

Journal of a tour made in the years 1828-1829, through Styria, Carniola, and Italy, whilst accompanying the late Sir Humphry Davy / By J.J. Tobin.

Contributors

Tobin, J. J.

Publication/Creation

London : W.S. Orr, 1832.

Persistent URL

<https://wellcomecollection.org/works/atvzffbn>

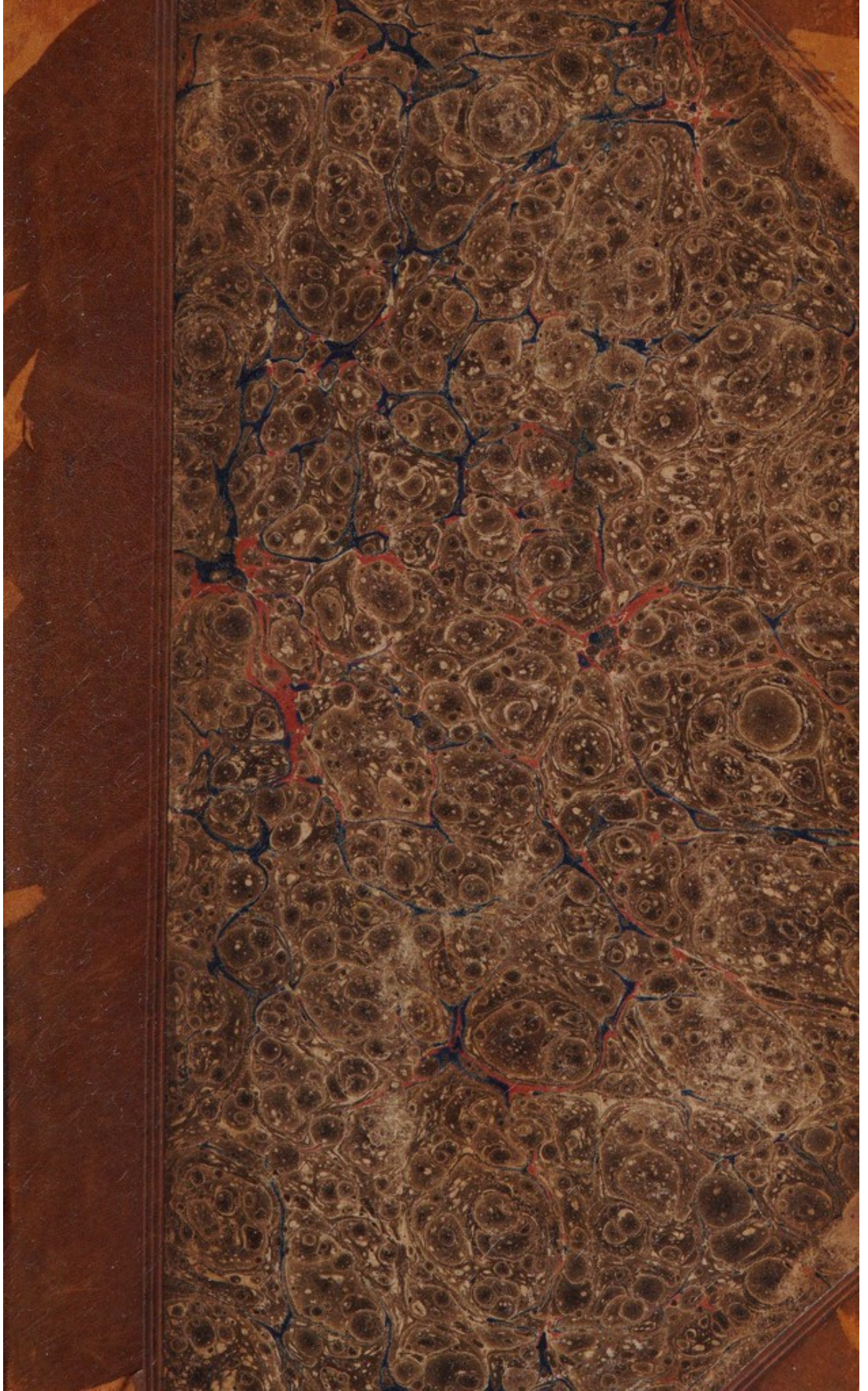
License and attribution

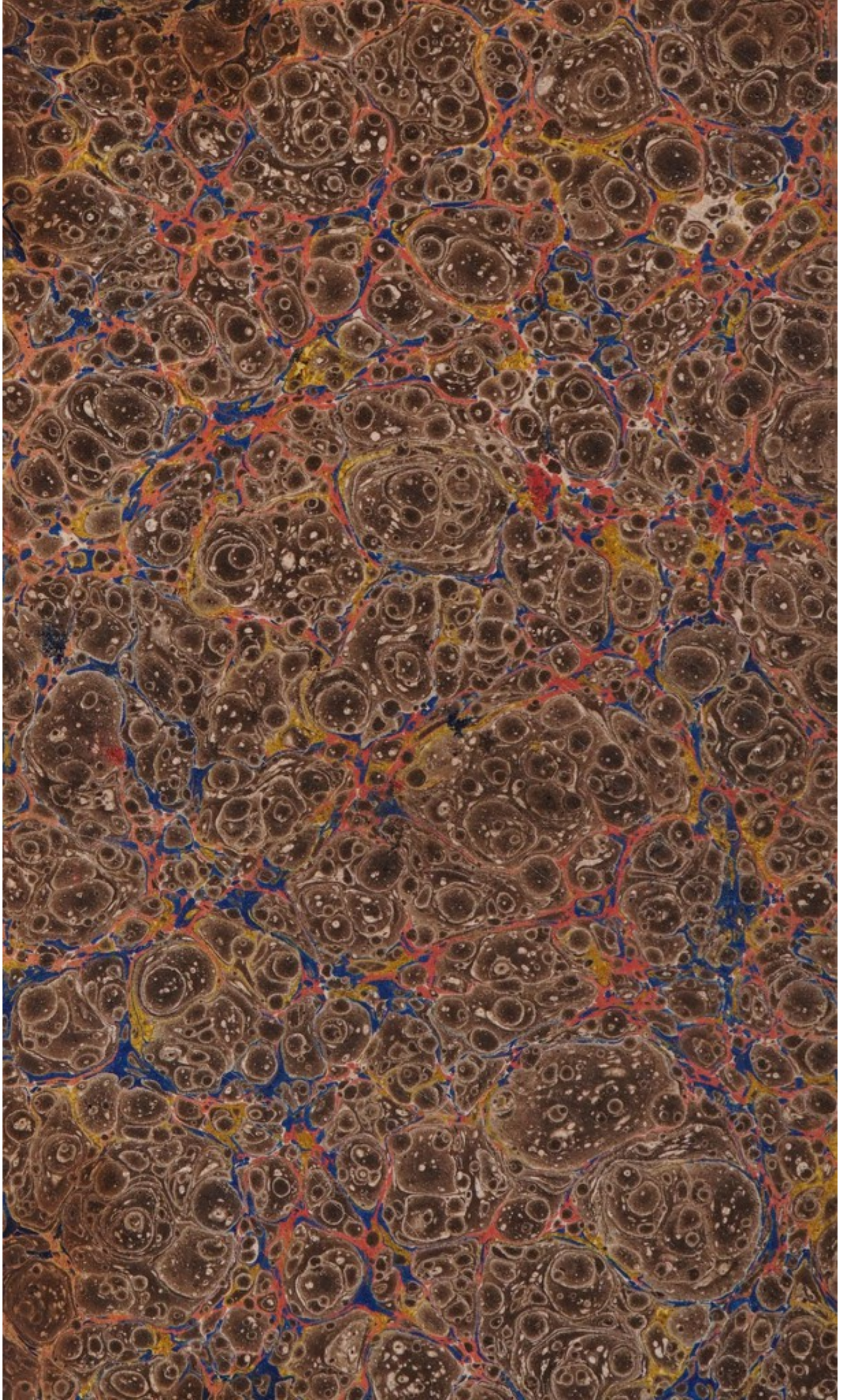
This work has been identified as being free of known restrictions under copyright law, including all related and neighbouring rights and is being made available under the Creative Commons, Public Domain Mark.

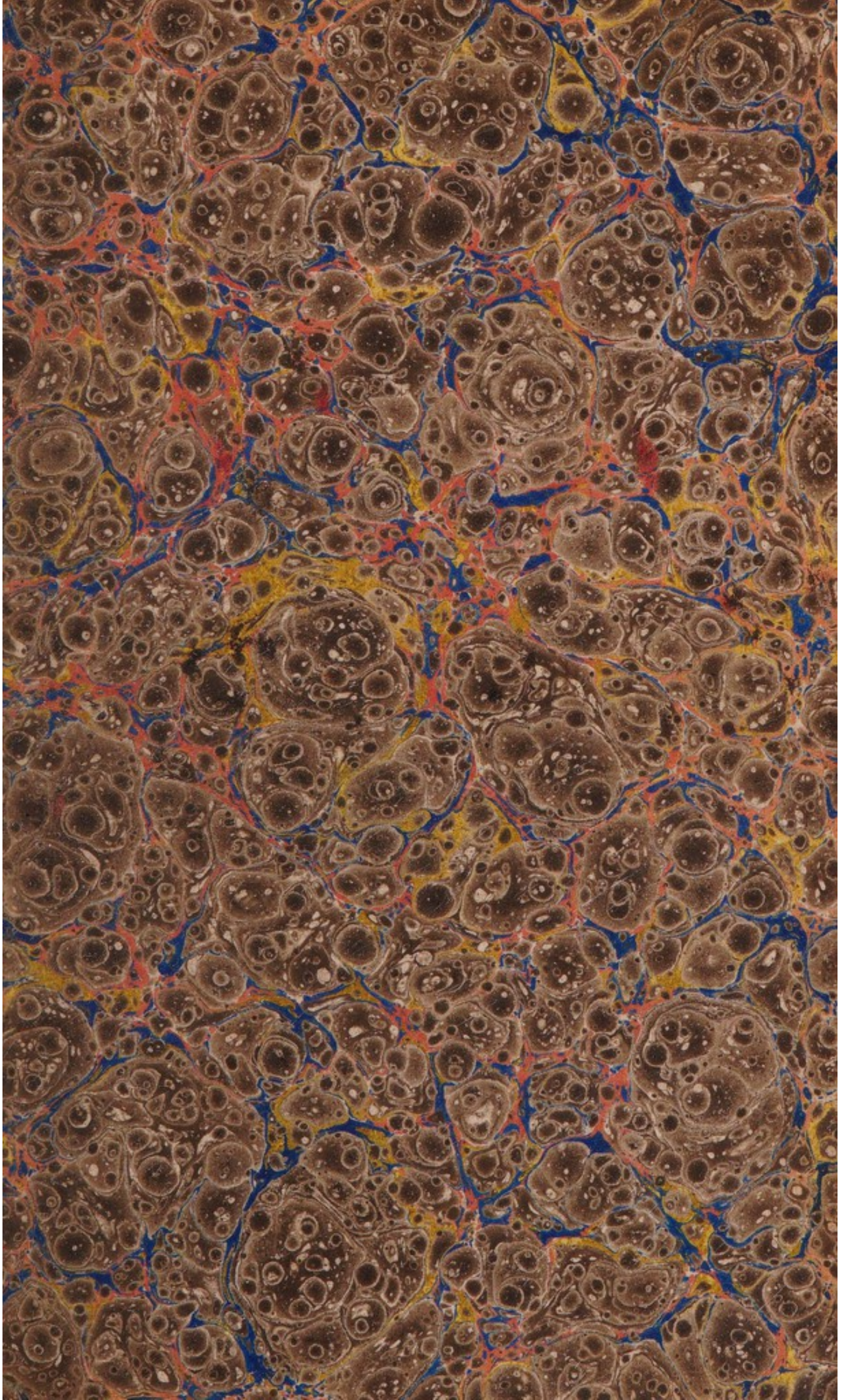
You can copy, modify, distribute and perform the work, even for commercial purposes, without asking permission.

**wellcome
collection**

Wellcome Collection
183 Euston Road
London NW1 2BE UK
T +44 (0)20 7611 8722
E library@wellcomecollection.org
<https://wellcomecollection.org>







©

-A1-

51636/A

~~138~~

675

Faint, illegible handwriting, possibly a signature or name.



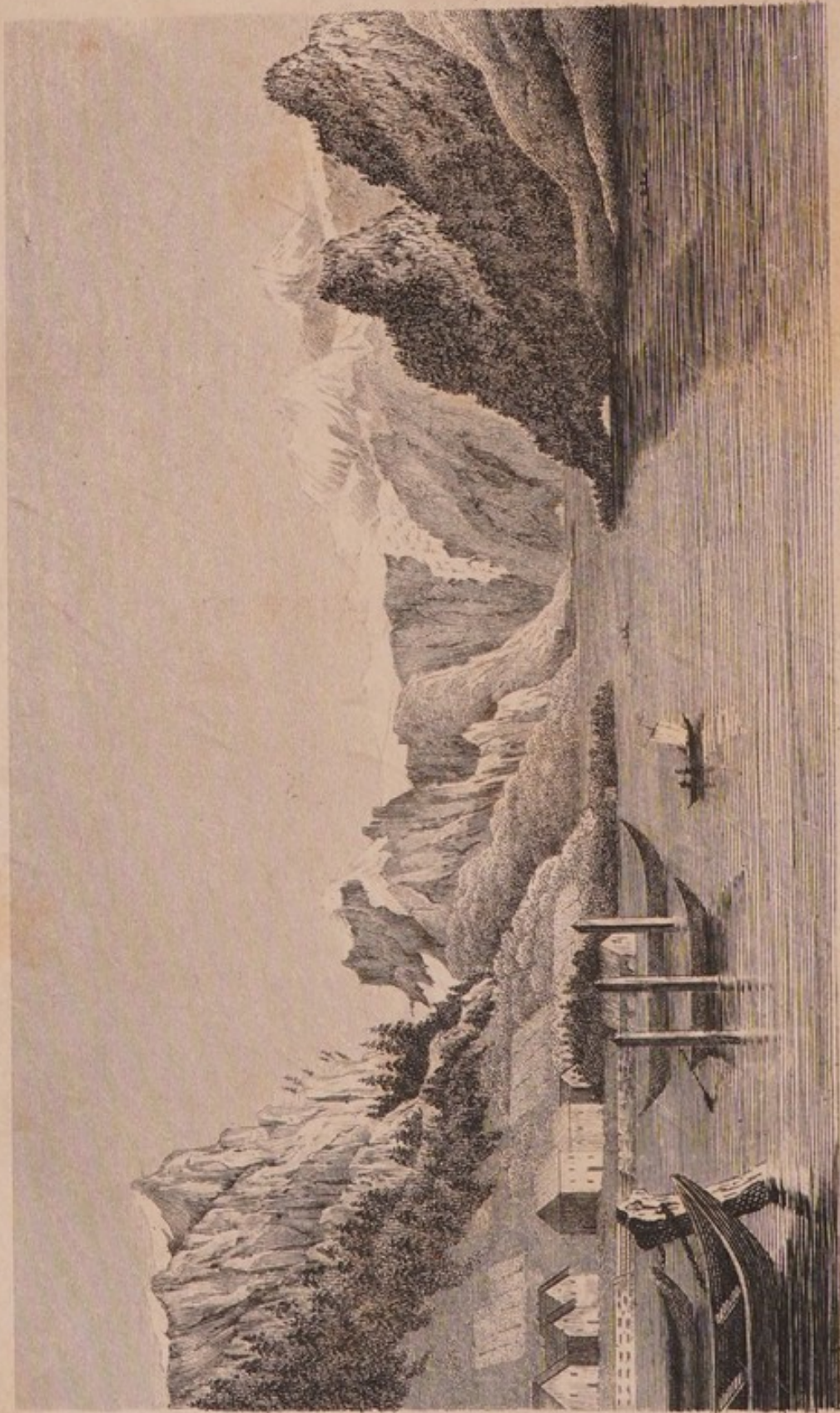
Edmund Sturge

Edgbaston

Edward Clarke

Highgate





From nature
by J. J. Tobin.

TRAVEL
TRAUN LAKE
Upper Austria

JOURNAL OF A TOUR

MADE

IN THE YEARS 1828—1829,

THROUGH

STYRIA, CARNIOLA, AND ITALY,

WHILST ACCOMPANYING

THE LATE SIR HUMPHRY DAVY.

BY J. J. TOBIN, M.D.

LONDON :

W. S. ORR, 14, PATERNOSTER ROW.

1832.

JOURNAL OF A TOUR

1822

BY J. BRADLEY AND J. J. J.

LONDON:

BRADBURY AND EVANS, PRINTERS,
BOUVERIE STREET.



PREFACE.

THE following pages were originally intended for the perusal only of my own family and immediate friends. Some of these now persuade me to lay them before the public, believing that, to it, a detail of circumstances connected, as my Journal necessarily is, with the last recreations and pursuits of the late Sir Humphry Davy, must be interesting. To have been in any degree a partaker of the hours of this great man, whose name must shed a lustre over his native land, so long as genius and science shall be admired, I

cannot be supposed to imagine otherwise than highly gratifying; and aware that my Journal through him bears an interest it could not otherwise pretend to, I do not hesitate to comply with their request.

The state of Sir Humphry's health inducing him to seek its restoration in a tour on the Continent, he wrote to my mother, who was residing on my account and that of my brothers at Heidelberg, stating his plan to her, and naming his wish to have a son of his "warmly-loved and sincerely-lamented friend," as the assistant and companion of his journey. My mother did not hesitate to suspend my studies during the period of the proposed tour, conscious that in the society of such a mind and acquirements as those of Sir Humphry, mine must advance. And to have been the companion of his latter days, clouded as they often were by the sufferings which I beheld him endure, will be

my last pride and advantage; and though the hand of death has laid low many a hope which gilded the future, it cannot deprive me of the recollection of those hours, when I marked his spirit still radiant and glowing (to use his own words)

“ With the undying energy of strength divine.”

Sir Humphry's health was in so shattered a state, that it often rendered his inclinations and feelings sensitive and variable to a painful degree. Frequently he preferred being left alone at his meals; and in his rides, or fishing and shooting excursions, to be attended only by his servant. Sometimes he would pass hours together, when travelling, without exchanging a word, and often appeared exhausted by his mental exertions. When he passed through Heidelberg to see my mother, he named all this to her, and with evident feeling thanked her for her request,

that he would on all occasions consider me as alone desirous to contribute to his ease and comfort. I mention this to account for my having so seldom spoken of his passing remarks, and for any apparent change which occurred in our arrangements, named in the Journal.

To give any adequate idea of the beauty and grandeur of the scenes I beheld, must be well known to be impossible by those who have visited these parts of Europe, or been accustomed to view the changing tints and hues of the fine sky that encircles them; but if I have imparted only a faint reflection of the pleasure such scenes bestow, even in recollection, or have given enjoyment to any of my readers, my object will be fully attained, nor shall I then regret having listened to the voice of my perhaps too partial friends. J. J. T.

Heidelberg,

March 14, 1831.

JOURNAL,

&c. &c.

ON my arrival in London (26th March, 1827) I found Sir Humphry better than I had expected, but evidently very weak. He appeared to have altered much during the four years which had elapsed since I last saw him, and it was evident that although his mind was still vigorous and full of energy, his bodily infirmities pressed heavily upon him, and I could not but perceive that he was keenly alive to his altered state. I had hoped to have remained some little time in London, but finding that everything was ready for our departure, I contented myself with calling upon a few old friends, and taking my seat by Sir

Humphry's side, his servant George being on the dicky with his master's favourite pointers, we drove from Park Street on the morning of the 29th of March. We slept that night at Dover, which we left the next morning at half-past nine o'clock, and arrived at Calais about twelve, after a beautiful and calm passage. Sir Humphry wishing to be left to repose quietly on his bed in the cabin, I took my favourite seat on the prow, and sat musing on times past and to come, looking upon the curling waves which were glittering with a thousand golden colours in the bright beams of the morning sun. The weather formed a strong contrast with that of the day before, when the only change had been from sleet and snow to hail and rain. The difference between the English and French coasts is very striking; and the contrast between the lofty white chalk cliffs of the one, and the gay and verdant hills of the opposite shore, seems almost emblematical of the national peculiarities of the two countries.

Sir Humphry was provided with a letter from Prince Polignac, the French Ambassador at London, to the Director of the Douane,

which greatly facilitated our passing the Custom house, where otherwise we should have had much difficulty from the variety of the luggage; among which, to say nothing of scientific instruments, and upwards of eighty volumes of books, were numerous implements for fishing and shooting, and the two pointers. We went to the Hotel Rignolle, a large and excellent inn, where Sir Humphry's travelling carriage awaited us, and we found it in every respect easy and commodious. After dinner I prepared and arranged every thing for our departure on the morrow, for the servant could on such occasions render me but little assistance, he not speaking a word of any language but English; and then took a walk through the town and bought a pack of cards, which Sir Humphry had begged me to bring that he might teach me the game of *ecarté*. During my walk I was amused by seeing both old and young dressed in their holiday clothes, playing at battledore and shuttlecock in the open streets. I soon returned; and after we had played a game together, I read aloud some of the "Tales of the Genii," and we then retired to rest.

31st. This morning I arose with thoughts of Heidelberg, it being dear F***'s birthday, which I knew would therefore be one of pleasure in the happy home I had left. After breakfast we set off for Dunkirk. The country through which we passed is exceedingly flat and uninteresting. On arriving at Gravelines, a strongly fortified little town, we found that the carriage had sunk, the leathers being new, so that we were obliged to send for a smith and a saddler, who detained us nearly two hours. We then proceeded through the same uninteresting flat to Dunkirk. After dinner we walked out to see the town, which is very clean, and has good broad streets. Near the market place is the episcopal church of Cambrai, the diocese of the celebrated Fenelon. The portico is chaste and beautiful, consisting of ten lofty corinthian pillars supporting a frieze. The interior of the church is simple and elegant. The harbour of Dunkirk is large, but nearly choked up with mud; on one side of it is a large basin newly made, which is kept full at low water by means of flood gates.

April 1st. We started after breakfast for Ghent, and passed first through Bergues, a little

town with very strong fortifications. At Rousbrugge, three postes and a half from Dunkirk, we entered the territory of the King of the Netherlands. We passed the custom house without having any part of our baggage examined, Sir Humphry's passport being signed by the Dutch Ambassador at London, who had added to his signature a request to the officers on the boundary to treat *ce celebre scavant* with all possible attention and respect.

The country beyond Rousbrugge becomes rather more diversified; the hedges, which are formed of small trees, are often very prettily interwoven, forming a fence at once useful and elegant; and we passed the first hill, a very low one, which we had seen since we left Calais. We drove on through Ypres and Menin, and spent the night at Courtrai. All these towns are strongly fortified, chiefly I believe under the direction of the celebrated Vauban, and are called the iron boundary of Holland. They are kept very clean and neat. Ypres has a fine large gothic town-house, with an immense number of windows in it. I read in the evening to Sir Humphry part of the "Bravo of Venice,"

and he dictated a few pages on the existence of a greater quantity of carbon in the primary world, and on some of the phenomena of the Lago di Solfatara, near Rome. His clear reasoning, and the proofs and facts which he adduces in support of his theories, still show the quick and powerful mind of his former days, when his bodily faculties were in the fulness of their vigour, and not, as now, a weight and oppression upon his mental powers.

2nd. The first *poste* after leaving Courtrai was Vive St. Eloi, an assemblage of a few shabby houses, hardly worthy the name of a village; thence to Peteghen and to Ghent. The country is flat, and anything but picturesque, and almost every field has a windmill in it. We only stopped to dine at Ghent, and then immediately started for Antwerp, where we arrived at about seven in the evening, passing through Lakesen and St. Nicholas. We were ferried over the Scheldt, and afterwards transported to the inn in a very novel manner. On arriving at the ferry opposite the town, the post-horses were taken out of the carriage, which was pushed into the ferry-boat by four

men, who with some difficulty dragged it out when on the other side of the river, and then drew it with us in it through the town to the inn, more than half a mile distant from the landing place. After tea I continued the "Bravo of Venice," and read Voltaire's "Bababec et les Faquirs" to Sir Humphry.

3rd. We did not breakfast till late, and afterwards drove out to see the town in spite of hail and snow. Our first visit was to the cathedral, which much disappointed us both as to its internal and external appearance. It strongly reminded me of that of Strasbourg, which it resembles in its minuteness of architecture, and even in the circumstance of its having its left tower in an unfinished state. The right tower, which is complete, is neither so light, or airy, nor by any means so beautifully sculptured as that of Strasbourg; nor does the building, as a whole, bear any comparison with the latter in beauty and effect. The interior is beautiful from its simplicity; and its having been newly white-washed gave it a light and cheerful appearance. It contains some fine pictures; the chief of which are the "Crucifixion,"

and the "Descent from the Cross," by Reubens. The pulpit, the largest and most beautiful specimen of carved wood I ever saw, represents Adam and Eve in the garden of Eden. We afterwards went into many of the various churches, some of which are adorned with very fine paintings. In that of St. Barbara are some very curious and beautifully carved wooden confessionals, in a style similar to that of the pulpit in the cathedral. Near this church is a celebrated Calvary,* which also includes a representation of Purgatory and of Heaven, being an assemblage of demons and saints in the most wretched taste. On one side, through a grating, the mortal remains of our Saviour in the tomb are presented to view; on the opposite side the Virgin Mary appears decked out with flowers and gold lace, surrounded by a choir of angels and saints; and on looking through a third grating one gets a peep at purgatory, where the wicked are seen swimming

* A Calvary is a representation of the Crucifixion of our Saviour, consisting of one, and often of three large crosses, with accompanying figures and decorations.

about among waves of flame in the strangest confusion imaginable. The whole of this representation appeared to us most ridiculous ; yet not so to many good Catholics, whom we saw silently kneeling before the gratings, and apparently devoutly praying for those souls who had been dear to them whilst upon earth. The devotion of many, however, was not so abstract as to render them indifferent to the presence of Sir Humphry, whose appearance, it is true, was likely to attract attention, even though unknown, wrapped up as he was in a large mantle lined with white fur.

In all the churches which we visited, the priests and attendants were busied in preparing them for the next day, (Good Friday.) Though the subject represented, the Tomb of Christ, with its surrounding scenery, attendants, and guards, was the same in every church, it was much more beautifully executed in some than in others. A part of the church was in general nearly encircled and darkened by hangings of black cloth, and a recess was thus formed, in which, in some of the churches, a stage of considerable depth was erected, on which was

painted the scene of the tomb, with its figures, side scenes, and distant views, very skilfully managed. The perspective was well kept; and the whole being very well illuminated by unseen lamps, the effect was quite theatrical.

Leaving these scenes of papal devotion, we drove to the harbour, a work of Napoleon's, which, like most of his other works, is remarkable for its strength and durability. Its size is not very striking; but it was tolerably well filled with shipping of all nations, amongst which I observed many English, and some North-American vessels. From thence we drove through the town; and Sir Humphry could not omit paying a visit to the fish-market, which, luckily for his white mantle, was not Billingsgate. The market did not appear to be very well stocked, and he could find nothing remarkable or new to satisfy his ever active curiosity. The town appears clean, and has some large open streets, the principal of which is called the Mere, in which our hotel, *Le Grand Laboureur*, is situated; it possesses no very remarkable buildings; and the town house and the celebrated exchange, make, at least externally, a very poor show.

The picture gallery, which is said to be very excellent, was unfortunately closed, it being a *fête* day. Our visits to the churches and the different parts of the town had fully occupied our morning, and in the evening after dinner I read to Sir Humphry Voltaire's "Histoire de la Voyage de la Raison," and finished the "Bravo," which he much admired.

4th. Left Antwerp in the morning, and passing through Coutegle, Malines, or Mechlin, we arrived at Brussels about one o'clock. The road runs nearly the whole of the way on the bank of a large canal, and is often bordered by a row of fine beech trees. The appearance of this capital from a distance is rather imposing; the handsomer and more modern part of it being situated upon a hill, at the bottom of which lies the old town, on the banks of the river Senne. The gate through which we entered is remarkably handsome, and the style of architecture light and elegant. We drove to the Hotel de Flandres, on the Place Royale, where we were very well accomodated. Before dinner I took a hasty run through the town, just to see the fine old gothic town-house, with its light and lofty spire, sur-

mounted by a colossal statue of St. Michael and the dragon, which acts as a vane ; and the parks, palaces, and fine public walks, which latter were crowded with English. English equipages and servants are also continually passing in the streets ; and so many of the shops are completely English, that it is difficult to believe that one is in the capital of a foreign nation. The number of English generally in Brussels is said to exceed twenty thousand. At one of the English circulating libraries I procured the “ Legend of Montrose,” which amused Sir Humphry for the evening.

5th. At nine in the evening we left Brussels by the Porte de Louvaine, and drove on to Ter-vueren, through a fine forest of beech trees ; at the extremity of which is situated the summer chateau of the Prince of Orange, which, in external appearance, hardly equals the country residence of an English gentleman. From thence we proceeded to Louvaine, or Löwen ; where we only stopped to change horses. The Hotel de Ville is one of the finest specimens of gothic architecture in the Netherlands ; but we could only catch a hasty view of it as we drove by and

went on to Thirlemont, where we dined, and after dinner proceeded to St. Troud, which we made our resting-place for the night.

6th. We quitted St. Troud after breakfast, in the midst of rain and snow, for Liege, or Lüttich, where we made no stay, but passed on to Battices. Between this last place and Aix-la-Chapelle, we crossed the boundary of the Netherlands, and entered upon the Prussian territory. The custom-house officers were very civil; and Count Bülow's *besonders empfohlen*, (particularly recommended), written in his own hand on Sir Humphry's passport, was of great utility. We entered Aix-la-Chapelle in the evening; and passing by the new theatre and the bath rooms, which are pretty, but small buildings, we drove to the grand hotel, which was neither grand nor comfortable. Our book for this evening was Swift's "Tale of a Tub."

7th. Left Aachen, (the German name for Aix), and passed on to Jülich, the first Prussian fortress. From thence we proceeded to Bergheim: after which we passed over a wide sandy flat, rendered in many parts almost impassable, by the previous heavy rains. A league or two before we reached Cologne, the many and

gloomy steeples of the once holy city rose to view; amongst which, the colossal mass of its splendid but unfinished cathedral stood prominent. The fortifications before the town are thickly planted with shrubs, so that from a distance they have more the appearance of sloping green hills, than walls of defence. Passing over numerous drawbridges, and under one of the ancient gateways, we drove through many dark and narrow streets to the Cour Imperiale.

8th. In the morning we left Cologne to the protection of its eleven thousand virgins, and started for Coblenz. At Bonn, we merely changed horses, and drove on to the little post-town of Remagen, leaving the summits of the celebrated seven mountains, *the castled crag of Drachenfels*, Rolandseck, and the towers of the convent of Nonnenwerth, as yet surrounded only by bare and leafless trees, behind us. Here we dined; and then continued our route along the banks of the Rhine, which was very turbid and swollen, to Andernach, and from thence to Coblenz. The scenery, which I had formerly beheld in all its summer glory, as well as in its rich autumnal tints, was now not only shorn of its beauty, but enveloped in mist and cloud.

