and sure I am, that the few who are enticed to journey through the Tyrol, have no cause to regret, that it has been left to its primitive manners, and simple usages.

The access to Switzerland is easy on all sides; but it is otherwise with the Tyrol. To reach the former, 'tis but stepping into a diligence for Geneva, any morning in the Rue de Buloi; or into the steam-boat at Cologne; or even at the Thames stairs,—and the traveller also, who visits Italy, either crosses the Simplon or the Splengen, and so, en passant, gets a glance at Switzerland; and the Tyrol is thus left out. But it must be admitted, that the access to it, is inconvenient. One must either make a circuit of part of Bavaria, and cross the Bavarian Alps, as I am about to do; or else, travel through the two Grison valleys of the Engadine, which no traveller who relishes the *récherché* dinners, and luxurious accommodation of the Swiss hotels on the beaten road, will be inclined to do. This is all very pardonable. Tourists most com-

monly travel for enjoyment; and it would be hard indeed if in sacrificing fire-side comforts,—among which, roast beef, port wine, tea and toast must be included,—one did not find even the poor substitutes of *côtelette à la maintenon*, *sour vin ordinaire*, and *café au lait*. But let me now return to my journey.

An extensive plain possesses few charms for the traveller; it can only be rendered tolerable by the great fertility of its soil, and by the variety and luxuriance of its vegetation: but as the plain which lies to the south of Munich, is destitute of even these attractions, it was pleasant to see the towers of the cathedral lessen behind me; and the long line of mountains that stretch from east to west, rise into the dignity befitting the natural boundary of the Tyrol. Conferences and councils may deliberate, and resolve upon,—and treaties determine, the boundaries of kingdoms: this, may be given to one; and that taken from another; but their natural boundaries remain unchanged.

I would not be understood as underrating the fertility of the great plain of Bavaria; which has, indeed, by its productiveness, earned a title to be called the granary of Germany. I have heard a farmer say, that the most beautiful sight in nature is a corn field; and there is no doubt, that the mingling of corn fields with other scenery, is beautiful in the eyes of others than farmers, or utilitarians. But in a northern latitude, natural

productions are not so varied as to relieve the monotony which a plain exhibits, even when covered with a boundless reach of corn fields.

The road from Munich to the Tyrol, lies during the first six leagues, along the bank of the Iser; but the sluggish course of a river creeping through a plain, adds little to its beauty,—though at every league farther from Munich, the Iser becomes more rapid and more interesting, though of course, gradually diminishing in volume. The Iser is, however, a useful channel to the capital; and contributes greatly towards the prosperity of southern Bavaria; for by its means, a ready market is found in the metropolis, for agricultural produce; and Munich also benefits by this facility of communication. The fruits of the Tyrol, may every day be seen in the Munich markets.

All this part of Bavaria is populous; villages and farm houses lie thickly along the line of road; and I every where observed the evidences of industry, and proofs of its reward, in the cheerful countenances, and respectable appearance of the peasantry. At Wolfertshausen, we stopped to breakfast; and here, the road crosses the Iser, and ascends the margin of another stream which takes its rise in a lake higher up. At this place, an employé in the Bavarian civil service,—on his way to Mittewald, where he held an office in the customs,—requested a place in my calèche till night: to which I of course assented. I found in him, an

intelligent and agreeable companion: he was a lover of the fine arts, like very many of his countrymen; and had been at Munich for the third time in his life, chiefly for the purpose of seeing the gallery. He had himself a little collection as he told me, at Mittewald; and was carrying home a cabinet picture, "Pan and Mercury playing on the flute," by Both, as he said, for which he had paid sixty florins (7*l.* sterling). It was probably not by Both, but was a clever thing whoever it was by, and worth much more than was paid for it. I can scarcely conceive any greater folly than esteeming pictures solely on account of the studio from which they have issued: a good picture is good whoever painted it, and ought to be judged by its merits; for it is well known that many an indifferent production has issued from the workshop of a master.

Two leagues farther than Wolfertshausen, lies Benedikthenern; and here the plain of Bavaria begins to lose itself in the first outposts of the Bavarian Alps. Beyond this place, the face of the country entirely changes; streams dance across, and by the road side; pretty knolls are scattered around; and we discover with delight, the indications of an approach to a mountainous country. This is always agreeable: there is something depressing in the boundless level of a plain; and both the body and the mind feel the heaviness; but when we enter upon a mountainous

country, an immediate elasticity is communicated to the mind, and a springiness to the limbs; and for my own part, when upon such occasions I have been travelling in a carriage, I have never been able to resist the inclination I have felt, to let my limbs bear me up the path, and to outstrip the tardy pæc of toiling horses.

At every step, the road now became more interesting: there were sudden bursts of cascades; sudden cries of wild birds; sudden gleams of distant lakes: the knolls had swelled into hills; and pine and oak, in place of willows and poplars, fringed their sides. At length, the road after winding among these beautiful heights, suddenly opened upon the Kochel-see, one end of which is hidden among the mountains,—while the other, rests among the green and gentle slopes of Bavaria. The Kochel-see may vie with any lake; it reminded me most strongly of Loch Ketturin in Scotland,—only, that it sleeps in a still ruder basin; and that the mountains which admit its head into their bosom, are more gigantic. It is indeed possible, that after having been confined a month to the monotony of a plain, with nothing more picturesque to look upon than occasionally a *jardin anglais*, the first view of untamed nature exhibited in the Kochel-see and its environs, may have given me a fictitious notion of its beauty; but, nevertheless, with a full recollection of the lakes of Switzerland, I do not hesitate to say, that

if the Kochel-see lay in travelled Switzerland, it would not be omitted in an enumeration of those lakes to which that country owes so large a portion of its celebrity.

Nor is the Kochel-see the only lake that lies among the Bavarian Alps. After leaving the Kochel-see, we ascended a steep wooded path,—sometimes descending into deep dells; and sometimes crossing them by picturesque bridges; and in about an hour, having reached a considerable elevation, another lake lay beneath: this was the Wolchen-see or Wallen-see,—a lake of a totally different character from the Kochel-see, but no less beautiful in its kind. There, nature was the undisputed lord; man had done nothing; the lake lay in the bosom of mountains, wooded to the summit: an unbroken forest surrounded it, without a rood of cultivation any where to be seen. It was more a Norwegian, than an Alpine picture. The road descended to the margin, and then wound along it, following all its indentures and curves; and a little after sun-set, we reached a solitary house,—an inn, the only house that was visible around the lake.

There, my companion, the Bavarian employé, took leave of me for the present, but not without exacting a promise that I would spend the next day with him at Mittewald, where he undertook to equip me with a fishing rod,—and promised me half a day's excellent sport. He was at this

place about three leagues from home; and anxious to join his family, he took his picture under his arm, and strode away. A supper of excellent fish, and other country fare, was an agreeable finish to the delightful evening journey; and after a stroll by the margin of the lake, whose still bosom reflected round and round, the solemn shades of the deep woods, I returned to the little inn,—and to repose, deep and tranquil as the scene around.

Next morning, charming as ever dawned upon Alpine solitudes,—I was on the road to Mittelewald; but not in my calèche. I had bargained at Munich for a conveyance only during the first day,—willing to avoid the toil of a walk through a plain; and with the intention of commencing pedestrianism whenever I should reach the mountains. I had accordingly left my portmanteau in charge with the voiturier, who seemed an honest creature, to carry it forward to Inspruck; and leaving both him and his vehicle reposing at Wallen-see, I had started soon after sun-rise, that I might not disappoint my companion of the day before, who expected me to breakfast.

It was a delightful morning's walk; the scenery much the same as I have described it to have been the day before. I passed several cottages and hamlets however, some of them the habitations of woodmen, and most of them having a little cultivated ground cleared from the wood, producing vegetables, flax, and oats. If I had passed such

cottages in Switzerland, half a score of children would have run out to beg charity—republican children, with republican fathers sitting at the door; but here, in monarchical Bavaria, not one of the children who were playing about the cottages, made any claim; and I noticed, that they, as well as their parents, were respectably dressed, and seemed to be above want. I passed several small lakes on this morning's walk; some of them touching the road, and others gleaming in deep and distant hollows, like mirrors set in a rugged frame; for they all partook of the same character as the Wallen-see,—wildness all, and entirely surrounded by forest.

About two hours after leaving the Wallen-see, I again joined company with the river Iser,—scarcely to be recognised as the grave slow companion of yesterday, creeping its way through the plain of Munich,—now all bustle, and never lagging by the way,—prattling of a hundred things, grave and gay,—never weary,—discoursing ever,—talking, and running on. At this point, there is a little village—merely a few houses—called Walgau; and about three quarters of a league farther up the stream, lies Mittewald, where I arrived about nine o'clock, well disposed to partake of the breakfast which was awaiting me.

CHAPTER X.

JOURNEY FROM THE FRONTIER, THROUGH THE TYROLEAN ALPS, TO INSPRUCK.

The Menage of a Bavarian Employé—the Fine Arts among the Mountains—Trouting—entrance to the Tyrol—Scenery—Wild Flowers—Seefeld—descent to the Valley of the Inn—Zirl—Dress of the Tyrolean Peasantry—situation of Inspruck.

MITTEWALD is a very small town, in the midst of the mountains; the last in the kingdom of Bavaria, and within a stone throw of the frontier of the Tyrol, and the Austrian Eagle. The Iser, there but a very small stream, runs by it; and another mountain rivulet, called the Achen, joins the Iser at this point. I found my friend standing in the street, waiting my arrival; and in five minutes more, I was seated at a very excellent *déjeuné à la fourchette*, which consisted chiefly of game, all kinds of which are extremely plentiful in this neighbourhood. This could scarcely be otherwise, where there are woods and wilds, and few inhabitants, and no game laws.

The employé's house was the best in Mittewald; for in a frontier town, however insignificant the town, the inspector of the customs is a man of

consideration, and he himself seemed to be one of the most contented of men. His wife—a remarkably agreeable and pretty young woman; his children, blue eyed and rosy; his gun and his fishing rod, always at command; and his little gallery of pictures, a never failing resource,—made a paradise for him, in the midst of the Alps. He told me his salary was five hundred florins (something less than 60*l.*) and that perquisites might be 20*l.* more. His expenses were extremely small. His house was his own; game and fish cost him nothing but powder and shot; his garden produced such vegetables as will grow in that elevated spot; he fed poultry of many kinds; his own cow gave him milk and butter; and therefore the greater part of his income was saved: he had only twenty florins to pay, as his proportion of the rent of a pasture for his cow; and he had nothing to buy but bread, wine, and foreign commodities, which consisted only of coffee, sugar, tobacco, and clothing. “I save one half of my income,” said he. “I go either to Inspruck, Munich, or Saltsburg, every year, to buy a picture; for which I allow one half of my savings. I have held this office fourteen years; and I have now twenty-six pictures in my gallery.” This picture gallery occupied one of the upper rooms in the house; and the owner had put himself to the expense of obtaining a light from the roof. “Pan and Mercury” had already got a place; and every thing was in excellent order:

possibly, the expectation of my visit might have assisted in this.

Considering the small means of the collector, the pictures might be called wonderful; and without any qualification of this kind, several of them did great credit to his taste and knowledge, and were really good pictures. Among these were "Suzannah," by Martin Schön; "a bride," by Denner; some ruins, and sheep grazing, by Warnberger; "a girl playing a tamborine," by Adrian Brouwer; a portrait which had every mark of a Vandyke; and a forest glade, by Ruysdael, worth more than all the money the whole collection had cost. It is a spectacle not without its interest, and even its grandeur,—that of a solitary lover of the fine arts, residing in the midst of the mountains, making a pilgrimage every year a hundred miles from home, with his savings in his purse, to purchase some addition to his little gallery; and returning with his treasure under his arm, to increase his stock of enjoyment for the year to come.

The pleasure of the employé of Mittewald was all his own. Not a soul in Mittewald could distinguish between a daub and a chef d'œuvre: even his wife, while she good-humouredly accompanied us to the gallery, admitted that she was no judge of pictures; but that since it gave her husband pleasure, she was pleased to have them. I noticed however that the children were furnished with paper and pencils, and had attempted to copy "the girl with the tamborine."

After the inspection of the pictures, I was offered either a gun or a fishing rod. My entertainer could not accompany me ; for having been several days absent, he was necessitated to be at his post. I chose the fishing rod ; and shewing me the way up the Achen, which is a better trouting stream than the Iser, my friend left me to myself.

The Achen is a model of a trouting stream : it is not so broad, but that one may throw a line across it ; nor so deep, but that one may go from one side to the other, and so humour the wind or the sun ; it is neither so dark coloured as to be ugly, nor so clear as to shew the fish their enemy ; it is neither slow, nor a continued rapid ; but forms gentle falls—expanding into pools, full of little dimples and eddies ; and there is not a tree or bush, to increase the trouble of the angler. It led me among scenes of charming seclusion ; where the only sounds were the tinkle of the rivulet, and the distant stroke of the woodman's axe. The trout were confiding beyond belief,—too much so perhaps for a thorough angler ; and after having filled my bag, which I might have filled three times over, and spent some delightful hours, I returned to Mittewald, and to the hospitalities of my new friend. The afternoon was agreeably spent in conversing about pictures, the chase, and the condition of the country people. There is not a pauper in Mittewald : riches are not indeed to be found ; but there is no absolute poverty ; and the habits of life in so secluded a

spot, being simple and unambitious, contentment is easy of attainment.

There is at Mittewald, a small manufacture of guitars; three persons follow this trade, and produce from their workshops, neat looking and well toned instruments: they cost about fifteen florins (35s. sterling); and are all sent to Munich, and no doubt sold there, as Spanish guitars, which they exactly resemble in shape. This little manufacture has given a musical turn to Mittewald: my entertainer possessed a guitar, which he played upon indifferently: I saw another in the inn parlour; and I heard the sound of a third as I was leaving the town. I forgot to say, that in the morning, soon after breakfast, the voiturier who had charge of my little baggage, arrived from Wallen-see; and that we walked forward to the Austrian lines, to see it passed into the Tyrol. I found the utmost civility on the part of the custom-house officers; and from any experience I have had of Austrian authorities, I cannot join in the complaints which travellers have generally made, of their extreme strictness, and want of complacency.

I left Mittewald early next morning; and soon after, ascending the Iser, entered the Tyrol. The scenery now became finer and bolder than it had yet been: it might be called truly Alpine: snow peaks began to appear; and around, were all the indications of a high elevation. Soon after enter-

ing the Tyrol, the road crosses, and leaves the Iser,—now dwindled into a mere brook, within a league or two of its source; and passes through a small mountain village, called Scharnitz. From this place of Seefeld, where I halted to breakfast, the scenery becomes still more striking; and an extraordinary number and variety of wild flowers cover the slopes and rocks by the way side. I gathered abundance of that beautiful and sweet smelling flower, the fringed pink; as well as of the wild polyanthus, and the rose d'amour: the box shrub in flower, formed in many places a thick underwood: large and beautiful heart's-ease, entirely covered some fields; and on every knoll, and slope, and rocky nook, little companies of summer flowers, unknown to me by sight or name, were nestling,—enjoying sweet fellowship; nodding to each other; all silent, but all smiling. I gathered no fewer than thirty-two different species; thirteen of which, are cultivated in the English garden.

At Seefeld, the road has reached the highest point of the Tyrolean Alps which it traverses. I have no means of judging of the height of this range, excepting from my feelings,—which are an indifferent barometer, and from the kind of vegetation that lay around. I suspect however, that by experience and observation, these lead to a tolerably near approximation to the truth. The highest peaks could not have been more than from

a thousand to fifteen hundred feet above the road; I saw no rhododendron, which grows in abundance upon the Tyrolean Alps, at its usual elevation; and as it was nowhere seen at this elevation, these peaks could scarcely have exceeded six thousand feet. Fir, and dwarf birch, were the only trees to be seen; and patches of snow lay at no great distance, although it was the month of June. At this little village, I was not accosted by any beggar; and I saw no one that could be called "un miserable." But the state of an Alpine village like this, cannot be judged of by its appearance in summer. When one sees the villagers sitting before their doors, in the warm sun-shine—only tempered by the cool airs off the mountains,—and the children playing about the fields with bare heads and feet, and scanty clothing, it seems all a paradise; but let the traveller pass through the same village in the depth of winter, in the midst of a snow storm, (were such a journey possible) and look at the bleak mountains, broken windows, and shivering inmates; and the paradise of summer, will be but a dream.

I walked out of Seefeld with a sturdy step; for the road was now mostly a descent, which soon became one of the steepest I have ever seen. At every few hundred yards, I was sensible of a change in the temperature,—as well as in the aspect of vegetation; fir had given place to other forest trees; and the minute flowers that mark

the more elevated regions had disappeared. At length, the magnificent valley of the Inn, traversed by its fine river, stretched below; and soon after—descending the zig-zag road, that even with all the arts of road making, is too steep for any thing but a pedestrian, or a mule,—I entered Zirl, the first town of the Tyrol that I had yet seen.

Every traveller entering the Tyrol, must be struck, as I was, with the dress of the peasantry: we see stockings without feet to them,—the reverse we have all seen,—but this appears a strange usage: hats, tapering to the crown, something like Robinson Crusoe's; generally with green silk bands, and green tassels hanging from the crown at one side: and we see women, with enormous white worsted caps, shaped also like sugar loaves; and with dresses, underneath which, there seems to be a hoop; but this extraordinary rotundity is occasioned by no fewer than ten petticoats, without which number, an elderly woman is scarcely considered to be respectably attired. The young women do not appear to be in the secret of setting off their charms by a multitude of coverings: their clothing is not so voluminous as that of the seniors. I have seen the women a hundred times, working in the fields with these cumbersome dresses, and heavy caps, which weigh no less than six or seven lbs. Many of the men, I saw in smock frocks,—clean, generally blue, and neatly worked: and gentlemen, as well as peasants, are often seen with these, in the Tyrol.

Zirl has no attraction; it is but a small town, and not a pretty one; though it is situated delightfully upon a slight elevation above the level of the valley, and at a short distance from the river. I passed through Zirl, without stopping in it,—proceeding along the road to Inspruck, all the way close to the river. The prospect approaching Inspruck is superb. The valley of the Inn—from one, to about three miles wide, is seen stretching far to the eastward, covered with varied and luxuriant vegetation, thickly studded with houses, and traversed by the broad, rapid, and brimful river: high mountains, mostly clothed with wood, enclose the valley on both sides; and nearly in the centre of it, stands Inspruck, like the monarch of a small, but beautiful dominion. The peasants were in the fields, busy with their Indian corn, which is the staple produce of the valley; and all who have seen this beautiful plant, growing in luxuriance, and covering a wide expanse, will admit, that a more captivating prospect is not easy to be imagined. I crossed the bridge, and entered Inspruck about three o'clock; and I found my baggage, and accommodation, in the hotel of “the Golden Eagle,” which however, I afterwards found to be inferior to “the Golden Sun.” It is fair to add however, that I had no cause to complain of the former.

CHAPTER XI.

INSPRUCK.

The People of Inspruck—Political feeling of the Tyrol—Policy of Austria in the government of the Tyrol—Causes of Irritation.

INSPRUCK, the little metropolis of the Tyrol, is a beautiful town. I do not know any town of the same size, that is distinguished by so many handsome buildings within it, and in its neighbourhood; nor any one, whose suburbs, either in cleanliness or elegance, will vie with those of Inspruck. There would be sufficient interest in the general aspect of the town, and its inhabitants, even if Inspruck possessed no other claim to the notice of the traveller; but although there be no Glypthothek, or great gallery of pictures at Inspruck, there are many objects of curiosity scarcely less interesting; and even some works of art, that will bear a comparison with the most admired city. In the beauty of its environs, Inspruck has few rivals: the beautiful and the romantic lie everywhere around: and there are many royal and baronial castles, scattered in its vicinity, and on

neighbouring eminences, not only interesting and curious in themselves, but from which, charming views are caught over the valley of the Inn, the city itself, and the Tyrolean Alps. Let me first speak of that which is the most interesting,—the people of Inspruck, and the valley of the Inn, and those traits of living things, that come under the eye of a traveller.

The first day of my arrival in Inspruck, I saw little of either the town or the people. The walk from Mittewald, the keen mountain air, and a good dinner at the hotel, had disposed me for repose rather than activity: I contented myself therefore, with looking out upon the fine broad street; seeing the Tyrolean damsels fill their pitchers at the fountain which was nearly opposite to my window; and listening to the admirable band of an Austrian regiment playing “the retreat” at sun-set. But next day made ample amends for the omissions of the evening before: it was Sunday,—and the first Sunday after the Fête Dieu besides,—a day scarcely less important in the catholic church, than the day of the fête itself.

The proceession was as full of pomp, as Inspruck was capable of exhibiting; and the appearance and dresses of the peasantry, hundreds of whom had been attracted from the neighbouring villages, gave life and picturesqueness to that which would otherwise have been but the dull observance of a superstitious ceremonial. All, and more than all In-

spruck, accompanied the procession from the church of the Holy Cross, to that of Marie Hilf, which lies across the river, and on the bank of the Inn. There, after the ceremonial had concluded amidst the roar of cannon and the flourish of trumpets, the procession broke up; and the crowd returned in a less dense body, along the bridge, where I placed myself that I might see some samples of that noble peasantry which I had always associated with the Tyrol.

The scene was in the utmost degree picturesque: there were the old women with their white, and (some) red, tapering caps, and enormous rotundity of figures: the young women, with beaver round hats, petticoats of more than all the colours of the rainbow, lace aprons, and frills at the elbows, and stockings of blue and scarlet worsted, worked in figures. There were peasants, tall and well limbed—with their high crowned narrow hats, with green silk bands, or entirely covered with silk, and every one with two ends depending from the crown; their tight black breeches, and white stockings; their leathern girdles, and knives stuck in them; and many, with artificial flowers decorating their breasts, and also the hinder parts of their hats. Mingled with these, were Austrian soldiers and officers in full dress; officials and state officers in court uniform; priests in cassocks, and Capuchin friars; and the gentry of the town and neighbourhood,—altogether, forming a moving panorama, as curious as it was picturesque.

I could perceive nothing in the external appearance of the Tyrolean and the Austrian, that indicated the master and the slave. The Tyrolean peasant has an air of true nobility about him: he walks as if he knew the soil were his own; and as if he deserves, if he does not enjoy freedom. I am mistaken, if I did not see that day, many who want but another Hofer, to shake themselves free. Of this, my after experience, and knowledge of the Tyrol, sufficiently convinced me.

I have had some opportunities of seeing people and countries that are subject to despotic governments, or that have been enslaved by foreign masters; but in none of them, have I discovered so general an aversion to the existing government, as in the Tyrol. An Englishman, (whatever policy may for the time, direct the British government) is looked upon everywhere abroad, as the friend of liberal institutions,—a feeling which is particularly cherished in the Tyrol, since they have not forgotten the pecuniary aid that reached them from this country; and an Englishman cannot travel far, or live many days in the Tyrol, without hearing expressions of the bitterest antipathy against the Austrian government and its head: and wishes breathed for a deliverance from it. But until that day arrive, when a war of opinion shall terminate in the destruction of unworthy governments, the Tyrol may attempt in vain, to establish a different order of things.

The Tyrol, though peopled with a peasantry, impatient of bondage,—full of patriotic feeling,—brave,—strong,—and active,—is but scantily peopled; and the most scantily, in those parts where patriotism is the most felt, and the most widely diffused. The character of the people of the German, and of the Italian Tyrol, is widely different. A line may be drawn across the Tyrol, from east to west, leaving Botzen to the north: and all to the north of this line will be the German Tyrol; all to the south of it, the Italian Tyrol. The former, is indeed the larger division of territory, by nearly one third; but the latter is, in proportion to its size, greatly more populous: from Inspruck, across Mount Brenner to Botzen, there are neither so many nor such large towns and villages, as between Botzen, and the Italian frontier. Trent is more populous than Inspruck; and Roveredo is more populous than Botzen and Brixen put together: in any struggle for liberty, the German Tyrol alone, could be depended upon: this I have heard often asserted; and south of Botzen, I never heard a patriotic sentiment. There are patriots no doubt in the Italian Tyrol, as well as elsewhere. Oppression will always light the spark of patriotism in some bosom; but in the Italian Tyrol there is no general feeling of patriotism, as in the north. The very aspect of the peasantry is different: their usages are different: and above all, they have a less interest in the soil. The inhabitants of the Upper

Tyrol cultivate their own land: they are proprietors; and have therefore a feeling of independence about them, which the mere labourer can never experience. The inhabitants of the Lower Tyrol cultivate the lands of others,—and want therefore, that incentive to patriotism, which has its foundation in proprietorship. It is no difficult matter to tell at a glance, whether the inhabitants of a district have a real interest in the soil which they tread, or not. The look of a Grison is very different from that of a Bernois; very different, the air of a Biscayan or a Catalunian, from a Castilian; and no less dissimilar than these, the peasant of the valley of the Inn, the Eisach, or the upper Adige; and the townsman of Trent, or the manufacturer of Roveredo. The very aspect and usages of the towns, prove the diversity of feeling. In Inspruck, Brixen, or Botzen, we have a national dress,—primitive usages,—early hours. In Trent or Roveredo, we perceive modern customs, and luxurious habits. Germanic sturdiness and simplicity cleave to the former; Italian complaisance and effeminacy have crept into the latter.

But independently of the difficulties which present themselves to the Tyroleans who might desire to throw off the dominion of Austria—arising from the smallness of the band of patriots whom patriotism could assemble, and the want of co-operation among the people,—the obstacles which are presented in the precautionary mea-

asures of the Austrian government, are of themselves insurmountable. The Austrian military force in the Tyrol would, almost surpass the belief of those who have not the most accurate knowledge of facts. In Trent there are no fewer than three regiments; in Roveredo there is another; and two more, are scattered among the towns and villages lying between Trent and Riva. A regiment is stationed between Botzen and Brixen, another is divided between Merán and Glurns; a third between Sterzing, Prunekén, and Lienz, and three are garrisoned in Inspruck, and in the valley of the Inn.

But this is not all. The Tyrol contains a greater number of castles—some royal, some baronial,—scattered over the country, than any territory of a similar extent in Europe. Of all of these, with very few exceptions, the Austrian government is in possession, either by right, conquest, or purchase: and every one of them that is tenable, is garrisoned by troops, and is made a depôt for arms and ammunition. Tempted by the distant view of grey time-worn battlements, I have more than once explored my way to the neighbourhood of some ancient castle, expecting the silence and solitude of a ruin; and have been surprised upon looking up to the walls, to see some whiskered Austrians sitting at the gate.

It appears therefore, that besides that all the strong-holds of the Tyrol are in the hands of the

Austrians, an effective force of twelve thousand men could be concentrated at any point in a very few days; for the Tyrol is scarcely four days' march from one end to the other; and besides this force, Lombardy and Salzburg adjoin the Tyrol, and are full of Austrian troops. All the regiments stationed in the Italian or southern Tyrol, are Austrian,—both soldiers and officers; and all in the German Tyrol, are Tyrolean soldiers, with Austrian officers. This is a wise stroke of Metternich foresight; and proves incontestibly the truth of what I have urged, respecting the diversity in character between the southern and the northern divisions of the Tyrol. Well knowing the feelings that pervade the latter, the Austrians have felt the necessity of avoiding whatever may excite those feelings: nothing could be more likely to do this, than the presence of Austrian soldiers; irritation would produce quarrel; and quarrel might end in insurrection: they have therefore wisely placed among the Tyroleans, their own countrymen,—whose Austrian officers, and exact discipline, insure their fidelity; and whose connexion with the country, forbids jealousies, and leads neither to irritated feelings, nor remembered oppression. The Italian Tyrol, on the other hand, requiring no delicacy of this kind, is garrisoned by Austrians, who are at any time ready to pour into the upper valleys.

Besides these military precautions, there is a

strict inquisitorial police. There is great reserve in speaking upon any political subject, unless where interruption, or espionage is impossible; and such matters, are at no time made the subject of conversation at a public table. Austrian officers and employés mix in all public assemblies; and the theatres and places of public amusement, are placed under the strictest censorship and surveillance.

The press too is narrowly watched; and whatever might in any way recall dangerous or forbidden recollections, is interdicted. Gold cannot purchase any life or account of Hofer; and at one time, the sword, and other relics of this patriot, now preserved in the Museum, were shut up, and forbidden to be exhibited: but this, it was discovered, was pushing the system too far; his memory was too much cherished to render it safe to suppress every memorial of him: this order was accordingly recalled; and the Tyroleans, if they cannot follow the banner, may at least handle the sword of a patriot.

One is naturally led to inquire, when we see so many precautions taken by the Austrian government against revolutionary movement, from which the Tyroleans appear to be withheld only by the utter hopelessness of success,—why it is, that those precautions have become necessary. The Austrian has the reputation of being a paternal government at home; at all events there is no dissatisfaction in

Austria Proper; and one might reasonably conclude, that so politic a government as that of Austria, would in every thing, act so as to disarm animosity; and by a system of forbearance, and gentleness, endeavour at least, to convert the impatient Tyroleans into contented, if not into loyal subjects. This plan, the Austrian government at one time pursued: taxes were lightly laid upon the Tyrol; her manufactures were encouraged; and civil appointments were chiefly filled by Tyroleans: but within the two last years, this system has been in a great measure departed from. The dues of entry of merchandize into towns, have been much increased: besides many assessed taxes, an income-tax of a half per cent. has been imposed, from which the very smallest income is not exempt, a servant even, paying a portion of his wages; and more lately, the price of salt has been doubled, which is the most unpopular act of all. Salt is a government concern, manufactured for its benefit—and being a Tyrolean produce, the inhabitants naturally look upon it as unjust, that the Austrian government should heavily tax an article from which a revenue is drawn out of their own country.

These things have doubtless augmented the feelings of hostility which are entertained in the Tyrol, towards the Austrian government; but they are not at the root of it. The love of freedom among the Tyroleans, would exist I believe under any circumstances, and under any government.

It would belong to the department of the philosopher, rather than to that of the traveller, to assign a cause why the inhabitants of mountainous regions are more deeply imbued with a love of freedom than the inhabitants of plains. Of the fact, no doubt can be well entertained: the difficulty is, to find a reason for it. Possibly it may partly be, that mountaineers, conscious of possessing a greater facility of opposition to the attempts of those who desire to subjugate them,—and the latter also, finding an easier and more tempting conquest on the plains,—a spirit of resistance is begotten in the one, and forbearance in the other; so that the mountaineer preserves his liberty, long after the inhabitants of plains and cities have fallen: and thus, a consciousness of possessing freedom, engenders a love of it; and this recollection of freedom once enjoyed, is transmitted to a time when it no longer exists,—till at length, the recollection, and the desires which it incites, are lost together.

But I am scarcely able to resist the belief, however unphilosophical it may appear, that there is something in mountain air, and mountain scenes, that elevates the mind, and begets a spirit of independence. Mountains are generally left to nature: plains are subjugated to the dominion of art. All the images presented to the senses, among mountains, speak of nature, and freedom. There is freedom in the cry of the wild fowl; freedom in

the untamed step of the animal that roams where it will; there is freedom in the very riot of the streams, and the unfettered course of the breezes; there is freedom in the wide uninclosed expanse that owns no man as its lord. All is different in the plain. No animals are seen, but those which are subject; the streams flow cautiously along, diverted often from their channels by the industry and cupidity of man; the very winds of Heaven are denied their play; and the soil is taken from the dominion of nature, to be divided among the thousand petty masters who force contributions from it. All this may be fancy; or it may not. The fact however remains the same; and like the inhabitants of other mountains, the Tyroleans love freedom for its own sake. They do not sigh for liberty because their masters are Austrians; or because they are oppressed. To a people desirous of being their own masters, all masters are obnoxious; and whether the Tyroleans were governed by Austria or France, or England, they would desire to govern themselves.

I have been led far from the Fête Dieu, and the dress and appearance of the people of Inspruck; and these observations might perhaps have been introduced with greater propriety before taking leave of the Tyrol: but this is immaterial: since I had completed my journey, and since the facts upon which these observations are founded, were gathered before these volumes were begun. I shall proceed to other matters in a new chapter.

CHAPTER XII.

INSBRUCK.

Peasantry of the Upper Tyrol—Usages, and Domestic Economy
—Indian Corn and its qualities and uses—Proprietors and
Labourers—Wages, and Prices of Provisions—Manners and
Morals—Recreations—Sacred Dramas.

As there is a striking diversity in the political feelings of the northern and southern divisions of the Tyrol, so is there, in the usages of social life, and of all that regards domestic economy: it is obvious, that there can be little in common, between those who cultivate their own lands, and those who are only labourers at the will, and for the benefit of others. I have said, that the valley of the Inn, is in the hands of small proprietors, and that its chief produce, is Indian corn. The proprietorship of the peasantry, is however, generally very small; and the great valley of the Inn,—not being like the small valleys of Switzerland, possessed of extensive rights of pasture upon the neighbouring mountains, of which all the inhabitants may avail themselves by the sacrifice of a small part of the produce of their dairy,—the peasantry of the northern Tyrol are not pos-

sessed of those flocks of cattle, which in Switzerland, cost little to keep, and whose produce in cheese, is the source of large emoluments to the proprietor.

The peasant of the Upper Tyrol, seldom possesses more than supplies the wants of his family: a cow,—a pig or two,—are the whole of his live stock; and all the land which he possesses beyond what suffices for the support of these, produces Indian corn, and a few vegetables, and sometimes a little flax; these crops being no more than sufficient for the support of his family. The Tyrolean peasant therefore, though in one sense independent, — treading, and labouring his own soil, and eating the produce of his own industry,— is yet poor; and lives worse than a day-labourer in many other countries. His family is nourished almost solely upon Indian corn, and milk; and it must be admitted, that with small properties like those in the valley of the Inn, no other produce could be half so servicable. This plant is indeed the staff of life here, and is prized by the inhabitants as it deserves. Three times a day, soup, made of Indian corn and milk, is served at the table of a Tyrolean peasant; and this, with bread, sometimes entirely of Indian corn, but most commonly with one third, or one fourth part of wheat, forms his whole diet. I have frequently in the course of a walk, while residing at Inspruck, entered the houses of the peasantry, and tasted

both the soup, and the bread. To those who are fond of a milk diet, the soup would not be found unpalatable; and although the bread made chiefly of Indian corn was not disagreeable to me, I preferred that in which wheat flour formed a considerable proportion. Wheat and Indian corn are never used half and half in the Tyrol. This would be too expensive; for very little wheat is grown in the valley of the Inn—none in the upper part of it,—and that which is brought to Innspruck market, must be received either from Trent, and the Italian frontier, or from Bavaria.

However tastes may differ as to the palatableness of the Indian corn diet, the fine athletic peasantry of the Tyrol, sufficiently attest its wholesome and nutritious qualities. Indeed I have generally seen a robust peasantry, in those countries in which Indian corn forms a large portion of their subsistence. The people of Languedoc and Bearn, are stronger than those of central and northern France; and the Biscayans, who eat more Indian corn than other kind of bread, are greatly superior in strength to the Castilians. In the Tyrol, Indian corn is used in other ways than as an article of diet: the surplus, if any there be, finds a ready market for horses' food; and the husks and sheaths are used in stuffing mattresses; and also, as a substitute for fire-wood. As much flax is generally grown by the Tyrolean peasant, as suffices for the wants of his family, and for employment during the winter.

The cultivation of Indian corn has made some noise in England; and has excited some interest, owing to the idea, that its cultivation would ameliorate the condition of the lower classes; and there have been in fact, two parties in this matter; one, asserting its great advantages, and its adaptation to the climate of England; and the other, denying both. I am no agriculturist; and am able only to state facts. As for the advantages of the cultivation of Indian corn, I can only say, that throughout the valley of the Inn, it is considered the most useful and the surest produce; and that the peasantry who live upon it, are the finest peasantry in Europe: and with respect to its fitness for the climate of England, I would only observe, that the climate of the Upper Tyrol is most uncertain; its centre is two thousand feet above the level of the sea; and its winters are extremely severe: and although from its more southern latitude than England, the heats of summer are great, the summer is late: as some proof of which, I may state that near the end of June, I was under the necessity of having a stove lighted in the hotel at Inspruck. I do not know how these facts bear upon the probable success of Indian corn in England; but if Indian corn be supposed to require a milder climate than that of England, I think the success of Indian corn in the Upper Tyrol proves this to be an error. The same fruits that come to perfection in the southern parts of England will not ripen in the valley of the Inn.

Although the properties of the peasantry of the Upper Tyrol be in general limited, this is of course not universal; some are in such circumstances as to be called opulent among their neighbours; though in richer countries, such opulence would be considered but an indifferent competency. A peasant whose possessions are worth fifteen thousand florins (1750*l.*) is rich; and one possessing the half of this sum, is in easy circumstances. Such peasants and their families, do not of course live upon Indian corn,—though this forms in all families, one important article of diet. The lower order of peasants, never eat meat, excepting on feast-days; and bacon, only on great feasts.

In all countries—even in those where the great bulk of the people are proprietors, there are of necessity some hewers of wood, and drawers of water. In this part of the Tyrol, these are miserably off. The usual wages of labour do not exceed for a man, four-pence half-penny per day, with maintenance; and a woman seldom receives more than one penny half-penny, or two-pence. This is a wretched state of things; but fortunately, the class of day labourers is small. The necessaries of life, are not indeed dear. Meat usually sells at 4*d.* or 4½*d.* per lb. of 21 oz., which is not more than 2¾*d.* for 16 oz.; butter costs 9*d.* for 21 oz., or 6½*d.* per lb.; bread of Indian corn, is extremely cheap. Fruit, vegetables, and wine, are all dear; for the valley of the Inn produces none of the latter, and

little of the two former,—most of which is brought from Botzen ; but these are articles with which the poor may dispense. River fish and most kinds of game, are plentiful and cheap.

The wages of a man servant in the Tyrol (and this applies to the country generally) are about 5*l.* The wages of a female servant, about 3*l.* House rent in Inspruck, is not cheap : no sudden starts of prosperity, have multiplied houses, to be afterwards left unoccupied when a change of times arrives. The town and population remain nearly stationary. I inquired the rent of a furnished house containing six rooms, and found it to be 30*l.* sterling per annum. The salaries of public officers in the Tyrol are liberal. The governor receives 24,000 florins (2,800*l.*).

I would characterise the inhabitants of Inspruck and of the Upper Tyrol, as a respectable and grave looking people. There is nothing giddy—scarcely even cheerful, in their appearance. In their manners they are reserved, but civil : in their morals, pure. I was told by every one with whom I conversed, that matrimonial infidelity is scarcely known ; and an hospital which has one department for foundlings, is rarely called upon to exercise this branch of its philanthropy. The upper classes are invariably attentive to the observance of religious duties ; and the lower orders may certainly be pronounced superstitious. I have never travelled through any country, where so many crosses,

images, and chapels, are erected by the road side, as helps to devotion; and it is rarely that the traveller passes one of these chapels without seeing within it some prostrate worshipers; while a peasant upon no occasion passes by a cross or an image, without a genuflection, a prayer, and sometimes, a prostration. I have not seen this reverence for holy things carried farther, even in Spain.

With respect to the vices of the Tyroleans, and the state of crime, I have no other means of judging than by a visit to the prison; or more properly the house of correction,—for all prisoners confined for any term short of perpetual imprisonment, are instructed both in morals, and in those branches of useful knowledge, which may be turned to advantage when their punishment is at an end. The house of correction, where such an establishment exists in England, is destined only for lesser offenders; but why should not every prison there, be a house of correction and improvement? This however is more necessary in other countries; because in most of them, a long term of imprisonment is substituted for the punishments both of death and transportation, which are resorted to in England. I found eighty prisoners in Inspruck; a small number certainly: and when I add, that two-thirds of that number, were from the Italian Tyrol, it will appear, that crime is rare in the northern division of the

country. Of the eighty prisoners, there were only four women.

The inhabitants of Inspruck and the Upper Tyrol, although not a volatile and pleasure seeking people, are not without their amusements. They have a theatre in which German pieces are usually represented, excepting in autumn, when an Italian company generally performs operas. I went once while I remained in Inspruck, to a kind of melodramatic German performance; but the music was decidedly ill-executed, and the actors indifferent. The house was poorly attended; and presented nothing striking, excepting the emblazonment of the Austrian arms above the stage. There is also at Inspruck, a casino, where there are musical performances, and balls during the winter. I heard two concerts without much delight. It is a common idea in England,—and certainly I was strongly impressed with the truth of it before visiting the Tyrol,—that the Tyroleans are a musical people: we have “Tyrolese airs and songs,” in abundance; and “Tyrolese minstrels,” who lead every one to believe from the excellence of their performances, that the Tyrol is full of minstrelsy and song: but I found nothing of this: I observed no symptom of musical taste, either in public performances, or among the people generally, who never fail, in those districts of Germany where music is really a passion, to give a thousand proofs of its existence, even to the most

unobservant traveller who passes through a village. Besides the theatre and their occasional dances and concerts, the people of Inspruck have their promenades: they have the Rennplatz, a square surrounded by very handsome buildings, planted with trees laid out in alleys, and with benches disposed here and there: they have private gardens, some of them pleasant and shady; they have the bridge, a very favourite promenade on Sundays; and they have the surrounding country, which is better than all; for I need scarcely say, that in the beautiful valley of the Inn, by the banks of the river, and among the neighbouring mountains, there are a hundred charming paths that dispense with the necessity of a “promenade ornée,” or a “jardin anglais.”

The peasantry of the Upper Tyrol have also their sports,—among which, the most singular is the performance of little sacred dramas, in certain of the villages which are scattered through the valley of the Inn. Among these, the village of Tauer, within less than a league of Inspruck is one; and the performances of this kind never failing to be given on the great feast days, I took advantage of a feast Sunday, to walk as far as Tauer. These comedies are called Bauernkomödien, and never fail to attract many spectators, from Inspruck and Hall. The scene was certainly in the utmost degree novel; hundreds of the peasantry in every variety of dress, were assembled,

and the comedy was performed in the open air. It was some passage in the life of St. Genevieve,—composed in verse,—and intermixed with songs and choruses. The actors were in their ordinary dresses, excepting the saint, who was clothed as we may suppose a saint to be clothed. I was not able to comprehend the spirit of the piece; nor probably, was much lost. The sacred drama was now and then interrupted, to make way for a song, generally in chorus; and when the drama was concluded, a gay afterpiece followed, which I was told by a Tyrolean who accompanied me, had no reference whatever to the sacred drama, or St. Genevieve. During the performance there was little or no audible expression of applause; but the utmost satisfaction was visible in the countenance of every one.

This is doubtless a remnant of the usages of the Middle Ages, which were seen in Spain, down to the middle of the last century. The autos sacramentales were preceded by the “*loa*,” and followed by the gay “*sainette*;” and in some respects too, particularly by the interludes, and by the drama being performed in the open air, one is carried back to the original comedy of the Greeks. The whole of the entertainment did not occupy more than an hour and a half; after which, every one retired; and by the light of the young moon, I found my way back to Innspruck.

CHAPTER XIII.

INSPRUCK.

Maximilian's Hermitage, and story of his peril—the Church of the Holy Cross, and the splendid Monument in it—the Tomb of Hofer, and his Obsequies—other Churches and Pictures—National Collections—Hofer's last Letter—the Austrian Eagle.

I must present to the reader a short abstract of the chief dumb sights that are to be seen at Inspruck, — some of them however, curiously mixed up with strange passages in the lives of individuals. Of these, the most curious perhaps, is the hermitage of the Archduke Maximilian, in the convent of the Capuchins. The hermitage consists of a large chamber; and a small closet for devotion adjoining, from which, an opening shews the major altar of the church. There is also, a little kitchen; and a small garden. The simple couch of the archduke yet remains, as well as his chair, and some other little pieces of furniture which were the work of his own hand, while he lived in this solitude. Here he resided fourteen days every winter, after the event which led him to this act of devotion; cooked his own victuals; and in every thing comported himself

like a hermit. But the reader must now be informed what that was which made a hermit of the Archduke Maximilian.

Two leagues from Inspruck, there is a place called Martinwand (the wall of St. Martin), at all times a striking object by its natural conformation, but doubly celebrated by its connexion with the Archduke Maximilian. One day while hunting, Maximilian in pursuing a chamois, reached this spot, and by rashness or mischance, lost his footing, and was suspended, as the story goes, by some iron hook about his dress ; or, as another version has it, by his spur, half way down a frightful precipice, from which uncertain hold, the next moment might have hurled him to destruction. Here, it is said, the archduke recommended himself to the protection of God ; and his absence being noticed, and his perilous condition discovered, every effort that human art could invent, was made to rescue him ; but ineffectually. At length the holy sacrament was brought to the foot of the rock, and extended towards the king, who, if he could not reach the wafer, received at least, the benediction of the priest ; and resigned himself with pious resignation, to his approaching end. At this instant, says the legend, a chamois hunter, called Zips, chanced to reach the top of the rock ; and seeing the king, whom he did not know, suspended between life and death, called out, “ *Hola !* what art thou doing there ? ” to which the king replied, “ I am

waiting," meaning emphatically, waiting till death comes. Upon this, the hunter replied to the king, "I must nevertheless do as you have done, and slide to the foot of the rock—come then with me;" and having so spoken, he slid down to the king, and taking hold of his arm in passing, brought him in safety in the midst of the priests and people who waited at the foot, to see the last moment of their well beloved prince.

