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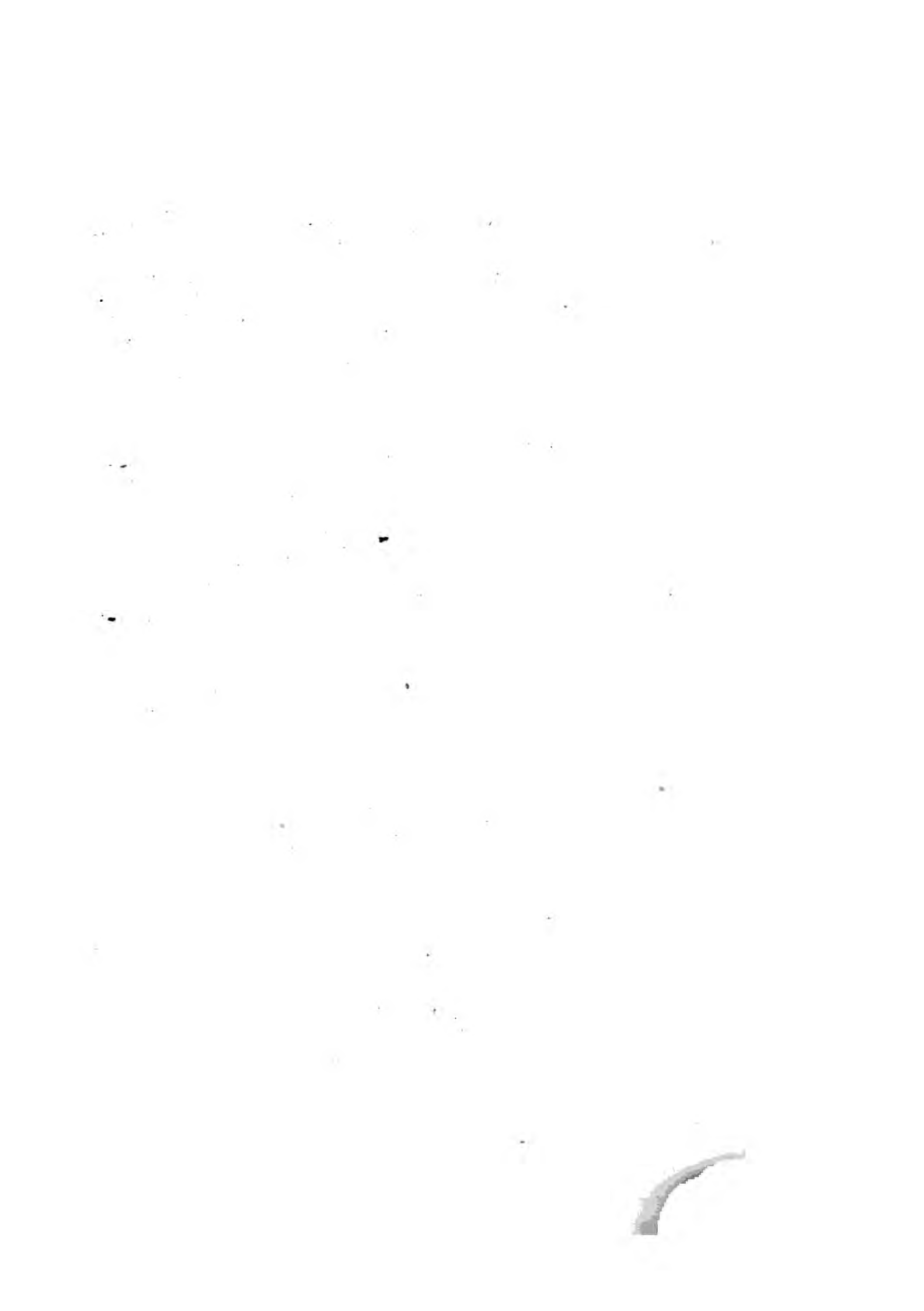


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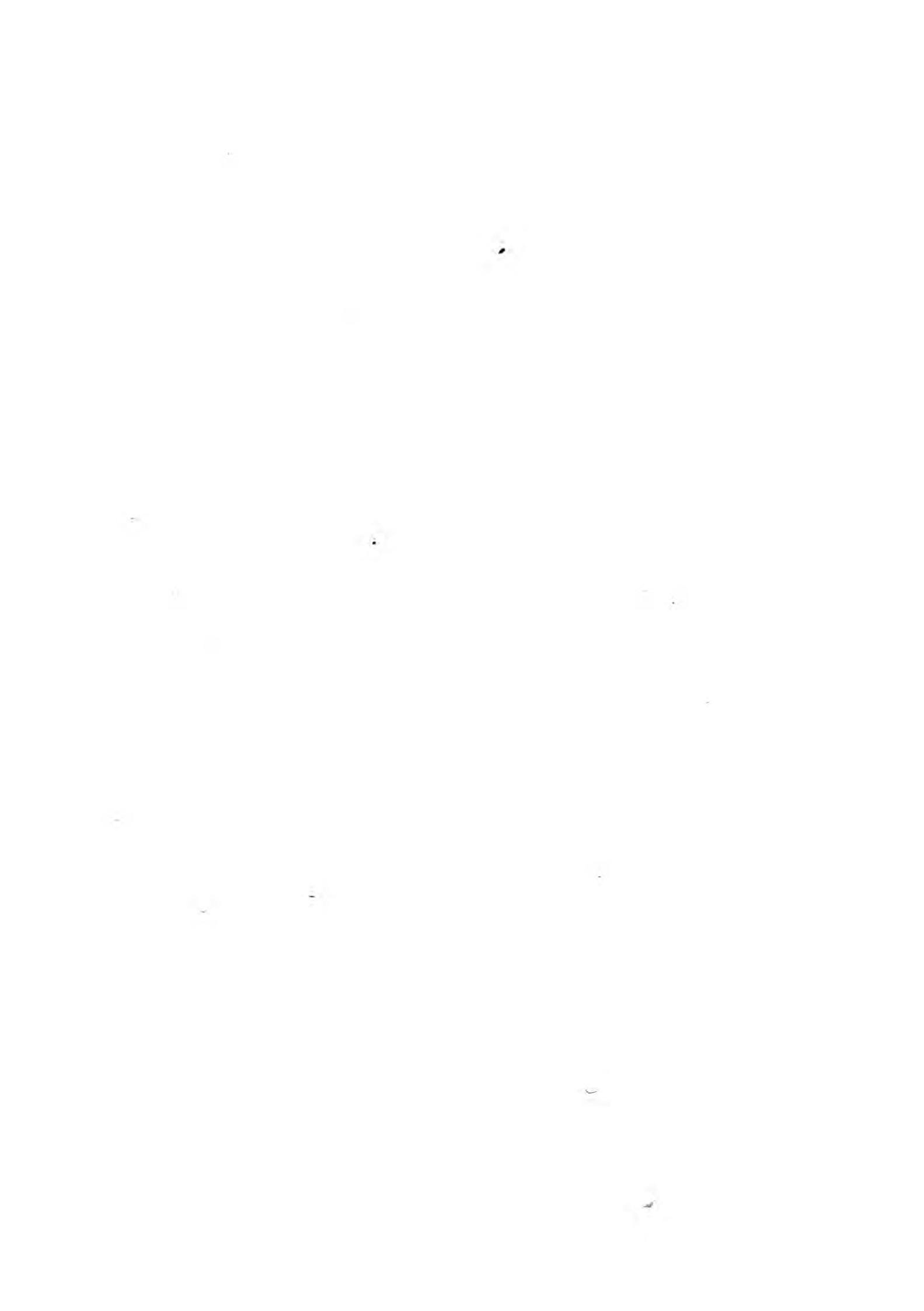
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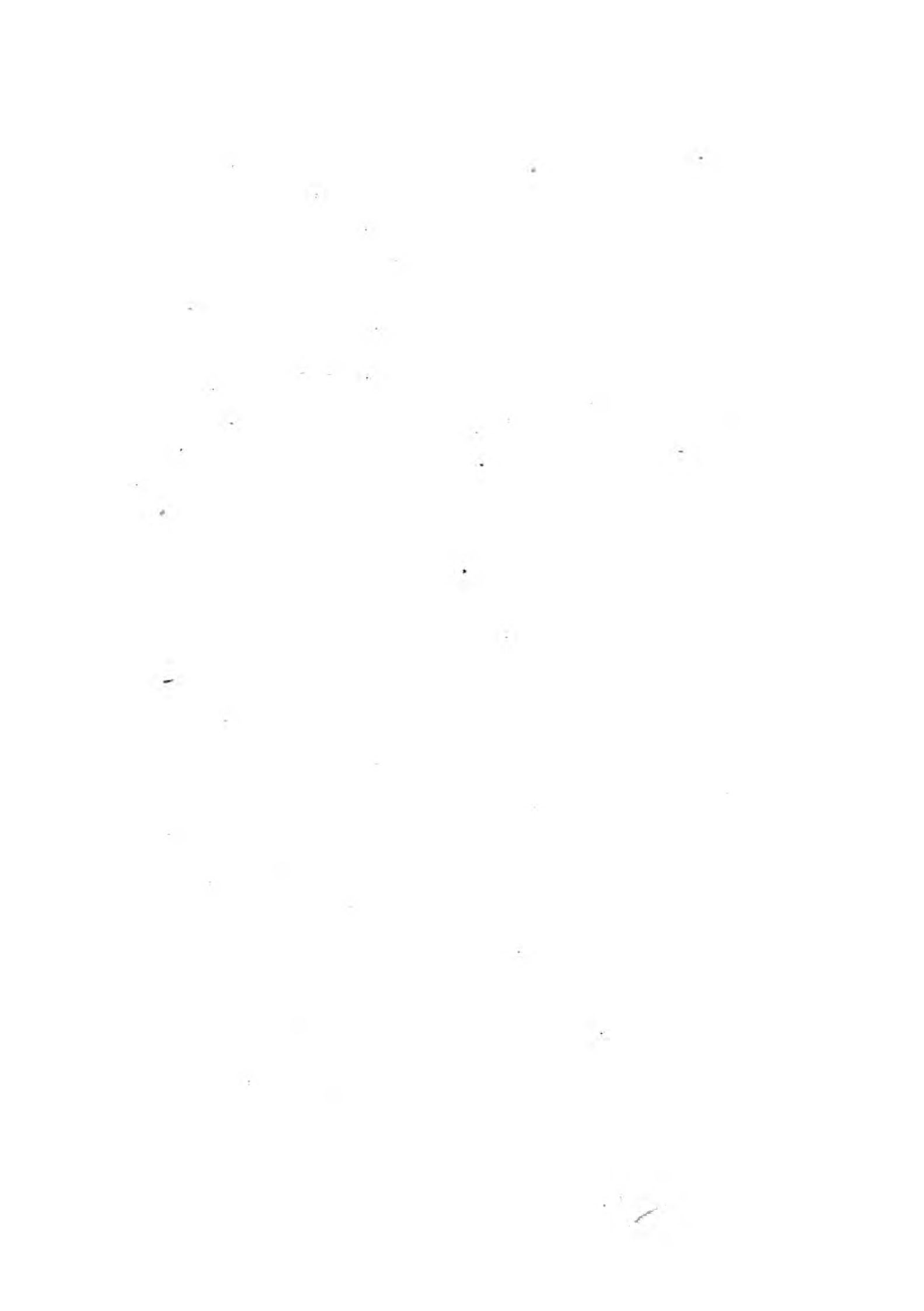
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A TOUR IN
AUSTRIAN LOMBARDY,
THE NORTHERN TYROL
AND BAVARIA 1840
BY JOHN BARRON ESQ^{RE}

TOUR
IN
AUSTRIAN LOMBARDY,
THE NORTHERN TYROL,
AND
BAVARIA.

IN 1840.

BY JOHN BARROW, ESQ.



VIA MALA.

LONDON:
JOHN MURRAY, ALBEMARLE STREET.

1841.

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P R E F A C E.

AN author either is, or thinks he is, expected to assign some motive for coming before the public. In my own case, I have little to say beyond the simple fact, that in the several tours I have made on the continent, as well as on my trip to Iceland, it has been my practice to note down such objects or occurrences as were met with at the time. It is scarcely necessary to say that the probable result of a series of notes thus collected is, whether intentionally or otherwise, that they find their way to the press.

Such has been the origin of the few little volumes I have already ventured to lay before

the public, the indulgent reception of which has encouraged the production of the present one. It aims not at much novelty, the ground having mostly been travelled before, but it has at least variety to recommend it; and as the same objects are liable to be variously described and represented, as viewed in different lights by different writers, as well as to produce different reflections in the mind of the reader, there is no reason why the public should be satisfied with one or more narratives on the same subject. In the present case, for instance, the two most remarkable passes over the Alps, the Splugen and the Stelvio, have only been described, as far as my knowledge extends, in the grand volume of that clever artist, Mr. Brockedon, and in the Hand-Book of Mr. Murray, and in both there appears to me room left for further notice; of the latter pass in particular.

No traveller, indeed, should visit any part of the continent of Europe without taking

with him the little Hand-Books of my friend and schoolfellow, Murray. The information they furnish is of a very useful description,—not merely as to the various routes from place to place, the detail of distances, modes of conveyance, expenses, inns, passports, &c.—but they also contain brief and condensed notices of all objects worthy the traveller's attention; obtained either by personal inspection, or gleaned from the most approved authorities. Much time is thus spared to the traveller by having information at hand, which he must otherwise search for in those ordinary "Guide-Books," which are as often calculated to mislead as to instruct.

A brief release from confinement, while it afforded me healthful exercise, with the pleasure of accompanying my friend, Frederick Graham, a great part of the tour, gave me the opportunity also of collecting and putting together the materials of this little volume, in which, if I have been fortunate enough to

contribute, scantily as it may be, to the reader's information or amusement, I shall deem myself to be sufficiently repaid for the small degree of labour it has cost me.

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A

DESCRIPTIVE TOUR
IN LOMBARDY, THE TYROL, AND
BAVARIA.

CHAPTER I.

FROM LONDON, BY THE RHINE, TO CARLSRHUE.

Antwerp—Railroad to Liége—Faulty system of—Instance of at Malines — Liége and the Meuse— Singular accident — Appearance of the country—Aix-la-Chapelle—Cologne—Victoria Steam-boat—Coblentz and Ehrenbreitstein — The Rhine—Frankfort—Museum — Danneker — Heidelberg — Carlsruhue.

“ It is difficult to understand,” says the late Mr. Inglis,—whose public loss as an observant traveller will be long felt by those who happen to visit the countries traversed by that gentleman, and who can bear testimony to the accuracy and fidelity of his works,—“ 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

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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."

Entertaining similar feelings, and having been one of those tourists who had overrun Switzerland, without stepping across the Rhetian Alps to visit this land of "romantic associations," I put myself on board the "Soho" steam-vessel to proceed to Antwerp, having promised, on a fixed day to meet a friend at Zurich, to accompany me on my intended journey over as large a portion of the Tyrol, and beyond it, as a certain limited time would allow. Another friend, Captain Rivett-Carnac, of the Royal Navy, was fortunately about setting off from London at the same time, on a visit to Switzerland, intending to accompany me up the Rhine, as far as Freyburg, a little town situated at the entrance of one of the most remarkable passes through the Black Forest, which they have been pleased to name the "Höllenthal" or valley of hell,—a foolish name, and wholly inappropriate to a spot, as I soon discovered, far more deserving that of Paradise. From hence my intention was to pass to Schaffhausen, and after seeing the Falls of the Rhine for the second time, to continue my journey in the hope of meeting my friend at Zurich, at the appointed time.

About mid-day on the morning of the 2nd of July, 1840, the well-known splash of the water announced the paddles of the steamer in motion, and a few turns of the wheels took us speedily out of sight of the Old Tower of London, with its "sullen ramparts, and weather-whitened walls." She was well filled with passengers of various descriptions, who all seemed as much pleased as myself in ploughing the waters of the lovely Thames, and witnessing the multitude of sailing and steaming craft, ascending and descending this majestic river, which, take it "all in all," we can never expect to meet with the like again in any part of Europe, or indeed of the world.

It is as well to throw a veil over the many petty inconveniences that some of the passengers, and the miseries that others, have to go through during a first night at sea; suffice it to say that, in the morning, when those who had gone below left the crowded cabin, and found themselves quietly paddling up the Scheldt, their cheerful looks were at once resumed, congratulating each other on being so near the end of the voyage, and even within the promised time; for in twenty-one hours, from the time we left the Tower wharf, we landed on the quay of Antwerp. Our baggage had previously been examined on board

by the custom-house officers, who behaved very civilly, and we had no further trouble about it.

Twelve years had passed away since I stood upon the quay of Antwerp: the Scheldt along the whole range of the town was, as I then thought, and as it still seems to be, a vacant river. This ancient commercial town, with its noble river, did not appear to have received any improvement either in its buildings, or docks, or shipping, since the separation of Belgium from Holland. No bustle in the streets, nor much semblance of trade met the eye; but everything looked just the same as I had left it on my previous visit. The beautiful spire of the splendid cathedral, which was said to have received some slight injuries during the bombardment, was still to all appearance under repair, unless indeed the scaffolding around it was only for the purpose of hanging illumination lamps to grace the approaching fête to be given to the memory of Rubens.

As there was nothing to detain us after exhibiting ourselves at the passport office, we hastened to the station of the *Chemin de Fer*; and finding the ten o'clock train on the point of starting for Liége, or rather Ans, about a mile from Liége, we took our seats, and in

four hours performed the distance, which is reckoned to be sixty-four English miles. The rails appear to be well laid, and the engines and carriages good, but the management not quite so, the stoppages being frequent and long. We passed through a tunnel of some length, and along two or three cuttings of no great depth. At the central station of Malines, from whence diverge the respective rails to Antwerp, Liége, Brussels, and Ostend, is a commodious space of ground allotted to each, with extensive ranges of buildings.

Reaching Ans, an omnibus of considerable height, with a canopy extending over the roof, under which all the baggage was placed, waited the arrival of the train, and as there was no room inside, we were rather unceremoniously hoisted up amongst the baggage between the canopy and the roof. The vehicle appeared so top-heavy, that I almost expected it to go over, while descending the steep hill which conducts to the town of Liége.

We were conveyed to the hotel de la Pommelette, a large establishment adjoining the office, from whence the several diligences depart; and as it was our intention to leave the following morning for Aix-la-Chapelle and Cologne, by that mode of conveyance, we determined upon passing the night at the above hotel. It proved comfortable and reasonable,

our *joint* expenses for dinner, breakfast, and beds, being no more than twelve francs.

In the cool of the evening we walked up to the citadel, which stands on a steep hill, and on applying to the commandant, a civil little old gentleman, we immediately received permission to go over the several ramparts, escorted by a smart intelligent serjeant, to enjoy the pretty and extensive view of the valley, with the town at our feet, and the river Meuse flowing through it, which is here joined by the small river Ourte.

Nothing can exceed in beauty the banks of the Meuse, between Liége and Namur, along which I had passed on a former occasion. It equals the best parts of the Rhine on a small scale, and in picturesque beauty may be said to exceed it. The left bank, in particular, descends in a fine wooded slope, interspersed with numerous houses, white and clean, notwithstanding the smoking chimneys of the steam-engines, seen near the water's edge, on both sides. The vicinity of the town affords plenty of fuel to feed them, for heaps of coal are to be met with strewed about in all the outskirts; and it is said that the pits are worked under the town and the bed of the river.

As Liége is the last place to the eastward to which the railroad at present extends, I may be allowed to say a word on that subject.

Belgium, from its general uniformity of surface, as far as Liége, is a country well adapted for railroad communication, and the Belgian government, it must be admitted, has availed itself of it, to a very considerable extent, and has taken the lead of most, if not of all, the other continental states. The lines have been laid out on a system which, as I before hinted, would appear in some respects faulty, and in fact experience has taught them that it is so: I allude to those several lines all issuing from one central point, at Mechlin, or as it is frequently called, Malines. One inconvenience of this centralization is the delay which arises from the trains occasionally not arriving there at the appointed hour, to carry on the passengers intending to proceed with them: practice, however, and strict attention to regulations, have considerably diminished this hindrance.

But there is another inconvenience which requires the utmost attention of travellers themselves, on their arrival by railroad at Malines, and thence prosecuting their journey. As almost all the trains assemble on their respective routes at this central station, it may naturally be expected that much bustle and confusion will ensue by the removal of passengers and their baggage to the proper trains; and it behoves a passenger to look well after both, lest he should be carried in a

contrary direction to that of his intended destination; or be left behind altogether; of which I saw an instance, on my return to England, when I passed along the whole line of railroad from Antwerp to Ostend: a lady was seated in the same carriage with myself, which I had clearly ascertained to be one of the train for Ostend: she, poor soul, had been informed it was the one for Brussels; on discovering her mistake, shortly before we started, she got out, and took her seat in a carriage, on the rails next to us, at a short distance off, which she understood to be the train about to start for Brussels; the bugle sounded, and its answer, but, alas! away went the train for Brussels from a different rail altogether, leaving the poor lady looking out of the coach window in a state of great despair. Where she was likely to be carried, or whether she alighted from the carriage, I know not, as in a moment we were ourselves a mile off.

The railways and the engines are said to be equally good as our own. They are, in fact, chiefly, if not altogether, the work of an Englishman, in the employ of the late Mr. Cockerell, by whose indefatigable energy and comprehensive mind, the city of Liége became another Sheffield or Birmingham. On my approach to Liége by night, upon returning, the multitude of fires and blazing chimneys

brought strongly to my recollection a nightly visit I once paid to Wolverhampton; in fact, the foundries and workshops along the Meuse, and the number of steam-engine chimneys smoking, along the banks of that beautiful river, twelve years ago, appeared then as something extraordinary, compared with the general quiet and stillness of a Belgic town. But now that the railroad communication with Liége by Malines has been fully established, the activity and spirit given, not only to the iron manufactory in all its branches, but to the cloth, cotton, and every other branch of industry, are quite remarkable, and will ere long be evident in every part of this fine country. The people of Liége cannot but feel they owe a large debt of gratitude to the man who has contributed so largely to their prosperity, and will, no doubt, be ready to express it, by erecting some monument to the memory of their chief benefactor, Mr. Cockerell.

I did not hear of any accident having occurred on the railroads of Belgium. A remarkable circumstance, however, happened nearly two years ago, to an engine-carriage with a baggage-waggon after it, belonging to King Leopold. Returning from Ostend, where his Majesty had embarked for England, the train had to pass over one of the flat bridges, which draw to the sides of canals,

to let barges pass. The man at the bridge, not being aware of the sudden return and speed of the train, had not closed the bridge, and the consequence was, that the engine flew fairly across the canal, which I believe was nearly thirty feet wide, without further mischief than dragging the baggage-waggon into the canal, and damaging the top of the wall on the opposite side. Several English gentlemen, on hearing of the accident, went from Brussels to verify the fact, which had not obtained general belief, though the force and velocity of the engine might have been supposed amply sufficient to overcome its tendency to gravitate, on passing over so small a space.

Few things strike a stranger more, on his first visit to the continent, than the early habits of the people. This observation is not confined to the busy and stirring life of a great manufacturing town like Liége, but may be extended generally to all. It was scarce six o'clock on the following morning, when we drove through the streets, *en route*, to Aix-la-Chapelle, yet every shop was open, few window-shutters closed, and the people were bustling about in swarms—all was life and activity.

The surface of the country between Liége and Aix-la-Chapelle changes its general character and becomes a succession of hills and dales, affording to the traveller extensive views,

and a scenery which much resembles that of England, being mostly divided by hedge-rows enclosing fields of various kinds of grain, together with a fair proportion of pasture, on which were many herds of cattle grazing. The road is paved in the centre and Macadamised on either side. We overtook some carts laden with cannon, as well as others with large iron boilers for locomotive engines, and there appeared altogether to be a good deal of traffic on the road.

On arriving at Aix-la-Chapelle, our baggage was searched and passports *viséd*. We remained about an hour at this place, and then continued our journey to Cologne, where we did not arrive till after eight in the evening, having been about fifty-six hours from London to the Rhine, including a night's rest and nearly half a day at Liége. The country between Aix-la-Chapelle and Cologne is very flat, and well-suited for the railway which is now in progress, and which when completed will connect Ostend and Antwerp with the Rhine. In this latter part of our route, we passed through a well-cultivated soil, covered with extensive corn-fields. After a long day's journey, I was not sorry to find myself in the Hotel Royal, "ci-devant Hotel du Saint Esprit," which overlooks the Rhine, and where we put up for the night. Cologne is a curi-

ous place were it only for the Roman antiquities, which are dug up there; besides these there is not much to detain the traveller who, like myself, may already have visited it. We made our arrangements, therefore, for our departure the following morning, and, at six, embarked on board the "Victoria," a fine iron steam-boat, belonging to the Dusseldorf Company, but built in England and fitted with engines of eighty horse power by Miller and Ravenhill. They appear to be kept in neat and clean order, and reflect much credit upon the engineer, as the vessel is constantly day and night under weigh. We found the "Victoria" pretty free from that disagreeable vibration, so common in steam-vessels; the chief cabin is tastily and elegantly fitted up, and every attention has been paid to the comfort of the passengers. The *Conducteur* (a rating, by the way, which we have not in our navy) was a very important person in the ship; a good-humoured, active, and intelligent man, who made it his study to see that every one was comfortable on board; he was very communicative, without being troublesome, pointing out the various objects of general attraction, as we steamed, or rather stemmed the stream, which, from the recent rains, was flowing with great rapidity against us.

The Rhine does not command much notice

till after passing Bonn, when the seven mountains make their appearance, and the Drachenfel opens out. The island of Nonnenworth, with its convent, now converted into an hotel, was passed on our right. At about half-past three we reached Coblentz, and took up our abode at the Grand Hotel de Belle Vue, immediately facing the long bridge of boats thrown across the Rhine, over which we approach the formidable fortress of Ehrenbreitstein, which, had the author of Childe Harold seen now, as we did, in its restored and improved state, he would have given a very different description to this "Tower of Victory" than that which he has left us.

" Here Ehrenbreitstein, with her shatter'd wall
 Black with the miner's blast, upon her height
 Yet shows of what she was, when shell and ball
 Rebounding idly on her strength did light:
 A tower of Victory! from whence the flight
 Of baffled foes was watch'd along the plain:
 But peace destroy'd what war could never blight,
 And laid those proud roofs bare to summer's rain
 On which the iron shower for years had poured in vain."

We went over this noble fortress, from the lofty summits of which the view of Coblentz and of the Rhine, with the Moselle, which falls into it at this spot, afford an enchanting prospect. Everything here wears of course a military aspect. The men are well dressed and soldier-like, but the trousers have been

altered since last I saw the Prussian army, and in my opinion not for the better. They formerly were made to fit rather close to the leg, and terminated with a gaiter over the foot, which was neat and very becoming: now they are worn loose from the knee downwards, like those of our own troops; over which they have still the advantage of a finer quality of duck, and in lieu of that brownish stuff, supplied to our army, the Prussian material is of a snow-white colour, and adds greatly to the appearance of the men.

We went in the evening into the church of Notre Dame. Being Sunday it was crowded to excess; and when the congregation joined voices with the organ, the effect was highly imposing. The attendance of females was numerous; they generally wore their hair neatly divided, laid smooth across the forehead, pretty much like the present fashion in England, twisted, or tied in a plaited knot, at the back of the head, and held together by a silver ornament or *skewer*, in shape very much resembling a paper-knife. Some of the smarter young damsels displayed their charms by wearing a silver, and some a gold-tinselled cap, fitting close to the back of the head, and advancing as far as the ears.

A stroll on the banks of the Rhine pleasantly whiled away the hours till bed-time.

Some large barges were in the act of being towed up against the rapid stream; it required the utmost exertions of the horses to move them, or even to prevent themselves being dragged into the current; an event by no means unlikely to happen, as they were often pulled off the towing path, and up to the belly in water. To save them from drifting down, the whip was necessarily, but apparently most brutally, used; at the same time it must be admitted that nothing but the whip and the yells of the drivers could save them from a swim down the stream. The next morning, soon after six, we left Coblentz in the same steam-vessel that brought us hither.

The upper part of the Rhine, between Coblentz and Mayence, is by far the most interesting. It here becomes contracted between its winding and enclosing hills, presenting as it were a succession of lakes. In one part, where the Lurleiberg juts out into the stream, the latter becomes so violent, that we scarcely moved through the water, which, rushing round the sudden bend of the river, is thrown into numerous eddies and whirlpools. The rugged and rocky banks of this upper part of the Rhine are studded with old ruined castles, one of which, prettily perched on the summit of a rock, and facing the valley through which the Lahn flows into the Rhine, appears to be

still under repair, as we saw it twelve years ago.

At three in the afternoon we arrived at Mayence, and in two hours afterwards departed by a railway, recently constructed, to Frankfort on the Main, which we reached in an hour and a quarter. Throughout this route, I observed the hills covered with vineyards, and the level ground mostly with poppies, which were growing in vast quantities; and being in full flower, the face of the country wore a remarkably brilliant and lively aspect.

We took up our residence at the Hotel de Russie, which is one of the many fine establishments here, and, to all appearance, well conducted. I learned with regret that Mr. May, the respectable landlord of the Weidenbusch, where I had resided on two occasions, was no more. In the morning we were present at the relief of the guard, when a few pretty airs were played by a good band; but we agreed there was rather too much drumming to make it pleasant; this, however, it may be observed, is a fault of almost every infantry band, both here and elsewhere.

I paid a visit to the Stadel Institute, or Museum, so called from the name of the munificent citizen of Frankfort who founded it at his own expense. There are in the collec-

tion several tolerably good paintings by old masters; one or two by Ruysdael and Ostade, and some German pictures of the early era of the arts; but not professing myself much of a connoisseur, and being rather pressed for time, I must pass over the specimens of the fine arts here brought together. As a curiosity, however, I may mention a small painting of some butterflies and other insects, with a glass covering over the canvass. The ground on which they were painted, being shaded strongly, had the effect of appearing to raise them to the surface of the glass, and viewed from a short distance, it was difficult to believe it other than a small case of real insects; even Mr. Curtis, our first entomologist, would have been taken in by the resemblance they bore to corporeal existence. It seemed to attract a very marked attention from a German lady, who was in ecstasy as she gazed upon the deception.

In addition to the collection of paintings there are also some fine casts of statues in the Museum. Everybody, who has been at Frankfort, must have heard of, and most travellers must have seen, the celebrated statue of Ariadne by Danneker, in the garden of Mr. Bethman; it is, as it deserves to be, the pride of this noble and free city. Having received a kind and pressing invitation to dine with Mr. Koch, the British Consul, or rather with

his sons, for he was himself absent, we could not do otherwise than accept it, although it obliged us to quit the party rather early, having taken our seats in the coupé of the diligence for Baden, where it was our intention to have gone, though we afterwards somewhat altered our plans. At Mr. Koch's we met a gentleman, Mr. Twining, who was to be our fellow traveller in the coupé, which carries three persons. He proved to be a cousin of Mr. Twining, whom I had met in 1834 at Drontheim, and who published, at Paris, an agreeable little volume on Norway.

On arriving at the office of the diligence, we soon experienced the great inconvenience of having too much baggage, and were charged very high for all that we had above the allowed weight, each of us having, I believe, more than double that prescribed, which is only 30 lbs. for each passenger. When paying for the overweight, I was not a little amused at a remark made to me by a gentleman from Ireland, who was not overstocked with baggage, and who, I suppose, had never before been upon the continent, — perhaps had never before left the Emerald Isle. "I see," said he, "they know you are an Englishman, — I've just had to pay for my baggage, and suppose I may think myself lucky, as mine is not charged half so much as yours; it may be all right, but one

might as well argue with the devil in — as with one of these chaps."

I may here remark, that many people prefer travelling by night; for my own part I have two strong objections to it; the one is an irksome and disagreeable feeling, and an impossibility of sleeping or even dozing: the other is the total ignorance of the country over which one has been travelling. In the present instance this could not be avoided, as there was no coach by day; and as I subsequently found that the diligences generally start at night, this penalty must be paid, whenever one is obliged to have recourse to them. We arrived, however, at Heidelberg about four in the morning, as the sun was just rising.

The situation of this old castle is grand and imposing. On my former journey along this route, I went through the ancient structure, and saw, among other things, the celebrated tun, which after all would not, I believe, contain as much liquid as the great vat of rum, kept constantly full, in the Victualling-yard at Deptford, or one of the porter-vats of a London brewer. Stories of French enormities are readily believed in every part of the continent, once inflicted with the presence of their armies, but that of their having drained the Heidelberg tun is more than doubtful, inasmuch as it is generally believed to have re-

mained empty for the last seventy or eighty years.

Here Mr. Twining left us, or rather remained, to enjoy that enviable situation of a quiet bed for a few hours. His place in the coupé was taken by a German student, who with his long hair, long legs, and long pipe, could not be mistaken; but he turned out rather a more civilised specimen than the generality of these gentry are described to be. He was not one of those however who, during the summer months, are met with swarming in all parts of Germany and far beyond its limits; they frequent the banks of the Rhine, where travellers most abound, not hesitating to hold out their hats, or caps, to receive whatever alms foreigners may be pleased to bestow on a poor apprentice.

CHAPTER II.

CARLSRHUE, THROUGH SCHAFFHAUSEN, TO
ZURICH.

Carlsruhe—Adjacent country—German students—Offenburg—
Love of flowers—German beds—Freyburg—Cathedral—
The Höllenthal—The Schwarzwald or Black forest—A Frey-
burg poet—Black forest compared with Norway—Barrel-organ
—Black forest beauties—Studhlingen—Schaffhausen—Ca-
mera obscura—Fatal accident—Swiss cottages—their want of
cleanliness—Female dress—Zurich.

ON reaching Carlsruhe we decided on altering our plan of visiting Baden, and being heartily tired of the diligence, engaged a voiturier to drive us to Basle, a distance of more than one hundred miles, for which we agreed to give him four napoleons, to cover every expense. The entrance to Carlsruhe is rather striking; it is through an avenue of tall poplar trees, certainly not less than an English mile in extent. This capital of Baden is a small but well-built town, and, as regards the buildings themselves, presents rather a lively appearance. In its plan, however, it is somewhat remarkable. From the palace, in the centre, the streets all radiate like the spokes of a wheel, or the sticks of a fan; and each of these is crossed by other narrow streets, that are so many portions of

concentric circles. These radiating streets reminded me of the three perspectives (of which the Newsky is the principal) at St. Petersburg, and which, in the same manner radiate from the Admiralty buildings. Carlsruhue may be called modern, and only became a town from the circumstance of Charles having built a palace there, as a place of rest (hence its name); but as princes are seldom suffered to be alone, the courtiers followed, and houses were necessary to lodge them. An established court naturally attracts tradesmen and mechanics, and hence a town springs up. Carlsruhue was built, however, upon a system, and the planner of it would appear to have studied from that imaginary city in the centre of Africa, described by that imaginary personage, called Gaudentio de Lucca, supposed, but erroneously, to be the Bishop Berkeley; or perhaps the projector may have received a hint from that specimen of classic taste, the Seven Dials of London. Different from this, however, were the buildings, and different the width of the streets, each of which appears to terminate in an avenue through the surrounding woods. We had no time to visit the Picture Gallery, Museum, Library, or Botanical Garden, nor even the Palace Garden, all of which I am told are worth seeing.

We set out from Carlsruhue about mid-day, and passed through a richly cultivated country,

the crops looking healthy and vigorous. In many spots we observed them to be sown in long, almost semi-circular, sweeping stripes, alternately of corn, barley, oats, potatoes, hemp, tobacco, and many other valuable products, the effect of which was as peculiar as the ground-plan of the town, and not unpleasant to the eye. The peasantry appear to be generally a fine strong-bodied race; numbers of women were employed in the fields, as well as men, the latter looking more like superintendents than working men, with their cocked hats, which were very generally worn by the labourers in the fields. The road from Frankfort to Carlsruhe is Macadamised and kept in good condition.

The next town we passed through was Rastadt, remarkable for nothing, that I am aware of, except a large palace in a neglected state. The road continues good and the passengers were numerous. Our voiturier had with him a little terrier dog, kept in a long basket swung beneath the carriage, which afforded us considerable amusement, by the effectual manner it relieved us from the importunity of the travelling journeymen, apprentices, and other beggars on the road: on any one approaching the carriage, the sudden and unexpected snarling and yelping of the little concealed animal caused them immediately to start back; his vigilance in this respect, and the entertainment

it afforded us, so disconcerted the mendicants, that they rarely ventured to persevere in their solicitations. Many of these young men are mechanics, sent out, at holiday-time, to gain information and improve their knowledge.

In my former journey through this part of the world, I conceived, like many others, a feeling of disgust for the practices of these young persons; but on more mature reflection, I am rather inclined to commiserate than be offended with their importunity. Every farmer in Germany is desirous of giving his son a good education, which costs but little; but the son is naturally desirous, during the vacation, to see the world, or at least that part of it within which his native country is comprehended: his funds will not admit of his travelling without eleemosynary aid; he may be called literally a poor scholar. What becomes of the bulk of those, who are studying professions, in after-life, I know not; but although literature in all its departments is probably more encouraged, and is the pursuit of more candidates, in Germany than in any other country of Europe, it is difficult to imagine that the multitudes, turned out annually from the numerous public schools and universities, can all succeed; what then is to become of the rest? We may suppose that the civil and military professions, as in our own and most other countries, have more candidates than can ever hope to

succeed, but then our numerous colonies and Indian possessions take off a great many—resources which Germany cannot boast. Education is, no doubt, most desirable for the whole human race, but is a superior education desirable to be bestowed on all?

We dined on the road at a small town called Achern, where we found a larger and better hotel than could have been expected; and were here favoured with some Affenthaler wine, which is considered a great delicacy; but I cannot say much in its favour.

Proceeding from hence, we arrived about nine in the evening at Offenburg, and put up for the night at “La Fortune,”—a good and neat hotel, where everything was comfortable enough except the beds, which I believe in this country are an universal exception. A printed card, put into our hands, gave us the value of the German and Prussian currency as compared with English coin, very useful to the travellers of our country in particular. Before the doors of the hotel were placed some fine oleanders in full flower, and in the windows several of the cactus family, also in a state of blossom; hydrangias, geraniums, pinks, and other flowering plants. The love of flowers, indeed, was apparent in all the places we had this day passed through, most of the windows having a good display of

them. It is not only pleasing to look upon these beauties of nature, but the general practice of their culture has the effect of impressing on the mind of the passing traveller a favourable opinion of the people. I remember once a gentleman of some note remarking to me that he was sure that no man who was fond of flowers could be a bad man: at all events, we may safely say, that the love of flowers bespeaks a refined mind.

And now for the beds: not the flower-beds; for the beds I speak of are anything but beds of roses, as those who, for the first time, travel upon the Continent will find to their cost; more especially in Germany, where they appear to be everywhere alike, as to size and shape; the former, of dimensions so short that a man of ordinary stature cannot lie at length in them, without his feet being extended beyond the mattress, and coming in contact with the wood at the end; and he will rarely experience any relief by doubling up his legs. The sheets, too, are so narrow, that it is impossible to keep them on; and generally so damp, that it is a mercy if you are not seized with lumbago before morning;—and to crown the whole accumulation of misery, you may think yourself fortunate if you escape being smothered under the huge feather *soufflét* which is thrown over the bed in lieu of a counterpane. No

one, however, who escapes suffocation, will ever, I should imagine, think of sleeping under one of these puffed coverlids a second time in the month of July. Another misery is, that the beds are generally so contrived as to be considerably lower in the centre than at the extremities, and the feet and head being thus raised to nearly the same level, while the body sinks below, it cannot fail to assist the damp sheets in giving the lumbago to the unhappy traveller. There are no curtains to the bed, and seldom any to the windows.

All this, however, is, perhaps, an amusing variety to a novice in travelling; not so, however, to an old stager, whose journeyings to and fro may have broken in upon many a night's rest. This again is a mere trifle, when put in comparison with the lopping off, or stretching out, a traveller's length, as the Greeks tell us was the practice of a certain notorious robber, to fit them to his Procrustean bed; which we may suppose to have been something resembling those of Germany.

Early next morning we left Offenburg, and "kept company," as the sailors say, with three officers of the Dutch army, who were travelling the same road with a voiturier, and as we stopped occasionally together to bait horses, we had opportunities of entering into conversation. Two of them spoke our language

perfectly, and we found them agreeable well-informed men. At Kensingen we took dinner, and arrived at Freyburg in Breisgau at three in the afternoon, having passed through a well-cultivated country the whole way. Cherry and walnut-trees were everywhere abundant, and full of fruit. We passed the night at the Hôtel de la Cour de Zähringen, once a great name in the dukedom of Breisgau, but the last of that illustrious house died in the early part of the thirteenth century. The cathedral or minster, of which I shall presently speak, owes its origin to that family.

Freyburg is a moderate sized town, prettily situated at the foot of the hills, and close to the gap or entrance of Hell Valley (Höllenthal) — a name fearful enough, it must be admitted; but, as before hinted, by no means appropriate, and which does not, to me at least, convey any idea of that awful and terrific imagery with which theologians and poets have adorned the infernal regions. As a familiar illustration, I should say, that in comparison with the Devil's Punchbowl, on Hind Head Hill, the latter is more entitled to the distinction than the verdant valley of Höllenthal.

Backed by the dark range of the Schwarzwald, or Black Forest, a rich carpet of every variety of colour, arising from the luxuriant

and varied cultivation of the soil, spreads over a slight and gently rising slope to the very skirts of the ascent. Freyburg, from its remarkable, and indeed beautiful, situation, together with its grand and ancient cathedral, whose pyramidal spire of open fretwork is seen to rise to a height, as it is said, of nearly four hundred feet, is a place that cannot fail to attract the attention of the traveller.

This octagonal spire of open fretwork, cut in stone, issues from a massive square tower, and the beauty of it is seen to best advantage by ascending a hill, which rises just above the town, till the eye is brought upon a level, or nearly so, with the centre of the spire, when the sculpture and carving of the fretwork is seen through, with the sky as a back-ground. Having taken this position, we could look directly through the open work; so completely so, that the openings, and the lines of stone between them of the two opposite sides, were brought into one, to the greatest possible nicety. In the interior are some old sculptures, painted glass on the windows, and a carved pulpit, which latter is not very attractive, perhaps, after seeing those fine specimens of carving in the pulpits of the Belgian cathedrals.

At the inn I procured a full and particular account of the cathedral, drawn up and printed

in the English language, by an uneducated *poet* of the name of John Andrew Ritschel, and which, setting aside a little national pride, or enthusiasm, contains a minute and faithful description, not only of the minster, but dwells upon the beauties of Freyburg and its environs, and the excellence of its inhabitants. I say *enthusiasm*, for, speaking of the spire, which is, no doubt, a most exquisite piece of architecture, he calls it the "wonder of the world." "This structure," he says, "surprises our imagination beyond all thought, and attracts universal admiration; all parts reveal the studious care of the German's thoughtful spirit, ingenious work, and progressive accomplishment."

His *poem* he calls "The Storm;" it describes one of those "howling storms" which are not unfrequent in the Schwarzwald mountains. In some of the rhymes one would suppose he had taken a leaf out of Hudibras:—

"Not far Hoellethal in the Black Forest,
From whence his torrents turn to the *north-west*."

The poem, however, is not without its merits, and if the following lines were slightly altered, they might not, perhaps, be considered much amiss:—

"Not a great way off, in delightful view,
Some lonely forest-cots present anew.
Here bright Titisee, with waters profound,
Begirt by steep and lofty hills around ;

Dusky woods o'erhang the lake's stony strand,
Their leafy tops the upper air command ;
And gloomy firs in more gloomy array
Encircle and o'erlook the glossy bay ;
The lofty stems in spiry boughs arise,
And on the waters trace their giant size."

They at least do not fall far short of some of the lines of the " uneducated poets" who a few years ago were brought into notice. Some of our countrymen had persuaded this man of Freyburg that his poetry was equal to that of Byron, and he told me so, with a grave face, observing that Byron was an educated poet, and he a natural-born poet. His effusions have, at least, the merit of labouring to inculcate good morals, and I hope that he may on that account, if on no other, meet with encouragement in the sale of his lucubrations, which cost but a mere trifle.

I made mention in the former part of the journey that the men at work in the fields wore cocked hats: in these parts nothing but broad-brimmed slouching hats are to be seen, something resembling those worn by the droskie-drivers in Russia. The women for the most part wear a black silk handkerchief tied tight round the head and brought to a broad knot at the top; those of the better class not much varying their head-dress, which, however, is generally of large dimensions, and resembles that usually worn by the females of Berne. With

regard to the town, I have only to add that a beautiful clear limpid stream flows rapidly through the town of Freyburg, being conducted through several of the streets;—which is not only a great convenience and comfort to the inhabitants, but gives them the means of cleanliness, of which they appear to avail themselves, and it also affords a refreshing coolness during the summer season.

I was with much regret compelled at this place to separate from my friend Captain Carnac, who took advantage of the diligence, as it passed through Freyburg at four in the morning, to proceed on his way to Geneva; and having ascertained that the three Dutch officers I have before mentioned were proceeding through the Höllenthal, I proposed to make a fourth by taking the vacant seat and accompanying them as far as Schaffhausen,—a proposition to which they most readily assented, in the kindest possible manner; and I had every reason to consider myself fortunate in falling in with such agreeable companions. They were the Baron de Lÿnden and J. J. Van der Velden of the artillery, and the Baron Van Lÿnden, van Sandenburg, of the infantry.

The Höllenthal is a grand and beautiful pass through a rich and luxuriant mountain defile. In some parts we found the road so steep as to make it necessary to put on two

additional horses: and this occurred twice. Indeed it was the more necessary, as one of our own was what is called a *jibber*.

The hills of the Black Forest, in this part of it at least, are generally of a conical form, densely covered with fir-trees, presenting a dark and sombre appearance, and the road through them not much varied. A rapid foaming stream rushes through the valley along which the road lies; and having gone a short distance, we came to a very pretty little lake, called Titisee, mentioned by the poet of Freyburg. Several water-mills used for sawing deal planks occur in various parts of the valley, which, from their construction as well as employment, reminded me at once of Norway: some snow-ploughs, lying by the roadside, whose shape was precisely similar to those used for the same purpose in Norway, and the little bridges of logs of wood thrown across the streams, also tended to recall to my mind the grand, romantic, and beautiful scenery of a country to which I must ever feel greatly attracted, by its varied pine-clad mountains, rock-walled ravines, and magnificent cascades, pouring their streams into fertile valleys well watered by chains of river-lakes, and smiling with cultivation and herds of cattle. In these respects, Switzerland might seem to vie with Norway; but taking the latter with the roman-

tic beauties of the country, and connecting the simple, honest, and independent character of its inhabitants, I have yet seen none to equal it.

Observing a post by the side of the road with a painting thereon better drawn than could have been expected from the solitary nature of the spot, I was induced to stop and regard it more nearly. It represented a kind of cart in the act of upsetting, and crushing the poor driver to death—an accident which was said to have occurred so recent as in December last. There was an inscription on it relating the circumstance, and concluding with a sentence to the effect that “Man *proposes*, but God *disposes*.” We had before this passed a place where some other accident of a similar kind had occurred and was recorded, but did not stop to read it.

On reaching a spot in the mountains called Lenzkirch, we obtained some dinner, and met with good fare. During our repast we were entertained with the music of a barrel-organ, made by a man in the village whom we had encountered at the post-house. It was a large instrument, to which were attached no fewer than twenty barrels; and being in perfect order, played delightfully: the airs were all pleasing and select, particularly the waltzes. The landlord's daughter was a pretty girl, and in this respect she bore out the description of

the uneducated poet, John Andrew Ritschel aforesaid :—

“ Lenzkirch, Bondorf, and Neustadt forest green,
All known for mountaineers of noble mien :
For Black Forest beauties, highly renown'd,
Set off with caps, with black ribbon around.”

The women in the Schwarzwald were certainly “ set off ” to advantage : the *coiffure* I have already mentioned : they generally wear a small smart velvet jacket, which is open in front, a full gown, and neat straw hat, which they make for themselves. The men are extremely respectful, always removing their hats as they pass a stranger : indeed I have invariably observed that the mountaineers are the most respectful, and at the same time the most manly, race of people in all countries I have visited. The whole of the valley of the Höllenthal is strikingly romantic, and in no degree repulsive ; but on the contrary, though rough and rugged in parts, is much diversified with beautiful scenery ; and the descent to Studhlingen, and the position of the little town in the valley, immediately under the old castle which towers above it, is extremely picturesque. Here we supped and slept at a very neat and comfortable inn.

