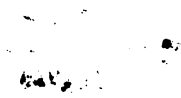


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**RAMBLES**  
**IN**  
**GERMANY AND ITALY.**



RAMBLES  
IN  
GERMANY AND ITALY,

IN  
1840, 1842, AND 1843.

BY  
MRS. SHELLEY.

IN TWO VOLUMES.  
VOL. I.

LONDON:  
EDWARD MOXON, DOVER STREET.

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O vedovate da perpetuo gelo  
Terre, e d'incerto di mesto sorriso,  
Addio! \* \* \* Questo petto anelo  
Scosse di gioia un palpito improvviso,  
Quando il Tiranno splendido del cielo  
Mi rivelò d' Italia il paradiso.—NICCOLINI.

LONDON :  
BRADBURY AND EVANS, PRINTERS, WHITEFRIARS.



TO  
SAMUEL ROGERS,  
AUTHOR OF "THE PLEASURES OF MEMORY," "ITALY," ETC.  
THESE VOLUMES ARE DEDICATED,  
AS A SLIGHT TOKEN  
OF  
RESPECT, GRATITUDE, AND AFFECTION,  
BY  
THE AUTHOR.



## P R E F A C E.

---

I HAVE found it a pleasant thing while travelling to have in the carriage the works of those who have passed through the same country. Sometimes they inform, sometimes they excite curiosity. If alone, they serve as society; if with others, they suggest matter for conversation.

These Volumes were thus originated. Visiting spots often described, pursuing a route such as form for the most part the common range of the tourist—I could tell nothing new, except as each individual's experience possesses novelty. While I passed in haste from city to city; as I travelled through mountain-passes or over vast extents of country, I put down the daily occurrences—a guide,

a pioneer, or simply a fellow-traveller, for those who came after me.

When I reached Italy, however, and came south, I found that I could say little of Florence and Rome, as far as regarded the cities themselves, that had not been said so often and so well before, that I was satisfied to select from my letters such portions merely as touched upon subjects that I had not found mentioned elsewhere. It was otherwise as regarded the people, especially in a political point of view; and in treating of them my scope grew more serious.

I believe that no one can mingle much with the Italians without becoming attached to them. Their faults injure each other; their good qualities make them agreeable to strangers. Their courtesy, their simplicity of manner, their evident desire to serve, their rare and exceeding intelligence, give to the better specimens among the higher classes, and to many among the lower, a charm all their own. In addition, therefore, to being a mere gossiping companion to a traveller, I would fain say something that may incite others to regard them favourably; something explanatory of their real

character.\* But to speak of the state of Italy and the Italians—

Non è poleggio da picciola barca  
 Quel, che fendendo va l'ardita prora,  
 Nè da nocchier, ch'a se medesimo parca.

When I began to put together what I knew, I found it too scant of circumstance and experience to form a whole. I could only sketch facts, guess at causes, hope for results. I have said little, therefore; but what I have said, I believe that I may safely declare, may be depended upon.

Time was, when travels in Italy were filled with

\* Assassination is of frequent occurrence in Italy: these are perpetrated chiefly from jealousy. There are crimes frequent with us and the French of which they are never guilty. Brutal murders committed for "filthy lucre" do not occur among them. We never hear of hospitality violated, or love used as a cloak that the murderers may possess themselves of some trifle more or less of property. Their acts of violence are, indeed, assassinations, committed in the heat of the moment—never cold-blooded. Even the history of their banditti was full of redeeming traits, as long as they only acted for themselves and were not employed by government. There is plenty of cheating in Italy—not more, perhaps, than elsewhere, only the system is more artfully arranged; but there is no domestic robbery. I lived four years in Tuscany. I was told that the servant who managed my expenditure cheated me dreadfully, and had reason to know that during that time she saved nearly a hundred crowns: but I never at any time, when stationary or travelling, was robbed of the smallest coin or the most trifling article of property. On the contrary, instances of scrupulous honesty are familiar to all travellers in Italy, as practised among the poorest peasantry.

contemptuous censures of the effeminacy of the Italians—diatribes against the vice and cowardice of the nobles—sneers at the courtly verses of the poets, who were content to celebrate a marriage or a birth among the great:—their learned men fared better, for there were always writers in Italy whose names adorned European letters—yet still contempt was the general tone; and of late years travellers (with the exception of Lady Morgan, whose book is dear to the Italians), parrot the same, not because these things still exist, but because they know no better.

Italy is, indeed, much changed. Their historians no longer limit themselves to disputing dates, but burn with enthusiasm for liberty; their poets, Manzoni and Niccolini at their head, direct their efforts to elevating and invigorating the public mind. The country itself wears a new aspect; it is struggling with its fetters,—not only with the material ones that weigh on it so heavily, and which they endure with a keen sense of shame, but with those that have entered into and bind the soul—superstition, luxury, servility, indolence, violence, vice.

Since the date of these letters Italy has been much disturbed,—but the risings and their unfortunate consequences to individuals, are regarded by us with contempt, or excite only a desire of putting an end to them as detrimental to the sufferers, without being of any utility to the cause of civilisation and moral improvement. Yet it ought not to be forgotten, that the oppression suffered in that portion of the country which has been recently convulsed, is such as to justify Dr. Johnson's proposition, that "if the abuse be enormous, Nature will rise up, and claiming her original rights, overturn a corrupt political system."

Englishmen, in particular, ought to sympathise in their struggles; for the aspiration for free institutions all over the world has its source in England. Our example first taught the French nobility to seek to raise themselves from courtiers into legislators. The American war of independence, it is true, quickened this impulse, by showing the way to a successful resistance to the undue exercise of authority; but the seed was all sown by us. The swarms of English that overrun Italy keep the feeling alive. An Italian gentleman naturally

envies an Englishman, hereditary or elective legislator. He envies him his pride of country, in which he himself can in no way indulge. He knows, at best, that his sovereign is a weak tool in the hands of a foreign potentate; and that all that is aimed at by the governments that rule him, is to benefit Austria—not Italy. But this forms but a small portion of his wrongs. He sees that we enjoy the privilege of doing and saying whatever we please, so that we infringe no law. If he write a book, it is submitted to the censor, and if it be marked by any boldness of opinion, it is suppressed. If he attempt any plan for the improvement of his countrymen, he is checked; if a tardy permission be given him to proceed, it is clogged with such conditions as nullify the effect. If he limit his endeavours to self-improvement, he is suspected—surrounded by spies; while his friends share in the odium that attaches to him. The result of such persecution is to irritate or discourage. He either sinks into the Circean Styx, in which so many drag out a degraded existence, or he is irresistibly impelled to resist. No way to mitigate the ills he groans under, or to serve his countrymen, is open,



except secret societies. The mischievous effects of such to those who are implicated in them, are unspeakably great. They fear a spy in the man who shares their oath; their acts are dark, and treachery hovers close. The result is inevitable; their own moral sense is tampered with, and becomes vitiated; or, if they escape this evil, and preserve the ingenuousness of a free and noble nature, they are victims.

While thus every passion, bad and good, ferments—a touch is given, and up springs armed revolt. This must be put down or the peace of Europe will be disturbed. Peace is a lovely thing. It is horrible to image the desolation of war; the cottage burnt, the labour of the husbandman destroyed—outrage and death there, where security of late spread smiles and joy:—and the fertility and beauty of Italy exaggerate still more the hideousness of the contrast. Cannot it be that peaceful mediation and a strong universal sense of justice may interpose, instead of the cannon and bayonet?

There is another view to be taken. We have lately been accustomed to look on Italy as a discontented province of Austria, forgetful that her supre-

macy dates only from the downfall of Napoleon. From the invasion of Charles VIII. till 1815, Italy has been a battle-field, where the Spaniard, the French, and the German, have fought for mastery ; and we are blind indeed, if we do not see that such will occur again, at least among the two last. Supposing a war to arise between them, one of the first acts of aggression on the part of France would be to try to drive the Germans from Italy. Even if peace continue, it is felt that the papal power is tottering to its fall—it is only supported, because the French will not allow Austria to extend her dominions, and the Austrian is eager to prevent any change that may afford pretence for the French to interfere. Did the present pope act with any degree of prudence, his power thus propped might last some time longer ; but as it is, who can say, how soon, for the sake of peace in the rest of Italy, it may not be necessary to curtail his territories.

The French feel this and begin to dream of dominion across the Alps—the occupation of Ancona was a feeler put out—it gained no positive object except to check Austria—for the rest its best effect was to reiterate the lesson they have often taught, that

no faith should be given to their promises of liberation.