So says the legend; and the king, in memory of his deliverance, spent fourteen days every year of his life thenceforth in the hermitage, in penance and devotional exercises. There is no doubt that Maximilian did escape from a great peril, by the courage of some person whom tradition has made a saint; or at least, a person gifted for the moment, with supernatural powers. The height of the wall of St. Martin, is 776 feet.

I spent one whole day in the church of the Holy Cross—the cathedral church: and scarcely in that time, had leisure to do justice to the inimitable works of art that are contained in it. Of the church itself, I will only say that there is a simple grandeur about it, that even if it contained no remarkable monument, would entitle it to rank among the most striking edifices that are dedicated to the service of God. But of the mausoleum of Maximilian I., I scarcely know in what terms of admiration to express myself. The tomb, constructed of different marbles, is a little more than six feet high, thirteen

in length, and seven in breadth; a bronze statue of the Emperor upon his knees, praying, crowns it: but the inestimable worth, and extraordinary beauty of this mausoleum consist in the bas-reliefs which are executed upon the twenty-four tablets of fine marble of Carrara that form the sides of the monument, and which are divided from each other by black marble pilastres. Nothing that I have ever seen in bas-relief, nearly equals this superb work of art. The tablets represent the different passages in the life of Maximilian,—his marriage,—his battles,—his sieges,—his marches,—his interviews; and not only has the artist executed a wonderful work, but he has also been throughout, true to nature: the arms and costumes of different warriors and different nations, are consistent with fact; and so are the bas-reliefs of the cities and castles which are introduced: the representation of Venice, is on marble, what Canaletto's are on canvas; and the likeness of Maximilian is preserved exactly throughout all the tablets, differing only in age. But it is utterly hopeless, to endeavour to convey in any description, or by any eulogium, the slightest idea of the excellence of these bas-reliefs. In case, however, any traveller in the Tyrol, should chance to take this book in his hand, I shall merely enumerate the subjects of the twenty-four tablets; for without this information, the examination would possess but a diminished interest; and the traveller would be unable to do justice to the extraordinary

merits of the work. I make this apology for the enumeration, because I have generally avoided minute description of monuments. The following is the enumeration of the subjects.

1.—Maximilian's marriage, when prince, at the age of 18, in the year 1477, at Ghent, with Mary, daughter of Charles the Rash, Duke of Burgundy. In this tablet, the spectator will do well to examine the pictures which are represented in bas-relief, as hanging on the wall of the room where the ceremony is performed.

2.—The battle of Guinegate in 1479.

3.—The taking of Arras in 1492.

4.—The coronation of Maximilian as king of the Romans, in 1486, at Aix-la-Chapelle.

5.—Battle with the Venetians in 1487. In this tablet, the landscape is charmingly represented.

6.—The entry of Maximilian into Vienna.

7.—The taking of Albe Royale in 1490.

8.—The return of the princess Margaret from the court of France to the palace of Maximilian. In this tablet, the horses and their chief riders, are above all praise.

9.—The rout of the Turks in Croatia.

10.—The alliance concluded between Maximilian, Pope Alexander the Sixth, the republic of Venice, and the Duke of Milan, against Charles the Eighth of France.

11.—Louis Sforza receiving at Worms, the investiture of the Duchy of Milan.

12.—The marriage of Philip le Bel, son of Maximilian, with Joan, heiress of the kingdoms of Castile and Arragon. The dresses and costume in this tablet are of peculiar excellence.

13.—The defeat of the Bohemian troops near Ratisbon in 1504.

14.—The siege of Kufstein.

15.—Submission of Duke Charles in 1505.

16.—Alliance of the Emperor with the Pope and the Kings of France and Spain, against the Venetians.

17.—The occupation of the Venetian territory by the Imperial army. In this tablet, the distant view of Padua is well worthy of attention.

18.—The re-establishment of Duke Maximilian Sforza in the Duchy of Milan.

19.—The second battle of Guinegate.

20.—The Imperial and English armies, after the battle of Guinegate.

21.—Battle of Vincenza against the Venetians.

22.—Sortie by the Imperial garrison of Marano upon the Venetian camp.

23.—Convention respecting the marriage of Ferdinand, grandson of the Emperor, with Anne, daughter of the King Wladislaw. This tablet is somewhat damaged.

24.—The defence of the Imperial garrison of Verona, against the besieging army of French and Venetians.

The name of the great artist who executed these

tablets is Alexander Colin, a native of Malines, who completed the work in 1565; but the four last mentioned tablets are by another, and greatly inferior hand. It is impossible to look upon a work like this, executed nearly three centuries ago, without experiencing some diminution in the pride of modern improvement.

Around this magnificent monument, stand in armour, eight and twenty colossal statues in bronze, like warriors, guarding the tomb. The effect is most imposing,—and almost terrific, when the gloom of evening begins to fall among these dark-visaged, and gigantic kings and knights. Old Clovis is there; and Philip le Bel is there; and the stern Count of Habsburg; and Theodric, King of the Goths; and good King Arthur; and Charles the Rash; and catholic Ferdinand; and Godfrey, King of Jerusalem; and Rodolphe le Débonnaire; and others, who in their day put on armour, and threw down the glove.

But for the same reason that I enumerated the subjects of the tablets, I will also enumerate the statues. The enumeration begins from the right.

1.—Clovis the First, king of France.

2.—Philippe le Bel, king of Spain, son of Maximilian the First. This statue is considered the second in merit.

3.—Rodolph the First, Count of Habsburg.

4.—Albert the Second, surnamed the Wise.

5.—Theodoric, king of the Ostrogoths. This

statue, the most esteemed by connoisseurs, bears the date 1513.

6.—Ernest, Duke of Austria.

7.—Théobert, Duke of Burgundy.

8.—Arthur of England.

9.—Sigismond, Archduke of Austria, Count of Tyrol.

10.—Blanche, Duchess of Milan, second wife of Maximilian the First.

11.—The Archduchess Margaret, daughter of Maximilian.

12.—Cymburgis, spouse of Ernest.

13.—Charles of Burgundy, surnamed the Rash.

14.—Philip, Duke of Burgundy, surnamed the Good,—father of Charles the Rash.

15.—Joan, spouse of Philip the First of Spain.

16.—Ferdinand, king of Arragon and Castile.

17.—Conegonde, spouse of Albert the Fourth.

18.—Leonora, Princess of Portugal.

19.—Mary, first spouse of Maximilian the First.

20.—Spouse of the Emperor Albert the Second.

21.—Godfrey of Bouillon, king of Jerusalem.

22.—Albert the First, Duke of Austria.

23.—Frederick the Fourth, Duke of Austria, Count of Tyrol.

24.—Leopold the Third, Duke of Austria, surnamed the Pious.

25.—Rodolph the Fourth, Count of Habsburg, surnamed le Débonnaire.

26.—Leopold the Fourth, surnamed the Saint.

27.—Frederick the Fourth, father of Maximilian.

28.—Albert the Second.

Besides all this, the church of the Holy Cross contains other remarkable objects: it contains twenty-three statues in bronze, of distinguished saints; it contains a statue in pure silver of the Virgin Mary; it contains the tombs of the Countess Honoria Piccolomini, of the Archduke Ferdinand II., and of Philippine, his first wife,—all remarkable for fine workmanship, and fine marble; and it contains the tomb of Andrew Hofer. Hofer's remains were brought from Mantua by command of the Emperor Francis, on the 22d of February, 1823. Six of his companions in arms carried the coffin, upon which lay the hat and sword of the hero; and the entombment was honoured by the attendance of all the Austrian authorities civil and military, and by an enormous concourse of spectators. It is understood that a monument will be erected over his remains; recording no doubt, his devotion to the house of Austria. A different monument is already raised to him in the feelings and reverence of his countrymen.

In the Catholic churches of Spain or Italy, or even in the metropolitan churches of Catholic Germany, the traveller expects to be struck by those splendid monuments of art, which in the earlier eras of Catholicism and in the days of its magnificence, occupied alike the attention of the rulers and the people: but in this mountain region,

--in Inspruck, the little capital of the Tyrol, the triumphs of art come recommended to us, not merely by their intrinsic excellence, but also by their being unlooked for: and for this reason, I cannot leave the church of the Holy Cross, without glancing towards another monument, second only in its attractions, to that which I have just noticed. This is the mausoleum of the Archduke Ferdinand the Second, and of his spouse Philippine.

The former of these monuments, is in the form of an arch, twelve feet high and nine wide,—formed of the finest white and black marble. Within the arch is the statue of the prince, in white marble, reclining,—the hands raised towards heaven. Around the arch, are seen the arms of all the countries at that time under the dominion of Austria; and although these Austrian princes, like Louis the XIV. lose no opportunity of blazoning their honours and high deeds, this does not detract from the excellence of the art, which is made subservient to kingly vanity: accordingly, the arms of the subject countries being a beautiful specimen of Mosaic, the traveller, in admiration of the work of art, will forget, if not forgive, the ill-placed vanity of hanging the trophies of living grandeur around the habitations of those who have left it all behind. This mausoleum, like the tomb of Maximilian, is adorned by tablets in bas-relief of white marble, four in number, representing, 1—John-Frederick of Saxony, taken prisoner by

Charles the Fifth, after the battle of Muhlburg, in which the Archduke Ferdinand was engaged, when a very young prince. 2—Charles the Fifth having ceded the crown of the Germanic empire to his brother, Ferdinand the First, the government of Bohemia is confided to the Archduke. 3—The siege of Sigeth, by Ferdinand, in 1566; and 4—Ferdinand bringing to his brother the Emperor Maximilian the Second, a chosen body of cavalry to fight against the army of Solyman. These bas-reliefs are, like those of the great monument, from the hand of Colin; and are in no respect inferior to the others.

Not far from this mausoleum is that of Philipine his first wife. She is represented in white marble, laid on her death bed, and in the habiliments of the grave; while above, the genius of death is seen, extinguishing his flambeau. This monument is also adorned by bas-reliefs of Colin, representing the pious and benevolent deeds of the dead. Such representations on a tomb, are assuredly more in character than any others; it is true indeed, that deeds of charity, like other deeds, end with life; but then, we are told, that "their works do follow them."

Although I would recommend a visit to the other churches, I have no intention of entering into any details respecting them. That of St. James, is undoubtedly a handsome structure, containing abundance of well-wrought and valuable

marble; and containing also, some few pictures that deserve notice. Among them, is a curious picture on wood, by Luc Cranach; two excellent pictures, St. Anne, and St. Philip Nerie, by Schor de Tedesco, an artist well known in the history of the arts; several, particularly one of St. Sebastian, by Grasmayr, who has obtained a name amongst painters, for correctuess of design and truth of expression. The frescos in this church, are also worthy of attention. When I visited this church, I was shewn the place destined for a picture, which was every day expected at Inspruck. It is from the hand of Joseph Arnold, a Tyrolean artist, who has gained the chief prizes in the Imperial Academy of the fine arts in Vienna.

The church of the Holy Trinity is perhaps the finest architectural design in Inspruck; and it is from the balustrade around the lantern of its eupola, which is 215 feet high, that the best view of the valley of the Inn is to be obtained. The church is worthy of a visit, because all the marble with which it is adorned is native; and because it contains several pictures that are worth a glance,—one, the Holy Trinity, said to be a Rubens, and at all events, better than some that Rubens has painted; several by Andrew Wolfe, and Schor de Tedesco; and one by Albert Durer. There is also a monument by Colin, whose labours will always bear inspection. Let me not omit to mention a circumstance related as a fact, by the

individual who shewed me the churches. When Damien Asam was engaged in painting the inside of the cupola of one of the churches,—I forget which,—and when he had just finished the hand of St. James, he stepped back on the scaffold where he stood, to ascertain the effect: there was no friend at hand gifted with the presence of mind, which, by destroying the work, saved the artist,—as we have it recorded of Sir James Thornhill; and therefore Damien Asam fell backwards: but, to the astonishment of the awe-struck beholders, who were looking up from beneath, the arm of the saint, which the artist had newly finished, was seen to extend itself from the fresco, and grasping the fortunate Asam by the arm, to accompany him in his descent of two hundred feet, and bear him up so gently, that he reached the ground without the slightest shock. The man who related this, spoke with the utmost gravity, and appeared satisfied with the grave looks with which I listened.

I must not forget the church of Marie Hilf, which is situated in the suburbs, across the Inn; which contains two or three of the best pictures in Inspruck; particularly one, by Jean Paul Schor, who assisted in the construction of the Vatican of Rome.

The only other public monument deserving of attention, is the cemetery; which contains several fine tombs. The following are the most worthy

of inspection. The monument of Colin, executed by himself; on which there is a fine bas-relief representing the resurrection of Lazarus; that of Hohensauer adorned by two bas-reliefs, also by Colin; the tomb of the Archduchess Elizabeth; that of Count Trotsbury; and that of the Baron de Hormayr.

The University House, anciently the College of Jesuits, contains much that will greatly interest the traveller, chiefly because the collections of objects in both nature and art, which are found in it, are strictly national. The Cabinet of Natural History contains a complete assortment of the minerals and metals of the country,—among which will be found some splendid specimens of phosphate of lime, and of asbestos. There is in the same cabinet a collection of petrifications of the country, and a *Flora Tyrolensis*, which however is yet in its infancy. In the Cabinet of Art, there is one room dedicated to pictures by Tyrolean artists, who succeed particularly well in landscapes; and there is also a small gallery of foreign pictures, among which there is a good Bassano, and another picture which has all the marks of being from the hand of Salvator Rosa.

Some encouragement is given to the fine arts by the government: the most promising painter is sent to Rome for a certain number of years, at the expense of the government, upon condition of his every year painting a picture for the Mu-

seum of Inspruck; the last received, is “Peter striking Sapphira dead,” and is a picture of good promise.

The same cabinet contains many works of art by native artists; there are models of all the manufactured articles of the Tyrol,—particularly iron manufactures in miniature, beautifully wrought: all the ancient coins of the Tyrol are also here; and some manuscripts containing historical information respecting the country. I was shewn also, some most ingenious carvings in wood of the pear tree, by a Tyrolean, in bas-relief,—sacred and historical: but the artist, now an old man, has fallen into dissipated habits; and only manufactures pipe heads, in order to obtain money to be spent in eau-de-vie: he is porter to the castle of the Tyrol, near Meran, where I shall afterwards conduct the reader, and introduce him to this old artist. Here are also preserved, those relics of Hofer of which I have already spoken; among others, the letter which he wrote to M. Pulher, a few hours before his military execution. I obtained a copy of it: and annex the following translation, which, from the circumstances under which it was written, more than from the letter itself, may possibly possess some interest:—

“My very Dear Brother,

It is the will of God, that here, at Mantua, I change a mortal for an eternal state.

But thanks be to God, the step seems to me as easy as if it were to conduct me elsewhere: and He will doubtless support me, and give me grace until the end, that my soul may join the company of the elect, in that place where it may be permitted me to implore His mercy for all who were dear to me here below; those especially whose benefits have reached me. You my very dear friend, and your spouse, are included among the latter; and my acknowledgments are due to you, for the little book;* and for many other kindnesses. Pray for me,—you, and all the good friends who yet live in the world I am going to leave,—pray for me; that I may be delivered from the purgatory where perhaps I must expiate my faults.

My very dear wife will take care that mass be said; and requiem sung in the chapel of St. Martin. and that prayers be put up in the parish churches. The inn-keeper will provide meat and soup, and half a pot of wine to each of my friends and relatives.

My dear Puhler, go yourself to St. Martin, and tell all to the inn-keeper; he will do what is necessary; but do not say a word to any other person of the affair.

May you, and all whom I leave behind me, be well and happy in the world, until the time when we shall meet in heaven, and praise God for ever.

* It was a prayer book.

I supplicate all those of my acquaintance, and all the inhabitants of Passeyer, to remember me in their prayers. Let not my wife afflict herself too much on account of my death; I will pray for her, and all, in the presence of God.

Adieu passing world! death appears so sweet, that life is unworthy of a regret.

Written at five o'clock of the morning; and at nine, I go to God, with the succour of all the saints.

Thy beloved in this life,

ANDREW HOFER,

Of Sand, in Passeyer.

Mantua, 20th February, 1810.

In the name and by the help of the Lord, I undertake this voyage." *

Besides the national collections in the Museum of the University, several private individuals in Inspruck, are in possession of cabinets whose contents are full of interest. M. Springer has a beautiful collection of butterflies and insects of the Tyrol. The Professor Schoeffer has a valuable assortment of indigenous plants: and the aviary of M. Jean Mahl, containing all the birds

* This letter, in the original, and translated, appeared in one of the numbers of the Literary Gazette, a few months before the publication of the first edition of this work; but this would scarcely be a sufficient reason for excluding it from this volume.

of the Tyrolcan mountains, is both curious and beautiful.

These, and the collections of the Museum are after all, the most interesting kinds of cabinets. Nationality, ought certainly to be the principle of collection; and although in London, or Paris, it is well to draw contributions, in nature and art, from every part of the world, there is more wisdom, and certainly far more interest to the traveller, in the system adopted in the Tyrol,—collecting and exhibiting all that has reference to the country, whether in the productions of nature, or in the works of man. In some of the minuter handiercrafts, the Tyrolean peasantry excel: nothing can be more exquisitely beautiful than those birds, which in miniature, the peasants employ themselves in making, during the winter evenings. They are in bas-relief of feathers, upon paper; and of these, the traveller may at a small cost, form a collection of all the birds of the Tyrol.

I could easily enlarge upon other works of art which are met with at Inspruck; but in writing travels, and in professing to give a general view of a country and its people,—descriptions of public monuments, costly furniture, and even statues and pictures, ought to occupy but a small space,—unless when there is something national in them; or where, as in the case of the tomb of Maximilian, there are more than common claims upon attention. A traveller's record, and a guide book, ought to be

essentially different; and it is I think, owing to a want of attention to this distinction, that so few popular travels in Italy, have been given to the world,—as if a description of ancient paintings and statues, were more interesting than pictures of living manners; or as if illustrations of Roman history, were more wanted than a view of modern Italy.

Neither in Inspruck, nor in any other part of the Tyrol, is the traveller ever in danger of forgetting in whose dominions he is. The Austrian arms are every where blazoned; and monuments and triumphal arches, and columns, are seen in twenty different places in Inspruck, dedicated to members of the imperial family, —and adorned with statues of Leopolds, and Maximilians, and Francis. They have a rival however in the Virgin Mary, of whom there are no fewer than three statues in the streets of Inspruck. In the country, as well as in Inspruck, the Austrian eagle is conspicuous. It is seen upon every petty custom house; over the doors of half the inns; and is sometimes even painted and stuck up by the way side, to warm the loyalty—or it may be—to excite the contempt, of the Tyroleans.

CHAPTER XIV.

HALL, AND ITS SALT MINES.

Journey to Hall—the Abbey of Wilten—the Castle of Ambras—Hall ; the Salt Manufactory, and its Produce—Walk through the Mountains to the Mines—Scenery—Visit to the Mines—Details—the Superintendent—Hospitality.

HAVING now remained sufficiently long in Inspruck, to see all that deserved attention, and to obtain all the information I was able to collect ; I resolved, before crossing Mount Brenner, to the central and southern Tyrol, to visit the different places in the valley of the Inn and its neighbourhood, that are celebrated either for their natural features, their history, and traditions eonnected with them,—or their productions, or relies of art. The valley of the Inn is extremely fertile in these : within twenty or twenty-five miles of Inspruck, lie many very interesting spots,—towns, villages, castles and valleys ; among which, the most ecelebrated perhaps, is the town of Hall, and the famous mines of native salt, situated three leagues farther, in the midst of the mountains. They are generally called the mines of Hall, because the salt, after being drawn from the mines, is manufactured at Hall.

To this interesting excursion, I devoted a few days;—by the great road to Hall, on the left bank of the Inn, two days, or possibly even one long day, on horseback, or in a light carriage, might suffice; though the distance from Inspruck and back, being at least forty miles, and the road precipitous, little time would be left to see either Hall, or the mines: but by the right bank of the river, which is the more beautiful, 't is but a foot-path, and a circuitous one, that leads to Hall; and by this road, some little deviation from the straight line will take in the abbey of Wilten, and the castle of Ambras, neither of which, the traveller would be justified in leaving the valley of the Inn, without visiting.

On a fine June morning, after a very early breakfast, I left Inspruck, and soon reached the little, but pretty village of Wilten, which lies about a mile from Inspruck, and is distinguished for its abbey. I found nothing very striking in the interior of the abbey; but the inside is vast and sombre, though possessing no remarkable attraction, unless I were to except two statues of enormous giants, placed in niches, on each side of the doorway. There is a legend connected with these, too long to repeat; but it recounts how that these giants, Haymo and Tyrsus, heroes of the Middle Ages, and twelve feet in height, wandered that way about the year 860; how, having met each other accidentally, Tyrsus was slain by

Haymo, who, as an expiation of his crime, built with his own hands a convent upon the spot, and became himself a gigantic brother,—in which character he wept during eighteen years, the death of Tyrsus slain by his hand.

Leaving the village and abbey of Wilten, I passed the rapid torrent of the Sill, which flows into the Inn, close to this spot; and followed an agreeable foot path by the river side, until it was necessary to diverge towards the castle of Ambras, which stands several hundred feet above the valley, with a subject village at the foot of the monticule which it crowns. Were it for nothing else than the magnificent prospect enjoyed from the foot of the walls, Ambras would be worth a visit: for the whole extent of the valley of the Inn is laid open, with its towns and villages, and capital, and castles, and noble river, and charming fertility. Here, in the close of the sixteenth century, Ferdinand and his fair Philippine resided,—he who has been called the Lorenzo de Medicis of the house of Hapsburg,—so great was his love and patronage of the fine arts. Ancient relics of art; fine pictures; rare medals; models of sculpture; antiquities and armour, then filled or adorned the halls of the castle of Ambras. Charles, the son of archduke Ferdinand, sold the castle to the emperor Rodolph; and Ambras then became a pleasure house of the emperor. More lately, it has been a garrison, and an hospital; and was despoiled of its treasures

during the wars of the revolution: but a considerable portion of them are yet to be seen in Vienna, where they are still called, “the collection of Ambras.” Some few relics of the days of chivalry yet remain at Ambras; some pictures of gloved and girded knights,—and some armour: let me enumerate a few of these. There is a statue of Francis I., armed as at Pavia,—with his hose and stockings; there is the armour of the duke of Alva, and also of Don John of Austria, and of other princes and knights whose names have not descended with the relics. I noticed one suit with shoes of iron, and spikes in front nearly nine inches long. These were in frequent use during the Middle Ages, and were called *calcei lunati, cornuti, rostrati*, and were, as is supposed, used for wounding the horses of adversaries in fight. I noticed also, a statue of one of the archduke Ferdinand’s body guards, no less than eleven feet in height, and said nevertheless to be after nature. There are also some other relics of the days of chivalry preserved here, attractive not only to antiquarians, but to all who are interested by the narratives of feudal times, minstrelsy and song; and this comprehends all the lovers of early poetry and romance. Of this description of relics is one of the harps of the minstrels, with one string yet unbroken; and one of the welcome-bowls, used by the knights: these were wont to be of gold for the use of ladies, of silver for princes, and of glass

for knights. All who drank of the welcome-bowl, inscribed their names in a book kept for the purpose—adding generally, a couplet; and so great was the capacity of these bowls, that it not unfrequently happened, that this was the last act ever performed by the drainer of the bowl.

It is recorded of a Polish noble, who offered the welcome-bowl to a prince of tender years, that when the prince's marshal alleged, that to drain the bowl would be the death of him who drank, the other replied, "bibat et moriatur" (let him drink and die). What singular inconsistency was there in the picture of manners and morals presented to us in those days. The utmost devotion to the fair sex; the nicest regard for honour; mingled with the grossest sensuality, and the most beastly intemperance. Besides these knightly relics, there are some of a different description preserved at Ambras; amongst these I will content myself with mentioning a bit of the rope with which Judas hanged himself, accompanied by a certificate as to how it was obtained; but the most interesting relics, lie in the neighbouring woods. These are, several tombs of those knights, who in past days, perilled their honour and their lives in the tournaments,—and who were killed in mortal combat. Trees have now overspread the places where these combats were held; and overshadow the tombs. The spot is still called Tummelplatz, (place of arms).

From Ambras I descended the hill, and gained

the road to Hall, passing through fine meadows, and fields of Indian corn, and through several villages charmingly situated in little amphitheatres at the foot of the mountains; and after an hour and a half's walk, I reached the ancient and smoky Hall, than which there is no town more smoky and black either in Staffordshire or Lancashire. In the interior, as well as outside, Hall bears upon its front, the appearance of great antiquity. Gloomy old houses flank narrow winding streets; scarcely one modern building is to be seen: the ancient wall, dark towers, and little gates, yet remain, as well as the deep ditch,—and recall to mind, the wars of early times, of which Hall was so often the scene. One of the gates bears an inscription in which the year 1351 is distinctly visible.

Almost immediately after reaching Hall, I presented myself at the gate of the salt manufactory; and was admitted immediately, upon presenting a permission from the superintendent,—which is necessary. The building is of immense extent; and here the manufactory has been carried on ever since the commencement of the fourteenth century. The native salt, at four leagues distance, after being dissolved in water in the mines, is conveyed to Hall in little rivulets, which flow in troughs laid for the purpose, there to be reconverted into crystals. Nine cauldrons are employed,—the five largest of them, about thirty-six feet in diameter. They are made of iron, and have an opening at one side, by

a joint, in order that they may be cleaned from salt when necessary. The salt water, being previously heated, is admitted into the cauldrons to the depth of eight inches; and is kept in a state of ebullition during three hours, at the end of which time, two inches and a half have been evaporated, and a great quantity of salt deposited. Each boiling in each cauldron, will produce from twenty to twenty-four quintals (from 2000 to 2400 lbs.), so that one cauldron will produce, by the ordinary number of boilings, one hundred and seventy quintals of crystallized salt. Take this amount for each of the five large cauldrons, and the half of it for the four smaller, and the sum will be twelve hundred and two quintals,—or one hundred and twenty thousand two hundred lbs. per day, from the whole manufactory. The value of the salt produced, is about 100,000*l.* sterling,—from which two florins (4*s.* 8*d.*) are to be deducted from every *l.* for the expenses of the establishment. A clear revenue however of nearly 80,000*l.*, is worth the imperial notice. I think I have already said that the salt mines and manufactory are a government concern.

I also visited at Hall, the very ancient parish church, built in the year 1271. There is a chapel in it, containing an image of the Virgin, and various relics, held in high estimation by the inhabitants: they were presented to the town by the Chevalier Florian de Waldauf, not unknown in the annals of chivalry, in the end of the fourteenth century. In

this church, there is a picture from the hand of Albert Durer,—and some bas-reliefs worth examining.

It is scarcely possible to conceive a more horrible abode than Hall; it is constantly enveloped in a dense atmosphere of smoke,—which not only darkens the air, and blackens the houses,—but throws a dinginess over the dresses of the people; and makes the inhabitants appear of a sootier and duskier race. I was obliged to remain at Hall all night; but I spent as little of my time as possible in the town,—passing the two or three hours that intervened between dinner and darkness, in a walk to the ruins of the castle of Grunegg, where formerly resided, the Duke Sigismond, “a mighty hunter,” and a valorous knight. Hall is famous for the excellent beer it brews; and by the help of a flagon, I enjoyed a comfortable sleep even in Hall—until at break of day next morning, I left it, to visit the mines.

In less than half an hour, I found myself at the foot of the chain of mountains that bound the valley to the north, and at the mouth of a narrow ravine, traversed by a furious torrent. A path leads up the ravine towards the mines, which lie about eight miles farther, in the heart of the mountain. I have seldom ascended a steeper path than this; or one more interesting, from the sublimity of the scenery that lay around. The grandeur of the views, and the ruggedness of the objects, in travers-

ing a gorge that penetrates so many miles into the recesses of the mountain, may be imagined; and perhaps it is better to leave all to the imagination, than to attempt a description. Enormous masses of overhanging rock seemed to be suspended above, almost by a miracle; old pine forests hung upon the rugged cliffs; the torrent that rushed by, was here and there, spanned by bridges of snow,—while huge unmelted avalanches lay in its bed; cascades tumbled from a hundred heights, some close by the path, some heard at a great elevation above; while peaks,—some dark, some snowy, many thousand feet high, almost closed overhead, and seemed to jut into the sky. At length, in the midst of this wild scene, a cluster of houses are seen above, where the gorge loses itself among precipices; and where the torrent has separated into a hundred tiny feeders, oozing from the beds of snow. At this wild spot, stands the Miners' Inn; and here therefore, I began to think of satisfying the needs of the body. The superintendent of the mines, however, chanced to be close by; and presenting to him, the letter I brought, he politely invited me to his house, which lies upon a small platform, a little higher up; and soon produced a comfortable breakfast; and insisted that I should dine with him also, and spend the night in his house.

After breakfast, I proceeded to visit the mines, clothed in a suitable dress, and with a staff in my hand; and preceded by flambeaux, I followed my

conductor into the mine. The visit commences with a descent of three hundred steps, when one may fairly believe himself in the bowels of the mountain. 'Tis a strange empire one finds in these dismal abodes: life is a different thing, when sun-light is withdrawn; and there is an icy feeling falls upon the heart, as well as on the senses, when we look around these dismal galleries, and dark walls, dimly lighted by a few ineffectual flambeaux, that convey truly the idea of "darkness visible;" and scan the dark subterranean lakes, whose extent and profundity the eye cannot guess but by the plunge of a fragment of the roof, and the dim glimmer of the lights; and hear the distant stroke of the miner's axe, far in the interior of the caverns: and still more do we feel the difference between the world above, and regions such as these, when we reach the solitary miner, in some vast cavern, with his single candle, striking his axe ever and ever into the dull wall: but along with these feelings, astonishment and admiration are engendered, at the power of man, whose perseverance has hollowed out the mountain; and with his seemingly feeble instruments,—his human arms, and little axe,—has waged war with the colossal works of nature.

The results are indeed, almost incredible. No fewer than forty-eight caverns have been formed, each from one to two acres in size: one of the galleries is three leagues in length; and I was

assured that to traverse all the galleries, six whole days would be required. The manner of proceeding is this: when these subterraneous caverns are formed, the miners detach fragments of the native salt from the roof and walls; and when the cavern is sufficiently filled with these, pure water is let in, which dissolves the salt; and the water thus impregnated, is, as I have already said, conveyed by the conduits from the mines to the manufactory of Hall. When I visited the mines, some of these caverns were dry, and the miners were employed in them; others were salt lakes, in which the more silent operation was going on. Occasionally, a distant hollow sound is heard, approaching nearer and nearer, which one might easily mistake for the rushing of water; this is occasioned by the little chariots, which carry away rubbish to the mouth of the mine; the path is a rail-road, and these little chariots fly along it with frightful rapidity. When the sound is heard approaching, it is necessary to retire into one of the niches that are formed in the wall; and the young miners, seated in front of the chariots, seem as they rush by, like Gnomes directing their infernal cars.

The number of miners employed, is 300—and the pittance of wages which they receive, is miserable. They are paid according to seniority; the oldest get thirty kreutzers,—the youngest about fifteen. Their labour is not however without intermission; they work and rest four hours

alternately; and Sunday is a holiday,—as well as the other great feast days of the catholic church. Though we regret to see the labour of the agriculturist suspended so frequently by feast days, we are disposed to reflect with greater complacency upon their institution, when we call to mind the labour of the miner. Interesting and curious, as a spectacle of this kind is, it is impossible to be restored to “the common sun, and air,” without a feeling of satisfaction; we are almost surprised to find how genial the sunshine is, and how beautiful the sky,—and we drop with cheerfulness, a mite into the poor miner’s box.

Before leaving the house where I had put on my dress, they shewed me that which had been worn by the emperor when he visited the mines: it is of satin trimmed with gold lace, and every way fit for an emperor.

I had spent nearly three hours in the mine,—and when I reached the superintendent’s house, it was not without satisfaction that I saw the cheerful blaze of an enormous wood fire; for although it is not cold in the lower galleries, there is a damp chill, which is more felt than the keenest air. I found a dinner awaiting me, which might have been called *recherché* even at Bouvillier’s; for besides *chamois* of the most exquisite flavour, we had woodcock, and another bird which I had not seen before: in vegetables indeed, our table was scanty; but good wine of Trent, and French

brandy, made up for many deficiencies. I found the superintendent a well-informed man upon all that regarded his own affairs, — and a staunch imperialist. There are two superintendents, who live by turns, alternately two months at Hall, and two months at the mines. Their salary is eight hundred florins (93*l.* 7*s.*), upon which they may live even affluently, — especially as house, and fire-wood, cost nothing. During the winter months however, I should think that even free fire-wood, and brandy *ad libitum*, will scarcely be sufficient to keep these wooden houses warm; and I was told, that the long continuance of a storm, frequently obliges one person to remain at the mines four months in place of two.

In the evening, the superintendent was obliged to attend to his duties, and I took the opportunity of climbing up some of the neighbouring heights. Nothing could be more solemn and imposing than the coming on of evening in these far-up solitudes — the majestic precipices, — the dark forest, — the deep stillness, — the dusky depth of the torrent far below, and now and then sending up its voice through the silent eve; and in its pauses, heightening the perfect hush of nature. I gathered many beautiful flowers, blooming, as they always do, upon the edge of the fallen avalanche, and of the deep hollows full of snow; and before I found my way back to the superintendent's house, the stars were twinkling through the fir woods that

fringed the mountain ridges. I never slept sounder than I did that night; and as it had been covenanted that I should be called soon after sun-rise, I was on my way descending the ravine a little after five o'clock, after having complied with the old mountain practice of fortifying the stomach by a mouthful of eau-de-vie. In these high elevations, the mornings are seldom without frost: all the little patches of snow were crisped over; and here and there, icicles hung from the rocks. The descent was soon accomplished, though I often paused, and turned, to look at the sublime scene I was leaving for ever; and at a good breakfast hour, I reached the black town of Hall, and the inn which I had left the day before, — greatly pleased with an excursion, which had shewn me alike, the triumphs of art, and the magnificence of nature.

CHAPTER XV.

THE LOWER VALLEY OF THE INN.

Morning Prospects—Madame' de Stael—Volders and its Fare—
Traveller's Diet, and Precautions—Morning Stages—Schwatz
—an Evening among the Mountains—the River Inn, and its
Utility—Visit to the Achen-see—a Peasant's Opinions—
Rattenberg.

AFTER the beautiful country I had just passed through, and the purity of air I had breathed, Hall looked so uninviting, that I resolved upon proceeding on my journey, without breaking my fast; trusting for a morning meal, to the first village I might have to pass through: and once more emerging from the dense cloud that hung over Hall, into the clear, mountain atmosphere of the Innthal, I set forward with elastic step, and buoyant spirits, to traverse this beautiful and interesting valley. Every thing was bright and joyous; the sky bright, blue, and cloudless; the mountains, bright in the yellow beams of the morning; the trees, and the grass, were bright and glistening,—for although the sun had been two or three hours risen, it had but newly risen upon the valley; the country people looked as

joyous as health and independence could make them; the birds were all at their song, making the air ring with their loud joyful notes; the cattle even, looked as if they enjoyed the splendour of the morning; and the clear, sparkling river, ran joyously on, in harmony with all the other harmonies of nature.

“Voyager, après tout, c’est un bien triste plaisir,” says Madame de Stael. I can only say, that I have never found it so: inconveniences, it may have brought,—privations,—even real hardships, and dangers; but tristesse, never: at least not in the sense in which the word is evidently used by Madame de Stael: one is not indeed always joyous; because nature, with which the traveller sympathises, is not always presented under a joyous aspect; the country may be sterile in place of riant; a dark lake may occupy the place of a sparkling stream; clouds may obscure the sun; there may be silence on earth, and in the air: but there is not for all that, anything in the mind of the traveller, that would prompt him to say of travelling, “c’est un bien triste plaisir.” It is evident that Madame de Stael, in using this expression, does not mean that sadness which, in circumstances such as I have mentioned, spreads itself over the mind of the traveller; because such sadness, far from having any affinity with depression, or want of interest, is the source of the purest and highest enjoyment. It seems to me, that the philosophical sayings of

Madame de Stael owe any notoriety they possess, to their unintelligibility,—and sometimes, to the mystical language in which a common idea is announced.

After a charming walk, I reached the bridge which leads the road across to the right bank of the river; on the other side of which, stand the church and cloister of Volders. Here, although anxious to reach the little village of Volders, about a mile farther, I was tempted to make a halt, to contemplate for a little, the singularly picturesque object that presented itself: the rude structure of the church; the unrivalled beauty of its situation; and above all, the two majestic trees that shadow its simple porch, might well tempt even the hungry traveller into forgetfulness of his necessities. In the appearance of the cloister, there was nothing very attractive; its square form and modern aspect, harmonized but indifferently with the surrounding scenery; and as for the interior, my curiosity respecting cloisters and their inmates, had already been amply satisfied, in those countries which are the hotbeds of catholic superstition. I was informed however, that four poor monks of the Franciscan order, ate the bread of charity,—and supported well a reputation for sanctity.

A quarter of an hour, brought me to the village of Volders,—the beauty of its situation greatly surpassing its accommodation for travellers. I walked up one side of its straggling street, and

down another side, without being able to descry anything indicating a house of entertainment; and at length, after standing for a while, stock-still, and consulting the inner man, as to the possibility of throwing breakfast and dinner into one, at the town of Schwatz, a few leagues farther, and having received an answer in the negative, I resolved upon accosting an elderly dame who stood at a door opposite, and whose bunch of keys depending from her girdle, seemed to indicate that there was something worth locking up, and consequently, something worth producing. A civil inquiry for a house of entertainment, produced a civil invitation to enter her own; which, although not a public house of entertainment, was one of which it might be said, "a traveller may go farther, and fare worse." I had no inclination to do either the one or the other; so I followed my hostess, and was speedily seated at a mess of pottage, composed of Indian corn and milk, to which was added, some indifferent cheese, and fiery spirit,—all made palatable by that best of provocatives—a three or four hours' walk in the morning mountain air.

A practised traveller, and especially, a pedestrian, gets accustomed to all kinds of diet; and as far as regards the satisfaction of hunger,—and even perhaps, the pleasure of satisfying it, one diet is as good as another. I have broken my fast with as great relish, with the brown bread and cheese of Norway, or with the oily stew of a Spanish venta,

as with the luxurious outfit of a breakfast table in the Trois Couronnes in Vevay, or the Mail Coach Inn at Melton. But it is not beneath the consideration of the most practised traveller, to look beyond the moment of satisfying hunger. The comfort of a day's journey is not altogether uninfluenced by the breakfast diet: salt cheese, or fish, ardent spirit, or even animal food, if unaccompanied by diluents, will infallibly produce (unless to those accustomed to such diet) thirst, and a certain languor and depression, which, to the traveller, and especially to the pedestrian, are most uncomfortable. Let no traveller be above providing against inconveniences; and judging by my own experience, I would say, — if your journey lie through an untravelled country, where inns are bad, and rare, and where the habits of the people differ altogether from your own; and if you are desirous of buoyant spirits, and elastic limbs; of having the eyes and the ears open to all impressions; and the mind capable of taking cognizance of them,—carry with you a small package of tea: you will always find water, sugar, generally milk, and a vessel to prepare the beverage in; and although I am far from advising the traveller to prepare for the labours of the day by swallowing a quantity of tea, let this, or some other warm diluent, be the accompaniment of whatever unaccustomed fare is placed before you. In this however, you must follow my precept, not my

example; for although in many other journeys I had not been forgetful of the precaution I have recommended, it was overlooked in the Tyrol: and I had reason, more than once, to regret the oversight. Let me only add, upon this subject, that the commodity in question ought to be provided long before it is required; tea is not every where to be purchased; and in countries where it is little used, it has generally been so long in the hands of the merchant as to be almost unfit for use. This I found almost universally the case in Spain: even in Madrid, I never tasted black tea that was not musty.

Having breakfasted heartily on Tyrolean fare, and with difficulty forced a small coin on the acceptance of the hostess, I took the road a little before mid-day, purposing to dine in Schwatz; about two leagues and a half distant. This is a beautiful walk or drive; and although the day was hot; and noon, not the most eligible hour for a journey, I found little inconvenience from the noon-day rays: a succession of inviting paths lay through the fields that divided the road from the river; and although there was but scanty shade, a feeling of coolness is always produced by the presence of a river; and a grassy path communicates a real coolness to the feet.

I am no great advocate for long morning stages, unless one's object be to get over a great deal of ground; or unless the country travelled through,

lie in so southern a latitude, that the noon-day heats are insupportable. It is as well, and just as profitable, to travel comfortably as otherwise; and although a single stage of perhaps a couple of leagues before breakfast, be a certain provocative to the appetite, there is little else gained by it; and as for journeys of four or five leagues before breakfast, I utterly deprecate them,—unless to thorough and experienced travellers, to whom fatigue is unfelt, and fasting innocuous. It sounds well to speak of the dew bespangled grass; the song of the early bird, the wreathing mountain mists, and the splendours of sun-rise: I have seen and enjoyed them all; and in my day, have been no contemptible morning pedestrian: but I have lately discovered, that all those charms that are characteristic of the morning, may be enjoyed without setting forth on one's journey. There may be bright streams, and impearled dew, and early birds, and eminences that command the mountains and their mists, all within a stone's throw of one's inn. I think I have enjoyed the scenery of a Swiss lake, as much in a morning stroll, as when I have risen with the lark to perform a journey; and I am very sure I partook with greater relish, of the moderately good breakfast that was laid out for me every day at Beiretz, in Biscay, after half an hour's ramble on the sea-shore, than the far more excellent breakfast spread for me at a Swiss inn, after a journey of twelve or

fifteen miles. It is only lately however, that I have made these important discoveries: in the journey which occupies the present volume, I adhered to my old plan of a stage before breakfast, whether on foot, or en voiture.

I reached Schwatz, as I had intended, in good time for dinner; and accidentally stumbled upon an inn, sufficient for the wants of travellers of greater pretensions than myself. I had intended to have gone forward to Rattenberg; but feeling assured from the glimpses I caught of the country in the neighbourhood of Schwatz, that an evening stroll would well compensate me for lost ground, I resolved to quarter at Schwatz for the night. I am not quite sure that the offer of a duck, and the discovery of some green pease,—the first I had seen,—had not some share in this determination. It is no doubt an important qualification for a traveller to be able to “rough it” à la militaire; and to be as merry and as contented in a hay loft, as on a down bed; and with the fare of a peasant, as with that of a noble: still, it adds, in no inconsiderable degree, to the enjoyment of a day’s journey, if to all the other pleasures of travelling, be added, that of a daintily spread board. To eat with appetite, and to eat with relish, are two different things; I have dined as heartily on the brown bread of Norway, or on the rancid stews of Andalusia, as on the choice viands of a Parisian café; but have enjoyed them less: and certainly

the duck and green pease at Schwatz, were felt to be no contemptible winding up of the day's pleasures.

Towards evening I left my inn, to stroll in the neighbourhood of the town. At Schwatz, the southern range of mountains approaches almost close to the river, while on the opposite side, the northern range retires, leaving between it and the river, the same extent of meadow and cultivated land, which, till reaching Schwatz, is found on the southern side. I found nothing very attractive in the town of Schwatz; which is a respectable old market town, formerly of more importance than it is now,—the silver mines, for which it was once celebrated, being no longer productive; and the town having besides, suffered extremely, during the wars of the revolution.

The mountain range that rises behind Schwatz, is as finely diversified as a mountain range can be. I plunged at a venture into one of its valleys; and then climbed its eastern acclivity, the upper part of which was bathed in gold. But I never reached the gilded line; gradually it rose, as I mounted; and before I had half gained the point I had aimed at, the glorious light of parting day flamed only on the highest summits. The sober grey of evening was around me on the mountain side; and deep twilight had gathered in the valley below. It was time to return to Schwatz; so retracing my steps, I descended the slopes, and

in about an hour, I emerged from the mountains, with many pleasant recollections of lights and shadows yet lingering on the vision,—of solitude and stillness, and the small mountain sounds that are more akin to silence than noise,—and of all the thousand deep-felt, but inexpressible emotions that are born among the eternal hills, when evening fills their valleys, creeps over their declivities, and throws its mantle on their summits.

From Schwatz, my natural course would have been, by the high-way to Rattenberg, which lies about three leagues lower down the Innthal; but I resolved in preference to cross the river,—and visiting the Achen-see, a small lake in the northern range of mountains,—thus take a circuitous route to Rattenberg: and after an early breakfast at Schwatz, I was ferried across the river to make my way by bye-roads, or no roads, to the Achen-see.