We had passed numerous scattered little villages in the cleared parts of the Black Forest, some of which, towards the end of our

journey through it, began to partake of the Swiss character. In fact, a little stream at this place crosses the valley with a bridge over it, and marks the boundary-line of Switzerland.

As usual, I was up and under way in the morning by six o'clock, and at nine we reached the Falls of Schaffhausen. The view of them from the right bank as we approached was imposing, the more so by our coming suddenly upon them, and I am decidedly of opinion that they are seen to greater advantage from this than from any other point of view. When observed from the front, or facing the fall, they would require a greater height than they possess to give them importance, as they are only about seventy feet, whereas the width of the river is nearly three hundred; but viewed from the side, as it were on a line across them, and somewhat elevated, this defect is not so observable. We paid a visit to the camera obscura, which is provided for the gratification of travellers, and is certainly worthy of being seen, giving as it does a perfect representation of the Falls, and on such a reduced scale as to produce a well-defined and pleasing picture. I am not sure that it would not be the best means of making a drawing from it by those who are fond of sketching, as it would unquestionably be the most accurate view that could be obtained. The lights and shades

thus presented had a pretty effect, and when the sun shone bright, every ripple of the water sparkled below the Fall, and seemed in motion. While gazing at this perfect little picture, day-light was suddenly admitted into the room, and we found ourselves looking upon a piece of white unblemished linen, or whatever else it might be, without a vestige of that which but a moment before had so riveted our attention.

No picture, however, can give a faithful representation of a cascade; it is defective in two points, noise and motion, and the want of these occasions every picture or print of Niagara to be a failure; but the camera obscura supplies both. The attention being closely occupied by the camera, we not only see the rolling and sparkling of the water, but unconsciously transfer the noise to the representation, and hear the roaring as if actually in the camera, which gives to it a most surprising effect.

The descent of this vast rush of water was once, and I believe but once, attempted, and met with a fatal result. In 1793 two young gentlemen, George Viscount Montague, and Sedley Burdett, Esq., second son of Francis Burdett, Esq., perished in the rash attempt of descending the falls of Schaffhausen, out of a mere bravado of doing what never had been attempted before. The magistrates, having

heard of this resolution, and knowing that inevitable destruction must be the consequence of such an attempt, did all they could, by placing a guard, to prevent it. These young gentlemen had provided a flat-bottomed boat; and as Lord Montague was stepping in, his servant seized his master by the collar, but he broke from him and pushed off with his companion, and they were never seen or heard of more. The servant remained three weeks near the spot, bewailing the fate of his much-loved master. Thus perished, in the bloom of youth, two young men, the first-mentioned of whom was on his way home to be united with the amiable and accomplished Miss Coutts.

We crossed the river in a little boat to the "Pavilion," and platform on the opposite bank, projecting from the side of the rock and overhanging the fall. It is so placed for the convenience of strangers to hear and see the rush of water, though, at the expense of a little wetting, unless indeed they be provided with a good Macintosh to keep off some of the spray. I may add that the falls are broken in the centre by some prominent rocks, on one of which is stuck up a foolish *pasteboard* figure, (for it looks nothing better,) said to be the representation of William Tell, which, if worth anything, would be sadly misplaced there.

Thirteen years have now elapsed since I first visited these falls. I then made a tour to Switzerland, with my brother, accompanied by my friend, the Reverend L. E. Dryden, now vicar of Leke Wotton, Warwick, with whom we became acquainted on landing at Calais. We crossed the Simplon together, and went as far as the Lago Maggiore. So strong an impression was then made upon first viewing these falls, that the lapse of time I found had in no way effaced it; and as I stood and gazed on them, so familiar did they appear, that it was almost difficult to persuade myself that I had ever left the spot: but when I thought of my companions on that tour, and reflected upon the loss of two of them by death, one of them a brother of Mr. Surtees, of Hamsterley Hall, for whom I had the greatest affection and regard, who died at Malta, while in quarantine, on his way to England, after a three years' absence in Greece, and who was with me when I first saw these falls; the other my excellent friend Mr. Krieger, with whom we crossed the Furca and Grimsel, and whom I subsequently met so strangely and unexpectedly as governor of Iceland, in 1834;—when I reflected on the loss of these excellent men, I had no longer any difficulty of persuading myself of the change of circumstance and the lapse of time.

Having satisfied our curiosity with the falls of the Rhine, we proceeded on to the little town of Schaffhausen, perched upon the summit of a hill, the ascent to which is up a street even more steep than that in Guildford or Londonderry. In our attempt to reach the summit we were likely enough to have been overturned, for our jibbing horse not only refused to advance, but made no effort to sustain the carriage, which was now about halfway up the acclivity, but getting "stern-way," would soon have been down at the bottom, and probably topsy-turvy, had we not all been alert in jumping out, without waiting for the opening of the door.

Finding that there was a diligence, having the tempting name of *Vélocifère*, (a sad misnomer, as I found it,) about to start at twelve for Zurich, and a vacant seat in a very exalted cabriolet, overtopping the roof and behind the ponderous vehicle, I availed myself of it, taking leave of my recent companions, the Dutch officers, with whom I had passed a very pleasant time, greatly enjoying their society, and, I trust, they were equally satisfied with mine. Not being accustomed to cascades or cataracts, I never saw men more surprised and delighted than they were at the falls of Schaffhausen.

On mounting my elevated and airy seat, I

was well pleased to find, in the "tops," two young Englishmen, who were also bound to Zurich. In a moment, "smack went the whip, round went the wheels," and the *Vélocifère* was fairly under way, rolling and rocking about terribly as we rumbled through the streets of Schaffhausen.

It was at least satisfactory to find by the billet with which I was furnished on paying for my place, among a whole string of rules and regulations, the following:—"Les individus atteints de maladies ou d'infirmités rébutantes, ainsi que les enfans *au dessous de quatre ans*, ne sont pas admissibles pour faire le voyage par Le *Vélocifère*,"—a regulation, I believe, adopted by most of the diligences.

We passed through two or three Swiss villages, which were anything but picturesque, and only remarkable for the apparent poverty of the inhabitants, and total want of cleanliness; the filth suffered to remain in the very front of the houses being perfectly disgusting: and this the less excusable as, in every village there is a large cistern, and a spout of constantly flowing water; and yet, from the number of women that may be seen employed together, washing clothes and various household utensils, one might be led to imagine them a cleanly people. The strange

medley of persons collected round these founts is often amusing. My friend, Mr. Graham, (with whom I made the tour through the Tyrol,) told me that he one day saw, from the window of his hotel at Berne, the following *interesting* group:—Two or three women washing salad in the cistern, a postilion washing the mud off his large jack-boots, several women washing clothes, two horses drinking, one or two damsels filling their pails, and no end of little dirty boys paddling in the water.

The mode of stacking timber, or rather short logs of wood, in this neighbourhood, would appear singularly awkward. The logs or planks are placed in tiers, crossing each other at right angles, to the height of thirty or forty feet, which is at least an inconvenient mode to arrive at any particular piece of timber, limiting the taking of it regularly from the top, which is probably the practice, as the stacks seemed to be of little use except as fire-wood; but the logs were generally so short, and of course the pile so narrow, that even a ladder placed against it, with the weight of a man upon it, would probably endanger its stability. These tall, narrow stacks of firewood are common in this part of the country.

The change in the costume of the people, and of the females in particular, is at once

apparent on entering Switzerland, and, however pretty and engaging the Swiss costume may appear on paper, I cannot say it is either becoming or picturesque on the person, especially the high waist of the females, carried up almost under the arms, giving them an awkward appearance. I am told we had it in England some forty years ago, and called it Grecian.

We were now approaching Zurich, and soon caught the first glimpse of the noble range of Alpine mountains with their snow-clad summits, which surround nearly the whole of the cantons of Switzerland, and at five in the afternoon, the *Vélocifère*, dragging its slow length along, rolled into the town of Zurich, where I was glad to take up my abode at the *Hôtel l'Epée*.

CHAPTER III.

ZURICH—CONSTANCE—BATHS OF PFEFFERS—TO
COIRE.

Zurich and its lake—Views from the Cathedral tower—a crow's nest—Zwingli, the reformer—Lavater—Physiognomy and Craniology—Steam-boat on the lake—A chamois-hunter—Shores of the lake—The Righi mountain and spectre—William Tell's chapel—Rapperschwyl—Winterthur—Constance and its lake compared with that of Geneva—Fishing-boats and barges—The blue colour of the water—The Rhine—Valley of the Rhine—Fertility of the country—Village of Margarethen—Enter a gorge in the mountain—The Pfeffers baths—Gloomy situation of—Arrive at Coire.

THE intended companion of my future tour, Mr. Frederick Graham, the eldest son of Sir James Graham, of Netherby, had left England a full month before my departure; but I had made an arrangement with him, in London, to meet on a certain day at Zurich; and I may mention, as an instance of punctuality, and more, perhaps, of the dependence to be placed on steam-vessels and railroads, that I had scarcely arrived at the hotel an hour when my companion, with his friend, Mr. Coore, drove up to the door. Now, when it is considered that I had come from England, and they from

an extensive ramble among the Alps, our meeting was punctuality itself, owing chiefly, as mentioned above, to the means of calculating time and distance by the aid of that extraordinary mechanical power of steam.

Our first object was to lay down a plan for our future proceedings, which was to visit the curious baths of Pfeffers, cross the Rhoetian Alps, visit the Tyrol, Lago di Como, Milan, and, if circumstances admitted, to proceed as far as Venice, return by another pass of the Alps, thence to Munich, by which time I calculated that I at least should be obliged to bend my steps homewards. We agreed also to pass two or three days at or in the neighbourhood of Zurich, which we were the more encouraged to do from the delightful situation of the Hôtel l'Épée, at the foot of the lake, and on the banks of the clear stream of the Limmat, which flows out of it. At this hotel I met with every attention and comfort during my stay at Zurich, and from the windows we had a fine view of the expansive waters of the lake, backed by the snow-capped range of the alpine mountains at a short distance from its shores.

The first day after our meeting was employed in walking to the different heights in and about the town, to enjoy the beautiful and more extended view of the lake; and for the same pur-

pose we also ascended one of the towers of the cathedral, from which the eye is gratified with a rich panorama of the various reaches of the lake, and the shores dotted with innumerable villas and villages, close to the margin, with all the varieties of cultivation, backed by the extensive woods on all the hills, which terminate in mountain-ranges. On the tower of the cathedral, opposite to that we had ascended,—for it can boast of two, though very near to each other,—and on the very summit of the dome, we could observe and look into a crow's-nest, which struck my fancy no otherwise than as connected with some vague association of church and crow, and which presently brought to my reminiscence Cowper's playful lines on the subject, not inapplicable to the present occasion :—

“ There is a bird who, by his coat,
And by the hoarseness of his note,
Might be supposed a crow ;
A great frequenter of the church,
Where, bishop-like, he finds a perch,
And dormitory too.”

We passed the remainder of the day strolling through the different streets of Zurich, in which however there is not much to be seen beyond the ground it immediately stands upon, on the land-side, excepting the well-cultivated and fertile banks that enclose the clear transparent stream after it has passed through

the town, in which it is crossed by numerous bridges connecting the streets and houses. This stream is made use of to work several corn-mills. As far as we proceeded along the banks of the Limmat, we found it winding among gardens and vineyards, affording a rich and pleasing prospect. The town itself is evidently improving, many new buildings having risen, and others rising, within it and its vicinity, since my former visit.

Of the architecture there is not much to admire. The principal building is the old Norman cathedral, a heavy massive structure, that has stood the wear and tear of some seven or eight centuries, and still appears not to be much the worse for it. It will, however, command respect, were it only as having been the temple in which Zwingli, or Zwinglius, the celebrated reformer, delivered his eloquent and forcible discourses on the true religion of Christ, and was mainly instrumental in promoting the religious and moral improvement of his countrymen, while his contemporary and fellow-labourer, Luther, was employed in the same meritorious work in Germany. The house in which the bold Reformer lived is still pointed out, and the people speak of him, I am told, with a degree of enthusiasm which does credit to their feelings. In fact, under his guidance and discourses

Zurich has the honor of being the first place where the Reformation took root. It was owing to this reformation that the first English version of the Bible in its entire state was printed in 1535.

Zwinglius was a true Church Militant, for though he did not carry arms himself, as his Catholic enemies accused him of doing, he put himself at the head of the forces of Zurich and Berne, when those cantons were invaded by the papists of the other five cantons, who were hostile to the progress of the reformation, of which he and his contemporary Luther were the great movers in Germany and Switzerland.

Zurich was also the birth-place of Lavater, a good and pious pastor, who made himself celebrated by a splendid systematic treatise on Physiognomy which, for a time, became popular throughout Europe. It may, perhaps, be called ingenious but fanciful, amusing but not altogether free from a dangerous tendency; much more so, however, than that offensive production of German quackery, named Craniology, the introduction of which into England, like any other novelty, gained ground for a short time, but, being now pretty well driven out, appears to have taken refuge in Scotland, where it has met with a fostering hand in the capital and other great towns of that country, under the more captivating but

scarcely legitimate name of Phrenology. If there be any truth in the adage *facies index mentis*, every man must be, and indeed is, a Physiognomist; but the bumps of the Craniologist, which are as often accidental as natural, cannot possibly exercise any influence over the mind. A lady of my acquaintance, after listening with great impatience to a silly gentleman, descanting on the truth and certainty of the *science*, observed very coolly to him, "I have no doubt, Sir, from your conviction of the truth and certainty of your conclusions, that were we to examine your head, we should find the *bump of credulity* very strongly developed."

Lavater met with an untimely end, on the entrance of the French into Zurich in the year 1799. He was shot by a French soldier before the door of the church he had so long served. To this man, it is stated, he had, but a few minutes previously, given proof of his benevolence, and was at the moment in the act of assisting another wounded French soldier. Massena had not the character of being a humane commander, yet, on the present occasion, it is due to him to say, that a high reward was offered for the discovery of the murderer; but though he was supposed to have been well known to Lavater and his family, they refused to inform against him.

Some accounts say this amiable minister lingered a few months in great agony, and others that he died in a few days of the wound he had received.

After passing a day in Zurich, we agreed to spend another upon the Zurich-See, or lake, on which a regular steam-boat was now plying, a convenience which did not exist when I was here before. We therefore set out early in the morning in an iron steam-boat, with engines of fifty-horse power, made by Fairbairn and Co. at Manchester, but the boat itself was built at Zurich. The captain was a smart, clever little man, who spoke our language with great fluency, and appeared to take a pleasure in conversing with us. He was dressed in something resembling a naval uniform, and was a bit of a sailor too, for he seemed rather to complain of the *station* upon which he was now employed, as compared with the Lake of Constance, which he formerly navigated; it gave him, he said, no opportunity of displaying his *seamanship*, the Lake of Zurich being so small, and so closely shut in by high land, that its waters are seldom much disturbed, except by squalls; whereas, on the Lake of Constance, he assured us, there was often so high a sea that the waves frequently broke over the vessel. Of this I entertain no doubt, having seen a large fresh-water lake in Sweden, the We-

tern, in a state of great commotion, not equal perhaps to the Bay of Biscay, but not very different from the surface of the sea in a half-gale of wind. The captain added also to his nautical accomplishments that of an excellent draughtsman, and sketched one or two subjects in my little book with considerable talent.

Among the passengers, on the voyage back, was a rifleman of the Grisons,—a chamois hunter,—on his way to the annual meeting at Soleure, where prizes are awarded to the best marksmen. The captain and I amused ourselves by making sketches of him in the dress he wore; he was rather a remarkable looking man, of a fair complexion, though somewhat tanned by exposure to the elements; wore mustachios, and a long flowing beard of light brown; was dressed in a plain suit of rifle-green, with a white frill hanging over the collar of his frock-coat; his low-crowned hat being ornamented with a light green-coloured riband, a black-cock's feather, and a few flowers.

The morning was fine, and the sun shone brilliantly on the distant Alps; but like many bright mornings which last not through the day, so a little before noon the sky became overcast, and a thick veil was drawn between us and the fine view we had anticipated, on

our approach to the head of the lake, where its grandest scenery is to be found.

For a considerable distance from Zurich, the banks on either side continue to be studded with snow-white houses, and villages come down close to the water's edge; the hills, which slope gradually to the side of the lake, are clothed with vines, fruit-trees and grain. On approaching Rapperschwyl, the landscape becomes more bold, being backed by high mountains, and among them the celebrated Righi-Culm is distinctly seen peering above the rest, at no great distance from the shore of the lake on the left bank, or western side.

Having on the former occasion of my visiting Switzerland made the ascent of the Righi with my brother, and passed a very wretched night at the general rendezvous for all sorts and descriptions of holiday people, who visit Switzerland in the summer season, and having then seen the sun rise, which can never be done on the plains with a chain of mountains to the eastward of them, I was at least fully gratified in this particular. I well remember how majestically this luminary of the day rose above the line of the horizon, with a clear blue sky over our heads, while beneath, the white fleecy clouds on which his rays fell were seen rolling like the waves of the sea far below us,

when they obscured every object on the plain, save that, now and then, the sun broke through the mist, and partially disclosed the glittering lake at the foot of the mountain.

But the toil of our ascent was not rewarded with a clear view from the summit of the Righi, which must be extensive and delightful under a favourable state of the atmosphere; we were, however, little disposed to pass another night at the house of accommodation on the Culm, it being quite sufficient once in a man's life to witness such a scene as then occurred, and which it appears is still the same when a large party assemble at the inconvenient and miserable house erected on the summit. Murray, in his *Hand Book*, has given a graphical description of the confusion which prevails on such occasions :—

“ Servant-maids hurrying in one direction, couriers and guides in another, while gentlemen with poles and knapsacks block up the passages. Most of the languages of Europe muttered, usually in the terms of abuse or complaint, and the all-pervading fumes of tobacco entering largely as ingredients into this Babel of sounds and smells, and adding to the discomfort of the fatigued traveller.”

I remember, moreover, feeling some disappointment at not witnessing—what we had so much heard of,—the spectral appearance, or

shadowy illusion, similar to that which has long been known under the name of the "Spectre of the Brocken" in the Hartz mountains, and which, in each case, is attended, in the minds of the common people, with the same superstitious notions. That both of these shadowy appearances should be considered as something mysterious and marvellous by those who look not beyond the effect produced, and disregard the natural cause, may easily be imagined; and the rare occurrence of the phenomenon has a tendency to enhance the wonder. Yet every one must be familiar with the fact that "our shadows lengthen as the sun goes down," and of course diminish in the same proportion as the sun ascends. Let a person be supposed to stand with his face towards a very high wall or tower, with the rising or setting sun in a direct line behind him, his lengthened shadow, which would have been extended horizontally on the ground, will, in this case, appear on the wall upright. If instead of the wall he stood before a bank or wall of mist, or fog, the same shadow would appear lengthened and more intense on the body of mist; and nothing more nor less than this is the awful and portentous spectre of the Righi; just the same—

"As the cloud-shapen giant
Bestrides the Hartz Mountain."

and indeed all elevated situations, when con-

curring circumstances are favourable. Even in Iceland, Sir John Stanley observes that his party witnessed the same appearance in a very remarkable manner, from the summit of the Sneefell Yokul, a mountain which cast its own shadow over the sea to the south-west and above its horizon in the air, and so defined that it was some time before they could thoroughly be satisfied it was not another mountain, previously concealed from them by a fog.

I may here add, that at the time of which I am speaking, my brother and I paid a visit to William Tell's chapel, prettily situated close to the margin of the lake Lucerne, and participated, as all must do, in the enthusiasm that the boatmen express, when this venerated name is brought before them, on any of the monuments to his memory. Indeed the great services rendered to his country in assisting to acquire and consolidate its liberties, demand a grateful remembrance of it, which is fully evinced by the numerous instances of his name being recorded on various public edifices, or substituting for the name the emblem only of the well-known story of the apple pierced with an arrow. Whether this story be real or imagined, the fact is believed throughout the whole of Switzerland; and this emblem generally accompanies his name, or is frequently found even without it, whenever any-

thing is recorded allusive to the liberties of the people. Thus, Mr. Brockedon, in his beautiful Scenery of the Alps, mentions his having observed the apple and arrow attached to the following appropriate inscription on the bridge across the Rhine, leading to the Pass of the Bernardin:—

“ Jam via patet
Hostibus et Amicis ;
Cavete Rhæti !
Simplicitas morum
Et Unio,
Servabunt avidam libertatem.”

But to return from this digression to our present excursion on the Zurich See. We landed at Rapperschwyl, a small ancient town, near the eastern extremity of the lake, belonging to the province of St. Gall, and walked up to the old castle on the mount, descending on the other side into the town. At the foot of the castle, on this side, there is a remarkably large and handsome granite fount, in the form of a vase, for the reception and supply of water to the inhabitants. The wooden bridge at Rapperschwyl, stretching across an arm of the Lake of Zurich, is one of extraordinary length, and the more remarkable as having no kind of hand-rail or balustrade, being merely composed of planks loosely fastened together, and extending from pier to pier. We remained at this place but a short

time, and having passed through the bridge, which requires extremely nice steering, as the part which draws up scarcely leaves sufficient width for the boat to pass through. we continued our voyage to the head of the lake, and landed at a small village called Schmerikon, from whence the lake is no longer navigable for the steamer, and indeed only so for small boats, which may proceed up the Linth Canal into the Wallenstadt Lake. With the exception of a few market-boats, one of which we took in tow on our return, and barges laden with wood for fuel, we saw no other vessels, nor signs of commerce.

As the steam-boat was to remain two or three hours at Schmerikon, before it returned to Zurich, we passed the time pleasantly enough in a walk through a pretty coppice-wood, and I amused myself in watching the active operations of a colony of ants, which had constructed a large nest, or mound, round the decayed stump of a tree; not so large, however, as some of those I have seen in the woods of Norway. In the afternoon the weather unfortunately turned to rain, but not before we had been gratified with a view of the distant Alps, when the morning sun was shining in all his loveliness on the snowy portion, whose brilliant and varied hues contrasted

with the dark fir forests beneath, afforded a beautiful sight. Our voyage to the upper end of the lake and that of our return, with a few stoppages, occupied each from four to five hours.

As there was but little inducement for remaining at Zurich, we took our departure thence, early on the morning of the 14th of July, in a kind of calèche, with three horses, one, I suppose, for each of us, which we engaged to convey us to Constance. It happened to be a thorough soaking day, continuing to rain heavily and without intermission throughout the journey. As far, however, as we could see, which I admit was not much beyond the coach window, and could venture to pronounce an opinion of the nature of the country we were traversing, we had but little cause to regret our loss of whatever enjoyment this journey might have afforded us. We rested the horses, and obtained some breakfast, at a village called Winterthur, a name not unknown to us, from the wine produced in the neighbourhood, which we had recently been in the habit of drinking, having found it more palatable than the generality of the light acidulous wines one meets with at the inns of Switzerland. It is a red wine, and has the merit, at least, of being free from acid.

At the conclusion of a very dismal drive we reached Constance to dinner, and put up for the night at the Brocket, the saloon of which is a large and commodious apartment. This hotel is situated near the margin of the expansive sheet of water, which is sometimes called the *Boden See*, but more frequently the *Lake of Constance*. The old cathedral and the council-hall are the only buildings that attract much attention at Constance, and that more on account of their magnitude and antiquity, as compared with other edifices in the town, than from any intrinsic arrangement in their plans or beauty of architecture. To the antiquarian, therefore, they will probably afford more interest than to the passing stranger. Constance is famous, or rather infamous, for the treacherous and inhuman murder of *John Huss* and *Jerome of Prague*, by burning them at the stake; the very spot at which this martyrdom was committed is said to be still pointed out to strangers who are curious in such matters.

We contented ourselves with forming a plan of proceeding early on the following morning, up the lake, to the furthest extremity near where the *Rhine* flows into it. Accordingly, between the hours of five and six, we embarked in a steamer, which proved to be a miserable old, rotten, and worn-out vessel,

likely enough at any moment to find its way to the bottom. I observed, however, an iron steam-boat building at Constance, intended, no doubt, to replace the present crazy craft. They were at work upon her in the port, if it may be so called, which is tolerably good, and can boast of an excellent basin for vessels to lie in.

We first crossed to a little village nearly opposite to the town of Constance, and then proceeded up the lake along the left or Swiss shore, touching at two or three small hamlets on the banks. The upper or southern end of the lake was not visible until we had proceeded some distance from Constance, so that the broad expanse of water presents the appearance of an open sea. By Arrowsmith's map, the lake will be found to measure, from Constance to Bregenz, thirty miles in length, and forty from the north-west extremity to the latter place, being nearly the same length as the Lake of Geneva, but somewhat less in the extreme breadth than the latter, though they average about the same, and the two lakes, therefore, differ not much in the area of their waters.

There were a number of little fishing-boats on the lake, which is said to abound in fish of great variety, not less, I was told, than twenty different species, some of which are peculiar to it. At dinner we were favoured with some

excellent trout, and a fish much resembling mackerel in appearance. Pike are also plentiful, and we were informed that some of these, not less than forty pounds in weight, have not unfrequently been taken. With the exception of the fishing-boats, there were few other craft on the lake, besides those of a larger size for the conveyance of grain, variegated with a single square-sail of small breadth of canvass, but of considerable length, remarkable only for having one or two broad black streaks from top to bottom down the seams, perhaps as marks of distinction. Nothing in the shape of a yacht or pleasure-boat was to be seen.

The shores of the Boden See, for some distance from Constance, are generally flat and not very interesting. Had it not been for a higher state of cultivation, I should compare the Lake of Constance and its shores with Loch Neagh in Ireland, there being in either little to admire, except the magnificent sheet of water which each of them spread. The surface of the Lake Constance, as well as that of all the Swiss lakes, presents to the eye that colour which Byron has not overlooked in his poetic allusion to

“ The *blue* rushing of the arrowy Rhone ;”

a colour which frequently varies in its intensity, and sometimes changes to a sea-green, according. I suppose, as the rays of light are modified

by the blue sky, the clouded atmosphere, the height and slope of the surrounding mountains, and the depth of the water; for where shallow, and the bottom visible, the water is colourless; and so indeed it is, when of the deepest blue, if taken up in a glass.

About ten o'clock we reached Rorschach, a small place possessing a good port, to which a great quantity of grain is constantly brought. It is prettily situated at the foot of some hills which skirt the margin of the lake, and not far from the embouchure of the Rhine, and the extreme head of the lake, on the southern or Swiss shore. The remaining portions of its shores are partly participated in by no less than three separate states—Baden, Wurtemberg, and Bavaria, while a fourth, Austria, lays claim to a portion at the head of the lake.

At Rorschach we were not sorry to get some breakfast; after which, having engaged a *ca-lèche* with three horses, we proceeded *en route*, and, leaving the shores of the Lake Constance, came upon the Rhine a little above its confluence with it. Here this noble river forms a flat delta, full of marshy ground, which extends along the valley through which it runs nearly as far as Werdenburgh, and has all the appearance of engendering malaria and ague. The river itself has no tempting appearance, with its broad, muddy and shallow banks, which

rise, however, from the valley into hills of a moderate height, well clothed with fruit-trees and vineyards.

Our route might now be said to be very nearly due south, following the opposite course of the river, that has here assumed its usual clearness; one branch of which takes its rise in the valley leading to the Splugen, a pass over the Alps we intended to cross. Our road lay along the left bank of the Rhine, and frequently came close upon it. We passed through a highly cultivated country, having frequently, on each side of us, orchards well stocked with a variety of fruit-trees, the cottages attached to them picturesque in appearance, wearing an aspect of cleanliness and comfort, and offering no signs of poverty among the inhabitants. Grain of all kinds, but Indian corn in particular, was growing in large quantities, as well as potatoes, turnips, and various kinds of culinary vegetables, among which was a plentiful supply of

“ — that mighty thing—
A pumpkin large and round.”

One little village through which we passed struck me as peculiarly picturesque. It consisted of a number of detached houses scattered over the plain, each having a large orchard of fruit-trees surrounding it, by which the inhabitants were entirely sheltered from the rays of

the sun. The name it bore was not quite new to the party, and therefore more attractive perhaps than otherwise it might have been—it was that of Saint Margarethen—the same as our Margaret of Westminster. This little village was unlike any other I have seen, and from the complete canopy formed by the boughs of the trees overhanging the little cottages, and so entirely excluding the rays of the sun, that one might almost have fancied oneself in a tropical climate.

The general scenery here began to improve, and to assume a varied and pleasing character. We had mountains of considerable elevation on our left, as well as in front of us, towards which we were fast approaching; some of them had their summits covered with snow, which added much to the grandeur of the landscape, while the inferior hills on our right, sloping gently down the road, were clothed with vineyards.

We stopped at Altstädten, and remained an hour or so to rest the horses, while we strolled into the church, which externally presented nothing very attractive, but we were quite surprised to find so spacious and handsome an interior. For want of something better to employ ourselves, after looking over the church, we ascended the steeple, from whence however the view is not extensive, the valley being now

closely hemmed in by lofty hills that in most countries would be called mountains. Resuming our route, we had soon to cross a part of the valley of the Rhine, still consisting of a large tract of marsh-land of a very swampy and unwholesome character, probably not improved by the elevated country that enclosed it; it terminated however rather suddenly in a deep cleft or chasm through a rock, in which we observed a number of fine slabs of marble collected together that had been cut out of the rock. The road passing through this cleft brought us into a long and narrow valley, with lofty mountains on either side, those on the left being part of the Voralberg range, whose peaked summits were completely buried in snow. The difference in the temperature was sudden and very striking; and though there was no wind I found it exceedingly cold from the narrowness of the valley, being shut in with snow-clad mountains, the sun nearly excluded, and a great portion of it still continuing to be a swamp. The unhealthiness of this part was but too evident in the looks of the people. We observed among them several miserable-looking creatures, and a few with frightful goîtres.

It was not till near nine at night that we reached Werdenberg, a small village, having a church, which draws attention by its bright

cupola; the situation is high up the long valley of the Rhine, through which we had been travelling, and in the very heart of the snowy mountains.

Our lodging and fare was better than might have been expected. Taking our departure from Werdenberg at seven the next morning we reached Ragatz about ten to breakfast, and from hence proceeded on foot to visit the Baths of Pfeffers, which has been pronounced *one of the most extraordinary spots in all Switzerland*; and, after a minute examination of it, and as far as my knowledge of this country goes—and I have been over a great portion—I may give it as my opinion that it assuredly is so. We had to pass through a narrow defile, or gorge in the rocks, for a distance of two or three miles, with the Tamina river roaring beneath us. This river rises in the mountains to the westward, and falls into the Rhine at Ragatz. We had then to follow an excellent bridle-road, which has recently been made, and which carries us along the banks of the river, but considerably above them, to the celebrated Baths. The old road was along the summit of the mountain; and on the verge of the precipice, over the baths, was a crane and pulley, by means of which the wants of the bathers were supplied. The new road renders this unnecessary.

The baths consist of a long range of building, not unlike a barrack, situated in a still more contracted part of the ravine immediately above the Tamina, which is here enclosed between two nearly perpendicular walls of rock, forming frightful precipices on either side, whose height cannot be less than six hundred feet, while the impetuous torrent of the Tamina is roaring at about thirty feet below the ground on which the baths stand. It would not be easy to imagine a more dreary, desolate and undesirable place than this for such or for any purpose; and indeed it must be altogether intolerable in winter, as the sun's rays only penetrate the chasm for a period of a few hours while near the meridian, even in the very middle of summer.

Notwithstanding the evident dampness of the place, and its gloomy and forbidding appearance, a constant current of fresh air is brought down by the river; and we were told there were no fewer than two hundred and fifty persons, of both sexes, remaining here for the benefit they expected to derive from the use of these natural hot-baths, at the period we visited them: they appeared to be chiefly of the poorer class of individuals, and I could discover none of our countrymen among them. Some few of the women we passed in the corridors looked very ill, and none possessed

good and healthy looks. It is probable that the parboiling has not tended to improve their complexion, however much it may be supposed to have restored their health. The baths may, perhaps, be very efficacious, but I should myself be extremely sorry to be sent by the doctors to the baths of Pfeffers for the recovery of any ailment. The action of the mind on the constitution is universally admitted and felt, and the confined and gloomy appearance of this spot,—surrounded also by so much human suffering as is here brought together,—would be most likely, in many instances, to have the effect of rendering the patient perfectly miserable, and depressing him to a state of utter despair: such, at least, were my feelings when I viewed the spot with that greatest of all blessings, the blessing of health. Besides, I saw it under the most favourable circumstances; the sun was shining bright, and darting its rays into the ravine.

We went into the large pump-room at the further end of the building, and passed through the corridor of the baths, looking into one or two of them. They are all on the same plan, being arranged so as to accommodate three or four persons at a time. A constant running stream of hot water flows through the baths, led in pipes from the springs, which are situated at a distance of about a quarter of a mile higher up

the ravine on the right, and at a greater elevation in the rock than the Tamina. Having seen the baths and satisfied our curiosity at the buildings, we next proceeded to visit the source of the hot-springs, or the spot whence they burst forth from under the mountain. We had first to cross the Tamina by a wooden bridge, to the side of the gorge opposite to the baths, and then to follow the course of the river, which was rolling fiercely beneath us; thence to proceed up the narrow gorge, with its lofty, perpendicular, and sometimes overhanging precipices towering above and over us; and in one contracted part the two sides met at the top, and formed a natural bridge across the chasm. The walk, on which we were to reach the springs, consisted of deal planks, placed along the side of the precipice, not very pleasant to look upon, though apparently safely secured to the side of the rock, by means of iron clamps or fastenings, and stays of timber to support the planks below. This narrow platform generally consists of three planks laid together, each about a foot in width, but in some spots there are four; and as this narrow stage is without any balustrade, or hand-rail, such persons as are at all subject to giddiness should be careful how they venture along it, but those whose heads are strong enough not to be affected by looking down from heights,

may, without the slightest difficulty or danger, walk the planked causeway.

In some parts the water was falling in small rills from the overhanging rocks above us, and though there is a shelving roof of wood in such places thrown over the planked pathway to carry it off, it afforded but little shelter from the *shower-bath*, the water dripping copiously through the timbers of the roof; so much, indeed, that although I buttoned up my coat, and made a quick run along it, I was sufficiently wet to wish for an umbrella, or friendly Macintosh cloak. The planks, too, being wet, were of course slippery, so that walking or running required some caution.

A distance of about a quarter of a mile brought us to the sources of the hot-springs, the collected waters of which issue from a cavern in the rocks a little above the Tamina, and altogether distinct from it. In fact the chasm with its accompanying river turn off here to the westward, and we see no more of them. The entrance to the cavern was closed by a door, which was kept locked, but which the guide opened for us. Stooping under the door-way, and entering a few paces, one at a time, for the passage admits no more, we found ourselves in the midst of the steam arising from the reservoir of the springs, which was unpleasant enough.

I tasted the water ; it was like soft rain-water, and tolerably free from any mineral taste, and was only what may be called comfortably warm, being about 96° of Fahrenheit. I have no doubt it very much resembles the waters of Clifton.

On returning from the baths the view down this magnificent mountain-gorge, with the fine, sharp-edged, snow-clad peaks of a bold mountain called Falknis, rising to the height of nearly eight thousand feet, and closing as it were the aperture, was truly grand; the snowy summits, upon which the sun shone brilliantly, standing out in beautiful relief against an azure sky. This is certainly an extraordinary mountain-gap. In Iceland there are some remarkable deep rents and fissures, but these are mostly seen from the surface of the ground, and viewed by looking down, but here we look up at the precipitous sides above us. The former would appear to have been split by fire, the latter is obviously worn away in the course of ages by the rapid torrent which flows at its bottom. The chasm of Flossagaiaaa near Thingvalla, in Iceland, was forcibly recalled to my mind, to which the present one would bear a close resemblance if viewed from above.

Returning to Ragatz, highly pleased with our romantic visit to the baths of Pfeffers, a

spot I shall never forget, we resumed our calèche, and proceeding on our journey, crossed the Rhine over a wooden bridge, and entered the Canton of the Grisons, the Rhætia of the Romans; reaching the small town of Coire or Chur (which, though small, is nevertheless its capital) about six in the evening, where we were comfortably housed, and where we passed the night.

CHAPTER IV.

FROM COIRE, BY THE VIA MALA, ACROSS THE
SPLÜGEN.

City of Coire—St. Lucius—Reichenau—The two branches of the Rhine—The Usher, Louis Philippe—A great contrast—Valley of Hinter-Rhein—Place of execution—The Via Mala, and artificial roads, galleries, and bridges—Destruction by rush of waters—Village of Splügen—Route for Merchandise over the Pass—Excursion to the Source of the Rhine—Hinter-Rhein—Ascent of the Pass—The Summit—The Austrian Custom-house on the other side.

COIRE (*Curia Rhoetorum*), the capital of the Grisons, is a small ancient walled city, with narrow lanes and old-fashioned houses, many of them presenting their gable and overhanging ends to the streets, or, as I have called them, lanes. Its principal buildings are an old Gothic church and the Episcopal palace, probably still older. We were not tempted to visit either, nor even to pay our respects to the bones of St. Lucius, the king of the Britons (Welsh), which, travellers inform us, are said to be lodged there; how they came there it would be rather puzzling to explain. This martyr to

the faith, as appears by the old historians, and, among others, in "Fox's Book of Martyrs," was a man of considerable influence; he made several bishops, erected many churches; one writer mentions that of St. Peter, Cornhill, and also the Cathedral of Colchester. He is supposed to have died some time between 150 and 180 of the Christian era, about which period, Severus, the Roman emperor, took into his own hands the government of the British empire. Instead of exploring in this old town, a task for which we could not afford much time, we contented ourselves with the good accommodation at the "White Cross," and slept comfortably, after a day of considerable exercise; and, moreover, enjoyed at dinner a bottle of the Valteline wine, of excellent quality, and at the cheap rate of two francs a bottle.

The situation of Coire, in the valley, surrounded as it is by mountains of considerable elevation, is at once picturesque, pleasing, and romantic. We found ourselves well repaid by walking up the side of one of the hills, from whence a view of the little town and the impending mountains is grand and imposing. On one side, the varied surface of Switzerland, with its lakes, its rivers, and pine-clad hills; on the other, and in front of us, the snow-capped summits of the Alps,

towards which we were on the eve of approaching.

For this purpose, at six the following morning, we departed from Coire, and after a short drive up the valley of the Rhine, arrived at the village of Reichenau, where the two original branches of the river, the Hinter-Rhein and Vorder-Rhein, unite; the former having its rise in the valley leading to the Pass of the Bernardin, the latter to that of St. Gothard. These two branches are crossed each by a wooden bridge, arched over, and entirely boarded in at the sides, similar to many of the bridges in Switzerland; the object, I imagine, being to preserve the timbers from the effects of the weather, and at the same time, as protection to the traveller.

A small garden, attached to an old chateau, which is said to have formerly belonged to the family of the Planta's, and which appeared to be kept in a good state of repair, enticed us to enter it, chiefly for the purpose of obtaining the best view, which it appeared to afford, of the "meeting of the waters;" here we had confirmed, from our attendant, the interesting anecdote connected with the chateau, so correctly told by Murray, which I need make no apology for transcribing:—"At the end of the last century," he says, "it was converted into a

school by the Burgomaster, Tscharner. In 1793, a young man, calling himself Chabot, arrived here on foot, with a stick in his hand, and a bundle on his back. He presented a letter of introduction to Monsieur Jost, the head master, in consequence of which he was appointed usher, and for eight months gave lessons in French, mathematics, and history. This forlorn stranger was no other than Louis Philippe, now King of the French, then Duke de Chartres, who had been forced by the march of the French army to quit Bremgarten, and seek concealment here in the performance of the humble duties of a schoolmaster, and in that capacity made himself equally beloved by masters and pupils."

On turning one's thoughts, as is natural on such an occasion, to the splendid palaces and gardens of the Tuilleries and Versailles, while looking at the old village chateau, with its little cabbage-plot, for it is not much better, the extraordinary contrast can scarcely fail to lead to another—that of the usher to a Swiss school, and the present possessor of a throne, and of the abovementioned palaces, and all that belongs to them. It is to be hoped that the change, though violent, enabled the Duke de Chartres, when he became Louis Philippe, King of the French, to think

and to say, with another banished duke, what our great poet of nature has put into the mouth of the latter :—

“ — Sweet are the uses of adversity,
Which, like the toad, ugly and venomous,
Wears yet a precious jewel in its head ;”

but the jewel of adversity, thus suddenly transferred to a diadem, must prove a severe test for poor human frailty to undergo.

Hitherto, however, under all circumstances, Louis Philippe has steered the ship, intrusted to his command, through an ocean beset with rocks and shallows without suffering shipwreck ; and it is to be hoped he will continue to prove himself a skilful pilot, amidst the dangers and difficulties by which he is surrounded, at the present eventful period, more threatening from his unmanageable crew, and still more so now than they have yet been, since he assumed the command.

It is a charming drive from Coire to Thusis, where we got some breakfast. The road led us through the valley of Hinter-Rhein, hemmed in by lofty mountains, whose summits were covered with snow, and by precipitous rocks, on the pinnacles of which are perched in many spots the ruins of ancient castles. The river flows swiftly through the valley, and we observed several small rafts of timber floating rapidly down the stream, each being

generally under the guidance of a couple of men. The sides of the mountains, clothed with forests of pine and larch, furnish abundance of timber for building and fire-wood.

There was nothing remarkable in the habiliments of the peasantry, but we noticed that the females, for the most part, wore *black* broad-brimmed straw hats, instead of which, one would have thought the un-coloured straw preferable as protection from the darting rays of the sun, which at times, when clouds do not interpose, strike with intense heat in the valley.

Soon after leaving Reichenau, we passed a small hill or mound, on which stood two stone pillars, with a beam across them, that were pointed out to us as destined for the execution of criminals, or in other words, as the gallows ; but we were emphatically informed that twenty years had elapsed since an execution had taken place upon it.

The village of Thusis, with its church, bearing a pretty light spire, stands delightfully at the head of the valley, closed in all round, as it appeared to be, though on a nearer approach, we found ourselves deceived, by the mountains on each side of it coming almost in close contact with each other. We were, in fact, about to enter a spot that may, perhaps, be considered among the most romantic of the many that occur

in Switzerland—I allude to that magnificent gap, or gorge, in the mountains, along the sides of which has been constructed, with great labour and skill, a practicable road, known by the name of the *Via Mala*—not very appropriate now—as it is in reality a most excellent road; though the appearance would lead one to conclude it had once deserved the *bad* name it acquired, and has kept. It might then have been, and probably was, left nearly in a state of nature; it is now artificial, and certainly great art has been employed to make it what it is—a road hewn out of the almost perpendicular sides of one or other of the precipices of this most extraordinary rent—which looks like the splitting of a mountain for about five miles in length, and which is, probably, the most sublime and tremendous gulph that the whole Alpine region affords.

Shortly after entering this gap, the first impression was made both on the sight and hearing, occasioned by a foaming torrent at the depth of three or four hundred feet beneath us. This was the Hinter-Rhein, rolling and roaring over its rocky channel; while, above us, a perpendicular and frequently overhanging precipice, of at least as many *thousand* feet, rose in fearful grandeur. The road we had to traverse was literally a shelf, in many places scarcely

exceeding six or seven feet in width ; in some entirely cut out of the mountain, and in others resting upon the edge of a bank beneath it sloping down to the verge of the river, and in others again partaking of both.

We had not proceeded far along this confined road, in some places too narrow, I think, to admit of two carriages passing, ere we came to a gallery, or tunnel, upwards of two hundred feet in length, cut through an overhanging rock, round which it must have been utterly impossible ever to have passed, and which, in fact, never was attempted, until the gallery was cut through ; previous to which, the only accessible way was that of making, before reaching this point, a long detour by a zig-zag road over the summit of the mountain, and thus alone, avoiding this rocky obstacle.

Having passed through this gallery, the road continues exceedingly good, having a parapet wall on one side, and the face of the mountain on the other, the width being probably about eight or ten feet, while the faces of the two opposite mountains of the chasm could not be more than some forty or fifty feet apart. We had not proceeded far before we were under the necessity of crossing the ravine over a stone bridge to gain the road, which was now conducted along the opposite side of

the river, and so continued till we arrived at the second or middle bridge, leading to which is a second gallery of small extent cut through the rock.

Before arriving at this second bridge we had passed a small recess in the mountain precipice, and suddenly and unexpectedly perceived a few scattered houses perched in it; a situation that did not appear to be enviable in any respect, either for agriculture, pasture, or trade. We passed without stopping this desolate spot—continuing our route by the side of the gorge, and found it even more stupendous than it had hitherto been, increasing in grandeur and sublimity as we advanced along it.

The hasty sketch (in the frontispiece) of the second gallery and bridge conveys but a very faint idea of the grandeur and sublimity of the objects it is meant to represent. Indeed it has always appeared to me, that the pencil is utterly inadequate to express to the senses, or convey to the feeling, the true picture which Nature has stamped on such remarkable spots as this, or generally on such romantic scenery as mountainous countries afford. This single arched bridge bestrides the chasm at a height of not less than four hundred feet, and the position of it bears some resemblance to the old Devil's Bridge at the pass of St. Gothard,

when I saw it, before the new one was erected, though the one in question is five times the height of the Devil's Bridge.

On leaving the second or middle bridge, the scenery again becomes less bold, but the gorge here is so contracted that the two opposite faces of the mountains appear almost to unite, even down to their bases, and nearly to conceal the river, which in one spot we entirely lost sight of, where it was forcing its way under the impending rocks. Near this spot we crossed the third bridge, and changed again, with the change of the road, to the opposite side of the river; and here we took the opportunity of occasionally scrambling up or down the less precipitous portions of the defile, to obtain better and more correct views of this extraordinary gap in the mountains, than could be had from remaining in the carriage. At one spot we descended to have a full or nearer view of a water-fall, where a pretty cascade of the Rhine was tumbling over a rocky ridge.

We were now approaching the outlet, or rather,—travelling against the stream,—the inlet to the ravine of the Via Mala; where the destructive power seemed mostly to have been exerted, and the effects of it displayed in the scattered and confused masses of rocky fragments, of enormous magnitude, which had

been separated from and rolled down the mountain side by the force of the waters that had swept everything before them, uplifting and heaping the pine-trees in such masses as to obstruct the current of the river.

At a short distance before we reached the village of Splügen, we also passed a spot where one of the mountain torrents had burst forth, destroying several cottages, and carrying away bodily the greater portion of a large house which stood by the road-side, and the shattered walls of which are still remaining, as a melancholy record of the calamity that had recently befallen this unfortunate village. The inundations and destructions caused by this torrent hereabouts, would seem to be of frequent occurrence, and their ruins are awful to contemplate.

The same remark I made respecting the excavation of the ravine of Pfeffers equally applies to this more magnificent gorge of the Via Mala, that is to say, that both have, in the course of ages, been worn away by the perpetual action of the streams of water upon the least solid or least compact parts of the rock. The inundations of 1834, which caused the havoc and devastation above alluded to, may readily be understood, by the assertion of an eyewitness, that the water rose to within a few feet of the middle bridge, which is said to be nearly

four hundred feet from the bottom of the glen, or usual bed of the river. The bridge, with its side piers, acted as a dam, but had it been bodily carried away when the water was at its highest, I know not what materials could have resisted such a column as this when rapidly thrown into motion. Of the effects that have been produced by the sudden rush of a column of water, we have the experience of the disaster that befel the valley of Martigny, and going back to ancient times, we need only look upon the ravines, or glens, or valleys, in the chalky south downs of Sussex, meandering as they do in the direction of the sea, to feel satisfied that they too owe their origin to the retreating waters of some great deluge, though now all is dry. And, if we consider only what the effect might be, in the course of six thousand years, of the attrition of a temporary increasing stream of water, which, in its ordinary state, has constantly for that period been acting upon, and wearing away, the bed of its channel, I cannot, for my own part, conceive there is any difficulty in accounting for the state of the two grand chasms of the Via Mala and Pfeffers, in which we now find them.

It was late in the evening when we arrived at the little village of Splügen, after a journey of the most intense interest, amidst, probably,

some of the sublimest mountain scenery in the universe.

We found a large and comfortable inn in this secluded village at the foot of the Alps, of which we were at this time the sole occupants. The landlord, a smart active young man, was exceedingly civil and attentive, and spoke English tolerably well. We understood that the landlady, who was said to be French, "prided herself on her *cuisine*," and therefore were disposed to try her skill on a *soufflé*, which was accordingly ordered; but, on removing the cover, a hard substantial and very leather-like pancake made its appearance, and Madame, of course, fell very much in the scale of our estimation.