The Italians consider that the hour will arrive sooner or later when the stranger will again dispute for dominion over them; when the peace of their wealthy towns and smiling villages will be disturbed by nations meeting in hostility on their soil. The efforts of their patriots consequently tend to make preparation, that such an hour may find them, from the Alps to Brundisium, united. They feel the necessity also of numbering military leaders among themselves. The most enlightened Italians instead of relying on the mystery of oaths, the terror of assassination, the perpetual conspiracy of secret associations, are anxious that their young men should exercise themselves in some school of warfare—they wish that the new generation may be emancipated by their courage, their knowledge, their virtues; which should oppose an insurmountable barrier to foreign invasion and awe their rulers into concession.

Niccolini, in his latest work, Arnaldo da Brescia, has put these sentiments in the mouth of his hero. That poem, replete with passionate eloquence and striking incident, presents a lively picture of the

actual state of Italy. The insolence of the German, the arrogance of the popes, the degraded state of the people, and the aspirations of the patriots, each find a voice. It is impossible not to hope well for a country, whose poets, whose men of reflection and talent, without one exception, all use the gifts of genius or knowledge, to teach the noblest lessons of devotion to their country; and whose youth receive the same with devoted enthusiasm.

When we visit Italy, we become what the Italians were censured for being,—enjoyers of the beauties of nature, the elegance of art, the delights of climate, the recollections of the past, and the pleasures of society, without a thought beyond. Such to a great degree was I while there, and my book does not pretend to be a political history or dissertation. I give fragments—not a whole. Such as they are, I shall be repaid for the labour and anxiety of putting them together, if they induce some among my countrymen to regard with greater attention, and to sympathise in the struggles of a country, the most illustrious and the most unfortunate in the world.

# CONTENTS.

## PART I.—1840.

	PAGE
LETTER I.	
PROJECT FOR SPENDING THE SUMMER ON THE BANKS OF THE LAKE OF COMO.—FINE SPRING.—STORMY WEATHER.— PASSAGE FROM DOVER TO CALAIS.—THE DILIGENCE.— PARIS.—PLAN OF OUR ROUTE . . . . .	1
LETTER II.	
JOURNEY TO METZ.—A DAY SPENT AT METZ.—PROCEED TO TRÈVES.—ENTER PRUSSIA.—TRÈVES.—VOYAGE DOWN THE MOSSELLE.—SLOW STEAM-BOAT UP THE RHINE TO MAY- ENCE.—RAILROAD TO FRANCFORT . . . . .	11
LETTER III.	
DARMSTADT.—HEIDELBERG.—CARLSRUHE.—BADEN-BADEN . . . . .	31
LETTER IV.	
OFFENBERG.—ETTENHEIM.—FREYBERG.—THE HÖLLENTHAL.— THE BLACK FOREST.—ARRIVE AT SCHAFFHAUSEN . . . . .	42
LETTER V.	
THE RHINE.—ZURICH.—JOURNEY TO COIRE.—VIA MALA.— THE SPLUGEN.—CHIAVENNA.—COLICO.—THE STEAMBOAT ON THE LAKE OF COMO TO CADENABIA . . . . .	49
VOL. I.	C

	PAGE
LETTER VI.	
ALBERGO GRANDE DELLA CADENABBIA.—THE BROTHERS BREN- TANI.—THE VIEW FROM OUR WINDOWS.—THE MADMAN. —ARRIVAL OF THE BOAT . . . . .	64
LETTER VII.	
EXCURSIONS ON THE LAKE.—MANZONI'S ODE OF "CINQUE MAGGIO" . . . . .	75
LETTER VIII.	
VOYAGE TO COMO.—THE OPERA.—WALK TOWARDS MENAGGIO	88
LETTER IX.	
ITALIAN POETRY.—ITALIAN MASTER.—THE COUNTRY PEOPLE. —THE FULCINO.—GRAND FESTA.—ADIEU TO CADENABBIA	95
LETTER X.	
VOYAGE TO LECCO.—BERGAMO.—THE OPERA OF "MOSÈ."— MILAN . . . . .	105
LETTER XI.	
NON-ARRIVAL OF A LETTER.—DEPARTURE OF MY FRIENDS.— SOLITUDE.—THE DUOMO.—TABLE D'HÔTE.—AUSTRIAN GOVERNMENT. . . . .	114
LETTER XII.	
DEPARTURE FROM MILAN.—JOURNEY ACROSS THE SIMPLON.— LAKE OF GENEVA.—LYONS.—STEAMBOAT TO CHÂLONS.— DILIGENCE TO PARIS.—HISTORY OF THE EVENTFUL JOUR- NEY ACROSS MONT ST. GOTHARD. . . . .	125

## PART II.—1842.

## LETTER I.

PAGE

STREAM VOYAGE TO AMSTERDAM.—RUBENS' PICTURE OF THE DESCENT FROM THE CROSS.—VARIOUS MISADVENTURES.— LIÈGE.—COLOGNE.—COBLENTZ.—MAYENCE.—FRANCFORT.	155
--	-----

## LETTER II.

JOURNEY TO KISSINGEN.—TAKING LODGINGS.—THE PUBLIC GARDENS. . . . .	178
---	-----

## LETTER III.

KISSINGEN.—THE CUR.—THE TABLE D'HÔTE.—THE WALKS.— GERMAN MASTER.—BATHING. . . . .	184
--	-----

## LETTER IV.

MEDICAL TREATMENT.—AMUSEMENTS.—GERMAN MASTER.— BROKLET.—PREPARATIONS FOR DEPARTURE. . . . .	189
--	-----

## LETTER V.

LEAVE KISSINGEN.—BATHS OF BRUKENAU.—FULDA.—EISE- NACH.—CASTLE OF WARTBURGH.—GOTHA.—ERFURT.— WEIMAR.—THE ELSTER.—LEIPSIG. . . . .	198
--	-----

## LETTER VI.

RAILROAD TO BERLIN.—UNTER-DEN-LINDEN.—GALLERY.— PALACE.—MUSEUM.—OPERA.—IRON FOUNDRY . . . . .	217
--	-----

## LETTER VII.

ARRIVAL AT DRESDEN.—RABENAU.—GALLERY AT DRESDEN.— MADONNA DI SAN SISTO.—PICTURES OF CORREGGIO . . . . .	231
--	-----

	PAGE
<b>LETTER VIII.</b>	
RABENAU.—THE GALLERY.—THE TERRACE OF BRUHL.—THE GROSSE GARTEN.—THE GREAT HEAT . . . . .	240
<b>LETTER IX.</b>	
THE GREEN VAULTS.—COLLECTION OF PORCELAIN.—DER FREI- SCHÜTZ.—THE GREAT DROUGHT.—PREPARATIONS FOR DEPARTURE . . . . .	251
<b>LETTER X.</b>	
THE SAXON SWITZERLAND . . . . .	259
<b>LETTER XI.</b>	
BATHS AT TÖPLITZ.—LOBOSITZ.—ARRIVAL AT PRAGUE . . . . .	277



RAMBLES  
IN  
GERMANY AND ITALY.

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PART I.—1840.

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LETTER I.

Project for spending the Summer on the Banks of the Lake of Como.—Fine Spring.—Stormy Weather.—Passage from Dover to Calais.—The Diligence.—Paris.—Plan of our Route.

BRIGHTON, JUNE 13, 1840.

I AM glad to say, that our frequent discussions of this spring have terminated in a manner very agreeable to every one concerned in them. My son and his two friends have decided on spending their summer vacation on the shores of the lake of Como—there to study for the degree, which they are to take next winter. They wish me to accompany them, and I gladly consent.

Can it, indeed, be true, that I am about to revisit Italy? How many years are gone since I quitted that country! There I left the mortal remains of

those beloved—my husband and my children, whose loss changed my whole existence, substituting, for happy peace and the interchange of deep-rooted affections, years of desolate solitude, and a hard struggle with the world; which only now, as my son is growing up, is brightening into a better day. The name of Italy has magic in its very syllables. The hope of seeing it again recalls vividly to my memory that time, when misfortune seemed an empty word, and my habitation on earth a secure abode, which no evil could shake. Graves have opened in my path since then; and, instead of the cheerful voices of the living, I have dwelt among the early tombs of those I loved. Now a new generation has sprung up; and, at the name of Italy, I grow young again in their enjoyments, and gladly prepare to share them. You know, also, how grievously my health has been shaken; a nervous illness interrupts my usual occupations, and disturbs the ordinary tenor of my life. Travelling will cure all: my busy, brooding thoughts will be scattered abroad; and, to use a figure of speech, my mind will, amidst novel and various scenes, renew the outworn and tattered garments in which it has long been clothed, and array itself in a vesture all gay in fresh and glossy hues, when we are beyond the Alps.