The Inn is now a navigable river; and from Hall, indeed, serves for the transport of light merchandize all the way to the capital, a distance of at least five hundred miles. The reader needs not to be told, that the Inn, crossing Bavaria, after leaving the Tyrol, enters the Danube at Passau: and mingling its waters with that celebrated river, flows past Imperial Vienna. From Hall, salt is transported in considerable quantities; and it will perhaps surprise some, to learn what is however perfectly true, that the fresh butter made at Rattenberg, is sold in the market of Vienna, on the fifth

morning after it is churned. It may easily be supposed that this commodity would not of itself, pay the expense of transport; but by the same conveyance, chamois is sent to the metropolis, where it bears an exorbitant price; and certain woollen manufactures, and knit stockings, the produce of the lower Innthal, form part of the cargo.

For a few miles after being ferried across the Inn, I continued to follow its left bank, till, at the small hamlet of Stans, it turns suddenly to the south; and making inquiries at this little village, the way was pointed out to me, by which I might reach the Achen-see. It was altogether a mountain path,—leaving the valley of the Inn, and entering the northern range of mountains. In this walk, I had an interesting companion,—the only inn-keeper of the hamlet of Stans: a fine-looking, hale old man of nearly sixty, who owned some little property, and whose house was open to such villagers and country people as wished to recreate themselves with a glass, a pipe, and the conversation of an intelligent man. Learning my intention of looking at the Achen-see, he offered to accompany me, taking a fishing rod in his hand, and a basket slung behind him. I thought it likely this man might recollect something of the war; or might even have been himself an actor in it; and I asked him if he had ever carried a rifle.

I wish I were able to present the reader with the portrait of the old peasant as I addressed this ques-

tion to him. We were walking up a steep mountain path; he stopped,—faced round,—leant upon his rod,—and in almost a whisper said, “Sir, you are an Englishman; I say to you, what I would not say to every one: I carried a rifle, and used it too, but in a bad cause. Hofer was a hero; Speckbacker, whom I followed, was a hero; Haspinger was a hero; but they were all three fools. Our balls were all spent in defence of Austria; and let me tell you, this arm can carry a rifle yet,—but not for Austria.”

“But,” said I, “if not under the government of Austria, under what government would the Tyrol place itself?”

“Under the government of Tyroleans,” said he. “Switzerland is free,—and respected; and your government has recognized its republic; have we shewn less ardour in defence of our privileges than the Swiss? But no matter; our turn is at hand.”

Upon all these matters,—the Tyrolean war,—and its supporters,—Hofer, Speckbacker, Haspinger, and of the domination of Austria, I shall speak at some length by and by; and this dialogue will then be more intelligible to the reader. When the old peasant had finished his last sentence, he shouldered his rod, and strode up the hill; and although I made several attempts to bring him back to the subject, I was unsuccessful. Upon other topics however, his conversation was sufficiently instructive; and although I am unable to recollect the

details of it, it enabled me to correct my judgment of what I had seen or afterwards saw around me, and carried me agreeably forward to the margin of the Achen-see. This is one of those many mountain gems, that are visited but by the eagle and the chamois,—and whose waters are ruffled only by the mountain breeze, and by the leap of the silent creatures that dwell beneath them. The outlet of the Achen-see is on the Bavarian side,—the little stream that flows out of it, crossing the Bavarian frontier at a few leagues from the lake, and falling into the Iser. The Achen-see is about four miles long and about one broad. There is nothing in its appearance that will of itself repay the traveller for his labour: but the labour of an excursion among mountain scenery is its own reward: and he who looks for a result independent of this pleasure, will generally be disappointed.

I loitered upon the margin of the Achen-see an hour or two; and leaving my Tyrolean companion busy with his rod, which he used with considerable success, I descended the steeps towards the Innthal and Rattenberg. It was a beautiful walk down the ravine that opened on the Innthal: there was the deep basin below,—the Inn flowing through it: the cultivated slopes encompassing it; the high range of mountains rising above them; and Rattenberg nestling at their feet. It was such a scene as might well suit a Diorama. About two hours after leaving the Achen-see, I reached

the bank of the Inn, and immediately after, the little old fashioned town of Rattenberg, which contains nothing to arrest the steps of the traveller, unless his thoughts should be gravitating towards dinner; which chanced to be my case. I therefore established myself in an inn whose good cheer proved the sagacity of my choice: and by the by, it is no despicable qualification of a traveller, to be sagacious in the choice of an inn, a matter in which I think, some pertinent rules may be laid down. At present I shall not enlarge upon these; but it may certainly be made a rule, not indeed without exceptions, but with few perhaps,—that a new inn is better than an old one,—and cleaner; and that, *cæteris paribus*, an inn kept by an hostess, is more comfortable than one kept by a host. My inn at Rattenberg, was one of the exceptions; for it was very old; and had no mistress; and yet, for such a place as Rattenberg, was unexceptionable. My choice was determined by seeing five or six respectable Rattenbergers issue from the door, with every appearance of satisfaction on their countenances; which I naturally concluded to have been produced by the excellence of the *table d'hôte*, which I took it for granted they had just quitted.

CHAPTER XVI.

JOURNEY TO KUFSTEIN.

Worgl — a Rainy Day, and its Occupations — a Digression —
Female Dresses — Kufstein — return to Inspruck — Statistics
—the Innthal.

I left Rattenberg the same afternoon, on the way to Kufstein, which I meant to be the limit of my excursion down the Innthal, which indeed terminates there: but Kufstein was four leagues distant; and reaching the little village of Worgl opportunely, just as the sun was about to set, I resolved to halt; and to put up with such accommodation as Worgl afforded. A tolerably long day's journey reconciled me to a hard couch: and some fresh fish from the river, eked out a tolerable supper.

Next morning it rained torrents; and having left my baggage at Inspruck, excepting that small part which is necessary for daily comfort, whether in wet or dry weather, I found myself weather-bound at Worgl,—certainly one of the least auspicious of havens. Such an event is extremely embarrassing to a traveller who has no object

beyond that of present gratification: but to one who meditates a post octavo or two, there is nothing more desirable. When the skies are serene, and nature inviting, one is loth to lose a day,—still more loth to sit within doors; and notes upon notes accumulate: but when a sortie can be contemplated only in connexion with being drenched, one is easily reconciled to a sojourn within doors. Submitting therefore with a good grace, I had only to select the most agreeable room in the little inn, which did not indeed boast many; and revenge myself on the weather, by making myself independent of it. My window looked out upon the mountain range; shrouded in rain-clouds; but presenting at intervals, those magnificent glimpses, which are only to be obtained in the season of clouds and storms.

I believe, the routes of travellers scarcely differ more from each other, than their manner of inditing their travels. Some, take daily notes, and extend them into a narrative at night: others, dedicate a day at intervals, to the extension of notes: some write out a perfect narrative at once: and some delay till their return home, all attempt to embody their observations in a connected form: these plans have each their advantages and disadvantages. To a pedestrian, the first of the plans, is impossible; and to no kind of traveller is it convenient; for bodily fatigue is an effectual bar to mental exertion; and in order to write well,

a certain measure of comforts around one, is necessary,—at least to many. But to the plan of writing out a manuscript for the press, either each night, or at intervals, during a journey, there is a more serious objection. The observations of one day, correct the judgments of the preceding; or strengthen them: and it must consequently follow, that a narrative written from day to day, must either be crude and erroneous in its statements, or else, contradictory and ill arranged; for either the corrected impressions must be left out, or they must be thrust in, out of their natural place. It appears to me, that in order to write an authentic and impartial book of travels, containing the true and accumulated results of the traveller's observations, the book must not be written until the traveller finishes his journey. Without meaning any compliment to myself, or my own books, there is no impropriety perhaps, in telling my own system.

I have a small memorandum book, and a larger book,—the latter, containing perhaps a hundred blank pages for each volume intended to be written. This book is like a day-book for commercial purposes; only the entries are somewhat different. It contains an index of letters which are filled up as one goes along. Under the letter C. may perhaps be found, Convents, page —, Commerce, page —. Under D. Dress, page —, under M. Manners, under N. National

Character,—under P. Prices of Provisions, Political Condition,—under S. Street Population, Superstition, &c. &c. The small memorandum book, I use hourly,—entering whatever occurs to me, at no greater length than suffices to bring a distinct image or idea to my mind. At such intervals or opportunities as present themselves, or as I purposely create, I transfer these short notes in a somewhat extended form, to the larger book. Thus, the traits of national character which I have observed in twenty different places, are accumulated under one head; and when my journey is ended, the whole results are placed before me under the respective heads to which they apply.

It may be said, that this plan, although good, as regards the character, manners, morals, and condition of a people, cannot be the best, as respects description of natural scenery,—or indeed, of any object that addresses the senses merely. I am however of a different opinion. I have always found, that in travelling amid fine scenery, such as is presented in Switzerland, or the Tyrol, the mind is too much excited, to permit the approach of that contemplative mood which is the best for composition: or, if it be objected, that the more excited the imagination is, the more forcible and graphic will be the pictures to which it gives birth,—I answer, that this, if true, will apply only to those images by which it is at the moment occupied. If I have travelled a week, and during

that week have seen the lakes of Lucern, Thun, and Brientz,—or the bay and rock of Gibraltar, the Alhambra of Granada, and the Sierra Nevada; and if at the end of that week, I extend my narrative, it is evident, that the most recent impressions will be the most vivid,—and accordingly, although I might possibly sketch a more vigorous picture of the last seen object than if I delayed the sketch till the conclusion of my journey, it would assuredly be at the expense of the other objects that were seen earlier. But, in delaying the extension of notes till the conclusion of the journey, this prominence of one object over another is avoided. Impressions have then receded to nearly one level; and as memory recalls each in its turn, imagination also invests the image with all the freshness with which it was first beheld; and thus no picture is finished with any undue advantage over another. I fear this digression has been rather prolonged; and I therefore hasten to return to my narrative, which I left off, engaged with my notes in the window of my inn.

Towards evening, the clouds rolled off the mountain sides; and their peaks again came out from the mists, that now fell, like smoke, down the defiles, and at last melted away: but I had become accustomed to my little inn; and resolved not to leave it till morning. The people were civil and communicative; and were not at all displeased at a little bantering, on the singularly

unbecoming dress of the females of the household. I have already spoken of the dress of the women; but here, in the lower Innthal, it becomes more and more preposterous. In the Tyrol, vanity does not appear to be exercised on the same objects as elsewhere. A handsome leg,—or at least, a pretty ancle, is generally looked upon as not the least contemptible of female charms; but in the Tyrol, it is otherwise: stockings—thick woollen stockings, are three times the length of the leg: and are therefore allowed to gather themselves in enormous folds, and plaits, that render the ancle as thick as a moderate waist in Paris, or elsewhere. It may be indeed, that they look upon a charm, as more a charm, the more it is concealed. There is a limit however to this principle. I ought to mention, that the older the women are, they have the greater number of petticoats. The hostess and her daughter permitted me to satisfy my curiosity as to the number and quality of theirs. The mother, who was about fifty years of age, had nine; the eldest daughter, who looked almost thirty, but who assured me she was not yet twenty-three, wore six; and the younger,—a girl of eighteen or nineteen, was contented with one less. All of these were of a woollen stuff, thicker in its texture than moderately thick flannel. The younger of the damsels was also prevailed upon to draw her stocking tight; but she was shocked at the dis-

play; and immediately re-instated the leg in its Tyrolean privileges. I do assure my fair readers however, that had the leg so ensconced in woollen been fitted with an elastic silk stocking, it might have excited the envy of some of them.

I was rewarded for my patience by a charming morning; and after a very early breakfast, I was on the road to Kufstein. A succession of the same fine river and mountain scenery carried me agreeably on my way; and without passing through any other village, I found myself, after a pleasant three hours' walk, close upon Kufstein,—a very enticing little domicile. The town lies close to the river, and immediately under an elevated rock, which is crowned by a little strong-hold, and flanked by some batteries: a wild mountain range rises to the south; and on the northern side, towards Bavaria, the more cultivated and lower country indicates the course of the river Inn, which now, a magnificent stream, turns due north, immediately after passing Kufstein, and enters Bavaria, through the eastern part of which it flows to join the Danube at Passau. Kufstein is situated within a league of the Tyrolean frontier.

There is nothing to detain the traveller long in Kufstein. Before returning to Inspruck however, I made an excursion as far as Salzburg,—but as this book is entitled “the Tyrol,” I shall not dwell at great length upon this part of my journey.

It is impossible, however, that any one who has ever seen Salzburg and its neighbourhood, can forget either the one or the other; and I cannot therefore allow myself to omit all notice of them. In this excursion, I was not a pedestrian; I hired a smart pony at Kufstein, for which I paid two shillings per day; and journeyed on it, pleasantly enough, through the eastern extremity of the Innthal, to the gate of the ancient city of Salzburg.

Every one must be struck, on entering Salzburg, by its fine gateway hewn through the rock. Above the gateway is a bust of the prince by whose direction the work was executed; and “*Te Saxa loquuntur*” is the inscription. The city itself, is attractive rather by its fine situation and antique look, than through any positive merits of its own. There is indeed, a handsome square, a fine citadel, several striking churches, and a considerable number of good houses: but it is the environs of Salzburg that confer upon it its distinction. I walked after dinner to the citadel, a dilapidated place, but from which a fine view over the surrounding country is obtained. The Cicerone did not fail to shew me, as he has shewn to others, the chamber whose history recalls the palmy days of Papal power—for there, by a pope’s command, a prince-bishop was confined many years, for having privately espoused a fair, and too seductive mistress.

There is not much in Salzburg to detain the traveller long. The riding academies of this city were once celebrated; and are still, though dirty and dilapidated, worth a visit. There are some rude paintings on the walls, of headless Turks, and unmanageable horses, besides a statue of Bucephalus.

The day following my arrival at Salzburg, chanced to be market day,—always an interesting day in a strange place. The dress of the females, I found to be more Bavarian than Tyrolean, the head being very generally adorned with a covering of cloth of gold. There was a fine display of vegetables and of fruit, as well as of the more substantial articles of subsistence; and I did not neglect the opportunity of making myself acquainted with the prices of provisions. Meat, I found, sold at about $3\frac{1}{2}d.$ per lb.; butter at $5d.$ a couple of fine fowls might be had for $1s. 2d.$; and all kinds of vegetables and fruit I found proportionably cheap. To those who might be contented with a residence where there is no English society, and who might consider a fine country and cheap living an indemnification for these, Salzburg would be an eligible enough abode. I also inquired the price of houses. I might have obtained a small, but comfortable house, tolerably well furnished, with a delightful garden, for 18% sterling per annum.

Before returning to the Tyrol, I visited Hallein,

where are situated the famous salt mines. I left Salzburg after breakfast; and after a two hours' ride, reached the base of the mountain where the mines are situated. The path up the mountain is easy, — and the scenery enchanting, — not what one might expect in the neighbourhood of mines, which are usually encompassed by features of sterility, — but forming a fine union of the beautiful, the picturesque, and the sublime; there is the greenest of pasture, the finest masses of dark wood, and the most rugged acclivities. Not far from the summit stands a small church, and some few houses; and near to them is the entrance into the mine. Having so lately explored these subterranean wonders, and sufficiently satisfied my curiosity, I felt no inclination to visit the mines: but I was sufficiently rewarded for my ascent by the delightful scenery through which I passed, and by the noble prospect over half the principality. Besides, I wished to visit the lake Berchtolsgaden: I returned part of the same road to Salzburg, and then, according to the directions I had received, turned off to the right, up a romantic defile traversed by the Achen; where is also situated, the little town of the same name, with a castle and a convent. I reached the lake early in the afternoon; and was rowed to its head by a fisherman and his son, by whose labours, a large family was supported; for the fish of this lake are highly esteemed, and sell at a considerable price. We

landed near an old seat of the kings of Bavaria, which they used as a hunting seat; but we found no admittance: at a small cottage, however, near the gate, I got some delightful fish, and new bread of Indian corn. After wandering for a time, in the environs of this lake, dreaming away a delightful hour or two in reminiscences of past days, when kings were warriors and hunters, I was again rowed across the lake in the gathering twilight; and mounting my pony, rode back to Salzburg, by star light. I have nothing farther to add of my excursion to Salzburg, from which, I returned to Kufstein, next day.

My journey as far as Hall, presented nothing worthy of recording; I diverged indeed from the Inn, to penetrate the Zillertball, a fine Alpine valley, which runs upwards of sixty miles into the heart of the mountains; and reached the village of Zell, beyond which, however, I did not proceed. But a narrative of this excursion, would be but repetition of description, or a record of feelings, little interesting to any but the traveller himself.

I returned to Inspruck by the opposite side of the river from that by which I had walked to Hall; passing through several villages, amongst others, Tauer, where I had already been, when the sacred drama was performed. The road leads all the way through a beautiful country, in which Indian corn is the staple produce; many of the peasantry were in the fields at work; others were at play,—shoot-

ing at marks. They use guns,—and the marks were about a hundred and twenty yards distant. This is a favourite amusement in the Tyrol; but I understood it was discouraged as much as possible, by the government. I reached Inspruck early in the afternoon, after having spent a fortnight much to my satisfaction.

The two following days I devoted to a ramble through the valley of Stubei, the head of which, is about six leagues from Inspruck. I shall not give any detail of this pleasant ramble,—which carried me among many charming, and striking scenes, and among a very simple and primitive people: at the extremity of the valley, one is close to the Glacier of Grahes, near to which is a small lake, that almost every year, is the cause of much devastation in the valley, owing to the fall of avalanches, which force its waters out of their bed. There is also a small cluster of houses in the valley, and a bath, where the inhabitants of Inspruck resort, as from greater towns, to enjoy the freedom of the country.

Numerous castles lie upon the slopes and eminences of the mountains near Inspruck, to one or other of which, I walked almost every evening while I remained there. There is not much to see in the interior of any of them,—excepting a little old furniture, some ancient relics, and a few pictures, chiefly of the ancient possessors, who were generally some branch of the Imperial

family. But they are all worth a visit, because the situation of them all is delightful; and from the elevations upon which they are built, as well as from the windows of the castles, picturesque and extensive views are always enjoyed. Preserving everywhere the character of a valley, there is no valley in Europe that I am acquainted with, that will bear a comparison with the Innthal. I speak strictly of valleys, which of course are to be found only in mountainous countries,—and which never lose the character of a valley in that of a plain, by too wide a separation of the mountain boundaries. The valley of the Rhine, will not compare with the Innthal in the light in which I at present compare them. The valley of the Rhine is little else than a water-course,—containing indeed some villages and towns,—but not forming like the Innthal, a fertile and populous country. In extent and population the Swiss valleys are all diminutive: the valley of the Rheus, except in its lower extremity, is but a ravine; and the valley of the Rhone, which forms the Vallois, is in every respect the reverse of a fertile and populous valley. In France, there are no valleys, properly so called,—excepting in the Pyrenees; and there, the valleys of the Garonne or the Gave, are little beyond defiles, until these rivers emerge into the plains of Languedoc, and Bearn. Spain has no great valleys, in the proper acceptation of the word. Its rivers, after descending from the Sierras, roll through

plains. The Danube and the Elbe, excepting near their sources, form no valleys, but traverse either defiles or plains. The valley of the Glommen, in Norway, is indeed of vast extent; but it is neither fertile nor peopled: and the Meuse, although its banks expand at times into amphitheatres, as at Namur, yet preserves the character of a defile until it emerges into the plain of Liege. In England, there are no great mountain ranges by which valleys could be formed. In Scotland, the river courses are but defiles,—with the exception of the Tweed, the Clyde, and the Tay: but the Tweed and the Tay have no mountain boundaries in those parts of their courses which are marked by population and fertility: and the Clyde, whose banks above Hamilton are but fertile strips, there emerges into a plain.

Let me contrast all these valleys with the Innthal. First of all, before entering the Tyrol, the Inn forms the two Engadines,—a valley of sixty miles in length, containing twenty-three towns, and supporting the whole of its inhabitants by its productions. This valley varies from one to five miles in width, and is bounded on both sides by the high Alps. The Innthal of the Tyrol, may be said to commence at the junction of the Cetz with the Inn, a little above Hemingen; and in its whole extent, as far as Kufstein, it measures not less than a hundred and twenty miles. During the whole of this course, the Innthal preserves the strict character

of a valley. It is all along bounded by lofty mountain ranges on both sides; never narrows into a defile; nor ever expands into a plain. It varies in breadth from two to six miles,—measuring from the limits of the cultivated ground on each side, which encroaches a little on the slopes of the mountain range. Every where, the Innthal is under the highest state of cultivation; Indian corn being as I have already said, the chief produce; but growing also, grain of every description, flax, and garden produce. The Innthal contains seven towns of considerable magnitude; upwards of forty smaller towns and villages; and nearly two hundred hamlets; with many single houses, castles, and cottages; and including altogether, a population exceeding 150,000. Such is the valley of the Inn, or Innthal, in extent and population, surpassing, as I believe, every other valley in Europe; and as remarkable for its fertility, as for its extent and population; since it supports by its productions, the whole of its population, supplying to them, every thing, excepting those commodities which the wants of luxury have created a demand for. It is singular that the Tyrol should contain another valley, inferior only to the Innthal,—I mean the valley of the Adige; which forms the greater part of the southern Tyrol. But of this division of the Tyrol, I shall speak by and by.

Before taking leave of Inspruck, let me add a few words respecting its history, &c. The neigh-

bourhood of Inspruck, where the village of Wilten now stands, was in former days, the site of the Roman city of Veldidena. The origin of Inspruck, like that of all other cities, is matter that does not belong to history; but in the eleventh century, Inspruck was a place of some note. Otto, Duke of Meran, was the first authenticated lord of Inspruck, and by him it was fortified, and made a city in the year 1234. The house of this Otto is still in existence; it goes by the name of Ottoburg, and the date of 1232 is still visible upon it. In its early history, Inspruck was exposed to all the usual vicissitudes of towns, during the early ages—taken by one, burnt by another, rebuilt by a third, and lorded over by all; but in 1363, Margaret, then the sovereign of Inspruck and of the Tyrol, left her possessions to the family of the house of Austria; with which the Tyrol has with few interruptions, ever since remained.

I have already spoken of the situation of the capital of the Tyrol, as regards the valley of the Inn. Inspruck lies no less than two thousand feet above the level of the sea; its temperature is extremely variable; the mean temperature is said to be $7\frac{1}{2}$ of Réaumur. The population, without reckoning the military, is between twelve and thirteen thousand.

CHAPTER XVII.

JOURNEY ACROSS MOUNT BRENNER.

Expense of Travelling in the Tyrol—Journey from Inspruck to Brenner—the Peasantry of the Mountains—Dress—Scenery—Helps to Devotion—the Land and Cottages—Schonberg—Ascent, and Arrival at the Summit—Primitive Habits of the People—Mount Brenner—a general idea of the Topography of the Tyrol—Night Accommodation at Brenner—Descent on the southern Side—Sterzing—Scenery of the Valley.

THE hotels of Inspruck are expensive; and I was greatly surprised to find my bill as large as it would have been in the most frequented, and most luxurious hotels in Switzerland. I had heard that the Tyrol was a cheap country; and expected to get through it for half nothing; but indeed, there are sufficient reasons, why the Upper Tyrol should be an expensive country to a traveller. It is precisely in such a country as this, where there is some, but not much travelling, that one pays the most. When a country is much frequented, there is a choice of habitable inns—suited to all purses,—and competition in some degree keeps down prices: when on the other hand, a country is not travelled by anybody, it is useless to be provided for the

reception of travellers : establishments are not kept up ; and if the traveller fares ill, he pays little. But,—as the landlord of the hotel at Inspruck truly argued, when I questioned the reasonableness of his bill,—“ in a country like the Tyrol, travelled only by a limited number of persons, most of whom wish to be well accommodated,—and for but a few months in summer, hotel keepers must charge extravagantly, in order that they may maintain their establishment through the winter. I know the charge is high,” said he with sufficient honesty —“ but if it were less, I could not receive you in so good a house, nor entertain you so well.”

Provisions too, such as a traveller expects to find, are not low priced in the Tyrol. One likes to eat wheaten bread ; but wheat is an article of commerce, not of growth in the Upper Tyrol. One expects beef and mutton too ; but the Tyroleans eat little meat ; and as the demand is limited, so is the supply : vegetables also, one is accustomed to ; but only the very hardiest vegetables grow in the valley of the Inn : and after coming out of any of the lower countries, one looks for dessert, and *vin à discretion* ; but both of these are articles of luxury at Inspruck ; fruit and wine must be carried to Inspruck across Brenner, from Botzen, and from the valleys of the southern Tyrol. It is not surprising therefore that the hotels of Inspruck are expensive. In the southern Tyrol they are less so ; because all the valleys to the

south of Mount Brenner are fruit and wine countries; and because in the remoter valleys, the inns are indifferent, because travellers are few,—while on the Italian frontier on the contrary, competition keeps down prices, because travellers are many. Wherever the traveller is not willing to put up with the fare of a country, but looks for the gratification of his accustomed tastes wherever he goes, he must pay dear for the indulgence. If one chose to travel through the Tyrol, and live precisely as the peasantry live, travelling would be cheap enough; I have heard a Frenchman complain bitterly of the expense of travelling in England; “my wine” said he “amounts to 10s. 6d. a day;” but the Frenchman was not contented with English fare, and drank every day, his bottle of claret.

The price of travelling in every country is regulated by general principles; by the demand for, and the supply of its accommodations,—and by the causes which necessarily influence the prices of provisions. As for the expense of transport from one place to another,—there are no public conveyances in the Tyrol; and one must therefore, either hire a carriage, or be a pedestrian,—the cheapest as well as the best mode of travelling,—whether for information or pleasure; presuming of course, that youth, health, and strength are on the side of the traveller.

I left Inspruck on a gloomy morning, crossing the Inn, and taking the road up the bank of the

Sill, which descends from Mount Brenner. The road climbs through fine woods and highly picturesque scenes,—leaving the Sill on the left, many hundred feet below, in a narrow rocky bed; and the valley of the Inn is almost entirely shut out.

To those travellers who gather interest in a journey from historic recollections, the pass of the Brenner will have more to recommend it than its Alpine claims; for in ascending this mountain-ridge, one is following the footsteps of the barbarian kings and armies who overthrew the Roman dominion, and established in its stead, the Gothic and Ostrogothic empires. Theodoric, Odoacer, and Attila, each sought the regions of the south by the pass of the Brenner: but in still earlier days, we have records of Roman conquests in the time of Augustus, among the people of this part of the Alps; and it is even said that Brenner was so christened by Brennus, who penetrated by this pass to the gates of ancient Rome. For my own part, I travel less to feast on the past, than to observe the present; and notwithstanding the sneer of the antiquarian, I must avow that the enjoyment of my journey up the Brenner was in no degree enhanced by the recollection that Attila had gone before me, unless perhaps by the consciousness that mine was a more peaceful errand; and that I was likely to be more welcome.

No sooner has one left this valley, and begun to

enter among the mountains, than a difference is seen in the dress of the peasantry; and a very singular usage it is, by which they are distinguished. The breeches of black leather do not descend so far as the knee,—they are buttoned above; and as the stockings, which are without feet, do not reach so far as the knee, that prominent part of the leg is left bare: like the peasantry I had already seen, they wore tapering hats, with silk bands and tassels, and artificial flowers stuck in them. In other countries, ornaments about the dress of the peasantry, are generally worn but on holidays: but it is otherwise in the Tyrol; the peasantry there, seem to be always dressed for a holiday,—for tasseled hats, and artificial flowers are worn every day. I noticed more round hats; and fewer worsted caps, and scarcely so many petticoats among the women of the mountains. The cottages which I passed by, were in general unlike the abodes of poverty; and it was evident, from the little inclosures of corn, flax, and vegetables, that the inmates were proprietors. About a league from Inspruck, the aspect of the country becomes different, and the views change. High bare acclivities rise around,—entirely covered by clusters of flowers, blooming in the midst of barrenness; among which blue-bells, wild ranunculus, and flowering thyme, are particularly plentiful.

I have already spoken of the great number of helps and incitements to devotion that are erected

by the road side, in every part of the Tyrol. These are incredibly numerous on the road I am now travelling: some are chapels; some crosses, with the crucifixion represented in wood; some pedestals, with the image of a favourite saint; some, little three-cornered boxes, raised upon poles, with representations or images of the Virgin and Child. Of all these different kinds, I counted no fewer than forty-seven between Inspruck and Schönberg—a distance of three leagues. His Imperial majesty of Austria sometimes puts in his claim also to the devotion of the Tyroleans. I noticed at one place, within twenty yards of each other, a large cross, with a representation of the crucifixion,—and a pedestal, with a statue of the emperor Francis, with two flags waving on each side, and the Austrian eagle, as usual, conspicuous below. These two erections were so cunningly placed, that the Tyrolean passing between them, and uncovering his head, did obeisance to his royal master, at the same time that he performed an act of devotion.

The produce of the land, as I ascended higher, of course changed with the alteration in climate; Indian corn became rare, and then totally disappeared; barley and oats in small quantities and a little flax, were seen; but pasture was now the principal support of the husbandman. With the change in the product of the soil, I observed no alteration in the people; the cottages were still

comfortable, and the inhabitants decently dressed, and respectable in appearance. Every thing too appeared to be in good order; the fences well constructed; the little gardens well arranged and well cultivated; and the fields industriously laboured; so that notwithstanding the superstitions of the Tyroleans, it would appear, that these do not, as in some catholic countries, interfere with their duties. Where men cultivate their own land, self-interest will generally battle hard against superstition; or it may be, even against the dictates of conscience.

At the little town of Schönberg, I stopped to breakfast; and for my own part, I scarcely know anything more agreeable, than after a morning walk of three or four leagues, through a mountainous country, and mountain air, entering the door of a promising inn,—seating one's self upon one chair, and throwing one's legs upon another—and looking from the window, along the road one has travelled, while waiting for breakfast: 'tis true indeed, that one does not at an inn in the Tyrol, hear the sound of the whizzing kettle, and see the comfortable set-out of tea and toast, and all the more substantial paraphernalia; but *café au lait* is not altogether despicable: and with good bread, and delicious butter, and cured *chamois* tongue, breakfast even at Schönberg was an interlude to be enjoyed. After breakfast, according to Tyrolean usage in some places, a dessert of pastry was put down.

Having rested a couple of hours at Schönberg, I commenced in good earnest, the ascent of the pass of Mount Brenner. From Schönberg to Brenner, there are five leagues of constant ascent—presenting every variety of mountain scenery, and a thousand attractions for the lover of capricious and unadorned nature. I passed two small villages within the first two leagues after leaving Schönberg; at the latter of them the Sill branches into two mountain rivulets, up one of which, the road still ascends; and from this point, until reaching the summit of the pass, there is no habitation, except a few shepherds' chalets. The scenery becomes wilder, as the road ascends. The rivulet rushes by a mountain torrent; and the woods diminish in extent and height. At no great distance from the summit, I reached a small lake about half a mile long, and narrow, the feeder of one of the streams that formed the Sill. Some dark firs fringed its margin, and several flocks of sheep and goats, were browsing on the rocks above. It was almost as wild a scene as the lake of the Oberalp, the source of the Rheus. Here,—the chief part of the ascent is mastered; and another hour's walk brought me to the highest part of the road, and in sight of the very small village of Brenner, which lies just at the point where the descent on the southern side begins. It was nearly four o'clock when I reached the village, having been five hours and a half on the road from Schönberg.

Although there may possibly be more than one refuge for the traveller at Brenner, there is but one inn, kept by two old maids, the kindest creatures in the world, who scarcely knew how much to make of me: they heated a stove so hot, that to make me comfortable, the room was soon like an oven; and so anxious were they, that my dinner should be to my mind, that they brought to me two live bantam cocks, to know which I might prefer. Being an indifferent poulterer, I was really at a lost to decide; and the hostess, perceiving my difficulty, and probably mistaking its cause, took the sure course of making ready both, which in less than an hour, were placed upon the table,—with such little additions, as the village of Brenner, and the skill, and anxiety of the old ladies, were likely to produce.

Nowhere perhaps in Europe, are manners so primitive as in the mountain villages of the Tyrol; and in few places, are religious duties more regularly performed, or with more singleness of heart. About six o'clock, just after I had dined, a small treble chime from the village church, called the villagers to prayer; and they all obeyed the summons. The two or three little shops were shut up,—the cottages were locked,—the inn doors even were closed; and some seventy or eighty persons—old and young,—the whole inhabitants of the village, were seen straggling along, with their prayer books in their hands. I did not

remain alone in the inn, but went with the flock. There was little of the pomp and majesty of the catholic church, to be seen there: it was as lowly a house, and as unadorned, as any of our protestant temples; but for the single image of the Redeemer, it might have been a meeting-house. I saw much apparent, and I have no doubt, genuine devotion among these simple minded villagers: and however much the catholic faith may be cumbered by ceremonial; or even among some of its professors, debased by superstition; I believe that the Almighty will not reject the devotion that is offered in sincerity.

When the service concluded, there was yet time for a two hours' ramble among the mountains. From the pass over the Brenner, where the village is situated, the highest summits of the mountain are not visible. I therefore climbed a shoulder of the mountain, which I supposed intercepted the highest parts from my view; and after a toilsome ascent of about a thousand feet, I gained a pinnacle from which the summit of Mount Brenner was visible. It might be about three thousand feet higher than the spot I had attained; which, if correct, would make the elevation of the village of Brenner, about six thousand feet. A dazzling field of snow, covered all the upper part of the mountain,—so that the ascent would have been difficult, if not dangerous; and as it was impossible, from the geographical position of Mount Brenner,

that the prospect from the summit could reward the labour of an ascent, I abandoned the idea I had half entertained, of remaining a day or two at Brenner, for the purpose of undertaking the journey.

From the point which I had gained, the descent on both sides of Mount Brenner was laid open. I could see the little lake on the northern side of the pass, from which the Sill descends into the valley of the Inn; as well as the feeders to the south of the village of Brenner, which form the rivers flowing into the southern Tyrol; and from an elevation like this, one naturally calls to mind, the geographical situation of the country that lies around. The Tyrol is in its geographical peculiarities, a singular country. Considering its size, which is not greatly more than half that of Switzerland, it is a much more mountainous country; not indeed containing so many lofty mountains; but more covered by mountains of one kind and another. Switzerland is a country of mountains, and valleys, and even plains; all mingled together: the Tyrol is much more simple in its internal geography. It consists of one great valley running north and south; extending from the foot of Mount Brenner on the south, all the way to Roveredo, where it merges soon after in the plains of Italy: and of two great lateral valleys; running east and west—one, the valley of the Inn; beginning at Funstermiuz on the confines of the Grisons, and ending

only with the boundary of the Tyrol, at Kufstein, where it is lost in Bavaria: the other,—the valleys of the upper Adige, and the Rienz, running also east and west; the one—from Botzen to Glurns,—the other from Brixen to Prunecken; and which, although traversed by different rivers, and running different ways, both merge in the great valley which runs north and south,—and may therefore be considered as one valley across the middle of the Tyrol, having Botzen for its centre. There are of course smaller valleys,—upland valleys, and basins; but the Tyrol consists but of three great valleys; almost all the rest of the country being mountains.

Naturally,—the Tyrol is divided into two parts; which have a boundary as distinct and defined, as any two kingdoms upon earth. The valley of the Inn has naturally nothing in common with the rest of the Tyrol; and is entirely shut out from all the southern parts by a long and lofty chain of mountains. It is evidently a territory by itself; about a hundred miles in length, and varying in breadth from three to eight miles, including the slopes of the mountains; and having Inspruck placed nearly in the centre of it. From this valley, there is but one road to the southern Tyrol; and that road must pass Mount Brenner, at an elevation of six thousand feet. When Mount Brenner is passed, a new and distinct territory commences,—the great valley of the Eisach and the Adige, which

has no natural connexion with the valley of the Inn, and might like it, be a distinct country.

But the natural and moral boundaries seem scarcely to go hand in hand: for the two lateral valleys, as well as that part of the great valley which lies above Botzen and ends at Sterzing, partake, in the character, manners, and usages of the people who inhabit them, of the character, usages, and manners of the inhabitants of the valley of the Inn. But I have already said, that that part of the Tyrol, properly called the southern Tyrol, and which comprehends the valley of the Adige from Botzen to Roveredo, differs in almost everything, from the northern, or German Tyrol. Of these distinctions I shall have occasion to say more, when I descend Mount Brenner on the south.

It was dusk before I left the elevation I had attained, to return to the village,—and almost as dark as it is at any time in the month of June, before I reached Brenner, where already all was hushed for the night: all the doors were closed; the villagers were already in bed; and I had even to knock twice at the door of the inn before I was admitted. The old ladies, however, had not forgotten me: the cold fowl, and some pastry, were served up unbidden; and a cordial of aniseed, to which I have a particular aversion, was pressed upon my acceptance. As for my bed, nothing could be cleaner, or more fragrant, for I might

have supposed myself lying upon a bed of thyme. The sheets too were frilled,—and the pillow was of brocaded satin. Nor had the bodily comfort of the traveller been the only source of my hostesses' care. A little vessel with holy water, was suspended on the wall; and above my head was an image of the Virgin. Such a day's journey as mine had been, deserved a sound sleep; and after a night's rest that a ploughman might have envied, I rose not very long after the sun; paid a very cheap bill; and was soon clear of the village of Brenner, and descending the southern side of the mountain.

Very soon after leaving Brenner, I reached the rivulet which is the beginning of the Eisach; this stream, after being joined by the Rienz, unites itself with the Adige at Botzen, and traverses the whole of the Lower Tyrol. Below Botzen, the united rivers take the name of "the Adige," which flows past Trent, and Roveredo; and soon after leaving the Tyrol, and continuing its course through Verona, falls into the Adriatic, near Venice. This river was to be my companion from Mount Brenner all the way to Roveredo; and I found every reason to be pleased with the acquaintance.

Although the ascent from Inspruck to Brenner be full of interest to the lover of natural scenery, it will bear no comparison, either in the variety or the grandeur of the scenes which it offers, with the descent from Brenner to Brixen. To this

valley, which is sometimes called the valley of the Eisach, sometimes the valley of Sterzing, the Swiss valley of the Rheus bears some resemblance. The Tyrolean valley is its equal in the picturesque and the grand, as well as in the variety of its prospects; and in one respect, greatly surpasses it. The descent of the valley of the Rheus, is much more gradual. The Rheus, from the Devil's-bridge, down to Altorf, is a rapid,—sometimes breaking into a cataract; the Eisach is a succession of cataracts,—almost indeed, one continued cataract; and in this respect, the Tyrolean valley has the advantage.

It was a beautifully clear morning when I left Brenner; but extremely chilly: I saw several pools of water with a covering of ice, although it was the 19th of June. I know from experience, that clear frosty mornings at this season, generally end in rain before mid-day,—and the easy descent aided my design of reaching Sterzing, where I purposed breakfasting, before the rain should begin. All the way to Sterzing, the Eisach is but a brook, foaming in its narrow channel; it is not until it passes Sterzing, and descends from thence to Brixen, that the observations I have made above are applicable. I reached Sterzing to an early breakfast, and found a comfortable inn to receive me.

Sterzing is a small town, very romantically situated in a little open spot which the valley forms

in this place: a castle upon a neighbouring height overlooks the town; and the Eisach, joined here by one or two tributary brooks, begins to assume an air of bustle and importance, and riots away towards Brixen. There is an excellent and curious contrivance at Sterzing, to prevent the heavy rain which often visits these parts, from deluging the pavement from the roofs of the houses. Water-spouts are carried from the roof quite across the middle of the street; these nearly meet in the centre, and form two rival cascades,—a double line of which I had an opportunity of seeing while I sat at breakfast; my prediction of rain having already begun to be verified. The little town of Sterzing, although in a much milder climate than Brenner, is still among the high regions; no Indian corn, and scarcely any grain had yet begun to appear: it seemed to be a town of mountain pastures; and no fruit trees were to be seen,—nor any vegetables, excepting the most hardy.

Although the weather looked threatening, I resolved to go on; and if possible to reach Brixen; though I had little expectation of accomplishing the journey without being thoroughly drenched. After leaving Sterzing, the valley into which the ravine of the Eisach had widened soon contracted into little more than the breadth of the stream and the road: the stream continued as much a cataract as before,—only more imposing, from its greater size,—and the scenery, although it

had begun to lose a little of its grandeur, yet preserved all the features of the picturesque in its utmost extent; and now and then exhibited some signs of returning softness. By and by, the most prominent features of Alpine scenery began to disappear; the trees were more varied in their kind, and were more lofty and more luxuriant; pasture was intermixed with patches of corn on the little platforms by the road side, and the cottages became more frequent; but it was still mountain, though not Alpine scenery,—which conveys an idea of a higher elevation. The rocks were gigantic and precipitous; and the descent, almost as rapid as it had been from the summit of the pass: and where an opening allowed more than the immediate banks to be seen, height rose over height, and mountain was piled on mountain. But I may now be said to have passed Brenner.

It is not out of place, and indeed it is natural, to compare one mountain pass with another,—and after having for the first time crossed any celebrated mountain, one naturally calls to mind, the journeys which one may have made across other mountains, and the comparative interest with which such journeys have been attended.

I need scarcely say, that there are certain features common to all mountain passes; that there is sublimity in elevation; that mountain clefts are filled by rivulets, which swell as they descend; that plants of less or more interest attract the eye;

that from certain heights, extensive prospects of the country below are laid open; and that the phenomena of clouds, rain, and rainbows, and the effects of lights and shadows are common to all great elevations. But notwithstanding these features of common resemblance, mountains and their passes widely differ in interest, and consequently, in the features by which nature has distinguished them. These differences, supposing the mountains to be equal in height, arise from the diversity in conformation, and the variety in their geological character. When we talk of one mountain pass being finer than another, we mean that the views it affords are more sublime, or more picturesque; that sublimity, and that picturesqueness are the result of their shape and surface, (to use common expressions). I speak at present of mountains, merely as they appear to the eye of a common observer,—not as they are contemplated by the geologist. Differences in shape produce the most striking differences in interest. A mountain full of clefts affords finer views than a mountain that is unbroken; because where there are clefts, there must be precipices, and profundity, and most usually, torrents and cataracts. A mountain that is peaked, is more striking than a mountain that is round, because peaks are usually formed by rocks; and rocks are fantastic in form, afford fine effects of light and shade, and if within the snowy region, exhibit the influences of the elements more

strikingly than heights of an opposite character. Then, one mountain may be wooded, another green, a third stony; all which diversities produce opposite effects on the eye, and consequently excite less or more interest in the mind: so that it is obvious, that notwithstanding the common features of resemblance among mountains and mountain passes, each has its distinct character; and by each, the mind is differently affected. Let me exemplify these general observations by a few particular examples.

I have never passed either Mount Cenis, or the Simplon; I cannot therefore speak of them. The passes with which I am acquainted are, St. Gothard; Mount Albula; the pass by the sources of the Rhine; the Rhetian Alps; the Brenner; the limb of the Pic du Midi; the pass of the Pyrenees from Perpignan to Catalonia; and from Gavarnie by the Breche de Roland, to Arragon; some of the mountain passes of Norway; and the Spanish Sierras. Now it may seem singular, that of these, the lowest passes should be the finest: yet so it is, in my estimation. Mount Albula, and the Breche de Roland, are certainly lower than St. Gothard, and yet, their features are more striking; and the truth is, that besides the causes I have already mentioned, arising from diversity in conformation and surface, the very lowness, is itself, the chief cause of superiority. Nor is this apparent paradox difficult to explain: where a road traverses the summit of a mountain, there cannot be precipices

above; and the mere fact, that a road is necessarily led over the highest part of a mountain, is itself a proof, that it is not indented by those deep valleys, clefts and ravines, which, did they exist, would permit the road to be conducted across, at a lower elevation. Where a road traverses the summit of a mountain, the views may be extensive; but they must greatly yield in sublimity, to those which are presented where the road conducts the traveller through the heart of the mountain, among its deep recesses, its forests, and cataracts.

Looking back, and upward to Mount Brenner, which I had just traversed, the different mountain passes I have enumerated, were successively recalled to my mind. I again contemplated the rocky grandeur, and desolation of Mount Albula; the icy horrors of the Breche de Roland; the picturesque beauties of the Rhetian Alps; the wide pastures of the Pic du Midi, with its fields of purple iris; the gloomy sublimity of the pine-clad mountains of Scandinavia; the arid desert, and far up solitudes of the Sierra Morena; and the rich and varied carpet that overspreads the passes of the western Pyrenees. Less sublime than some of these,—less beautiful than others, Brenner, which I had just passed, has its own peculiar charms; and although I could not elevate its features into a comparison with the Breche de Roland, it held an equal place in my memory with the passes of Switzerland.

CHAPTER XVIII.

THE VALLEY OF THE EISACH TO BRIXEN.

Details respecting the Menage, and Farming Establishment of a Tyrolean Peasant—Journey to Brixen—Brixen—Vine Husbandry and Economy of Land.