After a somewhat fatiguing day, I had indulged in the hope of passing a quiet night, but scarcely could I close my eyes from the incessant noise of voices under my window, which never ceased till daybreak. On inquiry in the morning what the noise was, which I thought to be chiefly something about a horse and cart, having observed one of the latter in the road piled up with sacks, I learned that during the whole night a great number of horses and carts had passed the house, and that the road over the Pass of the Splügen is the common route of communication between Switzerland, Austria, and Austrian Lombardy;

that large quantities of various kinds of merchandise are constantly passing into and out of Venetian Italy and Lombardy by this route ; and that during the summer months, while the Splügen is passable, the waggons and carts cross it twice a week in company, and generally by night.

On the side of the road opposite to and facing the inn is the toll-bar, or probably Custom-house, on the Swiss side, at which the goods are examined, Splügen being the last village of the Grisons along this line of road.

The following morning, soon after day-break, my companions, being desirous to trace the Hinter-Rhein to its source, which is near the Pass of St. Bernardin, set out on their expedition. Willing and ready as I am, on most occasions, to join any little *exploring* party, I wished particularly to accompany the present one ; the more so, perhaps, as I had, on this and a former occasion combined, followed up this majestic river from Holland to the valley of the Splügen. Having thus arrived at a point so very near to one of its principal sources, after passing through such a vast extent of country, and such varied scenes, embracing all that is soft and pleasing in nature, with all that is grand and sublime, I naturally felt a strong desire to trace it to the fountain head ;

but was compelled to forego this pleasure, not feeling in sufficient health to undertake it.

Under such circumstances, it was as well that I remained at home, for it proved to be a fatiguing day to my two companions, who, after proceeding in the carriage as far as the village of Hinter-Rhein, had to walk up the valley and ascend as high as the Glacier, from whence the Rhine, or at least this one of the principal branches, derives its stream, a distance over a difficult and fatiguing ascent of not less than ten miles. It proved no less fatiguing to retrace their steps to Hinter-Rhein, where the carriage awaited them; so that the whole day was consumed in this little excursion, from whence they did not return till after sunset to the village of Splügen.

For my own part, I contented myself by hiring a little phaeton to carry me to Hinter-Rhein, being desirous of proceeding as far up the valley as I could, without fatigue, and seeing one of the highest villages perhaps in all Switzerland, being about one hundred and seventy feet higher than the village of Splügen, or four thousand six hundred feet above the level of the sea. The road, as usual, follows the course of the river, which is now much contracted, and rushes with great impetuosity over its rocky bed, fed by the many mountain streamlets descending in gurgling murmurs

or little cascades down the sides, and thus assisting to contribute in its course to the volume of waters in the general recipient.

The continuation of the Via Mala, on the turning of the Rhine towards Splügen, almost immediately disappears, opening out into a pretty extensive valley through which the stream meanders. The extreme point of this valley is nevertheless entirely closed in by the Alpine mountains, which rise abruptly to an elevation of more than ten thousand feet above the level of the sea, are covered with eternal snow and glaciers, and extend as far as, and indeed far beyond, the pass of the Bernardin.

I proceeded on foot above Hinter-Rhein, following the road, as far as the bridge which, crossing the river, conducts to the Pass of St. Bernardin, the steep ascent of which commences at the foot of the bridge ; and here terminated my excursion. The view from hence, looking up the contracted valley through which the small stream now winds its way, was bounded by mountains of enormous height, clad in glittering snow, and less pure glaciers ;

“ Where, in wild grandeur, Nature dwells alone ;”
and where, to a contemplative mind,

“ Such scenes, in all their wild magnificence,
Alone hold commune with the awe-struck eye.”

It was a lovely day for my excursion. The peasantry were all busily employed in “making

hay while the sun shone," and getting in their little crops, a matter to them of great moment, and most anxiously, no doubt, do these poor people watch the weather in these lofty regions. Hinter-Rhein is a small poor-looking village, as might be expected in such an Alpine situation.

After sufficiently enjoying the magnificent prospect at the head of the valley, I retraced my steps to the Splügen. I had a remarkably fast-trotting horse, and somewhat restive; a young one, I imagine, from the way in which he thought fit to shy, every now and then, at various objects. Upon these occasions the driver was not sparing of his whip, but was unable by that means to get him to pass a cart that we met, filled with hides. Seeing that we were likely enough to be upset, I went to the horse's head, and with a little coaxing, got it to pass without any trouble. I endeavoured to explain to the man that the next time his horse refused to pass any object he disliked, he should adopt the same means, but, in truth, he was a bad *whip*; three or four times, at least, he managed to get his thong entangled in the wheels, and once when it happened, in his confusion he let the reins fall upon the ground, when the young horse immediately broke into a quick trot, and would have been off in a gallop immediately, if I had not

jumped out, fortunately without falling, and stopped his progress.

Returning to the inn, my friends soon followed, and we all went early to bed, intending to start on the morrow across the Splügen, in the hope of proceeding on the southern side as far as the town of Chiavenna, where we were led to expect good quarters. We, therefore, after a quiet rest, undisturbed by the carriers' vehicles of the preceding night, left the village of Splügen about ten in the morning, and, crossing the wooden bridge over the Rhine with its arched covering, which immediately leads from the village to the opposite, or right bank, we took leave of the river altogether, and at once commenced the ascent of the Splügen.

We now enjoyed an excellent view of the village we had just left, and the valley, with its numerous little scattered chalets extending round it to the north and south; also of a little stream which, falling through a cleft in the rocks above the village, and passing through the centre of it, was working its way over its rocky bed, with a constant gurgling noise, in its course to the Hinter-Rhein. The rush of water down this little stream is heard to a considerable distance everywhere around, and receives an increase to its noise by the brawling of another torrent, which pours its tribute down the side of the mountain we were now ascending.

We left the carriage, and my companions and self, happening to separate accidentally, kept different tracks in making the ascent ; so far apart indeed were we at one time, that it was with the greatest difficulty I could distinguish them winding their way up. Always feeling a delight in mountain scenery, I enjoyed my solitary scramble up the Splügen exceedingly ; and when I reached the regular windings which the natives call tourniquets, as we sometimes do, *zig-zags*, by which the steepest part of the Pass is scaled, I pursued a direct line up the slope wherever it appeared to be practicable.

Large patches of snow were everywhere lying close by the road-side as we approached the summit, some of last year's, and some which had fallen during the present year ; the latter of which was beautifully pure, white and sparkling, so beautiful indeed in its purity, that I could not resist putting a little of it into my mouth, for which, however, I suffered, as I was afterwards told would be the case, by blisters arising on the lips ; that is here said to be the invariable consequence of *eating snow-balls* ;—but how comes it that no such effect is produced from a practice so common among schoolboys in England ? After taxing our memories, we agreed this to be the fact, and simply, I am inclined to believe, from the

different quality of the snow, that of the Splügen being composed of small sharp spicula of ice, which require a longer time to melt in the mouth.

During my progress up the Splügen, I amused myself with collecting many of the numerous wild flowers, some of which, of a beautiful dark blue colour, and not unlike the *campanula*, were growing close to the very edge of the snow, and lower down, whole beds of a little white *silene*. It may be observed, that the fir-trees and larch, which are by no means of stately growth in any part of Switzerland, had here dwindled to a small size, and were observed to be ragged and scraggy even before we reached Splügen. This, however, is not much to be wondered at, when it is recollected that this village was nearly four thousand five hundred feet above the level of the sea.

These fir-forests had now wholly disappeared; some pretty rhododendrons in full blossom, and other small shrubby Alpine plants, and tufts of grass, supplied the place of the pines, and finally gave way to mosses and lichens.

The distance from Splügen to the very summit of the ridge through which the Pass is cut is said to be about five miles in a direct line, which, being ascended by a number of

these zig-zags already mentioned, is considerably increased in its length of road. A tunnel is also to be passed through along the carriage-road, soon after commencing the ascent from the village, between which and the summit, the whole rise is reckoned at two thousand feet, which would make the height of the crest of the Pass six thousand five hundred feet above the sea.

The crest across this Alpine summit is not very broad; it forms the boundary-line between the Grisons in Switzerland and the Austrian Lombardy. It can scarcely be said that there is any actual level space on the summit of the Pass; for the moment the traveller has gained the highest point, he finds himself descending on the opposite side, though for some time very gradually. We passed over it in a thick mist, which prevailed on both sides when we crossed, so that the splendid view, we had promised ourselves, in the two directions of Switzerland and Italy, for such we were well convinced there must be, was entirely obliterated in the fog. So dense, indeed, was it, that we could see nothing of the mountain peaks on each side of us, and had no opportunity, therefore, of judging to what height they might rise above the Pass, or carriage-road, across the Splügen.

As no prospect appeared of the fog clearing

away, nothing was left to us but to jog on without murmuring, till we reached the first cantoniera, or house of refuge, which looked as if it were deserted; after which, continuing along our route, we soon arrived at the spot where the Austrian Custom-house is established, appearing like a large barrack; the more so as we found it occupied by a small detachment of soldiers. A few mean buildings near it seemed to consist chiefly of taverns for the entertainment and accommodation of the commercial travellers who have to cross these Alps. From the summit to this spot, as well as for some little distance below it, not a shrub of any kind was to be seen near the road; and indeed the position of the Custom-house is dreary in the extreme, nor did the mist in which it was enveloped tend to improve our opinion of its forlorn situation.

CHAPTER V.

SUMMIT OF THE SPLÜGEN, BY CHIAVENNA
TO COMO.

Austrian Custom-house—Passages of armies over the Alps—
Descent—Zig-zags and galleries—Game of *micare digitis*—
Chestnut trees—Chiavenna—Colico—Lago di Como—Passage
from Colico to Como—View of the western shore—Bellagio—
Queen Caroline's Villa—Town of Como—Cathedral—Pliny's
Villa and intermittent fountain.

HAVING settled all our little affairs with the Custom-house, where, I must say, they were very civil and accommodating, and having got our passports viséd, and a dirty greasy mark from the oil-pot put upon them, so dirty as to be perfectly illegible, I advised that we should take especial care of these precious documents, as I knew, from former experience, after crossing the Simplon, the neglect of producing something of the kind was a positive refusal to proceed to Milan, and without them we should undoubtedly have been turned back to retrace our steps through the Via Mala. Having now gone through this ceremony, we considered ourselves fairly within the confines of Italy, and that portion of it of which the

Austrians are in possession, and which includes the Lombardian and Venetian territories.

The ease with which we had crossed the pass of the Splügen over a highly finished road, reminded us of the deplorable disasters that befel the army of Marshal Macdonald in crossing the old pass, a little to the westward, called the Cardinello, in the midst of winter, over frozen snow, with frequent avalanches hurling down with them fragments of rock, and large masses of glaciers, which not only blocked up the passage, but destroyed a great number of his troops and his horses. In what part of the Rhætian Alps, and in what manner, the Roman General, Drusus, contrived to carry over his army so many centuries before, we are left to conjecture; but that he subdued the Rhætians (the Grisons), there can be little doubt. His conquests are mentioned, as well known by Horace, in a laudatory ode (lib. iv. Od. 4.):—

Videre Rhætis bella sub Alpibus,
Drusum gerentem Viindelici.

And in another ode (14.) of the same book, addressed to Augustus, he says—“ Under thy command,

Drusus :
 arces
 Alpibus impositas tremendis
 Dejecit acer plus vice simplici.

The passage of Hannibal over some part of the Alps, cutting his way through the rocks by means of fire and vinegar, looks very much like a romance, and indeed is not the only one narrated in the accounts of the life and exploits of the Carthaginian general.

Beginning now to descend more rapidly, we soon noticed some little difference in the appearance of the country around us, and also a sensible change in the climate; and though we were yet denied the direct influence of an Italian sun and the exhilarating beauty of an Italian sky, of which so much has been said, we could distinguish the effect of the former on our feelings, and very decidedly on the grassy covering of the ground. We were soon clear of the mist which was playing over the summit of the mountains, and on our way down the descent, to the southward, had a splendid view of the narrow valley in which we were enclosed, and to a distance below us. We had also now a full view of the rocky and picturesque precipices by which the valley is shut in.

The road we continued rapidly to descend became so steep, that it also might, in strict language, be called a precipice; and a very fearful one it is, though passable with perfect ease and security by means of an admirably constructed road, carried on in the same kind

of turnings or meanderings, as on the northern side, along the left of the valley. We passed through three or four very convenient and well-constructed galleries, built each with a sloping roof pointing to the valley, the intention of which is to protect the road from the masses of snow and débris of the mountains, which frequently roll down their precipitous sides with great force, and, striking the roofs, bound off into the valley. These galleries are of considerable extent, and much resemble cloisters in the interior, being open at the sides at short intervals; and a peep through these openings, down into the deep abyss, is striking enough to excite curiosity. When the galleries are viewed from the outside, the openings very much resemble the embrasures of a fortress: so much indeed that a perfect stranger to this kind of mountain-pass, on first entering so admirable a carriage-road, so skilfully and wonderfully constructed, as if for military purposes, would never for a moment entertain a doubt of their being intended as works of defence.

The road passes near the head of a waterfall, which was pouring down the precipice below us. A little further on we had a fine view of this cascade, which well deserves the name, for the height of its fall is estimated at eight hundred feet (a height we had still

to descend), at the foot of which it united its water with the little foaming stream that was winding its way through the lower valley, into which we were now fast descending. This stream, being fed by numerous torrents from the enclosing mountains, and interrupted as it is in its hurried course by the vast quantity of rocks, and other débris, which had fallen into it, presented, on our approach to it, the appearance of a stream of milk, as it foamed along.

Near the foot of the descent, a great part of which we had walked over, the better to see and enjoy the ever-varying views afforded by the surrounding mountains, we came to the small village of Campo Dolcino, a poor-looking place, and soon after arrived at the post-house, where we stopped an hour to feed the horses and rest ourselves. Hearing a great noise in the room on the ground-floor, something like that of a sergeant drilling a party of raw recruits, and teaching them to keep step by means of an angry vociferation of "one"—"two"—we had the curiosity to enter the apartment, and found four Italians intent upon a game which they were playing with their fingers, and which is, I believe, not unfrequently played in the alehouses in England, though seldom, I should imagine, with the same warmth and energy as was here dis-

played. At first I thought they were furiously quarrelling, but soon discovered my error. They were placed two on each side of the table, and the game seemed to consist, as far as we could understand it, of one on either side throwing out, *simultaneously*, from a clenched fist, a certain number of fingers, each fixing his eyes with great attention on the fingers of his antagonist, and exclaiming, at the highest pitch of his voice, the number of fingers he imagined would be displayed by him. As the number is screamed out by each at the very same moment that each thrusts out his fingers, and the movement is perfectly simultaneous, neither had any opportunity of counting the dirty fingers which were exhibited: it is purely guess-work. Sometimes the clenched fist is thrust out, sometimes the extended paw. He who guesses right wipes off a score on the table, which is marked with chalk. These men might truly be said to "suit the action to the word—the word to the action."

It is remarkable that this same game, played in all respects in the same manner, and with fully as much noise, is said to be familiar to the Chinese, among whom it is called *Tsoi-moi*. It was also a common game among the ancient Romans, from whom it may probably have descended to the modern Italians, who give it, I believe, the name of *Morra*; but the Romans

called it *micare digitis*; and Cicero observes, as he hardly needed to have done, that great confidence is necessary when you play at this game in the dark.

On examining the large wooden shoe of fir, at least four inches in thickness, which had been put under the wheel of the carriage, and used in the late descent, we found it reduced, by the friction of the road, literally as thin as a wafer; in fact, worn to nothing,—as was also a second one with which we were provided, before we got to Chiavenna.

From Campo Dolcino, we still continued descending for a length of time, winding our way through innumerable large blocks or boulders of stone, which were scattered about in the greatest confusion in every possible direction and variety of form. Amidst these stones, as we approached nearer to the valley, we observed great abundance of fine Spanish chestnut-trees, many of them of large size, and in full vigour. But it was curious to see how they had accommodated themselves to their position among the large rocky fragments, entwining their roots, in a very remarkable manner, round the various obstructing masses, many of which were themselves luxuriantly clothed with lichens and mosses, thus forming a pleasing variety to the dark, yet rich and

glossy, green, of the chestnut-trees, whose spreading branches flourished freely without obstruction.

About seven in the evening we arrived at Chiavenna, and put up at the "Hotel Conradi," a very excellent house, where we sat down to a sumptuous dinner of chamois and moor-game, from the Splügen; and, for our dessert, were favoured with wild strawberries, which indeed we found at most places in Switzerland; figs, pears, and cherries: grapes were not yet ripe in this elevated situation, but vines were growing plentifully all around the neighbourhood of Chiavenna, generally trailed along trellis-work of wood, fixed to the sides of the walls, pretty much the same as in our grape-houses; though in this climate no glass is required over them. In places also were festoons of vines hanging from the branches of trees, and everywhere abundant clusters of young grapes.

Chiavenna, situated in a small retired valley, and surrounded by lofty mountains, may be called a pretty and pleasing spot, although it contains not much to attract attention. Indeed, the weather was unfortunately wet, and the rain was pouring when we drove into the town; but this did not seem to have the effect of cooling the atmosphere, which had now be-

come rather oppressive. Notwithstanding the heavy rain, however, which fell as if it had been poured out of a bucket, the women, to enjoy the open air, were seated in the doorways of their houses, which, as well as the windows, were all thrown open.

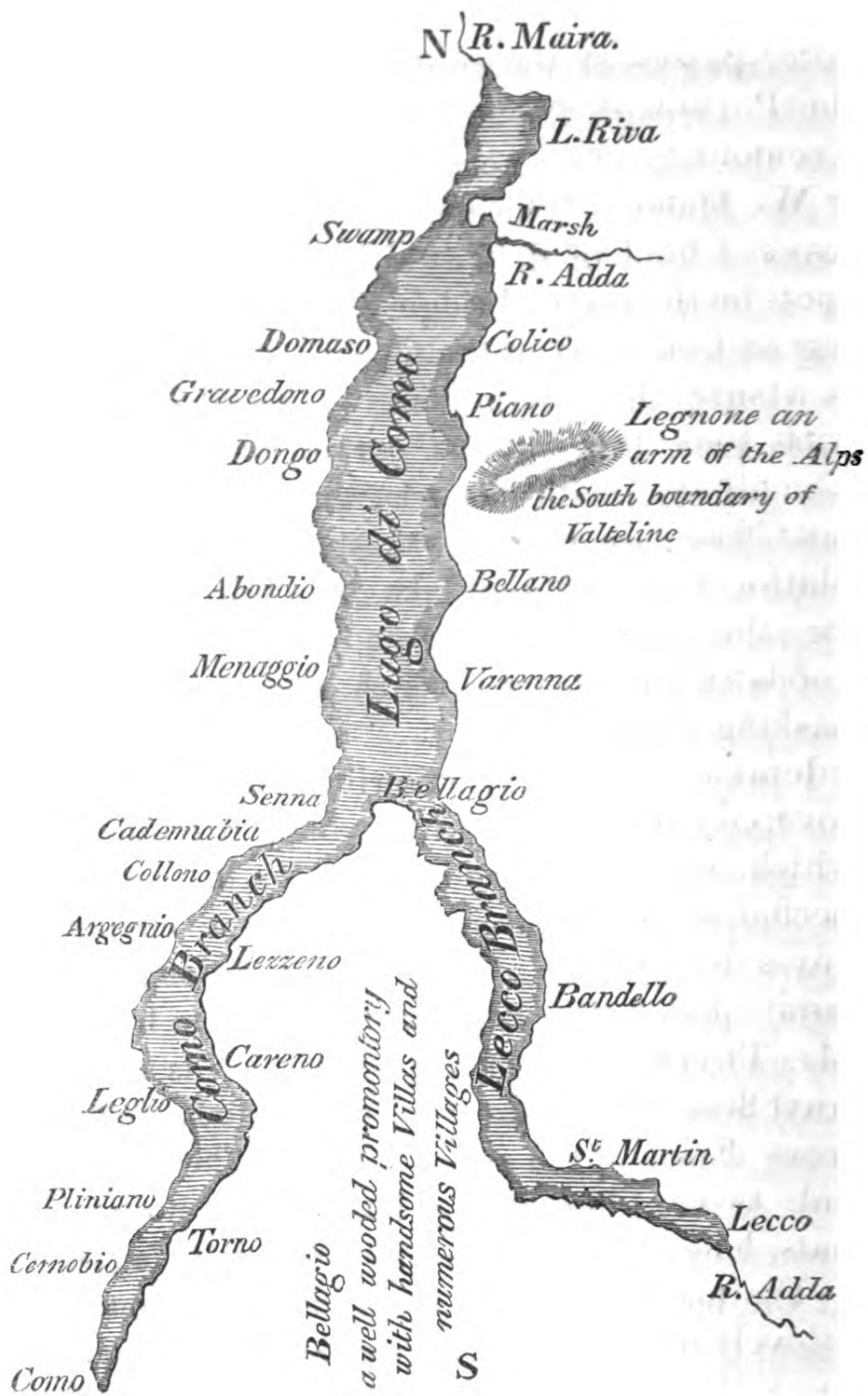
There was nothing remarkable in the dress of either sex. The men were clothed much in the same manner as on the other side of the mountains, as were the women, with the exception that they generally wore a large silver bodkin passed through the hair, which was turned up behind, and ornamented at either side of the knot with a round silver ball. As there appeared little to detain us at Chiavenna, we left it early the following morning for Colico Piano, a station on the shore of the Lago di Como. It is considered to be a drive of about three hours, but we had an excellent pair of horses, which stepped over the level ground at great speed. The road passes through the valley which we had so long skirted, and which now became rather swampy; yet on either side of it are lofty and precipitous rocks, on many of which are little churches or chapels, perched high up, affording pleasing objects to look upon, as well as to inspire serious reflections. The same kind of objects were presented to the eye on approaching the margin of the little lake of Riva, which is formed by the spread-

ing out of the river Lira, that has accompanied us the whole way from Chiavenna. Immediately after leaving the shore of this lake, we came upon that of Como, at the small village of Colico Piano already mentioned, whose name was painted on the wall of a corner-house, as we entered the village, and which we soon found to be customary in all the towns and villages on the Italian side of the Alps. Colico Piano is situated at the base of a fine bold mountainous mass, which rises from, and far above, one of the spurs or ridges which project from the cluster of Alps near the pass of the Stelvio, and which terminates in a peak said to be about eight thousand feet above the level of the sea, though at this time it had scarcely a particle of snow on the summit.

We now began to feel, as might be expected, a great difference in the temperature of the low level to which we had arrived, and the upper region of the Splügen, and it was not until we were fairly embarked upon the lake, and enjoyed the occasional little breezes on the water, that I felt disposed to admire an Italian climate; it was then delightful. It must be observed, however, that from the lake of Riva, the river Meira or Lira, for it seems to possess both names, joins the northern extremity of the Lago di Como, through one continued swamp, which is greatly extended

by joining another swamp formed by the river Adda, through the midst of which it flows into the lake of Como, a little below the mouth of the Meira. This swamp is extensive, and forms a kind of delta, which we had to cross on a long wooden bridge, in order to reach the eastern shore of the Como. We had now no doubt the information we received was quite true, that all this part of the country was infested with malaria, and exceedingly unhealthy: we therefore hastened along the eastern shore of the lake to Colico Piano, where, on our arrival, we had hoped to have met with the steamer which passes between that place and Como.

I may here briefly describe the outline of the Lago di Como, and in so doing it requires no great stretch of the imagination to picture its shape as resembling that of the human figure stretched in a horizontal position; the little lake of Riva being the head; the body, the undivided part of the lake, which is separated lower down into two legs, the foot of one being Como, of the other Lecco. These two legs or branches of the Lago di Como are formed by a bold promontory called Bellagio. At the bottom of the western branch is Como, where there is no river, nor outlet of water. At the extremity of the eastern one is Lecco, where the Adda, after flowing through the



lake, passes to the southward until it joins the Po, at a short distance to the westward of Cremona.

We found at Colico Piano that the steamer leaves Como every morning, calls at different spots on the shore of the lake, and, after arriving at Colico, returns again to Como. Colico is a small port, and a few barges only, laden with timber, were lying in it. The village is a small and poor-looking place. As the steam-boat had not arrived we went down to the platform, or stage thrown out into the lake, for the convenience of receiving and landing goods or passengers. After remaining there basking in the sun, and watching for a considerable time with some anxiety, we discovered something on the opposite shore, which a telescope satisfied us to be the expected steam-boat. On her coming over to our side, we were glad to find she had not many passengers: indeed, besides ourselves, Mr. Twining and his friend, who were fellow-travellers with Captain Carnac and myself from Franckfort to Heidelberg, there were only two or three priests with broad-brimmed hats, long black coats, and knee-breeches.

Fortune favoured us in the weather; it was a lovely day, and nothing could be more pleasing and delightful than the voyage down the

lake, on the Como branch, into which we had crossed. The scenery was quite enchanting and fully realised all the previous conceptions I had formed from different accounts of the beauties of this, perhaps one of the most celebrated, lakes in Europe.

The mind of a traveller, when in a country that is new to him, will always be painting some picture in the imagination, derived from impressions made by what he has heard or read of any particular place, or has seen in different prints or drawings. From these or other impressions in his mind, every one, on his approach to any remarkable spot, has formed his own notions regarding it; and I need scarcely say, they turn out generally to have been very erroneous ones: of the Lago di Como I had certainly pictured to myself a lake, whose banks sloped gently down to the water's edge, covered with innumerable villas and villages, convents and cottages, and swarming with population; instead of which, however, I found a mass of rugged mountains almost overhanging the lake, and saw little else than a continuous ridge running parallel with the shore, which, however, decreased in height, and, after proceeding a very short distance, we found the mountain receding, and the whole country within view, such as

imagination had pictured it. The hills were now seen clothed with the most lively verdure to their very summits, and scattered along their sides were groves of trees, common to the country, such as the spreading beech, the poplar, the broad-leaved platanus, and the mournful cypress ; while still lower down the slope, we could perceive, as we neared the shore, fields richly clothed with wheat and maize, with hedges or rows of the mulberry-tree, the olive, and vineyards interspersed.

Scattered at different distances from the shores of the lake, and among these luxuriant productions of the vegetable world, were to be seen a great number of handsome villas,—the country residences, as we were told, of men of rank and fortune, residents of Milan. Mixed with these were convents and cottages, and here and there a little village. Nothing we had yet seen, short of the Alpine mountains, attracted my fancy or gratified my feelings more than these splendid green hills, occasionally rising into mountains, clothed in their rich attire, the whole distance from the shores of the lake, to their loftiest eminence. Nor among all this verdure could that useful tree, the pale sickly and sombre-looking olive, escape notice, whole groves of which, particu-

larly as we approached the town of Como, met the eye.

Amidst this exuberance which prevailed on both shores on this branch of the Como, the width of which I suppose is barely two miles, the salient points of rock that peeped through, and advantageously broke the rich monotony of verdure, gave a pleasing variety to the picture. This was more especially the case on the fine wooded promontory of Bellagio, lifting its bold front to the lake, and dividing it as above mentioned into two branches. This promontory, if among such beauties I might be called upon to assign a preference, would probably bear away the palm. Upon it, and commanding the two branches of the lake, are many lovely villas, and among them was once the favourite residence of that unfortunate and misguided lady, Caroline Queen of England. We understood that the house she inhabited, with its faded fittings and furniture, are still shown, or were recently so, to strangers who might have curiosity enough to be tempted to the sight of them, which however was not the case with any of us.

The navigation of this beautiful lake presented an entirely new feature, after having so very recently left behind us the snow-capped Alps ; and I viewed the luxuriant

richness of the scenery with more delight than I can describe, after beholding, in so short a space of time and at so short a distance, these lovely mountains so brilliantly robed up to their highest tops with verdure, instead of snow, which, from some points of their elevation, might have been expected, and would have been found on those of equal height which we had left; this difference or contrast added much to the pleasure I felt in gazing at the Como shore as the vessel glided along.

The change of temperature, though somewhat gradual, was not the less striking. The sun shone brilliantly above us, lighting up the several white villas and villages, which continued here and there dispersed on the margin of the lake; and a fine fresh breeze on the water produced a balmy air wholly unlike anything we had yet experienced. So soft, so mild, and so lightsome it appeared, while sailing on the lake, that I hailed it as the very perfection of climate. Not so, however, when we landed at Como; the heat of the air there became as it were instantaneously oppressive, more so than I could recollect ever before to have felt; and though it may be little less than heresy to say this of an Italian climate, I can safely declare that, from the moment of landing at Como till we reached

the head of the Valteline, near the Pass of the Stelvio, on our return from the plains of Lombardy to the Tyrol, I never knew, for my own part, what it was to be even moderately cool and comfortable; but, as I have before said, nothing could be more delightful than the balmy breeze we experienced on the lake, under the awning which was spread above the deck of the vessel to exclude the rays of the sun. Como is built close down to the southern shore of the lake. Its appearance either when near or from a distance has nothing very remarkable. The domes and the towers of churches, when first seen, stand out in the centre of the view, and the remains of some old castle (Roman, I believe), on the crest of the hill behind the town, is a prominent and picturesque object. The town itself is flanked on either side with wooded hills, on which the mulberry and the olive appear to prevail; close to the town are citron-groves and myrtle-hedges.

It was about six in the evening when we arrived, and, immediately on landing, our passports were demanded and taken from us by some Austrian soldiers; but they allowed us to proceed on naming the hotel at which we intended to take up our quarters. This was the "Hôtel de l'Ange au bord du Lac," close indeed upon the quay, near which were nume-

rous pleasure-boats drawn up, each with its awning spread, and the boatmen loitering about, many of them seated in the bows of their boats, with their jackets hanging loosely over their shoulders, and their arms and brawny breasts exposed to view, their shirts being thrown open and their sleeves tucked up. These seemed a good-humoured set of men, and though they were somewhat pressing that we should engage their boats each time we passed along the quay to our hotel, they received our refusals with a merry face.

We had not been long at the hotel before an Austrian soldier brought us a receipt for our passports, with a permission to reside in the town; and having delivered this document to my friends, he was marching off, when I took the liberty of reminding him that I also had delivered a passport, for which I required a similar document. The soldier was astonished, and not a little bewildered. I insisted upon following him to the passport-office, when a third person said a few words to the soldier, and pointed to his cap, no doubt suggesting that he might have placed it there; and sure enough, on his removing his chaco, there was the receipt for my passport, which, though it had escaped from his head, was safe in his hat: the poor fellow smirked and smiled, and appeared to be delighted at the discovery,

perhaps at his own stupidity, or, may be, at my anxiety; but it is no laughing matter to lose an Austrian passport.

Como is the capital of one of the most valuable of the Lombardic provinces, is the see of a bishop, has a Court of Judicature, several public schools, and more than one library; the houses are substantial, generally built of stone. It is a town of great antiquity, but very few remains of ancient Roman buildings are to be found, except, I believe, some fragments of walls and foundations. There are four or five churches, but the Duomo, or Cathedral, is the only one we thought worth while to visit. It is a large solid building of white marble, dug out of the quarries near the spot, of no peculiar style of architecture, but generally the Gothic prevails. It has a large dome over the centre, and, generally speaking, the exterior may be pronounced a handsome building. Within, it has no particular ornaments, but the ceiling is painted elaborately with a variety of figures, and the altar-pieces are not unworthy of notice.

The province is extensive, including all the shores of the Lago di Como; the country rich and well cultivated, supporting large herds of cattle, which afford a plentiful supply of butter and Parmesan cheese for the market

of Como. Large flocks of sheep feed on the mountains, and supply wool and meat for the capital; the former manufactured into cloth in Como. The cotton-plant, plentifully cultivated in the plains, furnishes its wool for the cotton manufactory in Como, as does the silk-worm, reared by the leaves of the white mulberry-trees, the silk manufactory.

Como and its suburbs are said to contain about twenty thousand inhabitants; it is a place of considerable trade, much increased no doubt by the excellent roads which lead to it from the Grisons over the Splügen, and through the Valteline over the Stelvio Pass, opening a communication with the Tyrol, Bavaria, and Austria.

Comum and the *Lacus Larius* cannot fail of suggesting to every visitor, who has but a smattering of classical lore, (which is my own case,) the name of Pliny, to whose writings the uncle and the nephew, both one and the other, owed much of their celebrity. His villa on the banks of the lake was the resort of the most distinguished Roman senators and gentlemen; a great part of his time appears to have been spent at a spot, in which he took the greatest delight; he calls it, in writing to his friend and neighbour, Caninius Rufa, "*Comum tuæ meæque deliciæ.*" For the poor and unprotected he was always a warm advo-

cate. His letters breathe a spirit of justice, humanity, and benevolence; that which is addressed to the Emperor Trajan, when proconsul of Bithynia, giving a favourable account of the character and conduct of the Christians, at a time when they were persecuted even to death by the Romans, is most honourable to his feelings, and met with Trajan's approval. The Christians in after-times testified their gratitude by the erection of a bronze statue to his memory, placed in a niche near the front of the Duomo Church of Como.

In one of Pliny's letters he describes an intermitting fountain, the cause of which he is at a loss to explain, but suggests five different ones, the first of which is rather whimsical, but it is one which his uncle, the natural historian, had previously entertained. It was a fanciful suggestion that the earth, like the animal frame, had its respiratory organs, *spiritus ne aliquis occultior, &c.* (lib. iv. 30.)

From an intermittent spring being found at a place called Pliniana (certainly a modern name), near the promontory of Torno, on the east coast (going down the Como arm of the lake), travellers have fixed upon this spot as the site of Pliny's villa and grounds; but this spring does not answer to the description given by Pliny of its regularly intermitting

three times a day—*ter in die, statis auctibus ac diminutionibus, crescit, decrescitque*; neither does this agree with the description given by the elder Pliny—“*In Comensi juxta Larium Lacum, fons largus horis singulis semper intumescet ac residet*”—always every hour rises and falls. Had these two excellent men conceived a natural syphon within the mountain, it would probably have assisted them in the explanation of the phenomenon.

CHAPTER VI.

FROM COMO TO MILAN.

Leave Como—Aspect of the Country—Mulberry-trees and Acacias in the hedges—Silkworms—The Cicada—Entrance to Milan—Its Wall and Canal—Streets and Houses—The Duomo, and its Statues—St. Charles Boromeo—His character—His Statue—Ancient Columns—Last Supper by Lionardo da Vinci—Mr. Phillips' Observations on it—The Brera Library—Ambrosian Library—Charitable Establishments—Ospitale Maggiore—Other Hospitals—Palace of the Viceroy—The Scala—The Amphitheatre—Races therein—The Arco del Pace—Place des Armes—Punch and Judy—Classes of the Population—The Military—Trade—Products—England and Italy.

HAVING satisfied ourselves with the little that is to be seen at Como, our next object was a visit to Milan; and as we had resolved to return from thence, or at all events from Venice, by the way of Lecco, to prosecute our journey to the Tyrol, the principal object of my little tour, we sent our servant across the country with the heavy part of our baggage and linen, the latter to be there washed, and ready for us on our return.

We left Como in a light carriage, which we had engaged to convey us to Milan. The

aspect of the country was now entirely changed. At first extensive flat meadows, well clothed with grass, and covered with groups of cattle, alone met the eye; but presently the ground here and there presented itself in a high state of cultivation. But our view was very limited, as well from the low and level road, as by the high uncut hedges, which debarred us from seeing much. Occasionally, however, we did get a peep through the openings in the hedges, which gave us an opportunity of seeing the crops upon the ground. The majority of these consisted of fields of full-grown maize, generally planted in rows, between which were interspersed other species of grain, such as barley and oats, potatoes and turnips. We also observed patches of clover, and what we thought to be lucerne.

The hedges exhibited a gay appearance, being thickly covered with the white convolvulus, whose tendrils and large flowers were winding themselves round the stems and branches of the numerous acacia-trees, many of which were also in full and beautiful blossom. Large quantities of the mulberry-tree were also planted in the hedge-rows that divide the fields, as well as in those by the roadside. The latter, with their round tops, had something of the appearance of our pollards, for which they might easily be mistaken.

They are, however, kept in this state by the removal of the young branches with their leaves to serve as food for the silkworms, which are reared in the vicinity of Como, and by the Milanese, to a very great extent: the road continued as it had been from Como, very different from that we had recently travelled over among the mountains. It was quite straight, flat, shut in, and covered with dust at least an inch thick. The enclosing trees seemed to be so many nurseries of immense swarms of the cicada, a large species of grasshopper, whose shrill and chirruping noise was incessant the whole way.

The distance from Como to Milan is reckoned to be about twenty-five miles; and at the half-way house we rested the horses an hour. The heat was very oppressive, the sun having shone intensely the whole way—

“ Italia’s sun in summer’s noontide glow—

and not a breath of air was stirring; this, however, was not the case with the dust, clouds of which floating in the air made it most disagreeable. In fact, we were so parched and dried up, and choked by the hot and dusty journey, that nothing could be more gratifying and refreshing than a good supply of excellent lemonade to which we had recourse during our halt. I must admit that, with the exception of the dust, the road was good the whole distance,

We entered Milan through a handsome arched gateway of granite, on the northern side of the city, which led into a long poor-looking street; and after winding our way through several others not much better, and more close and confined, were not sorry to arrive at the "Hotel Croix de Malthe." With all this, Milan may well lay claim to be called a splendid city. Its population is stated to consist of, at least, 150,000 inhabitants. It is surrounded by an irregular polygonal wall, five of its sides being apparently regular, while three more are broken into parts, some extending outwards and some inwards, occasioned by what may be called Buonaparte's improvements, which will be noticed hereafter. At each angle is a bastion, and on each side one gate or more; of these I think they reckon ten or eleven, some of which, as the Porta Romana, and in particular the Arco del Pace, are arched structures of great architectural beauty. The whole circumference of the city, within the walls, including the suburbs, may be from six to seven miles, and it has a double avenue of trees around it, one within, and the other without, the walls. The compact part of the city is surrounded and watered by a canal, conducted from the river Ocona, which passes near it on its way to the Po, and which supplies also the great canal,

that extends to the eastward nearly to the river Tessino.

The city contains a variety of public buildings, a noble cathedral, with many inferior churches, chapels, convents, and schools; besides considerable spaces of unoccupied ground, flower-gardens, and, I believe, a botanic garden.

I mentioned the splendour of Milan : this, however, is not to be looked for in the width or building of its streets, which, with a few exceptions, are not spacious, but generally narrow and confined. Nor is there much to admire in the dwellings of the citizens, being commonly not above mediocrity ; and a stranger, on entering Milan, cannot help feeling disappointed, unless indeed he enter by the Porto Orientale, which leads into that splendid street known as the Corso, perhaps not inferior to any in Europe ; but the striking splendour of Milan may be said to consist in the magnificence of some of its public buildings. This one street, however, which runs from the *Place* de Duomo, or Cathedral, called the Corso Orientale, is flanked with handsome houses. It may be compared—I mean solely as regards its position—with Cheapside, as contiguous to St. Paul's, for, in other respects, the Corso Orientale is as unlike Cheapside as it is possible to be, its houses

being of a superior style of architecture, both in design and structure.

The city of Milan, however, taken as a whole, may be compared with the old city of London, with its narrow streets and alleys, its surrounding walls and numerous gates—Cripplegate, Billingsgate, Bishopsgate, Aldgate, &c., each having a church or two, making, probably, in the whole, as many as those of Milan.

Speaking of churches, however, I need scarcely observe, that the Duomo, or Cathedral here, in most respects, is pre-eminent, and unequalled elsewhere. In point of magnitude and massive structure, it is not perhaps to be put in competition with St. Paul's of London, or St. Peter's of Rome; but, in its florid Gothic architecture, its beautiful white marble, its multitude of pinnacles and statues, its exquisite carving and fret-work, it is, I believe, generally admitted to excel both. The grand entrance is one of the most imposing pieces of architecture to be met with anywhere. The balustrade of the roof is crowded with pinnacles, each pinnacle having its statue, the merits of which, placed at so great a height, are not to be judged of by the eye as seen from the ground. They are said to amount to many hundreds; indeed, every prominent point rising out of the building is

surmounted by a statue. When seen from the top of the building, to which we ascended, they exhibited a *forest* of statues, containing, I should suppose, the whole catalogue of saints in Christendom, and something more. They pretend to say that, within and without the cathedral, there are not less than five thousand statues, great and small.

The interior of this splendid edifice corresponds in grandeur with the exterior; everything is highly finished, and appears on a magnificent scale. In the body of the church are two pulpits of bronze, so erected as to surround each a large pillar. The altars correspond with the rest of the interior in their embellishments. On one is extended the figure of St. Boromeo, in his episcopal robes. Among the statues is that of St. Bartholomew, "new flead," as Addison says, with his skin hanging over his shoulders. I thought it a disgusting object, but the Milanese, I believe, value it before all the rest, and consider it worth its weight in gold. I looked so little at it, that I did not even observe the inscription which is said to be on the pedestal:—

"Non me Praxiteles, sed Marcus finxit Agrati:"—

the first part of which (although it is, no doubt, a clever piece of sculpture) was not quite necessary to be recorded.

The columns, or clusters of pillars, are thickly studded along the aisles, but do not interfere with the eye as it ranges over the noble expanse. Mr. Eustace, who is considered accurate in his measurements of the principal churches, says these columns are more than ninety feet in height, and eight in diameter; that the length of the interior of the church is four hundred and ninety feet, breadth two hundred and ninety-eight, and the elevation under the dome two hundred and fifty-eight; but these measurements have since been stated as rather exaggerated. The height of the exterior to the summit of the tower, he makes four hundred feet, being four feet only less than the summit of the cross on the dome of St. Paul's, but this too is a little overstated. Most travellers seem to condemn the spire or obelisk, which, in modern times, has been erected upon the dome, as not being in unison with the rest of the building; that it is in bad taste, looks cumbersome, and in every point of view entirely out of place. It certainly has this appearance.

The whole of this magnificent structure is one solid mass, or masses rather, of white marble, and the roof, pinnacles, and statues are all of the same material: the massive walls are not merely coated with this

stone, but their whole substance is of it; the pillars, arches, vaults, and interior parts, are also of the same. The floor of the cathedral is composed of different-coloured marbles, which are inlaid in it like Mosaic work on a large scale. The painted windows are particularly fine, and well calculated to attract attention. Under the dome, in a subterranean chapel, and near the altar, is deposited the body of St. Charles Boromeo, dressed, as it is reported, in his pontifical robes, with his face exposed, exhibiting a disfigured and disgusting object; but we did not descend to look at it. A quantity of loose money was scattered over the grating above the tomb, the contributions of those, perhaps, who could ill afford to part with it.

It must be admitted that no one deserved the honour of canonization better than St. Charles. His whole income, splendid as it was, and his time were employed in acts of munificence, benevolence, and in charity to the poor. When the plague was raging in Milan, which carried off many thousands, this good bishop employed himself in visiting the infected at their houses, and when remonstrated with by his friends, he said no bishop ought to desert his flock in time of danger or afflictions.

When the plague was stayed, he caused a most extensive lazaretto to be erected at his

own expense in the outskirts of the town—an immense range of building, twelve hundred feet square, divided into three or four hundred rooms : fortunately at this day it is not required for its original purpose, and, I believe, was converted by Buonaparte into a barrack. His memory is venerated by the Milanese, and a bronze statue was erected to perpetuate it on a hill near Arona, on the Lago Maggiore—the largest probably in existence—“ *instar montis* ”—as Virgil has described the Trojan horse. Its height has been variously stated, but, after passing the Simplon on a former occasion, I visited it, and think the pedestal may be about forty feet, and the figure itself seventy.

We also visited the Collegiate Church of St. Ambrosio, which appears to be of great antiquity, and it is believed to have been a temple formerly dedicated to Bacchus, some of the ancient pillars of which are standing in the street, outside the building ; and in the interior of the church there is a fine column of Egyptian granite, surmounted by a bronze serpent, which is firmly believed by the credulous to date its origin from the time of Moses. They might have contented themselves with the time of the Romans, who have not left them much. There is, however, near the church of Lorenzo, the remains of an ancient Roman bath, consisting of sixteen beautiful Corinthian columns,

fluted, standing erect and perfect in one row, and preserving their places by an architrave, extending the whole length of the line. The Milanese, for want of a better name, call them the Pillars of Hercules.

There are numerous churches of great attraction in Milan, but it is not my intention to describe them. I shall only say that we visited that of St. Vittore al Corpo, an ancient church of mean appearance outside, but very fine in the interior, and full of al fresco paintings of great beauty; and that of Santa Maria delle Grazie, to which is attached a building, said formerly to have been the refectory of a convent of Dominicans, on the walls of which, at one end of the refectory, there is an indifferent fresco painting, by some unknown artist, representing the Crucifixion, and at the opposite end the celebrated picture of the Last Supper, by Lionardo da Vinci, supposed to have been executed about the year 1490. It is in a sad state of decay, owing partly to age, but more to the damp of the room and the wall upon which it is painted. The people about pretend that the French having made this room a sort of barrack or store for artillery-men, and also a place of confinement for prisoners, the picture was constantly shot at, and thus destroyed. I saw no signs of such being the case: several little

patches had chipped off, evidently from the effect of damp. On turning to Eustace, who has a holy hatred of the French, I find the following passage:--

“The picture was used as a target for the soldiers to fire at! The heads were their favourite marks, and that of our Saviour in preference to the others. Their impiety, though wanton, and to them unprofitable, was impotent, and may be passed over with contemptuous abhorrence; but their barbarism, in defacing a masterpiece which, though in decay, was still a model in the art, succeeded to the full extent even of their mischievous wishes, and has erased for ever one of the noblest specimens in the world.”

The general system of plundering and spoliation in the French army was sufficiently extensive without heaping on their heads more than they have justly been accused of. Satisfied of the error in question, I was desirous of ascertaining the real fact, and on application to Mr. Phillips the royal academician, that excellent artist, in the most ready and obliging manner, allowed me the use of his note-book, containing descriptions and remarks of many of the most celebrated pictures in Europe, made by him on a tour in 1825.

After noticing the large and small damp-spots, which ought to have been merely filled

in with colour to match the original, "those employed to repair it," he says, "have adopted the shorter mode of painting over the whole of a piece of drapery, and consequently lost the original surface; so that with damp and with repainting it is now difficult to find the hand of the master;" and he regrets that time and accidents and damp and repainting have left but little of the original. "It is but little," says Mr. Phillips, "but fortunately the head of the Saviour is the most favoured, and, though greatly decayed, enough remains to show the grandeur and even sublimity of form and fulness of expression which Da Vinci seems so fully to have conceived, as becoming that divine character. The expression is dignified, with meek submission; the tranquillity of a superhuman mind when conveying intelligence of the deepest and most awful import, impressed with a consciousness of the necessity and value of the great sacrifice he was about to make, and the important object for which it was ordained."

Mr. Phillips observes, "the outlines in the picture have none of the fulness of those of his successful rival Michael Angelo, though they have the advantage over him in simplicity. Fulness of expression, even to minuteness, and with suavity, was the quality Lionardo sought to develop, and he attained it: suffi-

cient remains of the head of the Saviour to justify this assertion." What then becomes of the statement of the destruction of this head by the French? The French generals were plunderers but not destroyers of the works of art. Simond says that an old woman, who resided on the spot, told him that when Buonaparte came to look at this picture, and found the room used as a prison with soldiers, he shrugged his shoulders and stamped his foot, ordered the prisoners away, and a wooden partition to be built before the picture.

I shall only add the following note of Mr. Phillips, which makes it the more a matter of surprise that this celebrated picture is not altogether defaced. "The year the French took Milan the canal was blocked up with ruins, and there happening to be a great fall of rain for fifteen days, the floor of the room was covered with water to a considerable depth, and remained so for some time, as there were no means of drawing it off; consequently a great deal of damp vapour was exhaled in the room, and the picture suffered exceedingly by it."

Having inspected as many of the numerous churches as our time would allow, and such as were said to be most interesting, our attention was turned to those establishments devoted to literature and the fine arts, of which the Milanese have reason to be proud. We there-

fore paid a visit to the libraries, of which there are two public ones of considerable note. The principal one is named the Brera Library, the building itself having once been a college of the Jesuits, under that name. The chief apartment is of very handsome proportions. The books are well arranged, and there is a written, and, no doubt, well-digested catalogue. They are said to amount to nearly 200,000 volumes. Mr. Panizzi, who was sent by the trustees of the British Museum to obtain information respecting the several public libraries on the continent, says they were about 200,000 volumes, regularly increasing by means of an annual sum of about 200/., granted by the Austrian government for the purchase of books; that it is open every day (Sundays and holidays excepted) from ten to three; the admission entirely free; and he states that the number of readers are about 120 daily, and that law, history, and theology are the subjects most in request.