I have been spending the last two months at

Richmond. What a divine spring we have had! during the month of April not a drop of rain fell—the sun shone perpetually—the foliage, rich and bright, lent, before its time, thick shadows to the woods. No place is more suited than Richmond where to enjoy the smiles of so extraordinary a season. I spent many hours of every day on the Thames—days as balmy as midsummer, and animated with the young life which makes fine weather in spring more delicious than that to be enjoyed in any other season of the year: then the earth is an altar, from which fresh perfumes are for ever rising—not the rank odours of the autumnal fall, but those attendant on the first bursting of life, on the tendency of nature in spring-tide to multiply and enjoy. I visited Hampton Court, and saw the Cartoons—those most noble works of the Prince of Painters. All was delightful; and ten times more so, that I was about to break a chain that had long held me—cross the Channel—and wander far towards a country which memory painted as a paradise.

We are to leave England at the conclusion of the Cambridge term, and have agreed to rendezvous at Paris in the middle of June. Towards the end of May I came here, intending at the appointed time to cross to Dieppe. The weather, at first, continued delightful; but after a time a change has

come, and June is set in cold, misty, and stormy. A morbid horror of my sea-voyage comes over me which I cannot control. On the day on which we were to cross, I had an attack of illness which prevented my going on board. It becomes a question whether we shall remain for the next packet in the middle of next week, with the chance of a long, tempestuous passage, or proceed along the coast to Dover. I prefer the latter.

PARIS, JUNE 22.

WE left Brighton for Hastings, and arrived on a fine evening; the sea was calm and glorious beneath the setting sun. On our way we drove through St. Leonard's-on-Sea. Some years ago I had visited Hastings, when a brig, drawn high and dry on the shore near William the Conqueror's stone, unloading building materials, was all that told of the future existence of this new town. It has risen "like an exhalation," and seems particularly clean, bright, and cheerful.

The next day blew a fierce tempest; our drive to Dover was singularly inclement and disagreeable. We arrived in the evening, very tired and uncomfortable; a gale from the north-west raged, and the sea, wild and drear, broke in vast surges on the shore; the following morning it rained in torrents,

as well as blew. The day after, however, the sun shone bright, and the waves sparkled and danced beneath its early rays. We were on the beach by seven, and reached the steamer in a small boat, one of the annoyances attendant on embarking at Dover. We had a rough passage—for some half way over the wind grew into a gale; I lay down on deck, and by keeping very still, escaped sickness: in two hours and a half we were on the French coast. Why we left Dover so early I cannot tell, since the tide did not serve to admit us into Calais harbour for an hour after our arrival—an hour of disagreeable tossing; at last, happy sight, the fishing boats were seen coming out from the port, giving token that there was water enough for us to enter. We landed. I was quite well immediately, and laughed at my panic.

We went to Roberts's Hotel, a very good one, and the charges moderate. I made my first experiment at a *table d'hôte*, and disliked its noise and numbers very much. We were to proceed to Paris by the *diligence*, a disagreeable style of travelling, but the only one we could manage. We have forgotten night-travelling in England—thanks to the railroads, to which, whatever their faults may be, I feel eternally grateful; for many a new scene have they enabled me to visit, and much of the honey of delightful recollections have I, by their means,

brought back to my hive: a pleasant day it will be when there is one from Calais to Paris. We left Calais at about ten in the forenoon. P. chose the *banquette*, as young Englishmen are apt to do; it resembles, more than any other part of this ponderous vehicle, the outside of a stage-coach. There were some merry Irish students there also, who could not speak a word of French: they leapt down from the top at every possible opportunity, so to tease the *conducteur*, who, to his flock of travellers, acts as shepherd and dog in one—gathering them together with the bark of, “*En route, Messieurs!*” most authoritatively. I and my maid were in the *interieur*, with two Frenchwomen from England: one was a governess at a school, coming for a holiday; she was young, and her eyes were accustomed to the English style; she found fault with the *diligence*. The elder one would not allow any fault; and, if there were any deficiency, it was because things were not first-rate on this road. The road to Bordeaux was the grand one: the *diligences* there were Lord Mayors’ carriages for splendour. The longest day has an end, and our hours of penance came to a close. We arrived in Paris, and found pleasant apartments taken for us at Hotel Chatham. Travelling by *diligence* had been an experiment for me. I was delighted to find that, with all my

nervous suffering, whenever my mind was intensely or disagreeably occupied, I could bear the fatigues of a journey far better than I had ever done. Several years before I had been a bad traveller; and, even in a comfortable English travelling chariot, suffered great fatigue, and even illness. When I returned from Italy I had tried the *diligence*, and been knocked up, and obliged to abandon it after the first night; yet then I enjoyed perfect health. Now I complained, and with reason, of most painful sensations; yet the fatigue I endured seemed to take away weariness instead of occasioning it. I felt light of limb and in good spirits. On the shores of France I shook the dust of accumulated cares from off me; I forgot disappointments, and banished sorrow: weariness of body replaced beneficially weariness of soul—so much heavier, so much harder to bear.

There is a cheerfulness in the aspect of Paris, that at once enlivens the visitor. True, the want of *trottoirs* is intolerable. From the absence of drains, the state of the streets is filthy; the danger of being run over by hack-cabs, which turn short round the corners, and accelerate their pace on purpose so to do, is imminent. The gravel of the Tuilleries and the Champs Elysées is not half so inviting as the sward of Hyde Park; yet there is an air of cheer-

fulness and lightsomeness about Paris, which seems to take the burthen from your spirits, which *will* weigh so heavily on the other side of the Channel. Nor, perhaps, in any city in the world is there a scene more *magnifique*—to use their own word in their own sense—than the view at high noon or sunset from the terrace of the Tuilleries, near the river, overlooking the Seine and its bridges; the Place de la Concorde, with its wide asphaltic pavements, sparkling fountains, and fantastic lanterns, looking on to the Barrière de l'Etoile one way, or down upon the horse-chestnut avenues of the gardens on the other. There is gaiety, animation, life; you cannot find the same in London. Why? One cause, of course, is the smoke of the sea-coal fires; another results from the absence of fountains. When will London have these ornaments, which could be so readily constructed from our great supply of water? Truly in France the water is all used ornamentally, and there is a sad deficiency for utility; but the *coup-d'œil* of a fountain is more pleasing than the consciousness of a pipe underground—at least, to the passing traveller.

We have spent a week agreeably in Paris, as we have several friends here. Our two companions are arrived. We are seriously preparing to set out on our travels. The lake of Como is our destination,



and we have put the general guidance of our route into the hands of one of the party. I was a little startled when I was told that I was to reach Como *viâ* Franckfort; this is something like going to the Line by the North Pole; but I am assured that the journey will be the more delightful and novel. I was shown our way on the map—Metz to Trèves; then down the Moselle—unhacknied ground, or rather water—to Coblentz; up the Rhine to Mayence; Franckfort, and the line south through Heidelberg, Baden Baden, Freyburg, Schaffhausen, Zurich, the Splugen, Chiavenna, to the lake of Como. These are nearly all new scenes to me. The portion of the Rhine we were to navigate I longed to revisit after an interval of many years. So this route being agreed upon, we have taken our places in the *diligence* for Metz.

I feel a good deal of the gipsy coming upon me, now that I am leaving Paris. I bid adieu to all acquaintance, and set out to wander in new lands, surrounded by companions fresh to the world, unacquainted with its sorrows, and who enjoy with zest every passing amusement. I myself, apt to be too serious, but easily awakened to sympathy, forget the past and the future, and am ready to be amused by all I see as much or even more than they. Among acquaintance, in the every-day scenes of life, want

of means brings with it mortification, to embitter still more the perpetual necessity of self-denial. In society you are weighed with others according to your extrinsic possessions; your income, your connexions, your position, make all the weight—you yourself are a mere feather in the scale. But what are these to me now? My home is the readiest means of conveyance I can command, or the inn at which I shall remain at night—my only acquaintance the companions of my wanderings—the single business of my life to enjoy the passing scene.