I have never, in descending any mountain, seen so sudden a change in the productions of nature, as here, between Sterzing and Klausen. The inclination of the road was indeed extraordinary; so great, that one was almost necessitated to run; and of course the alteration in temperature was great and sudden in proportion. I passed one or two hamlets, where a little Indian corn was seen, as well as flax, and other productions of temperate climates; and cherry trees, and a few walnut trees, began to skirt the stream which continued to flow with unabated rapidity, and was constantly increasing in beauty.

The storm which I had foreseen, was now close at hand; but I was walking beneath so perfect a shade of over-arching trees, that although it rained heavily, I was sheltered from its effect. Soon however, it came down in such torrents, that finding myself near a gate which appeared to lead to a

respectable peasant's house, I thought it wisest to take refuge; and I lifted the latch accordingly, and passed in. It was, as I supposed, the house of a peasant, who in the Tyrol might be called in comfortable circumstances; a proprietor of the middle kind,—not rich, but with enough for the wants, and comforts of a family. A son who lived at Trent, and who was upon a visit to his father, of course spoke Italian, and a little French,—more convenient media of communication, than the dialect of German spoken in the Upper Tyrol. I was very kindly welcomed by the master of the house, and hospitably entertained; for although it was then but little after eleven o'clock, dinner was almost ready; and albeit my usual dinner hour was yet far off, I could not refuse to accept the hospitalities of the host, and to seat myself at table with his family.

I had every reason to be pleased that a storm had driven me among this Tyrol family; for it afforded me an opportunity which I might not otherwise have enjoyed, of seeing the menage, and inspecting the establishment of a respectable peasant. It is almost impossible that a traveller should obtain introductions to families of this rank: his introductions, if he have any, lie always among the upper classes: but in most countries, the habits of the upper classes are the same; and but little information respecting national usages and peculiarities, is to be obtained in these circles.

The party that sat down to dinner, consisted of the peasant and his wife, hale strong people, about fifty years of age; the son who had come from Trent; a younger son, just growing into manhood; twin daughters about sixteen years old,—and myself. The dinner, which had been prepared without any regard to me, consisted of soup of Indian corn and milk, of which I have already spoken, as a Tyrolean diet; a piece of boiled bacon about five lbs. weight; a salad; bread—two thirds Indian corn, and one third wheat; butter; and wine of Botzen, which however, might possibly have been produced on my account. This was certainly an ample, and wholesome dinner for six persons.

The rain subsiding soon after dinner, I hinted to the master, that I should much like to see his establishment out of doors,—telling him frankly, that we in England knew but little respecting his country,—excepting that it was a romantic land, and nourished a brave and noble minded peasantry; and that I wished to have it in my power to tell my countrymen something about the Tyrol. My compliment was received with a disclaiming shake of the head; and my desire was immediately gratified. The peasant and his family,—all excepting his wife,—accompanied me, while we walked over his little fields, and conversed as we went along.

The whole of the land owned by this peasant,

appeared to me as nearly as I could judge by pacing it, as well as by the eye, to consist of about four acres. One third of the whole, as the proprietor informed me, was devoted to the culture of Indian corn; of the remaining two acres and two-thirds about half an acre was in wheat, and another half acre in barley; a quarter of an acre in flax; about an acre, or a little more in grass and wood; and about a quarter of an acre in garden, which contained cabbage, potatoes, salad, and a few cherry trees. The Indian corn was all required in the establishment,—about one half for the family, and the other for winter provision for the cow: the sheaths, &c., were used as they are used in other parts of the Tyrol. Of the wheat, there was a considerable surplus; and this, and the barley, were taken to the Brixen market, where they produced more than sufficient to purchase coffee, sugar, wine, such implements as were wanted from time to time, and such clothing for the family as was needed; and formed a small money stock besides,—which, after being applied to all the purchases beyond what the establishment itself produced, had amounted then to a considerable purse; but the owner did not tell me the amount; nor would it have been civil to have been more inquisitive. The flax was spun, and wove, and fashioned in the family. The grass was all needed, for summer pasture for the cow; the wood supplied firing; and the vegetables were

looked upon rather as a dainty than an article of common use. The master and his son, with a little assistance from his daughters, managed and tilled the ground, which seemed a good lightish soil; and was remarkably clean; and in excellent order; and all the duties which fall to the care of a small farmer's wife in England, were here under the coignizance of the peasant's wife and daughters. No cheese was made; because the soup consumed all the milk, excepting a little that was saved for butter. Besides the cow, there were two pigs, and a litter of young ones; and a number of hens. The dinner I had seen, was the regular dinner of the house; excepting about two days in the fortnight, when some fresh meat is bought in Brixen market, with the money, or a part of it—obtained by the sale of eggs and fowls.

From all this, it will appear, that there is little difference in the menage here, and in the family of a small English farmer, excepting in the growth and use of Indian corn; and in the absence of what is called stock; for the Tyrolean small proprietors work entirely by spade husbandry; and have no occasion for the outlay of an English farm. Supposing, as is sometimes supposed, that an English farmer has a clear surplus of one-third of the produce, after rent, taxes, labour, and seed are paid for, it would follow, that an English farmer occupying twelve acres, could live as well as the Tyrolean proprietor of four acres; for I would

state against the little outlay for stock and implements necessary to labour twelve acres, the taxes and other expenses, which the Tyrolean said, amounted to one-sixth part nearly of his produce. But an English occupier of twelve acres, cannot live so well as the Tyrolean peasant with four acres; and I do not see any way of accounting for this, unless by ascribing it to the culture of Indian corn, which enters so largely into the system of husbandry pursued by the Tyrolean. It is eaten three times a day, by all the members of the family, in the shape of soup, with milk; and is the bread of the family besides: and with a sufficiency of bacon, and vegetables, and fresh meat two or three days in the fortnight, the Tyrolean peasant family may be said to live comfortably. Coffee is considered a luxury, and is only used occasionally.

It is quite certain that the same quantity of land—one acre and one third,—which, in the establishment I speak of, was devoted to the culture of Indian corn, (one half of which quantity only, (i. e.) two thirds of an acre, was used in the family) would, if dedicated either to wheat or to any other grain, have been totally insufficient to support a family of six persons: especially without the constant addition of cheese, which, both night and morning, forms an article of subsistence in an English farm-house. Two-thirds of an acre of wheat, will produce fourteen bushels, at the most; this may produce sixteen of flour; one bushel of

flour will, with the usual additions, support a family of six persons, one week ; and therefore the produce of two-thirds of an acre, producing altogether sixteen bushels, would suffice for only thirty-two weeks, leaving one third part of the year unprovided for.

The Tyrolean peasant told me, that he had never known his crop of Indian corn fail; though it had varied of course; but that his wheat had several times been unproductive; sometimes owing to insects,—sometimes without being able to assign any cause. Severe rains had also beaten it down and much injured it. It is fair that I should add, as a slight qualification of what I said when speaking of the Indian corn, and the climate of the valley of the Inn, that the peasant attributed (with what justice I cannot tell) the unfailing crops of Indian corn, partly to the warm winds, which for a time during the spring, always blow from the south. It must be observed however, that he made this remark, when speaking of the deep snows that lay long in the valley, and partly with reference to the effect of the wind in melting them. I omitted to say, when speaking of the interior menage, that during the winter, the table of the Tyrolean peasant is varied by a plentiful supply of hares, and game of various kinds, which are obtained for the trouble of hunting them.

After having satisfied myself, and obtained all the information I was able, we returned to the

house; which was sufficiently commodious, and provided apparently with every common article of household use; and as it had again begun to rain, I was obliged a little longer, to avail myself of its hospitalities. Notwithstanding that the master complained of the taxes, and particularly, of the price of salt, so much of which was wanted for his bacon, he was a happy peasant; and his family, a cheerful peasant family. It was a fine looking family too: the master, although as he told me, turned fifty-four, scarcely seemed forty; the son from Trent, a fine young man, clothed as he was in the modern fashion, did not look sufficiently national; but the other son, with his tight breeches, shewing his well-turned, and strongly knit limb; and his short jacket, was a noble specimen of a young Tyrolean peasant. As for the twin daughters, they were fair, good looking girls, with short, and not too many petticoats, and dressed with great propriety and neatness. As early hours seemed to be kept here as at Brenner; they told me they breakfasted a little after six: and supped at the same hour at night. I have already said that dinner was served about half-past eleven.

The rain had entirely ceased for some time; and desirous of reaching Brixen, I took leave of my kind entertainer; but not without a cup of coffee, and cordial of anise-spirit being presented to me: and shaking hands all round, which is a Tyrolean as well as an English fashion, I pro-

ceeded on my way down the margin of the impetuous Eisach.

Between this spot and Brixen, the scenery still continues to be charming: two considerable streams had joined the Eisach since leaving Sterzing; so that the mountain rivulet was now almost a river. With the wildest and most picturesque scenes, softness was beautifully mingled; and at every step, cultivation was gaining upon the empire of barrenness; the valley had widened,—or rather, the ravine had widened into a valley; for with the exception of the little amphitheatre, where lay the few acres of the peasant, there had scarcely been a vacant rood of land left between the torrent and its banks all the way from Sterzing. It was a beautiful sunset as ever glistened up a mountain glen, as I walked towards Brixen. I met several flocks of sheep, and some cattle, going up to summer pasture, and a considerable number of wagons passed upwards, laden with wine of the Lower Tyrol, for the use of the capital. Just before reaching Brixen, the valley again contracts into a narrow gorge; and then immediately beyond, widens into a fine fertile vale, in which stands Brixen, which I walked into about eight o'clock.

Brixen, although a bishopric, is a small town, without trade or manufacture of any kind. It is beautifully situated at the confluence of the Rienz and the Eisach, and is surrounded by fertility. Here, for the first time, is seen the vine: but the

country and climate are yet too upland, to produce wine of much excellence. They make both red and white wine, but neither of them is generous or well flavoured, though great quantities of Brixen wine are consumed at Brixen, Sterzing, Pruneken, and in the valley of the Inn: the vine is accordingly extensively cultivated, and they find a means of doing this with much economy of land; for the vine is planted in wooden troughs or mangers, at intervals of about four yards; an arch is formed with twigs, across, from one to the other, and the vine therefore forms a bower above,—while the ground beneath, produces grain of one kind or another: they have therefore a double crop from the land, with only the deduction of the first outlay. The effect of this manner of planting is singular, and certainly gives great richness to the landscape: but the thick foliage of the vines, preventing the access of the sun to the crops beneath, must be injurious to them. They no doubt find their advantage however, in the system they adopt, else they would discontinue it.

Cherries and some other fruits are much grown in the neighbourhood. The Tyrol is indeed throughout a fruit country,—and sends fruit even as far as Munich: Inspruck is altogether supplied from the growths of Botzen, and its neighbourhood. The cherry season had begun when I was at Brixen, but the cherries were not to be had in much perfection. I purchased some, for which I

paid $1\frac{1}{4}$ d. per lb. It was also the barley harvest; and the peasantry were all in the fields getting it in; it was cut with the scythe: how great a difference in climate and production, a morning's walk had shewn me! at six in the morning, all the pools crusted with ice, and in the afternoon the ripe barley gathered in.

Brixen formerly possessed the same jurisdiction as Trent: it sent deputies to the diet of the empire; and in the year 1080, a council was held at Brixen, by the emperor Henry the Fourth, at which Gregory the Seventh was deposed. Thinking of these things, I wandered towards the cathedral,—and found mass going on, and the church crowded: under the porch, were several women sitting with baskets of cherries, one of whom performed the double vocation of selling fruit, and of sprinkling those who entered with holy water. I observed in walking in the neighbourhood, that upon the heights where vines were cultivated, walls were built, intersecting the hills exposed to the south, so that by the reflection of the sun's rays, the climate of the vine is made warmer. The same plan I have seen adopted, where one would imagine it to be less needed,—on the banks of the Rhone between Lyons and Avignon; where the hermitage, and *côte rotie*, are grown.

CHAPTER XIX.

THE EASTERN TYROL.

Journey from Brixen towards Lienz — necessity of retracing one's steps in the Tyrol — Muhlbach, and entry to the Pusterthall — Education — Manners — Morals — Valley of the Rienz — Muhlbach Fortress — St. Lorenzen — a Tyrolean Village Feast — Dress — French and Tyrolean Holidays — Journey to Prunecken.

It is difficult, sometimes impossible, in journeying through the Tyrol, to avoid retracing one's steps; unless indeed, the traveller be contented to forego all, for the pathless mountains: and these it must be recollected, do not offer, in the Tyrol, the same compensation for what is exchanged for them, as in Switzerland. They offer indeed, their own silent charms; their precipices, and rocks, and tarns, and lights and shadows, and mists, and snows, and glaciers: but they offer little else. In Switzerland it is different: for there, in forsaking the life of the valley, you enter upon the life of the mountain. Not the solitary shepherd, with his two or three dumb things around him; but the thriving colony. The far-up pastures are covered with life: a thousand cattle low on the

mountain sides: and in place of the one miserable chalet, you find the storehouses of towns and cities—those immense cheese dairies, that provide for the wants and luxuries of half a continent. In Switzerland therefore, the traveller who would make himself acquainted with the manners, or statistics of the country, must penetrate into the mountain: and consequently, in place of retracing his steps down the same valley which he has travelled up, he has sufficient temptation to strike across the mountains; since he knows, that besides their own glories, they will offer him glimpses of life and manners, as well as useful information, which lie apart from the towns and the valleys. But the solitary shepherd, or the shepherd's hut, are all there is of human life, to vary the journey among the Tyrolean Alps; and for this reason, I sometimes preferred returning by the road I had already traversed, to seeking variety by a mountain path, which offered nothing beyond variety.

These observations are particularly applicable to the Pusterthall, which forms the whole of that valley which is partly traversed by the river Rienz, and which extends from Brixen to the eastern frontier of the Tyrol, on the side of Carinthia. My purpose was, to reach Lienz, the frontier town; and after a detour among the mountains, including the great Glochner, to return by the same valley to Brixen.

About four in the afternoon, I left Brixen,

purposing only to reach Muhlbach,—about two leagues and a half distant—the same evening. The first part of the road ascends the Eisach, and then crossing it, mounts a steep ravine, which, after a league of sterile country, brings the traveller to the entrance of the Pusterthall; where, about a league and a half before me, deep in the hollow, I saw the little town of Muhlbach. The country through which I was now passing, seemed little susceptible of cultivation; it is broken and rocky; here and there, I observed a small vineyard; patches of rye were scattered, wherever a sufficient depth of soil permitted; and some cherry and walnut trees might be seen in the sheltered spots: but the character of the entrance to the Pusterthall is barrenness. A rapid descent brought me to the rapid, and rather pretty town of Muhlbach, which I entered just as seven chimed.

Never did I eat better trout, than at supper in the little inn, in Muhlbach; seldom better bread, or better cherry pie; and the landlady too, the artist of the two latter, did me the honour to sup with me; and was not a little gratified by the praise I bestowed upon her handiwork. Here, I found an improvement in female dress. The hideous cap, and superabundant petticoats were thrown aside; and as I ascended the Pusterthall, I found improved features also, among the women. A few glasses of very sour wine, the produce of my hostess' vineyard, I could not refuse to drink;

and in return for my complaisance, I received from her, some scraps of information worth communicating, since they regard matters respecting which she was as likely to be well informed as any other person. In this part of the Pusterthall, there are no great proprietors. With few exceptions, the peasant cultivates his own land. Education is very scantily diffused: my informant had three children; eight, eleven, and fifteen years old, not one of whom could write: and of whom, the eldest only could read with any correctness. She had lived all her life in Muhlbach, and did not recollect of any theft being committed; neither could she recollect any instance of conjugal infidelity, and but one, some years before, of the birth of an illegitimate child. Marriages are early contracted in this valley: when a young man has reached his one or two and twentieth year, his father advises him to look out for a wife; and if a girl has reached fifteen, or at most sixteen, her parents think it time to settle her. Presuming that large families might be the consequence, I made the inquiry if such were the case. "Oh no," said she, "few choose to have more than five children." I did not pursue the inquiry farther. My hostess' daughter was just turned fifteen. From her appearance, I should have thought of presenting her with a doll, rather than with a husband. I was also informed, that this part of the Pusterthall is remarkable for the longevity, as

well as for the good health of its inhabitants. The former of these facts is pretty well based upon the truth of the latter: and its truth is not badly demonstrated by the fact, that in Muhlbach, containing about eight hundred inhabitants, there is only one medical man,—who is among the poorest men of the town.

I had half thought of spending a day in the neighbourhood of Muhlbach, in ascending the little trouting stream that here flows into the Rienz; but a piece of information which I received from my hostess altered my intention, and urged me forward to St. Lorenzen, a little town lying about two leagues from Muhlbach: the next day was the feast day at St. Lorenzen; but as the evening, not the morning, is the season of feasts, I remained at Muhlbach till after breakfast; and paying one florin for supper, bed, and breakfast, took the road up the Pusterthall.

After leaving Muhlbach, the valley of the Rienz contracts into a gloomy and wooded ravine; and here, at about a mile distant, I reached an old, rude, and half ruined fortress, called Muhlbacher Clause, with three towers, one, close to the river, the other two on the mountain side; and extending across the road, which passes under an antique arch. I was surprised to see this fortress deserted, and no whiskered Austrians loitering about its gateway; for it certainly commands the entrance to the Pusterthall, and indeed, to the whole of the

Tyrol, from the Carinthian side. I lingered awhile in the precincts of this place; and gathered on one of the towers, some of the most beautiful wall-flower, that ever sent around its lonely fragrance. Soon after leaving this spot, I found the valley expand, for a little space, and in this little open spot stands the hamlet of Unt Vintel, where I found nothing to arrest my steps; and not long after mid-day, I reached my destined halting-place—the village of St. Lorenzen.

It may easily be supposed, that a quiet room, in a quiet inn, on the feast day of the village, was not to be looked for; but a little noise and confusion may well be endured, if in compensation for repose, the traveller obtain some glimpses of national manners. I was told, that the feast had scarcely begun; the fore part of the day was devoted to church-going; and the evening to dancing and jollity. Devotion however, did not exclusively occupy the peasantry: every one of the five or six rooms in the inn, was full of company; and the sour wine of the country seemed to circulate freely; and judging by the volubility of tongue, and the abundance of gesticulation, one might conclude, that it had circulated to some purpose.

Early in the afternoon, I sallied out, in search of the chief scene of festivity; and found it in rather a singular spot,—no other than an outer part of the churchyard. Tyroleans scarcely need to change their dresses, to make them holiday dresses; less

than any, the peasantry of the Pusterthall. Perhaps an additional bow of green ribbon had been added to the ornaments of the hat; perhaps a pair of new green silk suspenders had been put on for the first time; but the dress was the same as that which the peasant wears at his ordinary occupations. But there is such a thing as a holiday look,—a holiday face,—as well as a holiday dress; and in the absence of this, lies the difference between a village feast in France and in the Tyrol. It is not merely the knot of ribbons, or bunch of flowers in a Frenchman's vest, that proclaims the holiday; but the face also. "Vive la gaieté,"—"Vive la bagatelle," are written on every feature, and are seen in every gesture. Nay, even John Bull, at a village fair, carries with him a sort of holiday look, awkward indeed, and clumsy; but nevertheless, something different from his every-day, working look. Not so the Tyrolean: meet him with his spade over his shoulder; or see him pause in his labour to glance at you as you pass him by,—he is grave and erect; look at him at his village feast, engaged in feats of mirth and gallantry,—he is the same: his dress is gay, gayer a thousand times, than that of a Frenchman; but his gait—his movements are solemn; his expression, grave, and dignified. The gesticulation which he shews when passing the bottle, amid a few friends in an inn parlour, disappears when he goes into the eye of the public.

Near the spot where I stood, there might be between two and three hundred persons; rather the larger proportion women: these, contrasted with French women at a village feast, certainly did not appear to advantage. Not because French women are handsomer; but because the Tyrolean women know little, the art of setting off their persons to advantage; a singular enough fact, since this art is so well understood by the men. The dancing bore a greater resemblance to English country dances, than to French quadrilles: and although there was perhaps, infinitely less of what might be called good dancing, than would probably be exhibited on a similar occasion in France, there was more dignity of motion; and, I think, more true grace. The women were, with few exceptions, remarkably young; the same persons were partners in many successive dances; and I learned from a by-stander, that several of the girls were affianced to those with whom they danced; and that in these circumstances, to have danced with any others, would have been considered an impropriety.

Notwithstanding the gravity, with which the amusements of the evening were conducted, yet, judging by their long continuance, they appeared to afford much gratification to those engaged in them. When it became nearly dark, I left the festive scene, and sought mine inn; to which I was glad to find, few of the villagers returned.

It appeared however, that the gaiety ceased soon after I quitted it; for, although during the next hour, an occasional sound of mirth sometimes reached my ear, it appeared that even a feast day interfered little, with the primitive manners of the Pusterthall; for before eleven o'clock, the little town of St. Lorenzen was as quiet as if no such saint as Lorenzo had ever deigned to become its patron. I omitted to say, that the music, which animated the dance, consisted of two flutes, or rather fifes; a horn, a drum, and a fiddle; all the instruments, but the last, played by Tyroleans; the fiddle, by an itinerant Italian. I have seldom heard more indifferent music at any village feast in any country, than at this feast of St. Lorenzen. In France, if the music be bad, the instruments are often tolerably played; if in Germany, the execution be sometimes indifferent, the music is good; even in England, a barrel organ is found to grind in tune, if not in time: but here, music, instruments, execution, all were bad. I must conclude my sketch of the feast of St. Lorenzen, by again asserting, that the Tyrol is an unmusical country. The peasantry look as if they had something more important to think of, than piping.

CHAPTER XX.

THE PUSTERTHALL.

Prunecken—Tyrolean Inn-keepers—a Landlord's Opinion—an Example of Espionage—Austrian Policy—Journey to the Source of the Drave.

PRUNECKEN lies only two leagues beyond St. Lorenzen; and notwithstanding the assurance of my hostess, that coffee was not to be had anywhere in the Tyrol, so excellent as at St. Lorenzen, and that hot cakes were in the oven, I was not tempted by these promises; but took the road to Prunecken; where I arrived after a two hours' walk, not without hopes, that the coffee of Prunecken might be as good as that of St. Lorenzen; and the cakes of Indian corn, as sweet and hot.

Prunecken is the principal town of the Pusterthall; and yet a very little town nevertheless. It has its church and its convent; and one or two streets, and a little market-place; and is a perfect picture of a quiet country town; which ought rather however, to hold a middle place between a town and a village. Prunecken is just such a place,

as a man not pinched for time, an angler, and one fond of rural things, and primitive habits, might make his head-quarters for the month of June. Excepting on market-day, there is no bustle in it; it is the picture of repose; there is nobody in the street, for every one is tilling his own land: it is only towards evening, that the village is astir: in the forenoon, matrons are seen sitting at their doors, spinning; and children are here and there playing in the street; but the men and the maidens are in the field. About sunset however, the peasantry are seen straggling homeward; and evening brings with it, its indoor pictures of life; and other, and merrier sounds are heard, than the rushing of the Rienz.

And then, who could quarrel with the situation of Prunecken? It is in the centre of a broken amphitheatre, which the high grounds here, leave on each side of the Rienz: and this amphitheatre is a rich and picturesque assemblage of fertile crops, fine pasture, and wood; disposed as if the hand of art had dealt out the bounty of nature. Scenery too, of a totally different character, is within the reach of a forenoon's ramble. A mountain stream of considerable magnitude descends from the mountains to the north, and joins the Rienz, in the neighbourhood of Prunecken; and the scenery of the valley, through which the stream descends, affords views of a character different from those of the greater and wider valleys. It is also up this

lateral valley that the angler would pursue his sport.

My inn at Prunecken was the best house in the town; and the inn-keeper had the reputation of being the wealthiest man. This is not unusual in the Tyrol: the most respectable land-owners, are most commonly inn-keepers; at least, with few exceptions, the inn-keepers are considerable land-owners; and there certainly attaches to the character and calling of an inn-keeper in this country, a respectability beyond that which attaches to it elsewhere. Nor are the wealth and rank in society of the inn-keeper, productive of the consequences which might partly be expected; and which are found in other countries in similar circumstances. The inn-keeper is not above his calling; and if he does not attend personally to the wants of his guests, others are deputed to discharge those duties, which they invariably perform well. The active person in the larger inns, is most commonly not the mistress of the house, but a house-keeper—a middle-aged woman, who orders and regulates all within the house, and who, with her rotund person, sagacious face, and enormous bunch of keys, exercises her delegated dictatorship with wisdom and alacrity. In some of the inns, this notable personage is assisted by the daughters of the house; and even then, she continues to exercise the chief authority. In the smaller inns of the Tyrol, this factotum is wanting; and where the

guest is provided and waited upon by the mistress and her family, it is generally in his power, if he will, to board with the family. This is no doubt the preferable mode of proceeding for a traveller who is desirous of using more faculties in pursuit of information than that of sight; and it is therefore a good reason for preferring the small inns. At Prunecken, however, the smaller inns were too small; and the great house was enticingly comfortable. There is always a substitute for boarding with the family, if one prefer the greater inn. The landlord is ever ready to give information; and will never refuse the invitation of a respectable traveller, to spend half an hour with him, and to answer all questions that may be propounded, provided the questioner be discreet upon politics. Upon this subject, the traveller must be wary, for unless the subject be introduced in a certain way, and the inquiry conducted with a certain tact, the Tyrolean will generally refuse questioning — civilly, but obstinately. But the word tact, requires explanation; without explanation, a conclusion the very reverse of the correct one would be drawn. An incident in the inn at Prunecken will reveal my meaning.

I arrived as I have said, to breakfast; coffee was prepared; hot cakes were baked; and these, with other adjuncts, were set before me. Hearing the voice of one who, from what he said, I concluded to be the host, I requested to be favoured with his

company, if he had a quarter of an hour to spare : and he accordingly entered, and took his seat by me at table. After praising the situation of Prunecken, and asking some insignificant questions, I put into my mouth a morsel of the cake which had just been baked; and finding it rather saltless, I said, "Your wheat and Indian corn are sweet as a nut; and 'tis very hard that these Austrians laying a tax on your own salt, prevents honest Tyroleans from putting enough into their cakes."

"It is the worst trick," said he without hesitation, "our masters ever played us." I forget what precise conversation followed this; but it was to the same effect. After a little while however I said, "Are you not afraid to speak your mind so freely to a stranger?" "No," said he; "because you speak plump and open. We have had spies here often; they always went to work in a round-about way, and shewed they were afraid of raising suspicion: if you had asked what the reason was that the cake had little salt in it, I should have been suspicious, and silent; but I knew you were no spy, by your manner of speaking—coming to the point at once." These may not be the precise words, but they are very nearly so; and I invariably found, that in attempting to get at a political opinion in a circuitous way, I failed in my object; whereas, by plain speaking, I instantly disarmed suspicion.

But before taking leave of Prunecken, I must

not omit to record one most singular fact. The conversation which I had with the inn-keeper at breakfast, was not the only one that passed betwixt us: he partook of a bottle of the red wine of Botzen with me after dinner, and spoke without any hesitation of the irritation created among his countrymen by the increasing severities and oppressions of the Austrian government. He told me, among other things, that a few months before, a travelling merchant had arrived at Prunecken, who, after residing a few weeks at one of the inns, opened a small shop for general merchandize. He was a good-natured, jovial fellow; and not over hard in driving a bargain; and business increased upon him. Meanwhile the month of February, and with it the anniversary of Hofer's death arrived; and the stranger, who had by this time become intimate with many of the townspeople, invited seven of them to a snug feast, which he meant to give on the anniversary of Hofer's martyrdom—as it is often called. The company assembled, and the feast was excellent; there was better wine there than even the red wine of Botzen; and tongues began to get loose. “I was one of the guests,” said the inn-keeper; “but I had all along my suspicions. The host proposed the memory of Hofer; and this toast soon led to talking of the cause he supported. ‘Zu grunde mit Osterreich,’ (Down with the Austrians) cried out one; ‘Freiheit Zur Tyrol,’ (Independence to

the Tyrol) roared another. By this time my suspicions of our entertainer were confirmed by his expression and his manner. 'Let this,' said he, —standing up with a full glass in his out-stretched arm—'be saered to a glorious eause;—let all who are willing to unite themselves in a bond to deliver their eountry from foreign oppression, drain to the dregs!' 'No,' said I; 'my friends, refuse to drink; even supposing our cause were just, what could we do? trust me—Joseph Schenk, who have lived among you all my life—harm is meant you!' Some laid down their glasses; but three drank, and again cried out, 'Zu grunde mit Osterreich,—Freheit Zur Tyrol.' I left the table; and the three who had hearkened to my advice followed me. A few days afterwards, our host, who called himself Kalb, made a pretence of a journey to Trent; he never returned; and about ten days afterwards, the three individuals whom I left at table were arrested, and sent to Inspruek; and I have since heard, they were removed from thence to Salzburg, and are now imprisoned at Lienz, no doubt on the testimony of Kalb."

This is a pretty illustration of Metternieh policy. The inn-keeper told me that these men did not differ in sentiments from the rest of their townsmen; but they were all three, persons of some consideration, and with the exception of himself, the wealthiest in the town. Ever since the French revolution of 1830, espionage has been carried on

to a dreadful extent in the Tyrol, and consequences have resulted from it, most fatal to individual liberty.

The mention of the French revolution recalls to my recollection the sentence with which I began this chapter, that I had a singular fact to record; for the facts with which I have just been occupied, though singular enough, are less singular than that which I had then in view, and which yet remains to be told. It is no less than this: that in the summer of 1831, the inn-keeper at Prunecken, one of the most respectable persons in the town, knew scarcely anything of the French, and nothing at all of the Belgian revolutions of 1830. He had heard that there was a new king of France; but who had placed him on the throne, and of the why and the wherefore, he knew nothing: he had never read any account of the struggle; and remembered, that about that time, no Austrian papers were received. It is also a singular fact, that the failure of Mina's attempt on Spain was well known to the inn-keeper: he remembered very full accounts of the affair being not only published in the Austrian papers received in the Tyrol, but circulated on separate sheets from Inspruck, or Trent, he did not recollect which. Such are the means resorted to by a bad and tyrannical government, to quell the hopes which love of freedom inspires; and here, in the Tyrol, in the very heart of civilized Europe, the people were ignorant of the triumphs which

had been achieved by the oppressed; but fully informed of the successful resistance of absolute governments to revolutionary movements;—ignorant of all that had proved the strength of a people when united in the cause of freedom; but instructed respecting all those events from which any conclusion could be drawn favourable to the strength of crowned heads.

Believing as I do, in the hopelessness of any present attempt to assert the independence of the Tyrol, I did not enlarge upon the blessings of freedom. I gave the innkeeper a brief detail of the events that had taken place in France and Belgium; and explained to him how the failure of Mina, in Spain, resulted not from the strength of despotism, but from the want of union among the people. And with these explanations, I sought the portly dame who carried the keys, paid my bill, and walked out of Prunecken, in hopes that at the next town I might find as good cheer, and as communicative a host: and leaving men and politics behind, I again courted the companionship of nature.

The character of the country through which I passed, between Prunecken and Sillian, is of a wilder character than the lower Pusterthall; and unlike what I have generally observed in Switzerland; the industry of the people does not increase in proportion with the obstacles to be overcome. The houses, one or two of which I entered on pretence of being thirsty, I found inferior in com-

fort and arrangements to those either of the Innthal or the lower Pusterthall; though not by any means exhibiting signs of destitution. I saw no starved looking parents, or ragged children; and I was invariably offered plenty of good milk, which I was only allowed to pay for in the shape of some little offering to the children.

About three leagues beyond Prunecken, near to Niederndorf, the road to Lienz leaves the river Rienz, which descends the valley from the south; the road continuing to run eastward. The Rienz rises a few leagues south of this point, among the outposts of the Carnic Alps, and runs a course altogether, of about fifty miles. I did not ascend the valley from which it descends; it did not appear to present any very attractive features; and merely pausing to glance up its irregular defile, I passed on to Sillian on my way to Lienz. From Niederndorf, for a little way, we are without a stream for a companion; but before reaching Sillian, we fall in with the Drave, which accompanies the traveller to Lienz, and which afterwards forms an important feature on the map of Europe, and takes its place among the great rivers of the continent.

I have a fancy,—it may be a foolish one; but it is a fancy I have generally indulged,—to visit the sources of rivers, if the chances of my journey throw me in their vicinity. At the village of Innicken, which I had reached, I saw the Drave

pass by, a mere rivulet; and having informed myself that I was not two leagues from its source, I entered a little inn; and having provided myself with some hard eggs and bread, I walked up the bank of the stream.

The greatest rivers have not always the most striking sources; but the extrinsic interest of a river's source is the same, whether it lie among tame or magnificent scenery. The source of the Drave, at which I arrived after an agreeable walk of about two hours, is wild without being imposing; it is a lake about half a mile across, lying among the outposts of the mountains; but not at any great height, nor surrounded with any very striking features. The lake has many tiny feeders; and the Drave issues from it in a stream, across which one may leap without difficulty. From small beginnings however, the Drave acts an important part. It traverses the southern Austrian empire; Carinthia and Styria; forms the boundary between Croatia and Slavonia and Hungary; and mingles its waters with the Danube, on the borders of Turkey.

Seated on a stone, on the margin of the lake, just where the Drave issues from it, I fell into a train of thought on the subject of rivers,—the rivers of Europe,—of the world; their comparative magnitude,—their utility, their features,—their course,—their sources; and these shall form the subject of a separate chapter, of which I trust the subject is deserving.

CHAPTER XXI.

A CHAPTER ON RIVERS.*

How many delightful recollections—how many fine associations—how many splendid visions are called up by this word! The glory and riches of empires are linked with it, as well as all that is beautiful or picturesque in nature: but it is my intention at present to take up the subject in a matter-of-fact way, and to write a plain explanatory paper—not a rhapsody. There is no word perhaps to which so great a latitude of meaning is allowed as this word river. The garden of an acre, and the garden of a rood, have common features: they are both gardens, only the one is a little, the other a big garden. The mountain of four thousand, and the mountain of twelve thousand feet, differ in sub-

* These thoughts on rivers formed the subject of a paper communicated by the author, to the Monthly Magazine, in February 1832. But they were part of the manuscript of these volumes,—and originated in viewing the source of the Drave, and in the circumstances stated above.

limity; but they have a thousand points of resemblance—they are both called mountains, and nobody sees any thing absurd in the designation. But where shall we find any similitude between the mighty flood of the Amazons, and the sparkling stream that bounds our garden, or winds through our lawn? Yet they are both called rivers: the term is applied indiscriminately to the wide waters of the New world, and to the trouting streams of our English counties; to the vast expanse that embraces the rising and the setting of the sun, and to the insignificant current that may be diverted to turn a mill-wheel. There is evidently nothing in common with these, excepting that they are both running water; and yet, I fear there is no mode of distinguishing and duly settling the claims of running water, unless by prefixing augmentatives or diminutives to the word river.

I would make the following classification:—First come the might rivers. These are the rivers of South America—the Amazons, the La Plata, the Oronooko. Then follow the great rivers—a more numerous class—the St. Lawrence, the Mississippi, the Ganges, the Nile and Niger, and some others: but none of this class are to be found in the continent of Europe, which supplies the third grade: these I would designate the large rivers; for great and large are not entirely synonymous; and, to most minds, the term great river, and large river, will present a distinct image.

The lower we descend in the scale, the more numerous do we find the species. The continent of Europe abounds with examples of the third class—such as the Rhine, the Danube, the Rhone, the Elbe, the Tagus, the Ebro, the Guadalquivir. The fourth class is still more numerous; and of this class, which I would call considerable rivers, we may find examples at home. Father Thames takes the lead; and the Severn, and perhaps the Trent, the Clyde, the Tweed, the Tyne, and the Tay, may be entitled to the same distinction. Abroad, it would be easy to name a hundred such; let me content myself with naming the Loire, the Meuse, the Soane, the Garonne, the Adige, and the Maine. Fifthly, come the small rivers. Multitudinous they are, and not to be enumerated in the compass of a chapter; but, as examples, I may name the Wye, the Dart, the Derwent, the Dee, the Aire, the Spey, the Ex, and a thousand such; while on the continent, of the same class, may be mentioned the Gave, the Seine, the Reuss, or the Sambre. The word river can no longer be employed. Now come the family of streams—nameless, unless to those who live upon their banks: then follow rivulets: and lastly, we close the enumeration with rills.

With each of these classes our associations are in some degree different. With the mighty rivers we have no distinct association; all is vague and indefinite. We know that they flow through

vast unpeopled solitudes; and our only image is a joyless waste of waters flowing in vain. Our associations with the great river are less depressing, and somewhat more defined: the sun rises on one bank and sets on another: we have a vision of cities, and even of commerce: but with these associations of life, many dreary ones are mingled—African deserts; American forests; herds of buffaloes; the solitary lion slaking his thirst; or the great river-horse walking by the shore. How different are the associations—now, indeed, recollections—called up by the third class! We see the large river rolling its ample flood through cultivated plains, watering them into fertility and abundance; and images of life and utility are vividly present with us. Our associations with the fourth class are similar, but varied, and more defined. These lie nearer home; and with the ample stream of the Thames, the Clyde, or the Garonne, are presented a thousand images of cheerfulness and activity,—the very opposite of those which were associated with the mighty rivers of the New world, giving no token of man or his works. Again, our associations change at the recollection of the next class. We have to do with nature rather than art; utility is confined to the turning of the mill-wheel, or the irrigation of the meadow. The small river cannot bear upon its bosom the commerce of kingdoms; but it is familiar with the charms of nature: it visits by

turns the sublime, the picturesque, and the beautiful; and our associations are with these: we see effect added to the wild and desolate; grace, to the gentle and pastoral. And now we come to the family of streams—the rifest of all, in pleasing associations, and gentle and endearing recollections. For who is there that has not passed a day—a long summer day—upon the banks of a clear brawling stream? And who is there that does not associate with it a thousand images of simple rural life, and a thousand scenes of quiet delight? The heart of an angler “leaps up” at the recollection; he sees the green pastoral slope before him, and he knows that at the foot of it runs the trouting stream; he quickens his pace, unscrewing his rod as he walks on; and now he sees the clear, yet dark-coloured water tempting him forward, with all its eddies, and dimples, and little rapids, and noise and bustle. But it is not the angler only to whom the stream recalls pleasant and endearing recollections; he is but an indifferent worshiper of nature, who cannot wander the live-long day by the margin of a stream without a rod. But the rivulet and the rill yet remain to be noticed; and with each of these our associations are somewhat different. Rivulet—

Free rover of the hills, pray tell me now
The chances of thy journey, since first thou,
From thy deep-prisoned well, away didst break,
A solitary pilgrimage to take.

Among the quiet valleys, I do ween
 Thou with the daisied tufts of tender green,
 Hast loving lingered; didst thou not awake
 With thy soft kiss, the hare-bell bending low,
 Stealing her nectar from the wild-bee's wooing?
 And thou hast toyed (though thou wilt tell me, no)
 With many a modest violet, that looks
 Into thy grassy pools in secret nooks.
 Come, tell me, rover, all thou hast been doing!

As for the rill, the tiny tinkling rill, our associations are of the simplest, gentlest character—far-up valleys, heaths, and mosses; and that music—so beautifully described by Coleridge, as

“The noise as of a hidden brook
 In the leafy month of June,
 That to the sleeping woods, all night,
 Singeth a quiet tune.”

Beauty of scenery is almost, though not altogether, in an inverse ratio to the magnitude of the river. Scenery is evidently out of the question with rivers whose banks cannot be distinctly seen from the centre of the stream. The next two classes—great and large rivers—do not certainly offer so great attractions as the fourth and fifth classes. The scenery of the Rhine, the Rhone, and the Danube, is sufficiently celebrated: but at the hazard of appearing singular, I will venture an opinion, that the scenery of the Upper Rhine, the Upper Rhone, and the Upper Danube, is more beautiful than it is lower down. The banks of the Rhine, from Schaufhausen to

Cologne, may be more gigantic, and possessed of stronger features; but they are certainly less varied, and, as it seems to me, less interesting than between Schaufhausen and its source. The banks of the Rhone, too, between Geneva and Lyons, are much more beautiful than between Lyons and Avignon. The same may be said of all large rivers—of the Danube, which is more interesting above than below Vienna; or the Guadalquivir, which loses below Seville all the attractions it possessed between Seville, and Cordova. And the reason is obvious. A river does not become large until it descends into the plains; and it is not among plains that we must look for fine scenery. It is among small rivers, or the beginning of great rivers, when they too, are small, that we must go to feast with nature. The Gave, the Reuss, the Wye, the Dee, or the Spey, will satisfy the most extravagant expectations of the most ardent worshiper; and many, too, of the insignificant streams, nay, even nameless rivulets, will conduct the traveller among scenes of surpassing beauty. Among the Pyrenees, among the Bavarian Alps, and in the Tyrol, I have often been led by such companions among the most majestic scenes that nature offers to the contemplation of man.

It has often been a question with me, whether it is more agreeable to journey up or down a stream. In journeying down, there is certainly more com-

panionship, for we are fellow-travellers; and there is no small pleasure in seeing our companion, for whom we naturally acquire a kind of affection, growing daily bigger; receiving the contributions that pour into it, and, as it were, making its way in the world. But, on the other hand, if, in journeying upward, the stream be less our companion, inasmuch as it is ever running away from us, this is balanced by other advantages. There is still a fonder feeling engendered by going back with it to its infancy; and tracing it to those small beginnings, from which, like many other great things, it must have its origin. Gradually we perceive its volume diminishing; now we may wade across it; now, we are able to bestride it; and, lastly, we stoop down, and drink from the spring.

This naturally leads me to speak of the sources of rivers. "Throwing my shoes off," says Bruce, in his travels to the source of the Nile, "I ran down the hill, towards the little island of green sods, which was about two hundred yards distant: the whole side of the hill was thick grown over with flowers. I after this, came to the island of green turf, which was in form of an altar, apparently the work of art, and I stood in rapture over the principal fountain which rises in the middle of it. It is easier to guess than to describe the situation of my mind at this moment." This rapture was perhaps foolish, but it was natural;

and even those who cannot, like Bruce, boast of having accomplished that which has baffled the inquiry and industry of both ancients and moderns, will yet admit, that there is a peculiar pleasure—a pleasure, perhaps *per se*—in reaching the source of any well-known river. This may partly arise from the consciousness of having overcome difficulty; for to reach the sources of any of the greater rivers, some difficulties are to be vanquished; and it may also be in part attributed to the many associations that are instantly awakened, as following the tiny rill with our eye, imagination continues to accompany it in its long and victorious course, fertilizing empires, enriching cities, and carrying the products of industry to the remotest parts of the habitable world.

The sources of the greatest rivers are not the most remarkable for the features that surround them. The sources of the mighty rivers of the western hemisphere, or even of the great rivers of Africa or Asia, have not, as far as is known, been visited by the traveller, with the single exception of the Nile; their sources are probably placed amid those unapproached solitudes, where the foot of man hath never yet wandered. What appearances of nature may preside over their birth, we have no means of knowing; but it does not appear from the narrative of Bruce, that the source of the Nile afforded any example of extraordinary sublimity. The sources of the large rivers of the European

continent are many of them well known ; but the sources of neither the Rhine, the Rhone, nor the Danube, present those majestic and imposing features that distinguish the sources of some of the smaller class. Nor is this difficult to explain : the large rivers have not one, but many sources ; and, as being the source “*par excellence*,” we mount to the highest, which invariably lies among the upper fields of snow. The smaller rivers, on the other hand, may gush at once from a single spring, placed perhaps among the rocks, and ravines, and precipices, which lie lower than the line of congelation. It is, at all events, a fact, that the most sublime sources are those which belong to the smaller rivers. Of these, I may mention the Soane, the Gave, and the Sourgue—the two latter especially. The Gave rises in the magnificent amphitheatre of Marboré ; and the Sourgue bursts at once, an imposing torrent, from the immortal fountain of Vaucluse.

Different, very different, are the associations called up to different minds, by the contemplation of a river’s source. The utilitarian would most rejoice to stand by the spring from which wells forth the Ohio or Mississippi of the western hemisphere, destined to carry the riches of one world, to contribute to the wants and luxuries of another ; or he would rejoice, like Bruce, to stand beside the sources of the Nile, appointed by its inundations to fructify lands, that, without it, would be

deserts: or, place at the source of the Rhine, the utilitarian, the historian, the novelist, and the simple lover of nature, and the thoughts of each would run in a different channel. The utilitarian would see in it a mighty artery, carrying on the circulation between western Germany, the Netherlands, Holland, and the rest of the world: the historian would recall to his memory the epochs in which the Rhine has been the barrier to conquests, the scene of warfare, or the object of treaties: the novelist would see only the grey ruins of the baronial castles that frown upon its heights; and would recollect only the feuds of feudal times, and the legends that tell the achievements of chivalry, or the triumphs of love: while the lover of nature would see but a rich assemblage of images; a blending of nature with art; woods, rocks, and cataracts; and the noble stream gliding away,—beautiful, if even it bore upon its bosom no token of industry—and interesting even if a battle had never been fought upon its banks, or if its time-worn castles had never been built for any other purpose than to adorn the landscape.