Like most large buildings in Italy the Brera has an interior court or square, surrounded by pillars forming a colonnade, above which is another corridor, also supported on pillars. The ground-floor is generally adapted for giving lectures on various subjects. The upper floor contains the library above spoken of, and in a separate room a small collection of

pictures, many of native artists. In the upper-story, which we did not see, are said to be some plaster casts, and also a collection of coins and medals. The dome of the college is appropriated as an observatory.

From the library of Brera we next proceeded to the Ambrosian Library, which, though it takes its name from St. Ambrose, *ci-devant* Archbishop of Milan, was neither instituted by him, nor does it appear that he contributed anything towards its establishment. As a library it owes its existence to the bounty of the Cardinal Frederick Boromeo, nephew of St. Charles Boromeo and successor to the see of Milan. According to Panizzi's information the number of volumes is about 100,000 (I believe not so many), and of manuscripts bound up 4630 volumes. To this as well as to the other library the admission is entirely free, and Wednesdays as well as Sundays and holidays are excepted. It is well known that the late librarian, Angeli Mai, discovered, among the old fragments of manuscripts, six or seven Orations of Cicero, and nearly the whole of his Treatise *De Republica*, and many other old writings of the ancient Romans, which he published in Rome, where he now is, in two volumes. These valuable antiquities were hidden by monkish sermons and ecclesiastical tracts, written over and between the lines,

so as to be entirely illegible, but by a process discovered by Mai, he obliterated the modern and left remaining the ancient writing.

Though there is not much appearance of poverty in the population of Milan, there is less of overgrown wealth; the middle and lower classes of society are here, as in most other places, the most numerous; but from the many excellent charitable institutions, and on a most liberal and extended plan, there must also be a corresponding number of the poor, destitute, and helpless; and I understand that these establishments are conducted with that care and attention so well and in so exemplary a manner bestowed by the several orders of monks and Sisters of Charity, when the monasteries and convents were in greater numbers, and probably better supported than now.

Among these the Ospedale Maggiore is the most prominent. It is said to occupy in length not less than 900 feet. In the centre a fine portal leads into the great square which separates the building into two great divisions, each of which is cut into four court-yards or squares, to afford light and air to the numerous rooms. It is three stories high, and on each of the great divisions rises a dome. The depth of the building is about 400 feet, and it is stated to be capable of containing from 3500 to 4000 patients. Near to this is the

Foundling Hospital, within which and boarded out in the country are sometimes 2000 or 3000. There are, besides, a Lying-in Hospital, a Lunatic Asylum, Almshouses for the aged, and Orphan-houses for children of both sexes; but we had not time, and, from the intensity of the heat, not much inclination, to go over any of the above institutions.

The Palace of the Viceroy, which was inhabited by Eugene Beauharnois, when he filled that dignified office, and is now by the present Viceroy the Archduke Rainier, is a grand building, whose front is about three times the length of Whitehall Chapel, and has been compared to that style of architecture, but less ornamented. Understanding that there was but little in it deserving notice besides the throne-room, of very large dimensions, we did not enter it. Raumer says the whole of the busts of Napoleon, his wife, and family, were consigned to a lumber-room with old candlesticks, &c.

But that which I regret most was that we had not the opportunity of witnessing an Italian opera in the Scala, which was closed; a theatre that the Milanese boast to be the largest in Europe; that it contains 240 boxes in six tiers, that it will accommodate from 800 to 1000 persons in the pit, and altogether that it will hold, I forget how many thousand

spectators. The building is erected on the site of an ancient Christian church of the same name, that is, Santa Maria de la Scala. It is curious enough that the temple of a heathen deity should be converted into a Christian church, as the Temple of Bacchus was into that of St. Ambrosio, while, in the same town, a Christian church should be turned into an opera-house.

Many churches, chapels, convents, and other religious establishments in Milan, have fallen to decay, or been diverted to purposes foreign from their original intention. Some of these were demolished, together with private houses, without hesitation or compunction, by Buonaparte, to make room for his Piazza d'Armi, his Forum, and his Amphitheatre, by which he also destroyed two sides of the polygon which surrounds the suburbs and the city.

The Amphitheatre is entered from one of the sides of the first, is of an oval form, the longest diameter being about 1000 feet. Stages of seats are erected all round for spectators: the intention, it may be presumed, was not merely as a riding-house, but, perhaps, in imitation of the Romans, for chariot-races, or equestrian exercises, which in fact are said to be now held in it, and the name over the great entrance, which the Italians call *Pulvinare*, seems to give countenance to this idea.

This whole concern is, in fact, a specimen of the extreme vanity of Napoleon. The Amphitheatre is the Roman Circus; the pulvinaire is the *pulvinarium*, or temple, which was close to or within the Circus, and in which beds or pallets were supplied to receive the images of the gods, to whom supplications were ordered to be made on extraordinary occasions. Afterwards, however, the Roman emperors assumed the place of the gods, to witness the Circensian games, "*unde Augustus et tota Cæsarum domus ludos spectabunt.*" Why then should not the Emperor Napoleon and his house, in the fulness of his glory, assume the same privileges and honours which Cæsar had claimed?

A friend of mine, the year before, had an opportunity of witnessing the sports in the Amphitheatre.—“Hearing there was to be a grand fête at the Amphitheatre in the afternoon, and being desirous of seeing it, we strolled out after we had dined, and had no difficulty in finding our road, as everybody appeared to be walking for one place; we went with the stream, and shortly found ourselves at the principal gate, where carriages were setting down as fast as possible. Not understanding the language, I offered the man at the entrance five francs, but he could not let me in without a ticket. We then proceeded

to the back entrance, and succeeded in gaining admittance for a trifling sum.

“The Amphitheatre is extensive, capable, they say, of containing forty-five thousand people; and it was literally crammed. The building is surrounded with acacia trees. The performances commenced with horse-races, apparently English horses, but I cannot say much for the riding; out of twelve of their riders no less than six were thrown. A ladies' race followed: they sat their horses like men, and certainly displayed better horsemanship. Fortunately not any of them were thrown, but I did not think this a pleasant exhibition.”

“The taking of Constantine was the conclusion: a large fort was erected at one end. The dresses of the Mamelukes were good, as also the appearance of the French soldiers; but, taking it altogether, it was a miserable affair, and we left the place before the performances were ended.”

A beautiful white marble gate, named *Arco del Pace*, opens into the Place of Arms, which was left unfinished by the invader, but has been completed by the Emperor of Austria. It was meant by Buonaparte as a triumphal arch to celebrate his conquest of Italy; but Austria appropriated it to the celebration of Peace, and gave to it the name it now bears—*Arco del Pace*.

The foundation of this noble arch was laid in 1806, on the occasion of the marriage of Prince Eugene, and the execution intrusted to the Marquis Novis Cagnola; but it had not got far above the ground in 1816, when the design was ordered to be carried into execution; but, instead of continuing its original intention, as "a trophy of great exploits," its name was to be Arco del Pace, and dedicated to the three great powers, Austria, Russia, and Prussia. It stands in the Place des Armes, or, as the French were pleased to call it, *Champ de Mars*. The general appearance is not unlike the arch before Buckingham Palace, but without its baldness, and with four *double* instead of as many *single* columns, both being imitations of the celebrated arch of Constantine. It is of white marble from the quarries of Domo d' Ossala. The city front is ornamented by four pair of fluted Corinthian columns, two on each side the archway, and two at each angle. At the four corners of the pediments are four equestrian nymphs, each mounted on a prancing horse, and each holding a chaplet or diadem of laurel pointed towards the chariot on the centre of the pediment, in which is standing Minerva or the goddess of peace, holding a bâton or sceptre in one hand and an olive-branch in the other. To this chariot are yoked (no, not yoked nor attached in any way) six horses, in two groups of three each, their heads directed

to the north-west and south-west parts of the city. These figures and chariots are of bronze. On the pediment in the centre is an inscription, and on either side an allegorical human figure recumbent; the one representing the river Po, the other the river Ticino. Below there is a richly-carved cornice with festoons. On the four sides of the edifice are not fewer than thirty-six bas-reliefs, some of them elaborate and beautiful compositions, generally allusive to public events, others allegorical, and others again single figures, representing History, Astronomy, Mars, Ceres, Hercules, and Venus. Well may the Milanese call it the glory of its architect, of the city, of the age, and of the nation; that city which has the honour of possessing the two grandest monuments of the kind to be found in the whole world—the Arco and the Duomo.

The Champ de Mars is a square of about two thousand feet, and, including the Forum and Amphitheatre, together with an immense barrack, occupies about one-sixth part of the suburbs and city; and the whole is surrounded by an avenue of trees. The large square is not merely used for the exercise of troops, but is the common promenade for the respectable part of the citizens, especially on Sunday evenings. The lower classes appear to amuse themselves in the cool of the evening by strolling about

the avenues of the suburbs and the streets and *places* (for there are no squares) of the city. We found many people moving about at this time; indeed the streets might be said to be thronged.

In different parts of the town groups were assembled together, and one evening we found a large concourse of people immediately in front of our hotel earnestly gazing at Punch and Judy, and it was quite ludicrous to observe the sedate countenances of the audience, who never once appeared to smile at any of the jokes, although Mr. Punch evidently exerted himself to the utmost, and was apparently full of fun and humour. He nevertheless attracted great attention, and was as irresistible as he is in our own streets of London; perhaps more so, for we could not help being amused, and at the same time amazed, to watch an Austrian soldier, who was stationed at a building some little distance off, quietly sauntering up from his post and entirely devoting his attention to Signor Pollicinello. The Marionettes are of ancient date in Italy, and no doubt descended to them from the Romans. Horace is supposed to allude to them in his

“Duceris, ut nervis alienis mobile lignum;”

translated by Francis —

“Thou thing of wood and wires by others play'd.”

Another equally sedate crowd was observed to have collected round a *thimble-rig* gentleman, with his table, thimbles, and peas. They appeared to pay the greatest attention to his proceedings, to treat him with respect, standing in a ring or circle at a distance, not in the least pressing upon him; and I could not observe that any one ventured to risk his money by pronouncing under which of the three thimbles the mysterious pea would be found.

A third crowd, with the same sober, serious, and solemn faces, were gathered round a somewhat elderly but loquacious personage, who had in his possession a quantity of thin powder resembling fine soot, which, with the aid of a little saliva upon a brush, he contrived to make a tolerably good sort of blacking, not quite so bright, perhaps, as Warren's jet, nor that of Day and Martin, but sufficiently good apparently to astonish the assembled multitude, on seeing it applied to the dirty boot of a dirty little boy who was standing close by his side.

The evening is naturally enough the period at which, in the heat of summer, the inhabitants of Milan, rich and poor, seek their recreation. In the daytime the burning sun is intolerable. The few women who were about the streets were fanning themselves incess-

antly as they walked along. They wore no bonnet and often no cap, which, to a stranger, has at first sight an odd effect. We were exposed to the full glare and heat of the sun as we went on foot from place to place, *sight-seeing*, and particularly in visiting the Amphitheatre and the Arco del Pace in the Place of Arms; albeit we crept under the trees as much as possible.

At eight o'clock in the morning I found the thermometer at eighty degrees in the shade, in the comparatively cool court-yard of our hotel, where the sun scarcely strikes in at any period of the day, the high walls of the house, on the four sides of the yard, excluding it; but I doubt not that even here at noon it was little under ninety degrees; and this heated atmosphere continued during our stay at Milan, which made me not a little desirous of quitting it.

It has been the oft-repeated assertion that the Austrians are hated by the Italians. We saw nothing of this in Milan; on the contrary, all classes appeared to wear a face of ease and content. Two circumstances seem to countenance the opinion of the two nations living together on terms of friendly intercourse. The one is, that Catholics and Protestants mingle freely together; and though the former are said to have some privileges which are not granted to

the latter, there is not the slightest appearance of that *odium theologicum* which prevails in most other countries. The second circumstance is, that the Austrian soldiers mix freely with the population, and when not on duty form a part of the evening assemblages. A third may be added, which is this, that the principal inhabitants of Milan send their sons to Vienna for their education.

The Austrian troops which we saw at Milan had a hard-looking soldier-like appearance, and their sun-burnt faces and dark mustachios gave them rather a fierce look. The greater part we noticed were dressed in a large bear-skin cap, something resembling that of our Grenadier Guards, but lower behind, having a sort of crown to it; a white uniform with red facings, and blue pantaloons fitting tight to their legs, some of which were sadly out of shape; others among the troops were completely bow-legged. The pantaloons are terminated with an ankle-boot, what we should call a *high-low*; and I must say that, altogether, the appearance of the men, as regards their nether clothing, is far from good. On duty they loll about at their posts in an easy, careless, and unsoldierlike manner, and, as I have intimated, seem to think little of leaving their post altogether if there be anything at hand to amuse or attract their attention.

The undress is as unmilitary and mean-looking as it is possible to conceive. They wear a coarse description of blouze, fitting tight, and cut in the shape of a long great-coat, hanging down far below the knee. These seemed to have been in wear, though not in wash, for months past. I thought the Austrian soldiers we saw at Milan in this garb the most slovenly-looking men I had ever met with, though evidently fit for hard service. How different to the Imperial Guard of Russia! the finest regiment probably in the world.

We were informed that there were at the present time 3000 troops in Milan, that 8000 is the number generally kept up, but that during the summer months a camp is formed which withdraws a considerable portion. Independent of the ordinary duties of a garrison, they seem to take part in the church service. We saw four fine-looking fellows in attendance on a priest, who was walking under a canopy carried by four men, with a long train of candle-bearers in the rear. He was proceeding to the houses of the sick to administer the sacrament. The guard turned out on the procession passing by; every one was expected to remove their hats, and many knelt in the streets when the pageantry was passing.

Our stay did not enable us to inquire much into the state of commerce and manufactures.

Of the former, Milan is the principal entrepôt with Venice and the Adriatic on the south, while, by the Pass of the Splügen, a direct communication is opened with the Grisons, Switzerland, and the Rhenish provinces, on the north; and the Pass of the Stelvio through the Valteline, Sondrio, and Bormio, conducts, by a good road, to the Tyrol, Bavaria, and Austria. The Milanese expect a prodigious increase of this transit of goods, when the contemplated rail-road from Milan to Venice shall have been completed.

The chief manufactures are silk and iron: of the former there are several establishments, and the culture of the mulberry is in consequence very extensive. Raumer quotes the following curious fact from Burger's book—"24,000 eggs of the silkworm weigh a quarter of an ounce; the worm lives from forty-five to fifty-three days; increases his weight in thirty days 9500 fold, and during the last twenty-eight days of his life eats nothing. For 739 lbs. of mulberry leaves, 70 lbs. of cocoons are obtained; 100 lbs. of cocoons give $8\frac{1}{3}$ lbs. of spun silk; and one pound of cocoons will produce a single thread of 88,000 fathoms in length."

The silk in its raw or spun state is exported; the greater part I understand to England. Parmesan cheese is also an article of consider-

able export, and for this too England is one of its best customers. Their wines are chiefly consumed in the country: they certainly do not appear to be of a quality to encourage exportation, though the grapes are excellent. Fruit of all kinds are of course abundant. The chestnut and walnut-trees in perfection: as are also figs, pomegranates, pears, cherries, apricots, peaches, lemons, and citrons. Culinary vegetables of all kinds, peas, beans, and potatoes are abundant. The country surrounding Milan is, in fact, the most fertile and the most populous of the nine districts, or delegations, of which it is composed: its chief products, besides those mentioned above, being maize, wheat, barley, rye, oats, and rice; besides hay and clover for horses and cattle. Butter is an article of export.

While at Milan we may be considered as living in the lap of luxury; in the enjoyment of a cloudless sky and an azure blue canopy overhead; in a country smiling with the vine, the olive, the fig, the orange, and every other kind of fruit; but, with all this, the enervating heat of this close city deprived me, at least, of one of the greatest luxuries,—the enjoyment of exercise,—and of course those Italian skies and brilliant landscapes, of which one has heard and read so much, had few charms for

me. That little description of the comparative beauties of England and Italy, so concisely and graphically sketched by bishop Berkeley, in one of his letters to Pope, while it does justice to the first, is calculated to give a preference to the latter:—"Green fields and groves, flowery meadows, and purling streams, are nowhere seen in such perfection as in England; but if you would know lightsome days, warm suns, and blue skies, you must come to Italy; and to enable a man to describe rocks and precipices, it is absolutely necessary that he pass the Alps."

All he says of England is true, from the months of May to September, though not exactly so during the rest of the year. But although we have in England three or four months of frost and blighting easterly winds, and three or four scorching days in the course of the year, I cannot but consider the climate of England preferable, on the whole, for exercise, health, and certainly for comfort, to the relaxing and enervating heat of Italy, its flies, its mosquitoes, and cicadas. With this feeling, and having neither time nor inclination to indulge in a siesta, or dozing away a great part of the day with a roof over my head, I was compelled, soon after entering Italy, to give up all idea of our intended visit to

Venice, and my companions kindly and readily consented to return with me, in an opposite direction, and in the prosecution of our journey to the Tyrol, through the Valteline and over the Pass of the Stelvio.

CHAPTER VII.

FROM MILAN, BY LECCO AND THE VALTELINE,
TO BORMIO.

Hire a Voiturier and four horses to Munich—Driver and Guide excellent—Cheap travelling—Avenue of Plane-trees—Monza, and Palace, Park, and Garden—Lecco—Road on the eastern bank of the Como Lake—Galleries in it—Meteorological phenomenon—Varenna—Continuation of the Road and Galleries—The Valteline and Engadin Valleys—The Inn and the Adda Rivers—Morbegno—Fortress of Fuentes—Vineyards—The Adda—Its inundations—Sondrio—Upper part of the Valley—Bormio—The Baths, and view from thence.

HAVING decided, after leaving Milan, to proceed by the Lecco shore of the Lago di Como, up the valley of the Valteline, and by the Pass of the Stelvio into the Tyrol, and thence to Munich, we deemed it most expedient, both as regarded comfort and convenience, to engage a voiturier for the whole distance, which, allowing some little deviation in the Tyrol, cannot be less than four hundred miles. We therefore hired a convenient carriage—a landau, to open or shut, with four good stout horses, for so they proved, although their looks somewhat belied them, and a very respectable, well-behaved, and well-conditioned

driver, who, at the same time, was the proprietor.

Though he admitted that he had never crossed the mountains, we had no apprehension that either he or his horses would be found wanting. He said that his horses had constantly been employed for the last three months, and were as fresh as at first. His name is Maurice, and I am happy in having been able, on parting from him at Munich, to bear the strongest testimony to his uniform good conduct, his willing disposition, his attention to all our wishes, and his unruffled temper; yet, as will be seen in the course of the narrative, he had difficulties, and indeed dangers, in regard to his carriage and horses, to struggle against, of no ordinary nature. His carriage, his horses, and himself, were kept in good and clean order, while in the towns he always put on a neat and even handsome dress, and displayed a highly respectable appearance, being a well-made, good-looking man.

I am thus particular, that should this meet the eye of any traveller in these parts, in want of a similar conveyance, he may find his advantage by employing Mr. Maurice, who, perhaps, will be heard of at the Croix de Malthe, where we found him, though his residence is at Nice. I may here add, once for all, that these horses performed their task most admirably,

and I have since learned from my friend Graham, that they returned with them not only as far as Venice, but from thence back to Milan, from which point they originally started.

We were in all six persons—ourselves and servant, the voiturier, and an able, active, and intelligent guide for the mountain passes, one François Xavier Schmidig, “Guide à Arth, Canton de Schwyz,” as appears by his card, which also states that he has the honour to offer his services, “en cette qualité, à Messieurs les Voyageurs, connaissant toutes les routes de la Suisse, de l’Italie, du Tirol, et de la Sardaigne.” He speaks French and German, but not English. As a guide for the mountains of Switzerland, a better could not probably be found. Graham and Coore had scrambled largely over the Alps before I joined them, visiting, amongst other glaciers, those of the Finster-Aar-Horn, and found him invaluable.

All these, with a considerable quantity of luggage, loaded the carriage pretty heavily for such a journey. We paid the voiturier forty-five francs a day, and four or five francs over, for *bonhomie*—say fifty francs a-day, including all expenses—cheap enough, it must be admitted.

We left Milan about ten in the morning, and passed through the Porto Orientale, opening on

the road to Lecco, and an entrance into the city, consisting of two handsome granite lodges, one on either side, of a broad road, lined with tall poplars; and a little further on commenced a fine avenue of plane trees, which carried us as far as Monza; a moderate sized town, remarkable chiefly for two or three old churches, and for the iron crown of Lombardy, said to be kept in one of them, a trophy with which Buonaparte caused himself to be crowned.

Not far from Monza is situated a palace, belonging to the Viceroy of Lombardy, to which we made a visit. It is a building of considerable extent, in the old Italian fashion, situated in an extensive park, some nine or ten miles in circuit: near the palace is a fine garden, tastefully laid out, and well stocked with shrubs and flowering plants, many of them in great luxuriance out of doors; though such as, in our English climate, would only thrive under glass. There was a whole grove of lemon-trees, loaded with fruit; and on so extensive a scale, that one of our party observed, "Here are fine lemons enough to make punch and lemonade for all London for forty years to come." Myrtles were in great luxuriance, camellias, oleanders, rhododendrons, and magnolias, in beautiful blossom, and tastefully arranged. Most of the common garden

flowers were planted in beds of various forms; such as fuchsias, hydrangias, carnations, and, in short, a great display of pinks, stocks, balsams, &c., all in flourishing condition and full flower.

The gardener, in showing us round, brought us to a kind of alcove, with a large swing in it, and some wooden horses, ready saddled and bridled, which turned round on a pivot; and, at a short distance from them, was placed a target for the practice of shooting arrows as the horses were whirling round. These, it seemed, were playthings for the children of the Viceroy, which we discovered only by asking, otherwise might have gone away impressed with the notion that they were for the Viceroy's own amusement. We could not resist getting into the swing of royalty, and while, unconscious of giving offence, I was pushing the swing, the gardener came running in a great stew and stopped our proceedings, having very nearly thrown out my friend on his face, and knocked himself down by the rapid motion of the swing. Our next exploit was to ascend the tower which stands in the garden, and from the summit of which is a fine view of the grounds, with Milan, and the towering spire of the splendid cathedral in the distance. The grounds, including the chase,

or park, are said to cover a space, as I have already mentioned, of nine or ten miles in circumference.

We were also shown into a little grotto, in which, by turning a cock, a small stream of water issued, communicating, by its splashing and trickling noise, a pleasant sensation, and rather refreshing in the sultry heat of a mid-day sun; though the smell of some stagnant water in the vicinity was anything but agreeable. The palace itself—the interior at least—we could not see, and for a droll reason: the Viceroy, they told us, had gone that morning to Milan, and had taken the keys in his pocket!

We proceeded on our journey to Lecco, passing through a level, and, therefore, not very interesting, country; but the surface was well covered with grain, chiefly fields of fine tall maize, which appears to be the article mostly cultivated in this part of the country. On arriving at Lecco we rested a couple of hours, and ordered dinner, and had no reason to find fault with the cookery: on the contrary, the dinner was exceedingly well dressed and served, but the charge so unusually high that we thought it advisable to give a hint to that effect in the book, in the hope that it might secure a more moderate account to future travellers. The inn, which I fancy

was 'The Post,' seemed to be very clean and comfortable.

This town, as already said, is situated at the bottom of the eastern arm of the lake Como, from whence the river Adda issues, and, for some distance, forms a chain of small lakes. The surface of the country is therefore quite level, and resembling that about the little lake Riva at the opposite extremity of the great lake. Here we met our servant, whom we had sent across from Como with some of the luggage. We saw little of Lecco; but, like Milan and Como, it is said to be in a flourishing state, mainly owing to the breeding of silk-worms and the manufacture of the thread. The population had increased within the last four or five years, aided by the completion of the noble road along the eastern margin of the lake, upon which we were now about to proceed, and which opens a direct intercourse with the Tyrol and Bavaria. We were again *en route* at six in the evening, intending to reach Varenna, which is reckoned about three hours' drive.

The road, which is excellent, and skilfully constructed, close along the eastern margin of the lake, and very little elevated above it, continues to be a fine macadamised level the whole way to Varenna, a distance from Lecco of about sixteen miles. It is, undoubtedly,

a work of immense labour and consummate skill. It reminded me of that made by the board of public works in Ireland, between Larne and Ballycastle, which skirts the coast of the Irish sea, along the foot of the cliffs, much in the same manner as this skirts the lake of Como. The Irish road was made by cutting down the mountain, consisting of limestone and chalk, sometimes to the height of a hundred feet and more, for the purpose of banking out the sea with the blocks so obtained. The same process has been pursued here by cutting away, in some places, the mountain of close-grained limestone and marble where it projected into the lake, to build up walls in others, where little indents or rills of water occurred; but in places, where large projecting masses run down into the lake, galleries were bored or blasted through the solid rock. The whole of this operation appears to be akin to that great work, carried on along the left bank of the Danube, under the direction, and mostly, I believe, at the expense of that liberal and enlightened patriot, the Count Szecheney: the only difference being that he had to cut his galleries through granite. We had to pass through two or three of these galleries on the Lecco road before we reached Varenna.

It was a calm evening, and not a ripple dis-

turbed the surface of the lake, as we skirted its margin. But as we advanced northerly a singularly meteorological phenomenon exhibited itself. To the south a clear blue sky, and the pink hue of the setting sun, marked Italy to be in that direction, while in front of us, to the north, hung packs of heavy clouds, which discharged every now and then the most vivid flashes of forked lightning; and which, in the thick clouds and the gloom of approaching night, looked like so many bright silvery wires darting across from one mountain top to another. But the singular part of the phenomenon was that of a dark, distinct, and well-defined line, drawn as the boundary between the black clouds and the clear blue sky; and while to the north the lightnings were playing around the mountain-tops on one side of the lake, and crossing from those on the opposite side, all beyond the prescribed line looking to the south was soft, lovely, and beautiful: it seemed as if these angry-looking clouds were forbidden to approach the favoured clime of Italy.

A few heavy drops of rain served to break this line and disperse the clouds; and by the time we reached Varenna the whole mass was cleared away, the night had become fine, and the heavens were covered with stars. It was more than pleasantly warm, and some of our party thought so, for the moment we arrived,

Graham shoved off in a boat to take a swim in the lake. Our inn was on an eminence overlooking the water, and I confess I regarded it with some anxiety. The night, notwithstanding the stars, was so dark, or at least appeared so on going out upon the balcony from a well-lighted room, that I could not distinguish the boat: the splash made in the water when he jumped out reached my ears, and had an odd effect upon my nerves in the general stillness which prevailed around.

The late hour of our arrival did not allow us to see much of Varenna. It appeared to be a small place, prettily situated on the margin of the lake, just opposite to the promontory of Bellagio, which, however, from this point of view, did not show in so favourable a light as it does when seen from the western side of the lake, or when approaching it from the northward. About eight next morning we took our departure. The day was as sultry as it had been since we first landed at Como, and I looked forward with no little pleasure to the moment we should once more reach the mountains with their snow-clad tops.

The grand and beautiful road, the most perfect I have met with in any part of the continent, continues close to the margin of the lake, and is carried through several elaborately worked galleries, one of which is said to ex-

ceed two thousand feet in length. The measurement of objects by the eye, in travelling along at a quick pace, is not worth much as to accuracy, but I should think that the united length of the galleries between Lecco and Colico, which is upwards of twenty miles, and at the latter of which the road terminates, could not be less than three thousand feet.

At Colico, where we had embarked in the steamer for Como, the road, now of an ordinary kind, turned off in an easterly direction, and entered the Valteline; a long and broad valley, shut in by two mountain ranges, parallel to the Alpine chain, and issuing from it, and both terminating at or about the Stelvio Pass. Beyond the northern range, and between it and the great Alps, is another valley parallel to the Valteline, called the Engadin, being a portion of the Grisons. Two considerable streams flow down these two valleys, running in contrary directions; that in the latter, called the Inn, running to the eastward, and the one in the former, the Adda, flowing to the westward.

The length of the Valteline, up which we are proceeding, cannot be less than fifty miles, and its breadth varying from three or four to one or two miles, sometimes of greater width, when joined by a transverse or lateral valley. It extends as far as Bormio, where the

foot of the Pass over the Stelvio, by which we were to enter the Tyrol, may be said to commence. The Adda, which flows down the middle of it, receives in its progress many tributaries from the lateral valleys as it proceeds. Towards the lower part, this violent river has carried down such a mass of mud and débris, as to form a very extensive swampy delta, joining, and adding to, that which I have already noticed, close to its entrance into the Lago di Como near its upper end. A little higher up than the commencement of this delta—proceeding along the left bank of the river—we came to the village of Morbegno, where we rested the horses for an hour or two. It is a poor small place, whose name has been supposed to be derived from *morbo*, disease, in allusion to its proximity to the unhealthy marsh just mentioned.

Perched on a crag, near this spot, is the ruined fortress of Fuentes, once the headquarters of the Jesuits, who had been sent to convert the Swiss and Grison Protestants of the Valteline to the Catholic faith; not, it is to be feared, by reason and persuasion and kindness, but by the more summary process, as they deem it, of persecution and even massacre; and to such extent had they proceeded in this work of extermination, that, had not the

Spanish government, then in possession of the Milanese territory, interfered to put an end to something not unlike another massacre of St. Bartholomew, a great part of the population would probably have been destroyed.

We had tasted the Valteline wine before we reached the valley, and found it rather pleasant than otherwise. The grapes from which the best of this wine is pressed are the produce of the vineyards extending along the slopes of the mountain, generally on the right bank of the river, which faces the sunny south, and the choice ones are near a small village consisting of a long straggling line of houses looking down upon the valley, and not unlike those we sometimes find in our own valleys, more particularly in the north of England,—that of Troutbeck for instance—in a much less favourable climate for such an elevated position, where little verdure is to be seen; whereas those in the Valteline are mostly surrounded with vineyards, and generally embosomed in trees.

From this point of the broad valley the view of the country on either side is pleasing enough, the range of mountains being moderately high; those on the southern side consisting mostly of hills of a conical shape, and well clothed with that short kind of verdure,

indicating frequently a limestone formation, whilst the northern range are more elevated and irregularly peaked; and at the base of each range were oaks, lime-trees, and chestnuts. In the valley were maize, wheat, and barley.

As we advanced towards Sondrio, the valley assumed the appearance of being closed, or nearly so, by the approximation of the two ranges terminating in an irregular mass of broken and lofty peaks capped with a covering of snow. The valley, however, opened out again as we approached Sondrio, when the inclination of the road became more steep and sudden in its rise, and with it had increased the rapidity of the descent of the Adda, of the effect of which, indeed, we had soon to experience a melancholy proof. Owing to an avalanche of rocks, which had rolled into and choked up the river, it had very recently burst its limits, and swept away large portions of land, together with the grain and whatever else of vegetation was upon it. The stream was still rolling along with great impetuosity, and the valley on both sides, but particularly that on the right bank along which we were proceeding, presented a most desolate appearance. The water was rushing against the bank, close to the road-side, threatening to carry it away; and a large body of men

were busily employed in their endeavour to protect it from its ravages, by strengthening the embankment with large and heavy masses of rock, which formed along the road-side a barrier of Cyclopien masonry.

Here and there were to be seen small patches of Indian corn, still left standing, the remains of larger fields entirely washed away. These patches stood on somewhat higher ground, which now appeared as so many little islands, round which the divided stream was hurrying in different channels. In some places the inundation covered the greater part of the contracted valley, and here might be seen trees with their stems half under water, threatened every moment to be swept away. We understood that similar torrents of this river causing inundations are of frequent occurrence; and, indeed, the whole of this portion of the valley near Sondrio presents evident marks of having been subjected to the frequent ravages of the Adda.

Sondrio, the capital of the Valteline, is an open straggling kind of town, but it contains several good houses, some of which appear to be quite new, indicating, one would conclude, an increase of population, and being larger and of a better construction than the old ones, might also indicate a superior description of inhabitants. The ravages of the river must

have affected many families from time to time, but we saw nothing either here or along the valley that wore marks of poverty. We observed that a few Austrian soldiers were quartered at Sondrio. The inn at which we passed the night was but an indifferent one; the landlord, however, seemed very anxious to give satisfaction, and was much distressed because we could not manage to devour a third part of large dish of macaroni, with which he had supplied us. He tasted it himself, to see what fault could possibly be found with it, and was with difficulty persuaded that we only left it unfinished merely because we had satisfied our appetites. His anxiety, indeed, extended to all his dishes, and he watched us closely during our repast, constantly asking us if we approved of our dinner. He really seemed to make himself quite unhappy on the subject.

We were up, and off too, very early the following morning, knowing we had a long and toilsome day's work for the horses. It rained heavily when we started, and as we proceeded up the valley the clouds hung lower and thicker upon the mountains. High up on the side of one stood a church (for so I concluded it to be) entirely enveloped in the clouds, with the exception of two towers which rose above them; the effect of these, resting, as they appeared to do, on the mass of cloud, was rather singular.

We passed a small but pretty cascade, which falls into the Adda on the left bank.

Though no grain about this place was growing, even in the bottom of the valley, there seemed to be no want of it higher up on the sloping sides of the mountains, where it was obviously sown to be out of the reach of the furious river. The green fields and patches of wheat stretching along these elevated spots, with a dark belt of trees both above and below, gave a pleasing and picturesque effect, especially when the sun, occasionally breaking through the clouds, threw its light upon these verdant patches. The upper belt of wood consisted of fir-trees as usual, and the lower of a variety of the mountain ash, oaks, acacias, and other trees, common to this line of elevation and latitude; besides chestnut-trees, which are everywhere found in the neighbourhood of houses.

The road continued to be excellent, and the surface of the valley, at a short distance beyond Sondrio, to incline to the northward; and here too the face of the country gave signs of not having escaped the ravages of the late flood. At a little village near to Tirano, the valley is much contracted by the approximation of the two ranges. We got a late breakfast, and, as usual, rested our horses for a couple of hours. In the village was a small

church, into which we entered, and were rather surprised to find in this secluded situation some tolerably good specimens of carving in wood. In this upper part of the Valteline, every village and every small clump of houses have their little church. The mountaineers, though generally, perhaps, superstitious, are always strictly attentive to the duties of religion. Being placed in the midst of the most sublime and awful features of nature, and frequently witnessing their stupendous and destructive effects, their minds are impressed with a feeling of profound veneration of that Almighty power by which they are ordained, directed, and controlled.

As we ascended the steep and narrowest part of the valley we found the river much contracted, but apparently swollen by the melting of the ice and snow, and rolling along with great fury. It had just carried away the greater part of two wooden bridges, and others, that we had to cross, appeared as if they would not long be able to resist the force of the torrent. Every precaution seemed to have been taken to keep the river within its proper channel, by the application of barriers of strong timber plank and stones, constructed in a particular manner, in places where the current was found to set against some weak part of the bank, and where it consisted of loose stones,

mud, and earth, easily to be carried away. In such places we found three stout poles erected in the river, close to the bank, brought to a point and fixed together firmly at the top. To these poles are fastened three or four tier of thick planks, against the surface of which the current striking, is turned away from that bank, and on its setting against some other fragile part, frequently on the opposite one, another of these barriers is constructed. To keep or support the three upright poles in their places, three stout stays or binders of wood are attached behind, one to each extreme pole, and one to the top of the three united; and these binders are sunk into the bank and held in their places by masses of stones heaped round them. To such laborious measures are the poor people driven, to secure their dwellings and little crops of maize from the devastation caused by this small but mischievous river.

In proportion as we approached towards the head of the valley the cultivation of maize declined. The crops of this grain indeed had gradually become less frequent, more poor and scanty, from some distance lower down the valley; but as far as Sondrio and a little above it, the plant was growing to a height of not less than six or seven feet. This grain is the principal part of the food of the labouring class. It

requires no cost or labour to prepare it; neither shelling nor grinding; it is only necessary to boil it till it becomes a sort of polenta, to be seasoned with a little sugar or salt, or boiled with a little milk; and not unfrequently mixed with butter or oil by those who can afford it. The head when roasted whole is considered a luxury.

At the high part of the valley, where we now were, great quantities of barley had taken the place of Indian corn, in many parts completely occupying those spaces of the mountain slopes which were not covered with wood. The greater portion of this grain was cut, but not yet carried. It was standing in stacks of two sheaves each, to let the wind blow through and dry it. At this great elevation, not less than 4000 feet, and in about the 46th degree of latitude, nothing but a southern sun and aspect could allow it to ripen, especially at so early a season.

It was evening when we arrived at Bormio, a small and poor-looking town, situated at the head of the valley of the Valteline, and completely shut in by the great Engadin chain on the west, and its continuation till it unites with the magnificent group of the Tyrolean mountains on the north. This town may be said to stand at the foot of the Pass of the Stelvio, at an elevation of from 4000 to 5000 feet

above the level of the sea; the highest elevation, I believe, of any *town* in Europe; and the only surprise one feels is, that the planting of a town or village in such a situation should have ever been thought of. We did not enter it, having learned that better accommodations were to be had still higher up. We could see, however, on skirting it, that it contained a great number of churches.

A little beyond Bormio, and immediately under a dark impending mountain on the right, called Monte Cristallo, stands a long neat-looking building, the one to which we had been recommended. It answered the double purpose of an hotel and medicinal warm baths. It is a place of some renown for the efficacy of its mineral waters, and in appearance is far more attractive and the situation more pleasant than that of the Baths of Pfeffers. It stands at the foot of the cluster of mountains which shut in the already contracted valley of the Valteline; and looking towards the north, and indeed towards every point of the compass, nothing is visible but one great conglomerated mass of Alpine peaks and pinnacles buried in, or rising out of, ice and snow; if the signification of the word *Alps* be, as is most probable, "mountains enveloped with snow," we were now undoubtedly on the very verge of them. I ap-

prehend, however, that the term is applicable to the *whiteness* of snow, by the word *Alp* being substituted for *Alb* (*albi montes*); *b* and *p* being convertible letters by the Germans in the same way as *Innspruck* for *Innsbruck* (the bridge of the Inn).

Looking to the south-west, however, a different and more pleasing prospect was afforded. Here the meandering Adda was seen glittering in the sun, its sloping banks clothed with verdure, and their highest peaks tipped slightly with snow.

We found the hotel at the baths neat and comfortable; but it did not appear to be much frequented, or the baths much in use; the season, however, had not yet arrived. The few who were at the inn or in the bath-rooms kept early hours, for between four and five on the sabbath morning the church bells roused us, and on looking out of my window I noticed several persons proceeding to matins.

In the course of our journey up the Valte-line we observed nothing remarkable in the costume of the peasantry, unless it was that the men invariably wore red waistcoats, with a sort of brick-dust coloured coat, generally slung across their shoulders after the Italian fashion. They all seemed happy and contented, with well-looking and cheerful counten-

ances; and we met with nothing but civility and decent behaviour throughout the valley.

In two of the little villages which we had passed we noticed small chapels or sanctuaries, apparently filled with human skulls, thigh bones, &c., close by the road side; the windows were open and protected by iron bars; the exposure of such relics might be intended as a *memento mori*, but not particularly attractive to passing travellers. It matters little, perhaps, when the spirit is fled, what becomes of the bones; at the same time, though it may be a weak it is an amiable trait of human nature, to pay all external marks of respect to the remains of deceased relatives and friends, as well as indulgence of mental feelings to their memory. If such remains are to be preserved, these little sanctuaries may put to shame the indecent manner in which human bones are often confusedly and carelessly thrown together and exposed, in some of the bone-houses, as they are called, of our country church-yards.

Though from the Baths of Bormio to the summit of the Stelvio is a distance of not more than five miles, as the crow flies, it requires a perpendicular elevation of five thousand feet, and a road distance of nine or ten miles, to attain it. And as the boundary line between

Austria, Italy, and Austrian Tyrol, passes over that highest point or crest, it may be as well to rest here awhile in our narrative, and take a brief retrospect of what the brave Tyrolese have done and suffered when last their country was invaded by the united forces of the French, Bavarians, and Saxons, during that restless and relentless dominion of Buonaparte, when with his myrmidons and forced allies he overran the greater portion of Europe. It will, I hope, serve to prepare those who, like myself, may not happen to have directed their attention to the history of those brave mountaineers; more particularly those who, being of tender age at the time of the events, were engaged in very different pursuits. In truth I collected it for my own information, and the better to enable me to form a more correct estimate of the extraordinary struggles, the successful efforts, and the manly and courageous character of a people thoroughly devoted to the safety, honour, and welfare of their beloved country. I place it here that any reference to past Tyrolean events may not interrupt the descriptive narrative of our journey.

CHAPTER VIII.

SUMMARY OF THE WAR OF TYROL IN THE
YEAR 1809.

Reasons for the Summary—Tyrol transferred to Bavaria—Their Oppressions—Attachment of the Archduke John—The Chiefs Hofer, Speckbacher, and Haspinger—Compel the French to surrender at Innsbruck—Colonel Taxis' Report—Contrast of Bavarian and Tyrolean Treatment of Prisoners—Battle of Berg-Isstel, 29th May—Of 13th August—Report of a Saxon Major of the Conduct of the Tyrolese—Tyrolese Deputies sent to London—Their Memorial—Peace of Schoenbrun—Fatal to the Tyrolese—Hofer taken, tried, and shot—Speckbacher escaped to Vienna—beautiful Letter of his wife—Haspinger proceeded into Austria—and resumed the Cloister.

I HAD prepared myself for meeting with nothing that was not brave, manly, and honest, in the character of the Tyrolese, as represented in the several publications and other documents relating chiefly to their noble defence against the united forces of the French, Bavarians, and Saxons, in the year 1809; and, although a period of more than thirty years has elapsed since the events of that time, the relation of them tends, even now, to elucidate in so brilliant a light, the noble and exalted character of these simple-minded, true-hearted, and courageous mountaineers, that I thought a brief summary of the transactions of that

year, and of the principal individuals concerned in them, collected from the writings of the time, might not be unacceptable to the younger part of my readers, while it may serve to refresh the recollection of those who were fully alive to them at the time they happened.

The Tyrol had long continued as an appendage to the Austrian family, and had at all times manifested a devoted attachment to it. One great reason of its uninterrupted continuance was the mild and considerate attention of that government to their national customs and prejudices, which it never suffered to be interfered with; and by this judicious forbearance was kept alive the free and independent spirit, which had pre-eminently distinguished these brave and hardy mountaineers. The connexion was important to both parties: to Austria it was invaluable both as a central barrier and stronghold, and as affording a communication with her southern provinces. Nothing, therefore, short of imperious necessity could have prevailed on Austria to give up this precious jewel of her crown, and to leave these faithful subjects to the tender mercies of another power, which they utterly detested. They were transferred to Bavaria, whose oppressive and vexatious proceedings inspired a deep and irreconcilable hatred.

She began by destroying their ancient constitution; by confiscating ecclesiastical property; by levying new imposts; by abolishing the representative states; by establishing a recruiting system for the army, a service for which they had an utter dislike, and never bore arms except as militia-men for a limited time. Unlike the Swiss, the Tyrolese were never known to enlist in a foreign service; but have always been ready to hasten to arms for the defence of their beloved country. The rifle is their only arm, the exercise of which is their great delight, and constitutes one of their chief amusements. With this they follow the cha-mois among the highest rocks and precipices, amidst eternal glaciers and perpetual snow. It was with this weapon that General Bellegarde, with the assistance of the Tyrolean peasants, who, at his call, rose in a mass, obliged the French, on the 5th of April, 1799, to evacuate the Tyrol; but their short stay, marked by the most cruel excesses, gave to the Tyroleans a sample of what might be expected from them, should they ever return. They profaned the churches, insulted the women, distressed the inhabitants in general, wasted the fields, pillaged the houses, and even reduced several villages to ashes.

This treatment excited an unconquerable spirit of discontent, which at length broke out

in a feeling of universal resistance to the exactions and oppressions of the Bavarians. The popular feeling was at its height; the whole country ready to take up arms, to a man; but they had no regular system of discipline and no leaders. In such a state they could only act on the defensive, but prepared themselves to meet the enemy, should any attempt be made of invading their country. Matters went on till 1805, when Buonaparte was rapidly advancing to the Rhine, and when the Archduke John, who had kept up a communication with the Tyrolese and was well known to them, was sent to bring these hardy mountaineers into some state of military discipline.

The Archduke was a man greatly attached to scientific pursuits, and passed much of his leisure time among the Rhætian Alps, in botanical and mineralogical researches, and occasionally in accompanying the natives in hunting the chamois. By thus entering into their favourite pursuits, by his mild, familiar, and unostentatious manners, he soon won the hearts of the people. At the period above mentioned he repaired to Innsbruck, where intelligence was brought that a French corps was making its way towards that quarter. This report gave to the Archduke a foretaste of what might be expected from the Tyrolese, for, on

the sounding of the tocsin, they began to assemble on all sides, and on the very next day twelve thousand peasants made their appearance on the heights of Seefeld. The alarm, however, immediately subsided, and the Archduke joined the army on the Adige, under his brother Charles.

The Tyrolese returned to their homes ; but the Archduke had so completely gained their confidence, that, on his recal from Italy, a deputation waited upon him, among whom was Hofer, a man not unknown to the Archduke. The latter cordially shook hands with the deputation, and gave them the most solemn assurances that whenever the time came for action they should be duly apprised of it ; and advised them, in the mean while, to remain quiet, but privately, among themselves, to make such preparations and adopt such measures, as would enable them to act in concert, whenever the period for action should arrive.

A brief account of the principal men who led these brave mountaineers to deeds of glory may not be uninteresting. The chiefs who took the command were confined to three, Hofer, Speckbacher, and Haspinger ; but small detached parties had each a leader ; and single individuals, on frequent occasions, distinguished themselves, and laid low many a Frenchman, Saxon, and Bavarian, with their unerring

rifles, or with whole avalanches of rocks hurled down into the narrowest parts of defiles, through which the enemy was endeavouring to make his way.

The father of Hofer kept an inn at Sand, in the valley of Passeyer, to which at his death the son succeeded. In the valleys of the Tyrol an innkeeper is generally the most important personage ; his house is the rendezvous for public meetings, and every kind of private business is entrusted to his agency : he is a landholder, a tradesman, a banker, and an important member in all the provincial meetings. Hofer had attained the age of forty when the Tyrolese flew to arms. His portrait answers to the description given of him—a stout, corpulent man, with a thick, black beard, which reached to his middle ; his countenance expressive of good humour, but not particularly intelligent. He was not a man of ambition nor yet of any extraordinary talents, but he possessed sound, natural sense, and other qualities which procured him the confidence, respect, and veneration of all his countrymen. The leading feature in his character—his predominant passion—was religious enthusiasm : he was endowed with cool and constant courage : in his temper he was mild and merciful, and treated his prisoners of war with all possible humanity. The influence of this man, a patriarch in cha-

racter and appearance, on the minds and hearts of all his countrymen, was like magic; he never assumed authority or affected to command. His education was rather superior to that of the generality of the mountaineers. His dress not much different from that commonly worn by his countrymen—a broad-brimmed hat with black ribbons and a black feather; a green jacket, red waistcoat, black leather girdle, short black breeches, and black stockings, sometimes red. His qualifications as a leader or general depended almost entirely on the respectability of his character and extensive influence, and not on any military capacity or fitness for command; yet the Archduke John, in many communications held with him, discovered enough to recommend him in a particular manner to the Austrian general Hormayer.

Joseph Speckbacher was born at the little village of Gnadenwald, in 1768. His father was one of the superintendents of the salt-works of that place, but died when the son was only six or seven years old. At school, he is said to have learned nothing, and during his younger years led an irregular life, associating with a lawless band of youths like himself; but a life having been sacrificed in one of their wild rambles in the forest, young Speckbacher was brought to his sober senses, returned

home, where he remained quietly, and was appointed an overseer in the salt-mines, where his father had served before him. He soon after this married Maria Schneider, a young woman with a little property, who, finding her husband had wholly neglected his education, induced him to become her scholar, under whose tuition he was taught to read and write. A short time afterwards, by her influence and his own steady conduct, he had qualified himself for, and was appointed, one of the magistrates of the district, and continued to act as such until the invasion of the country by the French, when he immediately flew to arms, and soon showed himself a man fit for military command; in which respect, indeed, he was much superior to Hofer; and to his judicious arrangements, and the high discipline of his followers, were mainly to be attributed the splendid successes of the Tyrolese. Hofer and he were always on terms of strict friendship, and no little jealousies existed between them. The lives of both were dedicated wholly to their country's service.