9th. We quitted Coblantz at about eight o'clock in the morning, in the midst of a thick fog, which in a short time cleared away, and afforded us a most magnificent spectacle; for it came rolling down the hills on each bank of the river like immense waves, through which the sunbeams broke in from every side, till it was at last quite dispersed, and unveiled to our view the numberless little towns and villages on the banks, leaving the Rhine glittering in the rays of the sun, like a stream of burnished gold, rushing along between its dark and rocky mountains. We changed horses at Boppart, and from thence drove on to St. Goar, where Sir Humphry has determined to stop till to-morrow. After dinner he took a ride along the banks of the river, followed by his servant. In the mean while I strolled up the hills, and amused myself by sketching the old ruins of the castle of Rheinfels, and the river below me in the distance. On our return, Sir Humphry told me that he had decided to include Heidelberg in his route, which he had not at first intended to do, passing through Mayence and Mannheim, so that I shall in a day or two again see my home. After having read the "Old English Baron" to Sir Hum-

phry, we retired for the night; he to rest, and I to my chamber, where I could not but admire the scene around me. It was a beautiful starry night, and the lofty rocks opposite my window rose as it were from the rolling river beneath, awful and gigantic amid the shades of night, till their dark outlines, mingling with the more distant mountains, were lost in the clear sky. Every sound in the village was hushed, and it seemed as if even the air itself was lulled to rest by the stillness of night.

“ All Heaven and Earth are still—though not in sleep,
 But breathless, as we grow when feeling most ;
 And silent, as we stand in thoughts too deep :—
 All Heaven and Earth are still : from the high host
 Of stars, to the lull'd lake and mountain-coast,
 All is concenter'd in a life intense,
 Where not a beam, nor air, nor leaf is lost,
 But hath a part of being, and a sense
 Of that which is of all Creator and defence.”

10th. Our drive this morning from St. Goar to Bingen was cold and rainy, and the Lurley rocks, and the wild and rugged banks of the Rhine between St. Goar and Oberwesel, looked more than usually dreary, the few vines and the little vegetation that appear upon them in sum-

mer not having yet begun to shoot. We quitted the banks of the Rhine at Bingen, and struck across the country through a fine rich plain stretching almost as far as the eye can reach, and every here and there diversified by low hills, to Mayence. Ingelheim, one of the numerous residences of Charlemagne, and where that monarch once had a magnificent palace, is now a little insignificant borough, and the palace with its hundred columns from Rome or Ravenna, has vanished, or nearly so, for the slight remains that are still standing, shew but little of former grandeur.

At Mayence our passports were demanded at the first of the numerous draw-bridges, and quickly *visé'd*. Sir Humphry determined upon spending the night here, as I knew that the accommodations at the Roman Emperor were much better than any he would find at Oppenheim or Worms, which latter town we could not have reached till the night had set in, and Sir Humphry does not like to travel after sunset. The streets of this ancient town are for the most part narrow, dark, and dirty, with the exception of the chief street running from the upper part

of the town towards the Rhine, called *die grosse bleiche*, the great bleaching place, and which is a broad and handsome street. The whole appearance of the town, the old *dom* or cathedral, with its heavy towers and light pinnacles of red stone; its brazen gates, still bearing the marks of the balls of the celebrated siege in 1792; the many magnificent houses, often uninhabited or turned into shops and *café's*; the vast but ruinous palace of red sand-stone on the Rhine; the few inhabitants one meets with in the streets,—the officers and soldiers of the different regiments in garrison of course excepted,—plainly tell the stranger that Mayence has no longer any pretension to the splendour it owned under the rule of the Ecclesiastical Princes, it being then the second ecclesiastical town in Germany; or even during its occupation by the French, who, wherever they went, were sure to carry with them life and spirit. As it has changed for the worse, so may it again change for the better, and who can say that it may not in a few lustres more again flourish as a frontier fortress of France.

11th. Quitting Mayence, we drove on along the flat and sandy banks of the Rhine, through

Oppenheim to Worms, from the time of Charlemagne and the Frankish kings, till the days of Luther, the scene of brilliant *fêtes*, princely tournaments, and solemn diets of the empire,—now a dismal mass of ruin and desolation. The lofty nave and the four steeples of its ponderous gothic cathedral, when seen from a distance, rise with an imposing grandeur in the level plain of the Rhine; but, on a nearer survey, the church itself offers nothing of interest. We dined at Frankenthal, a neat and clean little town in Rhenish Bavaria, and then drove on through Oggersheim to Mannheim, where we crossed the Rhine over a fine bridge of boats. The streets of this town are remarkably broad and clean; the houses are lofty, and being built in small compact squares, all the streets meet at right angles, and generally afford at their openings a very pretty peep at the distant country, so that one imagines the surrounding scenery to be finer than it really is. The *Planken*, or chief street, traverses the town in a straight line from gate to gate, and forms a fine wide walk between two rows of acacias, which is chained in from the carriage road on each side.

The four leagues from Mannheim to Heidelberg are through a country, not one spot of which is uncultivated; this is backed by the finely wooded mountains of the Odenwald, on which are still visible the remains of some of the many castles which formerly crowned the different heights. We reached Heidelberg towards evening, and as soon as I had seen Sir Humphry comfortably lodged in the hotel of the Prince Carl, immediately under the imposing ruins of its far-famed castle, he begged me to go and see my mother, he being too fatigued to accompany me; and on my doing so, I found that my letter, which should have informed her of my approach, had not yet reached her.

12th. Sir Humphry finding himself too indisposed either to visit the university, or to receive any of its eminent professors, some of whom are very desirous to visit him, has determined to remain here only till tomorrow; for it is painful to him to know that he is surrounded by scientific men anxious to see and communicate with him, and to feel that he is no longer able to enjoy their society, or that scientific discussion, which, as it

was formerly a source of the highest gratification to him, "*now,*" he says, "*only serves to make me feel that I am but the shadow of what I was.*" It is in vain to combat with such feelings, but it is impossible not to regret their existence; for could Sir Humphry be persuaded occasionally to mix more frequently in such society, it would certainly rather be of service to him than not, for his fine mind is still full of intellectual power and elasticity, and he deceives himself in thinking otherwise. In the afternoon, as he did not feel strong enough to mount the hill to the castle, he took a short walk over the bridge along the northern banks of the Neckar, and appeared much to enjoy the beautiful scenery that encircles this spot, and is indeed every where to be found around Heidelberg. From this side one sees the ancient ruin with its mouldering towers, backed by a lofty amphitheatre of finely wooded mountains, with the town standing immediately under it, and the broad river rushing through its light and airy bridge, often foaming over many a rugged rock. The scene at all times is beautiful and imposing, but when lighted up by the rays of the setting sun, which fall with a re-

splendent glow upon the red-stone walls and towers of the castle, the effect produced is very striking, and at that hour it is impossible for the most indifferent observer to pass the spot without admiration. The castle itself is now in a very dilapidated state, for with the exception of the chapel, which is merely a bare and lofty hall, there remains scarcely one entire room; but the exterior walls of the quadrangle are nearly perfect, and much of the sculpture that every where adorns the ruin is still in high preservation, and some of the ruined towers, as such, are very beautiful. The gardens too, which, from their situation, sweeping as they do around the hill on which the castle stands, and abounding in fine large trees, are at once commanding and beautiful, afford many a delightful walk and striking view of the country beneath; and wandering amid their risings and descents, one feels that here art has been considered as she really is, the handmaid, not the mistress of nature's works. From some of the terraces one looks directly down upon the town, having a fine view beyond of the fertile plain between it and Mannheim, through which the Neckar is seen winding till it

joins the Rhine, which, with the distant Vogesian mountains, bounds the view in the west.

Heidelberg contains about 12,000 inhabitants, and has of late years become a favourite resort of strangers. The university library is considered to be one of the richest in Europe in ancient manuscripts, and were the sovereign of the state a more liberal patron than he is of learning and science, doubtless the museums and public institutions would be more liberally endowed than they are; there is, however, an excellent anatomical museum in the school for medicine, and so long as such names as those of Thibaut, Tiedemann, Gmelin, Schlosser, and various others whose works evince their talent, shall be found amongst the list of its professors, so long must Heidelberg hold a deservedly high rank in the learned and scientific world, and open a wide field of advantage and instruction to all young men anxious to avail themselves of such opportunities; nor will any impartial judge deny, that amongst its students many highly honourable examples of talent and application are found.

13th. We this morning bade adieu to Heidel-

berg, and set off for Neckargemünd. Sir Humphry very much admired the winding river and its picturesque banks, though the woods were yet leafless, and the rocks rather bare; whilst I could see no spot that did not, in one way or another, recall to my mind the many social and happy days I had spent in roving through the green woods, and among the mouldering castles of the Neckar. From Neckargemünd we struck across the country to Wiesenbach and Sinsheim, and from thence through very pretty but not striking scenery to Fürfeld, where we entered the kingdom of Würtemberg, and on to Heilbronn. This old town offers nothing interesting save the old square tower in the walls on the Neckar, formerly the prison of the celebrated Götz of the Iron Hand, who, it is said, died within its walls. The doughty champion will probably live in the remembrance of the good people of Heilbronn, only so long as the old tower which bears the name of the *Götzen Thurm* continues to stand; but the fame of Götz von Berlichingen will never die but with the extinction of German literature, handed down as it is to posterity by the master-hand of Göthe.

The drive from Heilbronn to Oehringen is very beautiful, over hill and dale, and from valley to valley through the mountains. The first little village which we passed was Weinsberg, and above it, on a hill covered with vineyards, are the remains of the castle of Weibertreue (Woman's faith.) This spot was the scene of the action celebrated in Bürger's admired ballad, *Die Weiber von Weinsberg*—The Woman of Weinsberg.

“Wer sagt mir an wo Weinsberg liegt
Soll seyn ein wack'res Städtchen,” &c. &c.

the story of which is founded on the following fact:—During the time of the deadly feuds between the houses of Hohenstaufen and Guelph, about the year 1140, Weinsberg was besieged and taken by the Emperor Conrad. The town and castle had excited his high displeasure for having afforded an asylum to his enemy Guelph, and he determined to destroy them with fire and sword, and said he would only allow the women to depart, and take any treasure with them.

At dawn of day the gates of the town were opened, and every woman appeared carrying her husband upon her back. Many of his officers,

indignant at thus seeing the enemy's garrison escape, endeavoured to persuade the Emperor to evade his promise, but Conrad replied, "*an Emperor's faith once pledged was not to be broken;*" and he granted them a free pardon, and from that time the castle of Weinsberg has borne the name of Weibertreue.

We did not reach Oehringen till eight o'clock; and then found the only decent inn in the town in great confusion, owing to the exhibition of a cabinet of wax-work, which had attracted all the waiters and chambermaids, so that it was with great difficulty I could obtain even hot water to make our tea.

14th. We left Oehringen at eight in the morning, and arrived at Halle, or Schöneshalle, about twelve, passing through some very pretty mountainous country. In this part of Würtemberg there are some coal mines, but the coal seems to be of a very inferior quality, a brown coal.

The female peasantry dress their hair in a very singular manner, drawing it back from the forehead, and tying it up in a bunch behind, which gives the head a remarkably naked appearance, and increases their altogether awkward and un-

couth air. The town is small and very old, and has some considerable remains of ancient fortifications. From Halle we had a very long drive up-hill and down-hill for five hours, through a fertile country well wooded and watered, to Ellwangen, another small town, prettily situated in a valley: the hills on the one side are surmounted by a modern chateau, belonging to the King of Würtemberg; and on the top of those opposite stands a fine large church, to which, at certain seasons of the year, pilgrims flock in numbers from great distances. Before tea I strolled round the town, and afterwards read one of the "Arabian Nights Entertainments" to Sir Humphry, after which we played our usual game at *ecarté*.

15th. Leaving Ellwangen, we passed through hilly but barren country, and over the most abominable roads possible, to Nördlingen, the first Bavarian post-town. We were every now and then obliged to get out of the carriage from fear of being overturned; and the postilion frequently preferred driving over a newly ploughed field to passing along the road. We however arrived safely at the post-house; thus accom-

plishing six short leagues in about as many hours. On driving into the town we were, as usual, asked for our passport, which was an English one: the officer took it for French, and I suppose he had never seen such an one before, for he copied the printed title into a paper which he gave me, as a permission to enter Bavaria, as follows:—"Permit to pass, &c. &c., *Lord Dudley, particulier,*" and I could hardly make the man believe that the printed name was not that of the person travelling, but that of the minister. From Nördlingen we drove to Donauwörth, on the Donau, or Danube; passing through Haarburg, a small village, but one of the prettiest spots we had seen since we left the banks of the Neckar. The church and many of the houses are situated on the top of a lofty rock, high above the rest of the buildings, and the whole scene is strikingly picturesque. The Danube at Donauwörth is a small and unimposing stream. Opposite our inn were two boats ready to start for Vienna; they were of considerable size, but wholly built of rough deal planks. Such boats are chiefly filled with merchandize, and rarely take passengers, as their ac-

comodation is very inferior. When they arrive at Vienna, they are broken up and sold as old wood, the current of the Danube being too rapid to admit of boats ascending. We had good accommodation at the only hotel, the Crab, which is out of the town, on the banks of the river; and Sir Humphry determined to remain till tomorrow, to see the fishermen cast their nets in the morning.

16th. Sir Humphry did not feel well enough to-day to accompany the fishermen, but desired them to bring him any fish they might catch; they accordingly brought him a schill, the large perch of the Danube, (*Perca lucioperca*, BLOCK,) of which Sir Humphry begged me to take a drawing. We then dissected it, and afterwards had it dressed for dinner, and both of us thought it very good, and much resembling cod in taste. Sir Humphry now generally prefers dining alone, and at a late hour for this part of the world, (four o'clock); and I, therefore, where I find a *table d'hôte*, usually dine at it; for though the business of eating in this country is not one of hasty dispatch, or of such trivial importance as to leave all the powers awake to conversation,

yet foreigners who wish to become acquainted with the people and manners, as well as to see them, will, at all events, understand them much better by mixing with them, than by keeping, as is so often the case with English travellers, to their own rooms. While Sir Humphry dined, I took a walk up the Schellenberg, to look at the spot from which Marlborough drove the French at the celebrated battle of Blenheim; and sitting under an old oak, on the top of the hill, I enjoyed the extensive view beneath me. Hardly visible in the distance appeared the towers of Blenheim; nearer stood many a small village, embosomed as it were in the forests; and the Danube, winding through the woods and verdant meadows, now hidden by an interposing hill, then again appearing in many a bending curve, with here and there a small green island, flowed tranquilly on till it reaches the town of Donauwörth, where it receives the tributary waters of the Wernitz, a small river which runs through the town. I hastily took a sketch of the view, the scene of actions which can never be forgotten by the friend of English glory, and then returned to Sir Humphry, and in the

evening read to him some of the "Arabian Nights," and Dryden's beautiful poem "The Flower and the Leaf."

17th. Crossing over to the right bank of the Danube by a small wooden bridge, our road passed through many pleasant meadows covered with beautiful anemones, interspersed here and there with the dark blue gentian, and enlivened by numerous herds of cattle. The first *poste* was Bergheim, and from thence to Neuburg and Ingolstadt. The church steeples of all the villages by which we passed were covered with tiles glazed with different colours, which in the sunshine have a very brilliant and Chinese appearance. Ingolstadt is a small old town, with dilapidated fortifications and walls. The only inn seemed in a similar condition, and the kitchen and some of the rooms being in a state of repair, we were obliged to continue our route. On leaving the town, we crossed over the Danube again and drove on to Vohburg. In the distance we thought we saw the Salzburg Alps, but we were unable to determine with certainty, the clouds having the greatest possible resemblance to distant snowy mountains. The Danube at Voh-

burg is by no means so wide as the Rhine at Mannheim, but is much more rapid. We again recrossed it, and drove through some marshy land, and a small forest of firs, beautifully green, to Neustadt, where we remained for the night at a most wretched inn.

The whole country through which we have passed appears very populous, but the peasantry look wretchedly squalid and poor, and an English eye is much struck by seeing the women constantly at hard work in the fields, and apparently performing a much greater share of the laborious part of their employment than the men.

18th. We left Neustadt in the morning, and drove on through pretty and hilly country, chiefly covered with fir wood, to Postsari, where we came down close upon the Danube, and beheld some most beautiful rocky scenery, far superior in grandeur to that of the Rhine. Immense perpendicular masses of grey rock, with dark fir-trees here and there forcing themselves through the fissures and crevices, form the right bank of the Danube at Abach, a small village at the foot of a hill, on the top of which stands an

enormous round tower, the only remaining vestige of a large castle which formerly crowned the summit. Before entering the village the road is hewn through the solid rock, and high above the head of the traveller is a gigantic Latin inscription, cut in the rock, purporting that this work was undertaken and completed by Charles Theodor, Elector of Bavaria; two colossal lions on pedestals mark the spot which was once solid rock. From this little village we passed over the hill to Regensburg, or Ratisbon, which lies in the valley beneath. The appearance of this old city from a distance is not more imposing than when in it, for it has no high towers nor fine prominent buildings. We entered it at about one o'clock, through an alley of young poplars, on the right of which stands a small modern temple, dedicated to the memory of the celebrated astronomer, Keppler. A light pretty gateway leads into dark and narrow streets, at the end of one of which was our inn, the Golden Cross, and the good accommodation we here found, was not rendered the less agreeable from its contrast with that of the wretched inn at Neustadt. In

the afternoon I walked out with Sir Humphry to see the town. The greatest, or rather only curiosity it possesses, is the large room in which the celebrated Diet of the Empire used to be held: the exterior has a miserable appearance, and Sir Humphry, instead of going in, went to see some fish in a tank, and wished me to accompany him as interpreter. I went in the evening again to see the hall of the Diet, but it was shut, and the man who shows it was not to be found. From the fish-tank we went to the bridge over the Danube, which is well built of stone, and is entirely paved with large flag stones. The river, already of considerable breadth, rushes through it with astonishing rapidity, and turns a number of mills below it. We then returned and took our tea, and our evening's book was "Palamon and Arcite."

19th. We quitted Ratisbon at nine in the morning, leaving the banks of the Danube to our left, and drove on to Eglofsheim, and from thence generally through or on the borders of a thick and sombre pine forest, through Birkheim to Ergolshausen. The cottages in this part of Bavaria are usually built of trunks of trees, laid

horizontally one upon another, like the log-houses of America; and the roofs are covered with shingles, on which are placed large flat stones, to prevent their being blown off. The better ones have generally some picture, the subject of which is taken from the Holy Writings, painted on the front; and at Ratisbon I saw a "David and Goliath," which covered the entire front of a large house three or four stories high. At Ergolshausen we were detained whilst the carriage was mended; this reparation cost eighteen kreuzers, (about sixpence,) and in France, for a similar one, we paid five francs.

When all was put to rights we set off for Landshuth, and soon caught a transient glimpse of the snowy Alps, rising out of the distant horizon like clouds into the clouds. The Isar, on which Landshuth is situated, exceeds even the Danube in rapidity, and well may Campbell call it

"Isar rolling rapidly."

We had hardly entered the inn when we were visited by a heavy thunderstorm, accompanied by tremendous hail.

20th. Wishing to see something of the town, I took a hasty stroll, early in the morning before we started, through the streets, but found little worth seeing. The cathedral is, externally, a fine old Gothic building, and the principal street is respectable. I was much struck with the head-dress of the women, which seems to vary according to their rank. The peasant girls wear large fur caps, whilst the women of a rather higher class have upon their heads most extraordinary gauze or muslin appendages, in all sorts of shapes, some like helmets, some pointed, and others falling in peaks, but all more or less richly embroidered with gold or silver thread.

On leaving Landshuth we ascended a very long and steep hill, and on arriving at the top we saw the Austrian Alps, at a distance of seventy or eighty miles, bounding the whole horizon with a line of shining white, and here and there broken by a dark shade of grey; whilst some single perfectly white and shining peaks shone high above the floating clouds, whose white colour appeared tarnished when compared with that of the eternal snow. We drove the greater part of the day through pine forests, up hill and

down hill ; now perfectly losing sight of the Alps, then again from the summit of the next hill catching sight of them, apparently not more than ten miles off, so distinctly could we trace the vallies between the different mountains. We stopped to dine at the post-house at Neumarkt, a small village, where I could get nothing but a pigeon dressed in garlic, and some sausage. Leaving this village, we descended from the mountains, amid which we had been travelling, into the plain which separates them from the Alps, and found ourselves, as it were, in front of this colossal chain, now brightly illuminated by the glowing sun. Towards evening I had hoped to have seen the rosy tinge upon the Alps, caused by the reflection of the sunbeams upon the snow of the summits, but I was disappointed, for they faded away into the grey clouds of evening as we drove up a very steep but short hill into Neu-Netting, a neat little town, in the streets of which we saw many pretty women and girls knitting before their doors ; on the whole, the people are much handsomer here than in the country we have hitherto passed through. About two miles further on we reached Alt-Netting,

where we were very well lodged at the post-house. Our hostess, a young lass of only seventeen or eighteen, spoke very good French, and seemed intelligent and active in the direction of her household.

21st. In the morning, before Sir Humphry was up, I went to see a little church on the *Platz* or square before our inn. The arcades surrounding it are completely covered with *votive* pictures, or pictures returning thanks to some favourite saint for having been delivered from great danger; some, for example, for having broken their legs or arms instead of their necks, others that their friends had been killed and not they, and such like. Many of these pictures bear dates of two or three hundred years ago, but they are almost all mere daubs. The interior of the church is also quite covered with paintings, and gold and silver offerings, some of the latter apparently of great value. On my return to the inn, I asked our hostess about this church, and she told me that it had been a celebrated place of pilgrimage for ages past; that the image of the virgin in it bears the date of the twelfth century, and that there also are kept embalmed the hearts of the

sovereigns of Bavaria, Charles Theodore, Maximilian Joseph, and others. She also informed me that there was a convent of nuns, and a Capuchin monastery in the town; some of the former I had seen in the church.

On leaving Alt-Netting, we for the first time this year saw cherry-trees in blossom, and on the sides of the road there was abundance of the pretty blue gentian. The next station, and the last in Bavaria, was Marktl. From thence we drove on to Braunau, ^{on the Inno} already a wide and very rapid river. The black and yellow striped posts on the wooden bridge announced to us the dominion of Austria; and on entering the town, we drove to the custom-house, where, however, the officers gave us no trouble, for a letter from Prince Esterhazy, with which Sir Humphry was furnished, seemed to act as a talisman, producing instantaneous civility, with bows and titles innumerable. The next *poste* was Altheim, where we found that every thing was to be paid for in Austrian money, which at first promised to be no slight trouble, though we soon found it was an easy matter to reduce it, six Bavarian kreutzers, or six florins,

being equal to five Austrian ones. It was our intention to have reached Haag this evening, but having a very long and steep hill to cross, the night overtook us at Ried, a little village, where we were obliged to put up with the accommodations of a miserable inn, with bad coffee and wretched beds, much to the discomfiture of Sir Humphry.

22nd. We left Ried at about nine, and drove through a fine forest of lofty pines to Haag, and from thence to Lambach. Wood seems so abundant in this country, that not only the inferior houses are wholly built of it, but even the fences between the fields are formed of rough deal planks. Lambach is a small insignificant town on the Traun, which river we here saw for the first time: its water is beautifully clear, and of a bluish-green colour. From Lambach we turned off to Vöcklabrück, along the banks of the Agger, another clear mountain stream, winding very prettily through a flat valley of the same name. On our approach to this little place we beheld the lofty Alps, which form the shores of the Traun Lake, at a short distance off; and Sir Humphry re-

joiced that he had at length arrived where he might enjoy his favourite amusement of fishing, which, but for a thunderstorm, he would this very evening have indulged in, at the expence of the poor fish in the little river Vöckla.

23rd. Early this morning, Sir Humphry begged me in his name to visit Count E——, who lives at a short distance from Vöcklabrück, and is proprietor of the fishing right in the Agger and Vöckla, and request his permission for him to fish in these streams; this the Count very graciously granted, and Sir Humphry accordingly mounted a pony, and rode down to the Vöckla, where, however, during the morning, he caught but little fish. The afternoon was spent in the same pursuit, and we closed the evening as usual with reading some of Dryden's poems and the "Arabian Nights."

24th. In the morning Sir Humphry begged me to procure a one-horse chaise for him, in which, with his servant, he was driven to the Kammer Lake, about ten miles off. I, in the meanwhile, strolled about the environs, not finding anything interesting in the town; but my walk did not prove very agreeable, the weather being so

misty that I could gain no view of the neighbouring Alps, and I was very glad to see Sir Humphry return in the afternoon, bringing with him a few fish, which were dressed for his dinner. In the evening we read Prior's "Alma," but not being pleased with it we soon changed it for Pope's "Essay on Man."

25th. We quitted Vöcklabrück at about ten in the morning, not at all to my sorrow; and after a beautiful drive through fine fir woods and lanes, where the hedges were already quite green, we arrived at Gmünden, and beheld a scene which surpasses in magnificence any thing I have ever yet seen. On one side of the hill down which we drove was a wood of tall beeches, the leaves just bursting from the bud; on the lower side, meadows of the most beautiful green sloped down to the town of Gmünden, which seemed to rise out of the bosom of the lake of the same name, or, as it is more generally called, the Traun Lake. Alps, whose summits were hidden in the clouds, and on whose rocky heights nothing was seen but the dark black pine, form the banks of this large reservoir of water, in some places descending with precipitous and almost perpendicu-

lar steepness into the clear lake, whilst in others they are lost in fine meadows and orchards, with neat wooden cottages peeping through the trees; and on an island in the lake we saw a large château and church, which are joined to the main land by a long wooden bridge. The best inn at Gmünden, the Ship, is close upon the edge of the water, and commands a magnificent view over the whole extent of the lake, and every window being provided with a little cushion, one may enjoy the scene leaning on the window-sill for hours, without any detriment to one's elbows. Gmünden itself is a pretty clean little town at the north end of the lake, exactly on the spot where it empties itself into the river Traun with an impetuous rush, thus dividing the town into two distinct parts, connected by a strong wooden bridge built on piles. On the shores of the lake are many beautiful small villages, now and then seen through the half green trees, and at about six miles from Gmünden, apparently at the end of the lake, is the town of Traunkirchen, almost lost in distance and haziness. The water of the lake is beautifully clear, and of a deep blue-green colour. After reading to Sir Humphry

in the evening, I spent an hour gazing out upon the lake and its alpine shores, partially illuminated by the moon; the more distant snowy summits seemed like detached clouds, resting as it were upon the dark and gloomy masses beneath, which threw their long broad shadows over the silvery bosom of the lake; while every here and there on the surrounding shores, a few twinkling lights, seen between the trees, marked the situation of a village or country house.

26th. On awaking this morning, I fancied myself on the sea shore, for the first sound I heard was the surge of the waters of the lake, which had been agitated into light waves by a fresh morning breeze. On going to my window the scene formed a striking contrast to that of yesterday evening; the darkness and deep silence of night had disappeared; not a cloud was to be seen, and the brilliant beams of the young sun shone upon numberless boats, flitting with their white sails over the glittering waves; whilst in the street beneath stood motley groups of peasants lounging about, or awaiting the arrival of some boat from the other shore of the lake. Sir Humphry rose early, and imme-

diately after breakfast we went out to the bridge over the Traun, he to fish, whilst I sketched; and staid the whole morning beneath the bridge, on one of the piers close to the rushing stream. The view from this spot is far more extensive than that from the inn windows, as from hence you see quite to the opposite end of the lake, and can discover beyond the promontory, on which stands the town of Traunkirchen, the houses and spires of Ebensee, as white specks against the distant grey mountain; and from hence also are seen to great advantage, far beyond the mountains of the lake, the distant snow-clad summits of the Schneeberg and other of the Styrian Alps. On my return home I found Sir Humphry already there, and that he had caught some fine trout, which proved excellent. In the evening we had a violent storm, and I read Green's poem on the Spleen, which Sir Humphry does not admire.

27th. This morning proved rainy, and Sir Humphry was in despair, as he had ordered a small carriage, intending to go and see the Falls of the Traun, about ten miles down the river; it cleared up, however, about eleven o'clock,

and turning out very fine, we set off, Sir Humphry armed with all his fishing-tackle, and I with my sketch-book. After a fine drive along the top of the precipitous and highly picturesque banks of the Traun, passing by many smaller falls and rapids, we reached the inn near the great fall, the roar of which is heard at a considerable distance. A little below the cataract a lofty wooden bridge is thrown over the Traun, and from beneath it one beholds a truly sublime scene. The greater part of the river here precipitates itself from a height of nearly fifty feet, in one immense mass of foam over the impeding rocks, which are of considerable breadth. Thick clouds of mist are continually rising from the boiling pool, and the spectator standing within a few feet of the descending river is completely wetted in an instant. In the centre of the river stands a large rock, from which three smaller falls throw themselves into the greater pool; and again, higher up on the right is another large cascade, where the water falls in a perpendicular sheet between two rocks, which serve as a support to a small wooden house that has been erected over the fall. Below the bridge the

whole river is one white stream of foam, with dark black rocks here and there jutting out of it. The banks are formed of lofty rocks (chiefly pudding-stone,) and are topped with woods of dark black pine. Boats descending the river avoid the danger of this cataract by means of a small canal, which has been cut through the right bank of the river in a sloping direction from the fall, and again joins the river at some distance below it. This canal is immediately filled with water by raising a sluice gate close to the fall, and the boat keeping near the shore is very easily guided into it, and descends quickly and safely. Sir Humphry finding the fish would not bite, we returned home, after spending a short hour in this sublime and romantic spot. The drive back to Gmünden is finer than the drive to the Falls, the river presenting more beautiful openings and turnings, and the lake gradually rising into view.

In the evening Sir Humphry determined not to remain at the baths of Ischl, about twenty miles distant, as he had intended doing, but to proceed to Laybach, three hundred miles off, as he thought the snipe-shooting, which he much wished to enjoy, would not yet be over there.