CHAPTER XXII.

THE VALLEY OF THE UPPER DRAVE.

Sillian—Hints to Travellers—Madame De Cottin's Elizabeth—Lienz—Political Feelings—a Croatian Merchant—the Carnic Alps—Excursion to the Mountains—an Alpine Village—the Gloçhner—a Storm—Traits of Character—Return through the Pusterthall.

THE sun came slantingly from behind the Julian Alps, before I rose, to leave the source of the Drave: it was greatly later than I had expected; the day had flown away unaccountably fast; and the declining sun, as well as the scantiness of the repast I had carried with me from Innicken, urged me onward. The sun had set when I reached Innicken; and it yet wanted a good league to Sillian; but a leisurely walk to one's resting place, in what is called the cool of the evening, no traveller can grumble at; especially if pleasant recollections are behind, and pleasant anticipations before; and if dusk even should gather round his path, and the stars meet overhead, or the moon peer above the mountain top, he will bless the

delay that has given him such sweet companionship. How pleasant is it, when the hot sun has sunk, and when the dews begin to fall, to lift the covering from one's brows; and while the freshness communicates new vigour to the limbs, to meet the cool breath of evening; and inhale it as it comes in little gushes, pure and exhilarating as the welling of a mountain spring.

Sillian is not accustomed to be selected by travellers as night quarters. I inquired of a peasant—one of the few inhabitants I met in the street, which was the best inn? he told me there was but one; and obligingly shewed me the house. It was certainly the most indifferent house of entertainment I had met with in the Tyrol. But the people were civil, and anxious to do their best; and by and by something like supper was produced. It was not indeed very dainty; but there was enough. With good new bread, and new milk, a traveller can dispense with compassion. The want of cheese, is however a serious one in the Tyrol: in Switzerland, excellent cheese is always to be had, to eke out a chance repast; but the Tyrolean cheese (where it is to be had at all) is uneatable. To the eye, the Tyrolean pasture appears inferior: but there must be other reasons than this; they have not the art of making cheese, because they have not the incentive: cheese is not the staple of the Tyrol: there is no demand for it. If Sillian was the most indifferent of inns, it was also the

cheapest. The charge for supper and bed, did not reach one shilling English. Breakfast, I resolved to seek at the first village on my way.

That first village presented so little attractive an exterior, that I walked on to the second; and I must candidly acknowledge, that had it been after, in place of before breakfast, I should have enjoyed my journey more. Dr. Johnson observes somewhere, that in order to enjoy one's dinner, the conversation must not make any very extensive excursions beyond the horizon of the dinner table; which is the same as if the doctor had expressed himself in more general terms, and said, that all pleasures are most enjoyed, when the powers of the mind are concentrated upon them. And so it is in travelling: upon the same principle that a couple of metaphysicians discussing the question of liberty and necessity, might discuss at the same time a brace of woodcocks without discovering their flavour, so a traveller, with a mind abstracted or occupied, may pass through the most charming scenery in the world, without being sensible of its beauty. This was not indeed precisely my case on the morning in question. I was sufficiently aware of the interest of the country; but I was unable to concentrate my attention upon it. I was anxious to get on; anxious to see the smoke, or the church tower of a village; in short, gentle reader,—I was hungry.

Let me take this opportunity of throwing toge-

ther a few words of advice. There is such a thing as being an epicure in travelling, as in every thing else. The relish of every enjoyment under the sun, may be heightened by art; and epicurism may enter into them all. Now it certainly is a pity, that we should not heighten an enjoyment to the utmost pitch of which it is susceptible; and of all the enjoyments of life, with which I am acquainted, there is no one into which epicurism enters so little as travelling; and which yet, is so susceptible of its aid. I have met travellers in all parts of Europe; and I question if I ever could have said of any one, "he is an epicure in travelling." It would be no difficult matter, to write several chapters upon epicurism in travelling; but such a digression would lead me away, and detain my readers too long from the banks of the Drave: and besides I have digressed so lately, that I am scarcely at liberty so soon again, to make an excursion into so wide a field of philosophy as that into which epicurism in human enjoyment would unavoidably lead me. I promise a separate post 8vo. on the subject.

The road between Sillian and the village where I breakfasted, twice crosses the Drave; and leads one through a fine, rather open country, which constantly increases in fertility. I do not recollect the name of the village whose church tower at length greeted my sight; but I recollect, it was welcomed as it deserved to be; and, I left it to

proceed to Lienz, precisely in that frame of mind which is most favourable for the enjoyment of a journey. But let me not omit a small circumstance that deserves a record. "This," said Johnson, seeing a tattered copy of Thomson's *Seasons* lying in the window of a little inn, "this is true immortality." In the window of the little inn where I breakfasted, lay an old, and somewhat tattered German copy of Madame De Cottin's "Elizabeth." "Elizabeth" deserves its immortality. Never was the heroism of virtue more gloriously displayed; and tenderly are our sympathies awakened for the poor friendless girl, who endures, and without murmuring,—hardships, dangers, suspicion, all to rescue a father from captivity: and when we reflect, that the story is not the mere phantom of imagination, though heightened by its adornments; but that Elizabeth did exist,—with all her virtues, and her pure enthusiasm; we are ready to ask ourselves, if the boasted courage of man was ever employed in a nobler cause! and to blush for the pretensions of those, who arrogate to themselves a higher place among the works of creation than they assign to her, who is heroic only in the cause of virtue; angry, only at the spectacle of vice. And independently of the loftiness of the sentiments with which "Elizabeth" abounds, Madame De Cottin has created a deep interest by the situations in which her heroine is placed. The scene upon the river Wolga, when

the fishermen brave its swollen flood, to serve her in her pilgrimage of piety; and in place of taking from her little store, drop into it the mite of good will: the scene when she falls in with banditti; when the lawless and unrighteous, touched with her artless tale, and awed by the majesty of virtue, say, "surely God is with her:" and the scene when she bursts through the guards, and throwing herself at the feet of the emperor, cries, "mercy, pardon for my father!" are all scenes which touch the finest chords that vibrate to the soul of feeling. But at this rate, I shall never get to Lienz, which I see before me.

Lienz is the frontier town of the Tyrol, adjoining Carinthia, and in its situation is strikingly fine. Just below the town, the Drave is joined by the Isel, which flows from the north-west, and which, making a curve around the town, serves, with the Drave, almost to insulate it. The mountain boundary on the south, is magnificent; rugged and wooded; while softer features characterize the northern slopes of the valley. I found an excellent inn at Lienz, and made ample amends for the deficiencies of Sillian. I found also a good table d'hôte, where, at the primitive hour of half-past twelve, abundance of good things were in readiness for those who could find an appetite.

In the conversations which I had with some of the inhabitants of Lienz, I found much less animosity towards the Austrian government, than in

the western and central parts of the Pusterthall, or in the valleys of the Eisach, or the Inn. This cannot excite surprise. I have generally found national animosity and prejudice, strongest, among the inhabitants of frontier towns; because in these, the effects of national quarrels have been most fatally felt: but Lienz, although the frontier town of the Tyrol, is not the frontier town of a separate nation: another province of Austria is across their gates; and vicinity, where it produces no collision, as on the frontier of different nations, must necessarily produce friendly dispositions, and kindly feelings. Amongst the inhabitants of Lienz, accordingly, those feelings of regard for the Austrian government which at one time pervaded the whole of the Tyrol, still maintain themselves in tolerable strength; and upon one occasion, when an allusion was made to the Tyrolean struggle, and to the deeds of Hofer, I heard no such regret as that expressed by the peasant of the Innthall, "that his exertions were made in a bad cause;" but on the contrary, the struggle was spoken of, only as a praiseworthy example of well directed loyalty towards the house of Austria.

At the table d'hôte, at Lienz, I met a merchant of Warasdin, a town of Croatia, who was travelling with samples of cotton manufacture, which is carried on to some extent, both in Warasdin, and Fridau. He told me, he could undersell both the French and British, even if a free trade were permitted in

the Tyrol. At the head of his establishment at Warasdin he has an Englishman, from Belper in Derbyshire, who superintends the construction of machinery; and the cost of production has been consequently so diminished, that in the market of Trieste, he is able to drive out British and all other cottons of foreign manufacture.

This merchant nearly succeeded in prevailing with me to accompany him to Croatia. He represented the banks of the Drave, in its descent from Lienz to its junction with the Mur, at Legrad, as abounding in beauty and interest; he promised me that I should live for next to nothing; was extravagant in praise of the wine of Croatia, which he assured me was noways inferior to Tokay; and quite enthusiastic in eulogizing the beauty and graces of the Croatian females, who, he said, were more coveted by the Grand Seigneur for his harem, than even the women of Georgia and Circassia. "Foreigners, and especially Englishmen, are rare among us," said he; "our women would idolize you." But notwithstanding these flattering promises, and enchanting representations, I adhered to my original plan, and prepared for a mountain ramble, north of Lienz, towards the great Glochner, which I half purposed ascending.

Unquestionably, that range of Alps which runs between Carinthia and the Tyrol, is among the least known of any of the Alpine ranges. It is traversed by no road, and is only to be approached

from Lienz, a town very rarely visited, except by the few who desire to explore every corner of the Tyrol; or the still fewer, who visit Croatia, or the valley of the Drave. I admit willingly, that to visit a spot, or district, merely because it has not been visited, is not of itself a sufficient reason; and I am not aware that any great novelty is to be expected from one mountain range more than from another: I have always, however, been pursued by the desire of visiting countries and districts that others have passed by; and being at Lienz in the neighbourhood of a mountain range, equalling in height the Oberland Bernois, I could not think of retracing my steps down the Pusterthall, without getting a sight of the great Glochner, and possibly attempting its ascent.

There are two routes, by which one departing from Lienz, may penetrate among the mountains—one ascending the river Isel; the other seeking the valley of Döllach, which lies to the east of the Isel. I resolved upon the latter of these; and left Lienz on a magnificent morning soon after sunrise, with as much buoyancy of heart and limb, as if the latter had never before borne me up the mountain, or the former had never before responded to the magnificence of nature. My enthusiasm had been considerably heightened, by the conversation I had the day before with a surgeon, an inhabitant of Lienz, who had reached the summit of the great Glochner the year before. He represented

the ascent as full of difficulty and danger; but as amply repaying the difficulties, on account of the splendid view to be enjoyed from its summit; the whole of the valley of the Salza was laid open, from its source, to the city of Salzburg; to the west, the Alpine ranges, as far as the Grisons; to the east, a wide reach over the southern Austrian empire, even to the plains of Lower Styria; and to the south, looking over the Carnic Alps, to blue Friuli's mountains, Venice and the Adriatic, the plains of Illyria, and even the islands of Greece. This is doubtless a very enticing enumeration; but I have long doubted whether any view repays the labour of an ascent of the very elevated mountains, in latitudes where the line of perpetual snow is low: the last few thousand feet make the whole difference in the labour and pain of an ascent; and since equally fine prospects are to be enjoyed from lower elevations,—such as Etna, or the Pic du Midi, at 10,000 feet; or even from Vesuvius, or the Righi, one half lower, it is absurd to subject oneself to difficulties, real uneasiness, and great peril, to attain what may be attained without any of these. The fact is, no view from a great elevation will repay the adventurer; because the ascent ought of itself, to constitute a part of the remuneration for the trouble of the ascent. The pure air, the beautiful plants, the novel views, the increased buoyancy of spirit, are ample reward; and so long as these are not neutralized by pain,

such as extreme cold, it is of little consequence, whether any farther remuneration be obtained by a view from the summit. But it is a positive act of egregious folly, for one not moved by scientific motives, to endure the pain and danger of an ascent greatly above the line of perpetual congelation. Notwithstanding the glowing description therefore, by the surgeon of Lienz, I did not by any means make up my mind to ascend the great Glochner.

It was yet a somewhat early breakfast hour, when I reached the village of Winklern; a mountain village, and yet with nothing of the misery of a mountain village about it: the cottages were clean looking and comfortable; the ground cultivated around the village, in little inclosures and gardens, stocked with such produce as the altitude permitted,—for Winklern lies high on the mountain side; and its pretty little church, and delicately proportioned spire, seem to lean sweetly on the green slope. As for the inn, I remained but a short time in it; long enough however, to partake of the mountain fare that was spread before me; and thus refreshed, I strode out of the little street, and pressed forward up the valley of Döllach.

My road to the little village of Döllach lay up the side of a stream, called, I believe, the Moll. This village, I reached about mid-day; but I did not halt there: and passed on to gain the highest village, and nearest to the great Glochner—Heili-

genblut. The Alps were around and before me; glimpses into the mountain gaps, shewed me high and rugged peaks; and occasionally, beyond them, yet higher elevations, the resting places of unsunned snow; and before reaching Heiligenblut, the summit of the great Glogner was seen towering above the mountain ranges that surrounded it.

Heiligenblut is a truly Alpine village: it seems to lie just within the limit of the habitable world. Patches of fertility lie around and before it; a deep wood-fringed ravine, with a furious torrent, and a high and picturesque cascade, flank the village; and a gigantic wall of dark mountains, over which is seen, the dazzling summit of the Glogner, forms the magnificent back-ground of this striking panorama. I had taken the precaution of bringing some little provender with me from Lienz; and this, with such fare as was added from the larder of the house used as an inn, made up a tolerable dinner. There was yet a long evening before me; and this interval between dinner and bed-time, I could not occupy better than in climbing an outpost of the mountains, at no great distance from the village. From the summit of this elevation, about 800 or 1000 feet perhaps above the village, all the upper part of the Glogner is laid open. The summit is pyramidical; and is reported by those who have ascended, to have not more than two yards square of table

land. Seen from the point where I stood, this may easily be credited; for the upper part of the pie is so pointed, that it is only partially covered with snow. Below the peak, the fields of snow extend over all the central parts of the mountain. The sun set while I stood on this elevation; and while the lower part of the panorama was involved in deep dusk, the upper part was steeped in glory,—peaks and pinnales, as if dipped in burnished gold; and snow summits carnationed over, with the rose-tints that dying sunbeams east on the world that lies nearest to them. I returned to Heiligenblut, to quarter for the night, purposing to retire early to rest, and to be a-stir by day-break.

I found the little parlour where I had dined, occupied by half a dozen mountaineers, enjoying themselves over a bottle of bad brandy,—the manufacture of Botzen. The host was of course among them; and upon beginning to question him as to my route the next day, he stopped me short, by informing me, that next day no one in Heiligenblut would undertake a journey among the mountains: for every one knew, by certain signs which never deceived, that before morning, we should have a deluge of rain, and a tempest of wind; every one agreed with the host, and I had only therefore to exercise the virtue of contentment; for I had had sufficient experience as a traveller, to be well aware, that the inhabitants of mountain districts need no barometer to guide them in their prognostics of weather.

Life, in a place like Heiligenblut, and in a great city, seem to be two things absolutely distinct: a great metropolis, and a hamlet situated among the remote and untravelled Alps, are essentially different worlds; and I have a strong persuasion, that could one enter successively into the frame, mental and corporeal, of an inhabitant of Heiligenblut, and of an inhabitant of London or Paris, one common nature would scarcely be recognized: recollections, — enjoyments, — hopes, — utterly distinct in character, and so different in range, that the one would appear a being of inferior order to the other. To me, the feelings produced by conversing with the inhabitants of spots like this, are of a painful character; and if one should have ever entertained the notion—as some do, that the lot of mankind is nearly alike, and that happiness is equally distributed,—a day or two spent in Heiligenblut will put such follies to flight.

I retired to rest about ten; and was roused from a deep sleep by a blast that, making its way through the broken panes, flung back the crazy shutters with a loud crack, and sent a deluge of rain and hail into the chamber. I have seldom witnessed a more terrific storm than this. The rushing of the wind,—the roaring of the thunder,—the lashing of the rain, were worthy of the tropics. The rain but partially reached me in bed; and I continued lying and looking out upon the mountains, now seen, now hidden, as the lightning illuminated

them; and listening to the voice of the tempest rushing by. I do not recollect to have often enjoyed myself more than I did this night: waiting for the frequent flashes of lightning; counting one, two, three, between the flash and its attendant peal; watching the momentary revelations of the dark mass of mountains; and listening to the many toned tempest, from its deep and solemn pauses to its fits of fury.

Morning brought with it no relaxation in the storm; and my host assured me, that the weather was broken; and that even when the fury of the storm abated, the rain would continue, and the mountain would be enveloped in mist. I had already had too good reason for putting faith in my host's predictions; and made up my mind to be contented with what I had seen, and to retrace my steps to the Pusterthall. A little after mid-day the thunder and the wind ceased; but as my host predicted, the rain continued; and an impenetrable curtain hung over all the mountain range. It is certain, that of whatever enjoyment the storm deprived me, it has not curtailed much from that of the reader; for although it might have been great enjoyment to me to view the glacier and the cataract; to scale the cliff; and spring across the strid: these things are tedious in description; and nothing I suspect is lost by this unforeseen abridgment of my mountain journey. Towards evening, I contrived to wander as far as the church of the

village, which is not without its tinsel ornaments, and the usual decorations of catholic temples; and a second night I passed in Heiligenblut. The following morning it was a drizzly rain, and the mist was as dense as ever: I therefore resolved to leave the mountains, and make my way to Lienz. I have no intention of detailing the particulars of my journey by Lienz, and Prunecken, and St. Lorenzen, back to Brixen. At Prunecken, the weather again became fine; and although the road I travelled was already known to me, the freshness and greenness which the rain had produced, gave the country new attractions; and the swollen river, red and impetuous, imparted a different character to the landscape. My road now lay again down the valley of the Eisach, towards Botzen, and the central Tyrol.

It was evening before I left Brixen; and I had scarcely got clear of the town before it began to rain: I went on however. The rain was perpendicular; but I was provided with an umbrella, which I believe some travellers—pedestrians—scout, as a degradation; but for my part, I believe that he who walks through a mountainous country without a light umbrella, is not only a very silly person, but an unpractised traveller. To meet inconveniences and difficulties with indifference, and even cheerfulness, is the very first qualification of one who travels to see the world; but there is no practised traveller who will not provide against

these as far as he is able. Notwithstanding the rain, the road between Brixen and Clausen was delightful. The river—now really a river—flowed swiftly through a charming valley, yellow with the harvest, which coloured all the lower grounds; while the sloping hills were clothed with vineyards: the road too was lined with cherry-trees, which were as beautiful as a show of ripe fruit could make them. The country here is populous; I passed through several villages, and many hamlets, and was delighted with the healthy faces of a straight-limbed peasantry, who all looked as an independent peasantry ought to look.

Clausen is seen at some distance before one reaches it; for its castle stands upon a perpendicular rock, about four hundred feet high, overlooking its subject town; and is a truly striking and picturesque object, seen rising out of the valley. In the course of this day, I passed almost as many images and crosses, as the day I left Inspruck. One, worthy of remark, is seen in approaching Clausen: a Christ crucified, on the front of a perpendicular rock—the Christ being not less colossal than fifty feet in height. The rain had not only continued all the way from Brixen, but had constantly increased,—pouring down in torrents during the last hour, so that my protection was insufficient, and I walked into Clausen thoroughly drenched, but not the less cheerful on that account.

It was my good fortune here, as at Brenner, to find the inn kept by a fraternity of ladies. This is

always a pleasant sight to a traveller; especially if he be wet or way-worn; for I have scarcely ever found an exception to the rule, that one is more an object of attention in an inn kept by women, especially if they be maiden ladies, than if a man be concerned in the management. I had sent my clothes to Botzen; and excepting an under-garment and a pair of stockings, I was indebted to one of the hostesses for a change of habiliments, which consisted of some of the many petticoats used by so respectable ladies as these were. The inn was also provided with tea,—and the bread, butter, and eggs, were delicious. The ladies too favoured me with their company; and the room being thoroughly heated by an enormous stove, we chatted away the remainder of the evening agreeably enough, while I sipped my tea, and the maiden sisters were employed in preparing vermicelli.

Clausen is a very little town; and the street—there is but one—is so narrow, that if the inhabitants were amicably disposed towards each other, they might shake hands across. Clausen is not so far south as to find any advantage in narrow streets: it is only in burning climates that these are desirable. I walked early the following morning, to the castle, which however, the Austrian soldiers would not allow me to enter. I was well repaid for my walk however, by the beauty of the scenes which it led me through; and by the view from the summit of the rock upon which it is built.

CHAPTER XXIII.

THE VALLEY OF THE EISACH TO BOTZEN.

Journey from Clausen to Botzen—Marks of Superstition—Husbandry of the Valley—Botzen—the Fair and its Attractions—a Digression upon National Costume—Streets, Houses, and Peculiarities of Botzen—Prices of Provisions, &c.—Details respecting the System of Husbandry pursued in the Lower Tyrol—Wines of Botzen.

I left Clausen after breakfast, upon a morning of extraordinary beauty: all the appearances of rain had vanished from the sky; but they were still upon earth, and rendered it a thousand times more lovely. In this part of the valley, the scenery and character of the country entirely change: the valley again contracts,—and the beautiful, and sometimes even the picturesque, are lost in the grand: enormous rocks, generally overhanging, and of great altitude, tower above the road, which creeps between them and the river, which is again a succession of rapids and cataracts; and being greatly swollen by the recent rains, its boiling fury was in perfect unison with the character of the scenery through which it rushed. The superstition of the inhabitants is strongly exemplified on

the road, at every turn; wherever a rock was seen suspended over the road, or wherever any part of the rock seemed from its loose appearance to threaten the passenger, an image of the Virgin and Child was placed in a niche, as a protection: or if a rock had fallen, and many enormous fragments lay upon the road, an image was placed upon the spot from which it had detached itself, as an acknowledgment I suppose, for its innoxious fall. But the most striking of these marks of superstition, was one which appeared upon the face of a rock, at least a hundred and fifty feet above the road. This was a representation of the crucifixion, painted in colossal size, by the desire and at the expense of a banker in Botzen, whose business carried him every market day to Clausen; and who, apprehending danger from this rock, had this painting executed by a scaffolding from the top, as a protection against accidents.

As I descended the valley, and when it again widened, I found Indian corn again a principal produce of the land; and upon the same land, there was an under crop of grass. Vineyards also, were planted as I had seen higher up, and were more luxuriant. I noticed here, and all the way farther down the valley, the simple contrivance which I have seen on the banks of the Spanish rivers, by which water is thrown in upon the vineyards; a large wheel is placed in the river, and is turned by it, and buckets being suspended to

the wheel all the way round, they are filled, raised, and turned over into a wooden trough, in which the water is carried into the vineyards that lie upon the river side.

This is the country of walnut trees,—and a beautiful tree it is, where it grows in luxuriance. I have never seen anywhere, such walnut trees as grow by the road side as we approach Botzen, nor anywhere perhaps a more beautiful country. Indian corn, wheat, barley, grass, vines in bowers, and innumerable fruit-trees, were charmingly mingled; there was everywhere an air of abundance, and signs of a well-peopled country. Several times, between Clausen and Botzen, the valley contracts and widens again; and not a mile before reaching the town, and the entrance to the spacious valley that forms the Lower Tyrol, the grand and majestic make a last and successful struggle with the soft and beautiful, for the ascendancy: the rocks approach close to the river, which winds in a hundred sinuosities, and forms so gigantic a labyrinth of precipices, that an exit from them seems to be almost an impossibility. At length however, suddenly rounding a giant tower of granite, the vale of Botzen opens, in all its riante beauty; and Botzen itself, which may be considered the capital of the central Tyrol, stands guarding its entrance. I reached Botzen early in the afternoon; and found an apartment in the hotel of the post.

Of all the towns of the Tyrol, I like Botzen the best: I like it for its situation—I like it for its cleanliness—I like it for its excellent inn, and a very civil landlord; and as for its inhabitants, their manners are nearly as primitive as they are in Brenner. I have seen ladies returning from mass at five in the morning; dinner there, as at the peasant's house near Sterzing, is served at half-past eleven; and at eight or nine o'clock, the streets of Botzen are as quiet as they are in other towns at midnight. I remained several days at Botzen, and was greatly pleased with my sojourn.

It chanced to be the fair at Botzen,—which is always a fortunate time to visit a town; both because it attracts the country people from all parts of the district, and because it shews us the diversities in manners, dress, and appearance, which characterize the peasantry of a country. The fairs of Botzen are the principal fairs of the Tyrol, for every kind of merchandise; they are held four times in the year, and last a fortnight each time. The fair had begun a few days before I reached Botzen, and I visited it for the first time on the evening of my arrival.

There is one very long street in Botzen, with covered arcades on both sides; and it is under these arcades, partly in shops, and partly on stalls, that the fair is held. Every kind of merchandise was exposed; every thing that either necessity or taste—such simple taste as the Tyrolean—might call

for. I saw a great assortment of cloths; and great varieties of calico, printed and plain; all sorts of iron and steel utensils; and a sufficient choice of fancy goods of most kinds. All the goods were Austrian: no manufactures of other nations are admitted; and the protective system is fully acted upon. I shall not meddle with the policy of this; such an inquiry belongs to another class of writers: but if any nation be justified in adopting the protective system, it is certainly Austria, which grows or manufactures little that other nations have occasion for. But whatever may be the wisdom of the measure as regards the government, individuals suffer by it.

I inquired the prices of several of the articles which were exposed; and found that good broad cloth, but not by any means equal to the west of England cloth, or the cloth manufactured at Verriers in the Netherlands, costs eight florins a yard, (about 18s. 8d.); and calicos, very inferior to the English, both in quality and colour—to say nothing of taste,—were at least one half dearer. Other articles were proportionably dear; especially every kind of cutlery, which I need scarcely say, was of a very inferior quality.

The peasantry of almost all the Tyrolean valleys were to be seen here, walking among the booths, and making bargains. I encountered again the ten-petticoated women, with their great tapering white and red worsted caps: there was the black

breeched, white-stockinged and girdled peasant of the Inn; and the bare-kneed peasant of the mountains; and the men of Botzen and its vale, with their broad-brimmed hats to shade them from their hot sun; and the women of the valley of Meran, with their green cloth hats turned up at one side; and the peasant of the Italian Tyrol, with his less national costume and darker countenance.

Variety of costume seems to be characteristic of most mountainous countries. In Switzerland, the Tyrol, and Norway, the three most mountainous countries of Europe, this is remarkably observed: in all of these, every valley has its distinctive mark; and as these distinctions seem to be in a great degree independent of climate, it is probable that they may have originated in very early times, when valley warred with valley, and when the inhabitants of each were the vassals of a different lord. Distinctive marks then became necessary; and personal vanity, and perhaps even little jealousies, have continued to preserve that which feudalism established. But variety of costume is not entirely confined to mountainous countries; and I incline to think, it will be found, that in those countries where vassalage fell the first, and where the power of the nobles decreased the earliest, the least traces of national costume are to be seen. In Germany there are still many traces of it: and indeed, in some parts, such distinctions prevail almost to as great an extent as in Switzer-

land,—which, be it recollected, is so many different little territories. In France, variety of costume is still preserved in some degree, though in a less degree than in Germany, but still it is recognizable; every one knows how different is the costume of a Norman, from that of the other parts of France; and if we go to the Pyrenees, there again we meet the varieties that distinguish other mountainous countries.

Among the large countries of Europe, national, and diversified costume is the most preserved in Spain, which was long divided among different masters, and where the great lords were long possessed of extraordinary power. The Biscayan, the Castilian, the Andalusian, the Valencian, the Murcian, and the Catalunian, are all distinguishable by their costume. England, of all countries, is the least national in its costume, and presents in its different provinces the fewest varieties. It would almost appear then, that national costume, and its distinctions, disappear the soonest from those countries which are the most civilized. Spain is without doubt, the least civilized among the countries of Europe; France, where national and distinctive costume is seen the least, after England, ranks the foremost in civilization among the continental countries; and perhaps it will not be considered too national, if I say, that England is the most civilized country in Europe. I know well what astonishment would be depicted in the

countenance and gestures of a Frenchman at such an assertion; and I believe also, that many of my own countrymen, who affect to be so enlightened as to have thrown off all national prejudice, would sneer at my want of liberality: but I think, if we consider for a moment what that is which constitutes civilization, England will be allowed to stand the foremost.

It is no criterion, certainly not a just one,—to take the civilization of a capital, as a test for that of the whole nation. Paris will doubtless vie with London in the elegant arts of life, and in mental cultivation, if she cannot compete in opulence and luxury. But let us cast our eyes over France and England. I think it will not admit of any doubt, that where there is the greatest quantity of mental instruction, there is also the greatest civilization, this being the origin of all the distinction between savage and civilized life; and if by this test we judge the claims of France and England, it will admit of no dispute, that England is entitled to rank the highest in civilization. The civilization of France, is falsely estimated by that of her capital; a mode of judging, that would lead to conclusions as false of other countries, as of France. To travel but a little way from home,—the condition of Dublin would be a very erroneous estimate of the condition of Ireland. But to return to the Tyrol, and Botzen, from which I have been digressing.

Botzen is decidedly a handsome town; there are some very spacious streets, and one or two excellent squares; and a very great number of handsome—and some magnificent houses. These are greatly set off by the innocent passion for flowers, which are displayed in infinite beauty and variety, at the open windows, on balconies; and at the doors of the houses. Through the centre of several of the streets runs a clear rivulet; partly covered, and partly open: this is not allowed to be polluted by filth of any kind: the streets are laved from it in hot weather, by large wooden ladles; and it is by the side of this brook, that all the washerwomen of the town carry on their vocation: there they are constantly seen in scores, kneeling, by the side of the wooden boards, that cover the stream, or are thrown back at pleasure.

The principal church of Botzen, is a handsome structure, with a beautiful light spire; and in the interior there are some things worthy of notice. The principal altar is adorned by marble pillars of rare beauty; but the object the most deserving of notice, is a representation in marble, of different flowers. This is managed by a mosaie of coloured marbles; and is executed with remarkable success. The hyacinth, the jonquil, and the lily of the valley, are beautifully imitated. Religious duties are very strictly performed in Botzen; I have seen the church crowded at, and before, six in the morning; and I never entered it at any time of

the day, that I did not see a considerable sprinkling of devout persons.

Botzen is neither remarkably cheap nor dear, as a place of residence. Prices are very unequal; the price of meat is in general about eleven kreutzers per lb.; butter, twenty-two kreutzers; bread is not cheap, excepting that which is mixed with Indian corn. The Tyrol produces a considerably smaller quantity of wheat than is required for its consumption: corn and flour are brought from Trieste and the neighbouring country, and pay a small duty in entering the Tyrol. Vegetables and fruit, are both of them, exceedingly plentiful and cheap. Wine is also plentiful, and reasonably low priced, even for the best qualities: it costs wholesale about 3*l.* for a hundred bottles, which is a fraction more than 7*d.* per bottle. I drank very excellent wine, both red and white, at 10*d.* per bottle. House rent in Botzen is low: a good house containing eight or nine rooms, and with a well stocked garden, may be had for 10*l.* or 12*l.* per annum, at the most; which is greatly lower than house rent in any part of Switzerland. Owing to the dues of entry, all sorts of provisions are at least one fourth cheaper, a mile or half a mile from the town, than within it.

I have said in a former chapter, that if a line be drawn across the Tyrol, leaving Botzen to the north of it, all to the south of that line may be called the southern, or the Italian Tyrol. The

moment we leave Botzen, and travel towards Trent, a new order of things is perceivable; the same noble looking peasantry are no longer to be seen; poverty begins to shew itself; and the air of comfort about the dwellings, and independence about their inmates, are no longer visible. All the land in the southern Tyrol belongs to the great proprietors; and the peasantry whom we see, have no longer an interest in the soil which they cultivate.

The system pursued in the cultivation of the land in the southern Tyrol is remarkable. The proprietor of the land makes a contract with a peasant to cultivate it. This peasant is in fact a middle-man; and employs labourers. The nature of the contract is, that the proprietor pays the peasant a certain sum of money, which has no regard whatever to the goodness or badness of the crop; and the peasant delivers up the whole produce of the land to the proprietor. The sum of money which the peasant receives for the engagement to cultivate the land, is of course understood to be sufficient to pay for the labour employed upon it, and to leave a surplus to the peasant, sufficient for his subsistence. This system has its advantages and its disadvantages; but the latter far outweigh the former. In one respect indeed, it seems to have justice along with it; for the proprietor gets neither more nor less than his land is worth; he gets the produce of his land

whatever it may be, to make the most of it; and the peasant, who is in fact the farmer, is secure against the failure of crops, or the variableness of the markets: with these he has nothing to do; he receives the same sum, whether the crop be good or bad, or whether the market be high or low.

But notwithstanding this, the system does not work well: it is evident, that the proprietor must eventually suffer, by the cultivator having no interest in the produce: it is the same thing to him, whether the land be well or ill-laboured; and it is therefore unreasonable to imagine, that full justice will be done to it: if the proprietor therefore gets what his land produces, he probably gets considerably less than under a different system it might be made to produce.

With respect to the contractor, he, although proceeding upon a certainty, has a certainty of little. The sum allowed him for the cultivation is generally extremely small; so that after all expenses are paid, his gain affords nothing beyond a bare subsistence. This is sufficiently proved by the manner in which these men live; which is in no respect better than the small proprietor of the valley of the Inn, who eats meat only upon festival days. There are no doubt some exceptions; and if the proprietor do allow a sufficient sum for the cultivation of his land, the peasant has the same advantage that any man has who performs a piece of work by contract.

As for the effect of the system upon the labourer, it is obviously bad. The sole object of the contractor being to labour the land as cheaply as possible, wages are miserably low. The usual price of labour in the Italian Tyrol does not exceed two florins per week (4*s.* 8*d.*), and nourishment; which accounts sufficiently for the difference in the appearance and habitations of the lower classes there, and in the valleys of the Upper Tyrol, where indeed the poor are so limited in number as scarcely to form a class.

It seems to the traveller, at first sight, a strange inversion of what might be expected, that in the fertile vales and finest plains in Europe, he should see so much poverty; and on the contrary, when he journeys among mountain regions, where excessive labour forces from the soil an unwilling crop, he perceives every appearance of comfort and ease of condition. The condition of the people in the most fertile plains of Italy, Germany, France, or England, will bear no comparison with that of the inhabitants of the Grison valleys, or of the valleys of the Ober-land Bernois, or of the Upper Tyrol. But the difficulty is at once explained when we learn, that the former are labourers for hire, and that the latter labour their own soil.

The greater part of the land in the Lower Tyrol is under vine cultivation: wine varies much in its return; I was told by some, that their vineyards

produced 10 per cent., others said 6 per cent., and some, as little as 4 per cent. This variety of course depends upon the wine. The wine grown between Botzen and Trent supplies not only the consumption of the Lower Tyrol, but the Upper Tyrol also: the whole of the valley of the Inn, as well as the capital, is supplied from Botzen and its neighbourhood; and the best wines of the Tyrol even find their way into Bavaria. Throughout the Lower Tyrol, Indian corn is the staple, next to wine: and here, as well as in the Upper Tyrol, every one was ready to bear testimony to the productiveness and nutritious qualities of the plant: and I generally found bread of Indian corn and wheat mixed, was preferred to bread made of wheat only, even by those who could have afforded to eat the latter.

When I arrived at Botzen, I had not quite resolved upon my future route. I was anxious to traverse the valley of Meran, (the Tyrol Proper, as it is laid down in the maps), and to trace the Adige up to Glurns and its source. But on the other hand, I wished to descend the valley of the Adige to Roveredo, and to Riva; and to do all this, the same ground must be travelled twice over; because if I descended to Riva, I must ascend again to Botzen in order to travel to Meran and Glurns; or if I travelled first to Glurns, I must still return the same way to Botzen in order to descend to Roveredo. However, as there was no

escape from a repetition of the road, I determined upon proceeding first to the southern extremity of the Tyrol, and afterwards, visiting the lateral valley. But before leaving Botzen, I devoted a few days to one or two interesting excursions in the neighbourhood.

CHAPTER XXIV.

THE LOWER TYROL.

Over-Botzen—the Castle of Sigmundseron—Journey to Riva—
Character of the Lower Tyrol—Bronzall—Newmarkt—Road
to Trent—Trent and its character and history—the People
of the Southern Tyrol in their dress, character and manners
—Roveredo and its Manufactures—delightful road to Riva
—Scenery.

PRIMITIVE as are the manners of the inhabitants of Botzen, they are not without their amusements; there are re-unions among the ladies, and re-unions amongst the gentlemen, as in Switzerland. There are promenades; and in winter, they have a theatre, and occasionally an opera. They have also, like the inhabitants of Inspruck, a country retirement,—a small village among the mountains, called “Over-Botzen.” To the inhabitant of a large city, Botzen itself would appear retirement enough; but its inhabitants are of a different opinion; and during the hot weather, they resort to Over-Botzen to rusticate. I spent two days in an excursion thither; and found it a very delightful

retreat. There is a mountain road from Botzen, fit only for horses and pedestrians; and the village is situated in a hollow of the mountains. It is a village orné, consisting of pretty detached houses; and looks precisely like that which it is intended for. This would be a choice retreat for an angler; a most excellent trouting stream runs close by, and two rooms furnished, may be had for about 1*l.* per month.

Whoever walks in the neighbourhood of Botzen, and climbs any little elevation, will notice as one of the conspicuous objects in the surrounding landscape, the towers and walls of a castle, apparently a ruin, crowning a height about four miles to the east of the town; and if he inquire the name of the castle, he will be told, it is called Sigmundscron; and that it is worth a visit. I accordingly devoted an evening to it, and have seldom spent one more to my satisfaction. I passed through a succession of vineyards, mostly inclosed with stone walls, which rather interrupt the view; and which by the reflection of the sun's rays, incommode the traveller, just in the same proportion that they benefit the vineyards. The height upon which Sigmundscron stands, is entirely covered with wood, through which I found a foot path, to conduct me up to the walls. I had imagined the castle an entire ruin, tenanted only by owls; but when I reached an open point from which the gateway is visible, I perceived six or eight Austrian

soldiers sitting before it, smoking. The castle is garrisoned; and is used as a depôt for gunpowder. Strangers however, are not forbidden entrance to these castles; and both at Sigmundscron and elsewhere, I have always found the greatest civility from the military; and one is allowed besides, to explore every part, without a soldier with his bayonet walking by one's side; as is invariably the custom in all the French fortresses.

I found the castle almost a ruin, and a most picturesque one. The massive walls, though rent,—and strong towers, though shattered and tottering—attested the former strength of this stronghold, which by its natural position,—almost surrounded as it is by precipices, is yet capable of being defended. The inside courts are entirely overgrown by juniper bushes; and in a nook of the ruin, on the outside of the wall, I recognized a fig-tree, reminding me of warmer suns and more southern lands. The view from the summit is enchanting; it commands the plain of Botzen, with its vineyards and orchards, and charming fertility, and the river, and the valley, both above and below Botzen, and the amphitheatre of lofty mountains, that on every side surround the Lower Tyrol. From this point, the whole of the Central Tyrol is commanded; from Botzen to Sterzing, north and south, and the two lateral valleys of the Adige and the Rienz. I remained wandering about the extensive ruins till past sunset; and

having scrambled down a part of one of the inner walls into a small space overgrown with very long grass, I found an opening in the outer wall, just large enough to creep through; and although the rocks on the outside were steep, the descent was practicable. When I had descended the rock, and came in view of the gateway by which I had entered, I was challenged by the soldiers above, one of whom came down to interrogate me how I had got there, without coming out by the gate. My information seemed to excite the utmost surprise; and at their request I conducted them back, and shewed them the spot where I had found an exit. They said, they were not aware of any entrance to the castle but by the gate, and seemed to look upon the discovery as one of some importance. There is no doubt, that by the opening I have mentioned, a party might have entered, surprised the garrison, and made themselves masters of the stores. I have thus perhaps, without intending it, deprived the Tyrolean patriots of a future advantage. It was almost dark before I left Sigmundscron: and a fine moon lighted me back to Botzen.

There was now nothing more to detain me in Botzen; and as I found the heat too great to make a pedestrian journey through the lower valley enviable, I hired a cabriolet to carry me to Trent, Roveredo, and Riva, and back to Botzen. There is another reason why pedestrianism in the lower

valley of the Adige would be unsuitable: a considerable part of the road, especially between Trent and Roveredo, and farther south, is bounded on both sides by high stone walls, which intercept altogether the charming country that lies on either side, unless the traveller be raised high enough to see over them.

Greatly pleased with Botzen and its neighbourhood, I left it a little before mid-day, purposing only to travel so far as Newmarkt. I had hired a postilion, as well as a carriage, for it is out of the question to drive oneself on a long journey. One cannot in that case leave the carriage to climb a neighbouring height; or look at a ruin or anything else; and one must also see that the horse be fed, and that all be right about the vehicle; and besides, the very occupation of driving, occupies the attention too much. Seated therefore in my cabriolet, with my cocher—a true Tyrolean—placed before, with his pipe in his mouth, I crossed the bridge, and took the road to the south.

The character of the valley of the Lower Tyrol, is entirely different from that of the valley above Botzen. Precipitous banks; enormous rocks; rapids and cataracts; and mountain prospects, formed the character of the upper valley: sloping banks, sometimes expanding almost into a plain; a broad, and generally smooth flowing river; and prospects, in which beauty is a larger component than the picturesque, and in which the sublime

is nowhere visible,—are the features of the lower valley. The whole of the Lower Tyrol is rich in corn and wine. I passed through some swampy land soon after leaving Botzen; but this formed a very small exception to the fine country that lies all the way between Botzen and Trent,—everywhere bearing luxuriant crops of Indian corn; grain of all other kinds, in smaller quantities; and giving promise of an abundant vintage. I never saw so great a number of weeping willows, as between Botzen and Trent: in some countries they are scarce; in few plentiful; but here they are seen in long avenues: I could not help thinking, and smiling as I thought, of the weeping willow at Chatsworth, which was transported thither at so great an expense,—the wonder of the country round, and the pet of his grace of Devonshire. I also noticed the very abundant cultivation of cucumbers in this day's journey.

At a village called Branzoll, we stopped to dinner. I could not help remarking in the inn, the great difference in the manner of living, between the same ranks here, and in England. An English post-boy would be contented with one kind of meat, potatoes, and a pint of ale. My driver at Branzoll had his soup, his fish, his stew, his vegetables, his pudding, and his dessert, and a bottle of wine. A traveller who is accompanied by a postilion, requires to be on his guard against these excellent dinners being charged in his ac-

count; which is almost certain to be the case, unless he distinctly tells the innkeeper that he pays for himself only. As my mode of travelling has in most cases precluded the possibility of being imposed on in this way, many good dinners have not been eaten at my expense: yet I have not altogether escaped, and have paid for my experience like other people. I must not forget to say, that I saw at Branzoll, the most beautiful countenance I have ever seen out of England: I will not attempt to describe it; but will only say, as the best eulogium I am able to bestow, that it is at this moment, as distinctly before me as if I had seen it yesterday.

While the horse was resting, and the postilion was sitting over his wine, I walked to a neighbouring castle perched upon the summit of a rock, too perfect a ruin to render the occupation of it by Austrian soldiers necessary. There is a pleasure in wandering through the precincts of a ruin, altogether independent of antiquarianism; and which is not easily described: it is felt however, —which is sufficient; and the ruins of castles scattered over mountainous countries have also the attraction of constantly commanding the finest and most extensive views. Of this, one may always be assured; because it was an important object in choosing a site for these feudal castles, that they might not be approached by an enemy without the enemy being seen. Some few of the

castles in the Tyrol, are yet inhabited by the families to whom they have descended—one such, a building not less in extent than Alnwick castle, is seen upon this road, occupying the entire sides and summit of a height,—one of the outposts of the mountains which lie on the left.

All the way from Branzoll to Newmarkt, the road lies near the river, and passes through a succession of the same fine scenery that is seen higher up; and as we travel farther south, every league brings us into a more populous country. I noticed many villages on the opposite side of the river, as well as those which I passed through; which appeared to be all thickly peopled, though not like the villages higher up,—exempt from poverty. From the moment of leaving Botzen, beggars had begun to appear; and every village seemed to contain a large proportion of those, who if they were not, had at least the appearance of being paupers,—labourers probably at 4*s.* 8*d.* a week. I reached Newmarkt about six o'clock, and found a little inn, sufficient for the wants of a traveller.

Newmarkt affords nothing worthy of being noted; it is one of those hundred little towns that contain a street and a church, and some straggling houses besides, and which subsist by the cultivation of the land. The only information I received at Newmarkt, worth communicating to the reader, was, that the inn-keeper paid for his

house containing eight rooms, stabling for twelve horses, and out-buildings, one hundred and eighty florins (20*l.*) per annum, that he paid in taxes upon his house, income, &c. 5*l.* 12*s.* nearly; and that the curate of the parish received a thousand florins of revenue (116*l.* 13*s.*), a sum certainly equal to the double of that sum in England; and this revenue is exclusive of presents of wine, fruit and corn, which every clergyman who is at all esteemed, is in the habit of receiving. If the income of this priest be any criterion by which we may judge of that of others, the catholic clergy of the Tyrol have no claim to pity on the score of poverty.