The third person who acted a distinguished part in driving out the enemy from Tyrol, was a capuchin friar, of the name of Haspinger; an interesting and conspicuous personage in these eventful times; the more so on account of his sacred character, which was not suffered

to interfere with that of the soldier, nor to prevent him from fighting nobly at the head of the party he commanded ; not with the ordinary weapons of war, however, but by the spiritual influence of the robe he wore, and the crucifix which he brandished in the face of the enemy. He was a man of Herculean stature, and not alone satisfied with these, but is said, moreover, to have done good execution with the ebony shaft of his crucifix. In the army he bore the name of Redbeard.

In April, 1809, when the French, Bavarians, and Saxons, had invaded the Tyrol, and taken possession of Innsbruck, the popular insurrection under the Archduke John and Hormayer had been organised, and the 9th of April was fixed upon for a general and simultaneous rising. The French and their allies in Innsbruck, were compelled to surrender themselves prisoners to the Tyrolese peasantry ; and this sudden blow had the effect of obliging the enemy for a time to abandon the country altogether. It would be difficult to believe that these undisciplined mountaineers could have so completely routed superior bodies of well-trained troops, were the fact not stated officially by a colonel in the Austrian service, sent with a small corps into the Tyrol to assist in the insurrectionary operations of the inha-

bitants. In a report to the Emperor, dated at Innsbruck, the 15th of April, Colonel Taxis says, "I feel it a duty incumbent on me, to make known to your Imperial Majesty the testimonies of bravery and fidelity which the former subjects of your Majesty have displayed, in proof of their attachment to your august house." He goes on to say, "The brave Tyroleans, driven to despair by the extinction of their constitution, had taken up arms, attacked the Bavarian troops, and having killed or wounded five hundred of the enemy, compelled them to surrender,"—that "two days after a body of three hundred men, composed of French and Bavarians, had sustained a similar defeat near Innsbruck,"—that "the number of prisoners already brought in with a French general and several officers of the staff, were from three to four thousand men, artillery, cavalry, infantry, &c., besides a Bavarian general, two lieutenant-colonels, two majors, about twenty other officers, and about twelve thousand Bavarian troops." The report then continues to speak in the highest terms of the bravery displayed by the Tyrolese, in a variety of desultory engagements, in all of which the enemy were routed, their cannon and baggage seized by the victors, and their successes so complete, that the Austrian general with his little detachment arrived only

in time to enjoy the victory of the brave Tyroleans. "The march of the Austrian detachment resembled a triumph, everywhere being greeted with the acclamations of the people, and the sound of bells mingled with the discharges of artillery and musketry."—He adds, "an innkeeper at Hall (Speckbacher), organised the insurrection of the country, and resisted three attacks, in which the Tyroleans lost only twenty-six men:" in fact, he drove the Bavarians out of Hall. Their triumph however was short, for, two days after this, General Wrede and the Duke of Dantzic descend from the Brenner and attempt to regain possession of Innsbruck, but are defeated by the Austrian General Chastelar, who in his turn suffered a defeat at Worgl, in the month of May, and the Bavarians re-enter Innsbruck.

It is due to the Tyrolese to observe, that their prisoners, whether French, Bavarians, or Saxons, were treated with great care and tenderness, the wounded being attended and nursed by the women, whilst the progress of the enemy, and particularly the Bavarians, was marked with every circumstance of cruelty and inhumanity, and many of those who fell into their hands were instantly put to death. The same excesses were committed by the French when, in 1799, they got possession of the Valley of the Inn, and other passes into

the Tyrol, before they could be driven out by the Austrian General Bellegarde, aided by the Tyrolean peasantry, who then rose in a mass, and compelled them to evacuate the territory; not, however, before their short stay had been marked by the most horrid excesses; profaning the churches, insulting the women, laying waste the fields, pillaging the houses, and distressing the inhabitants by reducing several of their villages to ashes. With this experience of the tender mercies of Buonaparte and his general, it became a certainty that, with him and them, there was no alternative left but abject and unconditional submission or extermination; and they made up their minds accordingly to conquer or perish; actuated by the same noble spirit that is now and has long influenced the brave mountaineers of Circassia against the hitherto fruitless invasion of the Russians.

On the 29th of May the decisive battle of Berg-Issel was fought by the Tyrolese, and the result was to release Innsbruck a second time from its occupation by the French. This battle was fought by the united forces of Speckbacher, Hofer, and the Capuchin Haspinger, and followed by the second entry of the Tyrolese into Innsbruck; which, however, they were not destined to hold long. The unfortunate battle of Wagram compelled the

Emperor of Austria to agree to an armistice with Buonaparte, one of the stipulations of which was to withdraw his troops from the Tyrol, and to publish a proclamation in which these brave people were exhorted to lay down their arms, and trust to the clemency of the French. With a full knowledge of what that clemency would be, though now left to themselves, they determined to reject it, and appointed Hofer their leader.

The great battle of Issel-berg, fought on the 13th of August, showed what these brave mountaineers were capable of doing,—for “alone they did it.” The Duke of Dantzic at the head of 25,000 men, was completely defeated, and driven out of Innsbruck by 18,000 men; the result of which was the evacuation of the Tyrol by the French; and Hofer made his triumphal entry into Innsbruck. The Emperor of Austria acknowledged the importance of this victory in the only way he was able to do, by sending pecuniary assistance to the Tyrolese, and a gold chain to Hofer. Speckbacher, however, having sustained a defeat at Malek, in October, the French again occupied Innsbruck, and remained in possession at the peace of Schoenbrun; when a proclamation was issued by Eugene Beauharnois, commander-in-chief of the army of Italy, to the people of the Tyrol, in which

he told them he brought them peace, since he brought them pardon: but the pardon was granted them only on condition of their returning to obedience and duty, and voluntarily laying down their arms; that he came to receive their submission or compel them to submit. But the inhabitants of the Tyrol and Voralberg continued firm and steadfast, in the resolution of defending the passes of their country, and even of making excursions into Bavaria and Swabia: at last, however, this simple, virtuous, and brave people were overcome by a constant succession of fresh columns of the enemy, and the offer of rewards for the heads of Hofer, Speckbacher, and Haspinger.

The Tyrolese have found no historian of their own to narrate the numerous instances of individual bravery, nor of the important aid given to the general cause by the peasantry, who, perched on the sides of the mountain defiles, suffered no forces of the enemy to pass without leaving many dead and wounded behind. Every rock had its rifle, and even women and children assisted, upon such occasions, to collect masses of stones on the verge of some overhanging precipice, binding them together, and on a given signal to cut the ropes and let down the loosened mass over the precipice into the midst of the enemy's

troops. The following is a most interesting document from an eye-witness, and an enemy, and therefore not likely to be overcharged. It contains some particulars of Lefebvre's expedition against the Tyrolese, in August, 1809, by a Saxon Major, who escaped from the destruction of these terrible days, but was taken prisoner:—

“ We had penetrated to Innsbruck without great resistance; and although much was everywhere talked of the Tyrolese stationed upon and round the Brenner, we gave little credit to it, thinking the rebels to have been dispersed by a short cannonade, and already considering ourselves as conquerors. Our entrance into the passes of the Brenner was only opposed by small corps, which continued falling back, after an obstinate though short resistance. Among others, I perceived a man full eighty years old, posted against the side of a rock, and sending death amongst our ranks with every shot. Upon the Bavarians descending from behind to make him prisoner, he shouted aloud, hurrah! struck the first man to the ground with a ball, seized hold of the second, and with the ejaculation, *in God's name!* precipitated himself with him into the abyss below.

“ Marching onwards, we heard resound from the summit of a high rock, ‘ *Steven! shall I*

chop it off yet?—to which a loud ‘*nay!*’ reverberated from the opposite side. This was told to the Duke of Dantzic, who, notwithstanding, ordered us to advance: at the same time he prudently withdrew from the centre to the rear. The van, consisting of 4000 Bavarians, had just stormed a deep ravine, when we again heard halloo’d over our heads, ‘*Hans! for the most Holy Trinity!*’ our terror was completed by the reply that immediately followed—‘*In the name of the Holy Trinity! cut all loose above!*’ and ere a minute had elapsed were thousands of my comrades in arms, crushed, buried, and overwhelmed, by an incredible heap of broken rocks, stones, and trees hurled down upon us. All of us were petrified; every one fled that could; but a shower of balls from the Tyrolese, who now rushed from the surrounding mountains in immense numbers, and among them boys and girls of ten or twelve years of age, killed or wounded a great many of us. It was not till we had got these fatal mountains six leagues behind us, that we were reassembled by the Duke, and formed into six columns. Soon after the Tyrolese appeared headed by Hofer, the innkeeper. After a short address from him, they gave a general fire, flung their rifles aside, and rushed upon our bayonets with only their clenched fists. Nothing could with-

stand their impetuosity. They darted at our feet, threw, or pulled us down, strangled us, wrenched the arms from our hands; and, like enraged lions, killed all French, Bavarians, and Saxons, that did not cry for quarter! By doing so I, with 300 men, was spared, and set at liberty.

“When all lay dead around, and the victory was complete, the Tyrolese, as if moved by one impulse, fell upon their knees and poured forth the emotions of their hearts in prayer, under the canopy of heaven; a scene so awfully solemn, that it will ever be present to my remembrance.

“I joined in the devotion, and never in my life did I pray more fervently.”

More and more pressed, however, by increasing numbers of French and Bavarians, as the last remaining hope, the Tyrolese sent a deputation to London, to entreat assistance from the English government. They represented, in a memorial, what they had done and suffered in the severe contest against overwhelming numbers of disciplined troops. A translation of this memorial is to be found in the State-Paper Office; but I have in vain sought for the answer given to it by Lord Bathurst, which was shown to me in the museum of Innspruck, as a much-valued document, and with expressions of pride and gratitude, though

what they chiefly sought for could not be obtained. It regretted the inability of England affording their brave countrymen any other assistance than that of a pecuniary nature, but that a sum equal to (I think it was) thirty thousand pounds would be transmitted, as applicable to the relief of the poor sufferers, many of whom, from what appears by the statement of the deputation, were reduced to the extreme of want and wretchedness.

The memorial goes at length into the various transactions that took place since the year 1794; but an abridgment of it here will be sufficient. In that year "the Emperor summoned his brave and beloved Tyrol or Voralberg subjects, reminding them of their ancient fame for sharp-shooting. They hastened to the defence of the frontier, and thus preserved their country free from invasion."

"In 1800, when Marshal Massena had crossed the Rhine near Feldkirk, in the Voralberg, with a very superior and victorious force, he was there so completely defeated as to lose several thousand in killed and prisoners, besides a great quantity of field-pieces and ammunition. They also dispossessed him of the Grisons, and pursued him, in company of other troops, as far as Zurich."

"After a few years' quiet the flames of war rekindled more furiously than ever. The

inhabitants of Tyrol and Voralberg were at once attacked on every side. Notwithstanding which, the enemy was valorously checked at every point; and suffered, especially on the banks of the Scharnitz, a dreadful discomfiture. But, by the terms of the armistice entered into after the disastrous battle of Hohenlinden, the Tyrol and Voralberg were surrendered as pledges. It was then that the great hardships of these poor mountaineers began. Their barren countries, even before drained of their little pittance, were now obliged to maintain a body of French troops, in addition to a corps of Austrians."

"The insatiable ambition of Buonaparte having stirred up war once more (1805), he ordered the Tyrolese and Voralbergers to be attacked in every point. Marshal Ney, on the banks of the Scharnitz, repeated his attack thrice. He, with two Bavarian generals, was driven back with immense slaughter. But in consequence of the disastrous surrender of Ulm by General Mack, and the calamitous issue of the engagement of Austerlitz, which occasioned the peace of Presburg, the cession of the Tyrol and Voralberg was an express condition insisted on by Buonaparte."

"It is not in the power of language to describe the feelings of the honest Tyrolese and Voralbergers at the receipt of this melancholy

intelligence. To render their calamity more poignant, these indigent shepherds found themselves involved in the immense debt of twenty millions of florins; and, worst of all, Buonaparte, after levying upon them contributions of every kind, surrendered them to his recently created king of Bavaria.

“ This prince, in his turn, made a point of impoverishing and oppressing his new acquisitions. He raised heavy contributions, he overthrew their ancient constitution, abolished the representative states, and seized the provincial pupillary and credit funds; confiscated all ecclesiastical property, abolished the prelacies and convents, and sold all public buildings to replenish his empty coffers. And what proved more painful to the inhabitants than all these oppressions, was the disposal of the ancient and original castle of the counts of the Tyrol (Tyriolis). And, to crown all these oppressive measures, Bavaria had it in contemplation to change the very names of the two provinces, by calling them after the principal rivers, and incorporating them with her own dominions.

“ When, therefore, it appeared certain, in the beginning of 1809, that a new contest between Austria and France was inevitable, the intelligence was greeted by the poor Tyroleans and Voralbergers as the rising sun is hailed by the shepherd. Scarcely had the hostile move-

ments of the two united armies reached them before they rose in a mass: their onset was brilliant beyond expectation. The memorable battle of the 10th and 11th of April was crowned with a complete victory: those of the enemy who escaped with their lives, were either wounded or taken prisoners. [This battle has been noticed above.]

“When Marshal Lefebvre, assisted by three Bavarian generals, obtained a momentary success, his devastations and cruelties were such as to spread terror everywhere: he burnt towns and villages, and gave quarter to no one. The aged were suspended from trees and then shot; the pregnant women were even ripped up and their breasts cut off, while their embryos were crammed down their throats, to put an end to the shrieks and moanings of the wretched victims. If a Tyrolese or Voralberger bearing arms had the misfortune to fall into their hands, they immediately tore out his tongue. The children were knocked down without mercy, and most frequently carried about transfixed with bayonets. A number of these innocents happening to return from school were met with, and driven by these monsters into some barns and burnt alive.

“These brave men, however, once more totally defeated Lefebvre, who is stated to have sought safety in an ignominious flight,

while the Tyrolese sallied forth beyond their frontier and threatened Munich; but they committed no acts of oppression; no house was pillaged, no peasant made prisoner or insulted. But an armistice took place, and the Austrian troops were withdrawn, and again Lefebvre, with large reinforcements, penetrated as far as Innsbruck, repeating their devastations and cruelties. But," says the memorial, "the indignation excited by the reappearance of those inhuman chiefs was such that the very women, whose business had hitherto been confined to conveying the prisoners to places of safety, assembled in numbers, and put to death 640 of the enemy, near Landek."

A deplorable account is then given of the calamities under which the poor inhabitants were reduced to the depth of misery; but it is added,—“The inhabitants, though accustomed to subsist upon the hardest fare, can, after so many devastations, pillages, conflagrations, and hardships of every kind, scarcely get wherewithal to satisfy the cravings of nature. Multitudes at this moment are happy in being allowed some little corner in a crowded barn, stable, or hut.”

“In spite of all these sufferings they are fully determined never to listen to any accommodation with Buonaparte or consent to be

again governed by the iron sceptre of Bavaria. This determination, though it may appear rash, can be satisfactorily accounted for from the above-stated cruelties, exactions, and oppressions. All, to a man, are trained to the most skilful use of the rifle; inured to the inclemencies of the seasons; defended by huge mountains accessible to none but themselves; surrounded in every direction by, and allied to, mountaineers that are animated by the same love of independence; reared up and happy in poverty; religious; virtuous from habit; utter strangers to luxury; preferring their barren mountains to the most fruitful soils; and, above all, remembering the horrible outrages committed by the order of Buonaparte, to whom they have to oppose one hundred and fifty thousand sharpshooters, in a country where no regular armies can act, and where they and they alone know the paths to procure supplies, if they have but the means to purchase them . . . They are firmly resolved either to conquer or die.

(Signed) "SCHOENECHER.

"MULLER, Major.

"*London, Nov. 13, 1809.*"

At the very time this memorial was presented in London the fate of the poor Tyrolese was signed by the peace of Schoenbrun, in the same month of November. The Emperor,

as above stated, advised them to submit, and a proclamation of Eugene Beauharnois told them he brought them peace and pardon. These single-minded people, however, on being told that these documents were forgeries, refused to submit, but were finally put down, just at the end of the year, when their leaders dispersed, and were compelled to conceal themselves in the mountains.

The fate of that true patriot and brave fellow Hofer was soon to be decided. Though compelled to retire to a miserable hut close to the glaciers in the middle of winter, he determined to remain there in the hope of better times and a renewal of hostilities; he took no pains to conceal himself, and nothing could induce him to separate from his family, to change his dress, or even to cut off his long beard. Here he remained about a month, though a reward was offered for his head. At this time a wretch discovered his abode to one Donay, a Catholic priest, when a body of men, amounting nearly to 2000, were employed to secure him. Aware that he was discovered he met his pursuers at the door, and said, with an intrepid voice, "I am Andrew Hofer: I am at the mercy of the French. Let me suffer death instantly, but, for heaven's sake, spare my wife and children; they are innocent, and not answerable for my conduct." He was immediately placed in chains, and marched

with his wife, his daughter, and little son, to Botzen, amidst the taunts of the French soldiery and the tears of his countrymen. From Botzen his wife and family were sent back to their home, in the valley of Passeyer, and he parted with them for ever.

On his arrival at Mantua a court-martial was immediately assembled. The members were far from agreeing as to the sentence to be given: the majority, it was said, were for confinement, and that two even voted for his liberation; but whatever the several opinions may have been, his fate was decided, not at Mantua, but at Milan; a telegraph from thence ordered his execution within twenty-four hours. When this was communicated to him he received the intelligence with that firmness which he had always displayed, and only requested that a priest might be allowed to attend him in his last moments. Some Tyrolese prisoners in the barracks and others by the road side, as he passed to the place of execution, fell on their knees and implored his blessing. When on the spot a corporal and twelve privates stepped out from the ranks and stood before him. A white handkerchief was given to him to bind his eyes, and he was told to bend on one knee. He threw away the handkerchief and peremptorily refused to kneel, observing, that "he was used to stand

upright before his Creator, and in that posture would deliver up his spirit to him." Having cautioned the corporal to take good aim he gave the word "fire," in a loud and firm tone, and a volley of musketry completed this foul and atrocious murder. It is due to the French officers to say, they manifested great sympathy for the fate of this brave man, and testified their respect by giving to his remains a public funeral.

A pension was conferred on his family by the Emperor of Austria, and they were invited to settle in Austria, but his widow preferred to remain in her old habitation in the valley of Passeyer, near which the Emperor ordered a monument to be erected in honour of his memory.

Speckbacher had the good fortune to elude the pursuit and vigilance of the Bavarians, by retreating to the highest mountains, concealing himself in caverns, and in the winter season, amid perpetual snows and glaciers, with no other living creature to look upon than the chamois and the eagle; where the only food he received was supplied by a few faithful followers, who stealthily and at the peril of their lives, contrived by night to convey it to his retreat. The account given by Bartholdy in his "War of the Tyrol," of Speckbacher's hairbreadth escapes, his sufferings from hunger,

cold, and fatigue, the inveteracy of the enemy in chasing him from place to place, the certainty of a cruel death in the event of capture, and his determination never to afford that triumph, wears more the appearance of a romance than reality; and it is probable that Bartholdy somewhat exaggerates: being a Prussian, he bore that thorough hatred to Buonaparte that a Prussian might be expected to feel, and wished to place his conduct in that odious light to which it certainly was entitled from that quarter. Speckbacher, however, finally escaped across the Styrian Alps and arrived safely in Vienna, where he had every reason to be satisfied with his reception.

As he was fully aware he could never again show himself in the Tyrol, while under the iron yoke of Bavaria, the kind-hearted Francis, ever anxious to requite the services of his former faithful subjects, offered Speckbacher lands in Hungary, which he was disposed to accept, though not before he had consulted his wife, whom he had left in the Tyrol. Her reply affords so beautiful and touching an example of what might be expected from the wife of a Tyrolese hero, so full of simplicity and tenderness, that every word of it, long as it is, well deserves to be recorded.*

* This English translation of it is taken from the *Quarterly Review*, No. 34.

“ My beloved husband—dearest Joseph,—

“ Painful as it may be to you to be separated from me, and heavily as our domestic grievances may weigh upon your mind, yet your wife suffers no less severely in being compelled to live without you; in truth, whenever I look at any of my children, my heart is like to break, for my first reflection is, Ah! children, you are now little better than orphans, without a father, and I a wretched widow, without reputation or name!—But, may God in Heaven so dispose events, that pity may be shown me and my children, and their inheritance provided for. Oh! my dear Joseph, you know how your poor wife loves you, and by this love I implore you, for God’s sake, not to take it amiss, if I repeat what I have already said, and even more strongly than before,—that rather than go to Hungary, or any where else so distant, rather will I, (alas! that I should be obliged to say so!) go begging with my children; things are not gone quite that length as yet, (though not far from it) but they cannot long remain as they are; so have you, my beloved husband, a beggar for your wife—I must stop, or my paper will be wet with my tears.

“ This one consideration alone, dearest Joseph, must be a comfort to you in this distress,

as it is to me your wife, that we have not drawn upon ourselves this misery, or the beggary which is now hanging over us, by any extravagance on our parts, or any other cause in which we are to blame; but it is your attachment alone to our good Emperor Francis, and the heart-felt longing again to be Austrians, which has led you so far; has placed you in the most imminent danger of your life, and your wife and little ones in the extremity of poverty and distress. Oh! my dear man, take courage, and throw yourself at the feet of your gracious Emperor, who is yet so good to you; tell him how it fares with your wife in the Tyrol. Let me implore your forgiveness, if I do not come after you; you know yourself that I am sickly, and perhaps, could not go through so long a journey. It is not only from old women, but I have heard it, for sensible men have told me, that for those who are not of a strong constitution and habit of body, Hungary is a bad place to live in, and you love your wife, I am sure too tenderly to wish to contribute to her death. Do but you ask this in the way you ought to do, and I will pray to the saints in heaven, that our gracious sovereign, the Emperor, may yet relieve us, and then God will set all matters to rights. But if his corrections must be inflicted upon us for a longer time, do you then implore for

that which you may be able to obtain; that you may have something allotted to you in Styria, or in that neighbourhood; and then if all hope is at an end of our dear country becoming Austrian, and if they return to the Tyrol, then will I come to thee, beloved of my heart.

“ I thank you, dear Joseph, for your new year's wish. God grant that we may again meet under Austria's government, in our own dear Tyrol. In order that you, my dearest, may be able to explain correctly to those who may be of use to us in our calamitous situation, I must tell you, to my sorrow, as it will be to yours, that all our cattle are sick; one-third we have already lost, and we cannot feel sure for a day, that the other two will not go also. Fifty florins are already expended in doctor's and apothecary's stuff; think too, in addition, of the heavy taxes we have to pay. Yet once more, dearest husband, I repeat to you, implore relief for your poor forlorn wife and children. I send you a thousand kind greetings, and commend you to the protection of God, and to the favour of our benevolent Emperor. Write to me soon, and cease not to love,

“ Your faithful wife,

“ MARIA SPECKBACHERIN.

“ *January 15th, 1811.*

“ P. S. Your children salute you tenderly; they anxiously pray for you, and often ask ‘ Will not our father come again to us?’ ”

It need only be added that on the conclusion of the war, when the Tyrol reverted to Austria, this amiable woman, who had joined her husband at Vienna, returned with him to their native valley, resolved there to spend, as they did, the remainder of their days.

One word regarding the capuchin Haspinger. This heroic priest was too sagacious not to see at once the delusion of the forgery which misled Hofer and Speckbacher, and placing no reliance on the peace and pardon proclaimed by Eugene Beauharnois, resolved at once to quit a country he could no longer serve. As a monk, it was not difficult to find concealment among the brotherhood, where he remained many months, but the fear of discovery prevailed on him to leave the country, cross the Rætian Alps, pass through the Grisons into Austrian Lombardy, and thence to Vienna; where he made up his mind to remain, to renounce the perils of war, and enjoy for the remainder of his life the peaceful employment of the cloister, and probably after it, the honour of canonization, which he had so well deserved.

CHAPTER IX.

ASCENT OF THE STELVIO, AND BY THE INN TO
INNSBRUCK.

The Ascent of the Stelvio—Steepness of the Road—Tunnels and Galleries—Custom-house—Grisons and Tyrol—Summit of the Stelvio Pass 9190 feet—The grand View from the summit—Entrance into the Tyrol—Descent of the Road—Galleries—Region of Fir-trees—Glaciers of Trafoi—Dreadful weather—Road blocked up—Change of Scenery and Temperature—Pradt—The Adige—The Alps now on our right—Mals—De-secration of our Saviour—Dwellings and Dress—Separation of the Waters of the Inn and Adige—Nauders—Pass of Finster-munz—The Engadin and the Inn—The Courses of the Rivers that pervade Europe—Various Towns and Villages on the Inn—Tempest—The upper Road—Difficulty of—Telfs—Approach to Innsbruck—General View of the Valley of the Inn.

I MUST now return to the baths of Bormio, which we left on the morning of the 26th of July, to commence the ascent of the Stelvio. It is stated, accurately I believe, to be the highest of the Alpine passes, to which, as I have already said, we had about five thousand feet to mount, in the direct distance of from five to six miles. So steep an ascent of course could be accomplished only by means of windings and turnings, by which the steepest roads are made accessible, something in

the same manner as a ship gains her port, in the wind's eye, by tacking and retacking.

The first part of the road is carried along the foot of a bare mountain of rock, on one side; and of a deep ravine or chasm on the other, at the bottom of which the Adda, now reduced to a little stream, rushes along with considerable impetuosity, the source of it being, as we found on gaining the head of the ravine, distinctly visible on the opposite side. A little beyond this afforded us the sight of a beautiful cascade, leaping from ledge to ledge of the projecting rocks, which, adding as it does considerably to the waters of the Adda, may be considered as one of its sources. Indeed the whole of the slate-rock strata abounds with so many little rills and jets of water pouring out of their sides, that they all may be considered as contributors to the main stream. From this elevated point, looking back to the southward, the view of the dark and naked mountains which hem in the deep chasm, with their snow-capped summits, is exceedingly fine; in the contrary direction, or in the line of our progress, it was here entirely closed against us.

The road, though steep, was generally good and even; in some parts it passed through tunnels of considerable length cut through the projecting rock. In one or two places were

tunnels built of masonry and covered with wooden roofs, sloping with the same declivity as the side of the mountain at the foot of which they were built. The intention of these was the preservation of the road against the fall of masses of snow or avalanches of rocks, which, by rolling over the roof, are thrown forward and precipitated into the gulf below.

Near the entrance of one of these galleries we found two or three workmen, apparently stationed for repairing the road or the walls of the gallery. They were on the steep mountain side, and the produce of their labour being thrown down, blocked up the road. On seeing us approach they immediately descended, and at once set to work to clear a passage for the carriage, which was soon accomplished.

They had been working not many feet above the road, but this side being very precipitous, they had provided themselves with ropes, by which they could easily be lowered down. While they were busied in clearing away the blocks of stone, we, like so many thoughtless school-boys, could not resist the temptation of rolling over one of the larger ones into the deep abyss below: and it was amusing enough to watch its progress, and see it, in its bounding and leaping course, scattering its fragments when coming in col-

lision with obstructing rocks, till nothing of it remained visible. How fortunate, one of the party observed, would the toil-worn Sisyphus have been, had his fate-bound infrangible stone shared that of ours!

ΑΥΤΙΣ ΕΠΙΤΑ ΠΕΙΘΟΝ ΔΕ ΚΥΛΙΝΘΕΤΟ ΛΑΟΣ ΑΝΑΙΔΗΣ.

By the way, might not Pope, fresh from his Greek, have caught from this *galloping* hexameter that poetic canon which ordains that

“The sound must seem an echo to the sense?”

Not far from the highest summit of the pass we reached a *Cantoniera*, or House of Refuge, which was at the same time the Custom-house, where our passports were looked at, and returned to us neatly folded up in an envelope, addressed to each of us separately; no trouble being occasioned to us by this ceremony. The name of this spot, I understood to be *Santa Maria*.

In the course of our ascent we had passed two other Houses of Refuge, inferior to this, but here we halted for a couple of hours to rest the horses. The few soldiers, or Custom-house officers, appeared by their warm clothing to be prepared for the night. One of them had on a famous thick coat, with a hood, precisely similar to that worn in Greece, and known by the name of a *Grego*; perhaps from *Γρηγορέω*, to keep watch. It was not

particularly cold whilst we remained here, as the meridian sun was darting his rays directly up the ravine; and we had besides been exercising ourselves pretty well in walking up the ascent; but they told us it had been a sharp frost in the night, and there can be little doubt it is invariably so throughout the whole year, at this elevation, which is above the curve of perpetual congelation.

In order to pass away the time, we struck off the road to the right, and got upon the pure, unsullied, and untrodden snow, which completely covered a large rising conical protuberance on the side of the mountain. On reaching a certain point of this snowy excrecence, my friends were desirous of shooting down the most precipitous part *à la montagne Russa*, being a descent probably of a couple of hundred yards. They had accustomed themselves to similar amusements during their rambles among the Alps, before I joined them; but as we had no guide with us, and as it was impossible to feel any assurance that there might not be some deep chasms below the surface, only slightly covered over with snow, and as I fancied, moreover, I could detect one or two indications of them, I not only felt no inclination whatever to make one of the party, but most strongly urged my friends to desist from so rash an experiment,

and was well pleased to find that they were guided in this respect by what I had said; for had they been alone, so tempting was the place that they would, no doubt, have descended, *coûte qu'il coûte*, and might, in that case, have run a great risk of being *preserved* there till doomsday.

The horses having rested, the carriage was again seen winding its way slowly up the ascent, whilst we proceeded on foot in advance of it. A little above the station of Santa Maria a fine wild ravine opened out to our view, stretching far away on our left between the mountains of the Engadin, a long and extensive valley parallel to the Valteline, and at the extremity of which the river Inn has its source. It forms the easternmost part of the Grisons, which at this point may be said to dovetail into the territory of the Tyrol.

Soon after this we attained the highest summit of the Pass of the Stelvio, which is marked by a granite column, and through which passes the boundary line that divides Lombardy, and Switzerland also, from the Tyrol. The difficulty of measuring the height of mountains like those of the Tyrol, where frequently no base line can be had, and the barometer, in such a situation, being an imperfect instrument for the purpose, is fully apparent in the different heights assigned to

the Pass of the Stelvio. Perhaps Mr. Brockedon's will be the most accurate of any. He says, it is the highest pass in the world traversable for carriages, being 2417 feet higher than the crest of the passage of the Mont Cenis, and 780 feet higher than the estimated line of perpetual snow in the latitude of the Stelvio. The crest or highest ridge of Mont Cenis is 11,460 feet; but—

The crest of the Pass is	6773 feet.
Add	2417
	9190
Pass of the Stelvio	9190

This is probably near the truth, as Murray, in his Hand-book, sets it down (but gives no authority) at 9270 feet above the level of the sea. But both are certainly wrong with regard to the line of perpetual snow: Murray stating it at 800 feet only below the summit, and Brockedon at 780 feet; whereas the curve of perpetual congelation in $46\frac{1}{2}^{\circ}$ of latitude is 7250 feet, consequently that line will be at 1940 feet below the pass; and the fact is, that in the hottest part of summer snow surrounded it on all sides.

The view that now bursts upon the sight on reaching the summit of the pass is superior to that of any Alpine scenery I have witnessed—the Simplon, the St. Gothard, the Splügen, bearing no comparison with it. It is

a view so vast and comprehensive, and of objects so stupendous, as to impress on the mind of the observer a feeling of reverence and awe, and perhaps of humiliation also, to find himself, a mere atom in the creation, surrounded by some of the most sublime among the varied and manifold scenes which the hand of Nature has supplied for the contemplation of man.

“ All that expands the spirit, yet appals,
Gather around these summits, as to show
How earth may pierce to heaven, yet leave vain man below.”

A succession of peaked rocks, rising one above another as far as the eye can reach, whose dark masses are seen protruding from the pure white glittering snow, and the frowning glaciers suspended from their sides, the varied hues which clouds and sunshine alternately impart, the magnificent mountain of the Ortler-Spitz, towering above all the rest, and crowning the head of the valley with its peaked summit just rising to a height of not less than 14,400 feet above the level of the sea—all these grouped together in one cluster as it were,—present to the mind of the spectator a picture of grandeur and sublimity, that no time can efface, and no description—either with pen or pencil—convey.

We now commenced the descent into the Tyrol, and were glad that our route had

brought us into that country at a point of view so favourable and so magnificent. Bearing in mind the character one has heard of the Tyrolean Alps, it is, of all others, the precise point at which, from its bold and majestic features, one would wish to arrive, and be told — ‘This is the Tyrol.’ All that the traveller could have imagined of magnificent mountain scenery, of black and rugged rocks, contrasted with pure white snows and gloomy glaciers, would here seem to be realised to the fullest extent.

It is at such spots as these, while enjoying the glorious scenes of Nature, in all her wildness and awful sublimity, that the labour and fatigue of travel or its numerous petty annoyances are felt to be trifles, well compensated. It is in the gratification which such scenes and such spots as these afford, that, while enjoying the pure mountain air, and the elasticity of spirits derived therefrom, we feel the full force of, and are apt to repeat to ourselves, the expressive lines of “Childe Harold,” as he—

“ — winds through many a pleasant place,
 Though sluggards deem it but a foolish chase,
 And marvel men should quit their easy chair,
 The toilsome way, and long, long league to trace,
 Oh! there is sweetness in the mountain air
 And life, that bloated ease can never hope to share.”

The descent into the Tyrol is extremely

precipitous, but at the same time rather uniform, from the mode of *tacking* upon zig-zag terraces being adopted, the preparations for which are managed with great skill.

Among the multitude of these zig-zags, I believe fifty or more, there are no less than ten of them near the commencement that are partially covered over with timber roofs. The road is here of a broad construction and is divided into two parts, one of which is occupied by covered galleries, the other half being open, the two combined forming a series of terraces, along which carriages can proceed, either under the protected part or along that which is open and unprotected.

The covering or roof is made to slope with the declivity of the mountain, like those mentioned on the other side of the pass, and for the same purpose; as also for another of much importance, which is, that when the exposed part of the road shall have received damage and become impassable, a clear passage may be found under these galleries. These terraces with their covered ways rising one above another, not unlike a grand range or flight of steps, have a very unusual and remarkable appearance, and when viewed from below looked even more like the works of a fortified mountain than those of a similar kind in the descent of the Splügen. This, perhaps the

most extraordinary of the Alpine passes, from the enormous altitude to which the road has been carried, was constructed by a skilful engineer of the name of Carlo Donegani.

Having descended for some distance beyond the long line of galleries and over an endless succession of zig-zags, we were not displeased to find ourselves once more at the region of fir-trees straggling on the brows of the mountains, even though their shattered branches and lifeless stems gave evidence of the many winter gales that had swept across the forest. We soon after reached the hamlet of Trafoi, with its little church, which we had long viewed from the heights, in doubt whether most to admire or deplore its elevated and lonely position, embosomed as it were amid eternal snows, and the everlasting presence of two huge glaciers sloping down the sides of the gigantic Ortler-Spitz, with only a deep and narrow ravine between them and the village.

The formation of these glaciers and all others is not difficult to be explained. They are always found on the lower slope of lofty mountains, generally commencing about the lowest point of perpetual congelation, and travelling downwards as the alternate process of freezing and thawing goes on; sometimes a whole valley is filled with one, as the *Mer de Glace*, in the valley of Chamouni; sometimes

they form a curtain of ice, from one rock or cavern to another on the opposite side, behind which those who are curious may go, sometimes through an archway, as is the case at the Grindelwald glacier.

The process, in fact, of the formation of a glacier, is precisely similar to that of an icicle on a grand scale, and there can be little doubt the icebergs seen at sea have a similar origin, being formed on the steep side of some mountain, rising out of the sea, till, becoming top-heavy, they tumble down into the ocean, carrying with them earth and stones which are frequently found upon them in their floating state.

In the evening, after being seven hours on the road, and making twelve miles of direct distance from the baths, and at least twice that by the zig-zags, we took up our quarters at the little inn of Trafoi; the landlady had two young daughters, who were actively engaged in the management of her household. They immediately set about to prepare our dinner, which, though it consisted of little else than a few boiled trout, was a long time before it was ready to be served up.

The kitchen fire was on a raised piece of brickwork, occupying the centre and greater portion of the room, and the green fagots heaped upon it caused the delay in the

cooking of our kettle of fish. The girls, however, did their best, and finally succeeded. There being no outlet for the smoke but the door, the ceiling was well blackened and glazed with it.

Our bed-rooms were in an upper story, cold and dreary enough, especially as the beautiful weather, with which we were favoured on crossing the Stelvio, had departed with the setting sun. During the night it rained torrents, and the continued pattering on the roof effectually disturbed my rest. Besides, the roof being entirely of wood, and but ill put together, several pools of water were found in the morning on the floors of the bed-rooms. The next day set in with snow and sleet, and the dreary appearance of the weather, at an elevation of from four to five thousand feet, was sufficiently disheartening. We consoled ourselves, however, in thinking how fortunate we were in having crossed the Stelvio the preceding day, as, on the one of which I am now speaking, the fall of snow on that pass was tremendous; this we learned afterwards from a gentleman at Innsbruck, who, with two others, had the misfortune to be caught in it, and required the assistance of a number of the peasantry to enable them to pursue their journey.

While we were deploring the state of the weather, and while the snow continued to fall, we observed the cattle were brought out from under the houses, to browse in the valley and on the sides of the mountains, under the guidance of young women, who were very noisy in calling them together, and seemed to run about perfectly regardless of the weather.

The little hamlet of Trafoi consists of a few scattered houses, probably not more than a couple of dozen, and a church so small, that it reminded me of those in Iceland, but it was built of stone instead of turf. The door was locked, but I had the curiosity to look in through the window. It seemed to correspond with the village in everything except that it was well stocked with tinsel and tawdry ornaments.

Dull and dismal as was the morning, we set out on our journey, along a road of easy descent into the valley; but had not proceeded far from our inn, before we met the estafette—a lad who carried the post—returning in his light-cart towards Trafoi; we were informed by him that the road was impassable, having been choked up by an avalanche of earth from the contiguous mountain; his statement was corroborated by a party of

peasantry coming from the same direction. There was nothing to be done, of course, but to turn back to our little inn. We had taken the precaution to engage a man to accompany us with a spade to clear the road of any little obstruction there might be; but this *land-slip* was not to be overcome by one individual.

The estafette made a second attempt in the afternoon, by which time it was hoped the road would have been rendered passable, as we learned that several of the *rotteri*, or men employed purposely for clearing away the obstacles constantly occurring from falls of snow and frequently of rock, were busily employed. We accordingly had our horses put to, and were about to make a second attempt, when the estafette returned, and reported that the road was much in the same state as when he saw it before.

Being thoroughly tired of waiting, we made up our minds to proceed, and engaged a working party to accompany us with pickaxes and spades. Arriving at the place, these men fell vigorously to work, and being joined by the others, whose duty had called them to the spot, a passage was soon cleared for the carriage. This part of the road for a considerable length had been completely blocked up

with earth and stones. We distributed ten francs among the men, with which they seemed well pleased.

Further on, another small portion of the road had been entirely carried away, and a bridge of planks was thrown across the gap. This temporary bridge, which was quite in an unfinished state, was supported with props of timber underneath; but it actually bent under the weight of the carriage, and when we had crossed, and, by a turn of the road, could see its construction, it was difficult to suppose that so slight a bridge of planks could have supported so heavy a carriage.

We had now reached the foot of the descent, and soon found ourselves in a pleasant valley,—the more so to us, on account of the sudden change of a chilling to a mild atmosphere, of barrenness to fertility; for now, on each side of the road, the ground was well cultivated with barley, the greater part cut and ready to be carried. Potatoes and Indian corn were also growing in small quantities.

Having passed the little village of Pradt, we came upon a branch of the rapid Estch, or, as it is more generally called, Adige;—

“Resistless Adige!—thou, whose torrent force
Cleaves the Tyrolean mountains' barrier chain.”—

And we proceeded in the direction, or more strictly speaking, against the direction of its course, as far as Mals.

The mountains which now inclosed the valley had declined to a moderate elevation, and were tame enough, in comparison with those stupendous Alps which we were just about leaving behind us, or rather which might be said to be leaving us; for, having crossed the great Tyrolese alpine chain, it here turns off to the right on its way through Lower Austria, passing a little to the southward of Vienna, and is dispersed and lost about Presburg. Still we have plenty of a more humble description on both sides the valley, though still of sufficient height to have their summits well sprinkled with the fresh snow, which had fallen in the morning. In the evening we reached Mals, a small town prettily situated at the foot of one of the superior mountain branches, where we passed the night.

At this place I noticed a figure in wood of our Saviour, made use of as a fountain, and projecting from his side was a long iron pipe, out of which was flowing a constant stream of water into a reservoir. The figure was miserably carved, as indeed are all those of a similar description, that occur by the road-side, the number of which are almost incredible,

even more frequent than in Switzerland. In Italy we noticed that these wooden figures were less common than al-fresco paintings, generally representing some saint or martyr pierced through with arrows, equally abundant by the sides of the public roads; in no instance, however, did we observe any representation of Christ so vilely, though, I am sure, unintentionally, desecrated as here.

The several houses and cottages, which we had hitherto seen in this part of the Tyrol, were neatly and nicely white-washed, which gave them a cleanly appearance; and the sills, both of the windows and doors, were ornamented frequently with paintings of various scrolls and figures, as indeed were some of the walls of the houses; many of these were of wood, and in the style of Swiss cottages, very picturesque, and suitable to the general aspect of the country.

The female portion of the peasantry about Mals are rather remarkable in their dress, and perhaps peculiar in their flaming red stockings and large blue Tartar-looking caps, of exceedingly stout material, more pleasant, probably, for winter than for summer.

Taking our departure from Mals, we proceeded along the branch of a little stream hurrying over its rocky and contracted bed, and after a short distance came to a succession

of three small lakes, connected by the same stream, the names of which are the Heider, the Mitter, and the Graun; these are fed by another small stream issuing from a range of hills near Reschen, (which divides the waters falling into the river Inn from those just mentioned,) a stream which may fairly be considered as the origin and one of the main branches of the Adige. From this elevated point the road descends to the small town of Nauders. Though the mountains in this neighbourhood are of no great elevation, their summits were still covered with snow which had fallen the previous day. It was curious to see the straight and distinct line drawn by the limit of the snow along the side of the mountain range, immediately below which the dark line of the fir-trees contrasted strongly with its beautiful and striking purity.

Nauders is, as I have said, but a small town, or rather village, where we arrived at mid-day, and rested our horses. It is a short distance only from the low ridge which separates the Tyrol from that part of the Grisons called the Engadin. In the neighbourhood of Nauders the land was chiefly used for pasture, and the peasantry were actively employed in cutting their hay.

On leaving this place, we found ourselves about to enter a deep and narrow ravine, or

cleft in the rocky ridge, through which a mountain stream, for so it appeared, was rushing with great rapidity; this gorge was the pass of the Finstermünz, and not unlike that of the baths of Pfeffers, being inferior only to the Via Mala; the river is the Inn, which rises at the upper end or southern extremity of the valley of Engadin, whose length is at least fifty miles, and breadth from four to seven or eight. From its great height, said to be from three to five thousand feet above the sea, and being enclosed between a double range of the Rhætian Alps, it is the least known among the large Alpine valleys. The inhabitants are said to resemble the Grisons in their language, only that it approaches nearer to the Latin, and they are described as having habits and customs peculiar to themselves.

The course of the Inn in a north-east direction, so contrary to all the rest whose sources are in or close to the Rhætian Alps, led me to a reflection, which must have occurred to others who have visited the neighbourhood of these sources,—namely, that these great rivers, which owe their origin to the Rhætian Alps, with the multitude of their adjuncts, as they pursue their separate courses, pervade the greater portion of Europe, affording those important advantages to commerce, manufac-

tures, and agriculture, which are duly appreciated by all nations, that have the good fortune to enjoy them.

Thus the Rhine, rising out of a ridge of the St. Gothard, pursues its course through the Grisons and Switzerland, where, having collected its numerous tributaries from every side, it flows through the Rhenish provinces in a noble stream, and, passing the shores of Belgium and the Netherlands, falls into the North Sea.

The Rhone, rising from the opposite side of the same ridge of the St. Gothard, collecting its tributaries along the western side of Switzerland, enters the lake of Geneva, and passing thence into France, empties its abundant stream into the Mediterranean.

The Inn, after passing through the Engadin valley, and receiving its tributary streams from every part of northern Tyrol, Bavaria, and Austria, swells the waters of the Danube, and, with it, is emptied into the Black Sea.

The Adige rises in the great cluster of lofty mountains round the Stelvio, passes through the southern Tyrol, and the eastern part of Lombardy, and is discharged into the gulf of Venice.

The Adda rises in the Stelvio, flows down the valley of the Valteline through the Lag

di Como into the Po, and with it, enters the gulf of Venice not far apart from the Adige.

We found several workmen employed near the entrance of the Finstermünz pass, repairing a fortress on the side of the rocky precipice overhanging the right bank of the river, which was here rushing beneath it and the road, with considerable violence, down the contracted ravine. This strong fortress is intended to command the pass, and effectually prevent, at this spot, any entrance into the Tyrol from the Engadin, to which it is quite contiguous, and which was attempted by the French in the revolutionary war. Having cleared the deep ravine, with its precipitous and almost perpendicular sides of rock, we found it opening out into the valley, through which the river Inn winds its lengthened course.

There was here but little cultivation; it was chiefly meadow-land, but here and there were some promising crops of potatoes; barley was also growing in small fields, and occasionally a little Indian corn; cherry-trees were abundant on either side of the valley. The height of the inclosing mountains increased as we advanced, and they were rather of a sombre character, from the great quantity of fir-trees with which they were clothed.

We passed three or four neat-looking vil-

lages: two standing opposite to each other on different sides of the river, having a neighbourly and pleasing appearance; their names, I think, were Stuben and Pfunds, but we stopped at neither. Further on is Ried, also a pretty looking village, after which, passing Pradt, we arrived late in the evening at the little town or village of Landek, and took up our quarters for the night at the inn, which is the post. In the morning we left Landek, still accompanying the course of the Inn, which is noisy and rapid, but in one part in particular was observed to flow smoothly and swiftly, at the foot of a fine mural precipice. Many neat little cottages, similar to those of Switzerland, were scattered about the narrower part of the valley, and the small patches of ground among the rocks that were in some parts apparently of difficult approach, were neatly cultivated, with maize, barley, and potatoes, all looking well; and the upper ridges as usual well covered with fir-trees. On passing the small village of Mils, the mountains soon began to recede, and to increase in height, and the valley of course to open out; at the foot of a steep and lofty peak that reminded me of Croagh Patrick, though much higher, was a wide extended and luxuriant valley, or rather plain, through which the Inn, now become more placid, was seen to flow in a serpentine

course, having expanded its waters into a fine broad stream.

This change of scenery brought us to the little town of Imst, situate on the side of the plain farthest from the river, being perhaps a couple of miles from it: nothing could be more pleasant than its site, and it had all the appearance of a thriving town, and a place of some importance as a market for various kinds of grain, fruit, and vegetables. But it seems to have lost the monopoly of Canary birds, with which for a long time it supplied all Europe, and the sale of which is supposed to have enriched the place. A little below the town, the Inn receives an accession to its stream by the junction of the Pizebach from the Alps on the south, and farther on, another river called the Oetz; that river descends from the same quarter down the midst of a rich and beautiful valley.

Besides the road on which we are now advancing, there is another, not unimportant, from Imst towards Innsbruck, by which travellers frequently proceed, and the post also goes. It is carried over the ridge of the mountain on the northern side of the Inn, and joins the lower road at Zirl, about six miles on this side Innsbruck. It became a question which road to pursue, but that along the banks of the Inn carried it. In my own opinion every far-

gument is in favour of the latter: the object of taking the other is the view from its highest point. And to what does this view amount? You look down into the valley below, but the sight is confined to the side of the mountain beyond the river; the river itself is seen very imperfectly, and the nearer side of the valley scarcely at all: nor is this one-sided view of objects seen in their proper shape and dimensions; they are all diminished and distorted by looking down upon them some thousand feet in a very small angle of depression, just as actors on the stage when seen from the fifth tier of boxes or upper gallery, are cut down to the size of puppets, and the deformity of dwarfs. An elevated position no doubt commands extensive and distant prospects; but the distant objects are indistinct and doubtful; the surface of the country is reduced to a map, but neither so accurate nor intelligible as one projected on paper: the imagination is apt to create objects that do not exist, and to mistake those that do.