28th. We left Gmünden at eight, crossing over the lake in a large boat. The view of Gmünden from the lake is beautiful, and with its gently sloping green hills and woods in the back ground, and its neat white houses, rising as it were out of the water, forms a strong contrast with the rugged mountains which surround the lake on every other side. Whilst crossing over, the scene continually changes, the Alps presenting themselves from different sides; and on turning the promontory on which Traunkirchen is situated, we entered as it were upon another small lake, and discovered the town of Ebensee, about three miles off, quite at the end of it. The Traun here flows into the lake, and often brings with it a considerable quantity of wood, which is collected by a long *cordon*, formed of the trunks of fir-trees joined together, and drawn across the end of the lake. Ebensee has very large salt-works, which afford employment to the greater number of its inhabitants. Post-horses were here again put to the carriage, and we drove on along the banks of the Traun through most enchanting scenery to Ischl, and from hence to Aussee, over a very steep moun-

tain, on the sides of which I found, whilst walking up it, many of our prettiest garden flowers, cyclamens, anemones, &c. &c. After ascending for an hour and a half, we entered Styria, passing the boundary of Upper Austria, and came to the snow, through which we pursued our way for half an hour more, when we found ourselves on the top of the pass, between 4000 and 5000 feet above the level of the sea, environed by Alps clad in deep and for the most part eternal snow. Our road down was cut through the snow, which was much deeper on this side than on the other. Aussee is a little town, beautifully situated at the bottom of a valley, surrounded on all sides by gigantic rocks; it also has, like Ebensee, extensive salt-works, the salt for which is furnished from the salt-mines in the adjacent mountains.

29th. We quitted Aussee this morning, and drove on through Mitterndorf, Steinach, and Liezen, our road lying through beautiful Alpine country, sometimes hilly, and always at a great elevation. Between Liezen and Rothenmann we passed the first old feudal castle that we have seen in this part of Austria; it is called

Wolkenstein, and is finely situated upon a hill, between rocks and woods. Most of these people have large *gôitres*, the cause of which it is perhaps difficult to ascertain with certainty. Sir Humphry seemed inclined to attribute their presence to the calcareous earths which the waters of these vallies may hold in solution. This opinion has been also supported by many scientific medical men; still Sir Humphry seemed to think there was reason in my observation, that it might rather be the effect of climate and damp; for in a mountainous country that is also full of streams, the inhabitants are always exposed to strong currents of damp and chilly air at one season, and to the extreme of heat in the summer months, when the rays of the sun are reflected from the rocky mountains, and, as it were, concentrated upon the lower vallies; for were it from the water, would it not, in an equal degree, affect the upper classes, which, I have observed in the neighbourhood where I have resided, is not the fact; for though they are subject to this disease, they are by no means so much so as the poorer inhabitants of the villages in the Odenwald, for instance; and the

water of many of these parts has been proved to be more than usually free from earths and salts.

Between Rothenmann and Gaishorn, at which latter village we passed the night, we saw a peat moor, a very rare thing in this country. I think I shall never forget the evening we spent here, in one of the most miserable dirty little village inns in Europe. When we drove up to the door we heard within the sound of loud and merry music, and the noise of a number of people dancing and clapping their hands; this all of a sudden ceased, and out rushed a whole troop of peasants of both sexes to see the strangers. The master of the inn, a young man, led us up a tumble-down staircase to the first and only story, where we found three rooms in no very inviting state: the walls were dirty, bare, and ragged; the beds almost as bad; the furniture looked as if it had been standing there for a hundred years, and every thing smelt of tobacco-smoke. Sir Humphry could scarcely make up his mind to remain in such a place, yet it was too late to attempt to proceed, as he did not like to travel after dark; so I was obliged to do my best, and arrange our accom-

modation for the night, I being the only one who could make myself understood, and this with no small difficulty, the people here speaking the most wretched Austrian dialect. When I had at last got dinner served, or rather supper, which we had luckily brought with us, and had ordered chickens to be killed to take with us tomorrow, got out sheets to be aired, &c. &c., none of which orders I could get attended to with any regularity, as every body was running off to the dance, which in the meanwhile had recommenced with as much noise as before, I attempted to read the "Arabian Nights" to Sir Humphry, but he found it impossible to hear, and was obliged soon to retire to his bed. Before I followed his example I went to take a peep at the dance, and asked the host what all this rout was about? He told me it was the conclusion of a wedding fête which had been celebrated the day before, and his house having been engaged for the purpose, he could not put an end to their merriment. The dance which these peasants were enjoying, the national dance of Styria, was a slow waltz, not devoid of grace, with various tours performed by four couple, and which were

always preceded by a loud clapping of hands and stamping with the feet. Had we arrived yesterday we should have seen the fête in its glory, and all the guests in their gay and motley apparel, which would have been an entertaining sight, but the bride and bridegroom not being present this day, their friends were footing it merrily in their every-day dress. Having partaken of some of the remains of the wedding cakes, I retired to bed, but not to sleep, the party continuing their revels and noise till a very late hour.

30th. We could not set off this morning till after nine, one of the bolts of the carriage wanting repair, which I was obliged to superintend, the workmen understanding nothing of the build of an English carriage. We then set out and drove on to Krapath, where our chickens proved very acceptable, the post-house offering nothing but stale brown, or rather black bread and sour wine. We passed to-day another old castle on the mountains, which latter, though still in some parts covered with snow, already begin to lose their rocky and alpine appearance, and have a more rounded form. The day was warm and

very dusty. From Krapath we drove on to Judenburg, a considerable town on the top of a hill, but which we did not enter till long after sunset.

May 1st. From Judenburg we went on through Unzmarkt, to Neumarkt, in Carinthia; and from thence through some beautiful vallies to Friesach, a small town, where we passed the night at a very good inn. Upon the hill above the town, stand the remains of an extensive old castle, but we arrived too late to admit of my visiting it.

2nd. We left Friesach early, and went on to St. Veit, and from thence to Klagenfurth, the capital of Carinthia. Before us in the distance appeared another range of lofty snowy Alps, which form the boundary between this country and Carniola. Between St. Veit and Klagenfurth we met a post carriage, and the postilions insisted in spite of all remonstrance upon changing horses, alleging as a reason that we should find none at Klagenfurth. On driving to the post, which is a very fine hotel, we found upon enquiry that the postilions were in the right, and that they are permitted

to change horses when they know that there are none at the next station. Klagenfurth appears to be a very respectable town, with broad and clean streets, and one or two fine open squares. We stopped here to dinner, and then went on to Kirschentheur, a small village lying at the foot of the Löbel, one of the chain of Alps which we had seen in the morning, and over which the high road from Carinthia to Carniola passess. We had not long left Klagenfurth when we again met with another carriage, and were stopped and deprived of our horses, which not a little irritated Sir Humphry, for we this time got instead of our three only two, and neither of these having a saddle, and our carriage being without a front dicky, the postilion was obliged to walk to the next station. Sir Humphry had hoped to have crossed the Löbel to-night, but on arriving at Kirschentheur, we found it was too late to think of it; and we therefore remained at the post-house, where we found ourselves tolerably comfortable.

3rd. Our preparations for departure this morning seemed to indicate a very laborious route, for the carriage was provided with six horses,

two postilions, and two drags. We started at seven, and after a drive of half an hour arrived at the foot of the Löbel Alp, or, to speak more correctly, at the foot of a lesser mountain, which lies before the Alps, to the summit of which we ascended by an excellent road, in many places cut through the limestone rock. From the top, already at a considerable elevation, we looked down upon the road before us, which appeared like beautiful terraces built one above the other, and which lay so perpendicularly under our feet, that it seemed almost impossible to reach the lowest without imminent danger. The drags, however, were put on, and we all arrived safely upon the last terrace, which is formed of a noble and lofty stone arch, thrown across a very deep ravine. We then proceeded through a beautiful valley formed of magnificent rocks, crowned with woods of different descriptions, above which appeared the white fields of snow. We at last reached the base of the Löbel itself, and began the ascent of it, which occupied nearly four hours. The road, which is everywhere excellent, and is kept in very good order, winds upwards in a continual zig-zag till it reaches the

summit, where an opening is hewn through the solid rock, from whence a most extensive and magnificent view presents itself to the eye of the traveller just arrived from below; one seems to look out upon a vast plain, but this plain is formed of the summits of lesser mountains, all beautifully wooded, whilst nearer on each side is a long chain of rocky Alps, whose crests are covered with snow, and the road in front is seen winding through a deep valley till it is lost in the woods.

Upon these Alps the varied progress of vegetation is distinctly marked; first appears the beech now just burst into leaf, reaching to a height of about 4000 feet; then follow the dark pine and fir, whose sombre tints contrast finely with the beautiful green of the lower woods; and again above these the lowly heath appears, bordering upon bare and rugged rocks, or upon fields of eternal snow.

On the road we met with very little snow, and this only near the summit of the pass; on arriving here our three extra horses were taken off, and locking both the hinder wheels, we began the descent; this is much steeper than

the ascent from the other side, and from the top one sees terrace lying below terrace, till they reach the valley. We arrived safely at the bottom, having, however, with some difficulty avoided running over a drunken man, who was lying fast asleep in the middle of the road. We then drove on through the valley, always down hill, to Neumarkt, in Carniola, into which province we had entered on the summit of the Löbel; it is a small bourg, beautifully situated in a dell, and completely surrounded by mountains; it is the first station after leaving Kirschentheur, and we reached it at about two o'clock, so that we had occupied seven hours in the passage of the Löbel. After dining here we went on to Krainfurth, a pretty town, and of considerable size, on the river Save or Sau. The evening being fine, Sir Humphry went out to fish, but caught nothing.

4th. We left Krainfurth at eight, and arrived, after a pleasant but, as usual, silent drive, at Laybach about twelve, and have taken up our quarters at Detella's inn, which however is not the first, as the Savage, and the City of Trieste, are each of them better hotels, and are more

pleasantly situated. Sir Humphry, however, chooses Detella's, in consequence, he says, of its being the house in which he was ten years ago, as well as in the year 1827, when he was seriously ill there, and received great attention from some of the innkeeper's family.

5th.—17th. Sir Humphry generally goes out shooting the whole day, and often brings home quails and landrails; but the snipes are rare. I seldom accompany him on these excursions, as he is not fond of a second gun, and I can be of no use, as he always takes a game-keeper with him besides his servant. After dinner he usually goes out fishing for an hour or two, and in the evening, after I have read to him, we generally play a game at *ecarté*.

We are here in the heart of Carniola, and it seems as if we were already at the end of Germany, for the greater part of the people are Servians, and appear to be as different in their manners and habits as in their language from the northern Germans; the peasants are servile to their superiors, boorish and uncivil towards strangers, and ignorant to an extreme. The only language which they understand is the

Slowenian or *Krainerisch*, which is said to bear great affinity to the Russian; and I am told that when the Russian troops were in this part of Europe, they and the peasants were on very good terms, as they mutually understood each other. The sound of this language is not hard or unpleasant, with the exception of one or two letters, which are not met with in most European languages; those who understand German and *Krainerisch*, inform me that the latter language possesses equal compass and power with the former. The higher and middling classes mostly speak German, and often Italian, and are polite and friendly in their manners.

The town of Laybach, though of a considerable size, and with a population of about 15,000 inhabitants, offers nothing interesting. It is divided into two parts by the river Laybach, a slow and usually turbid stream of no great breadth. Four or five wooden bridges unite the two parts of the town; they are broad and appear like the continuation of the streets, being shut in on both sides by rows of shops, so that the passenger is not aware that he is crossing the river. The streets are generally narrow and

dark, and of the churches, which are numerous, the episcopal church is the first. On a hill above the town are the remains of the ancient citadel, now only used as a prison. The view from hence is fine and extensive, overlooking a vast plain, bounded on one side by the lofty chain of the Carinthian Alps, and on the other by lesser mountains, covered with one continuous and immense wood, the ancient Hyrcinian forest, which stretches on almost to the frontiers of Turkey; nearer to the town are a great number of marshes, the theatre of Sir Humphry's daily sport. The garrison is considerable, and both the officers and soldiers are fine men, and look very well in their white and light blue uniforms.

18th. We quitted Laybach this morning, and Sir Humphry intends returning to Ischl, but by a different route to the one we formerly followed. He would certainly have prolonged his stay in Laybach, and have continued his shooting and fishing for some time longer, in spite of the weather, which begins to be already very warm, had he not received intimation from the police that he could not at present continue to shoot, this being the breeding season. A

pretty little pony, which Sir Humphry bought a few days ago for the trifling sum of five pounds, is tied behind the carriage, and runs after it. We followed our old road to Krainburg, where we turned off into the Sau-thal or Valley of the Save; along the banks of which river we drove on to Saphnitz, a small village of only a few houses, where they seem very rarely to see strangers, for the post-house was not even provided with either butter or cheese. The valley between this place and Assling becomes more and more beautiful and sublime as we advance. On one side are barren and bleak rocks, rearing their snow-clad summits into the clouds; and here and there the eye catches a glimpse of one of the ancient passes over the mountains, formed by the Romans, and which have probably been often trodden by Trajan and his legions during the wars of that emperor in this part of Germany; on the other, or left side of the valley, the mountains are lower, and seem to glory in the beauty and luxuriance of their beech woods, through whose foliage rocks of grey limestone are often seen jutting out. The clear blue waters of the Save run through the middle of

the valley, receiving in their course many small tributary streams on both sides. Near Assling the contrast becomes less striking; the valley seems to close, the rocks and woods are more intermixed, and beyond them, in the distance, are discovered the snowy peaks of the Terglon and Skerbina, two lofty mountains in the district of Wochain. Assling is a pretty little village on the Save, almost embosomed in wood. To the left, on entering, is a large iron foundery, and also the remains of an unfortunate chain bridge, which had given way upon the first trial. The post-house, where we stopped for the night, is a very good inn, and the host remarkably civil.

19th. Sir Humphry wishing to see the lake of Veldes, the lake of Wochain, and the source of the Save, which all lie out of the high road in the district of Wochain, he determined to make a tour for a day or two into this wild and remote country, a part of Austria rarely visited by strangers. We were told at Assling, that the roads were in many places too bad and too narrow to admit of our passing in the travelling carriage, and Sir Humphry, therefore, hired a small calèche, in which we set out. We crossed

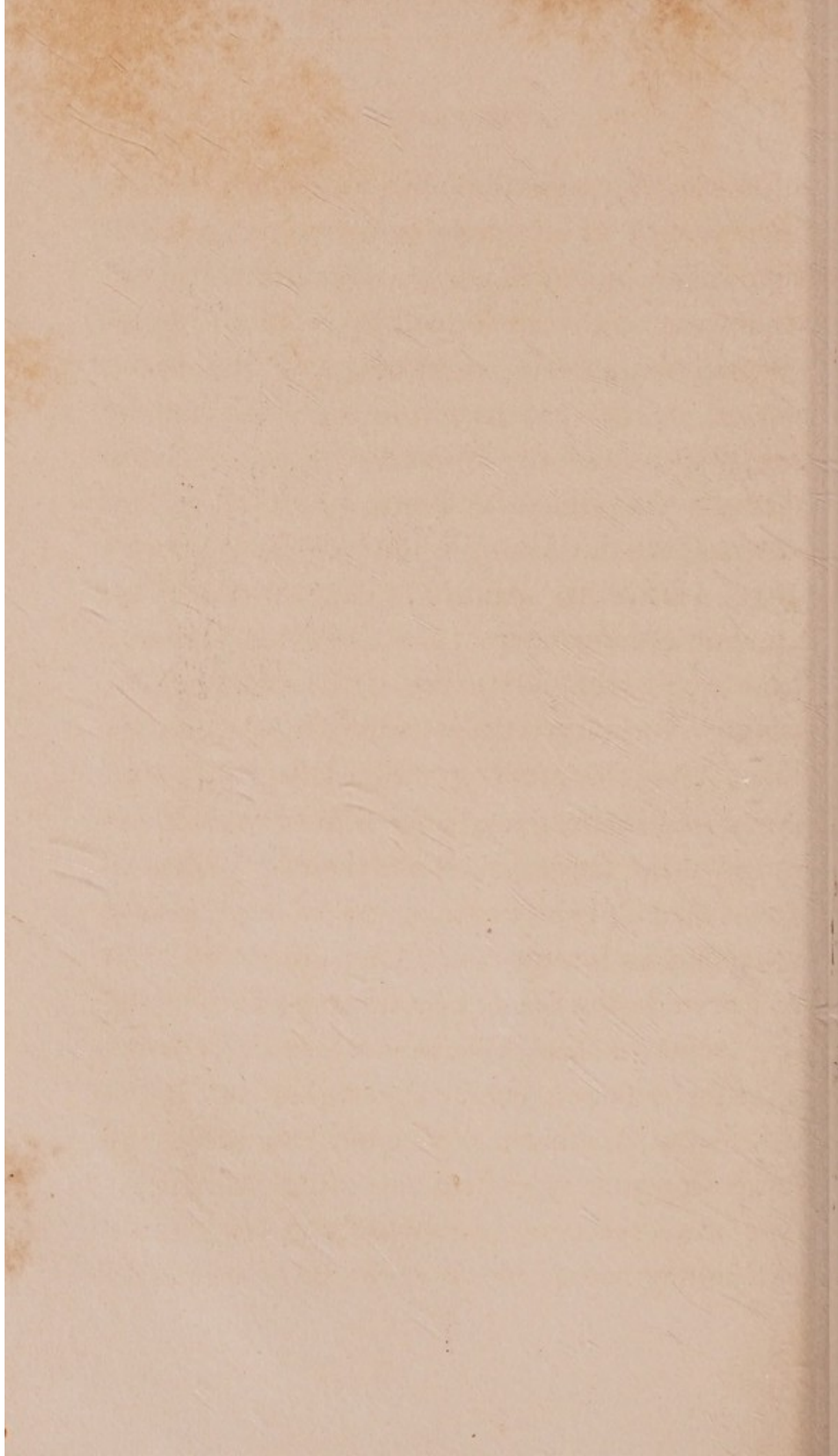
the Save by a very precarious bridge, built of wood, exceedingly narrow, without any railings, and with a floor formed of the trunks of fir-trees, cut into logs and laid parallel to each other. We then went over a steep mountain, and drove on for about two hours in a valley, on the sides of which the trees and rocks were so picturesquely blended, that it would be difficult to say which of the two contributed most to the beauty of the landscape. At the end of the road, on driving down a hill, the lake of Veldes opened upon us. This lake is on a much smaller scale, and totally different from the Traun-See, and to many would perhaps appear more beautiful. At the bottom of the hill, near the lake, lies the village of Veldes, with its church steeple and a few of the houses peeping out from between the trees; above the church an enormous lofty rock rises perpendicularly out of the waters of the lake, bearing on its top an old imperial castle, to which on the land side a pathway is seen winding up through the wood. In the centre of the lake is a small island, completely covered with trees of the most brilliant green, in the midst of which and high above them is seen the steeple



From nature

VENEZIA LAKES

by G. G. Fisher



of a church, with the roofs of a few houses. The length of this lake is between three and four miles, but its breadth is considerably less; the nearer shores are formed by noble mountains covered with fields, meadows, and fine beech woods, behind which to the right appear the snowy peaks of the Wochain Alps. Driving through the village and around the lake, we entered into the beautiful valley of the Wochain-Save, a small but beautifully clear stream, of an emerald green colour. After stopping for some time for Sir Humphry to fish, we drove on to Wochain-Villach, a wretched little village, where we dined upon the produce of Sir Humphry's sport. Not a soul in the place spoke a word of German or any other language except their *Slowenian*, so I was e'en obliged to make use of our Assling coachman as interpreter. After dinner we went on through the same magnificent valley along the banks of the Wochain-Save to Feistritz, a large village, chiefly belonging to Baron Z——, of Laybach, who also possesses very large iron and steel-hammers near the village. We were received very politely at his Schloss or country house, by his steward, to whom the

innkeeper of Assling had given us a letter, the Baron himself, with whom Sir Humphry was personally acquainted, and on whom I had called in his name whilst at Laybach, being absent. The Schloss is old and in bad repair, but we were very comfortably lodged, and contrived to sleep in spite of the noise of the hammers which were at work the whole night, and caused the surrounding ground and houses to tremble as if shaken by an earthquake.

20th. We set out early this morning for the Wochain lake, and as we drove along the banks of the Save, the country became at every mile more and more romantic; and upon arriving at the spot where the river issues from the lake, it seems to have reached the highest pitch of wild grandeur. Barren rocks, from four to six thousand feet high, rise up to the clouds, in which they hide their lofty snow-clad peaks. The highest of all, visible from this side of the lake, is the Skerbina.* The south side of the lake, round which the road runs, is finely wooded, and here

* This word means in Krainerisch, a rotten or broken tooth, and is applied in this sense to the jagged summits of the mountain.

and there noble masses of light grey rock rise abruptly out of the blue water, contrasting finely with the dark pines which crown their summits. The shores of the north side are formed of sloping meadows and hills, beyond which rise those enormous walls of rock seen on approaching the lake. Sir Humphry crossed over the lake in a boat, in order to visit the *Savitza*, or the source of the Wochain-Save, a lofty cascade, just seen at the western end of the lake like a glittering silver thread among the grey rocks. I drove round the banks as far as was practicable in the carriage, and then walked on and met Sir Humphry at the end of the lake, George following with the pony for him to mount on leaving the boat. We then proceeded for about three miles through fields, over rocks and stones, and the dry beds of mountain torrents, till the road became too bad for the pony. Sir Humphry then dismounted, and taking my arm, proceeded, with the boatman as a guide, for about a mile further, when we reached a frail wooden bridge cast over the foaming Save. Here Sir Humphry said he would go no further, but wait with George, who led the pony, till I returned from

the source. I and the guide, therefore, went on up the mountain, climbing over rocks and fallen trees, where no vestige of a path was to be traced, till we came to the foot of a high and mouldering scaffold, which the guide told me, in as good German as he could, had been erected some years ago to enable the Archduke John to gain a fine view of the fall. Having mounted it by a tottering ladder, I found myself in full front of the cascade, which gushed some hundred feet above, out of the side of one of those enormous mountains of rock which we had seen from the other end of the lake, and rushed with a deafening roar into an abyss below, invisible from the spot on which I stood; I made signs to the guide that I wished to get down to the foot of the fall, but he shook his head, and appeared never to have been there, nor to like to go. The noise was so tremendous, that it was impossible to hear any thing he said; but wishing, if possible, to reach the bottom, I determined to trust to my own hand and foot, and after a dangerous descent over the wet and slippery rocks, I found myself close to the pool, into which the descending, but often-broken column

of water precipitates itself. The height of the fall must be nearly four hundred feet, and from the transparency and icy coldness of the water, and its gushing out of the middle of a perpendicular wall of rock, which exhibits no trace of vegetation, except here and there a stunted fir-tree thrusting itself through a crevice, it is probably the exit of a subterraneous lake, confined in the interior of the mountain, and supplied from the snows of the still loftier summits. In spite of the clouds of spray and foam, which fell like a continual rain, I took a rapid sketch of the scene before me, and then returned to the guide, whom I had left upon the scaffolding, and who told me that he had descended a part of the way, shouting after me, till he was afraid to go any farther, nor had he ever been at the foot of the fall. In the rock above the scaffolding is engraved a short Latin inscription, by Baron Z——, in honour of Prince John. The view from this spot, looking towards the lake, is exceedingly beautiful and picturesque, presenting to the eye a scene very different from the one we beheld at the opposite end of the lake. The immense mountains of rock,

from which the Save takes its rise, extend on each side in a wide and lofty amphitheatre, till they gradually lose their wildly sublime character, giving place to mountains of lesser height, and of a softer and more undulating form, beautifully covered with fine green beech woods, now and then relieved by a dark forest of pines, or by the lighter shades of the bare limestone rocks. Far below the spectator lies the tranquil lake, with its varied shores, partly wooded, partly fields and meadows, through which the Save, after having pursued its foaming course through the woods below the *Savitza*, is seen to wind, till it mixes its clear waters with those of the deeper coloured lake. The only traces of human habitations are two deserted huts, at some little distance from the lake, for the village of Althammer, the only one in the vicinity of this lake, is situated quite at the extremity of it, and is not visible from this point. Upon returning to the little bridge, I found that Sir Humphry had left it, and on reaching the lake, the boatman who had conducted him across it told me he had gone round the lake to Althammer in the carriage. I accordingly was rowed over to

the village, and met him just arrived, after having fished for half an hour in the lake. He seemed pleased by the account I gave him of the Savitza, and though he regretted he had not seen it, he was well satisfied in having given up the attempt; and he said he was convinced he could not have borne the fatigue. Althammer is merely a collection of iron and steelworks, with the requisite habitations of the workmen, and is also the property of Baron Z——. We dined with the directors, who treated us very civilly, and afterwards drove back to Feistritz, where we did not arrive till almost night, Sir Humphry often stopping on the road to fish.

21st. We quitted Feistritz early this morning, and returned by the same beautiful valley through which we had before passed. Sir Humphry caught fish enough upon our way to furnish us with another dinner at Wochain-Villach, and between this village and the lake of Veldes we witnessed a most beautiful atmospheric phenomenon. It commenced with a fine rainbow, which in a few minutes concentrated itself upon one of the finely wooded mountains in the valley,

and here displayed the most beautiful prismatic colours possible; at the base blue, then red, then green, never extending beyond the outline of the mountain, and through these colours we could still plainly descry the dark green of the trees. It was on the whole the most splendid kind of rainbow I had ever beheld, and Sir Humphry said he had never seen such an one before. It lasted for about five minutes, then gradually disappeared, and proved the forerunner of a very heavy rain, which began to fall just as we entered Assling.

22nd. The morning was exceedingly cloudy, and upon leaving Assling we did not expect to see much of the country before us, but about ten o'clock it cleared up, and afforded us a view of the same kind of beautiful scenery as that below Assling, though growing wilder and more romantic as we ascended the valley. Kronan is a small bourg between Assling and Wurzen, and the glen, at the entrance of which it is situated, seems to be the finest in the whole valley, although the tops of the higher mountains were obscured by huge masses of cloud. We here met many hundreds of pilgrims, of both sexes,

travelling in companies; some returning, some going to Mount Lushari, a lofty mountain about six leagues beyond Wurzen, where there is a famous shrine of the Virgin. Those who were returning were all singing hymns of joy at having been absolved from their sins; whilst those who were going walked in silence, many bearing serious and often mournful countenances.

Wurzen is a wretched little village, a collection of a few dozen of wooden huts, situated about two thousand feet above the level of the sea, at the foot of a pass which leads from Carniola into Carinthia, similar to that of the Löbel, but by no means so elevated. The post-house is tolerable, and the view from the windows magnificent, so much so, that Sir Humphry requested me to take a sketch of it for Lady Davy. The master of this inn is so remarkably civil that Sir Humphry has determined to stay for a day or two, and to make an excursion to the source of the Isonzo, which we are told is about twenty miles from Wurzen. In the afternoon Sir Humphry went out to fish, and I to examine the source of the Wurzen-Save, which rises about two miles above the village, and is of a

character very different from the Savitza, or source of the Wochain-Save. The river here flows from a large pond, which appears perfectly insulated, lying in the midst of fields, at the end of a dry water-channel coming from one of the lateral vallies. The water in the pond is exceedingly clear, and at the bottom towards the centre, one discovers a number of very large holes, through which the water rises mixed with a great quantity of air, producing a constant ebullition on the surface of the middle of the pond, the water of which is perfectly cold.* After leaving the pond, the Wurzen-Save winds through the valley as a beautiful clear mountain stream, passing by Kronan, Assling, and Radmansdorf, where it receives the Wochain-Save, flowing from the lake of Wochain. These united branches are then called the Save, and the river flows on through the valley of the same name to Krainburg; it afterwards passes near Laybach, where it receives the river of that

* I was afterwards led to believe that this pond or small lake is not the real source of the Wurzen-Save, as will be seen in the following pages.

name with many other smaller streams, and rolls on, already a considerable river, through Carniola, passes by Agram, traverses Croatia, and then forms the boundary between Austria and Turkey till it reaches Belgrade, where it mixes its mighty and rapid waters, swollen to a great size by a hundred tributary streams, with those of the Danube, and rolls with it into the Black Sea.

23rd. Sir Humphry going out to-day to shoot in the marshes near the river, I went to see the lake of Weisenfels, about six miles off, and had a famous mountain ramble. This lake is not large, but beautifully clear and highly picturesque; it lies at the foot of the Mannhardt, a stupendous mountain covered with eternal snow. I took a slight sketch of the lake, and after spending an hour or two upon its beautiful and sunny banks, I returned to Wurzen. After recounting what I had seen in my ramble to Sir Humphry, we spent our evening as usual with cards and reading.

24th. We left Wurzen this morning in a little carriage, and drove over very bad roads up the valley to Tarvis, a small and old town,

through which the high road from Italy to Carinthia and Vienna passes. The only manufactures of the town appear to be of iron and steel. We here took another road to the left, up the valley of Raibl, along the banks of a foaming mountain torrent, till we reached the little village of the same name, where we arrived about twelve o'clock. Raibl lies at the foot of the Königsberg, a lofty mountain containing very productive lead mines, and is only inhabited by miners. There is a small but very decent inn in the village; immediately in the front of it rises a lofty Alp of very singular form, its rocky and barren summit being split into five rounded peaks or cones. Whilst Sir Humphry took a luncheon, I drew a sketch of the place, and we then set out for the source of the Isonzo, which the postmaster of Wurzen, who accompanied us as a guide, assured us was at a short distance up the mountain, and that the road to it was very good. Sir Humphry proceeded in this carriage whilst I walked up the mountain with the postmaster, and a friend of his from Raibl, neither of whom seemed to know much about the Isonzo or its source, for after a long

walk they conducted us to a valley in the middle of which ran a small stream, which the postmaster declared was the Isonzo. This, however, both to Sir Humphry and me, appeared impossible on comparing its situation and direction with that of the Isonzo, as traced on our maps, and after a long discussion with the postmaster and his friend, the latter admitted they were wrong, and that it was the Pless, or Fletzbach, a little mountain river, a tributary stream of the Isonzo, whose source, from all the information we could gain, lies in a very different direction, at least ten miles off, and in a very wild and barren country.

Sir Humphry was sadly disappointed and very angry with the postmaster, who had assured us at Wurzen that he was well acquainted with the source. We had however enjoyed some very fine wild scenery, and had seen many beautiful small cascades leaping from the mountains. On our road we passed a knoll of ground where the grass grew more luxuriantly than any where else, and we learnt that this spot had been the grave of some hundred Austrians, who had bravely defended a small fort which stood here, against the

French ; of the whole garrison three or four only escaped the slaughter. At that time the French had possession of the whole surrounding country, and had thrice sent to the Austrians a flag of truce, assuring them that resistance was vain. The inhabitants of Raibl still speak with horror of this action, in which the Austrians fought with desperate enthusiasm, led on by their commander, Major Hermann, who, it is said, wished for death, and if so he could scarcely have found a more wildly romantic spot in which to have parted with life.

On our return we made a slight detour to see the Raibl-See, a small, wild and highly romantic lake, from out of which flows the Raibl-bach, the stream which runs through the valley of Raibl. Sir Humphry began to fish in the lake whilst I attempted to sketch, but the clouds of evening, which had already begun to overspread the summits of the Alps, gathered so fast around us, as soon to compel us to return to our inn at Raibl.