## LETTER II.

Journey to Metz.—A Day spent at Metz.—Proceed to Trèves.—  
Enter Prussia.—Trèves.—Voyage down the Moselle.—Slow  
Steam-boat up the Rhine to Mayence.—Railroad to Franckfort.

THURSDAY, 25TH JUNE.

WE left Paris on the 25th of June, at six in the evening, and were thirty-seven hours reaching Metz, a distance of about two hundred miles, stopping only for half an hour at a time, and that only twice during the one day we were on the road. I suffered excessive fatigue during the two nights of this journey, partly on account of a cough I caught at Paris; but my health was not in the slightest degree hurt. The weather was very fine; the country we passed through was beautiful, abundant in corn and vines, then in midsummer luxuriance. There was a portion of those dull vast plains, so usual in France; but for the most part the country was varied into hill and dale, arable and forest land. The season setting in so genially in early spring, joined to the refreshing rains which have since succeeded, have caused rich promise of abundance to

appear everywhere. I never remember feeling so intimately how bounteous a mother is this fair earth, yielding such plenteous store of food to her children, and this food in its growth so beautiful to look on. How full of gratitude and love for the Creator does the beauty of the creation make us! By a sort of slovenly reasoning, we tell ourselves that, since we are born, sustenance is our due; but that all beyond—the beauty of the world, and the sensations of transport it imparts, springs from the immeasurable goodness of our Maker. True we were also created to experience those emotions. God has not reduced our dwelling-place—as Puritans would his—to a bare meeting-house; all there is radiant in glorious colours; all imparts supreme felicity to the senses and the heart. Next to the consciousness of right and honour, God has shown that he loves best beauty and the sense of beauty, since he has endowed the visible universe so richly with the one, and made the other so keen and deep-seated an enjoyment in the hearts of his creatures.

We passed through Chalons-sur-Marne, Clermont, and Verdun. The corn-fields, the vineyards clothing the uplands, the woods that varied the landscape, and the meandering river that gave it light and life, were all in their fairest summer dress. Plenty and peace brooded over a happy land. From a traveller

in a *diligence* no more detailed description of city, village, or scenery, can be expected. I will only add, that this was by far the most agreeable part of France I had ever traversed.

SATURDAY, 27TH.

WE had been told at Paris that we should arrive at Metz in time for the *diligence* to Trèves. Out of England one does not expect exactness; still it was provoking, as we wanted to get on, to find, when arriving at seven in the morning, that the *diligence* had started at six. We needed rest, certainly; and so made up our minds to endure with equanimity the necessity we were under of not fatiguing ourselves to death from a principle of economy. The inn was tolerable, and the *table d'hôte* sufficiently good; and, best praise, quietly served. Metz is a clean, pleasant town, a little dull or so; but from the gardens on the ramparts we commanded a view of the hill-surrounded plain in which it is built, with the Moselle flowing peaceably at our feet. We hired a boat, and loitered several hours delightfully on the river; but being without a boatman, found difficulty in discovering the main stream amidst a labyrinth of canals and mill-dams. Afterwards, we walked in the public gardens, which would have been pleasant, but for the foreign style

of gravel, which is not gravel, but shingle; smooth turf and a velvet sward are never found out of England: they don't know what grass means abroad, except to feed horses and cows. The weather meanwhile was fine, the air balmy; it was a day of agreeable idleness.

SUNDAY, 28TH.

At six in the morning we left Metz for Trèves, the distance fifty-five miles, which occupied us fourteen hours. We had now entered the true region of German expedition. The *diligence* was a sort of *char-à-banc*, with a heavy roof. We had the front seats; but the people behind had ingress and egress only by passing ours, which was done by raising the middle seat, in the style of the public boxes at our theatres. The horses went well enough (I have an idea we only changed them once, half-way); but the peculiarity of German travelling consists in its frequent and long stoppages. During each of these the people behind got out, and refreshed themselves by eating and drinking. Another inconvenience resulted from our stopping so often; our left-hand leader went well enough when once off, but it was very difficult to persuade him to move; and he was never urged by any but the gentlest means. Every time we stopped he refused to set

off; on which our driver got down to pat and coax him, and feed him with slices of bread—horses eat a great deal of bread in Germany. When he thought he had succeeded, he mounted again; but the horse being still obstinate, he had to get down and renew his caresses and bits of bread. Sometimes he repeated these manœuvres half a dozen times before he succeeded. Once, just as the horse, after showing himself particularly self-willed, had deigned to yield, a passenger behind, a simple-looking bumpkin, started forward, exclaiming in accents of distress—“*Oh, mon gâteau!*” He had bought a cake; but by some accident had left it behind, and he entreated the driver to stop, that he might recover it: this was too much; a full quarter of an hour’s coaxing and much bread could not thus be wasted, all to be begun over again.

The fields on the roadside were planted with cherry-trees, which, for the purpose of distilling kirchen-wasser, abound all over Germany; the fruit was ripe, and the heavily-laden branches hung over the road; our outside passengers helped themselves plentifully, so that in a short time we were pursued by a hue and cry of peasants. There is a heavy fine for robbing cherry-trees; and these people wanted to be paid: fierce objurgations passed, and a frequent use of the word *schwein*—the most opprobrious

name a German can give or receive. The peasants had the worst and got nothing. We stopped nearly two hours at Thionville for dinner. In the same room, at the other end of the same table, a civic feast was prepared, delayed only by the non-arrival of the *sous-préfet*: he came at last and was joyously welcomed. But here German was the usual language; and we became worse than deaf, for we heard but could not understand.

Thionville is pleasantly situated in the valley of the Moselle, close to the river. It was the eve of some great feast in honour of the Virgin; and all the girls around were erecting altars and triumphal arches, and adorning them with waxen figures in full dress, and quantities of flowers and ribbons. They were enjoying themselves greatly and very proud of their handy-work.

Soon after leaving Thionville we arrived at the Prussian frontier; there was but one passenger besides ourselves, and he only had any taxable goods—sugar-plums from Nancy. Our luggage was taken down and some portion of it slightly inspected; the necessary ceremony was soon over; but two hours were loitered away, one knew not wherefore. The people were civil and the day fine, so we did not feel inclined to be discontented. The country after this grew more varied and pleasant, but the villages



deteriorated dismally. They were indescribably squalid. The dung before the doors—the filth of the people—the wretched appearance of the cottages, formed a painful contrast, which too often presents itself to the traveller, between the repulsive dwellings of man and the inviting aspect of free beautiful nature, all elegant in its forms, delicious in its odours, and peaceful in its influence over the mind.

As we slowly proceeded, and were entering a village, a violent thunder-storm came on; the driver drew up the *diligence* to the road-side, and he and the *conducteur*, and all the outside passengers took shelter in an inn, where they remained drinking beer while the storm lasted. After we had proceeded thence about three miles, our fellow-passenger, who had appeared a mild quiet German, and had been conversing good-humouredly with us, discovered that he had been taken beyond his place of destination, which was indeed the village where we had stopped during the storm. This he considered the fault of the *conducteur*, and flew into the most violent rage. We escaped the benefit of his angry language since we did not understand him;—he and his portmantau were left under a tree, looking helpless enough; and we went on.

The disagreeable part of a slow style of travelling is, that although at the outset we take it patiently,

and may find it even amusing, yet, when we are to reach a definite bourne, and the hours pass, and apparently we are still as far off as ever, we become excessively weary. The country was pretty, and after the shower, the evening wore a garb of sober gray not unpleasing. But our fatigue increased rapidly; and mile after mile we proceeded, not interspersed with the capricious and ludicrous stoppages that had marked our outset, but in a sort of determined jog-trot, that showed that the men and horses had lost the gay spirit which had led them to play with their work, and were seriously set upon finishing it with all the slow haste of which they were capable. We arrived at Trèves at ten o'clock last night.

The inn (l'Hôtel de Trèves) is the best we have yet met with; the civility and alacrity with which we are served is quite comforting,—as well as the cleanliness of the house, and the ultimate moderation of the charges. Our first care on arriving has been to arrange for descending the Moselle. There is no steamer; one is promised for next year; but, for the present, there is only a passage-boat twice a-week, Thursday and Saturday, and this is Monday. Upon inquiry, we learn that we can hire a tolerably commodious boat, with three men to work her, at no extravagant price. We have found also at the hotel two young Cantabs, friends of one of our party, bent

on the same voyage, on their way to a tour in Switzerland. They have agreed to join us. By early rising and late arriving, we might accomplish the descent in two days; we prefer a more easy style of proceeding. We are to sleep two nights on shore, and occupy the better part of three days going down the river.