From Imst then, we continued our route through a rich valley of great extent, and highly cultivated with large quantities of Indian corn, wheat in great abundance, barley and oats, and numerous patches of fine potatoes. We also here observed several fields of flax, which, from the shortness of the stems,

I concluded to be the Alpine species, cultivated probably for the sake of the linseed to make oil. We afterwards found, however, that large quantities of flax are cultivated for the manufacture of linen and muslin at Innsbruck. The greater part of that here grown was cut and stacked ready for housing. The valley of the Inn might now be called *riante*; population was more dense, cottages more frequent, and small log-houses scattered about, in which hay was deposited, the gable ends of the roof being left open, probably for the circulation of air. Bread as well as butter had both been articles hitherto not so much of scarcity as of indifferent quality everywhere, as far as we had proceeded in the Tyrol, but here they greatly improved.

In this rich valley, abundant in cattle and good pasture, we found, indeed, as may be supposed, the above articles excellent, and we quite enjoyed a late breakfast which we got at a small village where we rested our horses. Here we were informed that the bridge we had to cross was broken down on one side, and that a very small carriage only could pass. We went on, however, to judge for ourselves.

As we were proceeding, and before we reached the damaged bridge, we came to a second bridge, but very narrow, so narrow in-

deed, that it was questionable whether its width would admit the carriage, but with great caution our trusty driver, Mr. Maurice, succeeded in passing; and here we learnt that, by ascending the opposite mountain, we might get upon the regular post road, the same road to which I have before alluded, as striking off from Imst. We accordingly made the attempt. The ascent was by a very steep and narrow road, if road it could be called, but one most certainly on which no four-wheeled carriage with four horses, or even two, had ever before travelled. It was in truth a most distressing pull for the poor horses before we again got upon the common track, not far from a place called Telfs.

It was consoling to observe the patience of our good-humoured driver, who, as he marched by the side of his horses, with his large and well-made jack boots (which he invariably wore *on service*), made no difficulty whatever in this trying situation. In the course of this ascent we passed close under some bold and rocky elevations, upon which a quantity of fresh fallen snow was lying even low down their sides.

The peasantry we had hitherto met with in the valley of the Inn were well clothed and apparently in good circumstances,—rather too

good it may be feared, as, for the first time yesterday, and again to-day, we met with a few who had been indulging rather too freely in liquor. We are not, however, to judge of their moral character from these two instances.

At the village of Tels, near which was a large building, pointed out to us as a paper manufactory, we passed the night. The situation of this village is very picturesque, and its whitewashed houses and projecting wooden roofs and stacks of firewood piled up, give it an agreeable and rather peculiar appearance; but, on the whole, it did not present that clean and tidy look as did many of the villages through which we had passed.

Leaving Tels early the following morning, we proceeded on our road to Innsbruck by the side of the river, which had now attained a very considerable width; the valley through which it flows continuing to improve in cultivation and in general appearance, until we approach the city of Innsbruck; before reaching which we had observed a large extent of level pasture land. On this plain Innsbruck is situated, and seen from a short distance, and appears to stretch quite across it. We were detained a short time to pass over a small bridge across a mountain-torrent descending into the Inn, close to the town, which had been

washed away by the late rains, and was now undergoing repair; but they civilly planked it over to facilitate our passage. We proceeded through the outskirts of the town, and having re-crossed the Inn over a well-constructed bridge, soon found ourselves in a street, which, with its arcades on either side, reminded me of Berne. Shortly it opened out into a fine handsome street as broad as Regent-street, having many excellent houses in it. In this street is the Golden Sun, an hotel where we procured apartments during our short visit to this capital of the Tyrol.

There are not many civilised countries of Europe where, in the course of seventy miles, over a great public road, like that from the Pass of Finstermünz to Innsbruck, so little variety occurs, except in the ever-changing shapes and colours assumed by the mountain scenery, in every part of it picturesque and beautiful. Nothing indeed can exceed the sublimity as well as beauty of the alternation of gleams and glooms, of lights and shadows, succeeding each other, and flitting along the mountain sides with every passing cloud. The brawling brooks and gurgling rills tumbling down the numerous dells, and the fine river rolling over its rocky bed, were well calculated to beget attention and command admiration. But that on the river Inn there should have

been no craft of any kind, no rafts, even for floating down timber or other articles—scarcely a little boat to cross to the opposite bank—appeared something remarkable. This, however, is, in some degree, explained by the peasantry being employed on the harvest, and the wood-cutters preparing fuel for the winter, not at this time required. This may also explain why we met so few travellers on the road. Now and then a little cart is seen of a peculiar construction, carrying planks or fire-wood, or timber of some sort or other, or women on foot with their baskets; but few people were indeed anywhere seen except in the fields. An angler now and then may be observed sitting on the bank, fishing for trout, which in the mountain streams are everywhere abundant and excellent. What would our philosophic fly-fishers think of a Tyrolese peasant, basking on a sunny bank and carelessly letting his line float down the stream, whilst half their enjoyment seems to consist in the exercise of patience, perseverance, and equanimity, up to the waist in water and mud, or to the neck in reeds and bulrushes, waiting for some unlucky trout to seize upon the delusive bait? Of animated beings of any kind, there is a great scarcity along this line of road; a bird is rarely to be seen or heard; if there be any they would appear to confine themselves

to the fir-forests; with the exception of the lark, which is generally heard singing its early matins, and now and then a grey partridge crossing the road. There is, however, at every three or four miles, stuck up by the road-side, a *memento mori*, rudely painted on a board, describing the accident by which life was lost, the upsetting of a cart or carriage, or drowning in the river. But we are now at Innsbruck, where the scene promises to change.

CHAPTER X.

INNSBRUCK.

Appearance of the Town—Population and Employment—The Franciscan Church—The Bronze Statues—Arthur King of England, and Prince Arthur—Maximilian's Tomb—Bas-Reliefs—Works of Alexander Colin—Monument of Archduke Ferdinand—Of Philippina—Obscurity of the Artist—Sketch of his Life—Apparel—Tomb of Hofer—Francis I.—Death of at Innsbruck—Maria Theresa—Her Eulogy by the King of Prussia—Legend of Maximilian—Capuchin Convent—Monks at Supper—Gog and Magog—Descriptive Memorials—Churches—Devotion of the Tyrolese—Image of the Virgin Mary—The Palace—The Statue of Leopold V.—Maximilian's house—Palace Gardens—Museum—Letter of Secretary of State—Portrait of a Chamois Hunter—Visit to Hofer's Position when he defeated the Duc de Dantzic—Sharpshooters.

INNSBRUCK, the little capital of the northern Tyrol, may be called a handsome town, although there is but one broad principal street, which runs directly through it. The situation is peculiar, occupying the centre of a plain, perhaps not more than two, certainly less than three miles across, and bounded by mountains on each side, which, just at this place, would seem to have receded from the valley of the Inn, to make room for the site of the town. This fine river washes one of its sides, and separates it from a suburb of con-

siderable extent. The buildings, particularly those which flank the long broad street, are more substantial and in better taste than one would be led to expect in this secluded valley.

The immediate environs of the town are rich and beautiful, interspersed with small villas in the midst of gardens smiling with cultivation, and producing all the fruits and vegetables common to the country, for the supply of the market of Innsbruck.

The mountains and the hills which bound the vale are rich and picturesque; the former rising into rocky and jagged summits, and those on the right bank of the river increasing in height till they fall in with the Brenner Alps; many of the latter crowned with old castles, which give a combined picture of the sublime and the beautiful; others again with their rounded dome-shaped summits, covered with grass of the most brilliant green, afford a pleasing foreground to the grand and more distant features of the landscape. To crown the whole, the stranger, in walking up the grand street, sees over the roofs of the houses, and, as if overhanging the town, one enormous mountain whose summit is capped with snow, which, from its remaining there in the month of August, must be, at least, from six to seven thousand feet in height.

Innsbruck is said to consist of about 2000 houses, containing a population of 12,000 to 13,000 souls, and they reckon not fewer than twenty churches and chapels, some of course very small. I am not aware there are any manufactories on a large scale. They have fabrics of linen and muslin, of woollen cloth and leather, the latter of which is used to a great extent for shoes, boots, belts, &c. The artisans are very expert in all kinds of carpenters' work, and especially excel in carving wood. There is a shop in the broad street, which deals in little figures of men and women, in their appropriate dresses, of animals, and various other articles of curiosity, something like the Tonbridge turnery ware, and innumerable articles made from the horns of the chamois: the carving of the little figures in wood is excellent, but they are not sold (to our countrymen at least) at what might even be called a moderate rate. I paid as much as seven francs for a single small figure of a Tyrolese peasant, represented with his rifle and a dead chamois slung across his shoulders, which, however, is admirably carved. There are other shops in this street well stored with articles of the first necessity, and others again for luxury; the latter on a small scale. The timber and the salt trade are carried on near the banks of the Inn, in

the outskirts of the town; but are, together with all other heavy articles, brought in carts of different descriptions, as the river still continues to run in too rapid a current for any kind of craft to stem. I did not see a single boat on any part of it, even where it runs through the town.

The people of Innsbruck are not much seen in the streets, not even in the principal one I have mentioned, except such as may be going each about his own business; no loungers apparently of any kind; no horsemen exhibiting themselves or their animals; scarcely a carriage of any description. A few of the Austrian military officers are now and then seen parading about, and the clergy, lawyers, and officials, with some few of the upper ranks, occasionally passing; but not in sufficient numbers to relieve the general dulness. Their various costumes differ little from those of Europeans in general.

With the exception of the churches, and perhaps the palace, there are not many public buildings of a character to attract one's attention, nor indeed is there much to admire in the architecture of the principal churches. Of these, the most interesting is the Franciscan church, which I suppose may be called the cathedral. Externally it has not much to

recommend it except its magnitude, which is far beyond what one would expect to find in so small a place—though not, I believe, strictly speaking, a dome church or cathedral: it is a composition of Grecian and Gothic architecture, and of no particular order in either. Within there is more than enough to gratify curiosity. In the middle of the central aisle, which is capacious, the stranger's eye is instantly caught by two rows of gigantic bronze statues, mostly in armour, much larger than life, not less and some of them more than seven feet; and between the rows there appears a large marble sarcophagus bearing on its surface a kneeling bronze figure with the face towards the altar.

The number of these bronze statues is twenty-eight, fourteen on each side of the tomb. They are said to have been cast by a native Tyrolese artist, of the name of Löffler, in the early part of the sixteenth century, which, if so, must give to them an interest that otherwise their merit (considerable as it is) might not perhaps have conveyed. They consist of twenty males and eight females. They are all, or nearly so, connected somehow or other with the Maximilian family either directly or by marriage, beginning with Rudolph of Habsburgh, the founder of the dynasty.

The first, on the right-hand row, is old Clovis of France, but how he comes there I know not. On the same side, a little lower down, is Arthur, called here King of England, which, though a misnomer, I was not disposed to doubt: he was worthy to be a true Briton, being by far the best set up and the most symmetrical figure in the whole group; but how they got hold of the name of Arthur, the last king of the Silures, would not be easy to discover; or, indeed, of him of the Round Table—for Owen, in his ‘Cambrian Biography,’ says there were two—the real King of Britain, and the fabulous one of the ancient poets; the latter of whom Geoffrey of Monmouth contributed chiefly to bring into notice, though he had been celebrated long before his time, and said to be “more known in Asia than in Britain—the East and the West talk of him—Egypt and the Bosphorus are not silent—Rome, the mistress of cities, sings his actions—Antioch, Armenia, Palestine, celebrate his deeds.” Hume is doubtful of his existence, and Gibbon seems to think we must at least give up his valiant knights and his Round Table.

———“al the Rounde Table good

Hou Arthur in eorthe zod,

Sum sate and sum stod,

O the grounde grey;

Hit was a wonder siht,

As thei wer quib men diht,

To seo hou theipay.”—WARTON.

After all, might it not be, as Addison suggests (if the manly *age* of the figure was not against it), that the effigy named the King of England was meant for Arthur, Prince of Wales, son of Henry VII., and elder brother of Henry VIII., who had espoused the Infanta Catherine of Arragon, fourth daughter of Ferdinand and Isabella—not “sister of Maximilian,” as Addison says, though by her marriage connected with the Maximilian family? And if this Arthur was not “every inch a king,” he was within an inch of becoming King of England.

The tomb abovementioned is not, as I have called it, a *sarcophagus*, but rather a *cenotaph*, the remains of him it commemorates being interred elsewhere. It was erected to the memory of the Emperor Maximilian I., by his grandson, Ferdinand I. The tomb is of white Carrara marble, twelve or thirteen feet long, and about six feet high. On the sides and ends are twenty-four compartments, in each of which is a bas-relief of well-designed subjects and very superior workmanship, at least twenty of them are so in the opinion of artists who have examined them carefully. They are, in fact, pictures possessing all the qualities of a painting with the exception of colour, being carved out of the most clear and beautiful white marble. They are all historical subjects, and represent not only the great public

events of the life of Maximilian—his battles, sieges, treaties, and alliances with other powers;—but also his private and domestic events, marriages, fêtes, &c.

The skill exhibited in the composition of these medallions is admirable; the figures of men and horses are exquisitely beautiful; the latter absolutely in motion, and all their equipments minutely detailed and brought out. I was particularly struck with that which represents the procession of the Princess Margaret on her return from the court of France to the palace of Maximilian. In this group the horses, the trappings, their riders, and their dresses, had the appearance of a picture taken from the life, and all as if in motion.

Another is equally fine: the marriage of Philip le Bel, son of Maximilian, with Joan of Castile and Arragon; and the dresses are said to be not far different from those worn at the time, which the artist must have obtained from some museum, or graphical description. These bas-reliefs are all of the same size, apparently about fifteen by ten inches. The kneeling statue on the tomb, in the attitude of prayer, is, of course, that of the Emperor.

All these beautiful bas-reliefs, with the exception of four, which are easily distinguishable as inferior to the rest, are the work of Alexander

Colin, a native of Malines, whose name, notwithstanding these and other sublime productions of his labour, is scarcely to be found in any of the historical or biographical accounts of painters or sculptors—productions so ingeniously conceived, so exquisitely grouped, so elaborately and beautifully executed, that no pencil, however minute and delicate, with all the advantage of colouring, could convey a more correct conception of what was intended. They may be compared with the Napoleon medals on a large scale.

Another great work of Colin is the beautiful monument to the memory of his patron, the Archduke Ferdinand of Tyrol, which was prepared during the life of the Prince. An arched excavation in the wall of the church is lined entirely with black marble, the margin of which is sculptured tastily in white marble. In the lower part of the arch is placed a handsome tomb of yellowish marble, on which the figure of the Prince reposes, dressed in his robes of state, with his hands raised towards heaven. Twenty-six coats of arms, of German, Spanish, and other hereditary princes, inlaid in mosaic, in their heraldic colours, are on the face of the monument. On the sides of the arch are appended four bas-reliefs, similar to those of the Maximilian monument,

exhibiting the leading events of the Prince's life, executed by the hand of Colin, in the highest style of art.

In the Silver Chapel (so called from an image of the Virgin in that metal, said to have once adorned an altar of the same material) is the monument which Ferdinand caused to be raised to the memory of his beloved wife Philippina. It consists of a recumbent statue in white marble, on which is the simple inscription, "Ferdinand to his dear wife, Philippina."

The only other works of Colin in stone, that I shall notice, are in the large public cemetery attached to one of the small churches. The first is his own tomb, said to have been planned by himself, and decorated by a fine bas-relief, representing the raising of Lazarus from the dead. The second is that of a private family, which has also one or two fine bas-reliefs. The third is that of an individual, whose name I have not noted. Yet, as I have said, surprising as it may seem, the name even of this great artist, who has left behind him these splendid examples of his powers, and many others which I understand are in Vienna, does not appear, as far as I can trace, in any English or Italian work of art, either of painting or sculpture, or in any biographical dictionary, but only in the brief and favourable notices of passing travellers like myself.

I have looked in vain for the name of Colin in Walpole, Bryan, Ottley, Winkleman, Fuseli. In Vasari not a word is to be found in the whole sixteen volumes; or in Cicognara, or Lanzi, or other Italian writers that I have consulted. Even Descamps, who gives an account of the Netherland artists, and of those exquisite carvings in wood that adorn the churches, and pulpits in particular, in Belgium, is silent as to Colin. The Germans, however, have not been so inattentive: a German biographical dictionary, by Dr. G. K. Nagler*, is in progress, and contains an article on the life, and an enumeration of some of the works, of Alexander Colin, from which we learn that he was born at Mechlin in 1526. His parents being poor, he was sent out, when a boy, to learn the trade of a stone-mason,—a trade which necessarily brought him in contact with sculptures of various and superior kinds. This led him to model figures and other objects in wax or plaster. From modelling in wax or plaster he proceeded to carving in wood; and this, by an easy transition, led him to the sculpturing his designs in stone, in the cutting of which he must have been familiar.

* "Neues Allgemeines Künstler Lexicon." Dr. Nagler refers to Herrgott's Topographia for a description of the great monument, and other works; and to the *Jährbucher der Literatur*, Vienna, 1823, from whence he has derived his information.

This progress of Colin naturally reminds us of that made by one of our own most distinguished sculptors in stone, who, like Colin, raised his reputation solely by the energy of his mind, and the skill and dexterity of his hand; and as he himself—so I have heard—tells, “the first effort of his boyish days was, by request, to grace the upper crust of a large Christmas pie with a sow and whole litter of pigs;” a group so true to nature as to share, in no small degree, that applause which was, no doubt, bestowed on the tasteful matters within.

How the reputation of Colin reached the Emperor Ferdinand I. does not appear, but he was invited by that sovereign to Innsbruck, in order to complete the mausoleum in honour of his grandfather, which had been commenced by the Abels of Cologne. Here he set about the splendid tomb which I have just described, and which he completed in the year 1566. He was now appointed sculptor to the Court, and having a number of works on hand, both here and at Vienna, he employed, at the latter place, two Netherlanders, for whom he had sent to assist him. In his works he is said to have studied the paintings of Albert Durer, and particularly the triumphal arch of Maximilian, which was engraved under that artist's direction.

Colin did not think it beneath him to execute little works in wax and wood, numbers of which were once in the museum of Ambras; but they, with other curiosities in that once favourite abode of Ferdinand, have been dispersed,—some sent to Vienna and some to Innsbruck. One bas-relief, cut in cedar wood with elaborate care, representing the “Rape of the Sabines,” is said to be at Vienna. Colin was held in great esteem by his fellow-citizens, and lived to the good old age of ninety, having died in the year 1616, leaving a son Adam to succeed him in his profession; but, as it would appear, not in the same degree of reputation.

Dr. Nagler observes, that in the works of Colin certain peculiarities of the painter are not to be mistaken; and that he was himself a painter, appears from two portraits of himself and his wife, exhibited near the railings of the Emperor’s mausoleum, which are ascribed to him. His bas-reliefs are in fact, as I have said, pictures. I have seen it somewhere stated, that when he had a subject to design, he modelled it first in wax or plaster, then carved it in wood, to bring out more distinctly the sharp points, then painted it on canvas, and, lastly, sculptured it in stone.

I have been thus particular in the account of this neglected artist in the hope that, should

this little book fall into the hands of some of our travelling artists in Germany and Italy, they will not overlook the valley of the Inn, nor deem the name of Colin unworthy of some record among the lives of the artists.

There is little more within the church deserving particular notice ; but there is a multitude of small bronze figures, representing saints and angels, with many other matters of mystery and miracle, usually found in Catholic churches. One thing, however, is worthy of mention, as it bespeaks the gratitude of the late Emperor of Austria, while he paid deference to the feelings of the whole population of Tyrol,—this is the grave of Hofer, on the left side of the church, on entering ; whose remains, by order of the Emperor, were brought from Mantua—where, as we have seen, he was shot by order of Buona-partè—to Innsbruck in 1823, and in solemn procession deposited in the great church. Over the tomb is a full-sized figure of Hofer, in the costume of a Tyrolese peasant (from which the portrait in the frontispiece is taken).

The Tyrol has always been, as indeed it deserves to be, a country duly appreciated by the sovereigns of Austria, most of whom have personally visited Innsbruck. Maria Theresa was not likely to neglect it. The result of her visit, however, was attended with a calamity

most distressing to her feelings,—the sudden, though not wholly unexpected, death of her beloved husband, Francis I. The Emperor one day, when at the opera, was suddenly seized with illness; he retired, leaning on his son Joseph's arm, fell down, and instantly expired without a groan. He had for some time been threatened with apoplexy, and had expressed a wish to get back to Vienna; and one day, looking at the immense mass of mountain which I have mentioned as appearing to overhang Innsbruck, he exclaimed with a sigh, "Oh! if I could once quit these mountains of the Tyrol!"

The grief of the Empress, as may readily be supposed, was extreme, for she loved him with the greatest affection and tenderness, which she continued to manifest in every act during the remainder of her life. For fifteen years she never laid aside her widowed robes. In the Capuchin Chapel she caused to be erected over his tomb an altar, before which the Capuchin monks, of whom she established a chapter, had an obligation imposed on them of offering up prayers in perpetuity for the soul of the Emperor. Eustace speaks of it as a plain monument, most interesting from the piety of the founder, but not imposing enough to attract the notice of visitors.

Maria Theresa was at this time, by all ac-

counts, the most lovely woman of the age, as she was the most distinguished in the fine arts, literature, and in arms too, as the old King of Prussia, Frederic, had good reason to acknowledge. In these respects the Empress Catherine of Russia could alone be considered as her rival, but her inferior in most of them. A young widow so amiable, so beautiful, and so distinguished, may be supposed not to have wanted suitors, nor overtures of marriage from the highest royal families of Europe; but she declined all, and declared her intention never to change her condition nor her mourning dress. On such occasions, in allusion to her departed husband, she is said to have replied in the beautiful lines which Virgil has put into the mouth of the unfortunate Queen of Carthage:—

“ Ille meos, primus qui me sibi junxit, amores
Abstulit; ille habeat secum, servetque sepulchro.”

—So says Eustace.

When Frederic of Prussia heard of her death, he thus wrote to D'Alembert:—“ I have shed tears most sincerely for her death: she did honour to her sex and to the throne. I made war against her, and I never was her enemy.”

The mountain spoken of as overhanging Innsbruck is called Sollstein-berg, a part of which is named Martinswand, or Martin's-wall,

a steep precipice of not less than a thousand feet, and has given rise to a legendary tale, which, having seemingly the sanction of the Capuchin monks as a miraculous interference, it would not, I suppose, be safe to disbelieve. But as all legends have some foundation, however slight, in fact, so had this:—The Emperor Maximilian, when archduke, was exercising his favourite pursuit after the chamois on this mountain; in his anxiety to follow the animals he got himself entangled amongst the narrow paths and ledges of this precipice, so as to be unable either to proceed or retrace his steps, and was missing for some time from the Capuchin convent, where, it is said, he was frequently accustomed to take up his abode. Maximilian, after he became emperor, is supposed to have encouraged his secretaries to write accounts of his numerous adventures, escapes, and feats of chivalry. Many of these have been published, and in them “he is exhibited,” says Coxe, “as being endowed with supernatural faculties, and moving in a superior sphere, like the heroes who figure in eastern fable and the annals of chivalry: thus, he is said to have assaulted lions in their cages, and forced them to repress their native ferocity; he fell from towers unhurt; he escaped from shipwreck and from fire; and when lost amid the rocks and precipices of Tyrol, whither he

had penetrated in his favourite occupation of hunting the chamois, and on the point of perishing with hunger and fatigue, he is extricated by an angel in the shape of a peasant boy."

"This peasant boy, of the name of Zyps, was a sufficient foundation for the legendary tale promulgated, it may be supposed, by the Capuchins, one of whose fraternity produced the miracle of releasing the unfortunate Archduke, suspended by the heels from a ledge, with his head downwards, by administering to him the sacramental cake and the whole paraphernalia of the Viaticum, from the bottom of the precipice, in consequence of which this Ariel or angel flew down with him in his arms. The name of Zyps is said to be still extant on the pension list of Maximilian.

We were curious to look at the Capuchin convent, connected as it had been with two German emperors—Maximilian and Francis. It stands in the main street, towards the upper end, its front occupying a considerable extent. We were admitted without difficulty, and were immediately struck with the general neat and comfortable appearance of the building. The walls were carefully whitewashed, pure as snow. The corridors, into which the several cells or apartments of the monks open, being of great length, and kept purely and per-

fectly white, have a cheerful and pleasing effect. The apartments in which the monks sleep and pass their time, when they wish to be alone, were all locked but one, which had the key in it, but we were prevented from looking in, by being told that its owner was unwell, and most likely in his room. The rest of the fraternity were at supper, and we were told that from the *cuisine*—an excellent one, fit for any of our clubs—we might see them seated at table, unknown to them and unobserved.

Accordingly we went thither, and looking through a small hole in a sort of revolving dumb-waiter in the wall, by which the dishes are passed into the dining-room smoking hot from the kitchen, we could see what was passing. This luxury, I was going to say, had not reached the refinement of modern days, in our own country, but I recollect breakfasting with the late Sir William Curtis on board his yacht, in Plymouth Sound, and had mutton chops sent into the cabin from the kitchen by a similar kind of roundabout, one at a time, hot and hot; Sir William observing, that a mutton-chop was not eatable unless served up broiling hot from the gridiron.

At the upper end of the hall, which was one of considerable size, and panelled with oak, we observed, sitting at a cross-table, a venerable looking monk with a bald head and flowing

bushy beard, grey with the lapse of years, whom we rightly supposed to be the superior of the convent. On his left sat two others, somewhat less venerable in appearance than himself. A few others sat below them, at the cross-table, and from thirty to forty occupied seats in one long line down the side of the room, with their backs to the wall. The whole assembly wore their long hooded cloaks, and all had bushy beards. Some few were yet young, and one we noticed was without either cloak or beard; probably a guest or a novice. They all seemed to be very happy and comfortable at their meal, laughing and chatting to one another, but quietly and without noise.

Our friends in the kitchen were clothed in hooded cloaks precisely similar, of the usual snuff-brown colour, and wore sandals, but did not apparently cultivate the growth of their beards, nor yet trouble themselves much in passing a razor over them, for their chins, though certainly *not* "new reap'd," nevertheless

"Show'd like a stubble-land at harvest-home."

We were told that each of the Capuchin monks is allowed two bottles of wine a-day—a very fair share; but it must be borne in mind that the wines of the country are of a thin quality.

Attached to the convent is a neat little garden for the monks to take exercise; and in one part, under a shaded alcove, is a small skittle-ground, where they amuse themselves during their hours of recreation. One old gentleman was here walking about,—possibly the one whom we thought to be in his cell; he was full of years in appearance, much bent in body, and showed every sign of having attained an unusual advanced age. Whilst in the garden, and before we found our way into the kitchen, we had passed the windows of the dining-room, and observed the monks at supper. Our laquais-de-place (for we were not above employing one, to save time and trouble) asked the sage old friar if we might go and peep in at the windows?—not a very proper request, it must be admitted; but his reply was, that “there *could* be nothing to see, as there was but one way of eating.”

On the right bank of the river Inn, and at the extremity of the broad street of the town, after passing through an arch which is said to have been erected by Maria Theresa on her visit to Innsbruck, are two churches nearly facing each other, but I do not recollect their names. At the door of one of them, attached to which is a monastery, are stationed two huge figures in wood, very much resembling

our own Gog and Magog; but for whom they are intended, or what their history, I don't suppose the good people of Innsbruck have any more knowledge than the Lord Mayor and aldermen of the city of London have of the Gog and Magog of Guildhall, beyond what they may perhaps have read in the prophet Ezekiel or the Revelations of St. John. They have, however, a legend of two brothers, of gigantic size, Haymo and Thyrsus, the former of whom slew the latter, whose soul transmigrated into the body of a fierce dragon, which, after annoying Haymo for a long time, was eventually slain by him. Whether these are the Gog and Magog of the Tyrolese, I know not.

This church may be called handsome in the fitting up of the interior: it is well stored with a variety of saints, crucifixes, and relics, as most Catholic places of worship are, though here perhaps more abundantly. The one opposite is much the same in this respect; but just within the doorway, and on the sides of the porch, are a number of little paintings on the walls, of moderate execution, but many of them sufficiently expressive in describing the brutal atrocities of the French and Bavarian soldiers, committed on the citizens, during their occupation of the town. Among others, a ca-

valry soldier was represented in the act of cutting down a poor peasant, who, unarmed and on his knees, was supplicating for mercy; and most of them were meant as records of atrocious deeds committed by these invaders. In addition to this kind of descriptive memorial, were other paintings, in illustration of the common casualties of life.

The only other church into which we looked stands in the broad street, on the opposite side of and not far from our hotel. Little was to be seen in it, different from the usual appearance of churches; but in the evening, when the people attended vespers, the throng was so great that we could with difficulty get in, the very steps being crowded with people. The organ is full-toned and was well played, and the voices joining in with it made effective and impressive harmony. The service being ended, every one seemed to be pushing forward to a particular spot, where we found the priest handing something, perhaps a relic of the Saint to whom the church is dedicated, to be kissed by the people, one after another, as rapidly as he could hand it to them: between each kiss he wiped it with a cloth, when those who had performed the ceremony, which all seemed to do with great and enthusiastic devotion, immediately walked away, crossing themselves as they

passed the several altars. This ceremony is probably in common use in all Catholic churches, as I remember many years ago to have witnessed it in Belgium.

The devotion of the Tyrolese, however, is evidently less a matter of form, and marked with a greater degree of warmth, than in the generality of Catholic countries. They seem, if I may be permitted to say so, in greater *earnest* in their devotions, and I believe are more strictly attentive to their religious duties, in private as well as public, than is the case in most parts of the continent.

In the centre of the broad-street stands a full-length and exalted figure of the Virgin Mary, around which are almost always to be seen a group of people kneeling; but in the evening, when this statue is usually lighted up, a large concourse assemble, attracted, perhaps, on that occasion, as much by the glare of the lights and glitter of the ornaments with which the figure is dressed, as by an impulse of religious duty, no apparent ceremony or mark of respect being required.

The Tyrolese, however, are, as I have observed, beyond all question a most religiously disposed people. This opinion is not given because of the multitude of crosses, and crucifixes, and figures, seen by the road-side, and of the innumerable little chapels, or the vast

number of painted boards posted up, descriptive

“ — of most disastrous chances
Of moving accidents by flood and field,”

but because, in all their obeisances and genuflexions, there is obviously an earnestness and sincerity, a gesture of humility, and a conviction that they are doing what is right, that must remove all suspicion of these being considered by them merely as so many forms.

Besides the paintings and sculptures stuck up by the road side, which have a reference to sacred subjects, there are many hundred notices on tablets, such as above alluded to, of lives lost by the crossing of a river or overturning of a carriage, or other accidents; the record of which, I have no doubt, arose from a religious feeling; serving, at the same time, to remind others of the uncertain tenure of life. They evidently are not erected as memorials to the memory of the departed, as the greater number have no inscription upon them—no name, but are left to tell their own story.

But to return to our inspection of a few other edifices.—The Palace is a long range of snow-white building, perfectly plain in its exterior, and said to contain nothing that would repay one for going over it. Opposite to its front, in a large square, stands an equestrian statue of Leopold V., of no particular merit.

A considerable part of the Palace is said to have been planned by Maximilian; but when last there, on inspecting some additions to it, he expressed his dissatisfaction at some part of the design, and said he must have another house built of a different description; and sending for the master carpenter, he led him aside and desired him to take measure of him for his coffin, which was made at Innsbruck, packed privately in a case, and carried about with him wherever he went, to the time of his death; and he was interred in it by an express desire in his will. The public gardens, or rather those attached to the Palace, are open to the public, and extend to the banks of the river. They are tastefully enough laid out, but not kept in order as they should be. On Sunday evenings the military band attend, and they are then crowded with the inhabitants of Innsbruck.

A visit to the Museum, attached to the University, afforded us much interest and amusement. It is small, but contains many things to be looked at; and none perhaps more attractive to the Tyrolese than the reminiscences of the late war, which was forced upon them, and in which they so bravely not only defended themselves and their country, but repeatedly defeated the enemy, as I have already shown. The most esteemed among them are

articles in themselves of little value,—the hat, sword, belt, and other portions of the dress which had been worn by the patriot Hofer.

There was another article, not displeasing to an Englishman, from the estimation in which it was held, and the exultation with which it was shown to us. This was a document signed by Lord Bathurst, who, in 1809, was acting as Secretary of State for Foreign Affairs, being in answer to the memorial of the Tyrolese Deputies who had proceeded to London, and the substance of which has been given in a former chapter. This answer was most gratifying to their feelings, though it candidly, and with expressions of deep regret, stated the utter impossibility, at that time, of England being able to afford them any direct and effectual aid in the contest, excepting so far as related to some pecuniary assistance which the Government of Great Britain was most willing to afford them. I regret very much having omitted to take a copy of this letter, under the erroneous impression that I should have no difficulty in procuring it at home; but no such letter appears in the Foreign or Colonial Office, nor in the State-paper Office, where the memorial is lodged; and I have since had reason to believe the money was given as secret-service money, in which case no docu-

ment is ever left behind. There are in the Museum several pictures, not of the first class, by native artists; one in particular, on a large scale, is the portrait of a chamois hunter, in the usual dress and appointments of one when equipped for the pursuit of this mountain game. There is also a collection of subjects in the several departments of natural history peculiar to Tyrol; specimens of their manufactures, very excellent carvings in wood, chiefly by a native of the name of Joseph Hall; besides a great number of curiosities of one description or another.

Proceeding from the Museum through the Neustadt, a little way into the country, on the right bank of the Inn, we ascended a hill, from whence we had an excellent view of the valley of the Inn, both above and below Innsbruck, as well as of the town itself. We also observed a very pretty cascade of the river Sill, which, flowing across the plain, contributes its waters to the Inn. This hill is the position that Hofer is said to have taken up on the memorable occasion of his defeating the Duke of Dantzic, and driving him out of the town across the bridge, where a dreadful slaughter ensued. After this action Hofer made his triumphal entry into Innsbruck.

At the spot of which I am speaking, the

Tyrolese rifle corps or sharpshooters are in the habit of practising the firing of ball-cartridges; and as we were given to understand that, if we remained a little while, we should probably see some of the regiment at practice, we did so; but after stopping a considerable time, only one of the officers of the regiment came there to practise with his rifle at a target. He placed himself at a distance perhaps of about 120 yards. He fired from the window of a little wooden summer-house; and the first shot went about a foot below the bull's-eye. The second was an unerring aim and hit it. We saw a few men of this regiment about the town, dressed in a neat russet-coloured coat, and trousers of the same colour, well suited for the mountains, and more adapted for their country than green would be. They were generally young and well-looking men, neat in their dress, but of rather low stature.

On our return from this spot we prepared for an early departure on the following morning. I will only add, that our hotel was large and commodious; the lodging comfortable, the meats well dressed, the wine good, and the people civil. The charge, however, appeared high; but a moment's reflection satisfied us of its reasonableness, both here and along the

whole line of the Inn, on account of the paucity of travellers and the great expense of keeping up such establishments ; a condition to which we also shall soon come, along our great roads, in consequence of railway travelling superseding generally all other modes.

CHAPTER XI.

FROM INNSBRUCK TO SALZBURG.

The Valley and River Sill—Castle of Ambras—The plain opposite Hall—Town of—Salt-mines—Pleasing situation of Volders—Schwatz—The Mines of—Strass and the Valley and River of Zillerthal—Rattenberg—St. John the Guardian of Bridges—His history—Inundation or destruction of the Road—Village of Worgl—Leave the great Road of the Inn—Dreadful state of the Road—Dangerous situation of the Horses—Elman—The Valley of—Further difficulties—St. Johann—Waidring—Lofer, the Frontier of Tyrol—Valley of the Saal—Town of Unken, in Bavaria—Objections to a large Carriage Conveyance in the Tyrol—A Norwegian Carriole preferable—Country and People of Tyrol—No Beggars—Character of the Peasantry—General Character—Difference in the Bavarian Peasantry—Reichenhall—Its Salt-works—Enter Salzburg.

FROM Innsbruck, the carriage road continues along the left bank of the river. On the opposite side, almost immediately after passing the suburbs, the well-clothed valley of the Sill opens out, down which rolls a copious stream of that name, and enters the plain, by the cascade already mentioned. The Sill rises at the northern base of the Brenner mountain, and joins the Inn a little below Innsbruck. The neighbourhood of this noble range of the Alps was celebrated, in the course of the last war, by the signal defeat of the

Duke of Dantzic, with an army of French, Bavarians, and Saxons, as related in a preceding chapter, where is an account of this event graphically described by a Saxon officer, who was taken prisoner.

Near the valley of the Sill stands the Castle of Ambras, perched on a projecting ridge of the mountain, once the favourite abode of the Archduke Ferdinand, and his amiable and beloved wife, Philippina. This castle was then, and long after continued to be, a Museum, containing pictures, sculpture, carvings in wood, minerals, and other productions of natural history, chiefly of Tyrol, all of which were dispersed; some to the Museum of Innsbruck, but the best of them to Vienna; and the castle is now, I believe, turned into a kind of military storehouse and barrack for soldiers.

We soon came to the town of Hall, about five miles from Innsbruck. The Sollstein mountain, with its sloping side coming down to the road, accompanied us on our left, but with a gradually diminished height, as far as that town. On the opposite side of the river is a broad belt of land, nearly level, which was in a high state of cultivation, with Indian corn ripe and ready for the reaping hook, barley oats, and flax. The wheat was nearly all cut, and stoked in a way different from that we

usually see; a pole is fixed in the ground, which serves as a centre for sheaves to be placed round, the butt end of the sheaf to the pole, and the ears outward, exposed to the sun and air, and piled up to the height of six or seven feet.

We saw nothing to encourage our stopping at Hall; its appearance is that of a cluster of dark and gloomy buildings, blackened with smoke and soot, partly from coal, but chiefly from wood, used in the salt boiling-houses; the pitch pine is that probably most in use, though all the fir tribe give out smoke enough. Large piles of this or other kinds of wood were heaped up for boiling the brine, which is sent down in tubes or troughs from the mine, in the mountain behind Hall, a distance of five or six miles, and accessible only by a steep and rugged road. The brine is here crystallized in large flat iron pans or cisterns. As it was our intention to visit Salzburg, and the salt-mines of Hallein, we did not think it advisable to climb the Sollstein mountain, the less so, having understood that both are pretty much of the same nature.

At a couple of miles or so beyond Hall, we had to cross the Inn over a wooden bridge to the little village of Volders, which, with its church, venerable by age, its delightful situation, with a fine river in front, a range of well-clothed

mountains behind, and a productive and well-cultivated valley all round it, gave to Volders the appearance of a peaceful and happy seclusion from the bustle of the world, near as it is situated to a public road; a road, however, not much travelled over.

Proceeding onwards, we came to Schwatz, where we rested our horses. This is a considerable town, said to contain nearly three thousand inhabitants. A great part of it was rebuilt after being set fire to by the French in the war of 1809, when retreating from Innsbruck. In the time of the Emperor Maximilian, it is recorded that a valuable silver-mine was worked in the mountain behind Schwatz, and a mint established for coining the metal; and the ruined tower is pointed out on the side of the mountain above the town, as the remains of this mint. Iron and copper mines are still worked, as may be seen by the heaps of slag and scoriæ lying by the side of the road.

From Schwatz we continued along the right bank of the Inn to the little village of Strass, at the foot of the beautiful transverse valley of the Zillerthal, down which a fine stream pours its waters into the Inn. It descends, like the Sill, from the base of the lofty mountain range of the Brenner, whose summits are covered with snow, and the glaciers upon them visible even at this great distance.

On the side of the valley, along which we are proceeding, the distant Alps maintain their general height, and throw their spurs or offsets almost down to the banks of the Inn, but on the opposite side the Sollstein may be said to have nearly vanished at Schwatz; and now the range of hills, of which it formed a part, fall back, increasing the width of the Innthal very considerably. The river is also here flowing in a more tranquil state, and passengers may be ferried across without the least danger. I am unable to account for the absence of boats even at Innsbruck, where at least we saw none; the rapidity of the river, though great, would be no impediment in most countries to its navigation; besides, it appears in Addison's account of his tour, that he embarked at Innsbruck and continued his voyage the whole way down the Inn, to its junction with the Danube.

The next place we came to was Rattenberg, an old, decayed, and poor-looking town. Here a wooden bridge crosses the river, but a considerable portion of it had been carried away by the force of the current, notwithstanding the Guardian Saint of Bridges, a certain Bishop of the name of John Nepomuck. He is represented on most of the bridges in a full-length figure, of wood, with a crucifix in his hand, and his head inclined on one side, being pre-

cisely the same personage wherever found. The history of this bishop, as related in popish legends, is this; that he was waylaid and thrown from a bridge into the river and drowned, by order of some king who wished to get from him a confession, made by his queen, which the priest, by his oath and his honour, was bound to conceal, and consequently refused to divulge. By some miraculous appearances of flame flickering on the water, the body was discovered; and from that time he became the patron or guardian of bridges, on which his image appears in most of the Catholic countries of the continent. Whether this be a mere legendary tale, or a true story, I leave others to judge, but there is nothing improbable in such an event; and the public record of it may, at least, serve to remind Catholic bishops and priests of the danger, yet of the imperious necessity, of keeping sacred, even from a royal husband, the secrets of his wife confided to him. In the present instance the least that could be done, in honour of the memory of the bishop, was to bestow on it the boon of canonization, and his name was accordingly enrolled in the calendar of saints as St. John Nepomuck.

The destruction of the present bridge did not impede us; our route still continued on

the same side. But the late rains had done serious mischief, not only here, but in most parts of this neighbourhood. We were told that for three days the road had been impassable, and that this was the first day there had been any vehicles upon it. In several parts it had been broken up by the rush of water down the mountain streams on the right, which had carried large quantities of loose stones and gravel across and along its line for several yards. We have found, indeed, that the water generally makes a channel for itself along the surface of the road, particularly if it happens to have a slight inclination. We observed many fields entirely under water, some partially so, and the crops, of course, utterly destroyed.

In the evening we arrived at Worgl, a miserable little village of about a dozen houses, where we resolved to pass the night, intending from this spot to leave altogether the valley of the Inn. Before dinner we walked through the fields to a little rising knoll, on which stands a small church. The door of this church was locked, but there was an altar in the porch, where we discovered two women at their devotions, who were somewhat startled by our unexpected approach, as we came rather suddenly upon them, not being

aware of their presence till we entered the porch, otherwise we should have carefully abstained from disturbing them.

From the summit of this knoll there is a charming view of the valley of the Inn, and of the surrounding mountains; as also of a small valley, trending away towards the eastward, the direction in which we were about to proceed on our journey to Salzburg; for at Worgl we leave the great road of the Inn, and turn off to the right. In passing through the fields we observed the same mode of stooking the grain to be adopted here with the poles, as already described. The grain appeared of a good quality and the ears well filled. After being shut up all day, or nearly so, in the carriage, we enjoyed this little walk exceedingly.

On the following morning, when about to depart, we found that considerable doubts were entertained whether we could pursue our intended route to Salzburg, in consequence of the damaged state of the roads; in which case we should have been obliged to give up our visit to that quarter, and proceed by the direct route to Munich, the respective roads diverging near this spot: that to Munich following the course of the Inn, while the other proceeds to the right, up the valley to which I

have alluded as trending away in an easterly direction.

Being told, however, that some wheel-carriages had passed, we determined to make the attempt; and, as we might have foreseen, it certainly proved, with our heavy carriage, rather a formidable undertaking. We found the road in many spots entirely swept away—literally not a vestige of it left—and we were compelled on several occasions to strike into the fields, all flooded as they were; and, in passing through one, we got the carriage completely bogged up to the axle-trees, even on rising ground, “fixed as the monument,” and the horses not only unable to move it, but wholly unable to extricate themselves from the quagmire. There were they, poor creatures, floundering about and breaking the harness to pieces. Poor Mr. Maurice shrugged his shoulders, Francois Xavier Schmidig followed his example—both were all-aghast; but Graham magnanimously ran in up to his knees in the mud, and undid the pole-chain, at the same time unhooking the traces, at some little risk of being buried under the horses in the bog; thus setting them free; when, after a little more floundering, they scrambled out upon terra firma. There stood the carriage, well embedded in the bog;

and there the horses, sweating and trembling, and shaking themselves, with the broken harness hanging loosely about them, the very picture of misery; whilst we were placed at a few short paces, wondering how we should ever get to the end of our day's journey! To add to our discomfort, it was a miserable day of drenching rain.

In an adjoining field were fortunately a few peasants, and one seemed to be the owner of a fine strong pair of horses standing near him. In vain, however, did we urge him to lend us these to assist our own in removing the carriage. He seemed perfectly callous to all solicitations, and I confess we felt annoyed at it; but, upon reflection, the man was perhaps right enough, inasmuch as he might have strained his horses, and done them more injury than any little remuneration we should have given him could have compensated. They might not, perhaps, have been his own horses, in which case his pertinacious refusal was the more creditable to him. After waiting in this predicament for an hour at least, not knowing what to do, the man at last consented to lend his two horses, if we could back the carriage out of the quagmire, and take it round another part of the field. Getting together a few peasants, and putting our own shoulders to the wheel, we found little diffi-

culty in backing it, as this operation was rather on a descent, and the ruts of the wheels, left in dragging it up the field, now assisted in getting it down.

We were several times after this compelled to ford the mountain torrents, the wheels frequently above the axletrees in water, the carriage dragged over loose stones, and thumped about among fragments of rocks scattered in every direction. The damage occasioned by the overflow of the little river, a mere mountain stream, forsaking its bed, was very extensive, having swept away everything before it: trees and branches of trees, stones, earth, gravel, and mud, were heaped in all directions wherever the water had rushed. Avalanches of stone and earth had rolled down the side of the lofty hills, tearing away and driving everything before them. The turf which had clothed the sides was torn up into regular channels, extending down to the valley.

We reached a little spot called Elman to a late breakfast, and were glad enough to get thus far through our difficulties. We had been so much taken up in getting our carriage into safety, that little time was left to pay attention to the general aspect of the country. On leaving the valley of the Inn, however, I noticed that the hills had sensibly decreased

in height, and had now become of moderate elevation, well clothed with trees, chiefly pines, as was also the valley we were now in. The only object that varied the scene was a large castle that stood prominently forward on the very edge of a small precipice, not far from the entrance of this valley.

Leaving Elman, we shortly came to a portion which was, if possible, worse than any of the preceding part of our route. The road, which had been on an embankment, was washed away, and we were compelled to descend a bank so steep that the horses could be of no possible use, and were accordingly taken out; and by employing a number of men, who happened to be at work near the spot, to hold back the carriage, and lower it down gently—both the hind-wheels having on the drags, which, by clogging themselves in the mud, were of essential service—away it went down the bank, sustaining no further damage than cracking the pole, which, if we had had our wits about us, we should have taken off. The fracture, however, was soon corded up, and made as strong as ever. On passing the cord round and round, a little water was required to moisten it that it might hold the better, and one of the young men good-naturedly ran to the little river, and, dipping his hat into the

stream, brought a supply, much to the amusement of the others.

Our horses being again harnessed, a short and desperate effort, both of horses and men, got the carriage again up the ascent and upon the road. It was not, however, destined to run upon it long, for we soon arrived at another spot where the road had almost wholly disappeared, or was choked up with trees and branches which had been swept down upon it; so that we were repeatedly under the necessity of striking through the fields and across mountain torrents, shaking and knocking the carriage about most unmercifully; all of which our good-humoured driver bore with much philosophy, contenting himself with an occasional exclamation and shrug of the shoulders, as we encountered the difficulties, and a smile of satisfaction as we overcame them. If our carriage had not been well-built, and in good order, it could not have stood the severe trial to which it was put.

It was not till we arrived at the village of St. Johann that we had surmounted our chief difficulties. The afternoon continued to be most unpropitious for our further journey, the clouds and mist entirely obscuring the view of the mountains; but we went on, and as we approached Waidring they cleared off, and

we continued our journey along the course of a rivulet flowing through a narrow valley—the very perfection of a mountain stream, which brawled at the foot of a bold rocky precipice, whose steep sides were clothed with wood, and whose summit rose boldly out of the belt of trees, showing itself, like a wall, for a considerable distance. This little valley, with its wooden huts and foot bridges across the stream, reminded me a little of some of the valleys in Norway, to which it bears a resemblance.