25th. Quitting Raibl we returned to Wurzen, and on the following morning left it for Villach, a considerable town on the other side of the

mountains. The road winds up hill for some hours, but the ascent is by no means so steep as that of the Löbel. From the top one has a very fine view of the mountains and vallies of Carinthia. Villach is seen at the foot of the mountain, and a league or two beyond it lies the Ossiacher lake, a considerable expanse of water, whose banks on one side are formed by low hills, prettily wooded, while on the other side fine corn fields slope down to the water's edge. To the left is seen the mountain of Bleiberg, which contains the most extensive and productive lead mines in Austria. It being Whit-Monday, we found the town very gay and full of peasants from the surrounding villages, who were come to a fair which is held there; we only stopped to change horses, and then drove on up the valley of the Drave to Paternian, a wretched little village, where scarcely any thing was to be had at the post-house. We have now left the limestone Alps and come to mountains of a different character, formed chiefly of *micaceous schist*. Their outlines are less wild and rugged than those of the limestone mountains, to which, however, they are not at all inferior in height, and the beautiful

forests of beech and fir which skirt their bases, appear, if possible, of a more brilliant verdure than the woods which clothe the Alpine chains that we have left behind us. From Paternian we continued our road to Spital, a small and dirty town, with which the post-house fitly corresponded, but where we were obliged to sleep, it being the only inn in the place.

27th. Sir Humphry to-day determined to try the fishing in the Millstädter-See, a small lake about a league distant from the town; he accordingly rode there on the pony, and I walked by his side. This lake is of a very different character from those which we have as yet visited. Its banks are quite pastoral; the mountains, covered with woods or green fields, rise with a gradual slope from the lake, and although of considerable elevation, for their summits were still covered with snow, present no where the rocky and wild appearance of those of the Wochain, or of the Valley of the Save. The lake itself is between two or three miles in length, and on its shores, embosomed in wood, lie the town of Millstadt and some pretty villages. After Sir Humphry had caught a few

trout, we returned to Spital, which we soon after left for Gemünd. We had a beautiful drive of some hours through the valley of the Drave, and arrived about five, but found the hotel occupied by peasants, who were giving a grand ball. We were, however, accommodated with very good rooms, and Sir Humphry passed the night very comfortably, in spite of the music and bustle.

28th. We could not leave Gemünd till ten o'clock, there being no horses left at the poste. It is a neat little town with an immense square modern Schloss, the country residence of Count L——, of Vienna, and which is almost as extensive as the whole town. As soon as horses arrived, we proceeded to the village of Reinweg, and came to more lofty Alps of *mica schist* than those we have seen the two last days, and which form the extensive chain of the Tauern. The Katzberg, one of this chain, lies immediately above Reinweg, and we were here obliged to take a *Vorspann*, consisting of an additional horse and two oxen, who with no small difficulty dragged the carriage up to the top of the Katzberg, though the road is excellent; the view from

the summit is very extensive and grand. The descent into the valley of the Murr is very precipitous, and this valley is by no means so beautiful as that of the Drave, though the Alps are higher and their summits more thickly clothed in snow; the fine woods around their bases are wanting, so that the valley seems cold and barren. We passed the night at St. Michael, a large village at the foot of the Katzberg, and on the banks of the Murr.

29th. Leaving St. Michael this morning, we turned out of the valley of the Murr into another lateral one, which, though narrower, is more beautiful; and here some of the Alps present a variety of very remarkable forms. The first poste is Tweng, a few houses collected together at the foot of the Radstädter Tauern, so called from the town of Radstadt, which lies on the other side of this Alp, to distinguish it from one or two other chains, which also bear the name of the Tauern Alps. We were here again furnished with six horses in order to reach the summit of the pass, which is six thousand feet above the level of the sea. We were a long while crawling up this steep ascent, but were fully recompensed by the

magnificent views which we every now and then caught a glimpse of. As we ascended higher and higher, these views grew more and more wild, and every ten minutes we passed by beautiful cascades formed by the melting of the snows of the cold regions into which we were penetrating. Upon reaching the highest point of the pass, perhaps four thousand feet above the valley below, we entered as it were upon a frozen world, where we could see nothing around us but immense fields of white and dazzling snow, beyond which rose still more elevated mountains, whose summits were crested with a long and jagged wall of semi-transparent crested snow, whilst here and there a dark and rocky peak, seemingly indignant of its load of snows, had shaken them off, and elevated its head far above the surrounding whiteness, forming the most magnificent image of wild sublimity that can well be conceived. Having sent back our three extra horses, we began the descent, which, in spite of our two drags, was not without danger, the road being very slippery and steep; but we soon arrived at a little village, aptly called *auf dem Tauern* (on the

Tauern). The few huts which form this hamlet were still surrounded with snow, which, however, was beginning to melt quickly, and here and there a little brownish green plot of grass appeared, which a few days before was covered with snow. The road both ascending and descending is excellent, but it is not built with so much art as that of the Löbel. The views descending on the Radstadt side are, if possible, more beautiful than those which we saw during our ascent from Tweng.

The mountains are more thickly wooded, and the springs of the various turnings of the road present a view of the distant Styrian Alps, one of which, called the *Bischoff's Mütze*, or the Mitre, is of a very singular form, consisting of two peaks exactly resembling gigantic termites, (anthills,) rising out of vast fields of snow. Along the side of the road runs a mountain torrent, clear as crystal, forming at every hundred yards fine cascades, some of which, increased considerably by lateral streams, are beautiful and picturesque to a high degree. The road then winds through a narrow valley, closed in on all sides by stupendous masses of dark blue-lime-

stone, (for we are again travelling over a calcareous chain,) till upon turning suddenly round a corner, we looked down with surprise upon an open, wide, extended, and fertile valley, with hamlets and villages peeping through the trees, and bounded at a great distance by another chain of snowy Alps. Before arriving at Unter-Tauern, (below the Tauern,) the first village in this valley, situated at the foot of the Alps, we passed on our left a noble cascade, bounding in many a broken column from an amazing height; the last of these columns falls more than five hundred feet, and is dispersed into a light white foam before it reaches the pool which receives it below. From Unter-Tauern to Radstadt is a short poste. This latter is a small town, still surrounded by its old wall and towers, and appears to possess nothing remarkable. The poste where we passed the night is a very indifferent inn.

30th. We left Radstadt this morning in the rain, the first wet weather we have had for some time, and drove on through the fertile and beautiful valley of the Enns to Schladming. The country in many parts resembles a flower

garden, for the narcissus, the cyclamen, and many other of our garden flowers flourish here as the common weeds of the fields and mountains. From Schladming we proceeded to Gröbming, the next poste; it is a small village, picturesquely situated at the foot of high rocky mountains. About noon the weather cleared up, and on arriving here Sir Humphry determined to spend the afternoon in this place, and to see if he could find any thing to shoot in the fields. We accordingly went out after dinner, but could not see a bird, and returned in the evening to our inn, where I continued to read Shakspeare, which has been our book for the last six or seven evenings.

31st. We quitted Gröbming early this morning, where Sir Humphry had to pay dear for very bad accommodations, the only instance of exorbitant charges which we have as yet met with. To remonstrate with the landlord, however, was in vain; nor did it appear to us extraordinary that a being who had been rendered by illness unable to move, but by the help of a broad wooden bowl, in which he sat and shoved himself about, his legs being shrivelled up and

quite useless to him, should be churlish and discontented. From Gröbming we went to Sternach, where we entered upon our former road, and from thence through Mitterndorf to Aussee, where we arrived in the afternoon, just as it began to rain hard.

June 1st.—7th. We have spent the whole of this week at Aussee, at a very good country hotel near the poste, which is not, in this little town, an inn, as is generally the case in this part of the country. Sir Humphry has been fishing every day from eight in the morning till three or four, about which time he usually dines, and our evenings have been spent as usual. I generally accompany him in all his excursions, being needed as an interpreter, and whilst he is fishing I take a sketch, or ramble about the lakes and through the woods, thus fully enjoying the beautiful alpine scenery with which we are surrounded. Our first trip was to the Gründtl-See, an exceedingly beautiful lake, about four miles from Aussee. The drive to it is chiefly along the banks of the Traun, and though over a very bad road, which is only passable for a one-horse cabriolet, is very pic-

turesque, and the lake is seen peeping out at intervals through dark green firs. The Traun, which is here only a small mountain stream, but beautifully clear, rushes foaming out of the lake at its southern end; a small covered bridge is thrown across it at this spot, beneath which are sluice gates, by means of which the exit of the waters can be partially hindered. Close to the bridge is a cottage inhabited by the fisherman, who alone has the right of fishing in the lake, which privilege he rents from the crown. A few zwanzigers (an eightpenny coin) easily procured for Sir Humphry every possible facility in his favourite pursuit from this man. He rowed us over to the other end of the lake, where the Traun enters, which he told us was the best spot for fishing. The view of the lake from the southern end is finer than that from the northern extremity. In the centre of the scene at the latter end, some beautiful white cliffs rise to a great height, topped with bright green beech woods. On the right hand appear rugged mountains, covered with dark forests of pine, whilst those to the left are covered with woods of a lighter and more vivid green. Be-

yond the lake, mountain rises over mountain, the nearer ones finely wooded, whilst those in the distance are rocky and barren, and surmounted by a white crest of snow.

Leaving Sir Humphry occupied with fishing, I followed the course of the Traun for about a mile and a half up a fine narrow valley to the Töplitz Lake, from which issues no longer a broad and deep river, such as it flows from the Traun-See, but a little brawling brook eight to ten yards wide. The Töplitz-See is a small lake, of a wild and gloomy character; its banks are so precipitous that it is impossible to go round it, as I was told by the fishermen of the Gründtl-See, and above these banks nothing is to be seen but vast and sombre pine forests. There was a small canoe, hollowed out of the trunk of a fir-tree, lying at the water's edge, but there being no oar or paddle in it I could make no use of it, and accordingly returned to Sir Humphry. On a second visit to the Gründtl-See, I again went on to the Töplitz Lake, having been told by the fisherman that beyond it, and only a few hundred yards distant from it, lay another lake, the Kammer-See, from which

the Traun took its rise, but that to reach this lake it was necessary to row across the Töplitz-See; I therefore took an oar with me, but upon arriving at the lake, I was sadly disappointed at finding the canoe no longer there, nor could I imagine who could have taken it away, for there was not in the surrounding scene the slightest vestige of a human being. I however climbed up the rocks, and attempted to pass round the lake, but was soon obliged to desist, having twice nearly slipped over the edge of the rock, a precipice of many hundred feet above the lake, into the water, upwards of a thousand feet in depth. When I returned with my unused oar to the fisherman, he told me that the canoe had probably been taken by some peasants, who lived in a summer hut at the other end of the Töplitz-See. This fisherman appeared to be a man of considerable information; he was well acquainted with the various fish which inhabit the alpine waters, and amongst other things he told us that the *Ombre Chevalier*, a fish of rare occurrence, was to be met in the Lambach-See and in the Upper Oden-See, two small lakes in the middle of the snowy Alps, at a very

great elevation above the Gründtl-See. Sir Humphry much wished to visit these lakes, but was immediately deterred by the account which the fisherman gave us of the roads to them. The Gründtl Lake is famous for its trout and fine char, immense quantities of which are yearly sent to Vienna, potted.

Another of our trips was to the Lower Oden-See, about four miles on the other side of Aussee. This is a small lake, very different in character from the Gründtl-See and Töplitz-See: the shores, though not exactly flat, are formed of slightly varied hills covered with wood. Sir Humphry had excellent sport, and caught a great many small trout in the little stream which flows from this lake.

8th. Having paid another visit to the Gründtl-See this morning, we left Aussee and crossed over the mountain which we had passed on our former route to Ischl, and found the road now perfectly clear from snow. Sir Humphry intends to spend some time here, and to make use of the salt baths, which attract much company to this little place during the season.

9th.—21st. Sir Humphry has now given the

baths a fair trial, and has found great benefit from them, although upon our arrival here, after taking his first bath, he was for giving them up in despair, and determined immediately to quit Ischl. This determination, however, was caused by the imprudent haste in which he had taken that bath, for no sooner were we arrived than he ordered a bath to go into instantly after his dinner. I could not help urging him not to do so, but in vain; he went into it, and was in consequence afterwards very unwell, and passed a most restless night.

In the morning he begged me to order horses to leave Ischl, but consented to my looking at some of the lodgings before we set off. I found one which, from its convenience and pleasant situation, I thought would suit him, and on his going with me to see it he was so pleased with it, that he relinquished his intention of leaving Ischl, and took it for a week, and we entered into it the same afternoon, causing a great bustle to its inmates, who were not accustomed to prepare so quickly for their lodgers. It is a very good large house, standing quite alone on the top of a grassy mound, with a





From nature

HAWAII

by S. J. Towner

large garden in front and fields behind, at a short distance from the baths, and within a few steps of the little town. The only persons who inhabit it are the owner, an elderly man, formerly bailiff of the district, with his housekeeper and a servant, so that Sir Humphry is certain of enjoying the quiet and tranquillity which are so necessary to him.

Ischl is a small clean town,—if it may be so denominated, for I should think it scarcely contains two thousand inhabitants, — delightfully situated in a valley watered by the river Traun, which flows through it, and is crossed by a wooden bridge. On every side are beautiful walks, some into the woods, some along the river, others again up into the mountains; and even these the invalid may enjoy, as he is sure at every short distance of finding a comfortable seat on which to repose. These benches generally bear the name of some prince or princess, whose favorite spot it marks, and they are always so placed as to command a fine view of the town, the valley and river, or the mountains. On the right bank of the town there is a sort of public garden, which is called the Prater, and is said to be a

very humble imitation of the celebrated park of the same name at Vienna. Here are various amusements for the people, the principal ones shooting at the target with the rifle and the cross-bow; behind these gardens rises a little wooded hill, on the top of which is a seat called the Umbrella-seat, from the awning over it, which is spread in the shape of an umbrella. From this spot one enjoys a most beautiful panoramic view of the surrounding scenery. To the west lies the delightful valley that leads to Salzburg, on each side of which, mountain rises over mountain, all richly covered with wood. On the east one sees Ischl, with its steaming saltworks, and beyond it the valley of the Traun, seemingly closed in by the wild and rocky Alps which form the shores of the Traun-See. On the northern side a mighty wall of rocks, many thousand feet high, rises out of dark pine forests, and beyond these appears, in hoary whiteness and surrounded by glaciers and eternal snows, the summit of the Dachstein or Schneeberg, the loftiest of the Styrian Alps, which we often beheld in the evening from our windows, glowing with the ruddy beams of the

setting sun long after all light had departed from the nearer and less elevated mountains. A fine range of wooded hills, at whose feet runs the Ischl, a small mountain stream that falls into the Traun, forms the southern boundary of this scene. The chief street in Ischl runs parallel with the river, and at its end is situated the *Pfannhaus* or boiling house, with its adjacent works. This is a large circular building, containing an enormous iron boiler or pan, between thirty and forty feet in diameter and a foot and a half in depth, in which the solution of salt, conveyed there in pipes from the mines, is evaporated.

Ischl has but one church, which is Catholic. A small theatre is being erected, and is to be finished by the middle of the season, which will be in July. The houses are all arranged for lodgers, and rooms may be had on any scale, from those adapted to the habits of the most simple and retired individual, to those of the prince and his suite. The lodgings are dear, but living, on the contrary, is very cheap. An excellent dinner at the *table d'hôte*, where I usually dine, costs from one to two *paper*, or

schein florins (ninepence-halfpenny to twenty-pence English;) but a person may dine at what expence he pleases, as the dinner is always served *à la carte*, and a good plate of soup costs not more than one penny. A few days after our arrival, I met at the *table d'hôte* Mr. B——, a most agreeable and well-informed man, with whom I enjoyed many a walk in the neighbourhood during his stay, which was unfortunately of short duration.

Sir Humphry is now engaged in composing a new work, which he intends to call *A Vision*; this usually occupies our mornings, he dictates to me for an hour or two, then reads over what has been written, which I afterwards copy off fair, and at 12 o'clock he takes a bath. These baths are made with the *mother-water*, or residue which remains after the greater part of the salt has been crystallized out of the salt water by evaporation, and is an intensely strong solution of chloride of sodium and some other salts. This is diluted according to prescription for the various patients, so many gallons to so much common water. The same solution of salt is also employed for *douche* and shower baths, which are

much used, and said to be very efficacious. The situation and arrangement of the vapour baths are rather extraordinary. Above the large boiler in the panhouse, on the scaffolding which supports the roof, and from which the boiler is suspended, a number of small closets are erected, in which the person taking the bath is seated, so that he is not only completely surrounded by the vapour of the boiling salt water, but breathes an air impregnated with many volatile particles. These baths are used twice a day, and the patient usually remains in his cabinet, or walks along the gallery suspended over the pan from one to two hours at a time, which proves in a variety of cases of the greatest utility. Sir Humphry generally dines at three, and afterwards goes out fishing, with his servant, and often does not return till nine o'clock, when I read to him. There are a great number of visitors here, who come during the summer months to use the baths and to enjoy themselves, but Sir Humphry sees no one, and appears to wish to avoid all society, and of course I see none but those I chance to meet at the *table d'hôte*, or in a walk.

21st. Having agreed yesterday with the apo-

thecary of the place (to whose shop I go almost daily with some prescription or other from Sir Humphry, who often varies his medicines) to ascend one of the nearer Alps, we started for the summit of the Zimitz early this morning: we crossed over hills and dales, through woods and fields, till we came to the foot of the mountain, on the top of which we proposed eating our dinner, which we carried in our pockets. My companion had told me before that he had already ascended this Alp, and was well acquainted with the road; but when we began the ascent he confessed that he was at a loss, and our only alternative was to turn back, or find our way as we could. We chose the latter, and confiding in our own eyes and limbs, we followed the course of a mountain torrent, which came rushing down the rocks. Stepping from rock to rock, we in a short time came to the entrance of a snow-cave, through which this little stream flowed. Close to the snow we found many rare plants, and amongst others the yellow violet of the Alps. Before entering into this cave, which had been formed in a fallen avalanche, I slipped on the rock, and was obliged to jump into the icy cold

water, which was fortunately not deep. The cave, however, repaid me for my cold bath. Entering through an opening in its roof of snow, the rays of the sun illuminated its dark and rocky sides, and were reflected upon the water that flowed through the middle. On looking towards the opposite end of the cave, through a lofty arch of snow, we beheld a distant waterfall, whilst the rocks and bushes, finely lighted by the rays of the sun, contrasted strongly with the darkness of the cave, whose fretted roof seemed as if hewn out of the finest white marble into large descending points, from which the melting snow was continually dropping. Having made a slight sketch of this fairy scene, we left the cave, and, following the rivulet, soon reached the waterfall which we had seen in the distance through the arch of snow. An immense barrier of rock here put an end to our progress in this direction, and we were obliged to turn to the right, where the ascent appeared more possible. My companion made a considerable detour whilst I attempted to climb up the rocks; but I had not ascended more than twenty feet, when, on catching hold of a small fir-tree, it

snapped off, and I rolled down the rocks into the rivulet below. In spite of my fall I re-ascended, and with some difficulty reached the uppermost rock, and found myself in a situation whence I could no longer ascend nor descend. At last my companion appeared above, and reaching down to me his long alpine pole, I clung to it, and with his assistance thus extricated myself from my most unpleasant and perilous situation; I was, however, so exhausted, that we were obliged to wait a full half hour before we could proceed on our ascent. Our road then lay for a long time through a forest of pine and beech, till we came to a brook, whose course we followed to its rise, which was in a large snow. We passed quickly over this, and then saw that we only had about a fourth part of the ascent to accomplish. We journeyed on merrily, although we were obliged, for upwards of an hour, to climb with the help of hands and feet over the rocks, till we came to the last, though not easiest part of the journey. This was a wood of dwarf firs, which an avalanche of the last winter in its descent had laid flat upon the ground, though their roots generally re-

mained fixed. We scrambled over and through these, and, after all difficulties, I found myself, about two o'clock, on the snow-clad ridge of the mountain. My companion was still battling with the prostrate firs, but arrived about a quarter of an hour afterwards, and we then went on to the highest of the five peaks which form the summit of the Zimitz, between seven and eight thousand feet above the sea. The view from this spot amply repaid us for the toil and danger we had encountered in reaching it. Many thousand feet below us we beheld four large lakes surrounded by green mountains and vallies glowing in the sun; beyond these lay the wide extended plains of Bavaria, clothed with glittering towns and villages, over which the eye wandered to a far distant horizon, bounded only by the clear blue sky.

Looking back we saw down into many a dark valley, out of which rose numberless snow peaks, and high above the rest the majestic Schneeberg, with its eternal glaciers, and at a yet greater distance the still more lofty peaks of the Salzburg chain; but the reflection of the sun from the vast and glaring fields of snow was

so strong that the eye could scarcely bear to look at them, and turned with delight to the green woods and lakes below. Having spent an hour in the pure air of these upper regions, we began to descend by a very different road to the one we had chosen in ascending, which, though better and not so rocky, was in many parts so steep, that we were in continual danger of pitching forwards, and were therefore obliged to seat ourselves each upon a stout branch of a fir-tree, and thus ride down. Having traversed two snow fields, we came to some as yet uninhabited huts, about half-way down the mountain, from whence a good sheep path conducted us into a valley. Here we got some milk in one of the dairy huts, and then made the best of our way towards Ischl, as a thunderstorm, which we had for some time seen approaching, was now fast gathering round us, and the peasants advised us to hasten as quickly as possible, but long before we could reach home it burst over us with tremendous violence. The rain came down in such torrents, that in five minutes the road was more than ankle deep in water, but it soon changed into hail, like a

shower of nuts, accompanied by the loudest thunder and most vivid lightning. Thus, soaked but much refreshed, we reached Ischl about eight o'clock in the evening.

July 13th. Sir Humphry is already tired of Ischl, and has left off the use of the baths, by which, however, he has been much strengthened, and his health in general improved, but I suppose we shall soon quit this place, though he seldom fixes on his departure till a day or two before. New guests arrive daily, and this little place is filled with company. Parties of pleasure and jaunts are arranged every day to some of the neighbouring lakes or vallies, or other points worthy of being visited. I have only joined a few of these, for Sir Humphry not knowing well what to do with his morning if I am out of the way, I can of course only be one in those parties which occupy the afternoon. The first of the two most interesting trips was to the *Chorinsky Klause*.

A *Klause*, in these alpine countries, generally signifies a dam or embankment, built over some mountain stream, in the centre of which are flood-gates, which can be closed so as to shut in the

stream, which by degrees collects behind the wall or dam, till it forms a small lake. The use of this arrangement is to float down the wood which is cut in the mountains into the larger rivers, the mountain streams not having in summer a sufficient body of water to effect this without this contrivance. The fir-trees, cut into pieces from five to ten feet long, are rolled down from the mountain into these artificial lakes. When a sufficient quantity is collected on the surface, or the water rises too high, the *Klause wird gesprengt*, that is, the flood-gates are opened, and the pent up lake rushing out with tremendous velocity, carries the wood along with it into the river of the neighbouring valley. It was to see the water let out that we went to the Klause. We started from Ischl after dinner, at one o'clock, a large party in six or seven carriages, and drove up the valley of the Traun, for about a league and a half, to Weissenbach, a village at the foot of the mountain on which the Klause is situated. Here we left our carriages and walked up the mountain, the road being very steep. I joined a party consisting of Madame de B—— and her daughter, a Greek gentleman and his wife, and two or

three others, and we seemed much to have shortened a hot walk of an hour and a half up hill by chatting on various subjects.

We found the Chorinsky Klause to consist of a very strong and thick wall, from thirty to forty feet high, built across a narrow valley. In the centre of the wall was a large flood-gate, and on each side of it a much smaller one. These were situated at a considerable height above a clear shallow pool which lay at the foot of the wall, and was formed by the superfluous water which had drained from the lake, already over full. The whole party having taken a good position in front of the Klause, the signal was given. The workmen struck the spring of the flood-gates in the centre, which instantly burst open with a noise resembling a sudden but hollow clap of thunder; at the same moment an immense spout of water rushed forth, filling the space before occupied by the invisible air. It was the work of a second, and it was a magnificent sight to see the tranquil pool in an instant transformed into a basin of curling foam, pouring with irresistible violence over the rocks of the foreground, and whirling up the sand from

the bottom of the stream, which was for the first five minutes nothing but foam of a muddy brown colour, till it changed by degrees to a pure white. The lesser flood-gates were afterwards opened, and then three streams poured forth at once from the lake. This scene lasted for nearly half an hour, the cascades becoming less and less as the quantity of water in the lake diminished, until the latter was perfectly drained; and where but a short time before we beheld a beautifully clear lake, we now saw only cleanly washed pebbles and sand, through which a little insignificant rill was running. Our walk back was very pleasant and shady. Among the party Madame A—— and Madame L——, two celebrated actresses, the one in comedy, the other in tragedy, from Vienna, were pointed out to me; the former of whom was a handsome woman, though of small stature, and lively and animated in her conversation. After this excursion I very often met a great many of the party in a small public garden called the Volksgarten, to distinguish it from the Prater, and where it is the fashion to spend an hour before dinner. The conversation one day turned upon the following

lines, which were found written upon a table in the garden :

Espérance d'un meilleur sort
Toujours renaissante et trahie,
Voilà l'histoire de ma vie ;
Il n'est rien de vrai que la mort !

Various were the discussions upon them, and the ladies took great pains to discover the author. Who could he be? Who was there in Ischl whose character at all answered to this description? No one could be hit upon with any certainty; but at last the lively Mademoiselle Marie, the daughter of Madame de B——, with whom I had walked to the Chorinsky Klause, declared it must be the solitary young Englishman, who so rarely joined in their parties of pleasure, and who visited nobody. It was in vain that I denied having written them, for they determined with one accord that I should be considered as the author, unless I should by the next morning produce four lines which might convince them of their error. I accepted the challenge, and accordingly after dinner, for the first time in my life, attempted to compose a couplet, and after

ransacking my brains, I could produce nothing better than the following;—

Est elle done vraie cette mort tant souhaitée ?
N'est ce pas naître à une plus mauvaise vie ?
Ne dirais tu pas dans l'éternité,
La mort que j'ai désiré m'a trahie ?—

which I the next morning wrote under those of the anonymous author. In the evening I met the greater part of the company at the little theatre, which had been finished the week before, and in which a small company of players from some neighbouring town were doing their best to amuse the gay visitants of the baths. The ladies, and especially Mademoiselle Marie, said they had read the verses, and were more than ever persuaded of their being in the right, nor could all my rhetoric, aided by a pocket full of bonbons, convince them of the truth.

18th. This evening at a late hour Sir Humphry returned from his fishing, without either fish or rod, and, not a little vexed, begged I would go directly to the Commissary of the Police, and endeavour to regain his rod, which he told me had been taken from him in the fol-

lowing manner. He had driven along the banks of the Traun for about five miles, in a little chaise which he sometimes uses in his longer excursions, had been fishing for some hours, and was just preparing to return, when two men came up, one of whom began to talk to him and George in German, but as neither of them understood him, Sir Humphry proceeded to get into the carriage, whilst George took up the fish which had been caught. Upon this the man became more violent in his words and actions, and at last forcibly seized the rod and basket, and walked off with them. Although it was just ten o'clock, I went to the inn where I knew the Commissary generally supped, and luckily found him. I related to him what had happened, and he was very polite, but said nothing could be done that night, but begged me to come to him the next morning, and to bring the servant with me.

19th. I took George this morning to the Commissary, who, from his description, immediately recognized the offender, but found that he did not belong to his district, but to that of Ebensee, to the Commissary of which place he

gave me a very civil letter. I returned to Sir Humphry, who said that I should take a carriage and drive over at once to Ebensee with George, and he gave me letters of introduction, which he had with him, to the Governor of the province, and some other great men, to show the Commissary. Arrived at Ebensee, I found the Commissary all civility, and the fisherman, who lived at some distance, was immediately summoned. In the mean time the Commissary told me that the rivers and lakes were let out in different portions to various fishermen, who alone have the right to fish, or allow any other person to do so, in that part which they rent, and he supposed that Sir Humphry had exceeded the limit of the portion belonging to the fisherman at Ischl, from whom he had obtained permission to fish.

Whilst waiting for the fisherman, I asked the Commissary if I could not see the salt works; he said certainly, and that he should be happy to show them to me, and I accordingly accompanied him thither, and found them to be on a very large scale. There are several evaporating pans, much larger than the one at Ischl,

and immense reservoirs for the salt water are kept constantly by three pipes, through which it is conducted from Hallstadt, more than twenty-seven miles distant. These pipes, the master of the works told me, are always running, and should any accident happen to either of them, it can be easily repaired, in spite of the great distance they traverse, there being, at very short intervals, places where the pipes may be uncovered and examined. From the reservoirs the water is conducted into the pans, and the salt produced by the evaporation is taken out twice every day, and put into large conical baskets to drain, after which it is pressed into conical six-sided forms, of various sizes, from twenty to a hundred pounds each. These pyramids are then placed, some thousands at a time, in the baking rooms, where they are exposed to a very high temperature, which renders them quite firm and hard, after which they are carried into the store-houses, from whence the salt is sent to all parts of Austria. The quantity produced in this part of the country, in these salt-works, in those of Ischl, Aussee, Hallstadt, &c., must be immense, for I understand that from the ware-

houses of Ebensee alone, upwards of 25,000 tons of salt are sent annually across the lake of the Traun.

Upon the arrival of the fisherman we found the case to be as the Commissary had supposed, and the man pleaded in his defence that it was allowed to take away both rod and fish from any one so offending. The Commissary, however, told him he ought to have warned Sir Humphry of this. The poor man said he had done so, but they would not understand him, and in spite of his defence, the Commissary compelled him to deliver up the rod and basket, with which I returned to Ischl.

21st. Sir Humphry set out this morning in his little cabriolet on a fishing excursion up the valley of the Traun, to the lake of Hallstadt, and took me with him. This lake, about eight miles to the north east of Ischl, is of a very grand and imposing character, but still does not equal the Traun-See in the diversity and beauty of its banks. We drove over a wooden bridge at the end of the lake, where the Traun flows out of it, and then round its shores for a short distance to Obertraun, where the road termi-

nated. We here took a boat and rowed for some miles up the lake, opposite to the small town of Hallstadt. The view from hence was superb; the nearer houses seemed built in the water, behind these the salt works are seen, extensive and noble buildings, more like the palace or seignoral chateau of the lord of the surrounding territory, than a manufactory; and beyond them rose the mountain which contains the saltmine, a stupendous mass of rock capped with eternal snow, and to the left appeared the glaciers of the Schneeberg. Rather to the right of the saltworks, embosomed in wood, lay the rest of the town of Hallstadt, and one large house was situated some thousand feet above the lake, standing alone in the wood. Along the side of the mountain we saw what appeared to be a pathway, but the boatman told us this was the canal cut for the pipes which convey the salt-water from the mines of Hallstadt to the works of Ischl and Ebensee. This is a stupendous undertaking, for the pipes are conveyed a great distance over rivers and vallies and along mountains, where the passage for the pipes has been cut for many miles through the solid rock. Sir

Humphry fished for some time but without success, when, not wishing to visit the town, we rowed back to the village of Obertraun, and on our way thither passed by the *Gosauzwang*, the most celebrated part of the saliduct or salt canal between Hallstadt and Ebensee. The three pipes are here carried across a very wild and romantic glen, the defile of the Gosau, a mountain stream which runs down through it. Four lofty columns of brick work, about two hundred feet in height, are built up from the bottom of the valley and from out of the waters of the Gosau, to a level with the pipes, which are thus carried over the valley, being laid from pier to pier; and they serve at the same time as a bridge to any foot passenger who may wish to pass, being railed in on each side. These pipes, after traversing one or two smaller streams, give part of their water to the salt works at Ischl, and are then carried on to Ebensee, where they fill the reservoirs which I saw when I visited the Commissary to procure the return of Sir Humphry's fishing rod.