I left Newmarkt early next morning, purposing to reach Trent to dinner. The scenery continues of the same character, though constantly increasing in richness; and as we approach Trent, the productions of the country change in some respects. The mulberry begins to appear, and is soon found lining the road; but this tree, half stripped of its valuable leaves, is no ornament to scenery: we have only however, to become utilitarians, to regard it as the most beautiful of trees. Here too the vine is festooned; and it is only where the vine is so trained, that it is entitled to commendation on the score of beauty; then indeed towards the season of vintage, covered with its rich purple or downy green clusters, it is the most beautiful of plants. All the way from Newmarkt to Trent,

the country increases in populousness; and the road passes through several considerable villages, particularly Lavis, situated close by a river of the same name, which thunders down the steeps to the south-east of the town, and falls into the Adige. I reached the celebrated city of Trent to an early dinner.

I should think the inhabitants of Trent must be particularly well affected towards the house of Austria; for it is scarcely possible to walk fifty yards in any direction without seeing the Austrian eagle. Even in the hotel,—the *Albergo Reale*, the Austrian arms were emblazoned over the door of the apartment. What a feeling of security is communicated to one's repose by the eagle that guards the door!!

Trent is one of the most bustling noisy towns I was ever in; and though under the especial surveillance of the clergy, who, with great slouched hats, swarm in every direction, is full of carousing, quarrel, drunkenness, and immorality of every description. I scarcely could command an hour's sleep, any one of the three nights I slept in Trent. What a contrast between Trent, and *Inspruck* or *Botzen*!—the streets in constant commotion till late in the evening; mirth and pleasure awake till near midnight, and then the reign of dissipation and intemperance. Everywhere in Trent, one perceives traces of its antiquity; it has least the modern air of any place I am acquainted with;

and as little as most towns, any attractions excepting those which its history and antiquities confer upon it. These are however considerable.

Trent will ever be a remarkable city, historically; for the reader need not be told, that the famous Council called together by the emperor Charles V. and pope Paul III. sat there during no less a time than eighteen years. It assembled in the year 1545; and during its sitting, no fewer than five different popes, successively filled the chair of St. Peter! I had heard of the picture in the church of St. Maria Maggiore, representing the council; and it is said, containing portraits of the persons who chiefly figured in this assembly: this church was therefore one of the first places I visited. The picture I found much faded; but still interesting, from the associations it calls up, and even from the objects which it represents; for notwithstanding the ravages of time, the costumes are still distinguishable; and one may easily say, "here is a bishop; there is a friar." A writer, speaking of the council of those days, and of the four or five hundred cardinals, bishops, abbots, monks and doctors who took part in it says, "what a market must the city have had! what cooks! what convoys of sleek mules, laden with luxuries! and how, in their distant and regretted residences, all the old housekeepers of these perplexed and provoked absentees, must have busied themselves in the preparations of savouries, and potted meats,

dried fruits, and delicate conserves, and in the regular and never failing dispatch of supplies from the well stored cellars."

The church of St. Maria Maggiore is worth a visit independently of the attractions of the picture: it is built chiefly of marble, and contains an organ said to be remarkable for its excellence; but which I neglected taking an opportunity of hearing played. The cathedral is a larger and finer building, of mixed and somewhat florid architecture. There is a fine group of columns supporting the nave; and there is also a canopy and columns of marble over the altar, of more than common attractions. The cathedral also contains many tombs of bishops and other churchmen, not remarkable for their beauty, and some among them in a dilapidated state.

The situation of Trent is magnificent. The Adige flows to the right of the town; and a finely broken, and richly cultivated country, is left by the mountains on each side of the river, whose natural banks recede on either side. But it is absurd to describe the situation of a city so well known as Trent.

Trent, I have said, is Italian in its character and aspect; and here, I found the first trait of dishonesty I had met with since entering the Tyrol. At the *Albergo Reale*, I gave the waiter a gold in place of a silver coin of the same size; I noticed my error, when the coin had scarcely

left my hand ; but the Italian had been even more quick sighted : it was already in his pocket ; and although I was certain of the fact, he stoutly denied it ; and contrived, in emptying his pocket, to keep the unlooked-for perquisite out of sight.

Trent is known to be a city of great antiquity. Some ascribe to it an origin more remote than that of Rome itself. The name of Tridentum was however given to it by the Romans, who conquered it from the Galli Cenomani. Subsequently to the fall of the empire, it passed through the dominion of different masters ; and was at length annexed to the church of Rome by the emperor Winceslaus. The bishops of Trent were afterwards princes of the empire, and members of the Tyrolean Diet ; and the bishopric of Trent was secularized in 1802. In 1815 it was restored to Austria.

The country about Trent, is chiefly a vine and silk country ; the slopes are covered with vineyards ; and the lower grounds thickly intersected by rows of mulberry trees : I saw also a considerable quantity of tobacco cultivated. The inhabitants are chiefly occupied with the growth and preparation of wine, and the silk manufacture ; and notwithstanding the dissoluteness of the city, I was informed there are few poor : things are cheap and abundant ; and the wine of Trent is not undeserving of the estimation in which it is held throughout the Lower Tyrol. I have remarked

upon a former occasion, that little is to be gathered of the prices of things in any country, from the charges made at the inns. At the *Albergo Reale*, my bill was enormous; every thing was charged separately, and every thing, exorbitantly high; while in the market, the best meat could be bought at *3d.* per lb.; and fine fowls at *1s. 4d.* a pair. No doubt however, I paid something for sleeping in a room, over the door of which were emblazoned the imperial arms; and in a bed, which had received a prince of Austria.

I drove out of Trent without any regret; and took the road to Roveredo. As I proceeded south, I found as I had expected, a gradual change both in the natural and moral world. The scenery became richer, and softer; the productions of the soil grew in greater luxuriance, and the fruits in greater perfection; and all traces of an Alpine country had disappeared. The cherries in particular, were of an extraordinary size; some that I bought, coming out of Trent, entirely gave the lie to that celebrated proverb which, in speaking of much trouble applied to a small object, likens it to making "two bites of a cherry." The cherries that grow between Trent and Roveredo are almost as large as small apricots.

But in the appearance of the inhabitants, the change is even more striking than in the inanimate productions of the earth. We travel still in the Tyrol; but we perceive that they are no longer the

men and women of the Tyrol whom we see about us: they are a different race, in appearance—in manner—in physiognomy—in character. Even south of Botzen, although we no longer recognize among the peasantry the firm step and independent air of the Tyrolean of the upper valleys, we still see men whose condition is the cause of their degeneracy; but here, in the most southern parts, all resemblance to the true Tyrolean is lost: we do not see the man who labours for little—but who labours nevertheless—we see those who would rather not labour at all—who are tainted with the idleness of the south. Obsequiousness takes the place of hauteur; mendicity comes in the room of independence; the open and fair countenance is exchanged for a darker tinge, and a narrower visage; and instead of the smart costume of the north, we become accustomed to a negligent apparel; and even to rags. I cannot however speak so harshly of the women: they are not indeed Tyroleans; but then we do not want energy and independence among women: they have not the national costume of the Tyrol; we see neither the worsted caps, nor the round hats, nor the ten petticoats, nor the red and yellow stockings; but then we can do without them; and although we no longer see a female Tyrolean peasantry, meet help-mates for the men of the Tyrol, we see pretty interesting faces, and dark eyes, and neatly arranged hair decorated with natural roses,—women, in short,

far too good to be helpmates to the dark-browed, and ill-dressed fellows that no doubt claim their alliance.

I had reason to congratulate myself on the road between Trent and Roveredo, in being no pedestrian; for one travelling on foot here would require to be a giant of some ten or twelve feet high, in order that he might enjoy his journey; for the walls on both sides of the road are eight or nine feet in height; and it required an exertion, even in a vehicle, to see over them; the more provoking as the country was full of beauty. I noticed many castles upon the heights; and turn the eye on which side I would, it rested upon charming fertility, and variety. As we approach Roveredo, we perceive still another change in the appearance of things. Manufactures we have long lost sight of; but here we find ourselves in the environs of a manufacturing town. The signs can never be mistaken; traffic on the road—new houses—large square high buildings—smoke—and a crowded population, in whose air and countenances even, it is not difficult to read manufactures. Roveredo has all of these; and along with them, every appearance of an improving town. Since leaving Munich, I had seen nothing so like prosperity as the streets of Roveredo. I reached Roveredo a little before sunset; and devoted the following day to an examination of the city and its neighbourhood.

The more I looked at Roveredo, the more I was pleased with it: even its bustle was pleasing; it was the bustle of business and prosperity; and although quiet agricultural towns, and mountain villages, have their own peculiar charms, there is also an attraction in the stir of life and its occupation, and in the "hum and buz" of men. It is perhaps the change that constitutes much of the charm. Leave the city and its din, and plunge among the mountains, and the mind experiences a multitude of pleasing sensations. Descend into the plain after a sojourn with nature, and again there is an accession of pleasure. But whatever the cause may have been, I was pleased with Roveredo. The manufactures of silk and of leather are both carried on to a considerable extent in Roveredo: the former especially; and after a decline of twenty or thirty years, Roveredo is again a flourishing town; growing in wealth and importance. When I was in Roveredo, there were about 1700 looms at work, and the average wages of workmen may be stated at about 11s. per week, which, I should say, is equal to at least 20s. in England. Roveredo contains few edifices worthy of notice; but handsome private houses are everywhere seen about the outskirts, with fine terraces and gardens, and commanding views over as varied a landscape as is presented in almost any part of Europe. I regret I am unable to recollect the name of the hotel at Roveredo; for it was in all respects excellent.

I know of very few more beautiful and interesting roads in Europe, than that between Roveredo and Riva, for it includes every variety of scenery; embracing the beautiful, the picturesque, and the sublime. At Roveredo, we quit the great road, and the valley of the Adige; these, at the distance of a few leagues, cross the Tyrolean frontier, and lead to Verona. The road to Riva, and the Lago di Garda, leaves the road to Italy on the left, crosses the river, and limbs the mountain range that bounds the valley on the right. I left Roveredo a little after mid-day, and passed through a rich fruit country, to the bank of the Adige. I noticed at almost every door, girls sitting winding silk; and dividing their light labours with the recreation of eating the mellow pears or juicy cherries that lay beside them. It was still a country of mulberries and vines, and fruit; but now the olive began to appear,—indicating another step in the scale of climate. About an hour after leaving Roveredo, we reached the bank of the Adige, which we crossed by a ferry. The scenery is here imposing,—the rich fertile banks that lie on the left, being finely contrasted with the mountainous aspect of the country on the farther side. After crossing the Adige, I passed through a succession of very wild and desolate scenes: a narrow lake winds out and in among the steep rocks which are covered only with wild shrubs, while the road climbs up the mountain that towers above. I

passed through two very wretched villages, one of them however, a place of considerable size; every one seemed idling,—some of the women were sitting at the doors combing each other's hair; and the men were lying in the shade, eating cherries.

Leaving these villages, we still continued to ascend among rugged rocky steeps, till at length, having reached the summit, the magnificent prospect to the south-west opened before us. Directly below, lay the Lago di Garda, blue, and calm, and beautiful, its head cradled in the midst of the gigantic mountains of the Tyrol, and its lower extremity reposing upon the softer scenes of Italy; and across the head of the lake, the broken and shapeless character of the huge rocks and mountains, offered a scene of the most savage grandeur. It was altogether, a very diversified, and a very striking view. The descent to Riva, from the spot where this prospect opens, is of extraordinary steepness; but the road appears to have been lately put under good repair, and with so much to engage the eye, the necessity of going slow, or even of walking, will scarcely be complained of. After reaching the bank of the lake, the road winds along its head, and crosses the river Scarca, (the feeder of the lake), before reaching Riva, which I drove into, a couple of hours before sunset.

The hotel at Riva, is all that a traveller can desire; and the beauty of the prospect from the windows is the more prized because it is unex-

pected: one drives along a narrow and very ugly street, and alights at a door which promises nothing but dark rooms with windows opening upon filthy alleys: but this is only the back of the house; a long passage leads to the part which fronts the lake, and to the apartment into which one is ushered. The water rippled below the window,—which commanded the lake in its whole extent; the rugged barrier that surrounds its head; and the soft plain into which its wide expanded waters sink in the distance,—carrying the imagination to Verona, and the many recollections with which it is associated. I ordered a late dinner, at the hotel,—and bargaining for a little boat of which I should be sole master, I pushed off from below the inn windows, and rowed out upon the lake.

CHAPTER XXV.

THE SOUTHERN TYROL,

The Lago di Garda—Scale of Tyrolean Productions—Riva, and its Plain—Arco—return through the Mountains to Trent—Calavino—a Holiday in Trent.

THE Lago di Garda is the least visited among the Italian lakes; for although Riva and the head of the lake, lie in the Tyrol, the Tyrolean frontier crosses the lake about a mile and a half lower down,—all the rest of the lake lying in Italy. The Lago di Garda is not visited, because it is not much in the way; the road indeed from Milan to Verona by Peschiera, skirts the foot of the lake,—but it is only Riva and the upper part of the lake, that are remarkable for interest; and to visit these, a journey *express* must be made from Roveredo: and truly as I rowed down the lake from Riva, and looked back towards its head, encircled by its giant amphitheatre of mountains, and girded by the little plain of exquisite beauty, that lies between the mountains and the water, I thought it well deserving of the journey.

Although there are many features common to lakes, every lake has some distinctive feature of its own: softness and beauty are characteristics of some; the picturesque is the character of others; and a few may claim the distinction of sublimity. The Lago di Garda unites the utmost softness with features of desolate grandeur,—and in this fine and rare union is not surpassed by any lake that I am acquainted with. I rowed about a league down,—and at sunset put about, to return to Riva. It was an evening of uncommon beauty; and the dark bosom of the lake, contrasted with the brilliant sunset that flamed upon the mountains, presented a scene that is not to be beheld every day.

It is at Riva, and the head of the Lago di Garda, when we see the olive trees scattered over the banks,—the pomegranate kissing the little waves,—and the broad leaved fig-tree, and its crooked branches, spreading in nooks of the rocks,—that we are naturally led to glance retrospectively at the productions of the Tyrol, from its northern and highest extremity to the borders of the Lago di Garda; and there is something very interesting, as well as curious, in this retrospect. From the summit of Mount Brenner to the southernmost extremity of the Tyrol, one valley extends—a valley about a hundred miles in length; and this valley exhibits a scale of productions more varied than will be found in any similar extent of territory. We have first, Alpine productions—but to pass these over,

and to note only the productions of cultivated land—we have first then, barley, thin and scanty, and a few hardy vegetables. We come next to Indian corn of a poor growth, with barley more vigorous, oats, grass, and firs. The third gradation brings us to a little wheat, mingled with all these, and to some walnut trees, besides fir. In the fourth division of the valley, we find Indian corn and wheat growing luxuriantly, vines beginning to appear, and fruit trees, especially the cherry, in abundance. The fifth gradation shews us, with all these productions, vines in luxuriance, and magnificent walnut trees entirely superseding the hardier wood. At the sixth step we find some additions to these: the mulberry begins to appear, and fruits of the more delicate descriptions are found. The seventh division presents the vine in its perfection, the mulberry in its abundance, and the fruits we have seen before, in greater luxuriance. The eighth and last gradation shews us, with all that we have seen before, the olive, the pomegranate, and the fig. The valley of the Adige is indeed peculiarly calculated for the display of this scale: the low temperature which in its upper parts accompanies its great elevation, gives us the productions of a northern latitude; while as we descend, the valley being open to the south and shut in in every direction, a vegetation is produced that belongs to a more southern latitude than the country enjoys.

A delightful day may be spent at Riva. As for

the town, it is unworthy of its beautiful situation—it is every way ugly and uninviting; but no sooner do we walk out of it than we find ourselves in a paradise. I have already said that high mountains form an amphitheatre around the head of the lake; but between the foot of this barrier and the lake, lies a plain—a perfect plain of about a league each way, whose fertility and beauty will vie with the celebrated Huertas of Spain, and which very far exceeds anything that is to be seen in the more temperate climates of England or France, or even among the low valleys of Switzerland. Not a breath of air, but from the south, can reach this little plain. The full blaze of the southern sun pours constantly into it; it is traversed by the fertilizing waters of the Scarca, and by several smaller streams; and the clouds attracted by the mountains often burst over it in heavy rains: the consequence of all this is a luxuriance of vegetation that scarcely belongs to the temperate zone.

The whole of this enchanting spot is thickly covered, or at least dotted, with rows of olive-trees and fruit trees of every description; vines are trained upon these, and form a bower overhead; while below are seen the most luxuriant crops of Indian corn, and of all kinds of grain. The same ground is therefore an orchard, a vineyard, and a corn-field; and the effect of the whole, whether viewed from above, or walking through it, is not easy to be conceived. I spent the whole of the

day on the lake—or upon its banks—and spent it much to my mind; and perhaps the great excellence of the hotel contributed in some degree to the day's enjoyment. Let me not forget, among its excellences, the honesty of its master—a truly rare qualification in the neighbourhood of Italy. I shall not easily forget the beauty of this spot, or the view from the windows of the inn; and if ever I should be again even as near to it as Verona, I will certainly visit Riva.

I sent my cabriolet back to Trent, to wait my arrival there; for having learnt at Riva, that by following the Scarca through the plain to the town of Arco, and then up among the mountains, I should find a path that would lead me back to Trent, I resolved upon returning that way, rather than by the road I had already travelled. The distance they said was not more than seven leagues. I therefore left Riva early, and traversing the beautiful plain, reached Arco in about an hour. Arco is an old and rather an interesting looking town, situated about three quarters of a league from the head of the lake, and about a quarter of a league from the mountains, and surrounded by the fertile plain I have described. Here I breakfasted: it was Sunday morning; and some scores of men were playing at bowls in the market place, while groups of neatly dressed women were sitting looking on: every one appeared cheerful; and baskets full of fruit for sale were ranged upon the

ground. I remained but a short time at Arco; for being uncertain of my road, I judged it best to allow sufficient time for my journey to Trent.

Soon after leaving Arco, I passed its castle,—situated upon a high rock,—and reached the termination of the plain, and the commencement of the mountain path. The Scarca, which flows in a fine stream, neither sluggish nor rapid, through the plain towards the lake, is scarcely to be recognized when we have followed it up to the mountains; it then becomes an impetuous torrent, and the path climbs by its side. When I had ascended about a league and a half above Arco, I found the river branch to the left, and the road along with it; but I knew that Trent lay to the right, and I therefore waded across, and found a path, more like a sheep-walk than anything else, leading in the direction I desired. I had now only a small rivulet tinkling beside me; and in less than a mile, it ended in a little lake. I was now in the midst of that majestic scenery which appeared so imposing as I crossed from Roveredo, and came first in sight of the Lago di Garda; and a nearer acquaintance with it was not calculated to lessen the impression it had made; for a wilder, or more desolate scene is not often around the traveller. I will not enlarge in the way of description, for description, if often repeated, becomes tedious, and conveys after all but a feeble idea of what is intended to be conveyed.

I had been so improvident as to bring no scrip

with me from Riva; for I was told I should find several hamlets by the way: the first I had seen however was by the margin of this lake; it is called Calavino; and I would scarcely advise any traveller to trust to Calavino for the relief of his necessities. I entered a mud cottage—the best I saw—and found only some very coarse bread, of barley, and some remarkably bad cheese. A cow they had, but it was feeding in the mountains; and water was therefore the only beverage I could find. The inhabitants of this remote hamlet had forced a scanty supply of grain, and some few vegetables, from the niggard soil; and I saw two or three pigs straying up and down. I can never forbear, in passing through remote villages like this, asking myself, how it has happened that such spots have come to be peopled? and I have never been able to answer the question very satisfactorily. I asked the woman who served me, to whom the hamlet belonged? “To those who inhabit it,” she said. And the little cultivated land around—did it belong to them also?—had it belonged to their fathers? She did not know; and I could get no farther. There is little doubt however that it belonged to their fathers, and their fathers’ fathers; some remote ancestor of whom had shaped out a little possession by the labour of his hand among wilds that had no doubt their lord, but which were unworthy of rivalry; and so prescription became there, as it does in most places, equivalent to title.

From this little hamlet, I continued to ascend in the direction in which I supposed Trent might lie; for the people of Calavino could give me no information upon the subject. I made a right choice however; for in about an hour after leaving this place I gained the summit of the range, and saw the valley of the Adige below me, and Trent at no greater distance than a couple of leagues. From this spot, the eye might wander over the whole extent of the ample and beautiful valley—on one side up almost to Botzen, and on the other, beyond the boundary of the Tyrol on the road to Verona. The descent into the valley was easy and agreeable; and before it fell dusk, I reached Trent, and the hotel, where I found my cabriolet and driver.

It chanced to be a holiday in Trent, I do not recollect upon what occasion, but it gave me an opportunity of seeing holiday dresses. All the promenades in the neighbourhood of the city were crowded; and I observed all the ladies in full dress—without bonnets, and habited so as they might have entered a ball room. Among the lower orders, all the shabby coats, and even rags, had disappeared, and holiday faces were set off by holiday clothes. I remarked, that there was little mingling among the sexes, in any rank: the ladies were unaccompanied by gentlemen; nor did I see among the lower classes any greater appearance of gallantry. England is, of all the countries in

Europe, that in which the love of gallantry is seen with the least disguise. A village feast is nothing without sweethearting; and with as much morality as in any other country,—and with more than in most; there is in England the least disguise put upon the feelings, and the freest exercise of that gallantry which is founded in nature, and which does not necessarily imply any departure from decorum.

At Trent I had given my passport to be marked for Botzen; but when I inquired for it in the morning, I was told that the officer whose business it was to sign it, had been engaged with the fête; I begged it might be taken to him immediately; but that I was told was impossible,—he was in bed: I said, he could sign it in bed: but this was out of the question, for he never opened his bureau before ten. At length I found the way to this great man's house; and taking my passport myself, I endeavoured to prevail upon some one to intrude upon his slumbers, which were protracted till near nine o'clock, but no one was bold enough: and seeing no remedy, I ventured to present myself at his bed-side,—stating the inconvenience I was put to, and my very great regret at disturbing his rest. The consequence was, that he violently rung the bell, and vehemently abused a couple of whiskered under officers, for having kept an English gentleman waiting upon so silly a pretext: he signed my passport, and I suppose returned to his slumbers.

CHAPTER XXVI.

THE CENTRAL TYROL.

Return to Botzen—Journey up the Adige to Meran—the Castle of the Tyrol, and its Handicraftsman—Journey to the Passeyer, and Hofer's House—an Evening there.

IN returning from Trent to Botzen, I somewhat varied my line of road—though this is only in a certain degree possible, because the variation of route is of course circumscribed by the breadth of the valley. I crossed the river at St. Michael, sending the carriage forward, and returned on foot to Botzen by the right bank of the river. In the maps, St. Michael is marked on the left bank of the Adige,—but it ought to be placed upon the right bank. At St. Michael I spent a day, and employed it in ascending the bank of a considerable river, called the Noal, which at that point falls into the Adige. From St. Michael to Botzen, I passed through the villages which I had seen in descending the valley on the opposite side; and excepting that the cultivation is scarcely so perfect on the right as on the left bank of the Adige, the scenery and

general characteristics, both of the natural and moral world, are so nearly similar, that any detail of the route seems to be unnecessary. I reached Botzen the fourth day after leaving Trent; and was now ready to enter upon the last part of my journey—from Botzen, ascending the Adige to its source, by Meran and Glurns.

This is the principal of the lateral valleys of the Tyrol, and in no part of it, are the primitive manners and appearance of the inhabitants more untainted. I left Botzen on foot, and took the road up the Adige to Meran. At first sight, this valley appears to be as fine and fertile as the principal valley of the Adige,—because vegetation is as luxuriant: but there is much swampy land; and the Adige is divided into numerous channels, which flow through a low level of reeds and rushes. About a league from Botzen however, the valley improves, and all the productions of the great valley are found in luxuriance,—and as we approach Meran, nature takes to herself all her attractions; and shews us a scene of as perfect beauty as any that is to be found in the Tyrol. One would imagine in approaching Meran, that there, the valley of the Adige terminates, for Meran appears to be encircled by an amphitheatre of mountains,—and lies in their hollow.

The town of Meran is an ancient straggling place without many attractions on its own account, but full of interest from being in the neighbourhood of

the castle of the Tyrol; and from being itself, the only town of the ancient "Tyrol Proper." Here I again found myself among Tyroleans,—Tyroleans in appearance,—Tyroleans in manner,—Tyroleans in costume,—Tyroleans in feeling,—I am obliged to add, Tyroleans in superstition; for in the neighbourhood of Meran, I again found the numerous images which had so distinguished the northern Tyrol, but which had suffered a great diminution in the southern part of the country. There is only one inn at Meran; and it is an excellent one; not excellent, as we should apply the word to an inn in Switzerland or in England; not elegantly furnished and tastefully fitted up; but on the contrary, with uncarpeted floors, and wooden chairs, and unpolished tables,—yet excellent in the best sense of the word; for a more delicious dinner of game and fish was never provided for the palate of a gourmand, than was laid out upon the walnut table,—covered with a cloth like the driven snow; which I think always gives an additional zest to what is placed upon it.

I have mentioned the castle of the Tyrol, called Schloss Tyrol. It is situated about three miles from Meran; and after partaking of the excellent dinner I have eulogized, I left Meran, to visit it. The road to it, after crossing the rich level, that lies between Meran and the mountains, winds up the brow of the wooded acclivity upon which the castle stands. This acclivity is an outpost of the

mountains that tower behind ; but appears to have been separated from them, by some natural convulsion ; and the castle spreads over its summit, which cannot be less than seven hundred feet above the plain. Nothing can be more imposing than the situation of this castle, or than the massive, grey, and time-worn ruins of the castle itself,—reposing upon the side of the dark, woody mountains ; with rocks, and ravines, and cataracts around.

The castle itself, is almost a ruin in the interior, excepting one angle, which is inhabited by the artist I have already mentioned, when speaking of the works of art in the museum of Inspruck. The emperor, to whom the castle belongs, permits him to reside in it ; and there, he works at his ingenious handicraft, and makes himself drunk, by turns. I found him, seated in a small room, with all his work about him ;—some half-finished pipe heads, of curious workmanship, and his knife—his only implement—in his hand. On a little buffet in the corner, stood two or three bottles ; and from his manner, he appeared to have had recent intercourse with them. He was quite able to converse however ; and after conducting me over the castle, he shewed me a great work he had begun, then indeed far advanced ; but which, in all probability, will never be completed. It was a scripture piece (I forget the subject) carved in wood with extreme beauty and nicety. The old man is too proud to accept of money from a stranger ; but it is expected no doubt, that one should buy a pipe-head.

The history of most of these ruined castles, is alike ; and is seldom worthy of being related. It commences with some valorous knight, or baron, who broke his lance many centuries ago ; tells of tilts and tournaments ; violence and plunder ; sieges, and sallies, and surrenders ; a medley of fable, and of uninstrucive and uninteresting truth. The castle of the Tyrol, long in possession of the greatest lords of that country, came at length, like most of the other castles, into the power of the Imperialists, and now remains with them. All this part of the Tyrol, more than any other part, abounds in these remains : the sides of the mountains are studded with them ; and the natural beauty of this district, is by their means, materially heightened.

I had scarcely left the castle, when torrents of rain began to fall ; and before I reached the foot of the mountain, the many brooks I had stepped over in going to the castle, were red rushing torrents, impassable by a step or a leap, and too rapid to be crossed in any other way with safety. Some of these torrents, however, I conquered in one way, and some in another ; and arrived at Meran wet up to the middle, and drenched with rain besides.

The neighbourhood of Meran possesses still another source of interest than that which is communicated to it by the vicinity of the castle of the Tyrol. The Passeyer, falls into the Adige at Meran. The valley of the Passeyer rises from Meran ; and four

leagues up the valley, stands the house of Andrew Hofer. I devoted part of two days to an excursion thither.

From Meran, the road ascends the right bank of the stream, leaving the castle of the Tyrol on the left hand. At first, the valley is narrow, but gradually widens, though never losing the character of an upland valley: cottages and hamlets are scattered—but thinly scattered, here and there; little rivulets tumble into the Passeyer, leaping from the adjoining steeps; and many gentle and beautiful scenes open among the slopes and dells, that form the valley. Four hours' walk,—with many rests by the river side, and upon the stones that lay in its bed, brought me within sight of the house of Andrew Hofer. The brawling Passeyer, full of large stones runs past the house at the foot of a little stone wall raised to protect it against torrents; a few trees grow round the house: and on either side, are seen mountains, their lower acclivities inclosed, and bearing a little corn; and a small church, with a green spire, stands upon a neighbouring knoll. The house itself, is no ways remarkable: like most other houses in this part of the Tyrol, the entry to it is by a wooden stair outside, which leads to a little balcony. Several targets, perforated in many places near the centre, were fixed to the wall,—evidences of Hofer's prowess in markmanship. In the house which is, and ever has been an inn, I resolved to spend the night.

I had finished a rural meal on the balcony, when four peasants of the neighbourhood walked in, to refresh themselves with a little wine; and possibly to see the stranger. They were fine-looking, and intelligent men; and spoke without much reserve about the state of the Tyrol, and the patriot who had owned a home in that valley. One of them, a man about fifty years old, had known Hofer well, and had attended his obsequies; and when he said that the Austrian authorities, professing a reverence for him, had attended the procession, he spat with violence on the ground, to express contempt of the hypocrisy. He represented Hofer as a sturdy, broad shouldered man; with a high and capacious brow; eyes, a little sunken, and an honest expression of countenance; he wore mustachios, and a beard,—why the latter, I was not able to learn. We shared amongst us several bottles of tolerable wine; and drank to the memory of Hofer, and to better times.

It was dusk when the party broke up; and I accompanied one of the number to his house, about a mile farther up the valley: here, we repeated our toast; and in the old fashion, he accompanied me half way back. “We can never be otherwise than we are,” said he, “unless France stretches her hand to us.” It was a quiet and calm scene as I strolled leisurely back to the house of Hofer: there was only the noise of the stream, which guided me safely to my quarters.

I cannot pause in my narrative at a better place than here, in the house of Hofer, to present the reader with a slight sketch of the war of 1809; and of the lives and fortunes of Speckbacher and Hofer, the chief actors in it; and a few words respecting the history of the Tyrol, may be thought an appropriate introduction.

CHAPTER XXVII.

MEMOIR OF THE TYROLEAN WAR OF 1809; AND OF THE CHIEF ACTORS IN IT.

Historical Sketch—State of the Tyrol under the Austrian dominion; its annexation to Bavaria—Memoir of Hofer—Commencement of the War—Successes of the Tyrolese—Fall of Inspruck—and surrender of General Wrede's forces.

TYROL, was the ancient Vindelicia—and the name is said to be derived from Teriolis, an ancient castle in the valley of Venosta. Subjugated by the victorious arms of Augustus, the Tyrol subsequently shared the chequered fortunes of the Roman empire in its decline; and the valleys of the Eisach and the Adige, were doubtless among the highways, by which northern tribes poured into the plains of Italy. From the dominion of Rome, the Tyrol became subject to the Ostrogothic empire; and was in later times, successively the property of the Lombards, the Franks, the Bavarians, and the Austrians.

During the middle ages, the Tyrol was subject to a number of petty lords, spiritual and temporal, but vassals in name, to the head of the Germanic empire; and at this day, there is no one among the European nations, where are to be found so many vestiges of the reign of feudalism. The first noble who appears to have gained any ascendancy, was Mainhard, count of Goerz and Tyrol, to whose exertions, Rudolph was chiefly indebted for his elevation to the empire. The race of Mainhards ultimately became extinct in the person of Margaret, surnamed Maultasch, or great mouth; and she having connected herself by two successive marriages, first with the princes of Bavaria, and then with the house of Austria, granted the reversion of her Tyrolese possessions to the dukes of Austria. This bequest gave rise to a fierce contest with the dukes of Bavaria, who disputed the succession; and the quarrel was only terminated by the purchase, by count Rudolph, of his rival's claim. Margaret's grant was subsequently confirmed by Charles IV.; and since that period, the Tyrol has been an appanage of the Austrian family.

The value of the Tyrol, as a natural and strong barrier against foreign aggression, was probably always felt by the house of Austria; and it has indeed been called, the shield of Austria: but as a source of revenue, it is only in later times that its importance has been at all appreciated. The first of the Austrian princes who interested himself in

the improvement of his patrimonial territory, was Frederick the Fourth, son of Leopold the Second, who was killed at the battle of Sempach. The greater part of his life was spent in the prosecution of unsuccessful wars; but during the intervals of peace, he occupied himself in matters pertaining to legislation; and to his love of this country and its people, must be ascribed many of the privileges which the Tyroleans long after continued to enjoy. Nor were they ungrateful to the house of Austria; their privileges unviolated—their prejudices even respected—their fidelity remained unshaken: and it is little to be wondered at, that when the Tyrol was unceremoniously transferred to the dominion of Bavaria, the Tyrolese should have felt the change, and resolved to resist the transference.

By the 8th article of the treaty of Presburg, concluded in 1806, when the triumphs of the French arms put into the hands of the conqueror, the destinies of Austria; the Tyrol and Vorarlberg were given to Bavaria, in exchange for the duchy of Wurtzburg. This transference, made without consent of the Diet, and in opposition to the will of the people, might be considered an annihilation of Tyrolean privileges; and although Bavaria solemnly guaranteed to the Tyrol, all her ancient and accustomed rights, this stipulation was speedily forgotten. The representative states were suppressed; the public funds were seized, ecclesiastical property was confiscated, and new taxes were levied.

The condition of the Tyrol under the Austrian government, had been that of a free state, enjoying the protection of a great monarchy. Austria, appreciating the independent and warlike character of the people, and fully aware of the importance of maintaining their attachment, had studiously sought by acts of kindness and temperance, to conciliate their affection, and to secure for itself the character of a paternal government. When therefore the Tyrolese saw themselves delivered over to the rule of Bavaria,—a power towards which they had never entertained very cordial feelings; and when this transference was followed by a disregard of their privileges, and by many iniquitous and vexatious acts of oppression, a feeling of discontent spread rapidly among the people; and an insurrection, nominally in favour of Austria, but in reality for the recovery of rights which belong to a free people, was gradually organized. Meanwhile, information of these events having been secretly communicated to the court of Vienna, and promises of speedy and effectual aid having been received from the emperor, a correspondence was opened with the archduke John, who was then in the neighbourhood, and who, in frequent visits which he had made to the Tyrol, had become acquainted with the country, and attached to the people.

All was now ready for a blow being struck: the archduke John issued proclamations, which produced a strong impression upon the people; and

thousands were prepared to join the standard of insurrection. But before proceeding with a sketch of these events, some slight notice of Hofer, and of the other chief actors in the insurrection, will be a fit introduction.

Andrew Hofer was born on the 22nd November 1767; so that when he was first called to take an active part in behalf of his country, he was approaching the mature age of forty-two. His native village, as the reader already knows, was St. Leonhard, in the valley of Passeyer; which in early days belonged to the Earls of Tyrol; but which afterwards became subject to Austria, and received from its new master, several exclusive privileges; among others, a right of pasture on the Eisach.

The name of Hofer's mother, was Maria Aignet-leiterin; and his father, Joseph Hofer, kept an inn, as his ancestors had done, before him. The business of a publican in the Tyrol, as I have already elsewhere observed, has always been one of great respectability; exercised for the most part, by persons otherwise in easy circumstances, and owners of a good many hereditary acres. Little is known of Hofer's early life; or at what period, or age, he entered upon his father's business. It is certain however, that his education, and more especially, his opportunities of improvement, were superior to others of the same rank with himself; for his time was not spent exclusively in the remote

valley of Passeyer. Before he began, upon his father's death, to exercise the regular calling of a publican, he is known to have carried on a traffic in wines, and also in horses; and must in consequence have made frequent journeys to the lower districts of the Tyrol, and probably, even into the northern provinces of Italy; which is the more to be believed, since he is well known to have been acquainted with the Italian language.

Hofer, in his private character, was a man of strict integrity, and of unimpeachable morals. His public character is comprised in the word patriotism. But this love of country for which Hofer was so distinguished, was productive of blemishes, such as, in a low state of society, and with comparatively scanty advantages, a blind devotion for country must necessarily produce. With him, all Tyrolean usages were sacred; and improvement and innovation were alike the objects of his dislike. His attachment to the superstitions of the catholic church was deeply rooted; and it was indeed this veneration for his country, and all that it contained of good or bad, that gained him popularity, and perhaps also, that led him to deserve it.

In his habits, Hofer was naturally fond of ease; and this, as well as the cheerfulness of his disposition, led him into convivial excesses, which are not unusual among his countrymen of the northern and central Tyrol; and it is even recorded of him, as an occurrence not uncommon, that he led his

peasant army to victory with a rosary in one hand, and a bottle in the other.

The talent of Hofer as a leader may be best gathered from the events in which he took so prominent a part: he is generally represented however to have been slow in decision, but intrepid in action; and although wholly unacquainted with military tactics, yet admirably fitted, from his perfect knowledge of the country, for the high destiny to which the affection of his countrymen called him.

In his personal appearance, Hofer was of Herculean make, though not much beyond the middle height; his gait was of that stooping kind which is frequently acquired by the mountaineer; his eyes were black; his hair brown and bushy, and his beard reached almost to his girdle: this was the ancient practice with innkeepers in the Tyrol, and the attachment of Hofer for old usage was of itself sufficient to lead him to venerate it; besides that it is said, he once gained a wager of two oxen upon the length of his beard, and continued ever after to cherish it with peculiar regard.

Hofer's dress was not less characteristic of his truly Tyrolean predilections: he wore a large broad-brimmed hat, adorned with black ribbons, and black feathers; a short green coat; red waistcoat, with green braces over it; black breeches; red stockings; and most commonly, half boots, laced in front, and tight to the anele; he wore also, constantly, a crucifix, and a medal of St.

George, and a massive gold chain and medal sent to him by the emperor.

Such, as far as I have been able to gather, was Andrew Hofer; and now let us turn to the events which give interest to his portrait.

All being now ready for revolt, the rising was fixed for the ninth of April. The signals requisite to secure co-operation throughout the Tyrol, were agreed upon. The first of these was, sawdust thrown into the Inn and the Eisach, on the night of the 8th: the second were, signal fires, which, on the night of the 9th, blazed from a hundred hill tops, and from the ruins of the ancient castles. Besides these, the peasantry of the Innthal were warned by women and children, who carried from house to house throughout the valley, small balls of paper, upon which were written the words, "S'ist Zeit." (It is time).

Two blows were struck on the same day—the 10th of April. The Bavarian troops were driven down the Pusterthall to the valley of the Eisach, where, at Sterzing Moos, Hofer engaged and routed them, with a loss of nearly six hundred prisoners, and three hundred killed and wounded. But this day was still more memorable for the victory of Inspruck.

During the night of the 9th, Speckbacher, of whom I shall presently speak at great length, attacked the monastery and bridge over the Inn at Volders, and driving in the Bavarian outposts,

advanced under shelter of the darkness, near to the gates of Hall, and there waited the break of day. At that hour, the gates of the town being opened, Speckbacher and his chosen band rushed in, and speedily succeeded in forcing the Bavarians across the bridge. This first success, and the possession of so considerable a town as Hall, stimulated the Tyrolean peasantry to greater exertions, and not a day was lost in pushing their advantage. The adjacent valleys poured in their volunteers, and the force continually augmenting in its march upon Inspruck, that city was attacked on the morning of the 11th, by an army of twenty thousand men. General Kinkel, and more especially Colonel Dittfurt, by whose regiment the city was chiefly garrisoned, fought every inch of ground; but the attack of so superior a force, unequal indeed in discipline to their adversaries, but armed with that moral power which is found only among patriots, was irresistible; and before nightfall, the Tyrolese had peaceable possession of their capital.

I must not omit mention of a circumstance which contributed, in no considerable degree, to inspire with more sanguine hope, and with new courage, a people over whom the delusions of superstition at all times wielded an undue influence. Dittfurt, the Bavarian, had long rendered himself odious to the Tyrolese, both by his contempt of the people, which he made no secret of expressing, and on account of many excesses which he committed,

both in a public and private capacity. This officer, being determined not to surrender himself prisoner, and perceiving escape to be impossible, fought with the fury and desperation of a man who is resolved to die, but equally resolved to part with life on the dearest terms. At length, pierced with many wounds, he was carried unresisting to the guard-house,—and while lying in the agonies of death, he turned to those who stood near, and inquired who he was who had led the Tyroleans to victory. “No one led us,” answered they; “we fought equally for God, the emperor, and our native land.” To this, Dittfurt replied, that what they told him was false; for that he had himself seen their leader frequently pass by on a white horse. This wild raving of a dying man seized upon the superstitious minds of the peasantry,—and the belief amongst them was universal, that St. James, the patron saint of Inspruck, had fought on their side.

The occupation of Inspruck, naturally filled the victors with new hopes, and was followed by extravagant demonstrations of joy; the public streets resounded with shouts of triumph and songs of liberty; while in the churches, anthems of praise, rose to the God of battles. A slight check was offered to the rejoicings of the conquerors by the appearance on the morning of the 12th, of a large column of French and Bavarians, defiling down the steeps of Mount Brenner; these troops, under the command of general Wrede, made an assault upon

the Tyrolese outposts: but being repulsed, they were forced to take up a position between the city and the opposite mountains. An easy victory now presented itself: hemmed in on both sides, the Tyrolese peasantry poured down from Mount Brenner,—while the larger force from Inspruek, joined by an Austrian regiment under general Chastelar, advanced on the opposite side,—and the enemy perceiving the hopelessness of resistance, surrendered themselves prisoners of war.

The efforts of the Tyrolese were thus every where successful; and in less than one week, the Bavarians and French were obliged to abandon the whole of the northern and central Tyrol. In the southern Tyrol, they continued to occupy the city of Trent, till the 22d April, when it was also evacuated on intelligence being received of the Archduke John's victory at Saeile. But the events which filled up the month of May, were of a more chequered description.

CHAPTER XXVIII.

MEMOIR OF THE WAR.

Reverses—Occupation of Inspruck by the French—Contrast between the conduct of the Tyroleans and their enemies—Preparations of the Tyrolese Leaders—Memoir of Speckbacher, and of Joseph Haspinger—Advance of the Tyrolese—Battle of Inspruck, and total defeat of the French and Bavarians—Evacuation of Inspruck.

THE fortune of war proving unsuccessful to the Austrians at Lundshut and Ratisbon,—and the Archduke being forced to retire from the States of Verona, the French army under generals Rusca and D'Hilliers, penetrated into the Tyrol, by the valley of the Adige: while the victory obtained over the Austrians at Wörgl on the 13th, once more left open the valley of the Inn to the combined forces of France and Bavaria. The Austrians under general Chastelar retreated across Mount Brenner; and the peasantry not daring to oppose resistance to the formidable force that threatened the capital, and which was then advancing up the valley of the Inn, the enemy took possession of Inspruck, without opposition, on the 17th of May.

A remarkable contrast was afforded in the conduct of the Tyrolese, and of their enemies, during the first struggle. Moderation in the hour of victory is assuredly less to be expected from a people struggling against a foreign foe, for their privileges, and almost for their existenee, than from those who are bent upon subjugation: a thousand outraged rights, and hereditary associations, might plead in palliation of excesses committed by the former; but no such apologies can be found in extenuation of aets of eruelty perpetrated by the invader. But in this first revolt of the Tyrol, rapid and complete victory was followed by the virtues of moderation and humanity; while on the other hand, the success of the enemy was attended by all the wantonness of excess, and was even stained by aets of deliberate eruelty. The march of the conquerors from the victory of Wörgl to Inspruek, was marked by the desolations of fire and sword; towns and villages were given up to plunder, and then abandoned to the flames; and the inhabitants were either put to the sword, or were forced to fly from their burning dwellings, to the shelter of their mountains.

The enemy although in possession of Inspruek, made no immediate attempt to push their advantage. Undoubtedly had they been in possession of authentic intelligenee of the events that had recently taken place in the southern Tyrol, they would have forced the passage of Mount Brenner, and formed a junction with the generals Rusea and D'Hilliers. The

mountain passes being however in the possession of the peasantry, couriers were intercepted; and the captors of Inspruck remained ignorant of all that had occurred to the south of Mount Brenner. But from this ignorance and indecision, important consequences resulted. The Austrian generals had resolved upon quitting the Tyrol; but general Buol, who occupied, with a small Austrian force, the heights of Mount Brenner, finding that no attempt was made to dislodge him, yielded to the entreaties of Hofer, and resolved to aid the Tyrolese in a second attempt to rid their country of the French and Bavarians.