We soon came to Lofer, a village on the frontier of Tyrol. Around the houses were piled large quantities of wood cut for fuel, forming an outer case, or wall, of some feet thickness, the windows and doors only being left free. The mountains on either side of this valley, though of no great elevation, are bold and picturesque, and of pleasing forms.

The road from Lofer continues to follow the course of the little river Saal, which runs through the contracted valley, in which also is situated the town of Unken, in a little nook of Bavaria, squeezed in between the Tyrol and Salzburg, and where, after our rough day's journey, having arrived late in the evening, we determined to pass the night.

Before taking leave of the Tyrol, I cannot

forbear saying that we were by no means satisfied with the mode we adopted to obtain a general knowledge of that interesting country. It struck us, from the moment we had passed the Stelvio, and the same idea continued to impress us more forcibly as we proceeded along the valley of the Inn, and was more than ever confirmed by our last day's journey, that, however convenient a large carriage may be for a party, whether a private or a hired one, in travelling over the flats of Lombardy, or the plains of Bavaria, it is of all others the least adapted for the Tyrol, if the traveller be desirous of seeing anything beyond the great public roads. It would be a hopeless task to attempt to ascend with it any of those fine transverse valleys, full of sylvan beauty, of picturesque and romantic scenery, which open into the three or four great longitudinal valleys which pervade the Tyrol.

It is in these cross valleys, where the rugged rocks of multiform shape, and the towering precipices, the abode of the chamois, the ibex, and the eagle, are to be seen—where the music of the falling cascades, the roaring of the cataract, and the gurgling of the mountain stream, are to be heard; but these, and the numberless charms which the sequestered valley can convey, are to be heard and seen only by the pedes-

trian, or by aid of a pony or a mule, or perhaps still more easily and conveniently of a small horse curriole, or, speaking from experience in a similar country, of a little Norwegian carriole, the best, in my opinion, of all others for traversing the Alpine hills and valleys.

What I have seen, however, both of the country and people, has afforded me much pleasure and satisfaction; the former, for its limited and industrious population, being capable of yielding—and, in fact, does yield—all the necessaries, though few of the luxuries, of life, plenty of food and clothing; and as to the second, we heard of no poor-laws nor poor-houses; and the helpless and the destitute are generally, I believe, relieved by charitable donations and institutions, conducted by the monks and the clergy. In the whole distance of not less than 180 miles that we travelled through the most frequented part of the Tyrol, we never met a beggar of any description in town or village, or on the road.

The rich pasture of the natural grasses and clover in the valleys and sides of the mountains support their cattle through the summer months, and afford them hay for the winter; and that most useful grain, the maize, with wheat, barley, and rye, supply the people with farinaceous food, which, with milk and butter and cheese, constitute the principal diet of the

peasantry. Their sheep thrive well, and afford them occasionally a meal of animal food ; and their wool, with the culture of flax and hemp, supplies them with clothing. But without an extraordinary degree of energy and activity, even the necessary supply of these could not be acquired. The snow-clad mountains, with their glaciers and naked rocks, occupy at least four-fifths of the territory of Northern Tyrol ; but cultivation is seen to smile in every valley and ravine, in every gorge and pass across the mountains, and high up on their sides wherever the smallest patch of soil has fixed itself ; in many places so elevated and apparently inaccessible, as to make it difficult to imagine how the necessary implements and other ingredients for cultivation can have been carried up.

Wherever one of the larger valleys occurs—however narrow its surface, however niggard its soil, however excluded from the benignant rays of the sun—a village, dense with population, with a little church overlooking it, is sure to be found.

Thus, struggling as it were for existence, and at all events subsisting wholly without luxuries or superfluities, the Tyrolese are certainly a noble race of men, well-made and well set-up, with a lofty and erect bearing ; their moral character is that of a brave, sin-

cere, and simple-minded people, not much given to boisterous mirth, but rather of a serious and sedate turn—blunt in their manners, but without rudeness, reminding me very much of the Norwegian peasantry. They are not gloomy nor morose, but disposed to social meetings; fond of music and fond of dancing; the peasantry acting plays of their own, resembling, it is said, our ancient mysteries and morris-dances.

They are independent in their feelings, but highly loyal to their sovereign, and warmly attached to the House of Austria. Happy and contented with his condition, secluded in his valley from all but his own countrymen, and ignorant of what is passing in the rest of the world; free from all the heart-burnings and rancorous feuds engendered by difference of opinions and disputes in matters of politics and religion; the Tyrolean peasant and his countrymen, united as one people, professing one faith, live in harmony and brotherly love; and if any one virtue more than another can exalt the Tyrolese character, it is that which I have before mentioned—the rigid observance of their religious duties. Mr. Murray has so well described this eminent trait in their character, that my readers will not be displeased by its insertion here.

“The strong religious feeling of the people is very remarkable; but who can live among the high Alps and not be impressed more than elsewhere with the dependence of man upon the Ruler of the elements? The pine-riven by the lightning, the cottage burnt by it; the winter’s avalanche remaining through the heat of the summer unmelted in the depths of the valley, the line of desolation it has caused in its course marked by the prostrate forest with the stumps only standing like straw in a stubble field; the hamlet buried by the landslip, or swept away by the mountain-torrent, are objects of every-day occurrence. The mountaineer, like the sailor and miner, is constantly exposed to risk; but in full confidence of protection, he lies down to sleep by the side of the stream which ere morning may sweep away all traces of his dwelling; and sets out to cross the mountain-pass, where a breath may bring down an avalanche. As soon as the vesper-bell has tolled in the evening, every household collects together for the performance of family prayer. The stranger who happens to pass through a village, at that hour, will perceive from every casement the low murmur of many voices, led by the deeper tones of the father of the house, and followed by the responses of the rest. To this devo-

tional feeling may be attributed the constant occurrence of the crucifix on the road-side, in every part of the Tyrol, and it is never passed without a reverential bow."

Leaving Unken, we step at once into the nook I have mentioned of Bavarian territory. Nothing could be more striking than the difference in the appearance and dress of the people from those we had just left. Instead of that neat and most becoming dress of the men, already described, fitting close to their well-proportioned limbs, we now saw peasantry clad in long loose snuff-coloured coats, lined or edged with pink, in its cut more like an Irish great coat, slouching down nearly to their heels, the waist or division of the coat behind, where it opens, being close under the shoulder-blades; studded in front with a plentiful cluster of silver or white metal buttons; thrown open and displaying smart waistcoats of all the colours of the rainbow; their hats ornamented with artificial flowers. We saw them in their best attire, this being Sunday.

The women, on the contrary, were more smartly dressed, and displayed more taste than the Tyrolese damsels with their bundles of petticoats, nor did they confine themselves to any particular style or fashion. Some wore black silk handkerchiefs tied tightly round their heads, decorated with flowers or ribands;

some caps of silver or gold tissue, and all had their hair neatly braided.

Our road now passed along a fine romantic mountain defile, with steep precipices rising on each side, in some parts nearly perpendicular, and to a great height. From the highest point of elevation, the view of the descent on the other side was quite enchanting, and terminated in a pretty little lake at the foot, which, we were told, was called by the *captivating* name of the Lake of Hell.

On the next ascent was perched prominently a little church, on the edge of a rocky precipice, affording, in the romantic scenery, a pretty and striking object; a little beyond this we reached the village of Reichenhall, where we remained a short time to rest the horses. In the valley, near to this place, the stranger's attention is fixed on a remarkable long range of wooden buildings extending quite across it. We found this building in use as a preparatory step for the purification of salt from the brine, which is pumped up from a great number of salt-springs. These houses are filled with faggots piled up to the roof, to the top of which the brine is raised, and, by passing through them, the water is evaporated, and the brine strengthened and prepared for the boilers.

It evinces in a forcible manner the value

and importance of these salt-springs, that all the wood in the neighbourhood of them having long been consumed, the brine is obliged to be sent to a great distance, where there is wood to boil it; and as the fir forests every where are high up in the mountains, they have contrived, by a system of very ingenious machinery, to raise it to the foot, or nearly so, of these forests, after forcing it through tubes a distance of many miles. The machinery is close to the evaporating houses, and put in motion by a stream of fresh water descending down the side of the mountain.

We now began to take leave of the fine mountain scenery, and shortly entered an extensive plain, reaching, in one direction, to the very limit of the horizon, a boundary of sight we had not enjoyed since entering the valley of the Valteline; and a great relief it was to the eye, after being confined within ranges of mountains, and becoming wearied from the constant repetition of the same objects. Even *Rasselas*, in the happy valley, was not contented with his confinement, but felt an ardent desire to get beyond the barrier chain of mountains which limited his view.

While thus enjoying, as we proceeded along, the extensive plains of Bavaria, we had be-

fore us the castellated heights of Salzburg, with the domes and spires of its churches; and we entered that city about three in the afternoon, establishing ourselves at the Golden Ship.

CHAPTER XII.

SALZBURG TO SALT-MINES OF HALLEIN.

Changes in the destiny of Salzburg—Persecution of the Protestants—River Salza—Town of Salzburg—Splendid Fountain—Cavalry Barracks--Amphitheatre--Equestrian Statue--Avenue along the valley of the Salza—Hallein and the Deurenberg—Ascend the Mountain—Dress for the Mines—Entrance to the Mines—Descent—Galleries—Cells—Descent on two Poles—Subterranean Lake—Curious Mode of Exit through a narrow Passage—Mode of Crystallizing the Salt—The Boiling-house—The Model of the Mines, and of the adjoining Country—Reflections on the Alpine Fir-forests.

SALZBURG, now a circle of the province of Upper Austria, has been subject to many masters. Formerly it was an independent ecclesiastical state in the circle of Bavaria, under an archbishop, whose authority was supreme. Napoleon, however, for his own purposes, thought fit to secularize it; and in 1802 it was transferred to Ferdinand, archduke of Austria, for the loss of Tuscany. In 1805 he made it over to the emperor of Austria, who in 1810 gave it to the king of Bavaria; and by the general peace of 1815 it was again delivered to Austria, of which it still remains a province. Salzburg affords one of the many

instances in which Napoleon, in the plenitude of his power, played with kings and princes, with kingdoms and principalities, as with a game of chess; creating some, and deposing others, as best suited his game, which he lost in the end, as those who play falsely ought to do, by being check-mated.

This country, however, was worse treated by the last archbishop, Leopold Anthony Eleutherius. Little more than a century ago this dignitary of the church entertained a violent hatred of the Lutherans and others of the Protestant faith, whom he persecuted and oppressed to such a degree as to oblige them to leave the country and seek a refuge in other parts of Germany and Belgium; and many of them, it is said, emigrated to our then English settlements in North America. By this harsh and impolitic proceeding, at least 30,000 of the most intelligent, active, and industrious portion of the population, artisans and tradesmen, are stated to have fled.

The extent of Salzburg may be about seventy miles from east to west, and forty from north to south; bounded on the south by that portion of the Alpine chain called Norican, from the ancient *Noricum*, and by a portion of the Tyrol ridge of mountains towards the north. The river Salza rises at its western extremity in the Tyrolese hills, and, passing through the

centre of the Salzburg province, collecting numerous streams from both sides, flows northerly in a rapid torrent through the city of Salzburg, and unites with the Inn in Bavaria. It is said to produce very little corn, but excellent pasture for horses, cattle, and sheep. A considerable portion of revenue is derived from its salt-mines, they being exclusively worked for the benefit of the Crown; consequently this necessary article of universal consumption is a complete monopoly, and subject to a high duty. The province contains other mines also of various metals; and manufactures of iron, steel, brass, and copper, are carried on to a considerable extent.

The city of Salzburg, the capital of the circle, is situated on a plain on the northern extremity, the Salza having taken a turn in that direction, where the Tyrolean mountains cease, and the plains of Bavaria open out. On each side of the town, however, are hills of 500 or 600 feet high. A long bridge crosses the river, which runs through the middle of the town. On the left is the rocky hill Monckberg, on which is situated the old Castle and Arsenal, very picturesque objects, not kept in good repair, and used chiefly as barracks. It commands an extensive view over the plains of Bavaria, and also of the mountains and romantic valley of the Salza. The access to this

mount is by a sweeping road cut out of the rock, which is a kind of calcareous breccia. On the opposite or right bank of the river a wall extends along the town, presenting several bastions, but has no cannon mounted. Above this wall rises the second sloping hill, of inferior height, on which is a Capuchin convent, and attached to one of the churches in the town a convent of Benedictines.

On entering the town by a gateway cut through the rock, we were struck with the venerable appearance of most of the houses, built with much uniformity, and generally after the Italian fashion; but the streets are narrow, crooked, and not over clean. In the suburbs there appear to be many good modern houses; and a row built close to the side of the steep rocky cliff near the entrance reminded me of the position of those in Pelham-place, under the cliff at Hastings. There are, however, in the town several open places or squares, in one of which stands the old or Archiepiscopal Palace: this is called the Court-square, and the palace is now converted into government offices.

In the centre of the square and opposite to our hotel is a gorgeous fountain, imposing by its size, height (about fifty feet), and structure; somewhat peculiar in the design, which is meant to be classical, and is wholly allego-

rical, perhaps not the less agreeable for being so, though now out of fashion, as the numerous creatures composing the edifice, and their disposition, furnish an abundant supply of copious streams of water, to modify the sultry heat of summer. On a slightly elevated base stands a large and handsome circular basin of white marble, full to the brim, in which are basking four large sea-horses, throwing up their forefeet to the margin of the basin, and each spouting from their nostrils two jets of water. From the centre rises a rocky grotto of the same material, surmounted by three Herculean Caryatides, with their legs interlaced, and not very tastily twisted to a point. These figures support an immense salver or plateau, over which are suspended by their tails three dolphins, whose open mouths pour out a plentiful stream upon the salver, which flows smoothly down every part of its side, while their curling tails, being uppermost and brought to a point, are made to support a smaller salver, on which is a little urchin, throwing upwards a stream of water out of a shell. As a work of art, its merits may be doubtful; but it contributes much to the importance and more to the comfort of the square.

We paid a visit to the cavalry barracks, being admitted on application to one of the officers, whose dress and appearance and readi-

ness to oblige were prepossessing. We found everything in excellent order.

Among their horses some appeared to have a good deal of Arab blood; the generality, however, were in too high condition for work. Attached to the barracks is a good riding-school, the ceiling of which is ornamented with an old painting, consisting of a variety of figures in the act of combat. In front is an open arena, a kind of amphitheatre, with tiers of galleries or colonnades cut in the rock above, which rises abruptly close to it. These were, no doubt, intended in former times for the spectators to witness the games, whatever they might be,—equestrian exercises, tilts, and tournaments, and perhaps bull-fights, if we can suppose the natives of Salzburg were ever so uncivilized as to have indulged in such amusements.

With the exception of a gateway cut through the solid rock, near which is rather a spirited figure of a man reining in a rearing horse, copied from the antique, there was nothing in the way of art to attract our attention at Salzburg. Among the number of churches one only is worthy the notice of a stranger, and that is the cathedral, with its two lofty turrets and a dome in the centre. It is a large massy building, but without any pretensions to beauty of architecture. Salzburg is an university, and

there are several colleges or schools attached to it. We saw a few of the young students in the streets, but being Sunday were precluded from paying a visit to it. It is said to possess a copious library, but of the nature of it I cannot pretend to say.

In fact, the principal object of our visit to Salzburg was to examine the Salt-mines of Hallein, which are distant from that city about eight or ten miles, nearly south, up the first part of the valley before it turns to the west; and for this purpose we engaged a carriage, to give an opportunity for our own to be examined, and at the same time afford our horses a good rest, of which the poor creatures stood in much need. Leaving Salzburg we began immediately to ascend the valley along the left bank of the river, or I may call it the mountain-torrent Salza, and entered as beautiful an avenue of trees as I ever beheld: being the first we had met with in the Alpine regions, the novelty of it might, perhaps, have had its influence. It certainly had not that brilliant display of beauty put forth by the avenue of horse chestnut in Bushy-park, when in full blossom, unequalled perhaps in Europe, nor by the breadth of that lofty beech at Stanstead, from both of which, indeed, it differed altogether—wanting their extent of width, but composed of almost every

species of forest tree, in the full perfection and maturity of growth; and all mixed together—oaks, elms, beech, sycamore, ash, and lime-trees; the last more particularly, whose spreading branches, meeting at top, afford a most delightful shade to the road. This beautiful and magnificent avenue extended to a very considerable distance. Many of the trees are of great circumference, more particularly the oaks, elms, and beech, all in full foliage, contributing their share of delightful shade to the traveller. Nothing can exceed the wild beauties of nature which displayed themselves, from the moment we got through this splendid avenue, by which they were in a great degree hidden from us;—woods, rocks, and precipices occur in quick succession; the latter overtopped by the dense and gloomy forests of everlasting fir, which seems here so thick and flourishing as to have defied the destructive power of its greatest enemy—the salt-works. The graceful larch was mixed with the forest trees of less aspiring elevation than the pine.

On reaching Hallein, we left the carriage there, and immediately commenced the ascent of the mountain Deurenberg, in the bosom of which the mines are worked. It was a sultry day, and a walk in the meridian sun, occupying nearly an hour, proved rather fa-

tiguining. A few straggling houses and a humble little church apprized us that we had reached the spot where the superintending officer and others employed at the mines reside. Invited into the largest of the mansions in this elevated abode, we found ourselves in a long room, on the walls of which were hung some old paintings, representing the descent into the mines, from which we might have obtained some general idea of what we had to go through; but we merely entered our names in a register kept for the purpose. We were then, each of us, supplied with a suit of white coarse linen, consisting of a loose jacket and trousers, to put over our clothes; also a leathern apron, tied round the waist and hanging down behind (the purpose of which will presently be explained); a cloth cap, and a thick glove on the right hand, resembling a boxing-glove.

Accompanied by two experienced miners, one of whom was a tall, gaunt-looking man with mustachios, we ascended the upper part of the steep side of the mountain till we reached the head of the mine, over which is a small wooden house. We had, first, to descend a flight of steps, each taking a lighted candle in his hand; at the foot of these we entered a long and level gallery, hewn out of the rock, the sides converging to the roof, the height

just sufficient to allow us to walk upright. From this low gallery branched out numerous little cells on either side, each being not more than four feet high, and in width little more than sufficient to admit a single person, and even these had other cells branching from them ; at the end of each was a solitary miner at work, with his glimmering light and a kind of pick-axe ; stripped perfectly naked as to the upper part of the body, and nothing below but his trousers.

In entering these cells, my friends had to creep on their hands and knees, both being above six feet high ; but I could manage, by stooping, to pass along. The heat was, however, almost beyond endurance ; and having soon satisfied our curiosity, and seen two or three of these poor fellows labouring, with streams of perspiration, in these dismal holes, we were glad to scramble out again. The material they were working in these veins of the rock (indurated clay and marl) was thinly intermixed with small crystals of salt, which threw out a sparkling light in the gloomy atmosphere of the place. We were told that when a sufficient quantity of this material has been produced, the opening of the cells is closed up with earth or clay ; and water, conducted in tubes from a supply in the mountain, is then let in, and allowed to remain for

a period of five or six weeks ; when, the saline particles being dissolved, the water is drained off by other tubes, and conveyed to the salt-pans in or near Hallein, to undergo the process of crystallization.

Having proceeded a considerable distance in the gallery we first entered, we came to a small well of about three feet square, having a perpendicular descent : each of its sides was fortified against the tumbling in of the earth with spars of wood, at short distances from each other. Down this well we were doomed to descend in "darkness visible," for there was nothing else to enlighten us but a little glimmering taper of fir, which was of no use to show what manner of place we had got into : truly might we say,—

"All here seem'd dark and dreadful."

For my own part I could see nothing, and attend to nothing, but to preserve a good foot-hold, by stepping alternately from spar to spar on the opposite sides, as one false step might have plunged us down an abyss of whose depth we knew nothing ; but it proved to be of short extent. It was enough, however, to set imagination at work, and I accordingly, while descending, called to recollection a similar shaft in the Gosforth Colliery at Newcastle, which I had descended in a basket to the depth of more than a thousand feet ; and

thought if this should turn out but a tenth part of it—but a sudden arrival at the bottom put a stop to further unpleasant conjectures.

We now arrived at a second gallery, with its cells similar to the first, at the end of which we came to an inclined plane, descending a shaft in an angle perhaps of about forty-five degrees. It commenced by a narrow adit, down which we had now to make our descent on a very peculiar machine. Two wooden beams, or rather round poles, are placed parallel to each other along this shaft, a little more than a foot apart. On these the visitor takes his seat, placing a leg over each pole. Between the poles and below them are logs of wood, notched as a stair, for the purpose of making the ascent. On the right hand of the sloping shaft, or along the side of the rocky wall, is a stout continuous rope, to be held in the hand, with a thick glove upon it, by which the speed may be regulated. The poles are highly polished, from constant friction, as is also the leathern apron, with which each person is supplied to gird on behind. Thus furnished, and with a candle in the hand that is free, we took our seats, almost in a recumbent posture, to avoid coming in contact with the roof, and away we went, one after another, impelled by our own weight, swift as an arrow, and in total darkness, for of course our candles

instantly went out. The sensation was really exhilarating, and put us in mind of the Montagnes Russes. The friction, however, of the hand was rather unpleasant, even through the thick glove.

In this way we made a rapid descent to the entrance of another gallery, and, having re-lighted our candles, passed along it, till we came to a second inclined plane, and performed a similar descent as before, completely in the dark, for our little tapers became again, from the speed, useless. In short, we descended four or five of these Montagnes Russes, all with equal velocity and equally in the dark, after passing through the same number of great galleries.

My friends were so delighted with this novel mode of travelling, on these dark and underground slides with more than railway speed, that they ascended the last of these shafts by the little steps beneath, which I have mentioned, for the mere pleasure of another slide down. It occurred to me on this occasion, that if, as they were stepping up, another party were whirling down, the collision might be attended with unpleasant, if not fatal consequences; as there would be no possibility of avoiding it by turning aside, nor any notice of such a meeting, to enable the descending party to check their speed. The guides,

I fancied, were rather averse to their going up again, though they said nothing.

The last gallery we traversed brought us suddenly to a large chamber, in which was a subterranean lake, lighted up purposely for us with tallow candles all round the margin; but we could not say—

“—— these lights, like stars,
Spangle the wonderful mysterious vault.”

On one side was stuck up a bright transparency of the Austrian Eagle, which, in another part of the mine, we had also seen sculptured in stone. On the lake was a sort of ferry-boat, with raised benches on either side; and, seating ourselves on these, we were dragged from one end of the lake to the other by a rope. The tallow candles were not of much use in lighting up the large chamber, or in communicating anything like transparency to the surface of the lake, the water of which, on the contrary, appeared black as ink—something of that dismal hue which Shakspeare describes to be

“—— the badge of hell,
The hue of dungeons, and the scowl of night.”

Indeed it required no great stretch of the imagination to suppose ourselves in the infernal regions, and there wanted only an appropriate old Charon to steer the ferry-boat to convert the inky lake into the Styx.

The length of the salt-lake might perhaps

be 300 or 400 feet, and the breadth 120 or 130; but this is a mere rough guess from recollection of its appearance. The depth was said to be seven feet. The ceiling of this cavernous chamber was perfectly flat, and so low as to be only a little above our heads as we sat in the boats; so that it might be about five or six feet at most from the surface of the water. We were told there were three or four other lakes, and one of them was said to be three or four times the size of this. Their use is to collect the brine which is sent down by tubes from the numerous cells wherein it is first dissolved.

On leaving this singular spot, we were conducted through several other galleries and passages till we came to a nearly horizontal adit, having only an easy and gradual descent. Here we perceived a long truck of wood on wheels, across which we were told to seat ourselves, one after another, much in the same fashion as on a Russian drosky. A *biped* was harnessed in front, and one pushed in the rear. In this passage is laid down a sort of tram-road, on which the wheels run. We were desired to keep our legs as close to the bench as possible, to avoid coming in contact with the rock. Having seated ourselves "all in a row," away we started at a good brisk pace, the men running as fast as their legs could carry them;

they could not, indeed, avoid it; for there was no possibility of their stopping the cargo they had got, after once it had obtained its impetus on the rail.

This was perhaps the most nervous part of our subterranean excursion, as we were in such close contact with the sides of the narrow gallery; and every now and then, as we whisked past an opening with other galleries, it was difficult to divest ourselves of the idea that the knees would be smashed to pieces.

In proceeding through this narrow adit a small glimmering light, as of a distant candle, makes its appearance, which, on a nearer approach, looked like a bright and brilliant flame, and we were told it was only the light of day; though we could scarcely persuade ourselves of the fact. A minute or two, however, proved it to be true: for whirled were we in a moment, and brought to a sudden stand-still, under the glorious canopy of heaven, with a fine brilliant sun shining above us, in exchange for the dark and gloomy caverns we had been traversing in the bowels of the earth for the space of two hours; indeed it required some little time for the eye to recover its accustomed focus.

We now found ourselves just above the little town of Hallein, where we had left our carriage. It contains two or three churches, from

three to four hundred houses, and from two to three thousand inhabitants, most of whom were families in some way or other connected with those employed in the salt-mines and in the process of purifying that mineral. For this purpose there is here a large boiling-house, where the brine, when drained off, is received and boiled down in enormous iron boilers or caldrons; and at the end of every two hours or so the salt deposited at the bottom is raked about and then spooned out, and at once placed in casks which are standing ready to receive it. One of these large boilers, perhaps from forty to fifty feet in diameter, is not more than three or four feet deep, under which a prodigious fire is kept up, constantly supplied with billets of wood, the consumption of which must be immense. Piles of logs and fagots stand ready inside the boiling-house, and the stokers are constantly employed in feeding the fire, the intense heat and glare of which are almost intolerable, and none but the stokers, accustomed to it, could endure it as they do.

In the veins or strata which are worked as we have seen, the rock-salt, in small crystals, is found embedded in clay. In many places the salt had assumed a fibrous form. Specimens of crystallized sulphate of lime were frequent in the strata of limestone. Crystallized gypsum was also common with rock-salt, the

latter frequently found in masses, among which were cubes of salt. But the bed or matrix of the small particles of salt is in indurated clay, which, on letting in the water, readily dissolves, and forms a clay floor for the cells.

The wood that is used here and at all the salt-works in the Tyrol and this part of Germany being mostly, if not altogether, of two or three species of fir, which are also used for domestic purposes, the question then naturally suggests itself—how happens it, after a lapse of so many hundred years these works have been carrying on, there is no apparent diminution of the pine-forests? There is no appearance of a succession being kept up by cultivation; perhaps they are so by spontaneous production from the dispersion of seed.

We saw at Hallein a small model of the mines, which conveyed a good notion of the course we had followed through the mountain; at the same time it pointed out to us the numerous and extensive passages we might have gone through, which would have occupied at least a whole day. It showed the whole mountain of Deurenberg to be excavated like a honeycomb; and the only wonder is, that after four or five hundred years, which they say the working of it has been carried on, it has not been crushed down into one solid mass.

There were other models at Hallein, of which

I regret we knew nothing until it was too late. These were the "Mechanical plastic representations of George Leymann, civic master carpenter in Hallein, numbered and described in the order in which they are to be seen;" as the little book which was put into our hands on emerging from the mines informs us. These plastic representations consist not only of the mines, but of the surrounding features of the country; and, judging from Mr. Leymann's own account, we have indeed missed much. He assures his readers that he has given a very short description of his mechanical plastic exhibition; "to describe all," he says, "would require as many volumes as the description of the places themselves in nature;" and any one of his readers who will visit these representations "will find his expectation very far surpassed." They are exhibited, he tells us, in the Stadtguichts'-plaze, in Hallein, house No. 248; and, what is certainly of importance to know, "the entrance-money for persons of quality is at their pleasure! for other persons twelve kreutzers; for children half-price."

Well pleased with our visit to Hallein, we returned, by the way we had come, to Salzburg, to a late dinner, and prepared for leaving on the morrow, and making our way across the plains of Bavaria to Munich. But on taking a final leave of the Alpine mountains,

which range across the continent of Europe for at least 600 miles, I am desirous to say a word on the almost continuous forests of fir-trees that crown sometimes their summits, and always their upper regions, as a subject affording scope for observation and reflection. Were they originally planted by the hand of Nature, or by man? The former is probably the more rational conjecture, and that they have been produced and re-produced from the first creation of the mountain ranges where they flourish. Man could not have planted them where they most abound. Many of them, indeed, are in situations inaccessible to man. Originally they no doubt descended down to the valleys, and have been extirpated for domestic and other purposes. This suggests another idea, to account for these aërial forests. If, when population was less dense, they grew plentifully in the valleys, the eagle, the vulture, the crow, the ptarmigan, and other birds, might easily carry up the seeds to the mountain tops, and there drop them. A few would propagate the rest, being of easy growth; as we find the same tree growing spontaneously on heaths and commons in the neighbourhood of park plantations,—for instance, on Bagshot Heath, on the common adjoining Claremont and Payne's Hill,—the seeds having been carried thither by birds or some of the tribe of small burrowing animals.

One thing at least is quite certain, that all these forests owe their existence to the seed. Other trees, when cut down, throw out what are called stools or shoots for new trees from the old trunk ; but the fir once cut down shows no sign of reproduction.

The geologist inquires into the causes of the position in which the several mineral strata are found, and by what agency they were probably brought into their respective positions. Why should not the botanist extend his inquiries into the existence of primitive forests, as in America, Australia, and other countries where the hand of man never planted them? I merely venture to throw out this hint to be taken up by others better qualified than myself to discuss it ; for the Alpine pine forests have very often engaged my attention, as they cannot have failed to do that of others who have crossed these interesting regions.*

* Since the above was in print, I received the following from Mr. J. Murray :—“The Austrian government includes an office of woods, &c., and great pains are taken in renovating the forests. Schools are established for this purpose, and the pupils are dispersed through the country to exercise their craft. It is by this alone that the supply of timber for fuel is kept up.” As my observation is confined solely to the fir forests on the high Alpine regions, amidst and above the snow and the glaciers, the subject may still be deemed worthy of inquiry.

CHAPTER XIII.

SALZBURG TO MUNICH.

Road to Munich—Wassenburg, on the Inn—Entrance into Munich—Fortifications thrown down—France contrasted with other powers in this respect—Public spirit and liberality of King Lewis of Bavaria—Description of Munich—The Cathedral and other Churches—Stained Glass in the windows of one—The Cemetery—The Old Palace—The new one, or Royal residence—Splendid Apartments of the King and Queen—The grand Ball-room—Bronze Statue of Maximilian Joseph—The Hof, or Court Garden—The Odeon Platz—Carolinen Platz and Obelisk—Inscription on Pedestal—The Pinakothek, or Picture Gallery—The Glyptothek, or Sculpture Gallery—Picture Gallery of Prince Leuchtenberg—Various Scientific and other Institutions—Libraries—Extent required for a given number of Books—Bronze Statues of the Kings of Bavaria—The Military—Origin of Munich.

ON quitting Salzburg, and pursuing the road to Munich, we take leave of mountain and hill scenery, but for some distance the towering Alps are not lost sight of; and though gradually becoming less and less distinct as we proceed, they do not entirely fail us the first day. In fact, we afterwards found that some of the highest peaks are visible from Munich. I believe we all felt some little regret on leaving behind us a country replete with so much physical variety and beauty as are to be found in the Alpine regions.

The road was pretty good, covered in places with round gravel. It passed through a well-wooded and partially undulating country. The forest-trees consisted of oaks, ash, elm, and, among the rest, our old companions the fir-trees were not deficient, but were planted mostly in clumps on the heights. The land appeared to be everywhere rich and in a state of good cultivation; not much grain, but abundance of clover, vetch, &c. We passed in the early part of the day a pleasing little sheet of water called the Waging, out of which a small river flows, at its south-eastern extremity, northerly into the Salza before the latter joins the Inn. At some little distance from the Waging we crossed another small river, which issues from a larger lake, called the Chiem See, and flows northerly into the Inn.

It was late in the evening before we arrived at Wassenburg, where we passed the night. This little town is situated on the banks of our old friend the Inn, of which we were here to take our leave. It makes a somewhat remarkable sweep round the town at the foot of a projecting promontory. From this height we had the first view of Wassenburg beneath us, whence we looked down upon the roofs of the houses. We found it on entering a dirty and dull-looking place.

The Inn is here a fine bold navigable river,

sweeping swiftly but steadily past the ancient town; and it had now some appearance of trade upon it, as the different-sized boats and barges testified. Wassenburg is well situated as an entrepôt between Salzburg and Northern Tyrol on the one hand, and Munich and Vienna on the other, and particularly for a supply of the article of salt. But it has no appearance of being a thriving town, and is certainly an ill-savoured one: though I am not very fastidious, and have been pretty well used to the unpleasant odours not unfrequently met with in foreign towns, yet I must confess that this was nearly past all endurance. We were, nevertheless, comfortably lodged: there was no want of attention on the part of the good woman of the house, who did her utmost to please us, and we fared exceedingly well at our meals, notwithstanding the town being in such *bad odour*.

We left Wassenburg at an early hour in the morning, and passed through an undulating country similar to that of the preceding day, but of less interest. Clumps of fir-trees and of larch were visible on every rising height over the whole face of the country; but the road had a most gay appearance, being planted on either side with an avenue of the mountain-ash, covered with beautiful clusters of its red berries.

We were detained a full hour on our route to Munich, in consequence of Mr. Maurice having discovered, with no small dismay, that he had lost his passport on the road. He felt assured it had fallen out of his hat on stopping at the foot of the last hill we had descended, while he was removing the drag. Of course nothing was to be done but to allow him to go back and seek for it; and it was arranged that François Xavier Schmidig should accompany him in his search, as Mr. Maurice was ignorant of the language of the country.

True enough he had dropped it at the foot of the last hill, where some good folks had picked it up and lodged it in a neighbouring cottage.

We observed that hops were plentifully cultivated in different parts of the country, and beer seemed to be the favourite beverage of the people; but it was so exceedingly bitter that we were unable to drink it, notwithstanding it was served in handsome glasses, with silver lids on hinges,—a very necessary appendage to keep off the innumerable flies that everywhere swarm in the apartments hereabouts.

The double turrets of the cathedral of Munich in the air, not unlike Mahomedan minarets, and the numerous spires of other churches, now began to show themselves, at the distance of about three or four miles, ris-

ing out of the immense plains which stretch as far as the eye can reach, without a hedge to break the uniformity of the view. These extensive plains are well cultivated with grain of different kinds.

Early in the afternoon we drove into the capital of Bavaria, with the first appearance of which we were much captivated; but the southern suburb, amidst the ramifications of the river Iser, is of a mean character; and it was not before we had crossed the bridges and entered the city, that we discovered the streets to be broad and the houses large and respectable. We took up our abode at the Golden Stag, every part of which was full of company.

Munich has risen, within the last thirty years, from a small crowded city, mostly of old and indifferent buildings, to an eminence that may fairly vie with the most celebrated cities of Europe, magnitude only excepted. It had originally walls and ramparts, but these have been thrown down and the moat or ditch filled up; thus affording scope for the extension and improvement of the surrounding suburbs. It is somewhat remarkable, that while this city and several others on the continent have thus been levelling their walls and filling up their ditches, and converting them, as at Franckfort and Aix-la-chapelle, into

public walks and pleasure-grounds, for the benefit of the inhabitants, France—the liberal France—should be talking of drawing a line of circumvallation round its capital, and by so doing converting Paris into a huge Bastile, to keep their turbulent and troublesome subjects in awe; for, as to such a measure affording any protection against an invading enemy, military men say, that, in such an event, it would only occasion misery and destruction to thousands of the inhabitants thus imprisoned, while it would oppose no obstacle to the conquest of the country by an invading army.

The city itself of Munich, so long as these works remained, was of course incapable of enlargement. The splendid institutions of every kind for the encouragement of the fine arts, of science, of literature, and of natural history, with appropriate schools for all of them, have converted three parts at least of the suburbs around it into a new city, as it were, of magnificent and elegant edifices, for the reception of works of art—some for pictures, some for statues, others for mathematical, philosophical, and astronomical instruments; others, again, for the reception of a multitude of books from dispersed libraries; not to reckon palaces, private villas, public gardens, all of great architectural beauty and good taste, with some splendid institutions for charitable purposes.

If it be asked what has given this spur to the old city and to the creation of a new one, in so short a period, the answer is easy : it has been owing entirely to the taste, the energy, and the liberality of one man—and that man the king—Charles Augustus Lewis,—who, as prince royal, commenced these improvements, and, as king, has continued and superintended their execution, with the same zeal and indefatigable perseverance as in his more youthful days;—taking those especially appropriated to the fine arts under his immediate direction,—increasing them, chiefly, if not wholly, out of his private funds, and offering thus a splendid example for other sovereigns to follow. The natural consequence has been that Munich is become what Florence once was—the seat of learning and literature, the school for the fine arts and liberal professions, and the resort of the scholar, the painter, the sculptor, and the architect, from every part of the continent.

It would be impossible for a transient visiter to give anything like a comprehensive description of all that is to be seen in Munich, and I must content myself in noticing chiefly that portion of the new city founded by Lewis I., King of Bavaria. I may, however, give a general description of Munich, and enumerate, from a plan of approved accuracy, the many

highly interesting objects that will arrest the stranger's attention, and be considered worthy of his examination.

Munich consists of the old city, which forms nearly a circle, whose diameter is about an English mile. It contains several irregular open places (*platzen*) and many broad streets, flanked by some excellent houses, the pavement good and kept clean, with trottoirs generally on each side. Within it are said to be no less than twenty-two churches, several charitable institutions, hospitals, and schools, for the sick and for the education of children whose parents are unable to afford it themselves. It has all the advantages of convenient market-places and bazaars, two or three theatres, and other places of amusement, public gardens, and promenades. It also contains the various public offices and three or four splendid barracks for cavalry and infantry. It is well watered by canals and conduits that surround and intersect all parts of the city, and supply water for numerous fountains. The river Iser falls upon the city on the southern side, and flowing close along the eastern boundary pursues its course till it joins the Danube.

Such is the old city:—but the splendour of Munich consists in the new one, which, of late years, has risen up in the suburbs, just as new ones may be said to arise about London to the

north-east and the south-west of Hyde-park, and indeed on every side.

The space occupied by this new portion is chiefly on the north-west to the north-east of the city, which till a very few years ago, some thirty or forty, was little better than a swampy waste; the whole northern side, in fact, still bearing the name of Maximilian Forest, and the western one Ludwig's Forest: the suburbs in the latter are mean and chiefly confined to the vicinity of the city walls. It is in the former of these forests that most of the improvements have taken place. Of these I will endeavour to give a brief, but very imperfect description.

We were pleased with the general appearance of the city; not less so with that of the people, who were all neatly dressed and well behaved, and no symptoms of distress or poverty met the eye. In the shops was considerable bustle, and the various artisans and mechanics were attentively employed in their several laboratories: some in the manufacture of cloth, some of leather, others of hardware, and their tapestry is said to be worked in great perfection. There was every indication of a numerous population, reckoned to amount to 66,000. On the second day of our arrival we proceeded systematically to work, and commenced our visits to some of the repositories of works of art, which abound

in the splendid capital of Bavaria, and took a hasty view of the several other public buildings. Of the latter, the churches claimed our first notice, though there is not much to admire in their architectural beauty. The cathedral is a large massive structure of red brick, more imposing inside than out; the pillars which support the roof are plain, substantial, and lofty. It has two high towers, or turrets rather, capped over the cupolas, their height being accounted 330 feet. We ascended one of these cupolas by a ladder, and each mounting by turns to the top step, and thrusting the head and shoulders through a small square hole or trap-door in the cupola, a partial view of the town and surrounding plain could be obtained. But from the windows of the watch tower below the cupola, where a man is always stationed to give alarm in case of fire, we had a most extensive view round the whole horizon, and several of the Alpine peaks were distinctly visible.

The church of St. Michael is also a large and not inelegant edifice: it contains a fine monument erected to the memory of Eugene Napoleon, the father of the present duke de Leuchtenberg, who it seems had lately allied himself to one of the daughters of the emperor of Russia, and was absent from Munich.

Though there are many churches in Munich,

we contented ourselves with a visit to the third, that of St. Maria Hilf, which is quite in the suburbs: it is a neat and rather elegant structure, and in the windows are some of the finest specimens of stained glass, for which Munich is celebrated, and indeed obtained the credit of having restored an art that was lost; but the use of it had only been suspended, and Munich may have been the place where it was revived. The brilliancy of the several colours is no doubt equal, if not superior, to any of the ancient stained glass. The designs are entirely from scriptural subjects, and we understood the whole to be the gift of that great and enlightened patron of the arts, science, and literature, Lewis the First. The windows of this church, beautiful as they are, are now fully equalled, if not surpassed, in England, as may be seen at Mr. Collins's in the Strand. An admirable specimen of this artist is to be found in the windows of the Octagonal Library at Leigh-park, the seat of Sir George Staunton, bart., a place universally admired, and which I have had frequent opportunities of enjoying, both in my childhood and of later years.

The cemetery, which is also in the improved suburbs, was a spot we thought not undeserving of a visit. It was pretty well crowded with monuments and tombstones, and

on the same plan as is common in most parts of Germany. The enclosure is somewhat of an oblong oval form, at the head of which is an open pavilion, in which the corpses are said to be exposed for a couple of days when desired by the friends, to satisfy them that life is entirely extinct, previous to inhumation. On either side of this inclosure is a colonnade running round the walls, under which are many tablets with inscriptions and their monumental records. The general effect was by no means so pleasing as those cemeteries which have lately been laid out in our own country, and very inferior to that of Père la Chaise, in Paris, owing to a want of careful attention to the tombs, a scarcity in the plantation of shrubs, plants, and flowers,—in fact, a deficiency of space for their reception; yet there was room for a little decoration, instead of which the nakedness of the ground gave a forlorn and neglected appearance. There was, however, no want of monuments, some of them prettily designed, but few remarkable. Of those that drew my attention, none pleased me more than that of an infant sleeping upon the cross. It was the calm, unbroken sleep of death, composed, simple, and expressive.

It would appear that many a gallant warrior rests beneath this sacred soil, conjecturing from the several monuments bearing sculp-

tured helmets. These point out strongly, even to the careless observer, that—

“The boast of heraldry, the pomp of power,
And all that beauty, all that wealth e'er gave,
Await alike the inevitable hour;
The paths of glory lead but to the grave.”

Some of the graves, more carefully attended to than the greater part of them, had flowers planted around and upon them, and others had wreaths suspended from the crosses; even these little attentions afford a pleasing assurance that those who rest beneath were still held in fond remembrance. I may here add, that close to this cemetery is the *Allgemeine Krankenhaus*, or General Infirmary,—a large building, said to be able to contain from 600 to 1000 patients; but we did not enter it, a visit to one source of melancholy reflections being sufficient for one day.

The old Palace of Munich is so large that there was said to be room enough in it for all the kings of Christendom to reside. This old *Palace*, or *Residence*, occupies a large space of ground, with buildings irregularly disposed around squares and open spaces, containing several noble apartments suitable for all the purposes of royalty; it is furnished in the old style of imposing grandeur, conveyed by a sumptuous display of gold and gilding and crimson damask. The only portion of it said

to be at all worthy of the traveller's attention (for we did not visit it) is the chapel, upon which an enormous quantity of gold, silver, and precious stones have been lavished, as is stated, without much taste : but the principal inducement to visit it would be the small altar said to have belonged to Mary Queen of Scots, which was carried with her to the scaffold, and presented to one of the electors of Bavaria by Pope Leo XI. This part, however, is now solely appropriated to state purposes, and the real residence is a modern edifice recently completed on the southern side of the old one, and connected with it. It is laid out and fitted up with all the elegance and convenience of modern refinement, and at the same time with pure classical taste. The walls of the state apartments, on the ground floor, are painted in fresco with a series of subjects taken from a national romance or epic. Those of the King and Queen are on the first floor, the walls and ceilings of the former covered with subjects from the Greek poets, commencing with Homer, and Hesiod, and Sophocles, ending with the last of the tragedians and lyric poets. All these are executed with boldness of design, and splendid colouring. The throne-room, where the Queen holds her drawing-room, is really magnificent, the walls being covered with rich paper of embossed

gold. Her private apartments are generally small, but beautifully enriched with painted ceilings, various devices on the walls, and fresco paintings; the floors inlaid with various specimens of wood. The chief apartment—called, I believe, the *Kaiser Saal*, or Imperial Hall—is certainly a noble room, the length being considerably more than a hundred feet, the breadth, I should suppose, sixty, and the height of the proper proportion, supported on either side by columns of white marble. It is on the third story, and used on great occasions as a ball-room. The ascent to it is by steps of highly polished granite, and the several landing places are of black and white marble.

The south front of the new Palace occupies the northern side of Max. Joseph's Square, opposite to which on the south side is the new Post-office; and on the east, the new Theatre, a splendid building with a portico of eight Corinthian columns. In the centre of the square, on a marble pedestal, is a bronze statue, larger than life, of King Max. Joseph, seated on a chair. All these parts of the palace stand on a northern portion of the old city, but the *Hof Garten*, or Court Garden, immediately to the north of the Palace, forms a part of the suburbs. It is not above two acres in extent, is planted with trees, and small as it is the public have free admission.

An open arcade runs round one side of it, as a promenade for wet weather. It is lined with fresco paintings by native artists, representing various transactions in the history of the country. But there is another park-like piece of ground, far superior to this in point of extent, being ten times larger, designated by the name of the English Garden, laid out under the direction of Count Romford, very tastefully planted and intersected with walks and shrubberies, through which a branch of the Iser flows, and spreads itself out in one place to a handsome lake. A pavilion on the summit of a mound affords a view of the Alpine mountains. These grounds occupy a considerable space of the north-east suburbs.

At the eastern end of the Hof Garten is an infantry barrack, and outside, on the western extremity, a large bazaar. On this side also is a square of considerable extent, called the *Odeon Platz*, from a large building of the same name which occupies the centre, where concerts, schools for music, balls, and other entertainments are held.

From the Odeon-square a broad street leads to Carolinen Platz, which is a complete circle surrounded with elegant houses, and in the centre of the circle is a quadrangular obelisk of bronze, about one hundred feet in height, formed of the cannon taken by the Bavarians

in the course of the late war. This is so far all right, but the policy as well as truth of the inscription, upon the pedestal, may fairly be questioned: short as it is, it serves to occupy the four sides, thus—

“To the Thirty Thousand Bavarians who met their Death in
the Russian War.

“Erected by Louis I., King of Bavaria.

“Completed the 18th October, 1833.

“They died for the Restoration of the Freedom of their
Country.”

It should have been—They were sacrificed to the tyranny of the man who enslaved their country.

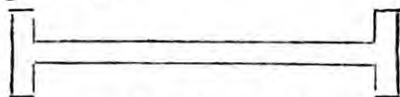
Wishing to read this inscription, we went towards the steps leading to the pedestal, but were warned off by the sentinel on guard, who, as I have since learned, somewhat out-stepped his orders, which go no further than to prevent persons writing on or defacing the pedestal. A sentry's orders are generally conveyed by word of mouth, from one to the other, and no doubt often mistaken here as elsewhere; and sometimes the mistakes are rather ludicrous. A friend of mine told me that, when he was first on duty in Portsmouth Dock-yard, he asked a sentry, who was stationed in the row where all the huge anchors for line-of-battle ships are ranged, what his orders were? to which the man replied, “to look after them there an-

chors, sir, to see that no one walks off with 'em !" His orders were hung up in his sentry-box, but he could not read ; and the man whom he had relieved, probably knowing this, or to hoax him, had given this injunction, though it might be he was unable to read himself.

From Carolinen Platz we proceeded up a new and beautiful street, at the upper end of which, and on the left, is the new picture gallery, the Pinakothek, (*πιναξ*, and *θησαυρα*, *painting repository*,) one of the many splendid establishments erected by the present king, containing a more choice and extensive collection of pictures than is to be found in any other capital of Europe except perhaps in the Eternal city and Florence ; certainly much more choice, better arranged, and better seen than those in the gallery of the Louvre, where the pictures between the windows are really at times invisible. As to the National Gallery in London, I cannot help observing, that a visit to the Pinakothek makes an Englishman feel ashamed of the comparison ; I speak only of the building and its arrangements, not of the pictures, (except as to their numbers,) among which there are no doubt choice specimens in both.