23rd. Yesterday I went with a very large party, consisting of almost all the strangers in

Ischl, to visit the *Salzberg*, the salt mountain or rather mine, which was to be illuminated for the visitors. We set out at about one o'clock, a long string of carriages, and after an hour's drive through a very pleasant valley, we arrived at the foot of the mountain which contains the mine. Here a number of miners were waiting with sedan chairs for the ladies, many of whom however preferred walking up the mountain, and in about three quarters of an hour we arrived at the *Haupt Eingang*, or chief entrance of the mine. We were now to be attired, as is usual on entering the mines, in a long white mantle or frock, and a large wide broad brim, the latter to hinder us from knocking our brains out, and the former to keep our clothes clean. Here was confusion dire; this frock was too small, this too long; this lady had no brimmer, this gentleman could find no stick. I laid hold of the first frock and hat I met with, but up came a lady and begged I would exchange with her, as her frock was so long she could not walk in it, and mine so short that it did not reach to my knees. *La grande toilette* at length finished, the ladies were placed in their carriages, that is

two in each wheelbarrow, face to face, with a miner before to pull, who carried a lamp in his hand, and another to push behind, and between every two barrows went another miner bearing a paper lanthorn. The gentlemen were of course on foot, with the exception of one or two gouty invalids.

In this guise, with half-a-dozen miners going before carrying lamps, the whole train entered the passage, and in a few seconds lost sight of daylight. After a long, wet, and (in spite of our many lamps) dark journey through this narrow and low passage, where my head was continually coming in contact with the roof, we came to the *Rutsch*, or slide, which leads down into the salt-chamber. This *Rutsch* is formed of the trunks of two large fir-trees laid close together, rounded and polished, and placed in an oblique direction, in an angle of about forty degrees. A miner, with a lamp in one hand, places himself astride these trees, and holds with his other hand a cord which is fixed to the rock on the sides. The person who wishes to descend seats himself behind the miner, and holds him by the shoulders. The miner then lets the cord slip

through his hands, and down they go like lightning into what seems an abyss of darkness: safe at the bottom, he gives a shout that the next couple may follow. When the *Rutsch* is very long, as in the mines at Hallein, near Salzburg, the miner always sits upon a thick leather apron, and when alone makes no use of the cord, but rushes down with a fearful impetus into the salt-cave below. When we arrived at the *Rutsch*, and the ladies had all got out of their barrows, after much discussion and many fears and doubts, they consented thus to descend, as the miners assured them it was more dangerous to do so by the steps cut in the rock at the side, which were exceedingly precipitous and very wet. Having reached the bottom of the *Rutsch*, which ends in a slight curve to break the impetus of the descent, we found ourselves in an immense cavern, or room, excavated in the rock, about twelve feet high, and from ten to twelve thousand in circumference, supported in the middle by a massive pillar of rock, and lighted up by some hundred lamps, which, however, only served to give the scene a more awful and gloomy appearance. The visitors, whose number was considerable, in

their long white mantles and hats, looked like spectres wandering in the shades of a nether world. The roof and walls of this cavern were covered with minute crystals of salt, not, however, sufficiently large to give to it the glittering appearance which I had expected. The mountain contains a great many of these *Salzkammern* or salt-chambers, which at different periods are filled with fresh water, conducted into them by wooden pipes. When this has dissolved a sufficient quantity of salt, which operation occupies some months, it is drained off through a deep perpendicular shaft, near the middle of the cave, and is then conducted through wooden pipes, often for a very great distance, to the boiling-houses, where it undergoes the progress of evaporation.

Having wandered through these gloomy abodes of silence and night for some time, we ascended the stairs, the ladies resumed their seats in the barrows, and the procession returned as it had entered. To save my head from additional thumps to the many it had received on entering, I took the place of one of the pushers, and after a merry drive of about twenty minutes we again

saw daylight, like a distant star, increasing in size till we reached the entrance of the mine. We here unsuspected ourselves, and returned home in our usual terrestrial appearance, and a merry party we were.

24th. We left Ischl this morning in a little cabriolet for Aussee, leaving the travelling carriage packed and ready for starting at Ischl, for Sir Humphry wished, before he quitted this part of the country, to have a day or two's more fishing in the Gründtl-See; but the weather proving very warm, and a thunderstorm coming on in the evening, he determined not to remain at Aussee beyond to-morrow.

26th. We returned this morning to Ischl, and after an early dinner bade adieu to it, and set off for Ebensee. We here again crossed the magnificent Traun-See, and after a row of two hours and a half, and seeing Gmünden, as it were, rise out of the lake, we found ourselves in our old quarters at the Ship.

27th, 28th. These were wet days, and Sir Humphry chiefly occupied himself in dictating "The Vision," and reading. In the afternoon of the latter, his coachman arrived from Vienna,

and brought with him "Salmonia," which had just been published, and was forwarded to him through the Embassy at Vienna. Sir Humphry had engaged this man, who is an Englishman, at Ischl, whilst in the service of the Polish Princess L——, which he left, not wishing to go to Poland. Sir Humphry now intends buying three additional horses, and thus rendering himself independent of the poste.

29th. Sir Humphry this morning finished his "Vision," which, he tells me, is really founded on a dream that he had some years ago, in which he found himself borne through the firmament from planet to planet. Of this dream, which he introduces as the consequence of a highly interesting and animated conversation that he holds with two friends in the Colosæum at Rome, on the grandeur and decay of nations, and the mutability of religions, the general outline, he says, has alone remained in his mind; but it has been his pleasure and delight during his mornings at Ischl, and when he was not engaged in his favourite pursuit of fishing, to work upon this foundation, and to build up a tale, alike redundant with highly beautiful

imagery, fine thoughts, and philosophical ideas; and the hours thus passed with Sir Humphry have afforded me high mental gratification and advantage, for I have then marked his mind wandering, as it were, with the associates of his early days; those days, in which he was evidently, by the exercise of his extraordinary powers and quick perception, exciting not only his own mind to dive into, and to unfold to clearer view, the mysteries of creation, but that too of other congenial spirits; thus most naturally collecting around him a constellation of shining lights, the remembrance of whom often awakens vivid thoughts of the past, and rouses his whole soul to action.

In the afternoon I read to him "Salmonia," in which he immediately began to make corrections and additions in preparation for a second edition.

31st. Sir Humphry this morning went to look at a pair of horses which he thought of buying. The price demanded was 800 florins, (paper money,) about 32l.; but Sir Humphry thought them too dear, and did not buy them. In the afternoon we paid another and a last visit to the

Falls of the Traun. This grand and striking scene appeared now even more beautiful than when I saw it for the first time. The body of water in the river was considerably less, thus rendering the different cascades more diversified and picturesque. Sir Humphry amused himself for an hour or two with fishing, and we afterwards returned to Gmünden, which we quitted on the 3rd of August, and drove over to Vocklabrück, where we remained the rest of the day, for Sir Humphry to fish in the Vöckla, and went on the next morning across the country for some leagues to Schörfling, a little village on the Atter, or Kammer-See. This lake, the largest of those in Upper Austria, is about fifteen miles in length; the shores on this side are low, but at the opposite end they are formed by the Zimitz Alp, the Schaafberg, and the chain of mountains which separate this lake on the one side from the Wolfgang-See, and on the other from Ischl and the valley of the Traun. Its depth is not very considerable, but the colour of the water is a beautiful green. On a promontory which stretches far out into the lake, stands the castle of Kammer, a fine large building, belonging to

a noble family of the same name. The most striking view of the lake is from the little village of See-Walchen, about a mile from Schörfling. We remained at Schörfling in a miserable inn, without having one single fine day till the 9th. Sir Humphry did so, finding there were some quails in the neighbouring fields, and he went out shooting and fishing every day, in spite of the weather, with considerable success.

9th. We quitted Schörfling at nine o'clock and went to Frankenmarkt, a long drive chiefly over bad and cross roads. Before arriving at this little town, we beheld on our left a fine and magnificent view of the Schneeberg, and the Alps of Hallstadt and Aussee, and on quitting it we caught the first glimpse of the Salzburg chain, which we continued to behold increasing in grandeur and beauty the nearer we approached it. The next poste from Frankenmarkt is Neumarkt, and from hence we drove through many villages and hamlets, the road being now and then rather hilly, till, at about half-past one, we saw Salzburg lying before us in the broad valley of the Salza, backed by a gigantic rampart of Alps. On the right side of the road

we passed by a small lake of no great beauty or extent. The situation of Salzburg is strikingly grand and beautiful, and probably no town in Europe can boast of a finer. Lying as it were close at the foot of the lofty pyramid of the Watzmann, a mountain more than ten thousand feet in height, the town extends along the right and left bank of the Salza or Salzache, which separates it into two parts, the old and new town, which are united by a strong wooden bridge. On a hill on the right bank of the river, considerably elevated above the town, stands the fortress or mountain castle, a very strong and imposing fortification. Both parts of the town are strongly fortified, and that on the right bank of the river is provided by nature with a lofty wall of rock, superior to any means of defence that could be formed by art.

10th. The first thing I did this morning was to call upon Count W—— for Sir Humphry, in order to obtain permission for him to shoot in the neighbourhood. The Count was not in Salzburg, but I easily obtained leave from the person who acted for him during his absence. Sir Humphry accordingly immediately started for

the neighbouring marshes, and I occupied the morning in seeing the town. The most remarkable object is the *Neu Thor*, the New Gate, a stupendous undertaking, which may stand comparison with any of the works of the ancient Romans. It is formed of one long arch, or rather tunnel, some hundred feet in length, between twenty to thirty in breadth, and thirty to forty feet in height, cut through the wall of rock, which surrounds the town on the Bavarian side. On the outside the rock is handsomely sculptured, and forms a very elegant entrance into this long passage. This work was commenced at the beginning of the last century, and forty years elapsed ere it was completed. Another work of a similar kind is the summer riding school, a large amphitheatre, the galleries of which are cut out of the solid rock. From hence I crossed over the Salzache into the new town, to visit the church of St. Sebastian, which contains the monument of the celebrated Theophrastus Paracelsus. It is very simple, and formed of the red brown marble of the country. It bears his head in relief, and the following inscription, which is a proof of the great esteem

in which the memory of this famous quack was held even till the middle of the eighteenth century.

“Philippi Theophrasti Paracelsi qui tantam orbis famam ex auro chymico adeptus est effigia et ossa donec rursus circumdabuntur pelle sua sub reparatione ecclesiæ MDCCLII. ex sepulchrali tabe eruta heic locata sunt.

“Conditur hic Philippus Theophrastus insignis medicinæ doctor, qui dira illa vulnera, lepram, podagram, hydropsin, aliaque insanabilia corporis contagia mirifica arte sustulit, ac bona sua in pauperes distribuenda collocandaque honoravit.

“Anno MDXXI. die XXIII Septembris vitam cum morte mutavit.”

On my return I passed by the house in which he died, and on the outside of it there is still a painting of him, and a nearly obliterated inscription. From hence I went to the church of St. Peter, in the old town, to see the tomb of Haydn; but unfortunately found the church closed, and could not see the monument.

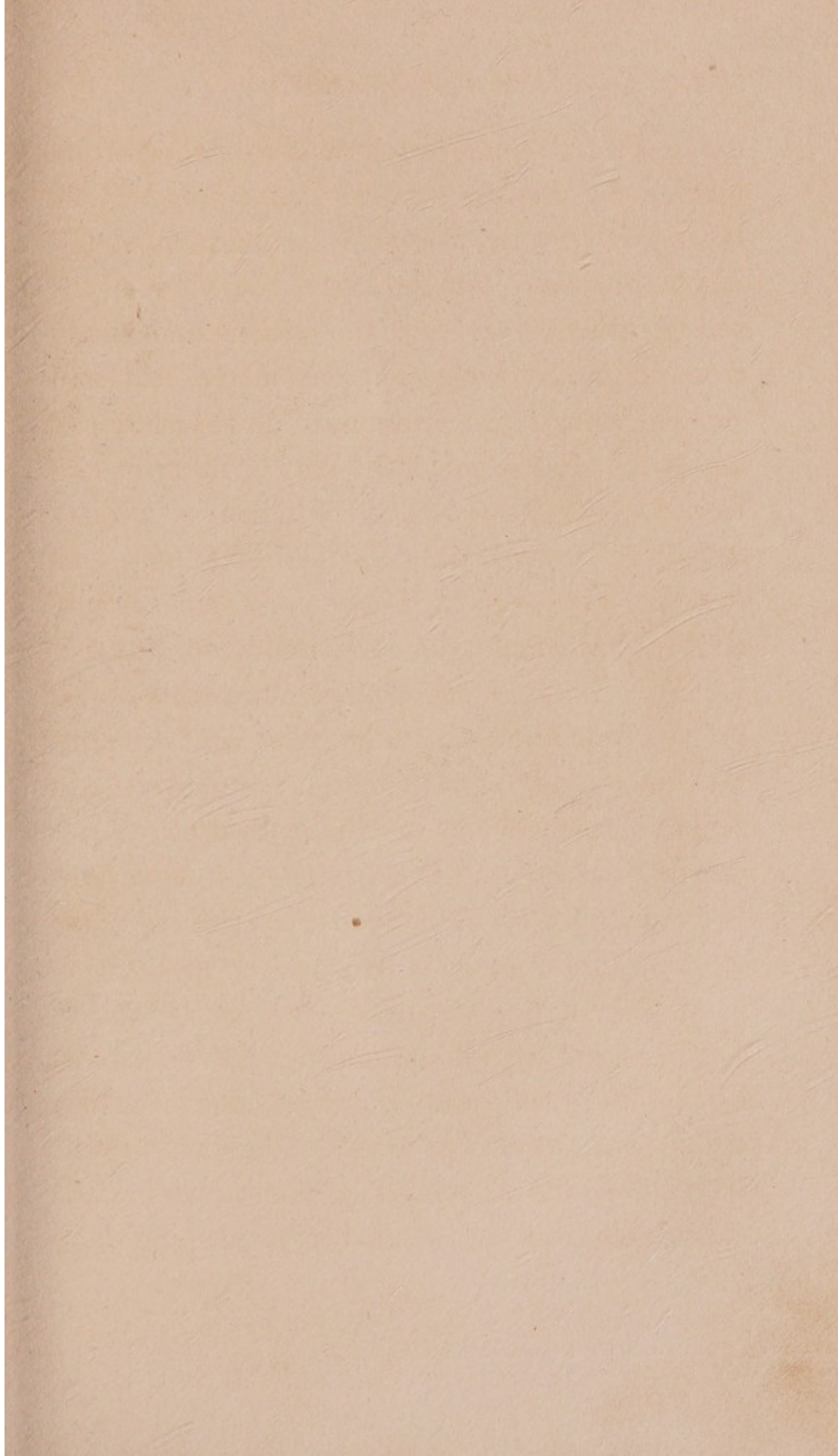
The cathedral church of St. Rupert is a fine building in the Italian style of architecture. It is built partly of free-stone and partly of marble. The streets of Salzburg, with the exception of the chief street, are narrow and generally ill paved, but the houses are clean and neat, and of a great height. The palace of the former archbishop is a spacious and magnificent

building, and before it is a beautiful fountain. Besides its public buildings, Salzburg has many large and elegant private houses.

On my return to the inn I found Sir Humphry already there, and that he had dined; and he asked me to accompany him to Aigen, a beautiful villa, about two miles from Salzburg, the seat of Prince Schwarzenberg. From the gardens of this villa the view of Salzburg and the whole chain of Alps is most magnificent, but we could not enjoy it completely, as the summits of the mountains were mostly veiled in cloud, thus mingling as it were with the heavens, and only here and there a dark brown peak was seen piercing through the white shroud, which every now and then passed over it like the foaming wave over a rock, leaving it for some moments invisible. We strolled for some time through the gardens, Sir Humphry on his pony, and then returned to the city.

11th, 12th. Were cloudy and rainy days, but in spite of the weather Sir Humphry has been out shooting the greater part of them, with, however, very little good fortune; and on the *13th*, we left Salzburg in the morning, and

drove through a long avenue of fine beech-trees to Hallein, passing by the Untersberg, where there are large quarries of white marble, belonging to Bavaria. To the right, the view of the snowy Watzmann, and the nearer and finely wooded mountains was exceedingly striking. Above Hallein two enormous brown rocks rise out of the woods, bearing a very striking resemblance to artificial walls. Hallein is a dirty town, celebrated only for its extensive salt mines. The scenery between it and Golling is fine, but cannot be compared with that beyond Golling. At this latter place we stopped for two or three hours, and whilst Sir Humphry took his dinner, I went to see the Falls of the Schwartzbach, about two miles distant. After crossing the Salza, I came in about half an hour to the first or lower fall, where, in the very midst of dark pines, some of which seemed even to grow out of the falling water, the *Schwartzbach*, or *dark stream*, dashes over the rocks, and divides itself into two branches, one of which makes but one single leap to the pool below, whilst the other descends in innumerable small cascates, and the black rocks, peeping here





From nature

by J. J. Taber.

FALLS of the SCHWARTZBACH

and there through the white and curling foam, give a very beautiful effect to this part of the scene. I then ascended with my young guide, a little boy whom I had taken with me from Golling, to the upper fall, of which nothing is visible from below but the rising spray, and the beautiful iris playing upon it. The pathway leads immediately to the front of this fall, which, in point of singularity of situation, is perhaps unrivalled.

At this spot the rocks form a wide and massive arch, on which the tall pines and other trees stand firmly rooted. Beneath this arch, rude blocks are tumbled one upon another in wild confusion, through which the water of the upper fall forces its way to the lower one. Above the arch which nature has thus formed, a slight wooden bridge is built, so that two openings are thus formed, the one above the other, through which the water is seen descending in a broad sheet of foam. Standing at the foot of this cascade, it is first seen gushing forth from the rock amongst the trees immediately above the wooden bridge; between this and the natural arch it again appears, and is for the third time seen

below the arch, closing the opening between it and the rocks beneath like a white curtain. The rainbow was seen beautifully shadowing the spray wafted from the fall, which was itself in a dark recess of the mountain, and the sun tipped the tops of the surrounding trees with a brilliant light, whilst now and then a single ray shot through the leaves and fell upon the white fall. It was a scene before which a painter might have sat for hours.

We afterwards went upon the bridge, from whence we had a view of the whole fall, looking down into the basin which receives it. A little footpath leads from the bridge to the spot where the water issues as clear as crystal from the rock, in the same manner as that of the Savitza in Wochain. After taking one or two rapid sketches, I returned with my little guide to Golling, which Sir Humphry soon after left for Werfen, and we turned into the mountains, passing through a magnificent defile where the Salza is quite hemmed in by rocks, through which this foaming river forces its way with irresistible violence.

The Salza in its whole course is a muddy

river, which considerably detracts from the beauty of the scene. Towards evening we arrived at Werfen, a small insignificant town with an ancient fort on the hill above it, and passed the night at a tolerable inn.

14th. Rising early this morning and looking from my window before sunrise, I beheld one of the finest scenes imaginable. The distant snowy Watzmann appeared quite near, and was encircled by beautiful rose-coloured clouds, though not so dense as to hide the mountain which glimmered through them, tinged with the same beautiful hue. These clouds, which kept ascending and descending, and now and then breaking and leaving the mountain quite clear, became gradually fainter and fainter, till the sun rose, bringing with him the mists of morning, when the whole scene vanished from my eyes, and this so quickly, that I was almost tempted to fancy it a dream.

At nine o'clock we left Werfen, and crossing the Salza drove on through some very pretty villages to Itan, a little hamlet, where we had to wait a considerable time for horses, the Archduke John having passed through but a few

hours before, on his road from the baths of Gastein to Grätz. From Itan we proceeded to Radstadt, and from thence along our former road to Unter-Tauern.

15th. This morning was rainy, but in spite of this I preferred walking up the mountain, to the slow pace at which the carriage ascended with four horses and two oxen. The rain ceased in about an hour, but the distant views, on our former descent so beautiful, were now all veiled in mist and cloud. We passed two very fine falls, one of them a little out of the road, which Sir Humphry got out to see. It is called Prince John's Fall, and is a cascade of from three to four hundred feet high, and is well worth seeing.

On arriving at Auf-dem-Tauern, the little village near the summit of the pass, we found the fields and the greater part of the surrounding Alps, which when we passed the first time were hidden as far as the eye could reach in snow, now richly clad with fine grass and alpine flowers. The road descending to Tweng is formed of white primary marble, mixed with mica-schist. At Tweng we struck into a cross road to Tamsweg, a large village lying in a fine broad valley,

in the middle of which runs a branch of the Murr, which we have followed from the very peak of the Tauern. The inn here was very bad. In the evening I went to the village doctor for some medicine for Sir Humphry, who told me that this valley was one of the highest in Austria, the village itself lying three thousand and twenty-two Paris feet above the level of the sea, and that the pass of the Tauern was rather more than two thousand feet higher.

16th. We left Tamsweg this morning, and drove on, over abominable roads, to Murrau, a dirty little town on the Murr. Sir Humphry said he should stay a day here to see if he could shoot some quails, or catch any huchos* in the river, and he went out immediately after we arrived, about two o'clock, but found no quails. The Murr forms a very pretty cascade about a mile below the town.

17th. Sir Humphry went this morning to the river and fished for some hours, but in vain.

* A variety of the genus *Salmo* that inhabits the Danube and its tributary streams. It sometimes reaches the enormous size of eighty pounds. See a complete description in "*Salmonia*," second edition.

This, added to an exorbitant bill brought in by the host, determined him to proceed, and we left Murrau at four in the afternoon. The scenery of the valley of the Murr is always of the same kind; mountains clad with fine woods diversified with fields and villages, and the river winding through the valley. We passed on our road two old feudal castles, rearing their grey walls out of the wood. At the next station, Neumarkt, we found ourselves on the same road which we had traversed on our way to Carniola. There being no tolerable inn here, we proceeded a post further, to Friesach, and had a very pleasant moonlight drive along the banks of a foaming brook, and through some dark and shady glens.

18th. Sir Humphry spent the whole of this day in the fields round Friesach, in the hope of finding a good many quails, but returned late in the afternoon with only one or two, and complaining terribly of the heat.

19th. We left Friesach early this morning, and drove on, over our old road, to St. Veit and Klagenfurth, where we turned off to the right, and proceeded along the banks of the Lake of

Klagenfurth to Velden. The length of this lake is about fifteen miles, its greatest breadth three or four. The scenery of its banks near Klagenfurth is rather flat and uninteresting, but towards Velden it becomes more diversified and beautiful. Sir Humphry intended passing the night at Velden, but the old ruined chateau, which now serves as the post-house, was better adapted for the habitation of bats and owls than the accommodation of a sickly and susceptible traveller; and accordingly he ordered horses for Villach, in spite of the approaching night. Whilst they were being put to, we enjoyed a fine view of the lake through the arched windows of the earth-floored hall of the chateau. Some time before we arrived at Villach it was quite dark, but the road being very good and perfectly safe, Sir Humphry, notwithstanding his reluctance to travel after nightfall, said that he was glad that he had gone on to Villach, where he would stay to try the shooting.

20th. This morning he changed his mind, and we went on to Wurzen, crossing over the same mountain which we had passed on our road to Ischl. The ascent on this side is much

longer than that from Wurzen. At the foot of the mountain are some hot baths, much used by the inhabitants of Villach. We tried their temperature and found it to be 85° Fahrenheit. The proprietor said that the water contained principally sulphur and magnesia.

21st—25th. These days were chiefly wet and rainy, but when it did not pour Sir Humphry was out shooting in the marshes. Two mornings, when the rain kept him at home, he occupied himself with the additions to “*Salmonia*,” and in dictating an *ancient Irish Tale*; a fairy fiction, or a tale of enchantment, founded on the supposed adventures of a Norwegian hero in Ireland.

26th. A fine day at last, and we see the Alps unveiled for the first time since we have been here. I thought I should have seen them quite free from snow, and was not a little surprised, on the clearing away of the clouds, to find them covered with a newly fallen crest, which was brilliantly white, for I believed that the temperature of the air would be too high to allow the snow, which falls on the heights when it rains in the valleys, to remain un-

melted even for the shortest time. In the afternoon I took a ramble with the postmaster, as a guide, to see a waterfall in the neighbourhood, which I suspected from what he told me was the feeder of the pond from which the Wurzen-Save rises. After a long walk through the woods in one of the smaller side valleys, at the opening of which the pond or source of the Save is situated, we arrived at the end of the valley, where all progress was put an end to by the lofty and rocky mountains which shut it in on all sides; mountains, through which there is hardly a path for the most adventurous chamois hunter. In the centre of this vale is a hut, or, as it is called by the peasants, an *Alpe*, (a hut on the mountains,) built with the trunks of trees, in which a few cowherds were employed in making cheese. Opposite this hut, high up in the rocks, is a considerable cascade, which without doubt is the source of the Save. The water issues in a considerable stream from an opening in the side of the mountain, and rushes down into the valley foaming and dashing over the rocks; it then flows on for a short time in a bed of limestone pebbles, where it suddenly disappears, sinking

into the ground, and in all probability continues its subterraneous course through the whole length of the valley, till it rises in the pond near Wurzen. We ascended with considerable difficulty to the top of the fall, and in order to examine the hole, I was obliged to take off my shoes to prevent my slipping over the rocks. The water flowed perfectly clear and intensely cold from a reservoir in the interior of the mountain, but the opening in the rocks was not sufficiently large to enable me to look in. Having descended safely, and drank some curds and whey in the *Alpe*, we returned home; and I determined, if the weather should be fine to-morrow, to cross over the Alps to Trenta, and see the source of the Isonzo, to seek which we made such a long trip in vain the last time we were here.

27th. I started from Wurzen at eight o'clock with a guide, who said that he was well acquainted with the pass across the Alps, and as he told me we should find nothing to eat at Trenta, we took some cold meat and eggs with us. At Kronan we turned into the beautiful defile which lies behind this village, and which is called the Valley of Pisching, from a little

stream which flows through it, along whose banks we walked briskly for about an hour and a half, surrounded on all sides by rocky and magnificent mountains. At the end of the valley we turned off to the right, and began to ascend one of the mountains by a very rugged and steep path, passing sometimes through fir woods, and at other times over white limestone rocks. After a very fatiguing ascent of more than two hours, we found ourselves on the top of a pass between two mountains. To our left was a still more lofty mountain, through which, near the summit, there was a large hole like a window, so that the blue sky was distinctly seen through it. My guide told me that it was possible to ascend to this hole from the other side, but that he had never been there. The descent to Trenta on the other side was much worse than our ascent had been, the path or rather track that we followed being every now and then impeded by great blocks of limestone and shattered fir-trees. The points of view were very fine and wild, though the whole seemed desolate and dreary. In less than an hour we reached the valley and the few huts

which form the hamlet of Trenta. In the middle of the valley runs the Isonzo, which is seen gushing forth from the rocks, and forming a magnificent cascade in a gulley or crevice of the mountain, a few hundred yards distant from Trenta. I immediately went to it, and found that the fall consisted of three distinct cascades, one above the other, all three highly picturesque, but chiefly so the upper one, which is by far the loftiest. My guide said the quantity of water was not now so considerable as in general, and that if I liked to go to the top of the uppermost fall I could see the place from whence it issued out of the mountain. We accordingly climbed up the rocks till we came to a heap of loose and detached fragments of limestone, from under which the water appeared to issue, but on climbing up still further, I came to a large opening in the rock, through which a sunbeam fell, and upon looking into it, I saw that within there was a large cavern filled with water perfectly clear, and apparently of great depth, for when I threw in a large white stone on the spot where the sunbeam played upon the water, I saw it descend through it for

a long time. Of the extent of this subterraneous lake and cavern it was impossible to form any idea, for all beyond a few feet from the opening was darkness. The peasants at Trenta call this source the *Sorga*, and they told me that after great melting of the snows the water rushes also out from the opening, and then forms a very noble cascade. The water is intensely cold, yet an old peasant assured me, that on looking through the hole he had sometimes seen fish in the lake. This, however, seemed very doubtful, for many others said they had repeatedly been there and had never seen a trace of any living animal in the water within the mountain. Having taken a sketch or two and eaten our frugal dinner, we began to think of returning home, and reascended the rugged path which had brought us to Trenta, but before we reached the summit of the pass I experienced great pain in the thighs and legs, so that I was obliged to rest every now and then. At last, however, we gained the top, and having staid there for a good quarter of an hour to recruit my strength, we descended briskly, passed again through the romantic glen of Kronau, and I found

myself at home by seven o'clock. Fifty kreutzers (1s. 8d. English) made my guide a happy man, and the evening was passed in recounting to Sir Humphry the adventures of the day.

29th. We left Wurzen this morning, and passed over our old road to Assling. The scenery of the valley is now more beautiful than when we last saw it, for trees of every kind appear in full verdure on the sides of the mountains; beech, oak, ash, walnut, birch, and, last and highest, the pine, above which are the bare brown rocks, just tipped with snow. Three leagues beyond Assling we turned out of the post road, and drove to Radmannsdorf, passing through what much resembled an English park; fine large trees rising from a verdant turf, rendering the drive at once shady and agreeable. Radmannsdorf is a small insignificant town; the only inn it has to boast of was being repaired and not habitable, so that we were obliged to go somewhere else, and Sir Humphry determined to proceed to Veldes and to spend a day or two in that beautiful neighbourhood. After an hour's drive we arrived there, and with considerable difficulty, and some danger to the carriage, we

got up a narrow and hilly lane, at the top of which the best inn in the village is situated, which we however found bad enough. Sir Humphry begged me immediately to go to the fisherman's at the other side of the lake, and see what he had. I found in his tank only very large carp and some small specimens of *Silurus glanis*. This latter fish is found in this and one or two more of the Austrian lakes. The fisherman told me that it here sometimes grows to a great size, and that the last year he and his fellow-fisherman had caught one that weighed upwards of two hundred pounds. I chose the smallest carp, one of five pounds, and a little *Silurus*, and was then rowed back to Veldes by the fisherman. The lake was beautifully tranquil and clear, and in the shade of the mountains, for the evening was already set in, resembled an extensive surface of black polished marble, only ruffled by the paddle of the canoe which bore us across it. We had part of the fish dressed for supper, and we found the carp far preferable to the *Silurus*, for the flesh of the latter is flabby and insipid.