Trèves, or, as the Germans call it, Trier, is a very interesting town, as being one of the oldest in the northern part of Europe. It was a metropolis, we are told, before the time of Julius Cæsar. After the Roman Conquest, and during the decay of the empire, it was the centre of northern civilisation. During the middle ages, and till the time of the French Revolution of 1789, it flourished as the capital of an archbishopric, such as existed in Germany, where the mitre was united rather to the sword and sceptre, than to the crosier. It is now in a state of decay, but venerable in its fall. The old Roman ruins give token of that magnificent spirit which causes the steps of the masters of the world to be made evident everywhere, through the solidity, grandeur, and utility of their works.

My friends have been rambling about the town and are returned highly delighted. I did not go, for I felt very much fatigued; I repent me now—but it is too late.

JUNE 29TH.

WE left Trèves soon after noon; our boat was rude enough, but tolerably large. A queer-looking old man steered her, and the oars were held by two young fellows, one with an aspect of intelligence and good humour, the son of the old man; the other, belonging to a grade beneath him in the human scale. Our luggage was piled aft, and we had an awning. Thus, on a fine, but not hot, June day, we pushed off from Trèves; and, full of curiosity and expectation of pleasure, dropped down the swift stream between verdant banks that rose into hills—not striking in their outline, but agreeable to the eye, while frequent villages, each with its church and pointed spire, either nestled in the foldings of the hills, or graced some promontory that formed a bend in this much-winding river. Peace seemed to brood over and lull us—a deeper peace, as at evening the green shadows of the mountains gathered on the quiet river; and now and then a ruined castle crowned a height, and with that peculiar impression of stately tranquillity which a time-honoured ruin imparts, added the touch of romantic dignity, which otherwise had been wanting, to the scene.

We arrived at Piesport at seven, and our boatmen counselled us to remain here for the night. One of the gentlemen, who had joined us, had studied

German for this tour, and a very necessary accomplishment we found it. Nothing can be more futile than the idea that French will carry a traveller through Germany or Italy. At some of the best inns on the most frequented routes, waiters are provided who can talk both French and English; but, go ever so little off the high-road, or address a person not especially put there for the benefit of your ignorance, and you are instantly at fault; and wanderers, like ourselves, if they cannot speak the language of the country, nine times out of ten, run every risk of not obtaining the necessaries of life. We had been told on this occasion, that one of our boatmen spoke French, but *oui*, and *non*, and *bonjour* was the extent of his vocabulary, and we could never make him understand a word we said. We took great interest, therefore, in our friend's first experiment in German, and his success was a common triumph. Piesport is a miserable village, with a miserable inn, and it was matter of difficulty to procure beds for so large a party; the rooms looked dirty and disconsolate—but there was no help; we ordered supper, coffee and eggs, and, our great staple of consumption throughout Germany, fried potatoes; and with the agreeable promise of the excellent wine of the country, we hoped to restore our fatigues. While all this was preparing, we walked up a hill and

looked down on the windings of the river, and the green hills that closed around to guard and shelter it. We encountered a poor stray fire-fly on our road, flashing a pale sickly light: how it came there who can tell? it looked lost and out of place.

TUESDAY, 30TH.

WE left Piesport at five in the morning; the mists gathered chill, white, and dank around us. We met many barges towed up the stream by horses up to their middles in the cold foggy river. The hills grew higher and steeper—broken into precipice and peak—crowned by ruined towers and castles. To a certain degree, it might be called a miniature Rhine; yet it had a peculiar character of its own, more still, more secluded than the nobler river. There were no country seats; no large towns nor cities; but the villages, each with its spire, and overlooked by a ruined tower on a neighbouring height, succeeded to each other frequently. At eight o'clock we arrived at Berncastel; by the windings of the river, it was fifteen miles to Trarbach; across the hills, it was but three. Our boatmen advised us to cross the hill, as the boat thus lightened would make speedier way; accordingly, with the morning before us, we left the boat at Berncastel, and ordered breakfast. My companions scrambled up a steep hill to a ruined

castle that overhung the village. We had a good breakfast, and then began our walk. The hill was very steep; the day very warm; I never remember finding the crossing of a mountain so fatiguing. The path was good, not broken into zigzags, but for that reason steeper; and after the fatigue of the ascent, the descent became absolutely painful. At length we reached Trarbach. It was market-day, and the high-street was thronged. One plenteous article of merchandise was cherries: we gave a few groschen, and in return bore off many pounds; the woman who sold them seemed never tired of heaping up our basket. The boat arrived soon after, and repose was delightful after our laborious walk.

The finest scenery of the Moselle occurs after leaving Trarbach; but words are vain; and in description there must ever be at once a vagueness and a sameness that conveys no distinct ideas, unless it should awaken the imagination: unless you can be placed beside us in our rough-hewn boat, and glide down between the vine-covered hills, with bare craggy heights towering above; now catching with glad curiosity the first glimpse of a more beautiful bend of the river, a higher mountain peak, a more romantic ruin; now looking back to gaze as long as possible on some picturesque point of view, of which,

as the boat floated down but slightly assisted by the rowers, we lost sight for ever—unless you can imagine and sympathise in the cheerful elasticity of the setting out at morning, sharpened into hunger at noon, and the pleasure that attended the rustic fare we could command, especially accompanied as it was by bright pure Moselle wine; then, the quiet enjoyment of golden evening, succeeded by still and gray twilight; and last, the lassitude, the fatigue, which made us look eagerly out for the place where we were to stop and repose:—there is a zest in all this, especially on a voyage unhacknied by others, and therefore accompanied by a dash of uncertainty and a great sense of novelty, which is lost in mere words:—you must do your part, and feel and imagine, or all description proves tame and useless.

We arrived at Kochheim at ten, and found a comfortable inn. In the *salle-à-manger* was a respectable-looking man, apparently some sort of merchant;—he could talk English, and we entered into conversation with him. I observed that it was sad to see the wretched villages and the destitution of the inhabitants, and this in a land which yielded such lucrative produce as Moselle wine, the sale of which must render the landed proprietors rich, while the mere cultivators languished in penury.



The man replied, that it was not so—the villagers were well off, having all they desired, all they wanted. During the French revolution, he said, the nobles forfeited their estates, which were mostly bought up by the peasants, and consequently these rich vineyards belonged to the cultivators. It was true that the trade was carried on by wine merchants, who made large profits ; but the peasants might do better if they chose. They were, however, cut off from the rest of the world ; they lived as their fathers had done before them ; and had no ideas or wishes beyond their present style of life. They had enough, and were content.

WEDNESDAY, JULY 1.

WE left Kochheim at eight. The day grew warm ; but a breeze sprung up, which helped us on our way. The vine-clad hills still sheltered the river ; still villages with their spires occurred frequently ; and still the landscape was distinguished and ennobled by the ruins of feudal towers and castles. At about four o'clock, we reached the mouth of the Moselle as it joins the Rhine. Our boatman wished to land us on the bank of the Moselle itself. We naturally desired to enter the Rhine and land close to an hotel. They declared it was impossible,—the stream was too swift. But they spoke to incredulous ears—

some of my companions had before this relieved the men in their work, being accustomed to pulling at Cambridge. Two now took the oars : the old man continued to steer. The rowers did not find the stream very difficult to stem, working as they did with a will. The old boatman steered us near the banks, among the numerous barges, apparently with some malice, to bring us into difficulty. On one occasion, indeed, it appeared as if we should be inevitably run down by a large barge, and my maid screamed and wanted to jump overboard to save herself: a stroke of the oar saved us. We had not far to go. We landed at the bridge, and betook ourselves to the Hôtel Bellevue, close at hand.

The German hotels are all conducted with great order and regularity, and are very clean, quiet, and good. The head-waiter is the responsible person—he is paid for all the other servants ; and the usual sum, a franc a day for every master, is reasonable enough, as it includes every one; and the traveller is not laid in wait for by sighing chambermaid or imploring boots. The only fault is, that the eating is carried on in the common room, where Germans smoke, and consider fresh air unhealthy. The Bellevue is one of three first-rate hotels at Coblenz. The Géant, however, is the largest, and enjoys the best reputation. There is a good one, I believe, on the other side of the river.

THURSDAY, JULY 2.