We are now on the eve of the most important battle which was fought during the continuance of this unequal struggle. As May drew to a close, the operations of the Tyrolese were concentrated upon the Innthal: Speckbacher had roused the peasantry of the lower valley of the Inn, and was slowly moving upon the capital; Teimer, then major in the Austrian service, had crossed the mountains from the valley of the upper Adige, to the upper Innthal, and descended upon the capital, at the head of a body of peasantry. Hofer, with his band, was posted on Mount Brenner, ready to drop down upon Inspruck; higher up, general Buol remained, with a body of Austrian regulars; and Joachim Haspinger had stationed himself with a band of peasants, on the Iselberg. The four chiefs of the Tyrolese were therefore all ready at this

time, to co-operate in an attack upon the Bavarian army. But before proceeding, it will be interesting to speak more particularly, of the chiefs whose names I have mentioned.

Joseph Speckbacher was born in the year 1768, in the mountain village of Gnadenwald, in the lower Innthal. He was left an orphan at the tender age of seven; and although his relations bestowed upon him the cares which necessity devolved upon them, little Speckbacher did not profit by them. Learning had no charms for him; and at a very early age, he was found from morning till night among the mountains, with his rifle over his shoulder, pursuing the roe, or engaging the lammergeyer. By and by, however, he totally abandoned all settled habitation, and consorting with a set of lawless companions, he became a border robber; subsisting by the chase when successful, but when necessity or inclination prompted him, making incursions on the Bavarian territory, and retreating with the produce of his gun into the hollows of the Tyrolese Alps. This, although a bad school of morals, was an admirable preparation for the scenes in which Speckbacher was afterwards engaged. Frequent pursuit, and constant danger, taught him both resolution and wariness; he acquired an intimate knowledge of the country—a knowledge indispensable in mountain warfare; and the peril to which he had often been exposed within the Bavarian frontier, nursed in him those

feelings of hatred towards Bavaria which are felt less or more by every inhabitant of the northern Tyrol.

Speckbacher however relinquished this irregular life, some years before he was called upon to take a part in the political events that united the patriots of the Tyrol. It is said, that he was turned from his lawless courses by seeing one of his companions shot in a rencontre with a band of chasseurs; but be that as it may, it is certain, that about the mature age of twenty-eight, he returned to his native valley,—married Maria Schmeider, who brought him a small property, and entered into a contract to supply the salt works of Hall with wood. He even applied himself to study, and made himself master of the ordinary rudiments of education; and from this period he appears to have been satisfied with the duties and cares of domestic life, and quiet occupation, until the events took place which called him from the obscurity of his native valley.

Of Joseph Haspinger little is known, until he exchanged the silence of his cell for the din of war; for Haspinger was a Capuchin friar, and although accounted one of the most formidable of the Tyrolean leaders, he carried into battle only the spiritual weapons which he brought from the cloister. Clothed in his brown garment, and rope girdle, he carried in his hand a large ebony crucifix, which it is said, was used, not only to warm the enthusiasm of his followers, but also to thin the

rank of the enemy; and Haspinger being a man of Herculean make, is said to have performed as many miracles by the strength of his arm, as with the invisible weapons of faith and devotion. Haspinger obtained among his followers the surname of Rothbard, or Redbeard—owing to the size and colour of that appendage. The circumstances attending the further fortunes of Haspinger and Speckbacher, will form the subject of a future narrative.

Of Teimer, I am only enabled to say, that his fortunes are said to have somewhat exceeded his merits; he was made a baron, and was presented by the emperor with the cross of Maria Theresa—honours to which Hofer never attained; and it is undoubtedly some reflection upon the character of Hofer, that the distinctions conferred upon Teimer created a jealousy between these chiefs, which in some degree injured the success of the common cause. Let me now return from this digression to the progress of the war, and the details of the important battle of the 29th.

Some fighting took place on the 25th, in the neighbourhood of the Iselberg, and was occasionally renewed during the three following days, but without any manifest advantage to either side; but on the morning of the 29th, both parties prepared for battle—the Tyrolese for a general assault, and the Bavarian regulars to oppose to it the coolness, discipline, and superior advantages which they pos-

sessed. The whole force of the Tyroleans amounted to 18,000 men; of that number, 17,000 were peasantry, badly accoutred for war, scantily supplied with ammunition, under separate leaders, and bound together only by that enthusiasm which is usually considered but a feeble adversary when opposed to discipline and experience. A thousand Austrian regulars fought on the side of the Tyrolese, and a small band of sixty or seventy horse, and five pieces of cannon, completed the army.

Opposed to this force were eight thousand Bavarian infantry,—nearly one thousand cavalry, and twenty-five pieces of cannon—the whole under the command of General Deroy.

The battle commenced soon after day-break, by the attack of the right wing of the Tyrolese, headed by Speckbacher, upon the bridge of Hall; and the engagement soon became general. Haspinger and his followers descended from the Iselberg, and attacked the enemy with all the fury which patriotism conjoined with superstition begets; Teimer fell upon the rear of Bavarians from the Hottigen, while Hofer at the head of a numerous body of peasantry, sometimes waving aloft his sword, sometimes his rosary, hastened down the Brenner, and carried terror and victory in whatever direction he led his followers. The descent of Hofer from the Brenner was not however till towards mid-day; Speckbacher had carried the bridge of Hall, and earned the surname of *Der Feuer-teufel*—Fire

Devil; and Haspinger had shewn in more ways than one, the power of his ebon cross, while Hofer was carousing in an inn with his friends. When however he put himself at the head of his countrymen, he repaired the fault of delay; and it is said, that to his individual prowess, and the confidence with which his example inspired his followers, much of that day's success may be attributed. The Bavarians were nowhere able to resist the furious attack of their assailants, who closed upon them, and thus deprived them of the advantage which their better arms gave them in more distant warfare. Towards sunset, a truce of twenty-four hours was agreed upon; for although the Tyrolese had been everywhere successful, yet the enemy were in possession of Inspruck; and without cannon, and war munition, the victors were in no condition to assault the Bavarians within their intrenchments. The truce however afforded leisure for reflection: General Deroy found that one half of his whole army were put hors de combat, while the remainder, dispirited by the events of the day, were in no condition to engage an enemy flushed with victory, and whose loss was more than supplied by the bands of peasantry who were seen from time to time hastening down the mountains to augment the patriot army. A retreat was resolved on; and here, knowledge and discipline displayed their advantages. Inspruck was silently evacuated on the night of the 30th; and notwithstanding the keen pursuit of

Speckbacher, and a large part of the army, the Bavarians succeeded in retreating down the Innthal, without loss, and almost without firing a gun. Meanwhile, the Tyrolese entered Inspruck; and the whole of the Tyrol being now freed from the Bavarians, a short interval of repose succeeded, to be afterwards broken by new calls for exertion, and fresh misfortunes.

During the whole of the month of June, and part of July, the Tyrolese remained in undisturbed possession of their country, with the exception of Kufstein, which Speckbacher had unsuccessfully blockaded. But difficulties of the most formidable kind surrounded the Tyrolese. The peasantry, brave, and united in danger, returned to the independent habits of mountaineers when danger appeared no longer near; and it was with the utmost difficulty that an organized force could be held together. The civil and military government of the country were both in disorder: arms, ammunition, and above all, money, were wanting: and the co-operation and assistance of Austria became every day feebler. It was in the midst of these difficulties, that the decisive battle of Wagram was followed by an armistice between France and Austria; and at the same time with the intelligence of these events, an order was received by Hormayr, Austrian governor, to evacuate the Tyrol; while the Tyrolean chiefs were commanded to lay down their arms, disband their followers, and receive the Bavarians as their masters.

It was now that the patriotism of the Tyrolese burst forth. Hitherto, encouraged and aided by their natural protectors, they had fought for their Austrian allegiance, as well as for their own liberties: attachment and loyalty towards the house of Austria, had mingled with their patriotism; and the character of independent Tyrolese, could not be separated from that of Austrian subjects. But the aspect of affairs was now changed: deserted by Austria, they resolved to be true to themselves; and we have now before us, the noble spectacle of a few hardy and brave mountaineers resolving to be free, at a time when the iron hand of despotism had crushed the liberties of Europe. "We have fought for the rights of Austria," said they; "let us now fight for our own."

Till this exigency had arisen, Hofer had been entrusted by Hormayr, with the command in the southern Tyrol; and upon receiving like the other chiefs, an order to lay down his arms, he at first hesitated, and then required twelve hours for consideration. This interval was spent, partly in consultation with his fellow patriots, and partly in devotion; and at the expiration of the period, he announced himself as commander-in-chief of the Tyrolese; and erected the standard of revolt. The peasantry flocked to him in thousands; numbers of the Austrians, in place of obeying the order to join the evacuating army, deserted to him,—won

over by the eloquence of the Tyrolese,—or by the noble patriotism of their leader. The whole of the Austrian troops in the Voralberg followed this example, declaring that they would never desert their brothers the Tyrolese; and another energetic and desperate effort was resolved upon for the recovery of independence.

Meanwhile, baron Hormayr, general Buol, and the main body of the Austrians, prepared to evacuate the country; but before quitting the Tyrol, Hormayr used every persuasion to induce Hofer to abandon his design of resistance,—representing to him the hopelessness of the attempt; the power, and number of his foes; the inevitable consequences of subjugation; and the many other reasons which a cool political, and an experienced general may be supposed to urge, against the wisdom of resistance by a handful of undisciplined mountaineers without resources, to the collected force of an army that had already subjugated Europe. But whether it might be, that Hofer looked with a more sanguine eye than his adviser, upon the enterprise which he had undertaken; or, that having accepted from his countrymen, the chief command,—pride, or vanity forbade the relinquishment of his honours,—he resisted the entreaties of Baron Hormayr, who soon afterwards left the Tyrol along with the Austrian troops, excepting that portion of them which had resolved to stand by the Tyrolese. Speckbacher, notwithstanding his devotion to his country,

was of a less uncompromising disposition than Hofer; and somewhat dispirited by his want of success in attempting to reduce the town and fortress of Kufstein, Hormayr and general Buol found less difficulty in persuading him of the impracticability of defending the Tyrol and re-establishing its liberties. He resolved to accept the offer of the Austrian commanders, and retire with them, to Austria; and accordingly, after having visited his native village, and taken leave of his family, he joined the Austrian officers, and crossed the Brenner. But it was so ordered, that Speckbacher's deeds on behalf of his country, were not to be eclipsed by his apostacy. It chanced, that while Speckbaeher descended towards Sterzing, Andrew Hofer was traversing the same path with a band of mountain patriots. Hofer recognized his former associate in arms, among the Austrian officers, as their open carriage passed under a projecting rock upon which he stood; he knew that Speckbacher was deserting his country; and while tears started to his eyes, he exclaimed, "Ah my comrade, they are leading thee to ignominy." Speckbaeher heard the reproachful and pitying words of Hofer; and caught a glimpse of his person, as he cast his eyes upwards. In that moment Speckbacher formed his resolution: at Sterzing, he secretly quitted his companions; and procuring a horse, spurred him up the mountain road, and rejoined Hofer. Here, on the Brenner, they offered up prayers for their country, and bound

themselves by a solemn agreement, to live and die for her liberties.

It has been generally admitted, that Hofer, notwithstanding his patriotism and bravery, was not equal to the supreme command which in obedience to the wishes of his countrymen, he had assumed. As a Guerilla chief, his qualities would have been invaluable; or in a subordinate command, his fearlessness, and his intimate acquaintance with the country, would have fitted him for daring and successful enterprise; but neither his education, nor the turn of his mind, qualified him for the organization and direction of extensive military operations; still less for those cares of civil government, which after the retirement of the Austrian heads, necessarily devolved upon the person in chief authority.

On the 31st of July, when the duke of Dantzic entered Inspruck, Hofer, yet undecided as to his plan of operations, remained inactive in his native valley, giving already sufficient evidence of that indecision which resulted in a great measure from a consciousness in his own limited knowledge of warfare, and which was partly an inheritance of nature; and accordingly, in the first-fruits of the league of revolt that had just been formed, Hofer bore no part. Three of the Tyrolean leaders, Schenk, Mayer, and Kenmater, sought and found Joseph Haspinger in his convent in Clausen; and in his cell, the plan of operations was first concocted: Haspinger again suffered himself to be

persuaded to leave the cloister for the battle field—and to take that direction in the military affairs of the Tyrol which had already on so many occasions helped the Tyroleans to victory. Hostilities accordingly recommenced on one of the first days in August.

It was on the 4th of August, that the general rising of the peasantry took place; and their first attack was made that very day, on a body of French and Saxon troops, who were strongly posted on the Eisach; and during several days an uninterrupted contest of the fiercest description was maintained in the valley of the Eisach. The object of Haspinger was, to prevent the enemy from descending the valley to Brixen, and thus penetrating into the lower Tyrol; and the struggle was in consequence the most furious and deadly at the two bridges, which the French and Saxons endeavoured to force, and which the Tyrolese had resolved either to defend, or to destroy. The bravest efforts of the former were unsuccessful; man to man, the combatants fought on the planks; and when the more disciplined tactics of the invaders, and the greater power of their artillery, would have forced the passage, the Tyrolese succeeded in setting fire to the bridges: with the fall of the bridges, hundreds were precipitated into the river, and those who have travelled by the torrent of the Eisach, will readily believe, that they were hurried to quick destruction.

Weakened by loss of numbers, and discouraged

alike by want of success, and by the fall of many of their leaders, the enemy retreated up the valley of the Eisach; and the Tyrolese having quickly erected temporary bridges, became pursuers. Perilous is the retreat of an army up the valley of the Eisach. If a hostile, though unarmed peasantry possess the heights that command the defile, scarcely will one man pass the Brenner. So it was proved in this retreat. The peasantry roused by the protracted contest, had assembled in force on the heights; and foreseeing the event, had busied themselves in felling trees, and loosening stones, above the valley; and these, aided by Tyrolean rifles, almost exterminated the remnant which the waters of the Eisach had spared. But we now approach still more important events,—first to speak of the celebrated immolation of the French and Bavarian force under the Duke of Dantzic.

After the repulse of the French and Saxons, which has just been recorded, the Duke of Dantzic—resolved to atone for the disasters which had befallen a part of his army, incensed at the obstinate defence of the Tyrolese, and anxious to justify by his own acts, the animadversions he had freely passed on general Wrede, who had permitted himself to be repulsed by an undisciplined peasantry—put himself at the head of the French and Bavarians, hastily crossed the Brenner, and took possession of Sterzing. Meanwhile Hofer, at the head of the Landsturm, had crossed the mountains from

the valley of the Passeyer, and was ready to fall down upon Sterzing: Speckbacher had taken up a position a little to the south of Sterzing,—while Haspinger, after pursuing the remnant of the French and Saxons, had halted in the narrow gorge which extends down the valley of the Eisach from Sterzing. The three leaders of the Tyroleans, and the whole force of the peasantry were therefore concentrated near Sterzing.

The Duke of Dantzic resolved to lose no time in completing the conquest of the southern Tyrol: and almost immediately, ordered the advance of four thousand Bavarians to force the gorge in which it was supposed the troops under Haspinger were posted. It is said, that much disinclination was shewn to obey this order. The knowledge of the Tyrolese character; the nature of the warfare which they had already partially employed; and the dangerous appearance of the defile into which they were desired to penetrate, filled the hearts of the troops with a presentiment of evil. One of the Saxon officers, who wrote a relation of the events that followed, says, “our entrance into the passes was opposed but by some small corps, which fell back, after an obstinate resistance. Among others of our assailants, I perceived a man full eighty years old, posted on the side of a rock, by the path, over the deep channel of the river, sending death among our ranks, from the unerring rifle which he rested on a branch of a tree. Some Bavarians were

ordered to make him prisoner: ere the first could reach him, he was struck down by a ball; and the old man throwing away his rifle with a loud 'hurrah,' sprung forward; and seizing the second, cried out, 'in God's name,' and sprung with him into the gulf beneath."

The Bavarian force continued to advance into the gorge: and as the troops silently and now unopposed, defiled through the pass, a voice was heard among the impending precipices, saying, "Stephen, shall I chop it off yet?" to which a loud "nay, not yet," reverberated from the opposite side of the ravine. Intelligence of what had been heard was immediately carried to the Duke of Dantzic, who however, treated the information lightly, and ordered the column to advance: and now the whole four thousand Bavarians were within the gorge; and while waiting the order from the Duke of Dantzic, had halted. Suddenly a loud voice was heard above, "Hans for the most Holy Trinity," to which there was an immediate response from the opposite rocks, "in the name of the most Holy Trinity, cut all loose above," and the next moment an avalanche of trees, rocks, and stones thundered down the precipices, overwhelming the helpless thousands below, and sweeping hundreds into the dark torrent that raged at an immense depth beneath. For a moment, a death-like silence followed the roar of the avalanche, broken only by the groans of the maimed and

dying: the terrified survivors turned and fled; but a destructive fire was opened upon them from the rocks and trees,—and the few who escaped had scarcely reached the main body, when Hofer and Speckbacher descended upon the enemy's flanks, while Haspinger followed up his success in their rear. A natural panic seized the forces of the Duke of Dantzic, and the whole army commenced a hasty retreat,—which speedily became a rout; the whole material of the army was abandoned; and the troops consulting only their own safety, fled with precipitation across the Brenner. It is said, that the Duke of Dantzic was the first to carry the news of his defeat to Inspruck; and it is recorded, that at the same time that the broken remnant of this army entered Inspruck, the remains of a body of seventeen thousand Bavarians entered that city from the west side, having been defeated and routed in an attempt to penetrate into the upper valley of the Adige, by the pass of the Finstermunz.

CHAPTER XXIX.

MEMOIR OF THE WAR.

Advance of the Tyrolese upon Inspruck—Preparations of the Duke of Dantzic—State of both Armies—Second Battle of the Iselberg—Disposition of the Forces, and their Leaders—total Defeat of the French and Bavarians—Results of the Battle—Flight of the Duke of Dantzic—Hofer's Triumphal Entry into the Capital—Hofer's Government of the Tyrol—his qualifications and deportment—Embassy of Congratulation from the Emperor Francis—application to the British Government—farther Successes of the Tyrolese, and visionary Projects.

THE successes which have just been narrated, were vigorously followed up by the Tyrolean leaders, who hotly pursued their flying enemies, and concentrated their forces on the Isel mountain, opposite the city, the scene of their former victory of the 29th of May. The Duke of Dantzic also made extraordinary exertions to put himself in such a condition as might enable him to take the field: his scattered troops were collected; his outposts and corps of observation were hastily recalled; and he speedily found himself at the head of twenty-five thousand disciplined troops, with a train of forty pieces of artillery; a force greatly out-numbering

that of the Tyrolese, which amounted at the utmost to eighteen thousand, with a scanty field artillery; and, with the exception of about three hundred Austrians, consisting of ill-armed, and half-disciplined peasantry.

But, if there was this disparity in numbers and discipline, it was partly atoned for by those moral advantages which sometimes wrest the battle from the strong. The army of the Duke of Dantzic was composed in a great measure, of men who had been beaten, and who were dispirited by ill-success: the presence of their leader, who had shared their misfortunes, inspired them with no confidence; and independently of the Guerilla warfare by which their enemies had annoyed them, they had witnessed a resolution, and individual bravery, in open warfare, that can be expected only from those who fight for the liberties of their country.

Repeated victories on the other hand, filled the Tyrolese with confidence; they despised, as well as hated their enemies. Hofer, Speckbacher, and Haspinger, they regarded not merely as invincible soldiers, but as men under the immediate protection of heaven; and their cause was not only the cause of liberty and of their country, but had acquired in their minds a certain sacredness, that had at least as much of religion in it, as of patriotism. Such were the physical, and such the moral strength of the two armies, that on the morning of the 12th of August, prepared to put the fortunes of the Tyrol to the hazard of a battle.

The Tyrolese army, as has already been said, was posted on the slopes of the Iselberg: Hofer commanded in person; and had his head quarters at a small public house called the Spade: the right wing was commanded by Speckbacher, — while Haspinger, and count Joseph Mahr, led on the rest of the army. During the night, Haspinger, the Capuchin, roused his brother in arms Hofer, — whose turn of mind in matters pertaining to religion had no small affinity with that of the monk: together they retired from their sleeping comrades, and sought the church-yard of Wilten, almost within the Austrian outposts: there their brave companions in arms slain in the battle of the 29th of May had been buried, — and there, Haspinger and Hofer prayed to God to bless their arms, — and renewed their vows on behalf of liberty and their country.

The army of the Duke of Dantzic was drawn up on the plain which lies between the city and the Iselberg — the position of the enemy. Before six in the morning, firing began: and the Bavarians and French commenced an attack on the Tyrolese, who were posted at the bridge of the Sil. Hofer advanced to support the position, and the battle became general. The broken and wooded nature of the battle field, as well as the village of Wilten, prevented the Duke of Dantzic from making effectual use of his artillery: the battle became an individual conflict on the bridge of the Sil, and in

the village and church-yard of Wilten—a conflict in which individual physical and moral strength were alike in favour of the Tyrolese. Their assailants, who at first thought to dislodge them from their position, were soon forced to stand on the defensive; for the Tyrolese, having succeeded in making themselves masters of the bridges, now sought to force the approaches to the city. The last great struggle took place in the church-yard of Wilten, where Hofer and Haspinger doubtless remembered the solemnities of the preceding night, and which was soon covered with the slain. The Bavarians, after an obstinate contest, gave way; Speckbacher rushed into the contest with the right wing, and the victory was won. The enemy fled back to Inspruck, and the victorious Tyrolese pressing on, the defeated army almost immediately evacuated the capital, crossing the Inn, and retreating down the Innthal, upon Saltzburg. Speckbacher followed with his fresh troops, and again gained an easy victory over the rear guard of the enemy, at Schwatz; and subsequently pursued the enemy to the frontiers of the Tyrol, which was thus, a second time, delivered from its enemies.

The loss in the battle of the 12th of August, has been variously stated. All accounts admit that the Tyrolese made seventeen hundred prisoners. The Tyrolese account states the Bavarian loss at seven thousand killed and wounded: and their own, at fifty killed and one hundred and thirty-two wounded.

The Bavarian account estimates the loss of the Tyrolese at one thousand; and states their own at five thousand. It is certain however that the victory was complete, and that the loss on the side of the Bavarians must have been great, since their army, with a superiority of seven thousand before the battle, and with a fine train of artillery, could not make a stand in the city.

On the third day after the battle, Hofer made his triumphal entry into Inspruck: he took up his residence in the imperial palace, assumed the title of Imperial Commandant of the Tyrol, (for it will be observed that he ever retained his devotion to the house of Austria), and even held a court. Hofer's abilities were now to be tried in a new character—in the art of government; and although it has been attempted to be shewn that his genius did not always qualify him for the discharge of the duties which were forced upon him by circumstances, it is undeniable, that much was effected by him in restoring order, and in re-organizing the government, during the few months in which the Tyrol was permitted to enjoy the tranquillity which had been purchased on the battle-field.

The orders given and the edicts issued by Hofer, were received by his countrymen with that respect which flowed from the veneration in which he was held—as the saviour of his country; and the government, if it had not altogether the wisdom that can be taught only by experience, was not deficient

in energy; and commanded as implicit obedience as is yielded to a despotic prince. His acts of government were all dictated by a regard for his country, or by its necessities. He issued a new coinage; he levied taxes to such an extent as was deemed necessary for the prosecution of the war; and he restored the ordinary course of justice which war had interrupted.

But notwithstanding that, in his public capacity, Hofer exercised the authority almost of a dictator, he maintained, in his private life and manners, that simplicity and unostentatious style of living which still bespoke him the peasant of the Passeyer. He still retained his national peasant dress, his long beard, and his simple, unaffected deportment; he exacted no tribute of respect, other than that which was shewn by obedience to his orders; he was still addressed by the name of Anderl; in his intercourse with others, he neither claimed nor received any distinction; and so simply was his table set forth, that it is said, the expenses of his establishment did not exceed one florin daily. Nor did his sense of dependence on a higher power than the arms of his countrymen desert him; prosperity did not lessen his constitutional piety. Nothing was permitted to interfere with his regular devotions; and it is recorded of him, that when the hour of this evening devotion arrived, he would say to those who had been his guests at dinner, "We have eaten together,—let us pray together."

In this position matters remained during the months of August and September. On the 28th of the latter month, an unexpected messenger arrived at Inspruck: this was Eisentecken—one of those who had abandoned their country and sought a refuge in Austria with Hormayr, at a time when the fortunes of the Tyrol seemed desperate. He, among others, had no doubt deeply regretted that he should have had no share in the glory that since his departure had descended on the arms of his country; and desirous of again uniting himself with its fortunes, and of wiping off the stain that attached to him, he accepted the office of a messenger of congratulation from the emperor Francis,—and was the bearer, from his imperial majesty, of a letter from the emperor, and of a gold chain and medal, to be presented to Andrew Hofer. He also brought with him the small pecuniary aid of three thousand ducats. Hofer, it is said, long declined an interview with his former associate in arms, so deeply wounded had he been by his former conduct: old recollections however prevailed, and he consented to be reconciled to Eisentecken, who afterwards proved the sincerity of his repentance, by his exertions on behalf of his country—so long at least as his country had need of them.

It was resolved to connect the expression of the emperor's approbation, with the celebration of a solemn fast, which was fixed for the 4th of October. On that day, the Abbot of Wilten performed high

mass, in the church of the Holy Cross; and at the conclusion of the ceremonial, Hofer kneeling at the foot of the tomb of Maximilian, was invested by the prelate, with the testimonial of the emperor's favour, amid the acclamations of thousands of his countrymen. Hofer ever afterwards, continued to prize greatly, this imperial gift; let us hope however, less as the gift of a monarch, than as a badge of the services which he had rendered, or attempted to render, to his country.

Let me not forget to notice, that Hofer, in devising the best means of maintaining the independence of the Tyrol, had cast his eyes towards England; and that at this time, deputies were sent to London, to crave assistance from the English government. Much sympathy with the cause of the Tyrolese was excited in England, on the arrival of the deputies; but the British government, being then occupied with new preparations for disputing the possession of the Peninsula with Napoleon, as well as with the prosecution of the unfortunate expedition to Walcheren, could not render any very effectual aid. A letter of condolence and regret, that the call of the Tyrol could not be answered, and accompanied, I think, with some pecuniary aid, is preserved in the museum of Inspruck.

While Hofer remained in Inspruck, success still for a time continued to attend the exertions of Haspinger and Speckbacher, who had conjoined

their forces, and followed the remains of the Duke of Dantzic's army down the Innthal. These chiefs, crossing the frontiers of the Tyrol, entered the province of Salzburg, and uniting with the people of that country, continued their warlike operations against the Bavarians, with the view of extending to Salzburg and Carinthia, the advantages which their valour had already purchased for the Tyrol. In a sharp conflict on the river Saal, the Bavarians were defeated by Speckbacher, who penetrated to Reichenhall; while Haspinger, pushing his successes still farther, advanced almost to the gates of Salzburg. It is said, that Haspinger, beginning to think himself invincible, indulged in the most extravagant dreams of conquest; and that he went so far as to forward to Inspruck for the approval of Hofer, a project by which he proposed to traverse Styria, and even to gain the Austrian capital,—trusting for co-operation to the friendly dispositions of the Germanic people. Hofer, although he did not sanction this plan, was yet weak enough to direct a continuance in operations, far beyond the strength and resources of his country; and Haspinger and Speckbacher continued offensive warfare on the side of Salzburg.

But the fortunes of the Tyrol were now about to change; and that country was destined to own the same dominion, which had already extended over the other Germanic nations.

CHAPTER XXX.

MEMOIR OF THE WAR.

Threatening aspect of Affairs—the Tyrol menaced on all sides—Proclamation of Eugene Beauharnois—the Tyrolese evacuate Inspruck—the Peace of Vienna—Hofer refuses to lay down his Arms—Losses of the Tyrolese, and termination of the War—Narrative of Hofer's last Days; his Flight, Concealment, Arrest, and Execution—the Fortunes of the other Tyrolean Chiefs.

THE Tyrol was now threatened on both sides, by armies which it was impossible the slender resources, or even the pure patriotism of the Tyrolese could long resist. Peyri at the head of 6000 men, entered the southern Tyrol, took possession of Roveredo and Trent,—and advanced up the valley of the Adige, as far as Lavis; there he was met by Eisentecken, of whom mention has already been made; and this chief, desirous of effacing the recollection of his former weakness, attacked his enemies with a very inferior force—routed them—and retook Trent. This was the last victory of the Tyrolese.

But on the side of Salzburg, things looked more threatening. About the middle of October, a strong body of Bavarians advanced from that city,

successfully attacked Speckbacher at Melek, — killed and wounded the flower of his troops,—his son Anderl, being among the slain,—and forced the Tyrolese within their frontier. At this juncture, generals Wrede and Deroy advanced at the head of a French army from the same side, and joining the Bavarians, presented a force altogether irresistible. Kossen, Kufstein, and Rattenberg, fell successively into their hands ; and it was known at the same time, that general Rusca had entered the Tyrol at Lienz, and was advancing through the Pusterthal towards Prunecken. On the side of Trent also, the southern Tyrol was again threatened by Peyri.

The affairs of the Tyrol now appeared desperate: Eugene Beauharnois issued proclamations of pardon to all who had taken up arms; and the peasantry no longer encouraged to resistance by their chiefs, laid them down by hundreds. Hofer also wavered. Naturally superstitious, he had imbibed a superstitious notion, unhappily too prevalent throughout Germany during the wars with Napoleon, that the French were invincible, and that providence had decreed success to their arms. This belief took so strong a hold of him, that he offered to give himself up to General Drouet; and issued a proclamation, owning the hopelessness of the cause. But a new feeling of patriotism again roused him to action, and resistance.

Early in November, the enemy had penetrated

the Tyrol on all sides,—and the Innthal as far as Hall, being overrun, Hofer evacuated Inspruck on the 5th of November, and drew up his forces on the Iselberg, as he had done on the two former occasions, when victory had crowned his arms. The enemy entered Inspruck on the same day that Hofer evacuated it; but though vastly superior in force, they did not think fit to attack the Tyrolese in their position. It had already been the scene of two victories; and they were well aware, that even if their numbers should prevail, victory could not be purchased but at a great sacrifice,—since the Tyrolese might be expected to fight with all the advantage which a recollection of their former victories might give them, and with the desperation which a consciousness of their present forlorn condition would infallibly communicate to their exertions. It appears however, that Hofer did not retain that confidence in his cause which would otherwise have led him to the assault, or decided him to await the attack of his enemies; for next day he left his position, and retreated to Steinach.

On the 8th November, intelligence was received by Hofer, from the archduke John, of the ratification of the peace of Vienna,—accompanied by a second proclamation of Eugene Beauharnois, commanding an instant cessation of hostilities. On the same day, Hofer issued his proclamation, laying down his command,—and advising his followers to lay down their arms. But unhappily, the insidious

counsel of a Tyrolese, named Kolb, again unsettled the resolutions of the chief. This Kolb industriously spread a rumour, that the document which had brought intelligence of the peace, was forged; that it was a device of the enemy; that Austria was still faithful; and not only was Kolb too successful in thus deluding the peasantry, but he also unfortunately succeeded in convincing Hofer; for upon no other principle is it possible to understand the conduct of Hofer, who, a week after he had laid down his command, recalled his proclamation, and issued another, calling upon the Tyrolese once more to rise in defence of their liberties.

Hofer's proclamation was unfortunately too successful. During the whole of the month of November, and part of December, an unequal conflict was maintained in the Tyrolean valleys. This was in irregular warfare,—deadly in its character, but without the possibility of any favourable result. General Rusca after advancing up the Adige, attempted to penetrate the valley of the Passeyer; Hofer's valley,—but was repulsed with great loss, nearly two thousand being killed, wounded, and made prisoners. But this, and other partial successes, could not delay the conquest of the country, though a few of the mountain passes and fastnesses might yet for some time remain in the possession of the peasantry. Early in December, resistance was entirely quelled; many of the Tyrolean leaders escaped into Austria; some, fell in defence of the

cause they had espoused ; and some, who were captured, were shot as rebels, among others, Peter Mayer, who was tried by a court martial, and condemned to death, on the plea of having appeared in arms after the date of prince Eugene's proclamation. And now it only remains to trace the fortunes of Hofer, and of those other chiefs, who, along with him, had so often led their countrymen to victory.

Early in December, general D'Hilliers, whose character was as merciful as it was valorous, and to whom it had been well for the character of Napoleon, if the disposal of the Tyrolean chiefs had been left, as well as the pacification of their country,—despatched a messenger from Meran, where his head quarters then were, to Hofer, and the other chiefs who yet clung to his fortunes, earnestly calling upon them to accept the terms offered, and offering his guarantee for their safety. All, but Hofer, accepted the offer: he, with his characteristic indecision, hesitated ; and asked time for deliberation, which was granted ; and at the expiration of the stipulated time, he suddenly disappeared ; no one knew whither.

The place of Hofer's concealment, where he remained from the beginning of December till near the end of January, notwithstanding the large price set upon his capture, was a lone hut or chalet, situated in the mountain range which separates the middle Tyrol from the Innthal, near the source of the Achen ; and somewhat more than four German

leagues from the village of St. Leonhard and his own dwelling. During several months in the year the retreat he had chosen was inaccessible from snow; but it chanced that during his sojourn there the weather was so mild, that it was all the while in the power of his friends to reach his retreat, and supply him with food. And who would have guessed that Hofer, in his lone mountain hut, should have received communications from royalty? yet so it is generally believed. The emperor of Austria addressed at least one communication to him, strenuously urging him to leave his retreat, and take refuge in Vienna, at the same time pledging his royal word for Hofer's safety. But the offer was rejected; he refused to abandon his country, or forsake his family.

Hofer had frequently been warned by his friends of his danger, in remaining so long in the same concealment; but he disregarded these warnings, or at least fatally postponed yielding to the advice he received: nor did he adopt any precautionary measures of disguise; still continuing to wear his beard, as well as the dress to which he had been accustomed. At length, the hour of capture, and the consequence of his irresolution arrived.

Donay, a priest,—once the confidant, and up to the hour of his perfidy, the pretended friend of Hofer, betrayed the place of his concealment to the French; and measures were immediately taken for his capture. It is curious to observe the pre-

cautions which were adopted to ensure this event: Hofer, with scarcely a friend, with no adherents; an exile from his own home; the solitary inmate of a mountain hut, was yet an object of dread to the invaders of his country. No less a force than sixteen hundred men, was marched up the Passeyer towards his concealment; while two thousand men were posted between Meran and St. Leonhard. The march, for the greater certainty of success in its object, began after dark; and led by the traitor Donay, at five in the morning of the 20th January, the chalet was surrounded, and Hofer unresistingly made prisoner. At Meran, he was joined by his wife and family—a son and daughter; and was marched from thence to Botzen, accompanied by the exulting shouts of the soldiery; and by the tears of his countrymen, who sent after him their blessing, and their prayers for his safety. At Botzen, general D'Hilliers received the brave and unfortunate captive as became a soldier; and supplied to him, and to his family, all those comforts of which they stood in need; and after a short interval of repose, he was sent under an escort to Mantua; and confined in a prison hard by the Porta Molina, which was already crowded with his countrymen.

But a short time elapsed, before he was brought to trial before a court-martial, which sat in the Palazza d' Arco. Great diversity of sentiment prevailed, not as to his alleged guilt, but as to the

penalty. The majority of the judges were for confinement; two had the courage to vote for acquittal; but these opinions were silenced by a telegraphic despatch from Milan, which decided what the punishment should be: and Hofer was sentenced accordingly, to be shot within twenty-four hours. It is recorded, that although he had no suspicion his life was forfeited, he listened to his sentence with unshaken fortitude: and only required the presence of a priest. During the night, he occupied whatever time was not employed in devotional exercises, in speaking of the war; and he expressed a firm persuasion, that his country would sooner or later, revert to the dominion of Austria,—little suspecting that the accomplishment of this predilection, would not dispense with the services of the patriot on behalf of his country.

Early on the following morning, Hofer was led from prison to the bastion near the Porta Ceresa. On his way thither, those of his countrymen who were at liberty, threw themselves on the ground, begging his blessing, and weeping bitterly; while he, in bestowing it, asked the forgiveness of all who had been led into misfortune by his example. He also delivered to the priest who accompanied him, all that he possessed, with an injunction to divide it among the unfortunate of his countrymen. “My wife and family,” said he, “I leave to the emperor.” The offering which he delivered

to the priest, consisted of five hundred florins; a silver snuff box,—and two rosaries.

He was placed on the bastion; in front of the soldiers, the innocent instruments of murder. He was desired to kneel; but he refused, saying, “I am used to stand upright before my Creator, and in that posture I will deliver up my spirit to him:” and when asked to allow his eyes to be bound, he said, “No, I have been accustomed to look into the mouths of cannon.” To the corporal he gave a twenty kreutzer piece, cautioning him to perform his duty well; and then, retiring a few paces, he pronounced the word “fire” with a firm voice. This was not an occasion when brave men—as his executioners might be—handle their arms with steadiness: it is said, that all fired ineffectually: at length, a steadier hand proved friendly; and Hofer fell, in the forty-first year of his age.

The character of Hofer I have already sketched: and I would only now add, that although we must doubly regret that such a life should have been sacrificed for a family that has repaid the devotedness of its adherents by tyranny and ingratitude; yet, Hofer may justly be regarded a martyr to freedom: for loyalty to the house of Austria, was in Hofer, only another name for patriotism. The rule of Austria was acknowledged only,—but not felt: with this rule, was connected in the mind of every Tyrolean, the enjoyment of all his social and political privileges; and Hofer, in endeavouring

to uphold the sovereignty of Austria, felt and believed that he was striving to maintain inviolate the liberties of his country.

The emperor gave a pension of seventy-two thousand florins to Hofer's family, and offered them an asylum in Austria. But the widow of Hofer however, preferred spending the remainder of her days in the valley of the Passeyer.

The fortunes of Haspinger, and of Speckbacher yet remain to be noticed.

Haspinger put no faith in the delusion which had been practised by Kolb; nor did he credit much, the assurances of pardon which had been given in the proclamations of prince Eugene; and he therefore resolved from the first, to quit a country which he could no longer serve. His first attempt to escape was by the upper Innthal into Switzerland; but learning that he might probably be arrested even in that country, he returned into the Tyrol, and during the greater part of a year, led the life of one who was in daily fear of discovery and punishment. At length, in the dress of a monk, he succeeded in crossing the Bavarian Alps, to the lake of Constance; and by way of St. Gall, reached the abbey of Einsiedeln in Switzerland: from thence, he passed through the country of the Grisons into Lombardy and the Estates of Venice; and by way of Friuli and Carinthia, safely reached Vienna, where Speckbacher had already found a refuge,—but after far

severe trials; for the details of which, as well as for much of the information I have already communicated, I am indebted to the work of Professor Bertheldy.

When Hofer, in consequence of the treaty of peace, published his proclamation, and laid down his command, Speckbacher followed his example; and having disbanded his force, retired to Hallsins, a mountain hamlet, where he for some time remained with his family. But, unhappily, the falsehood propagated by Kolb, which had deceived Hofer, deceived Speckbacher also. Hofer communicated to him his intention of again commencing hostilities; and Speckbacher did not, upon this intelligence, remain a moment in inaction; but scarcely had he re-appeared in arms when the news of peace was fully confirmed; and all that was now left to him, was to escape capture by his enemies. Every means was resorted to in order to effect his capture: large rewards were offered; minute descriptions of his person and dress were published; and even prints of him were diligently circulated; and the valleys and mountains were traversed in all directions by bands of cruel and avaricious enemies.

When Speckbacher was first driven to concealment, he was accompanied by several associates; but after having vainly attempted to fly with them by way of Pruneeken, which the depth of the snow rendered impossible, he separated from his com-

panions, and retired to the little village of Dux, in the midst of the mountains. The place of his concealment having however been betrayed by one of his former companions, he was compelled to retire yet farther from the haunts of civilization; and at length, hunted from one retreat to another, he took refuge among the highest mountains—the haunts of the chamois and the eagle. Here, it is said, he endured the most extreme privations of cold, hunger, and fatigue: but a stedfast resolution rather to perish among the snows of his mountains than to afford a triumph to his enemies, supported him in all his extremities, and taught him endurance.

At one time, a short season of repose was snatched from his sufferings and perils; for, having in the course of his wanderings accidentally met his wife and children—outcasts and houseless like himself—they sought in company a refuge in the village of Volderberg, where they remained in concealment, and doubtless in sweet though sorrowful communion, during several weeks. But at length here also the cruelty and cupidity of man pursued him: he was forced to quit his family, and became again a wanderer among the mountain solitudes, and eternal snows, in the depth of winter; feeling no doubt more painfully the horrors and solitude of his condition, after having newly enjoyed the society of those who were dear to him.

On the Gemshaken, one of the most inaccessible summits of the Eisglet Scherr, was a cavern, well

known to Speckbacher, whose early predatory life it will be recollected had made him well acquainted with the recesses of the mountains. At all times difficult and dangerous of access to human feet, it was at this season almost inaccessible ; and to this place of refuge Speckbacher resolved to betake himself. By the aid of one faithful friend, he had conveyed thither, during the night, a stock of provisions, and some arms ; and it is recorded, that in the midst of a snow tempest, when the snow-drift covered all trace of his footsteps, he betook himself to his mountain fortress. Here he remained during the depth of winter,—with only food sufficient to keep life within him, and eating that food for the most part raw, lest the smoke which cooking would occasion, might discover his dwelling ; and scarcely venturing to sleep, lest his pursuers might surprise him when unprepared for resistance. But new, and yet more severe sufferings awaited him.

At the close of the winter, when the snow was beginning to melt, Speckbacher chanced one day to step a few paces beyond the mouth of the cavern, and it so happened, that at that moment a huge avalanche descended from the Gemshaken, and swept him along with it into the valley below—a distance of not less than half a league. Although it might be called good fortune, that he was not buried beneath it, he did not escape uninjured : his hip was dislocated in the fall ; and finding himself unable to climb again to his cavern, and perceiving

nothing but death, painful and lingering before him, he formed the resolution of seeking refuge in the village of Volderberg, then in sight, and running the risk of capture. So long as hunger and fatigue only were to be endured, he was willing to suffer all, in order that he might escape from his pursuers; but his bodily infirmity had now rendered him helpless, and danger could no longer be atoned for, by the excitement of braving it, and by the satisfaction of overcoming it.

Gathering all his energies, he crawled down the mountain; and many hours after it had fallen dark, he reached the little village of Volderberg, and sought a refuge in the same cottage which had formerly sheltered him and his family. He was received with kindness, and found sympathy and succour; and his dislocation having been reduced, he remained in the cottage during the whole of the following day. But the good people, who would willingly have sheltered him, found that this could not be attempted with any possibility of success; and it was resolved accordingly, to carry him to his own house, at Rinn—a distance of two leagues. The owner of the cottage, and the surgeon who had attended him, fearful of making confidants, took the task upon themselves,—and leaving Volderberg after nightfall, they carried him by by-paths to Rinn, and laid him in his stable, which is situated at a little distance from the dwelling house, amidst a clump of larch and beech trees.

Early in the morning, Speckbacher's old and faithful servant went as usual to look after the horses, and found his master: his joy at finding him, and the fear of discovery, were equally mingled; and to avert the latter, he instantly adopted the best precautions: he dug a hole in the ground underneath where the cattle stood, but beyond the reach of their feet: and having formed it just of a sufficient size to admit his master in a lying posture, Speckbacher was laid in it; and Zoppel, his servant, covered the hole over, and filled it up with straw and manure. During the long period of seven weeks, Speckbacher remained there—as if in his grave; never changing his position, and nourished with such provision as his servant could procure, and as he, in a recumbent posture, could partake of. All this while, the Bavarians were quartered in Speckbacher's dwelling house,—expecting that, wearied out with misery, he might at last return to his home; and as their horses were in the stable, they were in the habit of frequently visiting it: the utmost circumspection was therefore necessary; and to so great a length did Zoppel carry this virtue that even Speckbacher's wife was kept in ignorance of her husband's vicinity; for he rightly supposed that the visits of the Bavarians to the stable would create so great agitation in her that their suspicions might be roused. Many instances of Speckbacher's narrow escapes are recorded; and indeed his condition

became during the latter weeks so utterly miserable, from filth, noxious air, and damp, that his resolution was at one time almost taken to screen himself no longer: but Zoppel kept up his hopes; and the perfect quiet in which he had remained having effected a complete cure of his hip, it was resolved that another effort should be made for liberty.

It was on the second of May, when the Bavarian soldiers had left Speckbacher's house, that he was lifted from his concealment; but in order to recover the use of his limbs, he remained during some days in the stable. Zoppel had now made known the secret to his wife: it was then that their first meeting took place—a meeting, doubtless memorable to both, from the joy felt, at recovering a lost husband; and the pain, which the knowledge of his sufferings gave to a loving wife. His departure was hastily resolved upon: he was newly clothed in the dress of his faithful Zoppel; and being furnished with provisions, his wife set out along with him at the close of day; and accompanied him a league on his way.