30th. At one o'clock in the morning George

called me to Sir Humphry, who told me that he felt very ill. At four he begged I would order horses to quit Veldes as soon as possible, but none could be procured till seven, and then only a pair of cart horses. Sir Humphry in the meanwhile applied leeches, and found himself considerably relieved. At seven o'clock we left Veldes, but, as if fated to be unfortunate in this village, our peasant-postilion drove us against the projecting roof of a small house, which however did no further damage than that of dashing the lamps to pieces. We at last got clear of Veldes, and without further accident soon reached Safnitz, where we found post horses which took us to Krainburg by one o'clock, and from thence to Laibach by four, where we took up our old quarters at Detella's inn.

31st August—7th October. Sir Humphry continued very unwell for two days, but on the third went out shooting as he used to do formerly. The ennui of Laibach is terrible, for Sir Humphry sees nobody, and is daily occupied in shooting or fishing, and it is only when the rain keeps him at home that he dictates to me the additions and corrections for "Salmonia," or

continues his Irish Tale, "*The last of the O'Donohoes,*" which he finished on the 13th of September. The second edition of "*Salmonia*" was not finished till the 25th, and I added six little views to it, which Sir Humphry begged I would draw for him; the first three are from his description, and the remainder from sketches I have taken on our journey. After "*Salmonia*" had been safely despatched to the English Embassy at Vienna, Sir Humphry determined upon making a little tour to Trieste, and there to examine the electrical phenomena presented by the *Torpedo*, or Electrical Ray, and we accordingly left Laibach on the 6th of October, in the afternoon, in a little carriage drawn by Sir Humphry's two ponies, for he bought another shortly after our arrival at Laibach. We only went on to Oberlaibach, where we spent the night. Not far from this small village the river Laibach issues, for the last time, from its subterraneous passage.

7th. Early this morning I went with two students from Munich, whom I met on their road to Adelsberg, to see the source of the river. At the end of a romantic glen, surrounded by fine

rocks and wood, the river oozes out of the hill, forming a large pond, which falls over a natural dam in front, and is then joined, a few hundred yards below, by another subterraneous stream, and they together form a tolerably large river. Parting here from my Munich companions, I returned to Oberlaibach, when I found Sir Humphry was already gone out shooting, but he shortly returned, and having shot nothing, we set out for Planina. Immediately upon leaving Oberlaibach we ascended a very long and steep hill, the surface of which was everywhere perforated with large conical pits, much resembling funnels, affording a striking example of that species of country called by geologists funnel land. Arrived at the top of the hill we found ourselves in a wide fertile valley, through which we saw the Laibach winding slowly, till on reaching the end of the valley it disappears in the fields, and after pursuing its subterraneous course through the mountain, again rises to the surface near Ober-Laibach. We stopped to bait the horses at Loitsch, and then drove on through the valley to Planina, a dirty village, where we passed the night in a miserable inn.

8th. Leaving Planina early this morning, we ascended a very steep hill, at the foot of which the Laibach again rises out of the mountains as it does at Ober-Laibach. The country between Planina and Adelsberg is bleak and barren, and presents nothing interesting. The mountain near the latter small town contains the famous grottos of Adelsberg, formerly thought to be the only spot where that singular animal the *Proteus Anguinus* was found. Sir Humphry said there was no time for me to visit these grottos now, but he thought that he should pass through Adelsberg again upon his return, and we accordingly drove into Trewalchen, where we passed over another long and steep hill. At Sesana we saw the first olive trees; they much resemble the common willow, but are darker; these and the flat-roofed houses, and a lighter and more airy style of architecture, told us that we were approaching Italy. The country between Sesana and Trieste is wild and bleak, completely covered with broken and waterworn rocks, over which, ages ago, some great current of the ocean must have passed, and thus occasioned their present singular and often fantastic

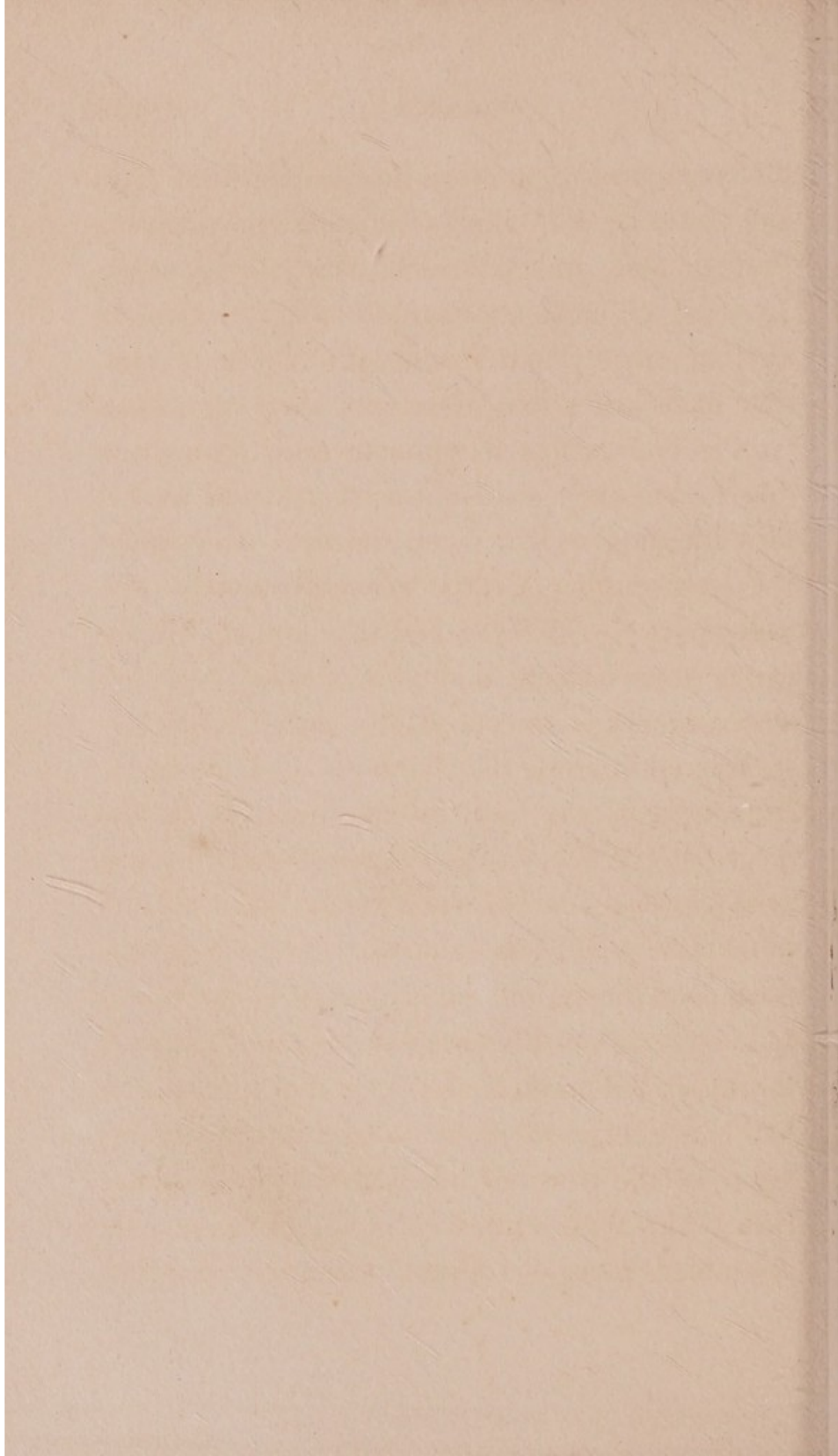
shapes. At the foot of the last hill, which is not steep, we entered the territory of Trieste, and from its summit one of the most magnificent sea views I ever beheld burst upon our sight. Nearly two thousand feet below us lay the wide expanse of the blue Adriatic, its light waves glittering in the sun-beams, occasionally shaded by the intercepting clouds. At the foot of the mountain, and partly concealed by it, appeared Trieste, with its harbour full of vessels, lying on a small promontory. Looking over the town and across the bay the eye embraces the whole hilly coast of Istria, with the towns of Capo d'Istria, Pirano, and others; and promontory is seen beyond promontory till the more distant ones can no longer be distinguished from the waves. The right or opposite coast, stretching down to Venice, is flat, and the last visible point on it is the ancient town of Aquilea; but behind this low and marshy tract the distant Alps of the Friul are seen, covered with eternal snow. After stopping the carriage for some time to admire this magnificent view, we descended the hill by a very winding and steep road. Every thing bespoke



From nature

ANRHEIMSTEIN

by J. G. Tebbin



the approach to a large and commercial city, and the road was filled with carts and waggons coming and going, loaded with merchandize. In some of them we counted twenty horses, in another twenty-four oxen, with twelve drivers, who made a terrible noise with their mouths as well as their whips to animate their strong and fine beasts during their ascent. A new road is now building which, when finished, will render the great number of cattle now obliged to be used unnecessary. We reached the gate of Trieste about four o'clock, and after driving through some fine wide streets wholly paved with flagstones, and across the Ponterosso, a miserable little bridge, we took up our quarters at the Locanda Grande, in the market-place; but our rooms looked towards the harbour and sea, and immediately beneath them we heard the joyous noise and bustle of the sailors. What a difference between this town and the inland cities of Germany! There all seems dead or asleep, and hardly a living soul is to be seen in the streets; here, on the contrary, all is activity and animation. The representatives of all nations seem assembled here, — Italians, Germans, English,

and Americans, with Greeks and Turks in their national dresses, are seen walking through the streets or sitting before the doors of the cafés: this latter applies especially to the Turks, who, in their graceful costume with their long pipes, attract the notice of every stranger unaccustomed to see individuals of this nation.

Leaving Sir Humphry to repose in his room, I took a walk about the town and harbour. The streets are generally broad, well paved, and clean, and the houses are lofty and well built. The harbour is full of small craft, but I saw but one large merchantman, lately arrived from the Brazils. Near the Molo san Carlo, a small pier, lay a steam-boat which was to start the next morning for Venice. To the left of the town, looking towards the sea, and at a considerable distance from the houses, is the Lazaretto, a large and spacious building, close to a basin or dock, in which the vessels lie whilst performing quarantine. After dinner I went with Sir Humphry to the theatre, which is an elegant and lofty building, with five tiers of boxes very tastefully ornamented. The piece performed was an opera, *The Arabs in Gaul*, but spite

of the magnificent decorations and really fine music, Sir Humphry soon became tired, and we returned to our Shakspeare and *ecarté*. I sleep to-night, for the first time in my life, in the bed-room of an Emperor; a little chamber with only one window in it, and with which, I think, few Emperors of the present day would be content. Above the bed is painted a gorgeous crown and encircling canopy, beneath which, on a small marble tablet, are the following words:—

Locus iste Imperatoris
Josephi Secundi
Habitatio fuit xv Maji.

The year was either never mentioned, or has been rubbed out.

9th. The noise of the sailors and the hum of business—sounds long foreign to my ear—greeted me upon waking this morning, and on looking out of my window I saw a number of people upon the quay below, buying fish from the sailors of some fishing-boats that had just come into the harbour. After breakfast I accompanied Sir Humphry on a visit to the British Consul, Colonel D——, who politely promised to send

Sir Humphry a fisherman who could supply him with some living torpedos for his experiments. Sir Humphry afterwards rode out on his pony, George attending him, whilst I took a walk on the hill above the town. I had intended to visit the stalactite grotto at Corneale to-day, as Sir Humphry, who had seen it ten years ago, said it was well worth notice; but on coming away from Colonel D——'s I found that it was too late.

10th. I left Trieste early this morning, with a guide, to visit the grotto. After a three hour's walk over two very long and steep hills, from which however the view over the Adriatic, with numberless white sails flitting across its waves, the two coasts, the harbour with its shipping, the town and the gardens surrounding it planted with cypresses and olives, was magnificent, we reached Corneale, a small and dirty village, and having here provided ourselves with a man carrying a large lamp, and some boys with candles, proceeded over some very rough and stony fields to the grotto. The entrance was not, as I had expected, in the side of a hill, but in the open fields, and surrounded by

a wall. Having lighted our lamp and candles, I took off my coat, and we began the descent down some very slight wooden stairs, the steps and railing of which were, as I afterwards found to my cost, not only slippery, but quite rotten from the continual dripping. The entrance, or hall, is a fine lofty dark vault, supported in the middle by one enormous stalactite column. Beyond this the cave becomes narrower, and the numberless stalactites of all sizes present a greater variety of forms than it is possible to describe: immense cauliflowers, trunks of trees, fruits; rounds and ovals of all sizes, from that of a marble to globes of many feet in diameter; pyramids rising up from below, and whose bases are lost in profound darkness; myriads of peaks hanging from the roof, often invisible to the eye, are seen at every step.

These different forms, the deathlike stillness of the cave, the total darkness, except in those points where the guides placed themselves so as to illuminate the most striking objects; deep precipices before and around me, from out of which here and there a single snow white column rose, formed, and still forming, by the water

which falls in measured time from the unseen roof; the flickering lights of our candles,—all this, and the thought of where I should roll to were I to slip from the frail steps into one of those dark abysses, produced an indescribable feeling of awe and fear. Descending further into the cavern, we passed by the *Lion's head*, the *Melon*, the *Death's head*, and two magnificent single pillars, the one plain, the other beautifully fluted, both of which upon being struck by the hand emit a loud sonorous sound, that thrills mournfully through the surrounding silence. Beyond these we came to the *Waterfall*, one of the finest specimens of stalactites in the cavern; other pillars and pyramids, and last of all to the *Baldachin*, or canopy formed of beautifully fluted hanging stalactites. Beyond this point the cave had not been explored, as the precipices are very dangerous. Even the descent to this spot is not very safe, being often along very narrow slippery paths and rotten stairs, or rather ladders. On my return I sketched different subjects in the cave, and whilst drawing the entrance-hall, incautiously sat upon the wooden hand-rail, when I heard a sudden crack, and felt that I

was falling backwards. Not being able to recover myself, I slipped from rock to rock, turning twice head over heels, but without injury, and with perfect presence of mind, although I expected every instant to be dashed over the edge of a precipice. As soon as I felt my fall become slower, I stopped myself with my hands, with my head downwards, and my heels in the air. In this position I remained some minutes, not daring to move a finger, till the guide came down through the rocks with his lamp to my assistance; with his help I regained my feet, and found that I had been lying on the very verge of a smooth rock, beneath which was a dark and impenetrable abyss. My next fall would probably have been into eternity.

After the whirl of my brain had passed away, I found, with the exception of some light bruises, that I had not injured myself, as the rocks were very smooth and round. Having reascended, we left the cave, and I sat for a long time in the fresh air as I felt very sick. The guide and the boy had been exceedingly terrified, and still looked as pale as I think I must have done myself; nor shall I soon forget

the shriek they uttered when they saw me falling. After a draught of water that was very refreshing, though from a dirty pool in the field, and paying the man and boys who had been in the grotto with me for upwards of two hours, I returned to Trieste, where the tailor and a good dinner set every thing to rights again.

Sir Humphry had just received two living torpedos, and made some experiments with them upon the power and effect of their electricity, which he seemed inclined to think of a peculiar kind. These finished, he determined to quit Trieste to-morrow, and to return to Laibach.

11th. We started from Trieste this morning early, and having ascended the hill above the town, from whence we had such a beautiful view upon our arrival, we turned out of the road and drove across the country over very bad roads to Wippach, where we did not arrive till evening. We had stopped to bait at mid-day in a miserable little village, and after leaving it we lost our way, Robert (the coachman) being a perfect stranger in this part of the country, and spent some hours in vain before we again got into the

right road. Wippach lies in a fine fertile valley at the foot of a lofty range of mountains. The river of the same name rises close behind the town, out of the rock, in the same manner as the river Laibach. The trout in this river were the object of Sir Humphry's trip hither, and as soon as he arrived, though the evening was too far advanced to allow of his fishing, he went to look at the river, and found it very foul from rain. When he returned to the inn, he dictated to me his observations on the experiments with the torpedos which he had made at Trieste.

12th. In the morning Sir Humphry went out to try the fishing in the river, and returned about twelve o'clock not having caught anything. We then quitted Wippach, which has nothing at all attractive or interesting in it. At the end of the town is a large and handsome chateau, belonging to the Counts of Wippach, and on the other side an extensive cotton manufactory. The drive from hence to Trewalchen is steep and hilly, the road passing over a lofty ridge of the mountain. From Trewalchen we went on to Adelsberg, where we did not arrive till night, and as Sir Humphry said that he should the next morn-

ing go on to Zirknitz, I determined to visit the principal grotto in the night. There are two here, the grotto of the Magdalen, long known and celebrated as being the only spot in which the *Proteus Anguinus** had been found; and the great grotto, only lately discovered, and more remarkable for the variety and grandeur of the stalactite formations which it contains.

* *Proteus Anguinus*, *Siren Anguina*, sometimes called the Austrian Siren. This rare little animal has as yet only been discovered in the subterraneous caverns of Carniola, at Adelsberg, and Sittich, and very lately in those of Heiligenstein, near Zirknitz; and is also mentioned in a German journal as having been found in Sicily. In shape it much resembles an eel, whence its specific name; but it has never yet been found of more than fifteen or sixteen inches in length, and about three-fourths of an inch in diameter. It is either of a pale rose-colour or perfectly white, but after having been for some time exposed to the light it becomes brown. Its skin is very smooth and even, the head somewhat depressed, and with a lengthened obtuse snout; the eyes are situated beneath the skin, and are exceedingly small; on each side of the neck are three ramified bronchial gills, of a bright blood-colour during the life of the animal. It is furnished with four legs or rather appendages, for they appear to be of no use to it, which are about three-fourths of an inch long, and the feet of the fore legs have three toes, whilst the hind feet have only two. Its motion when touched in the water is brisk and rapid, and is entirely produced by the action of the tail, unaided by the legs, as I observed was the case with one which I procured from a Professor at Laibach. It has very fine and sharp teeth, which it seems scarcely to need, having been kept for years together in fresh water apparently without any nourishment, but it has never been known to bring forth young, nor is its origin or real abode at all known. From the period of its discovery its nature has been a subject of discussion amongst naturalists, some imagining it to be the larva of a larger animal, whilst others maintain that it forms a new genus; nor is the question yet determined.

After having read to Sir Humphry till nearly ten, I set out, accompanied by three guides furnished with lamps and some pounds of candles. We walked across the fields for about a mile in darkness, the moon not having yet risen, till we came to a slight ascent which brought us to a door in the mountain. The guides here lighted their lamps, and cut the candles into bits, and unlocking the door, we entered and found ourselves in a low and dark passage. Two of the guides went on before with the candles, and I followed a few minutes after with the other, the only one of the three who spoke German. The passage brought us to the top of a rock, where we found ourselves in an immense vault, the roof and sides of which could not be distinguished by the eye. Below us, at the foot of the rock, we heard the rushing of a river, whose waters were invisible to us owing to the extreme darkness. We saw the other two guides upon a frail wooden bridge, which is thrown across this subterraneous stream, they having already lighted some of the candles, which they were engaged in fixing upon the side rail, and in a

few minutes, more than thirty candles in some degree dispelled the darkness which surrounded us. The river became visible for about one hundred yards on each side of the bridge, flowing as it were out of total darkness above, and passing again into gloom and shade below it. The light however was by no means sufficient to enable me to discover the roof of this vast dome. It is a striking scene, but very different from any presented by the grotto of Corneale, and a poet might have thought the vault a banquetting room for the giants of old, or the council-chamber of Lucifer and his host; the dark and rushing water the gloomy river Styx, dividing him from the kingdom of Pluto, and have expected to see the grim ferryman appear with his boat. There was however no Charon to ferry us over, and we accordingly descended the steps in the rock, and crossed the river by the tottering and slippery bridge. A steep path cut in the rocks on the other side conducted us to the *Little Temple*, a small vault, whose roof and sides were covered with stalactites of the most varied and grotesque forms, hanging

down from the roof, shooting out from the sides, or rising as stalagmites* from the floor, some pointed, some round, and others flat, thin, and transparent. In one part of this temple are inscribed the names of the strangers who have visited the grotto. From hence we went to the *Hall*, or *Place of the Tournament*, passing in another vault by the *Butcher's stall*, perhaps one of the most apt denominations of the many which the guides have given to the numerous larger masses of stalactite met with in these caverns. It stands alone, projecting from the walls of the vault, and somewhat resembles a pulpit in form. One of the guides enters this stall with a lamp, and illuminates the different joints of limestone meat, sausages, hams, &c., which hang around. The *Tournier-platz* or *Place of the Tournament*, is a lofty and extensive cavern, the floor of which is formed of very fine sand, and is exceedingly level and firm. The shape of the vault is oval, and the sides have some slight resemblance to an amphitheatre. On Whit-Monday the whole of the

* Stalagmites are inverted stalactites, whose base is fixed to the ground, whilst the point is continually rising to a greater height by the gradual dripping of the water from the roof.

grotto is illuminated, and hundreds flock to behold this curious scene, the *Tournier-platz* being arranged as a ball-room, and in which the visitors dance till a very late hour. From thence we went through long passages and caverns, each of which presents something remarkable. In one, a large pillar rises from the ground, which, on being struck with a stone or stick, gives out a sound resembling the deep and sonorous tone of a tolling bell; and in another, stands a large fluted pillar, to which the guides give the strange name of the *Kanonen-Säule zu Moskau*, or the Pillar of Canons at Moskau. In another part of the cavern we see a vase, on the top of a small pillar, constantly full of water, which falls into it, drop by drop, from the roof; it is perfectly clear, and icy cold. Beyond this font, we came to the *great curtain*, the most striking single stalactite in the whole cavern. The limestone here descends in many a waving and beautiful fold from the roof, from a height of upwards of twenty feet, and projecting about six feet out from the rock. The whole mass is exceedingly thin, and is bordered by a stripe of red. Seen from a distance, when the guides hold their lamps behind it, the effect

is highly striking, and the spectator can hardly believe that the transparent curtain before him is formed of hard stone. The red colour in the edge of this mass of limestone, is the only instance of the kind I met with in the grotto, the general colour of the stalactites being either pure white or whitish brown: and they are often covered with a crust of very fine crystals. At some distance beyond the curtain, the cave divides into two branches, one of which ends with a large block of limestone, that bears the name of the *high altar*; the other has been rarely trodden by the foot of a stranger, for my guide said that this was only the second time that he had been there, since the discovery of that part of the cave, by him and another of the men who were with me, six or seven years ago. It extends for a considerable way, till all further progress is stopped by a large pool of water, over which the guides said no one had ever crossed. This pool did not appear to me to be of any very great extent, and I felt persuaded, that with the help of a few long poles, it would have been possible to have passed over the slippery rocks on its sides; we had, how-

ever, nothing of the kind with us, and I was obliged to abandon the idea, nor did the guides appear at all inclined to continue our peregrinations, having already penetrated to a greater distance than usual. I carefully examined the water, but in vain, to see if I could discover anything like a proteus, and I asked the guide if on his former visit he had seen any animal in the pool, but he said he had not. The paths through the cavern are generally very good, and broad enough for two or three persons to walk abreast, and have in many places been widened and levelled by art, but the road from the curtain to the end of the grotto, passes over a chaos of rocks and large broken stalactites; these, though now united by the all-binding lime-water into shapeless masses of rock, formerly composed the roof, but have now given place to newer formations, so that even in these subterraneous caverns, as in all other of nature's works, man beholds destruction only as making way for regeneration. The process is one of the slowest, but sure in its effects; an accident, the shock of an earthquake for example, may strew the floor of the cavern with the stalactites

which hang from the roof, yet the impregnated water flows from above, deposits the limestone, and in a few centuries, the roof is again ornamented with its curious and beautiful fretwork. Retracing our steps through the different halls, temples, and passages, we again found ourselves on the banks of the subterraneous river. This is the Laibach, which rising in the plain above Adelsberg, enters the mountain, and after flowing through the cavern and underground for a considerable distance, again appears at the foot of the hill near Planina. We crossed the little bridge, ascended the rocks, and taking a last look around the vast and dark cupola by which we had first entered, I bade adieu to the caverns of Adelsberg. On coming out of the mountain, the air felt very cold, for the temperature within had been very agreeable, almost warm. It was past one o'clock, so that we had been three hours under ground. The moon was up, and guided by her clear light, we soon reached the inn, where I dreamt till morning of grottos, and caverns and their spirit inhabitants.

13th. We left Adelsberg this morning, and after a drive of about three hours through a wild

and hilly country, we arrived at the village of Zirknitz, on the borders of the celebrated Zirknitzer-See. The inn, though small, had two decent rooms, and Sir Humphry determined to remain here for a day or two, in order to shoot quails, which abound in the neighbourhood; he accordingly went out in the afternoon with his gun, accompanied by the innkeeper, who had recommended himself to him by speaking Italian; and I went in the meantime to look at the lake. Its banks are formed by mountains of no great height, completely covered with forests of pine, and in the lake are three islands, each of which has a different name. On the largest, called *Vomek*, is a little village; the other two, *Goritza* and *Malagoritza*, are smaller and barren. The lake itself is of an oblong form, and, as I ascertained from "The Chronicle of Carniola," (a voluminous and old work on the history and geography of this part of Austria, by Baron Valvasor, and the only book to be found in the inn,) about one German mile (four and three quarters English) in length, and rather more than half a one in breadth. Its depth varies, but it is no where considerable. In different parts

of it are large and deep conical holes, Valvasor says eighteen, each of which has also a name: the chief of them are *Koten*, *Zeschenza*, *Malabonarza*, *Velkioberk*, &c., and through these holes the lake is filled with water. This generally takes place annually, in October or November, and the water again disappears through these holes in the beginning of summer.

In twenty days after the disappearance of the water, grass springs up, and produces very good hay; numbers of birds flock to the fields, and the bed of the lake then becomes a sporting ground. The disappearance of the waters, however, is by no means certain, for sometimes a whole year will elapse without the lake becoming dry, while at times it will sink and re-appear twice, or even thrice, in one year. At the end of the lake, near Zirknitz, are two large openings in a rock called *Malakarlouza* and *Valkakarlouza*, through which the water runs off when the lake rises higher than usual. During the winter the lake is generally frozen over. The temperature and colour of its water are similar to that of the other lakes in this part of the country, though the fish which inhabit it, chiefly

pike, are said to be unwholesome. By what means and from whence this lake is filled, it is very difficult to say; the most probable conjecture is that it is supplied by some vast reservoir of water in the interior of the earth, which may also be the feeder of the many subterraneous rivers with which the surrounding country abounds. Not a single stream flows out of the lake, but six or seven small rivulets fall into it, the largest of which is the *Zirknitzbach*. In the evening Sir Humphry returned from his sport, bringing with him some quails and a few snipes.

14th. Sir Humphry again went out shooting in the morning, and I went to see the caves of St. Kanzian, with a lad, who spoke a little German, as a guide. These caves are situated about four miles from Zirknitz, and are merely large and deep natural caverns, through which a small river runs, which again appears about half a mile further, in a beautiful fertile valley, through which it flows for a short distance, when it passes under a natural bridge of rock, on the other side of which it disappears, and does not again rise till near Adels-

berg. Although it has here no particular name, it is probably the same as the Laibach river, and may take its rise from the lake of Zirknitz. The natural bridge under which it flows before its disappearance, is a fine arch of rock, from thirty to forty feet in height, covered with trees on the top, between which are seen the remains of an old church, dedicated to St. Kanzian.

15th. Sir Humphry's sport yesterday not having proved so good as he expected, he went to-day, on his pony, up to the mountains with the innkeeper, to see if he could not shoot a *Steinhuhn*, or alpine partridge, and I went with my guide of yesterday to see the grotto of Heiligen-kreutz, where, he told me, a little white fish with four feet and two red fins on its neck, had been lately found. From this description I knew it to be the proteus, the inhabitant of the Magdalena grotto at Adelsberg; and the hope of finding this animal in the caves at the other end of the lake of Zirknitz, induced me to go thither. We coasted round the lake, passing through many little hamlets on its banks, till we arrived at the end of it, when we turned up a

side valley, which brought us to the foot of the mountain of Heiligen-kreutz. We here found two small huts, in one of which was an old man, who agreed to be our guide to the grotto, and who furnished us with large pieces of fir-wood for torches. After an ascent of half an hour up the mountain, we came to a great hole, which was the entrance of the cavern. Here the guide put a bit of ignited fungus or tinder into a handful of dry moss, and whirling it round with rapidity, soon produced a flame, at which we lighted our torches. We then scrambled down into the hole, and entered a long and lofty passage, the floor of which was covered with great stones and masses of rock, over which it was with great difficulty that we could proceed, and the roof and sides presented nothing but dark and rugged rock, unadorned by stalactites. After advancing for some hundred yards through this passage, we came to a running stream of water of considerable breadth, but only six or eight inches deep. We walked through this for some time, till it fell with a deafening noise into a large hole on one side of the cave, probably into some deep cavern below. The pas-

sage then turned to the left, and conducted us into a small round vault, from the roof and sides of which hung a considerable number of stalactites. This the old man said was the end of the cavern, and finding it so, I felt there was nothing to recompense one for the fatigue of a walk of ten miles, and the scramble over the rocks in the passage. During our course through the stream, as well as in the many large holes filled with water, I had in vain looked for the proteus, which however the old man assured me had been found by the peasants in the stream during its course through the cavern, and that it had also been cast up by it, when swelled by rain, near Laas, a small town about five miles distant, where this subterraneous stream again appears upon the surface. Quitting the cavern, I returned to Zirknitz, which I reached late in the afternoon, with a very good appetite, for all that we had partaken of since an early breakfast, was a few smoked pears and a pint of wine, sourer than the sourest vinegar, which, with a bit of black bread, were the only eatables afforded by one of the village inns of the banks of the lake of Zirknitz. Sir Humphry had

returned from his pursuit of the mountain partridge, nearly as fatigued and dissatisfied with his ill-success as I was with mine, and he determined upon returning to Laibach to-morrow.

16th—30th. Quitting Zirknitz, and driving through Planina and Ober-Laibach, we returned to Laibach, where we remained in our old quarters till the 30th. Sir Humphry, as usual, occupying the day in shooting or fishing, and now and then in completing his experiments on the torpedo, by comparing the results of the electricity of this fish with the effects produced by a very small voltaic pile. He found them to be essentially different in their action, and summed up the whole series of his experiments and observations in a long letter to the Royal Society.* He has at last met with a pair of carriage horses that please him, and has bought them for four hundred florins (40*l.*), so that he now intends travelling with his own four horses. The weather has been getting colder and colder, but I think that nothing less than the sight of the snow that fell to-day (30th) would have determined his de-

* Transactions of the Royal Society for 1829.

parture, which is now fixed for to-morrow, when we start for Italy and Rome.