THIS day was passed on board the steamer, going to Mayence. We embarked at ten in the morning. Years had elapsed since I had passed down this river, before steamers were in use—in an ungainly boat, managed in a still more ungainly manner. Memory had painted the Rhine as a scene of enchantment; and the reality came up to what I remembered. The inferior beauty of the banks of the Moselle enhanced still more the prouder and more romantic glories of the Rhine. The promontories stood in bolder relief—the ruined castles and their ramparts were more extensive and more majestic—the antique spires and Gothic abbeys spoke of a princely clergy—and the extent of mouldering walls marked cities belonging to a more powerful population. Each tower-crowned hill—each picturesque ruin—each shadowy ravine and beetling precipice—was passed, and gazed upon with eager curiosity and delight. The very names are the titles of volumes of romance: all the spirits of Old Germany haunt the place. Even the events of modern days have added an interesting tale:—When the German soldiers, led by Blucher, and driving the proud fallen victor before them, beheld the river honoured by them, so late occupied by the enemy they hated, now open and free, the name of “The Rhine!” burst from many

thousand voices, accompanied by tears of ecstasy. Some day I should like much to establish myself for a summer on the banks of this river, and explore its recesses. As we glide by, we obtain but a cursory and unsatisfactory survey. One longs to make a familiar friend of such sublime scenery, and refer, in after years, to one's intimate acquaintance with it, as one of the most valued among the treasures of recollection which time may have bestowed.

We were a large party in ourselves, and enjoyed our voyage greatly; but, as evening came on, we left the more picturesque part of the river, and grew weary as still we did not arrive. When it became dark, we saw, looming up the river, a shadowy bark, with bright lanterns at its mast-head. What boat was that? The steamer that had left Coblenz at two—four hours later than ourselves. It neared—it passed us. “*Oui, ça marche plus vite que nous,*” replied the phlegmatic German captain, to our accents of surprise and discontent. *To go a-head*, never entered his mind as desirable. One boat went quick, the other slow—that was all the difference—their day's work was the same. To us, however, the difference involved, besides great unnecessary weariness, our comfort for the night.

We did not arrive at Mayence till near midnight; and we were preceded by our rival, which, together

with another steamer, had reached the pier, and disgorged their passengers. We had first to seize on porters, to carry our luggage; which, for our large party, was multifarious; and without the aid of our friend who spoke German, I know not how we should have managed it. We went to the best inn: it was quite full. The next—there appeared some hope; but it failed us. We were driven, at last, to a very mediocre one; but, though we were Godsend to these people, they were neither rude nor exorbitant: on the contrary, they received us with a sort of cordiality; their accommodation was bad, but they made up for it by civility. We were very tired, and very glad to go to bed.

FRIDAY, JULY 3,

WE left Mayence early. Our plan had been to go by the last train of the previous night to Frankfort. Balked of this, we arranged to go by the earliest of this morning. Here we separated from our chance-companions; as they stopped to view the lions at Mayence, and were destined for Strasburg, with which city we meant to have nothing to do.

The railroad from Mayence to Frankfort is not a very good one; but the carriages were comfortable, and the way short—twenty-one miles, which we did

in little more than an hour. We went (guide-directed by the inestimable Murray) to the Hôtel de Russie—a most excellent one. Frankfort looks a clean, airy, but dull town. We have walked about it a good deal, but seen nothing worthy of remark. We missed, by stupidly not making proper inquiries, viewing the Ariadne of Dannecker, which is held in high estimation, as among the best modern sculpture. I am not well all this time, and tormented by a cough that fatigues me greatly. We have dined at the *table d'hôte*, which is thronged by English; and at the hotel the waiters all speak English, and are cross if you speak French, as they want to practise.

A bargain has been made this evening with a *voiturier* to take us to Schaffhausen for eleven napoleons. We were to stop a whole day at Baden-Baden, and reach our destination on the seventh day after leaving Frankfort.

## LETTER III.

Darmstadt.—Heidelberg.—Carlsruhe.—Baden-Baden.

4TH JULY.

WE set off from Frankfort, feeling as if we were making a fresh start, and were about to traverse districts new and strange. The road we pursued was perfectly flat, and presents an easy task for the construction of the projected railway. To the right, a fertile plain stretches for several miles to the Rhine; to the left, high hills hemmed us in—by turns receding from, and advancing close to, the road. As usual in this frontier part of Germany, the foldings of the uplands were sprinkled by villages, with their spires; and the neighbouring heights were crowned by ruined castles and towers, which ever add so much to the interest of the scene. What lives did the ancient inhabitants of those crumbling ruins lead! The occupation of the men was war; that of the women, to hope, to fear, to pray, and to embroider. Very often, not having enough of the first in the usual course of their existence, they contrived a little more, which led to an extra quantity

of the second and third ingredients of their lives, and, in the end, to many a grievous tragedy. Wayward human nature will rebel against mental sloth. We must act, suffer, or enjoy; or the worst of all torments is ours—such restless agony as old poets figured as befalling a living soul imprisoned in the bark of a tree. We are not born to be cabbages. The lady, waiting at home for her husband, either quaked for fear, or relieved the tedium of protracted absence as she best might, too happy if death or a dungeon were not the result. The young looked down from the hills, and fancied that joy would meet them if ever they could escape to countries beyond. Meanwhile, the peasant in the plain below toiled, and had been far happier than his lord, but for the desolation brought on him by the fierce wars, of which this region was perpetually the theatre.

The peasant, at least, has gained by the change. Hard-worked, he doubtless is; and, probably, poorly fed: but he is secure. We look round for the mansions, which we expect should replace fortified castles, as the abodes of the rich; but find none. It is strange; but, except in Italy and England (and I am told, in parts of France, but in none I ever traversed), the wealthy never seek to enjoy the delights which nature affords; and country-houses, and parks, and gardens, are nowhere else to be found.



We were somewhat annoyed, and much amused, at Darmstadt, where we stopped for luncheon. The inn was good; but they were expecting the Grand Duke of Baden: the whole of the private rooms were prepared for him, and we were shut out from all, except the common eating-room—of course, redolent of smoke. It was impossible not to laugh, however, at the tokens every waiter gave that his head was turned by the expected arrival—I use this expression literally, as well as figuratively; for, as they unwillingly served us, still their heads were averted towards the window, and frequently they rushed madly to gaze; and whatever question we might ask, still their answer was—"The Grand Duke of Baden is coming."

Darmstadt looked, like most of the towns we traversed in this part of Germany, clean and airy, with wide streets, and a large undecorated building—the palace of the reigning prince; but all rather dull. The road continued pleasant, and the mountainous district to our left became more picturesque. Agreeable excursions might be made among the hills; but we were bound right on, and could not indulge in extraneous rambles. We turned in among the inclosing hills, as we approached Heidelberg. The road lay on the right bank of the Neckar, and at every step the scenery acquired new beauty. Heidelberg is on the left bank; to our right, that is, as

we advanced up the stream ; and is situated on a sort of narrow platform between the river and the hill on which the castle stands. The town itself has a wholly different appearance from those we had recently passed. It has an ancient, picturesque, inartificial look, more consonant with our ideas of German romance. The best hotel was full ; we were transferred to the second, which was very tolerable. We went out to walk by the river-side : the scene was tranquil and beautiful : the river gave it life. The castellated hill crowned it with aristocratic dignity, and the picturesque mountains around closed all in, giving an air of repose, and yet of liberty ; for mountains ever speak of the free step and unshackled will of their inhabitants, and, at the same time, of their limited desires and local attachments. Parties of students passed down the streets ; but all were quiet. There were numerous shops for painted German pipes : these my companions visited, and made purchases.

SUNDAY, 5TH.