Speckbacher held his course over the most deserted, and wildest of the Alps to Dux, thence turning more to the eastward; travelling and resting by turns, and avoiding every human habitation, till at length, having passed the Styrian Alps, he was no longer in danger; and safely arrived at Vienna on the 22nd of May, after an extent and endurance of sufferings, which it is melancholy to think, should

have been the only reward of patriotism and valour. The wife of Speckbacher joined her husband at Vienna early the following year; and when the Tyrol again reverted to Austria, they returned again to their native valley, there to spend the remnant of their days. Some years after, however, they removed to the town of Hall; the health of Speckbacher being so much impaired, that he could no longer pursue the labours which must be performed by a Tyrolean peasant; and at the age of fifty-two he died, in the year 1820, and was interred with military honours.

Speckbacher's wife was living in 1831; and her family consisted of two daughters, and a son, who resided with her; and another son, the eldest, named Andrew, who was brought up and educated by the king of Bavaria, at Munich, and who then filled an official situation in the Tyrol, under the Austrian government.

CHAPTER XXXI.

Journey to Glurns—Manners—Scenery—the upper valley of the Adige—Rapids—a Portrait—Latch, and the upland valleys—Glurns—a visit to the Ortler-Spitz, and the great Military Road across Monte-Stelvio.

I have now to resume the thread of my narrative. Having returned from the valley of the Passeyer to Meran, my road now lay up the Adige to Glurns, and Nauders, till I should again enter the upper Innthal, and so conclude my examination of the Tyrol.

I left Meran soon after sunrise to proceed to Glurns: this was a long road, and required a long day; and a delightful and interesting day's journey it proved to be. I was particularly struck this morning, with the fine athletic forms and highly intellectual countenances of the peasantry; never saw I such men as these, in any other part of Europe: their costume too, was entirely national,—and shewed to admirable advantage, the tall figures and firm knit limbs of these noble looking peasants. A reason, and a good reason too, may be assigned, for the peculiarly straight, upright, and well proportioned figures of the Tyroleans of the upper

valleys : all the young children are carried, extended upon a wooden board, which admirably preserves the back from the bendings and contortions which are most likely to result from the mode of carrying children in other countries : by the Tyrolean system the spine is saved the exertion of supporting itself, before it has acquired strength ; and it is also the invariable rule in the Tyrol, that a child shall not be permitted to walk, until it be at least a year old ; so that the limbs, as well as the back, are the object of care ; and there can be as little doubt in the one case as in the other, that premature exertion will produce mal-conformation.

I remarked in leaving Meran, and indeed all along the line of road, targets, fixed to the walls of the houses, as trophies of prowess,—while in other places these were erected in the fields, and the peasants were engaged in the competition. I stopped at times to observe their proficiency, and found it to be such as constant practice is likely to make it : one of the peasants politely offered me a gun, to take my turn ; but I contented myself with being a spectator.

The valley of the Adige ascending from Meran, affords in miniature something of the same gradation I have spoken of, as distinguishing the great valley. At first in leaving Meran, I found myself in a vine country ; fertile too, in all other productions ; and where I found the economy of land as much attended to as in any other part ; for while

Indian corn covered the land, vines were trained in arches above: a great part of the road lay under a vine bower, the plant being trained overhead, so that even the breadth of the road was not lost. But by and by, as the valley rose, I emerged from these bowers, and left the vines behind me; and as I still continued to ascend, the Indian corn yielded to barley and grass, and a beautiful pastoral country stretched upward.

It is at this spot, that the river Adige presents one of the most magnificent spectacles that are to be met with in Europe: a rapid,—almost a cataract, extends nearly a mile in length. It is one continued sheet of foam, rushing with a deafening noise, and resistless force, between quiet, green, pastoral banks, resembling more the shores of a gentle lake, than of a cataract. There is no fall of water in Switzerland that will bear the least comparison with this: it is not indeed strictly a cataract; but is unquestionably a waterfall; and of a most stupendous and imposing kind; more striking I think, than the celebrated falls of Schaffhausen; and consigning to utter oblivion, a thousand Geisbachs and Stubachs, about which the Swiss tourists and guide books rave in such exaggerated terms.

I cannot but sketch a striking portrait that presented itself to me here. I had leapt over the wall that bounds the high road, to cross the slope, and reach the margin of the river; and never shall

I forget the picture that offered itself to my contemplation;—it was a woman,—a young woman, sitting upon a little mound, six or eight yards from the margin, with bare head and braided hair: there she sat knitting, and singing to herself, snatches of a wild monotonous mountain air: a cow and five goats were feeding around her; and there sat she with her little flock,—a beautiful and perfect image of placidity—how strangely contrasted with the impetuous and roaring torrent that rushed by. I wish Wordsworth had seen this picture; he could have made it immortal. I felt that it would be a kind of sacrilege to disturb such perfect repose—and so regained the road, and pursued my journey.

All this part of the country is liable to destructive inundations from the rise of the Adige, and to dreadful devastations too, from the mountain-streams that pour into it. I noticed in several places, the effects of the storm that had overtaken me at the castle of the Tyrol: the road was carried away in several places, so as to render it totally impassable to any kind of vehicle; and half fields of grain, and the soil along with them, had been swept into the Adige: uncertain indeed, is the tenure by which the people of these upland valleys hold their possessions. In some parts, the hay harvest was getting in; and the sweet fragrance carried me in a moment to the rich meadows of England. I suspect, that the sounds and smells, which in foreign lands occasionally fill our hearts

with a gush of pleasure, owe part of their impression to the associations to which they give birth, although the mind may be totally unconscious of their existence; and cannot detect the links that have led it to mingle with present impressions, former and distant images and recollections, that give to them a more exquisite relish.

I stopped to a late breakfast at a place called Latch, lying on the opposite side of the river from the road; but not having found any resting place in my way, I was forced to seek out a ford, and wade through: the river was now considerably lessened in volume since I left Meran; and therefore there was but little difficulty, and no danger in this enterprise. At Latch I succeeded in obtaining milk and bread: and after breakfast crossed the river again to regain the road.

From this point, there is a regular succession of upland valleys, like so many steps; every one higher than another; and every one,—owing of course to the influence of a higher temperature,—with crops more scanty; and with hamlets and cottages poorer. You come to a cataract, and the road ascends by its side: then a new reach of half a league or a league presents itself, and a higher valley; then another cataract, another ascent, and another valley still more upland, and so on: but indeed, this is nearly the same in ascending to the sources of all rivers. Many charming pastoral pictures were presented to me among these uplands

—resting places yet, in the long vista of memory. Rich scenery has its charm; and rocks and woods, and precipices,—the picturesque, or the sublime,—have their charms also: but I do not know that any of these possesses so perfect and abiding a charm, as the green quiet pastoral slopes, treeless, and unornamented, with only their brawling stream, and the flocks that stray over the hills.

As I approached nearer to Glurns, the castles again became numerous: this we generally find to be the case, as we approach the frontier of a country. One particularly, of extraordinary size, the property of Count Trappe, occupied the whole summit of an extensive height on the right; it is yet habitable,—and sometimes inhabited, for the sake of hunting in the neighbourhood. Glurns, which cuts some figure upon the map, but which is a very inconsiderable village, stands near to this castle; and there I arrived after sunset, and found a better inn than might be expected in so remote a place. A cheerful wood-fire was soon kindled; and with this pleasant companion, I dreamed away an hour or two in recollections of my past journey, and the many pleasing images it had shewn me.

Although my road lay towards Landeck, I resolved to make a diversion southward, to see the new military road recently constructed across the shoulder of the Ortler-Spitz; the highest elevation over which a European road has been constructed.

The road or path, from Glurns to the military

road, runs up the valley underneath the chain of mountains that form the eastern boundary of the Tyrol, and which separate it from Switzerland. Leaving Glurns, to ascend the valley, the road descends for at least a league, and crosses an ill-cultivated open country, until it enters the valley. There is nothing at first remarkably interesting in this journey, excepting only, that interest which arises from the object in view: and after a pleasant solitary walk, during which, parts of the Ortler-Spitz range occasionally presented themselves, I entered the very small hamlet which lies the highest up the valley. In this little hamlet, the name of which I am unable to recollect, I passed the afternoon and night. It was a cheerless prospect round it. Up the valley which rises from this hamlet, fields of snow stretch to the mountain glaciers, which are however divided by a huge projection of dark rock which singularly contrasts with the snow fields that lie on either side. Betwixt the village and the snow region, there is however a considerable expanse of mountain herbage—pasture for the few animals needed by the inhabitants.

No scene appears utterly desolate when a summer sun flames upon it. Nature has everywhere her charms, if man will but open his heart to receive her impressions: and when strolling in the afternoon up the bank of a dark rivulet that descends from the mountains, so bright and warm

was the sun,—so majestic the objects it illuminated,—so sweet the wild scent that rose from the herbage,—and so happy-looking, the dumb creatures that quietly cropped it, that I scarcely felt inclined to compassionate the dweller of this far upland valley.

My fare here, was scanty enough: but it was such as these villagers, human beings like myself, were contented with, day after day, and year after year: it was milk,—some very bad cheese,—some hard rye bread,—and some grated chamois flesh, which seemed however, to be in such small quantity, that I could not find in my heart to decrease the amount of their luxury. I would fain have made inquiries of these mountaineers, touching their life and occupations, thoughts, and hopes: but the dialect which they spoke, was almost unintelligible; and I could therefore only judge by what I saw. I saw, what you and I would call misery: I saw life, to which, you and I would prefer the grave: and yet, I saw looks of contentment,—and smiles, such as we see on the faces of those with whom we ourselves associate. I saw also—what certainly one would scarcely expect to find there,—athletic forms, and healthful countenances; nay I saw more,—that which is everywhere found: I saw human affections, even the gentlest of them. While walking by the brookside, a girl came near to milk her little cow. She was a tall and well limbed maid, just entered into

womanhood; and whose countenance though somewhat coarse, was neither wanting in regularity nor expression. She dropt down on her knees, and milked her cow; and when she had nearly finished, a youth, a few years her senior, approached her, sat down by her, and when she had finished her task, placed the pitcher on his head; and as they walked towards their hamlet, he contrived to hold the pitcher with one arm, while the other occasionally encircled the waist of his companion. I afterwards found this couple in the cottage where I had quartered myself; and notwithstanding the difficulty of communication, I contrived to learn, that before winter they would be man and wife. And so they marry and are given in marriage, in the little hamlet situated on the verge of eternal winter! How different the prospects, and the fate of this couple, from those of my lord this, and lady Louisa that, married by special license; and setting off in their beautiful chariot to spend the honeymoon at the bridegroom's magnificent seat in — shire. And yet, it is not unlikely that the honeymoon may be more a honeymoon to this mountain maid who milked her cow beneath the glaciers, and to the youth who carried her pitcher, than to the high-born couple, with all the etiquette of rank and state about them. And as for the years that succeed the honey-moon—who knows!! But this couple must not detain me from the Ortler-Spitz.

I left this hamlet at a very early hour: the air was chill and bracing; and being told I should find a house of entertainment on the military road, I put forth my strength to reach it, before appetite should become outrageous. I now turned to the right, up the military road which passes the Ortler-Spitz; but the mountain across which the road is actually conducted, is called Monte-Stelvio: it is a good winding road at first, following the turnings of the gorge up the side of which it is constructed; and after a walk of moderate length, I reached the house of entertainment proposed. Few travellers passing this way, its accommodations were not of the most luxurious kind. Coffee and eggs were however attainable; and therefore I had nothing to desire. From the neighbourhood of this little inn, the road behind and before, is laid open: and the prospect upwards, of its innumerable acute angles, was an argument in favour of a hearty breakfast.

Although inferior in picturesque beauty, to many Alpine passes, and in sublimity inferior to others, this celebrated road by the Ortler-Spitz is full of interest; owing both to the difficulty of the undertaking, and the extraordinary elevation to which it is carried. From this inn, to the summit of the pass, is said to be about two leagues. During the first of these leagues, the acclivities above and below the road, are covered with herbage, which of course grows scantier; and at

length, gives place to rock. The work has been a herculean one. Several miles before reaching the summit of the pass, the road is defended from falling avalanches, by a wooden fabric, of great strength. This bulwark extends at least a mile and a half; and must have been erected at an immense cost of labour and money. It seemed to me sufficient to protect the road from any avalanches that could descend on the line of road; but could not for a moment impede the fall of such avalanches as descend at lower elevations.

One makes slow progress up a zig-zag road. At length however I reached the summit of the pass. It is the highest mountain pass in Europe, being 9100 feet above the Mediterranean; and the purpose for which this celebrated road was constructed, was, that it might be in the power of Austria to throw an army into the Austrian-Italian possessions, without passing through any other than Austrian territory. Looking from the summit of the pass towards the Tyrol, the Ortler-Spitz and its glaciers are visible; the latter however, less strikingly so, than from a lower elevation. The Ortler-Spitz is opposite; rising up into the heavens, and shewing a rounded summit, more remarkable for its great elevation than for its form. Looking on the Italian and Swiss sides, the road is seen in long perspective windings down the gorges and narrow valleys that lead to Chiavenna; while towards Switzerland, huge mountains are piled against each other.

I have already said, that there is no mountain pass in Europe over which a road is conducted at so great an elevation as this, across the Tyrolean frontier. The Ortler-Spitz, even without this recent claim to notoriety, has claims of its own, being the third highest of the European mountains,—its elevation being 14,800 feet by one measurement, 14,500 by another; and whether the one or the other, exceeded only by Mount Blanc, and Mount Rosa.

It was in the year 1804, that the Ortler-Spitz was first ascended. A reward was offered by the Archduke John, to whosoever could attain the summit; and by the direction of his imperial highness, a scientific person named Gothard, spent some weeks in the neighbourhood of the mountain, examining its accesses in every direction, with the view of ascertaining the practicability of an ascent. This gentleman, however, gave an unfavourable report; and the enterprise was to all appearance abandoned, when a hunter of the Passeyer named Pichler, declared his intention of attempting the ascent. Two peasants of the neighbouring valley accompanied him; and he left the hamlet where I slept, on the 27th September, soon after midnight, the moon being then near its full. No detailed account of the journey is preserved; but it is certain, that many difficulties must have been encountered and overcome. He and his two associates however, reached the summit in safety before mid-

day; and after remaining but a very short time on the summit, difficulty of breathing, and other unpleasant symptoms rendering a longer sojourn impossible, they reached the hamlet which they had left the same morning, at nine p. m.

The problem of possibility, having been thus solved, Dr. Gothard, the individual formerly employed by the archduke, ascended thrice during the following year. He corrected the observation made by Pichler; and reduced the elevation three hundred feet.

Standing on the summit of this pass, and looking towards the south-west, there was strong temptation to continue my journey, and drop down upon Como, and its enchanting scenery: but I had yet a part of the Tyrol to travel over, before I had seen every corner of it; and notwithstanding the attractions that lay southward, I buckled up my resolution, and turned my face resolutely to the north-east. I had seen the celebrated road over Monte Stelvio,—and had now therefore only to return to Glurns. At an elevation of upwards of nine thousand feet, it may easily be supposed that the temperature, even at Midsummer, was not likely to induce lingering. It is far above the line of perpetual congelation; and as in these high regions, perfect calm is rare, it was not without satisfaction that I began the descent, which was soon accomplished, and brought me several hours before sunset, to my mountain inn.

Here I remained till next morning, endeavouring to make myself understood; and to understand the jargon of German and Italian which prevails all over the south-western parts of the Tyrol. The innkeeper is not likely to make a fortune by his custom: only three carriages had passed that year; and indeed, unless by the Tyrolese themselves,—and by those only, residing in the neighbourhood,—or by strangers whose main object may be, to see this new road, it can never be greatly frequented: the road by Trent and Verona, or by Riva and the Lago di Garda to the Milanese, being not only greatly the shorter, but the more agreeable also. I returned to Glurns, late the following day, by the same road which I had already travelled; and without the occurrence of any incident worthy of record.

CHAPTER XXXII.

Journey from Glurns to Nauders—Source of the Adige—the Funsterminz—a comparative View of the Attractions of Switzerland and the Tyrol—a Village Ball.

THE neighbourhood of Glurns, and the country between Glurns and Nauders, is the most populous upland I have ever seen. On the same wide slope as that upon which Glurns lies, there are three other considerable villages; and as we proceed higher, every platform has its village; and even on the very highest of them, where the sources of the Adige spring, one or two hamlets are found. There is also everywhere evidence of great industry: good crops of grain,—barley and oats,—are seen wherever they will grow: and in the cultivation of such vegetables as the climate will bear, and in the construction of fences, and in the general marks of care bestowed upon the land, it appeared that the inhabitants partook of that industrious and persevering disposition that distinguishes their neighbours, the Grisons.

Above Glurns, I found the Adige only a brook—a fine brimful brook; and after three hours' walk by its brink, I reached the lake that is considered its principal source. It is a narrowish lake, of the

character which must belong to all such mountain lakes, surrounded by a scanty vegetation, and a few firs. From the basin of the lake, the country declines on both sides—to Glurns, and to Nauders—to the valley of the Adige, and to the valley of the Inn. A rapid descent led me down towards Nauders, by the margin of a rivulet which hurries towards the Inn, through deep grassy valleys; and at Nauders I arrived early in the afternoon.

The scenery in the neighbourhood of Nauders will challenge a comparison with anything that is to be found in any country. I walked in the afternoon towards the Inn, and the celebrated pass, called the Funsterminz. Nothing can exceed the union of the picturesque and the grand, which this extraordinary defile presents. So deep does the Inn flow—so gigantic are the rocks that form the defile, that, without any poetical exaggeration, the stream does appear like a glistening thread: the rocks too, are entirely covered with wood; and, among many cascades, there is one not less than five hundred feet in height. I gathered abundance of magnificent wild pinks here, almost as large, and quite as fragrant, as carnations; and columbine, which half covers the banks, and mountain dahlia, and mint, and many other beautiful and sweet-smelling flowers.

I cannot find a better place than this, when I am approaching the conclusion of my journey; and when looking upon one of the most magnificent

scenes in the Tyrol, to offer a few general remarks upon the comparative merits of Switzerland and the Tyrol—as countries worthy the notice of the traveller.

Every one knows the celebrity that attaches to Switzerland for the natural beauties in which it abounds, and the magnificence of its mountain scenery; and although the claims of the Tyrol have been less prominently advanced, there has been a pretty general persuasion that Switzerland and the Tyrol were nearly upon an equality in these respects, and that the character and claims of both were pretty nearly the same; and as it is natural to magnify that which is the least known, the Tyrol occasionally reaped the advantage of this ignorance. Now, in truth, the Tyrol and Switzerland differ materially in character and in claims. The reader who has been in Switzerland has probably already formed a fair estimate of the claims of the Tyrol from the narrative which I have given, but I may be permitted to enlarge a little, for the benefit of those who have yet to visit both the one and the other.

In the charm of sterile grandeur—of sublimity, unmixed with the picturesque or the beautiful, the Tyrol will bear no comparison with Switzerland. The desolate glories of the Jungfrau, the Shreckhorn, and their mighty compeers,—their fields of untrodden snow, and unapproachable summits,—their wide-spreading glaciers, and pinnacles of ice—

are scarcely to be found in the Tyrol. There are indeed, spots where the sublime is present—such as the neighbourhood of the salt mines, or beyond the head of the Lago di Garda, or in the neighbourhood of the great Glochner; but the sublime is *en petit*, in comparison with the wide and extended grandeur of the Oberland Bernois. Indeed, the elevation of the Tyrolean mountains is not sufficient to produce the awful horrors of the Jungfrau and its sublime neighbourhood: an addition of two or three thousand feet in the elevation of a mountain region, produces an incalculable difference in the features of the scenery; for it is precisely in these three thousand feet that the features of sublimity are centred. There are the fields of untrodden snow—there, the unapproachable pinnacles,—and but for these three thousand feet, the glacier would not be formed, nor would the avalanche descend. The general elevation of the Oberland Bernois ranges from 8 to 14,000 feet. And that particular concentration of mountains which includes the Jungfrau, Mount Eiger, the Monk, the Silver Horns, the Shreckhorn, the Wetterhorn, and the Finsterahorn, has an elevation ranging from 10 to 13,000 feet. Now the chief mountain ranges of the Tyrol are—that which divides the Tyrol from Bavaria—that which divides the northern from the southern Tyrol—called the Eisglet Scher—and that which separates the Tyrol from the Grisons and the Vateline; but this latter can scarcely be considered

as belonging to the Tyrol: and the Ortler-Spitz, the highest mountain of that range, is situated as much without as within the Tyrol. The elevation of the mountains that divide Bavaria from the Tyrol certainly does not range higher than from 6 to 7, or at most, 8,000 feet. The chain that runs across the Tyrol, and which includes Mount Brenner, may range a thousand feet higher; and if the mountains which divide the Tyrol from the Vateline are more lofty, they are so much on the confines of the Tyrol as scarcely to be included among her mountain ranges. The Tyrolean mountains therefore, although sufficiently elevated to produce most of the charms of mountain scenery, are yet not lofty enough to produce that highest charm which has its origin in sublimity.

If I come now to the picturesque, and to the union of the beautiful with the picturesque, the claims of the Tyrol are higher. In all the charms which rocks, woods, and running water, are capable of producing, the Tyrol may fairly compete with Switzerland. The picturesque beauty of Lauterbrunnen—the valley of the Reuss—or the neighbourhood of Thun or Brientz—are fully equalled by the views on the Eisach and the Adige; and the numerous castles and ruins that are scattered over the Tyrol, undoubtedly add to the picturesque, one feature that is wanting in Switzerland. But this is more than counterbalanced by the absence of lakes; for nothing I think can be an equivalent

for the union of the picturesque and beautiful that is presented in the lakes of Uri, of Zurich, of Brientz, or of Geneva.

But in the charm of richness and beauty, adorned by the picturesque, the Tyrol has higher claims than Switzerland. The luxuriance of the lower valley of the Adige, or especially, of the plain of Riva, has no match in Switzerland. The productions of nature are more varied, and in greater perfection; and fertility extends over a greater space. The Swiss valleys are more numerous than they are in the Tyrol; but they are more contracted. There are no valleys in Switzerland like those of the Inn, or the Adige, seventy or eighty miles in length, and in many places, eight or ten miles wide. The valley of the Reuss,—perhaps the most celebrated of the Swiss valleys,—is little more than a ravine; and Interlaken, a spot of charming fertility, is but of very limited extent.

Such I think, is a fair summary of the respective claims of Switzerland and the Tyrol, to the palm of natural attractions. These attractions, it will be seen, are not different in degree only, but in kind also. The lover of the sublime in nature, will be more gratified by a visit to Switzerland: the admirer of the picturesque and beautiful, will hesitate to which country he ought to accord the palm.

But it is not solely on account of its natural beauties, that a country deserves the attention of the traveller; and in all that regards the people, the

Tyrol is beyond doubt a more interesting country than Switzerland. In these days, when the continent of Europe is almost one highway, it is difficult to find the people among whom foreign customs have not been introduced; and among whom are found both national manners, and national costume. With the exception of Spain, the Tyrol is alone, I think, entitled to this distinction; and possesses therefore, an interest that is peculiarly its own.

When I returned from the Funsterminz to my inn at Nauders, I found a gentleman,—one in authority at Nauders, waiting my return. There was that evening to be a ball in Nauders,—a ball bourgeois,—given by subscription: and he, learning that a stranger, and an Englishman into the bargain, was in Nauders, had called to invite me. I need scarcely say, that I accepted the invitation, with thanks. I had only time to despatch a dainty dinner of trout, and chicken, when I was informed it was time to go to the ball; and that the same gentleman who had invited me, was waiting to conduct me thither.

I found the remote little village of Nauders not without its ball room; and the ball room not without a very attractive company. There were altogether a hundred and forty persons present; about eighty of these, young persons, about equally divided between men and women. At least two thirds of the men wore the Tyrolean peasant dress,—black smallclothes, white stockings, girdle and

jacket. The dress of the girls was not remarkable, unless that they wore rather shorter petticoats, and rather more of them, than we are accustomed to see in England. I scarcely saw one pair of bad ankles in the room; and I saw several faces of more than ordinary attractions. Generally speaking however, beauty was scarce. Nauders is too near the Grisons to produce a totally different race of women. There was abundance of refreshments of all kinds: an endless variety of cake, grated meats, and plenty of wine,—not indeed of the most potent kind; but quite strong enough to be drunk out of tumbler-glasses at a ball. The dancing was decidedly good; but there appeared to me, great formality; and a most inflexible separation of sexes: they danced indeed with each other; but there was scarcely any conversation; and no sitting together, or walking together. I did not see once, any thing approaching to what we call a flirtation. By ten o'clock all was over; and the company separated with every appearance of satisfaction at the entertainment of the evening. I was informed that at Nauders, four of these balls are given every season, and that the subscription to the four, is two florins.

CHAPTER XXXIII.

Journey from Nauders to Landeck, and from Landeck through the Voralberg, to the frontier—Reminiscences of the Tyrol.

I had now again reached the Inn,—which as far as Landeck was to be my companion; and in order to gain Landeck in good time, I left Nauders the morning after the ball, a little after six. I again glanced at the pass of the Funsterminz, and the chapel, bridge, and little inn, that are huddled together in the narrow gorge; and soon after, found myself emerging into a more open valley, with the Inn by my side. The scenery is varied, but not upon the whole very striking between Nauders and Landeck; except at Pruz, where a bridge, a rock, and a ruin, form a pretty assemblage of picturesque objects: but as we approach Landeck, many charming scenes open around the traveller,—especially the gentle and pastoral; and Landeck itself has everything to recommend it; for a beautiful, fertile and highly cultivated valley opens in fine perspective below it; while above, the defile presents all the ruder and more gigantic features which belong to unadorned nature.

Landeck is a considerable town for a mountain

region ; and boasts not only a castle, which painters have thought worthy of transferring to their canvas, but a church of no common attractions. I was particularly pleased with it, as well as with the charming prospect enjoyed from its environs ; and lingered away an evening agreeably,—I might say, happily, wandering through the church-yard, and in and out among the neighbouring rocks, and up to the castle walls ; and enjoyed with no common appetite, the very excellent supper prepared for me in the very best inn I had entered since leaving Botzen.

My journey now lay from Landeck, through the Voralberg, by Pludenz, Feldkirch, and Bregenz, to the Lake of Constance.

To one who has travelled previously through every part of the Tyrol, the Voralberg will appear upon the whole, uninteresting : it possesses neither the grand features of the higher, nor the soft attractions of the lower parts of the Tyrol. Nor do the inhabitants seem of the purely Tyrolean race. They resemble their neighbours the Swiss, both in look and character ; and in so saying, I do not pay them a very high compliment. Perceiving after one half day's journey, that this part of the Tyrol would scarcely repay a pedestrian, I bargained, at the inn at which I stopped to dine, for a little ambling pony which grazed in a neighbouring field ; and for the sum of two shillings and eightpence per day, I secured this useful compa-

nion; and the first night from Landeck, I slept at Stuben. There is nothing in this little place, demanding even a passing sentence. There, however, the scenery improves, and if I had not already enlarged sufficiently on the mountain glories of the Tyrol, I might here again find sufficient materials.

Next morning, I made a long journey to Pludenz to breakfast; for having stopped at a village about half-way, and not being able to procure anything but some musty bread, and abominable coffee, I pushed on to Pludenz, where hot cakes, new laid eggs, and café-au-lait rewarded me. Pludenz is a little town, containing about 800 inhabitants; with its two or three little streets, its church, and its market-place; and the river Ill, which I here fell in with for the first time, runs close to it. Beyond Pludenz, the scenery on either side is of the most imposing description; and after passing a night at Feldkirch, I found myself on one of the great European highways, with the glorious Rhine for my companion. I will not pursue the details of my journey farther. At Bregenz, which I reached on the following day, I was in the last town of the Tyrol, and on the Lake of Constance.

I have now traversed every part of the Tyrol: and ought therefore to be in some condition to judge of the country and its inhabitants; and although during my journey, I have noted down the impressions that were made upon me both by

the country itself and by the people who inhabit it, some general views, and particular illustrations, have arisen in my mind, which, as they cannot now be introduced into my narrative, I throw together in this chapter.

The two leading features in Tyrolean character, may be said to be religion and patriotism. Although I am far from denying that there is much adherence in the Tyrol, to what we are accustomed to call the superstitions of the church of Rome, I must at the same time admit, that there is much genuine piety: and I think I may venture to say, that among the catholic nations of Europe (and I have less or more seen them all), I do not know any one in which there is so large a measure of real piety; or so few of the abuses which among an ignorant people, spring out of catholicism. The grossest of the abuses that obtain in those countries where the Roman Catholic faith is dominant, arise chiefly from the state of the priesthood. In Spain or Portugal, where there is a very unequal distribution of wealth among the clergy, evils naturally spring out of this state of things. Poverty leads to such devices as catholicism winks at, and as the cunning avail themselves of, to fill empty coffers; while among the rich and poor, austerities are practised or feigned, either to obtain a stronger hold on the minds of the people,—or to veil those peccadillos to which mankind are prone. Such a state of things divides a people into two portions,—bigots and

infidels. But in the Tyrol, where the clergy are neither over-rich, nor miserably poor, there are few incentives to austerities, and little temptation to immoralities. The Tyrolese, generally speaking, perform their duties as good catholics, but not much beyond: and on the other hand, I do not recollect to have once heard in the country, an expression savouring of scepticism in religion. I have more than once heard from zealous catholics in the Tyrol, the utmost horror expressed of the abuse of indulgences, and other catholic excrescences which have been grafted and nourished by roguery and ignorance; and as a contrast between Catholic Spain and Catholic Tyrol,—in the former of which countries, a certificate of having attended confession is called for every Monday morning, I may mention, that having asked a young lady in Inspruck, how often she went to confession,—her answer was, “when I have anything to confess.” I may mention as another example of the more liberal interpretation of catholicism in the Tyrol, than in most of the other catholic countries, that when the hay-harvest commenced in the Upper and Central Tyrol, it was published throughout the different dioceses, that the strict observance of the catholic holidays (with certain exceptions named), might be dispensed with; and the reason assigned was the uncertainty of the climate. Let me add another fact. With the exception of a few individuals at Landeck, and at Nauders, both of which places lie

near to Switzerland, I found it was not the practice of the Tyrolese to join in the yearly pilgrimage to Einseideln, which is swelled by thousands from the States bordering on Switzerland,—particularly Bavaria, and Baden. It is true that the Tyrolean peasant uncovers, and performs a genuflexion as he passes every sacred image by the wayside; and that, as the reader knows, the power of the Virgin is called in, to protect him against impending cliffs; but these are only matters of faith; and the practice of the Tyrolean is in accordance with his profession. But indeed, I believe it may be assumed, that wherever morals are pure, true religion is well rooted, and widely diffused: and judging by this test, such we may conclude of the Tyrol. Fancicism and infidelity, are alike unfavourable to the morality of a people. Spain and France afford examples of this truth; while Norway, parts of Switzerland, the Tyrol, and Scotland, may illustrate the opposite.

Of the morality of the Tyrolese, I have already incidentally spoken. I stated, on a former occasion, that the prison of Inspruck contained only eighty prisoners, and that this is the general prison for the whole of the Tyrol. This number, in a population of at least 800,000, is certainly wonderfully small—not one in 10,000. Nowhere are the outward decencies of life more respected than in the Tyrol. In this, Inspruck may be favourably contrasted with the neighbouring capital—Berne. In the

latter town, indecorum is not altogether banished from the streets; but in Inspruck, the most sensitive will find nothing to shrink from. As for that which is hidden from the public eye, I believe, from all I could learn, that there is little to hide. Infidelity after marriage is absolutely unknown; and a foundling hospital for the whole of the Tyrol, would present a ward of empty cradles.

I have mentioned patriotism, as forming with religion, the two great features of Tyrolean character. This word must be understood in its widest sense—love of country, and of all that it contains, and all that belongs to it—good, bad, and indifferent. Patriotism in this sense must ever give way to education, and cannot therefore be found among a very enlightened people; but we must not mistake between cause and effect. It is not attachment to old usages and national habits that stands in the way of improvement, it is rather the want of education that fosters a blind attachment to local usages and prejudices. Love of country, among the Tyrolese, ranges over a wide scale: it comprehends attachment to the glaciers of the Glochner, or the corn of the Innthal, and to the sugar-loaf cap of the women and the green braces of the men. It comprehends not only mountains, valleys, and cities; but the shape of a scythe, or the construction of a shoe. All that is Tyrolean is sacred, and Tyrolese are all brothers. The deprivation of a Tyrolean privilege, or the imposition of a tax, is not resisted by the

people so much because the one is a privilege and the other a burden, as because the one was a Tyrolean possession—a part and portion of the Tyrol, and because the other is something foreign to the Tyrol—un-Tyrolean—something to which the Tyrolese have not been accustomed. This is in fact the only rational explanation of the principle of determined resistance to the Bavarians. The Tyrol was a province of Austria,—and would be a province of no other power. Under the nominal dominion of Austria indeed the people enjoyed almost the freedom of a separate state; and like all mountaineers, they have an innate and acquired love of freedom; but whatever privileges Bavaria might have conceded, the Tyrolese would have been discontented: which is obvious from the fact, that this discontent was shewn before it appeared whether their privileges were to be preserved, or encroached upon. And now that hatred of their masters, and desire of independence, have taken the place of loyalty to the house of Austria, it is because the props that supported that loyalty have been removed; the ancient privileges of the Tyrol have been infringed; and in order that these may be again appurtenances of their country, the people desire independence; and with it, the power of re-investing that country with all that was wont to belong to it.

I think the many other characteristics of a people are all emanations, or results of these two great

features of Tyrolean character—religion and patriotism. National manners spring out of, and are sustained by the latter; and in morals they mutually aid each other. The Tyrolean is just and honest, not only because to be just is a duty enjoined by religion, but because he is a Tyrolean; and it is the character of Tyroleans to be just and honest. Married men and women are faithful, and girls are chaste, because they are Tyroleans—and fidelity and chastity are Tyrolean virtues. Of this I recollect an illustration.—The daughter of the innkeeper at Botzen was a remarkably pretty and engaging girl, about seventeen. One morning she came to the outer door, where I was standing, with a bonnet and shawl on, and her mother followed and laid a small basket, covered with a clean white cloth, on the steps: presently, a fine looking young man drove up to the door, in a little calèche; and the maiden and he drove away together. “They are going,” said the hostess, “to spend the day in the valley; their dinner is in the basket: it is fine weather, sir, for a little frolic.” The hostess shortly after added—“my daughter is betrothed to that gentleman.” I forget what I said in reply, but the conversation continued; and I ventured to inquire, partly in a jocular way, whether she was not afraid to trust her daughter—and so fascinating a daughter too, on such an excursion. “She is a Tyrolean maid,” replied the mother, “she will not forget that.” Happy the maidens who possess

such a shield. What a day of enjoyment was thus secured by this beautiful, innocent, and probably loving Tyrolese, spent with her lover among the sweet valleys of her country.

I have, in a former chapter, compared the scenery of Switzerland and the Tyrol; and being at present occupied with the character of the Tyrolese, I may introduce with propriety some few remarks respecting the comparative character of the people of these neighbouring countries. Their characters are certainly essentially different: and it is somewhat difficult, I think, to account for this diversity of character. "Point d'argent, point de Suisse," will not certainly apply to the Tyrolean; and I can with difficulty bring myself to believe that, by any circumstances, it ever could,—that the noble-looking and generous-minded Tyrolean could ever be converted into the greedy interested Swiss.

There is a difficulty here; for certainly the diversity of character between the Swiss and the Tyrolese, is not explained by the oft-repeated assertion, that the primitive manners and natural character of the Swiss, has been changed by the contact with strangers,—and that English gold has bred the love of it. Were this explanation admissible, it would follow of necessity, that in those parts of Switzerland where there has been little or no contact with strangers, and where the Swiss have not been accustomed to the glitter of foreign gold, the natural character would be re-

tained; and the “point d’argent, point de Suisse,” would not apply. But this is not found to be so. The two Engadines, are certainly quite as little travelled as the Tyrol: and yet, in these districts I have found as much greed, as in any of those parts of which the English have made highways. I have indeed remarked, that in the least travelled parts, I have been the most imposed upon. What does the reader think of a charge of nine francs for a bed—a basin of milk,—and some hot water! Now, I have rarely met with any instances of greed in the Tyrol, either in the most unfrequented or in the most travelled parts; and I cannot therefore avoid the conclusion, that there is in this matter, an essential distinction between the Swiss and the Tyrolean character.

Allied to this love of money, is the persevering industry of the Swiss; a trait distinctively their own. The Tyrolean has indeed, generally speaking, a more fruitful soil; which easier repays labour; as well as a better climate: but I have not found even in those districts of the Tyrol which need the hand of industry, anything of that persevering and untired assiduity in overcoming natural defects, which is so prominently seen in most parts of Switzerland,—and in no part more prominently than in the Engadines.

Patriotism, in the wide sense in which I have used the word when speaking of the Tyrolese, can scarcely be said to exist in Switzerland. This

could not indeed be expected in a country composed of so many different States, each having its own laws and government,—and even, its own usages. Meaning by patriotism, nothing more than the integrity of the federal republic, patriotism exists in Switzerland; but applying it, to a veneration for all that is Swiss,—it is inapplicable. A Swiss will be at all times ready to try as a substitute for a Swiss usage, that of any foreign country, if it offers a probability of pecuniary advantage; but it would require something very far beyond a probability, to induce a Tyrolean to depart in the smallest matter, from the customs of his country.

In the catholic cantons of Switzerland, there is unquestionably more attachment to the superstitions of the faith, than in the Tyrol. Rather than work on a holiday, the finest crop of hay will be allowed to rot: and a day spent at Einseideln will be at all times an eloquent commentary on the superstition of the Swiss. In morals, I should make little distinction between the two countries; only that in the Tyrol, the people possess in their patriotism, an additional amulet.

But the difference in the personal appearance of the Swiss, and of the Tyroleans, is equally striking and remarkable. I have already said, of the Tyrolese, that a more noble-looking peasantry is nowhere to be found in Europe,—in form, tall, erect, and well proportioned,—in countenance,

open-browed and intelligent; while on the other hand, as many of my readers know, the Swiss are diminutive in stature, nor are any way remarkable for symmetry of form, regularity of features, or intelligence of expression. With respect to the Tyrolean women, they are not indeed any way so remarkable as the men; but certainly surpass the Swiss women, as much as the Tyrolean peasant excels his Swiss neighbour: and it must be recollected that they owe nothing to their dress, which is hideous. I have often fancied the Tyrolean girls dressed as the country maids of Berne, Lucerne, or St. Gall, may be any day seen at market, and have thought how different would be the exhibition of female charms.

CHAPTER XXXIV.

AN OUTLINE OF A TOUR.

I conclude this volume with some general directions to travellers in the Tyrol.

Professed guide books—even the best of them—are never altogether satisfactory to the traveller; and the reason of this is, that they are, with few exceptions, compilations. They tell indeed, the distances of places, and the objects to be seen by the way; but they do not tell which objects are the most worthy of being seen; nor do they give to the traveller, any distinct information, from which, upon entering a country, he may lay down a plan by which he may use his time and his purse to the best advantage. To the Tyrol, there is no guide,—good, bad, or indifferent; and I have no intention of supplying the deficiency: yet, such being the fact, a few general observations for the direction of the traveller through the Tyrol, may not be misplaced, in the concluding pages of a work which professes to call the attention of the public to that interesting country.

The traveller may enter the Tyrol by one of these three ways; by Verona, by Bavaria, or by the lake of Constance. The last of these, I should

dissuade him from, for two reasons,—the one because his first impressions of the country will not be so agreeable, as by either of the other two routes—and the other, because he will strike at once into the middle of the central valley; and therefore, to see both extremities, it will be necessary to travel a great part of the country twice over. I would have the traveller enter therefore, either by Verona and Trent, or by Bavaria and Inspruck: and it is utterly unimportant which of the two; because if he enter by Inspruck, he will make his exit by Trent,—and if he enter by Trent, he will make his exit by Inspruck,—at least, so I would advise him: but let me impress upon him, that, whether he enter by Inspruck, or make his exit by Inspruck, he must cross the Alps which separate the Tyrol from Bavaria, that he may visit the Wallen-see, and the Kochel-see, of both of which, I have already spoken, in terms of the highest commendation. But let me add, that if it be inconvenient for the traveller to enter the Tyrol by the Kochel-see, and Mittewald,—which presupposes that he has come from Munich,—he may if he pleases, after proceeding from Lindaw to Wangen, turn to the right, to Kempten, and gain the valley of the Inn, by Füessen.

I shall now suppose, that the traveller has entered by the Bavarian side, and has reached Inspruck; and I shall furthermore suppose, that he is a traveller, who, without being pressed for time, or pinched

for money, desires notwithstanding, to make the best use of both.

The city of Inspruck, need not detain the traveller longer than three days. The greater part of one day is required for that minute examination of the Mausoleum of Maximilian, of which it is so well deserving; another day will be required for the Museums, and Churches; and one day is always needed in every town, for that general inspection which has no particular object in view.

To the traveller, who does not, like myself, desire to see every nook and corner of the country—but who desires rather, to be informed as to what is worth seeing, I would not counsel a journey down the valley of the Inn, to Kufstein and the Bavarian frontier. In this direction, the excursion may be confined to Hall, and the salt mines,—which, independently of their subterranean wonders, are surrounded by scenery which will well repay the time spent in going thither. This journey may be performed in one day,—leaving Inspruck early, so as to breakfast at Hall,—dining in the Miner's Inn among the mountains; and returning to Inspruck without stopping. I suppose the traveller to make the excursion en voiture, and with two horses, whose powers are fully required to drag the vehicle up the mountain where the mines are situated.

I would recommend only two other excursions from Inspruck: the one, to Martins-ward, up the valley of the Inn; the other to the castle of Am-

bras; and the evening of the same day that is employed in the excursion to the former place, may be dedicated to the latter. On the sixth morning therefore the traveller may leave Inspruck, to cross Mount Brenner.

At Inspruck, the traveller must hire a calèche, and one or two horses, according to the burden they have to draw, at a certain price per day: and the number of days required to return to Inspruck from the point where the traveller has no farther occasion for the carriage, will be charged: and it must be inserted in the agreement, that the driver is to maintain himself and his horses, and to pay toll-bars, and ferries.

From Inspruck, I would advise the traveller to follow the route which I myself took, across the Brenner, to Brixen; which he may accomplish with ease, in two days. At Brixen, it will be recollected that I diverged from the great valley of the Eisach, to traverse the Pusterthall, as far as Lienz; but this journey, I think may be omitted, unless a thorough examination of the Tyrol be the object in view. It would be advisable however, to remain a day at Brixen,—or rather, to sleep two nights at Brixen, devoting the intermediate day to an excursion as far as St. Lorenzen, and the entrance to the Pusterthall.

From Brixen, one day will bring the traveller to Botzen,—and here he must remain a few days: for Botzen lying in the centre of the Tyrol, is in

fact a little capital, and exhibits strongly the manners of the people. It would be very desirable to be in Botzen during the fair, which begins about the 20th of June, and lasts a fortnight,—for at this time a vivid picture is exhibited of the manners and costumes of the different remote districts. Besides the two or three days spent in Botzen,—five must be devoted to excursions—one to Over-Botzen; another to the castles and ruins which lie in the environs, and which I have elsewhere mentioned; and the remaining three days will suffice for seeing a part of the lateral valley of the Adige. On the first of these three days the traveller may reach Meran soon after mid-day; the same evening may suffice for seeing the castle of the Tyrol. The next day will be fully occupied in an excursion two or three leagues up the Adige, to the rapids which lie between Meran and Latsch; and the third day will bring the traveller back to Botzen. I scarcely think, a journey tracing the valley of the Adige beyond Glurns, and including a detour to the Ortler-Spitz, would repay the traveller who is desirous not of exploring the Tyrol, but of only including in a tour, its most attractive parts.

From Botzen, two very short days will carry the traveller to Trent,—and that city will occupy two days more; and the journey from Trent to Roveredo, and Roveredo itself, will occupy other two days. Let no one, who finds himself in Roveredo, turn his back on the Tyrol without visiting

Riva: the journey thither will occupy one day; and Riva, its beautiful plain, and the Lago di Garda will require two more. And if the traveller follows the route I have laid down, he will have seen by far the greater part of what the Tyrol has to offer; and I will venture to add,—that in the short time which has been expended on the journey, he will have seen a greater variety in scenery, than the same time would have commanded in any other country in Europe. The whole tour I have laid down, will be comprised in something less than a month. I grant, that to one who desires to obtain a thorough knowledge of the Tyrol and its people, this tour would be imperfect: the remoter valleys must be visited, and traced to their heads; the chief mountain ranges must be penetrated; and a longer time must be devoted to the manners and character of the people,—both by a longer residence in the towns, and by making shorter journeys, and more frequent stoppages. But all do not travel with such objects; and it may be agreeable to some, to be informed, that at so small an expenditure of time, a general knowledge may be obtained, of so interesting a country as the Tyrol.

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