31st. We have at last quitted Laibach, and I never recollect having left any place, not even the most wretched village, with the joy and delight I experienced on quitting Detella's inn, which has so long been for me an abode of listlessness and ennui. We slept this night at Planina, in the same bad inn which we stopped at on our trip to Trieste.

November 1st. We set out this morning from Planina, and drove over the road we had formerly passed to Wippach. The roads as far as this town were very hard and slippery, the snow which had fallen having frozen during the night, but as soon as we passed the mountains between Adelsberg and Wippach the scene was changed; we had left the winter and wintry country behind us, and found ourselves in a valley, where the trees were still adorned with the fine tints of autumn, and where the temperature was delightful. Leaving Wippach, we entered the province of Friuli, and drove on along a fine high road to Gorizia or Görz, where we did not arrive till late in the evening. The country is fine; it

appears to be well cultivated, and the vines hang in festoons from tree to tree. At Gorizia, Italian is the only language spoken, and with the language the people seemed also to have changed, for instead of the slow, awkward, and often insolent German servants, we had here quick and intelligent attendants.

2nd. Leaving Gorizia, in which town there is very little interesting, at one o'clock, we crossed the Isonzo, a beautifully clear and broad river. The roads were excellent, and before us and on our right we had the magnificent chain of the Julian Alps, still free from snow. Palmanova, where we spent the night, is a strong fortress, but a miserable little town with a corresponding inn.

3rd. The road from Palmanova to Codroipo lies through a flat country, chiefly vineyards, and is lined on each side with mulberry trees. Between Codroipo and Pordenone, we passed over a magnificent wooden bridge across the Tagliamento, the bed of which is here nearly a mile in breadth, and shows what a broad and wild river it must be when swollen by the melting of the snows. Upon asking a man on

the road the distance to the next town, he only answered us by holding up his five fingers, as much as to say five miles; a quick mode of expression which a German peasant would never have arrived at. The dress of the peasants was as much changed as the climate; instead of the black leather breeches, huge boots, and sheepskin jacket of the Krainish boor, we here saw striped cotton trowsers, a white cloth or flannel jacket, and shoes and stockings. We to-day, for the first time, saw many donkeys on the road, and little one-horse carriages, with one person sitting in them and the driver standing behind. Pordenone is a small town, with a fine view of the Friuli Alps in the distance.

4th. We quitted Pordenone and the Frioul, and dined at Cornegliano, a small old town in the province of Venice, and on quitting it we caught a glimpse of the Alps in the distance, and after a long drive through flat and low lands, arrived in the evening at Treviso. An ancient Roman gateway of beautiful architecture forms the entrance this town, the streets of which however are narrow and dirty. The Albergo Reale is a very good inn.

5th. We quitted Treviso early this morning

for Padua, with the Ugonian or Paduan hills in front of us. About two miles out of the town, looking across the marshes, we saw Venice with all her towers rising, as it were, out of them. We were only about five miles from this, the second most interesting city of Italy, nor could I help expressing a wish to see it. Sir Humphry, however, said that he was determined never again to enter it, for he had, upon a former journey, been detained there *upwards of an hour* about his passport. A little beyond Mestre, a dirty and ruinous town, where passengers generally embark for Venice, we came to the Brenta, and drove along its banks to Dolo, a small village, where we dined. The road is lined with fine, but mostly ruinous villas, in the light Italian style of architecture, and between Dolo and Padua we passed by a magnificent palace belonging to the Viceroy of Milan. We did not arrive at Padua till it was nearly dark, and entered the town by an old Roman gateway, similar to that at Treviso. The streets through which we passed were narrow and dirty, but furnished on both sides with arcades for foot passengers.

6th. We left Padua at eight o'clock this morn-

ing, passing through the Piazza San Antonio, a fine open square ornamented with statues, and at one end of which is the cathedral church of St. Antonio, said to be one of the churches containing the greatest number of votive altars in Italy.

The country between Padua and Monselice, an insignificant little town where we stopped to bait, is pretty. Crossing the Adige by a flying bridge, we drove on to Rovigo; a town with about eight thousand inhabitants, but with apparently nothing remarkable in it.

7th. After leaving Rovigo, we came in a few hours to the Po at Polsella, a fine deep river, but very turbid and rapid. A poste further we crossed it by a flying bridge, and quitting the Austrian territories, we entered the Papal states. The *Douane* is situated upon the bank of the river, and although the *laschia-passare*, for which Sir Humphry had written to Rome from Laibach, was not arrived, he had no difficulty in passing unexamined, a little money being, it seems, here as good as the best pass. We then drove on to Ferrara, where we lodged at the *Tre Mori*, a very good inn, though badly situated in a very narrow back street.

In the afternoon I walked through the old, deserted, and often grass-grown streets of the town. In the Piazza Ariostea stands a fine old column, and the church in the great square is a fine building externally, the front consisting of numerous rows of arches one above the other. This and the ancient castle or palace of the house of Esté, a large moated brick building, with numerous square towers, in one of which the dungeon of Tasso is still shown, are all that is worth seeing here.

8th. We quitted Ferrara in very bad weather, it having snowed all night, and snow and sleet still continued to fall during the day. We stopped to bait at a lone house, which proved to be a very large and good inn, and then proceeded after dinner to Bologna, which we entered in company with three other English carriages. This is a very fine city, with good streets, on each side of which are lofty arcades so that even in the worst weather one can walk through the greater part of the town without getting wet. In the evening I finished reading the "Castle of Otranto" to Sir Humphry, for the second time.

9th. Sir Humphry dictated a letter this morning to Professor Morichini at Rome, and I afterwards walked about the town whilst he paid a visit to Madame M——, the wife of a sculptor to whom he had been introduced when he was formerly in Italy. The streets appear well built and modern, though very dirty, and the houses are for the most part fine and lofty; but there are very few grand single buildings or churches; many of the latter are only to be distinguished from private houses under the arcades, by a coloured drapery hung over the door. The Neptune which surmounts the fountain in the square of the cathedral, a work by Jean de Bologna, certainly has its merits as a statue, but the poor water-god enjoys so little of his element, that he can scarcely provide for the wants of his immediate neighbours. After wandering quite alone through the town, the whole morning and a part of the afternoon, I returned to the hotel St. Marco. Madame M—— having invited Sir Humphry to take a seat in her box at the theatre in the evening, I went to see the play and ballet, and was very much pleased with each. The house

is spacious and grand, but dark; the spectacle showy, and the singing and ballet very good.

10th. A wet and rainy day. We left Bologna at eight in the morning, and had a dreary and unpleasant day's journey through a flat country, to Faenza, having only stopped to bait at a little village on the road.

11th. Left Faenza this morning, and arrived in the evening at Rimini, passing through Forlì and Cecena. Every step we now advance is on heroic ground; and before entering Rimini near Savignano, we passed over the Rubicon, a little insignificant stream, though once the boundary of the most powerful state in the world. The bridge over the little river which flows by the gates of Rimini, is said to have stood for twenty centuries; and in the middle of the town is an ancient triumphal arch nearly as old. It was built by Augustus on his return from his victory over Marc Antony, and is a fine simple arch of stone, though now patched up with bricks. The town is small and dirty, and the *Leon Bianco* is a wretched inn.

12th. Leaving Rimini we drove along the

coast of the Adriatic, close to the sea shore. We saw the distant Appenines on our right, as yet only low hills covered with vineyards and towns, one of which, San Marino, situated on the top of a hill, is a small independent republic of about five thousand souls. Having dined at a little village on the road, we drove on through Pesaro to Fano. The surrounding country is rather mountainous, and seems to abound in defiles and narrow passes, which may easily account for the defeat of the Carthaginians by the Romans, in this neighbourhood. Fano is a small town, lying close upon the sea. The inn where we passed the night was remarkably good.

13th. We left Fano early in the morning, and with it the Adriatic; and turning off to the right, we entered into the Appenines and dined at Fossombrone, (probably modernized from Forum Sempronii,) a small and very old town, situated on the side of a hill not far from the spot where Hasdrubal was defeated and slain by the Roman Consuls, Nero and Sempronius. The country here begins to be very fine, but is not at all alpine. Through a wide

and fertile valley runs the Metauro, a beautifully clear green stream. Quitting Fossombrone, we soon came to the *Forli*, a celebrated pass in the mountains, and a work of the old Romans. The rock in a narrow glen on the side of a small stream has been cut away in order to make the road, which then runs for some hundred yards through an arched gallery hollowed out of the solid stone; this work appears as if very lately finished, and the sublime and rocky scene around, beautifully relieved by the fine and varied autumnal tints of the shrubs, and by the white and foaming stream, is a most fitting spot for such a grand undertaking. Descending from the pass into the valley on the other side, we drove on through Aqualagna to Cagli, where we remained for the night, in a most wretched inn.

14th. We had a long drive from Cagli to Sigillo through a fine mountainous country, passing over some small Roman bridges, easily distinguished from those of modern times, by the gigantic size of the blocks of stone of which they are formed. Another remarkable object on this road is a bridge of great height, built over a

deep ravine, in order to preserve the level of the road. It consists of a small arch thrown across the mountain stream, above which a complete circle or tunnel of nearly one hundred feet in diameter, has been built, and thus forms the support of the road. In one part of the mountain we observed some very curiously carved strata in the limestone rock which composes this chain. From Sigillo we proceeded in the afternoon to Nocera, passing on the road many a hill of stones surmounted by a wooden cross, the only monument of the unfortunate travellers who had perished in these wild and solitary spots, by the hands of the ferocious banditti, which still too often infest these parts of the Appenines. It was dark when we reached Nocera, and we here found the hotel as bad if not worse than at Cagli.

15th. We left Nocera at about half-past seven in the morning and reached Foligno by eleven. This latter place is a large and very dirty town, nor does there seem to be anything interesting in it or its vicinity. We quitted it at two o'clock, and drove on to Spoleto, passing along

the banks of the Clytumnus, which Byron with truth calls

“A mirror and a bath for Beauty’s youngest daughters,”

for every plant and leaf at the bottom, seems as if viewed through a clear and spotless crystal. A little above the source of this river, stands the temple of its god, of small and delicate proportions. The front is still in good preservation, but the roof is covered with tiles, and the sides are patched with bricks; and it is now apparently used as a stable or pig-sty, and the waters of the stream are polluted by ass-drivers and water-women.

We are now driving over roads once covered with the Carthaginian legions led on by Hannibal, rushing in all the fire of conquest from the field of Thrasymene; and in the evening we arrived at Spoleto, the town which offered him such stout resistance, when on his march to Rome, and before which he lay a fortnight. It lies on a hill, which renders the streets exceedingly steep; and besides this, they are narrow, dark and dirty. The only remarkable object in it is the gate called Hannibal’s Gate, which

is very ancient, and bears the following inscription on a marble tablet, celebrating his defeat and retreat from this town.

HANNIBAL
CAESIS AD THRASYMENUM ROMANIS
INFESTO AGMINE URBEM ROMAM PETENS
AD SPOLETUM MAGNA STRAGE SUORUM REPULSUS
INSIGNE PORTAE NOMEN FECIT.

So much for the days of old! A battalion of French troops would however now hardly allow themselves to be repulsed by the descendants of these victors of Hannibal.

16th. Leaving Spoleto, we passed by a very lofty aqueduct, which conveys the water from the mountains across the valley to the town. A mile or two further on we came to a very long hill, where we had two oxen added to our four horses, to ascend it. The descent on the other side to Terni is still longer: the pass through the mountains is in many places exceedingly narrow, and on each side of the road are lofty rocks; the mountains are wild and mostly uncultivated, and are chiefly covered with dark laurel bushes; on the whole road there is not a village for the poste, and half a dozen houses at Stretura hardly deserve the name of one. A

mile or two before Terni the valley widens, and the dark laurel trees give place to groves of olives and green fields, whilst here and there a tall cypress is seen rising from out of the gardens near the town. I was much disappointed here, in not being able to see the celebrated Falls of the Velino, which are only five miles distant from Terni; but as Sir Humphry only stopped to bait, it was impossible for me to do so. There were many carriages at the inn, English, French, and Russian, but the company to whom they belonged were all gone to see the Falls.

Between Terni and Narni, we entered upon a wide and open though still hilly country, through which the Velino winds slowly along. Narni is certainly the most beautifully situated town that I have seen in the Appenines, lying at the side of a hill, at the foot of which the green waters of the Nera roll through a deep romantic glen, out of whose wooded sides gigantic masses of rock are seen to rise, in and upon which many old dwellings, now uninhabited, are discovered. The road from hence to Lavenga is fine and hilly, and between this

latter and Otricoli, the mountains open, and show us in the distance Mount Soracte,

————— “ which from out the plain
Heaves, like a long swept wave about to break,
And on the curl hangs pausing,”

the Tiber winding slowly along, and, still further, another chain of distant mountains. The inn at Otricoli was the worst of the many bad ones we have met with among the Appenines, for there was literally nothing to be had in the house; and the only waiter who was to be seen was drunk.

17th. We left these wretched quarters at seven in the morning; and quitting the Appenines, soon afterwards crossed the Tiber, already a tolerably broad, but very muddy river. The whole country is volcanic, and the river seems to flow here through the crater of some tremendous volcano of a former world. At Borghetto, on the other side of the river, are the remains of an old castle, probably gothic. The sides of the roads, from hence to Citta Castellana, contain large masses of white garnet, and we passed by many craters, small and large,

some only broad and deep pits, with trees growing out of the clefts of the lava rock; others filled up with earth, and now turned into cultivated fields. Citta, or Civitta Castellana, is probably the ancient Veii, and must have been a very strong place in former days. The citadel, from which it takes its present name, is a large fort of half Roman, half Gothic architecture. Before entering the town we crossed a small river, which runs deep below through a wild and romantic fissure in the lava rocks, which surround the town, and of which the greater part of the houses are built. We passed through the town and over a bridge erected by Pius VI. A pompous latin inscription consigns the name of this pope to posterity, for having ordered this bridge to be built. It is a good strong bridge, but nothing more. The Romans of old built and worked, and let others talk; those of the present day talk much and do nothing. We then drove on to Nepi, a small village, where we dined, and from hence through Monterosa to Baccano, which only consists of two inns, the poste and another, where the vetturini generally stop. Sir Humphry chose the latter,

which we found very good. To-morrow we shall enter Rome, which is only two postes distant from us.

18th. Left Baccano at eight in the morning, and in about half an hour, from the top of the first hill, saw the Eternal City, with her seven hills, her towers, cupolas, monuments, and palaces, immediately before us, becoming more and more distinct as the sun dispersed the mists of the morning, and bringing with them the recollections of the times and deeds of old, and of the heroes, statesmen, orators, and poets, whose former dwellings were there, and whose fame still fills the world with admiration. On our left lay the long chain of the Appenines, above which rose Monte Velino, and some other of the more distant and snow-clad mountains, whilst nearer to Rome was seen the Alban Mount, and the hills of Tivoli. On the right lay the wide outstretching campagna, beyond which, although Sir Humphry doubted it, I am sure I saw the straight blue line of the Mediterranean. The carriage rolled on from hill to hill, each of which was covered with villas surrounded by trees, amongst which the tall

cypress and the magnificent fan, or Mediterranean pine, were pre-eminent. At La Storta we reached the last hill ;

————— “ Now the brow
We gain enraptured ; beauteously distinct
The numerous porticoes and domes upswell,
With obelisks and columns interposed,
And pine, and fir, and oak ; so fair a scene
Sees not the dervise from the spiral tomb
Of ancient Chammos, while his eye beholds
Proud Memphis’ reliques o’er the Egyptian plain :
Nor hoary hermit from Hymettus’ brow,
Though graceful Athens in the vale beneath.”

From hence a short drive brought us to the Tiber and to the Ponte Molle, a bridge of brick, built on the ancient foundations of the *Pons Molvii*, in front of which stands a handsome gateway and tower. Crossing this bridge, we drove along a straight broad street upwards of a mile in length, which ends at the Porta del Popolo, the entrance into Rome, and a magnificent entrance it is. The gate itself is fine, though not very elegant, but the view through it into the Piazza del Popolo is grand in the extreme, and strongly impresses the stranger with the feeling that he is entering into a magnificent

city, the metropolis of religion and of the arts. In the middle of the Piazza, which is formed of two large semicircles, rises a superb obelisk of red granite, covered with hieroglyphicks; four lions of white marble spouting water into the basins before them, form part of the pedestal. In the centre of the back of each semicircle is a very elegant fountain in the shape of a colossal shell, and surmounted by groups of gigantic statues. Looking across the Piazza, three long streets present themselves to view; the middle the Corso; the one on the left, the Strada del Babuino; and to the right, the Strada di Ripetta. The ends of these streets, facing the Piazza, are formed by two elegant churches, perfectly similar in architecture, and above the left semicircle are seen the gardens of the Monte Pincio, the ascent to which, adorned by columns and statues, is not yet finished.

Having found our *lascia passare* at the gate, we were permitted to drive to the hotel directly, and were not first conducted to the custom-house, as is the case with those who enter Rome without having procured, through some friend,

the permission to pass, which is only given by the secretary of state.

At Serny's *Hôtel de Londres*, on the Piazza di Spagna, a large and open square, we were extremely well accommodated. It is a very large and grand establishment, occupying three different houses, and of course every thing is in the first style. What most strikes a stranger in the streets of Rome, are the numerous shops of mosaics, gems, and trinkets in marble and bronze, and a month and a fortune might be spent by those who have nothing better to do with their time and money, in admiring and selecting such objects. The Corso, or high street, the theatre of all the festivities during the carnival, is every afternoon thronged with carriages, which drive up and down in two lines, the one going, the other coming. This seems to be one of the principal amusements of the higher classes of Rome, and a senseless enjoyment it appears to me, for the greater part of the street is narrow, badly paved, and dark. The number of spectators from four till six o'clock, however, is very great. French is spoken in almost every shop, and the

number of English is so great, that one hears nearly as much of that language spoken in the streets as of Italian.

21st. This afternoon I went to the colosæum, where I sat for some hours under the last of the upper arches of the outside circle, looking towards the magnificent church of St. John Lateran, over part of the ancient walls of Rome, and the remaining arches of two old aqueducts, and down upon gardens and vineyards, in many of which are the ruins of ancient buildings and temples; whilst the view over the surrounding *campagna* is bounded by the blue Appenines, and on the right by the Alban Mount. From the inner wall I looked down from row to row over the dark and ruined arches of the seats, now picturesquely overgrown with shrubs, ivy, and grass, and which were then beautifully tinged with the rays of the setting sun, into the vast arena beneath, formerly the scene of many a savage sport for the amusement of a cruel people, but now only ornamented by the broken shafts and capitals of pillars which once adorned it; and disfigured by the many altars erected by pious devotees, breaking the harmony of the

whole, and only serving to shew the magnitude and beauty of the ancient pillars, contrasted with the smallness and insignificance of the modern ones. In the centre of the arena, a large wooden cross has been erected, which is devoutly kissed by the lips of every pious Catholic who passes by. Immediately opposite to me the circle of arches was broken, and let in the view of the near and distant country, where many a tall cypress and pine rose amid the foundations of the old palace of the Cæsars, to the left of which, amid the trees, appeared the pyramidal monument of Caius Sestius. From another side I looked down upon the triumphal arches of Constantine and Titus, upon the colossal remains of the baths of Caracalla, and upon the ruins of temples and palaces, and over modern Rome, to the distant cupola of St. Peter's.

Quitting this mighty ruin, which, together with the arch of Titus, the Popes have been, and still are, engaged in patching up with bricks and mortar, thus destroying the harmony and beauty of the ancient architecture, I returned to Serny's through the ancient Roman Forum, (now the Campo Vaccino,) where lie the chief

relics of the former grandeur of the queen of cities. Here are the arches of Constantine, of Titus, and of Septimus Severus; the ruins of temples, baths, and imperial palaces; ruins which have afforded to antiquarians so much matter for research and for dispute, and which are regularly described in the works of every modern traveller in Italy.

3rd December. We remained at Serny's till the first of December, as Sir Humphry found it no easy thing to find a lodging suited to him so late in the year; on the 28th, however, he found apartments at the corner of the Via di Pietra, which he liked, and we entered them on the 1st of December. They are situated in a good part of the city, and look out on the Corso.

31st. Our daily life has been hitherto as monotonous as possible. Sir Humphry sees no society, and wishes to see none, and his only pleasure and amusement seems to consist in shooting. He drives out every day in the surrounding *campagna*, often to a distance of twelve and fourteen miles from Rome, when he gets out and rides on his pony over the fields in

search of quails or snipes. On his return, when he is not too much fatigued, he dictates to me a continuation of his "Vision," which he thinks of forming into a series of dialogues on religion and other subjects; and our evenings are spent, as they have been ever since we left Calais, with a game or two at cards, and with my reading to him different works, principally English and French, which he procures from a circulating library in the Corso. I have formed no acquaintances, as Sir Humphry wishes me not to do so; but when I have copied off the morning's dictation, I often take a solitary walk in the gardens of the Pincio, to St. Peter's, or to the Colosæum.

On Christmas-day I went to hear the Pope celebrate grand mass at St. Maria Maggiore. The whole of the interior of this beautiful church was superbly illuminated, more especially near and round the high altar, in front of which the Swiss guards were drawn up in a semi-circle, and prevented all who were not dressed in black from approaching it. Unaccustomed to the *grandeur* of the Catholic service, I could not but admire the magnificent dresses of the Pope:

and the cardinals, and the grand and impressive music and chaunting. At twelve o'clock, when the service was concluded, a line was formed down the grand aisle, through which the Pope and the cardinals retired to the sacristy, to lay aside their splendid, but weighty dresses. His Holiness was carried in a superb throne, supported on the shoulders of his attendants, whilst above him was held a splendid canopy, and on each side large and beautiful fans of feathers and gold. The Pope's Swiss guards, who always attend his Holiness when he quits his palace, are, if possible, a caricature of our beef-eaters. They are forty in number, all Swiss, and many of them do not even speak Italian. On grand fête days they wear steel helmets and breast-plates instead of the ancient cap and slashed doublet, which, with black, red, and yellow-striped breeches and stockings, form their usual dress, and in their hands they always carry a long halbert or pike.

1st January, 1829. The only festivities either to be seen or heard which announce the new year in Rome, consist in the discharge of a few cannon early in the morning from the Fort St.

Angelo, (formerly the mausoleum of Hadrian, but now the citadel of Rome and state-prison,) and the celebration of grand mass at St. John Lateran.

10th. Sir Humphry this afternoon received a parcel from England, which he has for some days been expecting with the greatest impatience. It was the "Quarterly Review," containing Sir Walter Scott's critique on "Salmonia," which Sir Humphry begged me to read to him directly, and he seemed highly pleased with the manner in which Sir Walter speaks of his work.

1st February. A short time ago a considerable part of the city was illuminated in honour of eight newly-elected cardinals, whose palaces, as well as those of the Roman nobili, were adorned with large wax torches, placed two or more in each window, whilst the houses of the citizens were lighted with small transparent paper lanterns, on which the papal arms were painted.

The daily drive on the Corso is now often enlivened by many gay equipages and servants in splendid liveries, the gayest of which are those of the Russian Archduchess Helena, and the King of Bavaria. I have been twice to the

theatre ; there are several, and they all opened on the 7th of January. The two principal ones, Argentina and Valle, are small, and by no means striking.

8th. To-day we were near being burnt out of our lodging. On awaking in the morning, I found my room and the drawing-room filled with smoke, and perceived a strong smell of burning wood. The servant said that all the windows had been opened for upwards of an hour, and yet he could not get rid of the smoke. We could, however, discover nothing, till the lodgers from below sent up to say that fire was falling through their ceiling, and upon going into their room I found the ceiling on fire, and that a large hole was already burnt through the beams which lay immediately under Sir Humphry's fire-place. I instantly sent for the fire-men, who did their business very expertly, taking up the floor of Sir Humphry's drawing-room, which they found burning for a considerable space round the hearth, upon which so large a fire had been kept up the day before, that the heat had penetrated through the stone, and thus set fire to the beams. In an hour it was quite extinguished,

and all danger over. To avoid the bustle occasioned by the reparation required, Sir Humphry determined to visit the Lago di Solfatara, sometimes called the lake of the swimming islets, and he begged me to accompany him: we therefore set out immediately, and left Rome by the Porta St. Lorenzo, and following the ancient Via Tibertina, we crossed, about four miles from Rome, the Aniene, or, as it is more generally called, the Teverone, a small river, which forms the celebrated cascades at Tivoli. On many parts of the road the remains of the ancient Roman pavement are very distinct, formed of large round or octangular flat stones. About thirteen miles from Rome we reached the little bridge across the stream which runs from the lake of Solfatara. Leaving the carriage here, Sir Humphry mounted his pony, and, turning off to the left across the fields, we soon reached the Lago. It is a small bason of water, of an oval form, and measures in its greatest diameter not more than two hundred yards, but its depth is said to be about two hundred feet. The colour of the water is bluish white, and from the quantity of lime which it holds in solution is by no means clear. The

surface appears to be in a state of considerable ebullition, which is caused by the quantity of air that escapes through it, and on flinging in a stone the water bubbles up violently at the spot where it falls. The temperature, however, is far below that of boiling water, for on trying it to the depth of six feet in different places, we found it vary between 85° and 87° Fahrenheit. It continually emits a strong smell of sulphurated hydrogen, which is perceptible upon the high road sometime before one arrives at the Lago. The floating islands, which have contributed to render this lake celebrated, are no fable, and are easily explained. Around it and upon it are numerous species of *confervæ* and many small water plants, which, becoming encrusted with the carbonate of lime deposited by the water, form with leaves and grasses compact little masses, which, supported by air bubbles that have lodged beneath, or from their own lightness, do not sink, and becoming detached by accident from the shore, swim about and become larger by the junction of these little masses with each other. These little islands are said to have been seen of a diameter of some

feet, but the largest which we saw did not exceed two or three inches. A canal has been cut from the lake to the Teverone, which carries off the superfluous water that formerly inundated the surrounding plain. Near the large lake are two others of smaller size, the waters of which are, however, exactly the same. Sticks, leaves, or insects, or any thing which falls into these waters, become thickly encrusted with a strong and hard covering of marble or travertine. It is probable that these three lakes were formerly only one, and may have covered a considerable part of the plain around, which is chiefly formed of travertine that has been deposited by water. Of this stone also the greater part of the edifices in Rome, ancient as well as modern, are built. Close to the lake are still to be seen the ruins of some ancient Roman baths, and it is said that Augustus frequently made use of the waters of the Solfatara.

Upon our return to Rome I heard at the trattoria or restaurateur's, where I generally dine, an indistinct rumour of the death of the Pope, which the Italians express by saying, *Il Santo Padre é andato.*

10th. This morning the death of the Holy Father was publicly announced by the tolling of the bells, the closing of the theatres and all public offices. His decease appears to cause little sensation among the Romans, by whom he seems to have been exceedingly disliked; and happening at this moment just before the commencement of the carnival, all the festivities and gaieties of which are thus put an end to, it does not serve to render his memory more popular.

11th—14th. Four cardinals have been sitting in counsel for the last two or three days, deliberating whether or not any public festivities shall be allowed, and have now determined that no public amusement shall take place during the time that the papal throne shall remain vacant. The Romans at this news are quite in despair; and no wonder, for I am told that the sum daily spent in this city during the last week of the carnival exceeds 80,000 Roman crowns. Numberless little pasquinades and jeux d'esprit on the late Pope circulate among the people, the freedom of many of which not a little surprises me. The two following are among many

others which I saw handed about in writing, though I question if any appeared in print.

Todini was the Pope's *barber-surgeon*, to whose ignorance and bad treatment his Holiness' death is attributed.

V'è chi a Todini oppone
 La morte di Leone ;
 Roma però sostiene
 Ch 'egli à operato bene.

And again—

Alle dieci di Febraro,
 E successo un caso raro,
 A un Leon creduto forte
 Diede un asino la morte.

16th. To-day I made an excursion to Tivoli, with Hofrath F—— of Darmstadt, whom I had met a day or two before by mere chance, in the street, and who kindly greeted me as an old friend. We followed the same road which I had passed over with Sir Humphry when we visited the Solfatara; and about two miles beyond the little bridge over the canal, we again crossed the Teverone, by the Ponte Lucano, near which is the sepulchre of the Plautian family, built of travertine, in the shape of a round tower, and on

the front of it are still the remains of some columns and latin inscriptions. Three or four miles beyond this monument lies Tivoli, where we arrived about ten o'clock in the morning, having quitted Rome at an early hour, and we occupied the whole morning in viewing the ruins and cascades. Our first visit was to the Temple of Vesta, generally called the Temple of the Sybil, a beautiful and elegant ruin, situated immediately above the Falls of the Aniene. It is of a circular form, and appears to have been surrounded by eighteen columns, ten of which are still remaining. These columns are of travertine, and of the Corinthian order. Close to this temple stands another small one, which is said to have been dedicated to the Tiburtine Sybil, of a square form, with four Ionic columns in front. Descending near this temple, a very good path led us down to the Grotto of Neptune, into which the waters of the Aniene precipitate themselves with impetuosity, forming on two sides beautiful cascades, which fall into the same pool, and run from it through a very narrow and highly picturesque valley, round the hill upon which Tivoli is situated. Leaving the grotto

and town, we walked along the side of these mountains which look towards the *campagna* and Rome; and during our walk, our guide showed us the remains and situations of some of the most celebrated villas; the country-house of the poet Catullus, and that of Horace and Quintilius Varo. Before we ascended to the villa of Mæcenas, we passed by the *Cascatelle*, beautiful and highly picturesque falls, which seem to rise out of the town of Tivoli, and leap down the hill into the valley in many a varied bound. The villa of Mæcenas is now used as an iron manufactory; many of the rooms and corridors are still distinct, and the roof is still perfect. The view from hence towards Rome is magnificent, embracing the whole *campagna*, with the different towns and villages in it, and is bounded by the cupola of St. Peter's. The Villa d' Este is of modern architecture, and must formerly have been very splendid; but it is now falling fast into decay, and its fine gardens are no longer attended to; the fountains in them are dry, and the numberless statues that adorn them have become brown and dirty.

After dining at Tivoli we returned to Rome,

but stopped for two hours at the Villa Adriana, to view the astonishing ruins of this wonderful spot, where the Emperor Hadrian attempted to unite all the grand and beautiful objects which he had beheld in Greece and Egypt. He here built a Lycæum, an Academy, a Pritaneum, like those he had seen at Athens; he formed the Vale of Tempe, in imitation of the celebrated Thessalian Valley; and not content with earthly subjects, he imagined Tartarus and the Elysian Fields, as described in the ancient mythology. The ruins of this stupendous villa cover a surface of seven miles in circumference, in which are found the remains of circuses, temples, theatres, libraries, baths, palaces, &c. &c., which still present an astonishing proof of the almost inconceivable grandeur and magnificence of the ancient lords of the Roman Empire. The mind that planned and executed this mighty work, and conceived the idea of bringing together into one spot of ground the noblest edifices scattered over the surface of the gigantic empire which he governed, could have been of no common mould, nor can any one dwell upon it as such, whilst wandering amid these now

mouldering ruins. Leaving the villa, we proceeded to the Solfatara, Hofrath F—— not having yet seen it, and from thence returned to Rome, where I arrived just in time to read to Sir Humphry, after having spent a day of no common pleasure, which had not been a little heightened by the kind and friendly interest shown me by the Hofrath.