The approach to that of Munich is on the south front, the length of which is about 520 feet, with a handsome palace-like elevation ; in the ground story, plain arched windows, with

square pediment; the upper story, which is the picture gallery, ornamented with about thirty arched blank Venetian windows, above which is a cornice or frize, and over that a line of short pilasters, the whole length of the building. The ground plan is a parallelogram, with a wing at each extremity crossing the building, thus



the entrance to which is the south corner of the eastern wing, and passes through a small vestibule into the *Saal der Stifter*, or the Founder's Hall. This large room contains the portraits of the founders of the gallery and of those who have transferred pictures from their private collections.

From this hall, the whole remaining length of the centre part of the building is divided into eight other chambers or halls, and one of the wings makes the ninth; from each of which are passages to a side range of twenty-three separate cabinets, extending the whole length of the building, and communicating with each other. On the opposite, or southern side, is a corresponding corridor of equal length, but undivided, from which is a communication with each of the halls, so that the visiter can enter any of the latter he pleases without being interrupted by the crowd. This corridor is or-

namented with fresco paintings by Cornelius and Zimmerman, and enriched with arabesque borders, scrolls, medallions, and other fanciful devices.

Both the Halls and the Cabinets are filled with pictures, the number in the former being 596, in the latter 673; making in the whole 1269; every one of which, with the master's name, is briefly mentioned and described in the excellent catalogue of Georg von Dillis; so that the visiter can have no difficulty in turning at once from the catalogue to the picture, or *vice versâ*. The arrangement, indeed, is admirable and well worthy of imitation in other picture-galleries. The choice pictures are a selection from the Dusseldorf, Manheim, Deux Ponts, and some other galleries, from the different collections of the King of Bavaria, and from a great number of other sources, sought for by the present king, who has spared no expense in adding good specimens to his gallery; but I must content myself by a mere notice of some of the great masters and the number of their works, which adorn the several Halls and Cabinets.

The first, second, third, and fifth Halls contain altogether 304 pictures, by German and Dutch painters, from the fifteenth to the seventeenth century. In the other four Halls and the adjoining Cabinets, the artists, and the number of their pictures respectively, are as follow :

—in the Hall, Albert Durer has 9; in the cabinet 9.—Quintin Matsys, H. 3; C. 2.—Holbein, H. 18.—Holbein the younger, H. 5; C. 3.—Schaffner, H. 4; C. 2.—Van Eyk, H. 1; C. 5.—Angelica Kauffmann, H. 2.—Menz, H. 2.—Handrek Roos, H. 13.—Swaneveldt, H. 1.—Van Dyck, H. 25; C. 16.—Jordaens, H. 2.—Rembrandt, H. 7; C. 11.—Vander Velde, H. 1; C. 5.—Sneyders, H. 5.—Wouvermans, H. 1; C. 16.—Berghem, H. 3; C. 5.—Backhuysen, H. 1.—Breughel, H. 1; C. 15.—Mieris, C. only, 16.—Ostade, C. only, 7.—Teniers, H. 1; C. 13.—Vander Werff, H. 1; C. 28.—Wynants, H. 2; C. 4;—with many others of less note.

The fourth Hall, much larger than the rest, is appropriated solely to the works of Rubens, containing in the Hall 49 pictures, and 39 in the centre one (12) of the three cabinets, which open into it (Nos. 11, 12, and 13); No. 11 also is entirely filled with pictures of Rubens. This disposition of the works of this great artist may not only be considered a tribute to his memory, but appears highly judicious, as his deep red and other brilliant colours would deaden all the sober and subdued tints of such pictures as those of Canaletto, &c.

The sixth Hall is dedicated chiefly to the Spanish school, associated with several paintings by French artists. Of Murillo there are 7, Velasquez 6, Ribera 11, Cano 1, Herrera 2,

Pereda 4, and others. The north and west walls of this room are chiefly covered with the works of French painters.—Vernét has 6, Pousin 3, C. 2.—Le Brun 2, Ant. Meulin 4, Watteau 1, Rigaud 1, Courtois 2, Gelée 4, and several others.

The seventh, eighth, and ninth Halls consist entirely, and exclusively, of the Italian school, comprehending 171 pictures. There are seven of the three Carraccios, H. 7; C. 4.—Carlo Dolce, H. 4; C. 3.—Domenichino Zampieri, H. 3; C. 2.—Giordano, H. 11.—Guido Reni, H. 3; C. 2.—Albani, H. 2; C. 1.—Cagliari Veronese, H. 11; C. 2.—Canaletto, H. 1 (a view of Munich, and none in the corresponding cabinet).—Leonardo da Vinci, H. 2.—Raffaello, H. 3; C. 7.—Caravaggio, H. 4.—Del Sarto, H. 2; C. 4.—Vercellio, H. 9; C. 2.

This brief notice contains not the names even, of one-tenth part of the artists, whose works are contained in this splendid collection. Seventeen of the twenty-three cabinets in the northern corridor are occupied entirely by German, Flemish, and Dutch masters; and the other six, by those of the Italian school. The pictures contained in them are generally of a smaller class than those by the same masters in the halls, with which they respectively communicate. It would be idle on

my part to presume to offer any opinion of the merits of this collection, separately or as a whole, but as several of them, particularly those from the Dusseldorf Gallery, have undergone the able and scrutinizing eye of, perhaps the greatest artist of his age, Sir Joshua Reynolds, whose criticisms on them are contained in his works, it is unnecessary for me to add another word; particularly as Mr. J. Murray has copied several of them into his Hand-book.

From the Pinakothek we proceeded to a sister establishment, also completed by the present king, but commenced, and carried on to a great extent, when Crown Prince, and it is understood, out of his private resources; this is the Glyptothek, or Gallery of Sculpture, (*γλυπτος*, and *θηκα*, *repository of carvings* or sculpture.) It stands at the head of Kœnig's Platz, or King's Square, on the left of Carolinen Platz. The building is a perfect square of about 200 feet each side. The entrance front has a noble lofty portico of eight Ionic columns of white marble, with a second row within them of four similar columns. The door opens into a lofty circular vestibule, which leads into a square court.

From this square the whole of the apartments receive their light, through lunettes or half-moon windows, except four of the

Saals or Halls in the four angles, which are lighted from above. Of these Saals there are twelve, succeeding each other, round the wings of the building, containing subjects in chronological order. Having no catalogue, I can do little more than name them in succession, from the Hand-book. On the left of the vestibule is Saal No. 1, or the Egyptian Hall, the name of which explains its contents,—not very attractive for any excellence they possess, but highly interesting from their venerable antiquity.

The Etruscan Hall (No. 2) follows, containing the earliest specimens of Grecian art, in statues, busts, bas-reliefs, and bronzes of various kind.

The Egina Hall (No. 3) is the next—a name that must raise a feeling of regret in the breast of every Englishman who has any taste for ancient art; which, though in a state of greater maturity than the preceding, is still much inferior to the Elgin marbles; they stand, as the author of the Hand-book has justly observed, in the same relation to the works of Phidias, as the early paintings of Giotto, Cimabue, and other early Italian artists do to those of Raphael and Michael Angelo. The marbles in this room are those which were discovered in 1811, in the island of Egina, by our countrymen Cockerell and Forster, accompanied by Baron Haller. They are supposed to have adorned the two

pediments of the temple of Jupiter Panhellenius in that island, forming two separate groups, into which they have been arranged and restored by that celebrated artist Thorwaldsen. They were purchased by the present King, when Crown Prince, at a time when the building destined to receive them was in progress. The cost was 6,000*l.*; the British Museum having authorized their purchase at 8,000*l.*, but lost them, it is said, by some mismanagement; the latter is therefore obliged to be content with casts from the models of Thorwaldsen, arranged precisely as he placed them, in the two pediments where they probably stood.

The Hall of Apollo (No. 4) is so named from the celebrated statue, which was formerly called the Barbarini Muse. It is, however, generally understood to be a statue of the god, executed by Agelados, the master of Phidias.

The Hall of Bacchus (No. 5) is so named, I suppose, from a bas-relief on a sarcophagus, representing the marriage of Bacchus and Ariadne. In this hall is the Barbarini Faun, supposed to have been executed by Praxiteles.

The Hall of the Sons of Niobe (No. 6) is interesting from the catastrophe which befel that innocent family, and the supplicating postures in which the sculptor has placed them, at the moment that Apollo is supposed to be pointing his fatal shafts at

them. A majestic head of Medusa is in this hall.

No. 7 is called the Hall of the Gods, and the subjects are taken from the heathen mythology.

No. 8. The Trojan Hall; the subjects, of course, from the Iliad. The walls of these two rooms in particular are decorated with frescos by Cornelius and Zimmerman.

The Hall of Heroes (No. 9) contains statues of Alexander the Great, of most of the Roman emperors, and several other distinguished characters of antiquity.

No. 10 exhibits a series of busts of the Roman Emperors, of no remarkable merit; but the decorations of the room are splendid. It is named in the catalogue the Roman Hall.

No. 11 is the Hall of Sculpture mostly coloured, generally of white and black marble mixed.

Modern Sculpture occupies the Hall No. 12, containing, among many other statues, those of Paris and Venus by Canova, Thorwaldsen's Adonis, with sixteen or eighteen others.

Besides these noble institutions there are, as already intimated, numerous private collections of works of art in Munich, and among them the Picture Gallery of the Prince of Leuchtenberg. We visited this on one of the days when the public are admitted,

and found the room full of visitors. It is a small but choice collection of paintings, embracing many of Rubens, Salvator Rosa, Nicolo Poussin, Canaletto, Teniers, and others of the most approved masters.

Munich has of late years undergone great improvements, and the new or northern part of the town is exceedingly handsome.

Ludwig's Street, which is in nothing inferior to our Regent Street, and infinitely superior in its edifices, public and private, runs in a line with the western side and garden of the Palace, and out of Odeon Square. On one side of it is the Palace of the Herzog Max, and nearly opposite on the other the War Office. In this street, also, is the new library, into which the books are about to be moved from the old Academy of Sciences in the City, where they were inconveniently dispersed in a great number of rooms, forming a part of the University of Munich, the most celebrated in the Bavarian dominions, and containing an interesting collection of subjects in various branches of science.

Nothing, indeed, seems wanting in Munich for the encouragement of arts, science, and literature. Among other things, the collection of books and manuscripts has not been neglected. The number of the former alone are said to exceed 500,000 volumes; and they

have taken care to make room in the new Bibliothek for as many more.

On this point Mr. Panizzi makes a complaint against the librarian. In his Report laid before the House of Commons, he says, "The librarians of the several institutions have uniformly favoured me with all the intelligence required, with one single exception, that of Mr. Schrettinger of Munich, who declined answering (his circular questions) in terms strongly contrasting with the urbanity and courtesy by which the answers from other librarians are distinguished."

I am rather surprised at this, as there appeared to be a free and liberal admission, and a readiness to give any information required, in all the institutions of Munich that we visited. The number of volumes given by Panizzi of the various libraries are stated as "about," or "perhaps,"—as few of them had their catalogues made up or printed; but there is no doubt the numbers given approximate the truth.

The king gives an annual sum for the purchase of books, and many persons contribute to it. Among others, it has just been enriched with a large collection of Arabic manuscripts, presented to the king by Clot Bey, the chief military physician to Mehemet Ali. There

are two catalogues in the Munich library, both alphabetically arranged—one consisting of authors' names, the other of subjects.

To give some idea of the extent required for the 500,000 volumes of Munich, it may be stated, that on completing the new portion of the library of the British Museum it was, as a point of useful information, or perhaps also as a matter of curiosity, ascertained that the whole length of the shelves, which held 260,000 volumes, its present number, was 42,240 feet, or *eight miles*—that is to say, six volumes and a small fraction in each front foot of shelf. The length, therefore, of the shelves in the Munich library of 500,000 volumes, taking the same proportion, will be fifteen miles and two-fifths; and the King's library in Paris, said to contain 650,000 volumes, must, in the same proportion, and on the average, have not less than twenty miles of shelf! It will be found on trial that six volumes, on an average, *folio*, *quarto*, and *octavo*, indiscriminately mixed, will measure on the shelf one foot, a little more or less.

We paid a visit to a large foundry in the suburbs, where we saw four or five colossal figures, about ten feet in height, cast in bronze, and burnished quite bright; statues representing the different kings of Bavaria, intended

for one of the lower apartments of the palace, of which statues we heard there were to be twelve. They were as rich in appearance as if of gold, and will no doubt have an imposing effect when finished and grouped together. The idea of these statues, I am inclined to think, has been taken from those at Innsbruck.

Of the troops at Munich we saw but one regiment—well-appointed, good-looking men, of rather short stature, dressed in a light blue uniform, with black helmets, which, as it was a regiment of infantry, had rather a strange effect. We noticed that some of the men had percussion locks to their muskets—an improvement which has recently been partially introduced into our own service, some of the battalions of the Guards, Rifle Brigade, and other regiments of the line, as well as of the cavalry, being now supplied with this kind of lock. A difference of opinion, I believe, prevails as to the advantage or otherwise of the percussion lock, as compared with the common flint and steel, for the military service.

We had no opportunity of seeing them under arms, except at parade, when they performed what little was required of them with regularity and precision; and the band played some pleasing airs; but the glare of the sun was too great to allow of our remaining long to listen to them. They seem to receive

strict orders while on guard at their several posts; and as we were quietly passing through the streets, one of my friends indulging in a cigar, a sentry on duty desired him to remove it from his mouth, as smoking was not allowed in the streets.

Such was the old city of Munich, or München, six hundred years after the Elector took up his residence there. Previous to this, like most other towns and cities, Munich rose from small beginnings and peculiar circumstances. A few monks, from whom it derives its name, established their convent on the banks of the Iser, and, knowing the great difficulty there was, not only in Bavaria, but in most parts of Germany, to procure that necessary of life, salt, they set up a traffic in that article, encouraging and aiding its transport from the salt-springs and mines of Salzburg; and Munich, by degrees, became the general market for salt in that part of Bavaria. The Iser flows into the Danube; but had these monks fixed themselves at Wasserburgh, from whence a much nobler river communicates with the Danube, the latter would probably have become the city of Munich; it is nearer to the mines, and nearer to the capital of Austria.

way to England

CHAPTER XIV.

MUNICH TO AUGSBURG, ULM, AND STUTTGARDT.

The Railroad towards Augsburg—Appearance of this City—its broad streets and fine old houses—its fountains—Church of St. Ulric and Afra—Annual Fête of Afra—Cathedral of Augsburg—The Golden Hall—The Benedictine Abbey—The Abbot—his great civility—The Abbey now a College—The System of Education, as described by the Abbot—The English Nunnery, established by Mary Ward—Augsburg Gazette—Fortifications levelled—Appearance of the Peasantry—Road to Ulm—Appearance of that place—Description of the Danube—Geislingen—Göppingen—Rich and beautiful country—Pöhlingen and the Neckar—Entrance into Stuttgart.

ON the 8th of August I took leave of my companions, Graham and Coore, and proceeded by the first train on the railroad, which was open only about half way to Augsburg. It was a dull rainy morning, not much calculated to raise my spirits, on parting with my good friends, who meant to return through the Tyrol, by Botsen and Trent, to pay a visit to Venice, where I too had hoped to be able to say, with Byron,

“I stood at Venice on the Bridge of Sighs,—”

but it was my lot to turn my face in an opposite direction, and to make the best of my way to England.

The carriages of the train were comfortable and commodious enough, and the railway arrangements appeared to be well conducted. We whisked along at a fair speed as far as to a spot called Nannhofen, where the line terminated ; but it was expected to be open the whole distance between Munich and Augsburg, in the course of two or three months. It is a country particularly well adapted for railway conveyance, being a dead level from Munich for a considerable distance, mostly under cultivation, though a great portion left in grass, affording good pasture for numerous herds of cattle that were grazing on it.

On arriving at Nannhofen, the present terminus, we found three or four miserable voitures waiting to receive the railway passengers, for whom no accommodation had been prepared, not even a house for shelter. We had therefore to remain standing in the wet till we could get ourselves and baggage transferred to these vehicles. It now turned out that there were more passengers in the train than could be well accommodated in these carriages ; but in the possibility of that being the case, I had taken the precaution of procuring a *billet* at starting, and of paying my passage as far as Augsburg.

If the first part of the journey from Munich was rapid and agreeable, the latter part to

Augsburg was just the reverse, the road having become exceedingly heavy by the rain; and though the features of the country improved a little by being diversified, and some part of it well wooded, I felt no great interest in it, till the tall spires of Augsburg greeted the eye at a distance of three or four miles. At this distance the city appears to stand in the midst of an extensive plain, which surrounds it on all sides, but on entering it we found the streets to rise with a gentle ascent, clean and in good order. Indeed I was struck with the remarkably neat appearance of the city, through the midst of which runs a fine spacious street, broader than even our Regent-street, which I generally take as my standard; but there is no comparison to be made between the noble, old massive and lofty houses, with their carved, painted, and scrolled fronts, and the rickety, dressed up, pasteboard houses of Regent-street and those of modern London. Those of Augsburg are chiefly the abodes of merchants, bankers, and other wealthy inhabitants. In this street I took up my abode at the hotel, the DreyMohren, or Three Moors, whose ebony faces embellish the exterior of the building, which is in all respects a most excellent house, and in which is a room of large dimensions, with a ceiling of cedar-wood in panels, of an ancient date. The room, I understood, is fre-

quented by large parties, sometimes consisting of several hundred persons.

In this noble street are no less than three handsome ancient bronze fountains, one surmounted by a figure of Hercules, another by that of Mercury, and a third by Julius Cæsar, so at least they called him. These fountains have a pretty and pleasing effect, and their jets give the appearance at least of refreshing the air. Augsburg is, in fact, what it is considered to be, the second city in the Bavarian dominions. Its population is said to amount to 33,000 inhabitants; it has twelve churches, six of which belong to the Catholics and six to the Lutherans.

At the top of Maximilian's Strasse stands the church of St. Ulric and Afra. The fête of St. Afra was celebrated on the day previous to my arrival; and according to the usual practice, the skeleton of the once fair lady, whatever she might have been—I did not learn her history—was lying in state, and would remain so for a period of eight days, before the altars dedicated to her, and then be quietly inurned in its sarcophagus undisturbed for another year. The skeleton appeared to be that of a young woman, whose bones, whether those of St. Afra or not, were very perfect. They were partially clothed in silver and gold tissue, and on her fingers were rings of gold and precious

stones, not glass as might be supposed, but real jewels, the gifts of the wives and daughters of the rich burghers of the place.

There is nothing to attract much attention either in the exterior or interior of this church; yet there is a circumstance connected with it so far remarkable, as to be, I believe, not very common; this is its close contact with a church of the Lutherans,—so close, indeed, that they appear as if under the same roof; and their respective congregations simultaneously assemble, and, I was told, not unfrequently intermix. According to my usual practice I ascended the tower, and was amply repaid by the excellent view obtained of the town with the surrounding extensive plains, and the two rivers, the Lech and Wertach, just at the junction of which, and in the angle between them, the city of Augsburg is built. The union of these two rivers constitutes the Lech, which flowing to the southward empties itself into the Danube.

It chanced to be an annual fête to celebrate the Reformation, and on entering the town I observed numerous well-dressed persons, chiefly females, proceeding to the Lutheran church with prayer-books in their hands. The church was thronged; the women seated in the centre, their heads mostly covered with snow-white caps, and the men in pews on the side aisles,

and in the gallery : it was a pleasing and impressive sight, the more so when we reflect that here, at least, Catholics and Protestants live and associate in the most perfect harmony ; owing perhaps in some measure, though not altogether, to the circumstance of the King himself being Catholic and the Queen Protestant ; and Augsburg is not the only place in Bavaria where the same harmony prevails, though perhaps not carried to the same extent ; and yet the king is accused of being a Catholic bigot. The cathedral of Augsburg stands at the opposite extremity of the town, and is worthy of a visit from its great antiquity. It is an irregular massive building. The arches over the entrance door are curiously carved and ornamented, and the old bronze door, covered with rude scrolls and figures, corresponds well with the building, though said to be of much more ancient date. In the interior there is a good painting by Dominichino, a small but exquisite picture, representing our Saviour carrying the Cross. It is affixed to the tomb of Ignatius Albertus Reigg, the late Bishop of Augsburg, and is from among the collection of paintings formerly in his own house, where it was much prized by him, and placed in its present position at his own request.

Nothing gratified me more than the Town

Hall: no one, I think, ought to pass through Augsburg without seeing this building. It stands near the head of the Maximilian Strasse, is a palace in appearance, and different from all other public buildings in Augsburg. It is in the Italian style; and contains a large room on the second story, called the Golden Hall, which measures, I should say, about 120 feet in length by 60 in width, and cannot be less than 50 feet in height. The ceiling is in panels of wood, highly ornamented with gilding. On either side of this room are two smaller apartments, the ceilings of which are no less handsome, and the panels being large, the effect is imposing. Above these rooms are deposited a large collection of models, descriptive of various arts, of manufactures, and implements used in various trades, &c.

I paid a visit to the Benedictine Convent, where I learned a countryman of ours resided, always glad of seeing any English traveller. He received me in a kind and friendly manner, and appeared to take pleasure in conversing with one of his countrymen. He told me that he came from the college at Downside, near Bath, and had been at this establishment about six months. I was introduced by him to another of the Benedictines, to whom he had acted as preceptor in the English language, for his

own amusement and the instruction of the other; and the latter seemed pleased with the opportunity of speaking a few sentences "to the first Englishman," as he informed me, "except his teacher."

I was also introduced to the Superior, a mitred abbot of the Benedictines, a tall, well-made man, of elegant and affable manners. He wore the usual dress of the Benedictines, a long black silk gown, fitting rather close to the person, across the breast at least, and flowing loosely from the waist. A bright gold cross glittered on his breast, suspended from a rich and massive gold chain which hung round his neck on the outside of his silk gown, the badge of distinction worn by the superior. He was so complaisant as to take me through the several rooms of the college attached to the establishment, and I thought the arrangement of the apartments for the several classes, so far as a brief inspection would allow me to judge, was judiciously planned; each department of science having its appropriate rooms;—one for chemistry, another set apart for natural history, a third for drawing, and so on; but as yet, everything might be considered as in its infancy. The library was not voluminous, but the books appeared to be well selected. The superior directed my attention to a handsome manuscript Bible, with illumi-

nated paintings, the covers of which were beautifully preserved; and to another book, containing many clever etchings, illustrative of scriptural subjects. The chapel is small, but kept in neat order.

At the request of my countryman, the abbot most readily consented to write out for me the particulars of the College of the Benedictine Abbey of St. Stephen, which was sent after me to England, and contains the whole system of education, the branches into which it is divided—the classes, subjects, professors, &c.—by which from seven to eight hundred students are instructed; a very brief outline will be sufficient to show the success, and, I may add, the great utility, of such an establishment.

He says: The Benedictine Abbey of St. Stephen was formerly a convent of noble ladies, and continued so till the general secularization in the year 1802, when all the monasteries of Bavaria, and other states of Germany, were suppressed by Buonaparte, and all their inmates driven away. The present king, Lewis I., in 1834, established the Benedictine abbey, and confined it to the education of youth. As a college it comprehends a royal lyceum, a gymnasium, and a Latin school. In the philosophical course are taught— theology, practical and theoretical philosophy, anthropology, natural history, chemistry, ma-

thematics, Grecian and Roman philology, archeology, history, and æsthetics.

The gymnasium consists of four classes—religion, the German, Latin, and Greek languages and literature, rhetoric, history, geography, and mathematics.

The Latin school consists also of four classes, comprising—religion, German, Latin, rudiments of Greek, arithmetic, geography, and history.

The lyceum has five professors, the gymnasium seven, and the Latin school eight teachers—all Benedictines.

At the head of the college is a rector, and particular masters are appointed for such extra studies as any of the students may be desirous of acquiring a knowledge of—as Hebrew, French, and Italian; also for music (vocal and instrumental), drawing, calligraphy, and gymnastic exercises. There is also a seminary attached to the college, superintended by a director and two prefects, in which fifty-four students are educated.

At the death of the cathedral canon, Dr. Stark, the abbé has undertaken the superintendence of the royal observatory. One of its members has the management of it; and brings up some of the young Benedictines to the study and practice of astronomy. There is, besides, a selection of mathematical and phy-

sical instruments, and other availing means for scientific instruction, a collection of natural history, and a library for the use of the students.

Such is a mere abstract of the minute which the abbot was so condescending to send to me through Mr. Tidmarsh, who says that the present number of students is 757, of whom 387 are instructed in vocal and instrumental music. Would that the means taken in Catholic churches for soothing and sobering the minds of the congregation, by solemn and sacred music, were adopted in our parochial churches, instead of the ear being offended by the drawling and squeaking voices of a parcel of charity boys and girls, who neither know how to keep in time or in tune. It is to be lamented that psalmody is so much neglected in all our churches, and cathedrals also with very few exceptions, and altogether in our public institutions and seminaries; yet all must feel sensibly its soothing, exhilarating, and placid effect, and none more so than the studious, and most of all perhaps the poet.

“ O laborum dulce lenimen !”

rapturously exclaims Horace, in his address to his lyre.

Every Bavarian is loud in praise of his king, as indeed he has reason to be; and our coun-

tryman, Mr. Tidmarsh, cordially joins in that praise. Speaking of what he has done for the kingdom, and the capital in particular, he says, "our truly glorious king Lewis has, indeed, proudly placed himself at the head of European sovereigns, in patronage both of religion and the arts and sciences. The monuments of his zeal in this respect, which he will leave behind him in Munich, will hand his name down to posterity."

Leaving the Benedictines I paid a visit to an establishment called the *English Nunnery*, from the circumstance of its having been founded by an English lady of the name of Mary Ward, though I could not learn that any English lady, of that name or any other, was among the party. To gain admission I was indebted to one Lucas Piller, a native of Augsburg, whom I had hired at the hotel as a laquais-de-place. He proved to be an out-pensioner of Chelsea Hospital, by having served twenty-one years in the 60th Rifles, a civil, well-bred, and intelligent man; and being an old soldier, who had served our country in the wars, I deemed him well deserving such little encouragement as I could give him.

I was admitted on applying to the Lady Superior, who was polite and prim enough,

as became her office, and such, as Milton says of his pensive nun—

——— “devout and pure,
Sober, stedfast, and demure,
All in a robe of darkest grain
Flowing with majestic train,
And sable stole of Cyprus lawn,
O'er her decent shoulders drawn.”

Entering one of the rooms the portrait of Mary Ward was pointed out to me, hanging over a door-way. I was told, that in all Bavaria there are not fewer than eight or nine nunneries established by the same Mary Ward, whose name, at least, must be as well known in that country, as that of the benevolent Mrs. Fry is in England, though, probably, as unknown to my readers as it was to myself, and I was unable to get any clue to her history. After going through several apartments, all hung with white drapery, I was allowed to enter the chapel, and saw not more than about five or six of the nuns. One was a fine-looking young woman, with a good-humoured expression of countenance: the rest neither young nor interesting, and generally very demure. Two were pacing the garden—

“With even step and musing gait—”
looking occasionally on the books they carried in their hands. All were dressed in the costume usually worn by nuns—black with a white band tightly drawn across the forehead and

down the sides of the face. At this nunnery children of the poor are taught to read and write, as well as needle-work. I learned that at present there were twenty nuns and nine *sisters*, as they are here termed, who are employed to perform all the house-work. The chapel is small and pretty, and kept in beautiful order. One of the paintings in it is not without merit; the subject, however, not a pleasing one, the scourging of our Saviour.

In the reading-room at Augsburg I found newspapers of various countries, and of course the Augsburg Gazette, "open to all parties, but influenced"—so it is said—only by those who pay best. Whether or not the Baron Cotta deals out equal justice to all, notwithstanding thus influenced, the Augsburg Gazette is unquestionably employed by all the ministers of Europe to circulate such information as they wish to make known, and Petersburg is by no means the last in the list. It is, however, admitted to be a well-conducted and useful paper.

Augsburg presents another instance, among many of the continental cities, of sound sense and good taste, in pulling down the fortifications, levelling the glacis, filling up the ditches, and converting them, as at Frankfort and Aix-la-Chapelle, into public gardens and walks, for the exercise and enjoyment of the inhabitants.

I left early in the morning after my arrival, having been fortunate enough to engage a return voiturier, with a good carriage and excellent pair of horses, to Stuttgardt, agreeing to pay him thirty-five francs.

The peasantry in these parts, particularly the women, are smart and tidy in their dress. They generally had their hair tied up in a knot behind, with five or six long black silk ribands streaming down and floating in the breeze, and some wore a small gold or silver ornament at the top, giving relief to the black ribands. The smarter damsels were clad in velvet bodies, ornamented with silver wire across the front, and gold twist up the seams behind. The men, for the most part, wore low three-cornered cocked hats, generally decorated with artificial flowers; and numerous bright silver buttons glistened on their coats and waistcoats.

Reaching Burgau, a small place, prettily situated at the extremity of a long ridge of hills rising from the plain, we remained an hour or so to rest the horses. We then approached Gunzburg, through which we passed; a pretty looking town, with its five or six little cupolas or minarets rising above it, and seen at a distance; but it is, in truth, a poor and not overclean place, when subjected to a close inspection.

Long before reaching Ulm, the old cathe-

dral, with its massive but unfinished towers, attracts the attention of the traveller as seen from the road; and the first view of the "dark rolling Danube" which is obtained before reaching Ulm, is at first sight a grand and imposing object.

Ulm, the frontier town of Würtemberg, stands on the left bank of the Danube, and is a quaint-looking old place, with its houses of gable ends facing the streets. It is said to contain from 12,000 to 13,000 inhabitants. Except the minster or cathedral, about the centre of the town, there is little else to attract much notice. This, however, is a fine specimen of ancient Gothic architecture, and the massive square tower, were it completed, would be one of the finest in Europe; even as it is, in its unfinished state, it is an imposing edifice. It is said to be about 240 feet high in its present state; its progress was stopped by a subsidence when building, otherwise the intention was to have raised it to the height nearly of 500 feet. I ascended to the summit, to obtain a view of the winding course of the Danube and of the neighbouring country. All along the roof and around the tower were thousands of choughs perched and flying about. Blenheim and Hochstadt are said to be within the range of view, but I fear they were only visible to me in imagination. The interior of

the cathedral is grand and massive, and, in point of extent, enormous, being upwards of 400 feet long, broad and high in proportion, and full of lofty columns and windows of painted glass.

One cannot avoid associating Ulm with the name of Mack, ingloriously enough, who with his fine army of 20,000 Austrians, in possession of a strong fortress, well stored with ammunition and provisions, surrendered them disgracefully without striking a blow; yet somehow or other he was suffered to escape that punishment of which he was thought to be richly deserving. That fortifications, thus shown to be useless on this occasion, should be demolished is not surprising, and they were accordingly converted into a promenade and pleasure-ground, for the health and convenience of the inhabitants, as has been done at Augsburg.

The inn at which I rested for the night was the "Schwarzen Ochsen," and close under its walls, intercepted only by a little strip of garden, flows the Danube, while from the windows may be heard the rushing and gurgling of the stream against the piers of the bridge, which is thrown across the river close to the inn, and the centre of which marks the boundary-line between Bavaria and Würtemberg. Numerous rafts of timber are floated down the river, which is here navigable for boats; and

I heard that it was in contemplation to establish a steam vessel, for the conveyance of passengers and light goods; but Ulm has not much traffic, the principal exports, as I understood, being snails, which are bred and fattened, and of which many millions are annually sent into Germany and other catholic countries in Lent, where they are esteemed a great delicacy.

From Ulm I passed through a rich country to Geislingen, where the horses were rested for a couple of hours. It was pleasing to observe, that in this town most of the houses had a fine display of flowers in the windows, such as carnations, pinks, stocks, geraniums, hydrangia, &c., all in beautiful blossom. The road the whole way was equally good, and the country pleasant, being crowded with apple and pear-trees, many of the branches of which were borne down with fruit, or propped up with poles, while others were broken off under their load; there were also some fine specimens of walnut-trees occasionally interspersed. In fact, it is almost one continued orchard from Ulm to Stuttgart.

Geislingen is rather a large town, and the gable-ends of the houses in the main street give to it a picturesque effect. This is generally the case in the several towns and villages of this part of the country. I observed that

the collars of the several teams of horses we met on the road were decorated with the skins of wolves,—a proof that this animal is plentiful in the country,—but whether for ornament only, or for the double purpose of attracting the multitude of flies that swarm along the road, I am unable to say.

We found it necessary to make a second halt at Göppingen, rather a large town. We entered, and passed through a broad street, with a flourishing avenue of tall poplars in the centre. The surface of the country we passed through was undulating, beautifully marked, and well cultivated with grain, which the peasantry were getting in. For the last two days I noticed—what would otherwise be unworthy of notice, unless for its novelty—large flocks of geese feeding on the stubble, being an entirely new feature since leaving England.

At the small village of Pohlingen we came upon the fine broad, rapid stream of the Neckar. The slopes of the hills on each side the valley through which it flows, were covered with vines, being the first I have yet noticed since leaving the Valteline. Flax appeared to be growing in large quantities, and long strips of linen were bleaching in the fields; the smell of the flax in places where it was soaking, was, as may be supposed, exceedingly disagreeable. Indian corn was also growing

in great luxuriance, with its glossy curving leaf sparkling in the rays of the sun.

Proceeding onwards, we passed through Esslingen, on the Neckar, a large and rather curious old town, once fortified, and the old walls, though somewhat in a ruinous state, still standing, and here and there in tolerable preservation. There is a very agreeable wine made from the vineyards in the neighbourhood of this town, and called Champagne Esslingen. It is sold at a moderate price, and seemed to me quite as refreshing and palatable as the champagne one generally meets with. We crossed the Neckar at this place, and observed many rafts of timber of great length, but very narrow, floating down the stream to Stuttgart. The whole line of the Neckar where we fell in with it flows through a rich and beautiful valley, full of soft and enchanting scenery.

Passing through a wilderness of pollards, and a long avenue of poplars well powdered with dust, the road being covered at least an inch thick, we drove into Stuttgart, the capital of Würtemberg, the steeples of the churches being first visible, a glimpse of them being caught on entering the avenue above mentioned. The approach to the town has nothing to recommend it, but a more favourable impression is made on driving through the streets, which

are broad and handsome, and the buildings substantial; and as we proceeded to the "König Von Würtemberg," where I put up, we caught a sight of the palace, which looked like what a palace should be, and of course very unlike our own in the purlieus of Pimlico.

CHAPTER XV.

STUTTGARDT TO MANHEIM—COLOGNE—
ANTWERP, AND OSTEND.

Stuttgardt, its Streets and Buildings—The Cathedral, the final resting-place of the Sovereigns of Würtemberg—The Palace, plainness of—Character of the King—Daneker, Statues of in the King's Garden—The Royal Stables—Riding-house—Stags' heads and horns—Museum of Natural History—Library—Fine Collection of Bibles—Carlsruhue—Manheim—Coblentz—Cologne—Antwerp—Fête of Rubens—Ostend—London.

THE entrance to Stuttgardt, from the Ulm road, is up a fine broad street, called Neckar Strasse, many of the houses in which appear to be modern. The first large building that attracts notice is a new and handsome riding-house, on the left, belonging to the king; and on the right, another edifice of ancient date, known as the old palace, and now converted into a museum of natural history; and beyond these is a second royal palace, recently built by the king for his daughter, who had just been married to Count Newburg. Further on, to the right, we entered an open platz or square, planted with trees, and passed in front of one of the wings of the King's palace, consisting of a handsome range of buildings. We had next another spacious street to traverse, called

König's Strasse, running parallel with **Neckar Strasse**. I believe there are not many continental cities that can boast of two such broad streets, or that have the advantage of more open spaces, considering its size, than Stuttgart, which is, in truth, a clean and airy place, notwithstanding its situation in a small valley, entirely surrounded by gently sloping hills, whose sides are well clothed with vineyards. It has, moreover, the benefit of a small stream, which falls into the Neckar.

Stuttgart is said to contain about 30,000 inhabitants, the greater portion of the population being Protestants. There is little to be seen in the way of ornament, even in the cathedral, which is built in a homely, not to say an ugly, style of Gothic architecture; and within is more than usually plain for an edifice of this character. It contains, however, some curious old monuments, and among them a row of stone figures representing the dukes and grand-dukes of Würtemberg. The attitudes of these worthies are somewhat grotesque, and might in any other place be mistaken for a company of posture-masters. In the adjoining square is a fine bronze statue of Schiller, cast at Munich, which I believe has been but recently erected.

This cathedral is the final abode and resting-place of the sovereigns and members of the royal family of Würtemberg; but no stone

marks the spot where their bodies are deposited. When the pomps and vanities of the world have passed away, the coffin of the monarch, equally with the rest, is lowered into the vault; the pavement replaced; and on such occasions only is the spot ever seen or visited. There is, in fact, no entrance to the closed-up catacomb. No monumental tablet records the deeds of the monarch's past life, or praises the virtues which perhaps he never possessed; no marble nor bronze statue recalls his figure or features to the recollection of his surviving subjects. If he has done good, his memory will live in the hearts of the people; if ill, the sooner he is forgotten the better.

"Thy ignomy sleep with thee in the grave,
But not remembered in thy epitaph."

I obtained permission to see the palace. The interiors of all palaces are pretty much alike, some excelling others in taste and splendour, as that of Munich does most palaces in both. That of Stuttgardt is plain and neat, containing most of what one generally expects to see in a royal palace, save only a collection of paintings, which appeared to be wanting. There were, as a matter of course, a multitude of gems and jewels of various kinds. Two little marble statues pleased me more than all the rest. One, a smiling little boy, in whose countenance the expression of delight is admirably portrayed,

while holding a bird which he has caught ; the other, with the nest in his hand, biting his fingers, and looking with an envious eye on the boy who had possession of the bird.

Of the apartments, the large ball-room and adjoining suite are the most remarkable ; the former a splendid hall of fine proportions, in which many balls and entertainments are said to be given during the winter months. The king, from all I heard, appears to be very popular, being kind and affable, and frank in his manners to all with whom he comes in contact. On one side of the open square, and close to the palace, is a small house, inhabited by the celebrated sculptor Danneker. He was at this time above eighty years of age, and, with the exception of his speech having somewhat failed him, remains in perfect possession of all his other faculties ;—of his intellects and talent as well, judging from one or two of his works of last year, which I saw in his gallery. He is not in the habit now of seeing strangers, and knowing this, I did not of course intrude upon him, much as I should like to have seen an artist of so much reputation, whose works have been universally admired. The casts of his statues are the objects which are chiefly to be seen in his gallery, and among them, that of his exquisite statue of Ariadne at Franckfort, considered, I believe, as his *chéf-*

d'œuvre. A fine marble bust of Schiller is also in his studio, which I understand he will not part with on any terms ; and a little marble statue of a young woman seated, in a flowing vesture, holding in her hand a dead bird, is also a favourite. The expression of pity and regret in the countenance of the young lady is quite enchanting. Another small statue of Sappho reclining upon a cushion, with her lyre under her arm, is delightful to look upon. As for the cushion, it is a wonderful piece of art, a sort of mattress so admirably sculptured as to appear as if it might be pressed down.

Having observed among the casts a group of two water-nymphs, I proceeded to look at the original in the gardens of the palace, which are open to the public. This group is placed close to the margin of a basin or reservoir, and a beautiful piece of sculpture it certainly is, perhaps little inferior to the Ariadne ; but standing unfortunately on the very verge of the water, there is no possibility of getting in front of it, and one can only view it fully from the opposite margin, whence it is too far removed to be seen to any advantage. A walk lined with orange trees, planted in large boxes, leads from the palace down to this basin, which is also surrounded with them, the group above alluded

to being at the end of the orange avenue. These gardens are said to extend in a straight line for three miles nearly, and at the further extremity is another palace.

From hence I paid a visit to the king's stables. I found them filled with entire horses, to the number of about 150, kept for the purpose of breeding, and used for little else. They were ranged on each side of the stable, the floor of which is of wood, and no straw was placed in the stalls. These were divided by pillars, and on the top of each is a wooden figure of a stag's head, with the fine branching antlers of the natural animal attached thereto. In looking down the long avenue of the stable, the effect of this forest of antlers is something remarkable. A truck full of oats was brought in, and two boys in attendance had their sieves alternately filled, and with great rapidity emptied their contents into the mangers. During this process, the sound of the horses' hoofs upon the boards betrayed their impatience; some pawing the planks, others turning in their stalls, and all more or less restless till their turn arrived. These animals are sent into the several provinces at the proper season, and the breeders are obliged to send for those only belonging to the king, and for which they pay a small tax.

A well-proportioned riding-house is attached

to the stables, and in this I saw the master of the horse exercising a pretty gray, which was well broke, and another person handling a young horse as clumsily as need be, trotting, and teasing, and twisting him for nearly half an hour, *screwing* him on his legs most unmercifully.

There are other stables in a different part of the town, where his Majesty's own private stud is kept, among which are several Arabs of great beauty. These stables are on the same plan as the others, and the horses similarly arranged; the pillars likewise decorated in the same manner with stags' horns, but without the wooden figure of the head. These stags' heads and antlers are to be seen in the passages of all the inns on this line of road. Adjoining the king's stables is the new and spacious riding-house, with a large gallery round it, fitted with benches, and capable of holding a great number of persons. Here, I am told, tilts and tournaments are not unfrequently held; but for such a purpose it is much inferior to the riding or "exercise-house" for the troops at Moscow, which measures 560 feet in length by 168 in breadth, without a single pillar to interrupt the space, or to support the roof, which rests entirely on the walls of the building.

Stuttgardt, as before mentioned, has its mu-

seum of natural history, a commodious building enough, with a collection that will repay the time bestowed in going over it, amongst which, no doubt, may be seen, as in all other museums of the same kind,

——— “ a tortoise hung,
An alligator stuff'd, and other skins
Of ill-shap'd fishes.”

But I can assure my readers that, besides the alligators, there are many other creatures stuffed, and some bones of skeletons of gigantic size, such as the *Tête du grand animal de Maestricht*, *Mosasaurus*, and the *Plesiosaurus Dolichodeirus*, from *Lyme Regis*, a remarkably fine specimen. The mineralogical department is also well arranged with many choice specimens of the various kinds of crystallized substances. Stuttgart has also a respectable library, in which is a collection of bibles of various languages and editions, amounting, I was told, to 8,000 distinct copies, and that the number of other volumes was not less than 12,000. The Duke of Sussex has a large and choice collection of bibles, but nothing to be compared with this. In the library at Stuttgart there is a copy of the bible, with every letter in it raised, so that a blind person may be able to read it; and I perceive that a gentleman of Glasgow has presented to the Queen a similar bible, prepared for the use of the blind.

The same voiturier whom I had brought from Augsburg, had no objection to convey me to Carlsruh. The road lies through a very inviting and fertile country, with a pretty meandering stream, called the Enz, running through it, in its way to the Neckar. We passed through a considerable town, named Pforzheim, which appeared to abound mostly with cooks' shops or eating-houses. In passing, however, I noticed a curious old fountain, which, from its appearance, was a true antique, and it attracted my attention the more, as I had observed one very similar to it in a small town on our route. Towards the evening, on our arrival at Carlsruh, we had a fine view of the Vosges range of mountains, which, with the setting sun, were seen to great advantage. While dinner was preparing, I visited the reading-room, having observed and carefully noticed, in large letters over the door, the word "Silentium." Accordingly, in silence I read the papers, ate my dinner, and got a good night's rest.

Early next morning I set off in the Diligence for Manheim, and the sun shining brilliantly, the fine outline of the Vosges, at a distance, and the beautiful valley of the Neckar at my feet, were objects that can never cease to engage the attention of travellers. In about six hours we reached Manheim, a very considerable

town of 20,000 inhabitants, in the duchy of Baden, situated at the confluence of the Neckar with the Rhine. It has many broad streets, squares, public buildings, literary and scientific institutions. Its situation exposed it, during the revolutionary war, to the destruction of houses and plunder of property, but that same situation has also been favourable for the means of restoring it to its former state of prosperity.

From Manheim I embarked in the Rhine steamer, in company with my friend Capt. Welsford, of the 97th regiment, and slept at Mayence, but not before I had experienced some considerable annoyance, from the stupidity of the man who had got possession of my passport, that bane of travellers on the continent. Our passage to Cologne next day was in a gale of wind, in which with great difficulty the steamer kept her course.

From Cologne the Diligence brought us to Liege; and next day, by the railroad train, we reached Antwerp, in time to embark in the steamer for England; but, owing to one of those untoward accidents that will occasionally occur, in spite of the most careful arrangements to prevent them, the steamer departed without me, and what was much worse, carried off the whole of my baggage! It happened to be the fête of Rubens. Not a lodging could be procured in the town, without paying an

exorbitant price, to which, as I had but a few Napoleons in my purse, and my letter of credit was on its way to England, I could not afford to submit. All was bustle and apparent confusion. The streets were hung with festoons and garlands of flowers, and triumphal arches, allegorical temples, obelisks, and transparencies were to be seen without end; and cavalcades and processions, and all the world seemed to be concentrated in the city of Antwerp; but situated as I found myself, not even the following inviting announcement could induce me to wait the sailing of the next boat:—

“ Pendant la cérémonie, la pompe de Quintan Mitsys donnera du vin : la fontaine érigée dans le quartier des brasseurs en l'honneur de Gilbert Van Schoonbeek, auteur de la machine hydraulique, et fondateur des brasseries Anversoises, sera alimentée par une source de bière.”

Nothing was now left for me but to hasten to the Ostend train, which I fortunately caught, and in five hours and a half found myself in that most dull and dismal of sea-ports, not improved by two days' heavy rain and a perfect hurricane, which made it impossible for either the Dover or the London packet to put to sea. In the former, the *Widgeon*, I spent an agreeable evening with her excellent commander,

Captain Hamilton, who is so well known and esteemed by King Leopold, that he invariably crosses the channel with him. He also brought over Prince Albert, on the occasion of his marriage.

On the third day the wind lulled, and enabled the "Earl of Liverpool," belonging to the General Steam Navigation Company, to put to sea; and after an agreeable passage, with no other incident than picking up and taking in tow a large fishing boat, with everything swept clean from her, we arrived about nine in the morning of the 20th August at the Custom-house stairs, from whence I had departed on the 2nd of July, and found all my baggage safe, waiting my arrival.

NOTE.—Having obtained, since the volume was printed, a Copy from Vienna of the Reply of Lord Bathurst to the Memorial of the Tyrolese Deputies, which was not to be found in England (see p. 190), it is thought right to insert it here :—

Official Reply by Lord Bathurst to the Tyrolese Deputies in London.

Foreign Office,

GENTLEMEN,

November 11th, 1809.

I have submitted your memorial to the King: and I am commanded by his Majesty to assure you of the lively interest which he takes in the fate of a free and

loyal people, who have for two centuries together remained unshaken in their attachment to their Sovereign.

He has learned with the deepest regret that they have been severed, by the Peace of Schönbrunn, from the protection of the House of Austria, and under circumstances which, it is to be apprehended, will render all further resistance vain.

Where submission is in effect more hazardous than resistance, or when the dangers attending on each are nearly balanced, a brave nation may be encouraged justifiably to prefer the latter alternative; but when by resistance the sufferings of those engaged in it must be grievous, and the hopes of its success cannot possibly be great, it is not for those who are not to participate in the danger to counsel others to incur it.

Under circumstances so unpromising, his Majesty cannot take upon himself to urge the people of the Tyrol and of the Voralberg to continue their resistance against an invasion by the combined armies of Bavaria and France.

If, however, the remembrance of past happiness, the sense of recent wrongs, the expectation of renewed oppression, the character of the country, the habits and spirit of the people, shall decide them to persist, his Majesty cannot but give some testimony of the interest which he takes in the issue of a contest, too unequal, he fears, to be availing, but which he knows to be just.

He has therefore directed that arrangements should be made to afford such pecuniary aid* as the difficulty of remitting money to a country so insulated will allow, and as the circumstances of the case may from time to time require.

* The sum sent into the Tyrol by the English Government amounted to 30,000*l.* sterling.

I am commanded by his Majesty to give you distinctly to understand, that, in making this advance, the people of the Tyrol and of the Voralberg are not to consider it as intended by his Majesty either to create any obligation, or to afford any inducement to continue resistance an hour longer than they would otherwise be inclined to do if no such supplies were afforded.

It is not by pecuniary aid from without that a contest of this description either ought to be encouraged, or can be upheld; and his Majesty would not think himself justified in granting any such supply, but under the full persuasion that there existed within the country an unquenched spirit, from the undiminished continuance of which any hope of success, if any shall exist, can alone under Heaven be derived.

I am, with great truth and regard,

Gentlemen,

Your most obedient humble servant,

BATHURST.

To the Tyrolese Deputies,

&c. &c. &c.

THE END.

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