BEFORE eight in the morning we were on the alert, that we might visit the Castle before our departure. We walked up the hill : the way was not long. The first aspect from the outer terraces, commanding a beautiful view of the country around, and the ruined towers and walls of the castle itself, all

verdurous with ivy and other parasites, was exceedingly pleasing. The woman, who showed us over the Castle, was, without being pretty, very agreeable ; with gentle, courteous, and yet vivacious manners : she spoke English with a very pretty accent, and her laugh was soft and joyous. It is always pleasant to meet, among the uneducated classes, individuals with whom you lose all sense of *caste*—who are instantly on a level with those deemed their superiors, from mere force of engaging manners, intelligence, and apparent kindness of heart. She took us to the ruins of the wing of the Castle built for the Princess Elizabeth, daughter of our James I. She ought to have been happy in so beautiful a place. From her castle windows, she looked on her fertile and rich domains. Her habitation, whose situation was so much favoured by nature, had been adorned by the hands of fond affection ; for her husband had not only built this wing for her comfort, but, to welcome her on her arrival, had laid out a flower-garden in the English style, the remains of which still bloom. But she wished to be a queen ; and, to gain the shadowy crown of Bohemia, she devoted the beautiful Palatinate to desolation. Again, in Louis XIV.'s time, this unfortunate province was laid waste by his orders, with a barbarity that has cast an indelible stain on the reputation of that monarch,

who was, perhaps, the most heartless and destructive among modern kings. These circumstances, and, in later times, an accidental fire, after which it was never repaired, has reduced the castle to a mere ruin ; but it is thus one of the most beautiful, both in itself and for situation, in the world. And now, on this summer day, we felt how happily we could spend months at Heidelberg, to enjoy the pleasure of loitering, day after day, beneath these weed-grown walls, and in the surrounding grounds. The *façade* of the Hall of Knights, which was built by an Italian architect, charms the eye by its exquisite finish and perfect proportions. We saw also, of course, the famous tun, and the wax figure of the celebrated dwarf.

On we went from Heidelberg. Our route was altogether pleasant. The road preserved the same characteristics. I should say, that this part of Germany was peculiarly agreeable to the mere passing traveller. The towns have the appearance of health, comfort, and cleanliness. The manners of the people with whom we had to deal, was courteous and pleasing : many of the women we thought pretty. The custom of smoking is a drawback ; but some annoyance is necessary, for the culture of toleration and patience in a traveller.

Carlsruhe, where we slept on the night after

leaving Heidelberg, has spacious streets, and some good-looking public buildings. However, we saw them only from the windows of the inn, for it rained hard all the evening.

## MONDAY, 6TH.

ABOUT noon, we turned off from the main road, and bending in among the green hills, without ascending any, reached Baden-Baden, which lies picturesquely yet snugly in the valley, on the banks of the Oes—a mere mountain torrent, it is true, but the “sweet inland murmur” of such is ever grateful to the ear. It looked a cheerful, and even a gay place; yet I feel that I could steal away from the throng, and find solitude at will on the mountain tops or amidst their woody ravines. A wish has come over me to remain here: this sounds strangely, considering my yearning after Italy. How seldom do human wishes flow smoothly towards their object; for a while they may steal imperceptibly on, unstopped, though often checked; winding round, or perseveringly surmounting impediments. Or obstacles still more mighty present themselves, and then our wishes gather power;—they swell, and dash down all impediments, and take an impetuous course. But when all is smooth and free for their accomplishment, then they shrink

and are frightened, as (to make a grand similitude) the Gauls did when the open gates and silent walls of Rome offered no opposition to their entrance. We fear treachery on the part of fate; and objections, overlooked in the hurry of desire, present themselves during the peace of easy attainment. With regard to the feelings that hold my wishes in check when I think of Italy,—these are all founded on fear. Those I loved had died there—would it again prove fatal, and do I only please my fancy to destroy my last hope? We are bound for the lake of Como, a place of sad renown for wreck and danger; and my son's passion for the water is the inducement that leads him to fix on it for his visit. What wonder that I, of all people, looking on the peaceful valley of Baden-Baden, with its mountain torrent that would not sail a paper boat, wistfully incline to stay here and be safe. But that which forms, in this sort of back-current manner, its attraction to me, renders it devoid of any to my companions: besides, study and solitude is their aim.

We dined at the *table d'hôte*; and a most tiresome and even disgusting mode of satisfying the appetite we found it. The company was disagreeably numerous; the noise stunning; and the food, to our un-Germanised tastes, very uninviting. We were amused, however, by our neighbours—three

persons—a German, his sister, and his affianced bride, whom he is to marry to-morrow. She was pretty—he was ugly; but she saw him with the eyes of love, and very much in love they were, which they took no trouble to conceal, looking at each other as Adam and Eve might have done when no other human creature existed to observe them. Meanwhile, a number of little sins against the rules of well-bred behaviour at a dinner-table gave a very ludicrous turn to their overflowing sentiment.

In the evening we visited the *salon*, and looked in on the gamblers—often a dangerous spectacle. The *Rouge-et-Noir* table was densely surrounded; and gold or silver was perpetually staked, but never, as far as I could observe, to any great amount—four napoleons at a time being the most I saw placed on a colour, and that but once or twice—generally one gold piece or five francs. I believe serious play is reserved for a later hour of the night. I saw no signs of despair; but all looked serious,—some anxious. The floor was strewed with cards, pricked for numbers. One man I stood near, calculated very carefully, and generally won. Once, when he felt very sure, he staked four napoleons and was successful. He stowed his gains in a purse, which looked gradually but surely filling. The *Rouge-et-Noir* table was open all day; the roulette table, in another

room, only in the evening—it was thinly attended. The multiplication of your stake at this game, if you are lucky, is attractive; but the chances are known to be so much in favour of the bank, that people are shy of it. *Rouge-et-Noir*, they say, is the fairest game of any; though, in that, the bank has advantages, which, unless under very excessive failure of luck, secures its being largely a gainer, and the players, of course in a mass, certain losers: thus, the players, in fact, play against each other, and the bank has a large premium on their stakes, which renders it for its holders a lucrative investment of money.

TUESDAY, 7TH.

WE spent this day at Baden-Baden. In the morning I took a bath; the water was exceedingly refreshing and pleasant, but the bathing rooms and baths themselves are small, without accommodation, altogether got up in an inferior and dirty-looking style. We have rambled among the hills; looked on the gamblers: the *Rouge-et-Noir* went on all day. I now betake myself to writing letters. There is to be a dance in the evening and a concert; the place seemed quietly gay, and there are some well-dressed people. I should think, with the aid of ponies to explore the surrounding country, one might spend a



few months here, pleasantly. But the circumstance that always strikes me as strange is the manner in which the visitors always seem tied to the spot where they roost, as if they were fowls with a trellis before their feeding yard. It is true that they visit the *lions* of the place now and then ; but, really, to wander, and ramble, and discover new scenes does not form a portion of their amusements ; and yet this is the only real one to be found in such a place.

## LETTER IV.

Offenberg.—Ettenheim.—Freyberg.—The Höllenthal—The Black Forest.—Arrive at Schaffhausen.

WEDNESDAY, 8TH.

WE left Baden-Baden a little before seven. The scenery had exactly the same character—level to the right, to which indeed was now added a view of distant high mountains; on the left, wooded hills; often picturesque with peak or precipice crowned by ruined castles. We dined at Offenberg, at the inn, “La Fortune,”—a very excellent one—where we had a good dinner; the host had lived in England, and now frequently exported wine thither. He showed us a book containing the names of his English customers, and took my companions into his cellars, to taste his vintage. He was a jovial, good-humoured man.\*

Before dinner at Offenberg, we had walked towards a ruin on the hills, but had not time to reach it; it was picturesque, and continued long to grace the landscape as we proceeded along the plain;

\* We have since imported wine from him, and the transaction has turned out quite successful.

for the peculiarity of this route from Franckfort to Freyberg is, that you never ascend in the least, though the hills, wild and romantic, are so near at hand. For several miles from the Rhine, there is a plain flat as the Maremma of Italy, and in that country might be as unhealthy.

I have not yet spoken of our carriage and *voiturier*. The former was roomy and commodious enough, a sort of covered *calèche*; it could have been thrown quite open but that the roof was encumbered by our luggage. During all this time, the weather, though dry, was by no means hot: it was, in fact, very agreeable weather for travelling. Our driver was quiet, civil enough, and the horses went well; our want of German prevented our knowing much about him. This evening we had expected to reach Freyberg, but he stopped at a road-side inn of bad promise, and no better execution. He could not be persuaded to go on; the evening was fine, the hour early; it was very provoking. I forget the name of the place; indeed, the inn was a solitary house: however, it was near Ettenheim, whither we walked, and which looked a cheerful small town, and has the sad celebrity of being the place at which the Duke d'Enghien was seized, whose fate was one of three crimes which cast a dark stain on Napoleon's name. The others were—first, the

miserable death of Toussaint l'Ouverture ; second, the execution of Hoffer. The sun set cheerfully on a pleasant landscape ; we returned to our dreary inn ;—it was the first bad accommodation we had encountered on our way.

THURSDAY, 9TH.