20th—28th. These days have been to me days of extreme anxiety, and often of fearful anticipation. On the 20th Sir Humphry was attacked with a renewed stroke of palsy, which had nearly proved fatal to him. In the morning he had, after breakfast, been dictating to me his dialogues, which he had nearly finished, and he appeared even to be better, and more gay than I had seen him for some time. I left him at eleven o'clock, and went to my adjoining room to continue the fair copy, but had scarcely seated myself, when I heard him hastily call me, and upon entering the room I found him fallen upon the sofa, and deprived apparently of the use of his limbs. He evidently thought himself dying, but his voice was quite audible, and he told me, that on attempting to rise from

the sofa, he felt that he had no power over his limbs, more especially those of his right side, and that he felt sick at his stomach. With the assistance of the servants I got him into bed as quickly as possible, and I sent immediately for Dr. Jenks, who came directly, bringing with him Dr. Morichini. They each did all that was possible to relieve Sir Humphry's apprehensions, and assured me the danger was not so immediate as he imagined. After they left, I wrote both to Doctor and Lady Davy, and then read to Sir Humphry during the remainder of the day, which seemed to quiet and calm him. He slept very little in the night, and continued much in the same state through the next day, though he was able during it to dictate some codicils to his will, and to finish the little that remained of the Dialogues. On the 22nd he was rather better, although he had much fever, and was able, with the help of my guiding his hand, to sign two or three papers of importance. On the 23rd, however, he became worse, and he dictated a letter to his brother, Dr. Davy, to say that he was dying; but the physicians who

visited him daily three times, said he was not materially worse. He has often taken large doses of laudanum and acetate of morphine, (of the latter in one day upwards of twenty grains,) even more than his physicians approved, and on the 24th he was much worse, having passed a sleepless and very restless night. He was extremely weak, and his voice had sunk to a whisper scarcely audible; he said he felt his forces going, and that he should not outlive the day; yet his mental faculties maintained their power and activity, and seemed to be always occupied with the same subject, his Dialogues, the title of which, "Philosophical Dialogues," he said he wished to have changed for "The Last Days of a Philosopher; or, Consolations in Travel." I could not persuade him to take anything during the morning, and even the little which he had spoken to me seemed to have exhausted him. The idea that his dissolution was close at hand, was fixed in his mind, and saying that he had but a few hours longer to live, he begged to be left quiet and alone, and pressing my hand said, "God bless you, I shall never see you again." After this he lay

in a torpor for many hours, but in the afternoon he revived a little, and Dr. Morichini at length succeeded in persuading him to take a little broth and a glass of champagne. The reading to him seems to afford him much pleasure, and I have often read to him till midnight; George always sits up with him, and, when anything occurs, immediately calls me. Since the 24th he has gradually got better, and on the 25th he recovered his voice, and was not quite so desponding as before, and the three following days found him still better, but now and then delirious, from the quantity of acetate of morphine which he has taken and still takes.

29th—1st April. Sir Humphry has been gradually recovering, and has now considerably regained the power over his limbs, and is often able to be upon the sofa the greater part of the day. It seems impossible for him to exist without being read to, and on one day I read Shakspeare to him for *nine* hours. On the 15th of March Dr. Davy arrived from Malta, and Lady Davy from London on the 30th, she having travelled day and night. Their arrival relieved me from much anxiety. When Sir

Humphry is able to bear travelling we shall leave Rome, and proceed to Geneva by way of Florence and Genoa, and at the latter city Dr. Davy will probably quit us to return to Malta. Sir Humphry has latterly found himself so much better, that he often takes a drive for an hour or two.

20th. This being Easter Monday, Sir Humphry determined to drive out and see the grand illumination of St. Peter's, which takes place annually on this evening. It was indeed one of the grandest sights imaginable, and we were remarkably fortunate in seeing it this year, when it was said to be more magnificent than usual, in honour of the newly elected pope. Between six and seven o'clock in the evening, thousands and thousands crowd over the Ponte St. Angelo to gain a place in the grand Piazza of St. Peter's. Only the carriages belonging to the cardinals and foreign ambassadors are allowed to pass over that bridge on this evening, all others being obliged to make a considerable detour. At seven o'clock the Piazza is crowded with all sorts of carriages, and upwards of an hundred thousand people. This front of the church, the

cupola, and two smaller domes, are seen illuminated with innumerable small paper lanterns, fixed at regular distances. This lasts till nearly eight, and in the meanwhile the mass of the people in the Piazza are loud in their expression of joy and expectation, but as the hour of eight approaches all becomes still and hushed, and only a half-breathed solitary *adess'*, *adesso*, is now and then heard. With the first stroke of the clock, the great bell of St. Peter's sounds *one*. All eyes turn instantly to the cross on the top of the cupola, from out of which a magnificent column of flame is seen suddenly to burst. A *second* stroke upon the great bell, and the fire is seen descending with the rapidity of lightning over the cupola and the other parts of the church. The bell strikes for a *third* and last time, and the two magnificent semicircular colonades which surround the Piazza, are beheld in a blaze of illumination. The whole is the work of three or four seconds, and so great is the light produced, that of the former illumination not a trace is visible. This lasted for about half an hour, when the lights faded away, and the crowd began to disperse.

21st. This day was celebrated by a magnificent display of fireworks, which the Italians call *la Girandola*, on the Mausoleum of Hadrian. They are announced by the explosion of a tremendous maroon, which seems to shake Rome to her centre; this is followed by the eruption of Vesuvius, formed by thousands of rockets, which rise at the same moment, and give to a person who has not witnessed an eruption, a terrific idea of that phenomenon. After this follow all kinds of fireworks of the most brilliant description, the whole fort is seen illuminated, and on the top appears the name of the Pope in gigantic flaming letters; suns and stars are seen bursting from the dense clouds of smoke which hang heavy in the air, and the scene closes by another eruption of Vesuvius, which throws a red and fiery glare upon the neighbouring cupola of St. Peter's.

30th. We this morning quitted Rome by the same gate through which we entered, and dined at Baccano, where we found the inn thronged with strangers, chiefly English, all flocking to the north. A few miles beyond Monte Rosa we turned out of our former road, and drove on to

Ronciglione, a small village of dark black houses, in the midst of which rises a newly white-washed church and cupola, like a shining light in the village of darkness.

1st May. Leaving Ronciglione, we passed by the Lago di Vigo, a small lake, which lay beneath us as we wound up a very steep hill, from the top of which we enjoyed a magnificent view. In the plain beneath us lay Horace's Soracte; and beyond this mountain, and stretching towards the north as far as the eye could reach, the chain of the Appenines, whose lower regions were clad in the fresh green of spring, while the higher ridges were mostly covered with snow, above which rose the more distant summits of the Velino and many other snowy peaks, now hidden by light fleeting clouds, and then again glittering in a morning sun. At the bottom of the hill we passed through Viterbo, and after a drive of some hours over a hilly country, we came to Montefiascove, a small place, celebrated for its wine, which, if the following anecdote be true, once cost a reverend prelate his life. He was a great friend of good wines, and when on a journey used always to send a courier on be-

fore to taste the wines of the different places through which he was to pass, and when it was good he was ordered to write to his master *est bonum*, and when remarkably good, *est, est*. On tasting the wine at Montefiascove, the courier wrote *est, est, est bonum*, and his judgment seemed to have been right; for when his right reverend master arrived, he drank such a quantity of it that it occasioned his death. From the hill on which the town stands is a fine view of the lake of Bolsena, which appears to be the crater of an immense volcano of a former world. In the middle of the water rise two islands of solid rock, seemingly basalt, which is found in considerable quantity on the banks, and appears in some very remarkable formations near Bolsena, and the whole country around is volcanic tufa. Bolsena is the ancient capital of the Etruscans; it lies rather above the road, and we did not pass through it, but drove on to St. Lorenzo, a miserable collection of a few houses, where we stopped for the night at a very bad inn.

2nd. The first town after leaving St. Lorenzo was Aquapendente, a small and very ancient

place, romantically situated in a rocky ravine. Between this town and Radicofani we left the Papal territories, and entered Tuscany. Radicofani is a small and very old town, on the brow of a steep hill, which is surmounted by an ancient ruined castle. The change in the Italian pronunciation almost instantly strikes the ear; for here a guttural sound is always predominant. The dress of the peasants also seems to have changed with the change of country; instead of the white and stiffly-starched handkerchiefs of the Roman females, laid in a square upon the head, and falling down the back, we now meet women with pretty black turbans, which give them a much more picturesque appearance; many of them also wear men's hats, only adding one or more black feathers as ornament. In this neighbourhood grows the famous wine of Monte-pelluciano, called by Redi, *Il re dei vini*. It was not, however, at all to my taste, for it seemed to me a strong, rough, red wine. The green-jacketed postilions of the Pope have disappeared, and in their place we met with red jackets, turned up with black. Having dined at Radicofani, we drove on through a hilly and

barren country to La Scala, a lone house, where the vetturini stop for the night.

3rd. We quitted La Scala early, and passing through the same hilly and uninteresting country, arrived and dined at Buonconvento, a small and rather more modern town than any we have yet seen. After dinner we went on to Sienna, and the country became rather more interesting, being now and then diversified with country houses and villas. The roads are excellent, and very well kept. Sienna lies very high, and is seen from a considerable distance, especially two of its towers; one of them very lofty and slender, and the other streaked alternately with black and white lines, just like a Prussian boundary-post. We entered the town by a spacious old brick gateway, and driving through a long and wide street, paved with broad flagstones, arrived at the *Aquila Nera*, a very good inn. With the exception of the chief street, the others seem narrow and dark. Sienna is remarkable for the pure Tuscan which the inhabitants speak, as a proof of which they relate the following anecdote:—A preacher of some celebrity being on the road to Sienna, to edify its

inhabitants with an oration, met a peasant girl on the road, and asked her how far distant he was from the town? She replied to him—

“ Sbarcate il fiume, salite il monte,
Avrete Sienna in fronte.”

The orator is said to have been so astonished at hearing these words from a peasant, that he instantly gave up his intention of preaching to such connoisseurs of Italian, and returned from whence he came. Not only for its pure language is Sienna famous, but also for its beautiful women; and this very justly, for no where have I seen so many well-made and handsome figures as in the streets of this town. The cathedral is one of the strangest buildings I ever saw; it is entirely built of alternate layers of black and white marble, and the Prussian boundary-post which we saw from a distance is its chief tower. The portico is a fine, but very incongruous piece of Gothic architecture; pillars of all sorts and sizes are intermingled with statues of saints, bas-reliefs, horses' heads, and the gaping mouths of dragons, some gilt, some bronze, and others in white marble. The black marble in the interior

seemed to overpower the white, and threw a strange and unearthly gloom over the broad aisles as I saw them in the dusk of evening, hung with flags, and lighted with a few flickering tapers, which hardly served to discover here and there some solitary devotee, praying at the altar of his patron saint.

In the evening, after reading to Sir Humphry, I went for an hour to the theatre, where I found a juggler amusing a numerous and delighted assembly with his tricks.

4th. This was a very rainy day, and Sir Humphry determined to remain at Sienna, to rest himself from the fatigue of the journey, which he has, however, borne much better than could have been expected. In the morning I went again to the cathedral, to see the paintings of Raphael. They are painted on the walls of the sacristy, and represent scenes from the life of Clement II. It is said they were only designed by Raphael when he was very young, and afterwards coloured by another master; good judges, however, can alone decide upon this point. In the same room are some beautifully illuminated old missals, and a fine marble monument by Ricchi, to the me-

mory of the celebrated anatomist Mascagni, who was a native of Sienna. It represents a weeping female in a sitting posture, holding a scroll in her hand, on which is an inscription in letters of gold, and around her lie different anatomical instruments and books. In the middle of the room, on a lofty pedestal, is an antique group in marble, representing the three Graces. They were found in repairing the foundations of the church, and, though much mutilated, are beautifully executed, and may probably have given Canova the idea of his Graces, as the sacristan told me he had repeatedly visited them, and spent much time in the study of them. The cathedral also contains many fine pictures of very ancient date, one as early as the year 1280. The pulpit of African marble is very remarkable for the beauty of its sculpture, and the inlaid and carved pavement before the altar is also very curious, but its chief boast is the possession of one of the arms of John the Baptist; it however has lost its little finger, which a bishop of Florence is said to have bitten off through envy, while *devoutly* kissing the relic. St. John's head is said to be at Genoa, and I sup-

pose his other limbs are to be found in some part of Italy.

5th. It rained heavily this morning, but cleared up before we left Sienna. The country at first is rather barren and hilly, but improves the nearer we approach to Florence. Tavernelle, where we stopped to dine and bait the horses, is a small and insignificant village; the country beyond it becomes very pretty; the road is bordered with neat villages and villas, from the gardens of which immense clusters of roses hang over the walls, and the distant hills are covered with fine wood, and with the beautiful fan pine. We saw Florence in the valley of the Arno long before we reached it; in itself smaller than I expected it, but surrounded on all sides by innumerable villas and hamlets, peeping through the fine woods, or standing in the midst of beautifully cultivated fields. We entered the city by the Porta Romana, a plain old brick gateway, and drove to the Hôtel de l'Europe, where we were splendidly and comfortably lodged.

6th—9th. We remained these days at Florence, that Sir Humphry might a little recruit

his strength; and during this time, at intervals when he did not want me to read to him, I saw as much as I could of the curiosities of this magnificent capital. The celebrated gallery, which is perhaps its greatest attraction, I was only able just to look at, having but two hours to devote to it. The anatomical cabinet of preparations in wax is undoubtedly the finest thing of its kind existing, and shows what effects patience and perseverance can produce, being chiefly the work of one person. Many rooms are filled with glass cases, containing the most beautiful and exact representations of the structure of the human body in all its parts, moulded in wax. The finest and most intricate parts of the human frame are delineated and traced with a distinctness and exactitude hardly to be conceived, and the slightest ramifications of the nerves and vessels have been followed with a clearness and accuracy rarely seen in the most exact preparations of the best cabinets of anatomy. The collection is not confined only to the anatomy of the human body, but contains also numerous specimens of comparative anatomy, amongst which is a most beautiful one of a fish,

with all its internal organs. In the museum annexed to the anatomical cabinet are also three representations of the plague at Florence, describing this terrific scourge with a horrible and disgusting accuracy. This, and all other collections, are open on certain days, and at fixed hours, to the public, and any one is allowed to enter, and without paying.

The cathedral is a fine building, in the same style of architecture as that at Sienna, and, like it, is built of black and white marble. The celebrated *Campanella*, or belfry, is a lofty square tower, detached from the church, and built in a fine and light style; when I was there it was closed, and I had not time to repeat my visit, so that I did not see the interior. One evening I went to the Pergola, a very fine and large theatre: it is extremely simple and elegant, the ground-colour being shining white, relieved by light gilt ornaments, and the opera and ballet were in a style of corresponding elegance. I went once to see the house of Dante, now called the Palazzo Dante, and the residence of the French Ambassador. Near it is also the dwelling place of the two Guicciardini.

9th. We quitted Florence this morning for Genoa, and drove on to Pistoja in two hours and a half. The road runs through a long continued row of villages and villas, linked together by the graceful festoons of the green vine. The plain is covered with Italian vineyards, in which the vines are trained from tree to tree, very different from those of Germany. The villages are full of roses; and the nearer hills are spotted with white houses, rising among the green trees, and beyond them appears a chain of loftier snow-tipped mountains. The inhabitants of the villages were all sitting in the sun before their doors, chiefly employed in plaiting straw for the Leghorn hats. The drive from Pistoja to Lucca is most beautiful; the land is in high cultivation, and appears to be very rich. The mountains became grander, more rugged and bolder, as we approached the Lucchese territory, which we entered about eight miles from Lucca. The ramparts surrounding the town are all planted with lofty trees, which perfectly conceal the houses beyond them, so that, with the exception of one or two towers, no part of the town is visible from without the walls. The

streets are old, narrow, and dirty, and the cathedral is an awkward building, the front of which is formed of rows of small arches, one above another, surmounted by a gigantic uncouth white angel, in whose head was stuck a great dry bush.

10th. We quitted Lucca at seven in the morning, and from the top of the hill beyond it, I discovered the straight blue line of the Mediterranean. Descending the hill, and driving about ten miles through groves of olives and rows of poplars, from which the vines hung down in long single festoons, we past the boundary of the Lucchese territory, and entered the small dukedom of Massa-Carrara, and shortly after into the town of Massa, a neat and airy though old town. White marble is generally used here for the stairs, and for the facings of the doors and windows. Whilst dinner was preparing, I took a walk up to the old castle above the town, now emphatically called *the fortress*. Its only garrison, however, seemed to consist of four or five soldiers, who were provided with one old rusty cannon. The view from the ruined battlements was highly beau-

tiful: in front lay the wide sea, glancing in the beams of the sun, so bright that the eye could not bear to look upon it; to the left, in the distance, appeared the island of Gorgona, rising like a dark blue rock out of the glittering waves; to the right, two smaller islands were seen, beyond which appeared promontory upon promontory, conveying their woods of olives far out into the sea. Below the castle a vast plain covered with vineyards and groves of olives was seen, stretching down to the edge of the water, intersected by a silvery river winding among the trees, whilst immediately under the hill, and half hidden by it, lay Massa, like the plan of a town spread open before me. Beyond it were seen the wooded hills leading to Carrara, and behind the castle rose rocky and rugged mountains, here and there spotted with a field or two of remaining snow, and, like the Alps, hiding their lofty heads in dark grey clouds.

Quitting Massa, we drove over a noble bridge of one lofty arch built entirely of white marble, and after winding across a long hill, we passed through Carrara, near which, in one of the lateral

vallies, are the celebrated marble quarries. A little beyond this village we entered the Piedmontese territory and the dominions of the King of Sardinia, and soon arrived at Sarzana, a small ill-looking town. It being Sunday, the road and town were covered with peasants in their holiday suits: the dress of the women is one of the oddest I have yet seen; they wear no stockings, and their clothes seem huddled on all in a bundle; their hair is drawn away from their foreheads, and tied up behind in a bag of silk, of different colours, some red, some blue, some black, and always with three or four tassels hanging down from the end, whilst on the top of this bag is stuck the funniest little straw hat possible, looking much like a soup plate turned topsy-turvy, and made of frizzled straw, ornamented with coloured ribbons. The women of a higher rank wear white veils over their heads, and no bags.

11th. Leaving Sarzana, we crossed the river Magara in a ferry-boat, and after a pleasant drive arrived at Spezia, a small narrow-streeted town, beautifully situated at the head of the gulf of Spezia, and surrounded on the side

near the sea by spacious walks and groves of acacias, which were covered with their long white blossoms, and exhaled a most delightful perfume. In the middle of the gulf, not far from the town, we were informed that a spring of fresh water rises through the sea, forming a pool of fresh water of thirty to forty yards in circumference in the middle of the salt-water. I had however no time to visit this phenomenon, for Sir Humphry wished to be read to for an hour or two, and we shortly after quitted Spezia and with it the sea, and drove on to Borghetto, a little miserable village, the road to which was not yet finished, and very bad, though running through a beautiful valley, much resembling some of those of Austria, with its clear stream and finely wooded mountains.

12th. We quitted Borghetto early, and winding over a very long and high mountain for four hours, we again saw the sea, two or three thousand feet below us, spotted by many a white flitting sail. In the distance was Gorgone, and still further, scarcely visible to the eye, the hazy blue line of Corsica, which was however soon lost to us. A great part of the mountain was

composed of *serpentine*, with which also the roads were mended. From the top we looked down upon other mountains, covered with villages, but very barren, a few olive groves here and there being the only mark of vegetation. At the bottom of the hill we passed through Sestri, a pretty little town close upon the sea, and from thence over a beautiful road on the sea shore to Chiavari, a larger town, rather more distant from the sea, and partly hidden by trees, above which rose its white steeples and some of its houses. The gulf of Sestri is far more beautiful and diversified even than that of Spezia.

13th. We quitted Chiavari this morning for Genoa. The road is beautiful and romantic, running for miles along the side of a mountain, and hanging perpendicularly over the sea, which lies many hundred feet below it. In many parts it appears very dangerous, and were the carriage to upset, the traveller would be instantly precipitated into the waves below. Between Chiavari and Rapal there are two tunnels cut through the solid rock. This latter place is a very pretty village or small town, close upon the sea, and the whole country round it seems

very populous; country-houses, villas, and farms, appearing on all sides among the vineyards and olive woods. At the top of the last hill, after leaving Rapal, we came to another tunnel, which was carried through the summit for one hundred yards or more, and presented us with one of the most striking views possible. Looking through the mountain we first saw the blue and tranquil sea, with a few passing sails, then presently rose to view, as it were out of the ocean, the white and glittering towers of *Genova la superba*, and its field of masts, scarcely visible to the eye. Emerging from the tunnel the view became more extensive, for we could trace the road to Genoa, about ten miles off, running along the mountains somewhat above the sea, and lined with villages and villas lying upon the sides of the hills, which, however, were not so finely wooded as those we had just passed. This city of palaces much disappointed me, and does not at all answer to its splendid appearance from a distance; it seems like two different towns brought together from the opposite parts of the world, and built for very different inhabitants. The upper part of the city consists of mag-

nificent streets, or rather rows of marble palaces, while the streets of the lower town form only an assemblage of dirty and narrow lanes. Our hotel, La Villa, looks out upon the harbour, which is chiefly filled with small craft. In the middle of the gulf, however, were three frigates in full sail, which were bearing the King of Sardinia and his suite to Naples.

14th—17th. Sir Humphry has determined to remain here two or three days to recover from the fatigues of the journey hither. Dr. Davy, who was to have left us here and return to Malta, has determined upon accompanying his brother to Geneva. I generally read to Sir Humphry the greater part of the day, but I went on the 15th for a couple of hours upon one of the hills behind the town, and took a sketch of it as it lay stretched out beneath me. The hills are indeed rather barren, and this, combined with the scarcity of fish, speak for the truth of at least a part of the following proverb,

Mare senza pesce,
Montagne senza legno,
Donna senza pudore,

which is often applied to Genoa. I went one

evening to the theatre, after Sir Humphry had retired to bed, and was much amused by a magnificent ballet, Carlo di Borgogna, which, however, ended in a very tragical manner, the heroine being struck dead by lightning amongst rocks and snow, and precipitated into a roaring torrent. The theatre is quite new, and is splendidly decorated.

18th. We quitted Genoa this morning, and drove through the whole town round by the harbour and lighthouse, from which spot the city is seen to the greatest advantage, the white and magnificent buildings and churches rising one above another above the thick crowd of masts, whilst behind the city the hills appear almost covered with country villas and gardens, which in some measure make up for the want of wood. On one or two of these hills are fortresses, which were nearly concealed by the dark and lowering clouds. We drove for some way through a long and very populous suburb on the sea-shore, and then turned off into the valley; and upon reaching the top of a very steep hill, took a last view of the Mediterranean. We reached Ronco, a small and dirty village,

but with a decent inn, in a very heavy shower of rain, and having dined there, we afterwards continued our journey to Novi, a small common-place town, where we remained for the night.

19th. We quitted Novi early, and dined at Alexandria, passing over the plains of Marengo, now fine and flourishing corn-fields. In spite of the thick clouds, we now and then caught a glimpse of the white snow on the distant Alps. Alexandria is a small, and apparently not a very strong fortress. After dinner we drove on to Asti, the birth-place of Alfieri, but as much or more celebrated for its fine wines.

20th. We left Asti, and reached Piorino by dinner-time; the roads were very bad, and became still worse between the latter place and Turin. Some time before we reached Turin we came to the Po, which is here not quite so large as the Neckar, but is deep and muddy. Turin lies flat, and has not the appearance of a great city from a distance. A fine bridge over the Po leads into the Piazza del Po, a noble square, forming the entrance into the town. The streets are all built at right angles, which gives to the

whole city a neat and regular appearance. We remained here during the 21st, which was a completely wet day, the rain beginning in the morning and continuing without intermission.

22nd. Quitting Turin, the road for the first eight or ten miles was excellent, but afterwards was not so good. St. Ambrosio, where we dined, is a small and dirty village. Every body already speaks French, and the Piedmontese-Italian, which we met with at Sarzana, and heard spoken till we reached Turin, is now quite lost in *patois* of French and Italian. From St. Ambrosio we had a wet drive to Susa, a small town, prettily situated at the foot of Monte Cenisio or Mont Cenis. Our road lay through a valley bounded on each side by snowy Alps, mostly hidden in the dark grey clouds, which towards evening fell in a heavy shower, and then sailed away up the mountain, leaving the evening finer than could have been expected, and promising a fair day for the ascent of Mont Cenis to-morrow.

23rd. I have now crossed Mont Cenis, one of the highest and most celebrated alpine passes, and I have been much disappointed;

though I have seen it not only in the dark and veiling gloom of an approaching storm, but have also gazed upon its bleak and rugged rocks, its frozen lake, and its fields of snow, glittering in the redoubled splendour of the returning sunbeams after the storm had passed away; for I must confess that it cannot bear comparison either with the pass of the Löbel, or the Tauern. It has not the brilliant vegetation of either of these to relieve the eye during the long ascent, nor is the wanderer struck with the fine views that meet him on the Austrian passes, either during the ascent, on the summit, or on the descent. After leaving Susa and the lower vallies, all is bleak and dreary, rock or snow; the road is very good, and often defended by very stout bars. Ascending higher, we reached the *Case di ricovero* or houses of refuge, small square cottages built on the road side at short distances from one another, and which afford shelter to travellers during the storms that are very frequent here, and are generally accompanied by tremendous winds. During our ascent we were visited by a storm of hail and rain, which lasted for about an hour. Nearly on the

summit of the mountain is a hospital, with a few other houses, and two or three inns, and the whole bears the name of Les Tavernes. We here passed the boundary of Italy, and entered into the duchy of Savoy. In front of the little village is a small lake, which was still frozen, and the people at one of the inns told me that in summer its banks are haunted by large, but harmless serpents, which are very good to eat. About half a league beyond Les Tavernes we found ourselves on the summit of the pass, and looked down upon Lans-le-bourg, at the bottom of a wide but barren valley. A few snowy mountains appeared in the distance, but they were neither remarkable in form or height. The road on the French side is by no means so long or so steep as that on the Italian side, though it often winds round very unnecessarily. We descended to Lans-le-bourg in less than two hours, and remained there for the night.

24th. Quitting Lans-le-bourg we followed the valley, which becomes more beautiful as we advanced further to St. Michael. The sides are frequently covered with fine woods, from amongst which many grand and lofty cascades

come rushing down into the Ose, which foams and hurries on in its rocky bed by the road side. Near St. Michael is a large and strong fortress, which quite commands the road in the valley. From hence we drove on through St. Jean, a small town, prettily situated and surrounded by some fine rocky scenery, to La Chambre, a paltry little village, with a miserable inn, where however we were obliged to spend the night.

25th. We quitted La Chambre early, and drove on through Aiguebelle, where we quitted the valley, and passed on through a more open and hilly country to Maltaverne, a very good inn, with one or two small houses near it. The surrounding country seems very well cultivated, and appears to be very productive.

26th. We left Maltaverne this morning early, for Aix-aux-Bains, passing through Mount Melian, a small town on the Ose, the same river which we followed from the foot of Mount Cenis, and which we here left a broad and navigable stream. Three leagues further we passed through Chambery, the capital of Savoy, an old town, with dirty and narrow streets, at least those through which we drove, but beauti-

fully situated in a valley, and surrounded with magnificent hills and woods. A very fine road up a long and steep hill, brought us in a couple of hours to Aix, which is a very neat little bathing place, and which appears, from the list of last year, to have been much frequented during the season. The springs, which are warm and cold, contain chiefly sulphur and alum. Near the village is the lake of Bourget, which is pretty, though not on a grand or imposing scale. I took a sketch of it from a stone pier which is built out to a short distance in the lake, and then returned to read to Sir Humphry, who seemed pleased with the sketch, and said he should like to have it introduced in a future edition of "Salmonia," it being one of the lakes which he speaks of in his last dialogue.

27th. Quitting Aix, we passed through a finely cultivated, though not very pretty country, the nearer hills being rather barren, and the distant view obscured by clouds, as it has been for the last day or two, to Frangy, a small country village, where we passed the evening, as Sir Humphry did not wish to go on any further.

28th. We quitted Frangy this morning, and reached Geneva by twelve o'clock, and drove to the *Couronne*. Sir Humphry is in very tolerable spirits, and the journey seems to have fatigued him so little, that he intends to-morrow morning going out to fish in the lake.

29th May. I quitted Sir Humphry yesterday evening, after having read to him as usual, since we left Rome, till about ten o'clock. Our book was Smollet's "Humphry Clinker," and little did I think it was the last book he would ever listen to. He seemed in tolerable spirits, but upon going to bed was seized with spasms, which, however, were not violent, and soon ceased. I left him when in bed, and bidding me "Good night," he said I should see him better in the morning.

Lady Davy and the Doctor also quitted him, and George went to bed in his master's room, as he always had done since Sir Humphry's illness at Rome. At six o'clock this morning, Lady Davy's man-servant came to my room, and told me that Sir Humphry Davy was no more. I replied that it was impossible, and that he probably only lay in a torpor; but I

went down to his room instantly, when I found that the servant's words were, alas! but too true. I asked George why he had not called me, when he said that he had sent up, but now found that it had been to a wrong room. He told me that Sir Humphry went to sleep after we had left him, but that he had twice waked, and that at half-past one, hearing him get out of bed, he went to him, when Sir Humphry said he did not want his assistance, and poured some solution of acetate of morphine into a wine glass of water; but this still remained untouched upon his table. George then helped him into bed, where he says he lay quite still till a little after two o'clock, when hearing him groan, he went to him, and found that he was senseless and expiring. He instantly called up Lady Davy and the Doctor, and sent up, as he believed, to me; but Sir Humphry, he says, never spoke again, and expired without a sigh.

I had so often, whilst at Rome, seen Sir Humphry lie for hours together in a state of torpor, and to all appearance dead, that it was difficult for me to persuade myself of the truth; but the delusion at length vanished, and it became

too evident that all that remained before me of this great philosopher, was merely the cold and senseless frame with which he had worked. The animating spirit had fled to its oft self-imagined planetary world, there to join the rejoicing souls of the great and good of past ages, soaring from system to system, and with them still to do good in a higher and less bounded sphere, and I knew that it was freed from many a wearisome and painful toil: yet I could not look upon Sir Humphry as he was, without remembering that which he had been, and my tears would fall, spite of my effort to restrain them.

THE END.