PROCEEDING along the same style of country, we arrived in the middle of the day at Freyberg, where we dined. This was not one of the regular, formal, white-looking, modern German towns ; it was antique, irregular, picturesque. We visited its Cathedral ; it is celebrated for its great beauty : it is Gothic, and the tower, and spire that surmounts it, are of the most exquisite tracery and finish. We were accompanied by a *valet de place*, who had lived in a nobleman's family in England, and spoke English tolerably. His claims were high to the knowledge of our language ; he had not only written an English description of the Cathedral of Freyberg in prose, but an English poem descriptive of the route we were about to pursue through the Höllenthal and Swartzwald, *anglicè* Valley of Hell, and Black Forest. The poem is in heroic measure, rhymed, meant to be in the style of Pope's didactic poems. It is a curious specimen of the sort of mistakes a foreigner may make in a language which

he otherwise understands very tolerably: the accents on the syllables are nearly all misplaced, and the words used with erroneous significations; but, make allowance for these defects, and it reads smoothly enough.

The name of the Black Forest alone awakens the imagination. I own I like to give myself up to the ideas excited by antique names, and by the associations that give it vitality. Through the Swartzwald poured the multitudinous Germans on their way to Helvetia—and the Roman legions penetrated its depths by dint of intense labour and perseverance. The Black Forest of the middle ages is peopled by shadows, still more grim and fearful: the charcoal burners were a race, savage, solitary, and to be feared: and, till quite lately, the name conjured up robbers, cut-throat inns, and the worst ills to which travellers are liable. We were to reach this wide track of evil renown through the pass of the Höllenthal, or Valley of Hell. The Germans know how to give the glory of spirit-stirring names to their valleys and their forests, very different from the Little Woman, or Muddy Creek, of America. The pass itself perhaps deserved its title better in times gone by:—as we passed through it on this calm and sunny summer evening, there was nothing frightful or tremendous, but all that is verdant and lovely. The

Höllenthal is indeed a narrow ravine shut in by hills, not very high, but rocky and abrupt, and clothed in the rich foliage of majestic trees. In parts the ravine closes in so as to leave only room for the road between the precipice and the mountain-river, the Treisam, which now steals murmuring between its turf-clad banks, and now roars and dashes in a rocky bed. Jagged pinnacles and bare crags overhang the road; around it are strewn gigantic masses of fallen rock, but all are clothed with luxuriant vegetation, and adorned by noble woods. We caught points of view to charm a painter, and others almost beyond the reach of imitative art, that might well entice the traveller to linger on his way. The pass opened as we ascended it, and became wilder in its character. We remained the night at the Stern, a tolerable inn, placed amidst abrupt crags, a brawling torrent, and dark forest land.

FRIDAY, 10TH.

WE ascended out of the Höllenthal into the wilder region of the Swartzwald. The tract, so named, extends over several hundred miles; but is no longer the dark, impervious forest of olden time. Nearly half of it is cleared, and the clearings have become farms, and pretty villages are scattered here and there in the open uplands. There is

nothing gloomy, nor what is commonly deemed romantic, in the scenery, but it is peculiar. The clearings have been made in patches, and the road alternates between cultivated fields, with a view of dark pines stretching away in the distance; and, amidst these straight high trees of the forest, where the axe of the woodcutter frequently breaks upon the ear. On the highest part of this mountainous district is a tarn or lake, named Titi-See, which our poet celebrates; and informs us, in a note, that from this spot, on a fine morning, we might catch a glimpse of the distant Alps, and see "the mountains unroll themselves in a convulsive manner." Our morning was cloudy, and we were balked of this curious spectacle. We breakfasted at Lenzkirch, in great comfort; and heard the while some fine German music played by a self-acting instrument, for the manufacture of which this part of the country is celebrated. We were told that the women of the Swartzwald were famous for their beauty, so I wandered about the pleasant looking village in search of pretty girls; for beauty, in the human form, is a divine gift, and to see it is delightful: it increases our respect for our species, and also our love—but I saw none. The peasantry, we are told, are a hard-working, independent, manly race; but they are dirty in their appearance, and by no means attractive.

We dined at Stuhlingen in a new-built inn, kept by a man of high pretensions, and had the nastiest dinner, and the most uncomfortably served, we had encountered in our travels. However, young lady's fare of good bread and butter is always to be found in Germany; and with that, and our stock-dish of fried potatoes and German wine, we always did very well. We have had a long day's journey, and evening was advanced when we descended on the valley of the Rhine, a blue mountain river, brawling and foaming among rocks. We entered Schaffhausen at last; and the horses, with much ado, ascended its steep streets. Here we bade adieu to our *voiturier*, a quiet fellow, not over-sullen for a German of that class, who performed his engagement very faithfully, and from whom we parted without any regret; a little glad, indeed, as foolish human beings always are when they get rid of a king Log; being prone, in the hope of doing better, to forget that they may do worse.



## LETTER V.

The Rhine.—Zurich.—Journey to Coire.—Via Mala.—The Splügen.—Chiavenna.—Colico.—The Steamboat on the Lake of Como to Cadenabbia.

## CADENABBIA, ON THE LAKE OF COMO. :

OUR journey has reached its termination ; but this letter will tell nothing of our present prospects and intentions, for truly they are as yet obscure and unformed : it will but conclude the history of our journey.

The inn at Schaffhausen is large and good, without being first-rate. We engaged a *voiturier* to take us the next day to Zurich, and bargained to visit the Falls of the Rhine on our way. We wished to reach them by water, as the best approach ; but Murray had by a misprint in his Hand-book put seventeen francs instead of seventeen batz, as the price asked for a boat ; and as we, as you well know, are perforce economical travellers, we demurred. This misapprehension being set right by the very civil master of the hotel, we engaged a boat, and the carriage was to meet us at the Falls. We embarked in

a rough canoe ; a man held an oar at the stern, and a woman one at the prow. We sped speedily down the rapid river, and at one point a little apprehension of danger, just enough to make the heart beat, was excited. We approached the Falls, we were hurrying towards the ledge of rocks ; it seemed as if we must go right on, when, by a dexterous use of the oars, we found ourselves with one stroke in the calm water of a little cove ; the moment was just agreeably fearful ; and at the crisis, an eagle had soared majestically above our heads. It is always satisfactory to get a picturesque adjunct or two to add interest when, with toil and time, one has reached a picturesque spot.

The cottage built to let out the Falls as a show is the contrary of all this ; but it has some advantages. You see the sight from various points of view, being first on a level with the upper portion of the river, and by degrees, as you descend to other windows and balconies, reach the level of the lower part. The falls of Terni is the finest cataract I have seen : I believe it to be the grandest in Europe ; but it is altogether of a different character from the falls of the Rhine. The waters of the Velino are contracted into a narrow channel, and fall in one stream down a deep precipice. The falls of the Rhine are broken into many, and are spread wide across the

whole breadth of the river; their descent is never so great, but they are varied by many rocks, which they clothe fantastically with transparent waves, or airy spray.

What words can express—for indeed, for many ideas and emotions there are no words—the feelings excited by the tumult, the uproar and matchless beauty of a cataract, with its eternal, ever-changing veil of misty spray? The knowledge of its ceaseless flow; there, before we were born; there, to be after countless generations have passed away; the sense of its power, that would dash us to atoms without altering the tenor of its way, which gives a shiver to the frame even while we gaze in security from its verge; the radiance of its colouring, the melody of its thunder—can these words convey the impression which the mind receives, while the eye and ear seem all too limited in their powers of perception? No! for as painting cannot picture forth motion, so words are incapable of expressing commotion in the soul. It stirs, like passion, the very depths of our being; like love allied to ruin, yet happy in possession, it fills the soul with mingled agitation and calm. A portion of the cataract arches over the lowest platform, and the spray fell thickly on us, as standing on it and looking up, we saw wave, and rock, and cloud, and the clear heavens through its glittering

ever-moving veil. This was a new sight, exceeding anything I had ever before seen; however, not to be wet through, I was obliged quickly to tear myself away.

We crossed the river in a boat, and saw the Falls from the other side—the spot best adapted to painting—and whence the views are generally taken. The carriage met us here, and we rolled along towards Zurich. At first our road was the same as that which we had taken to arrive at Schaffhausen: “We are going back,” cried one; “this won’t do—we must not go back to Höllenthal,” which might be taken as a pun, at least we laughed at it as such. But we soon turned aside. We dined at a pleasant country sort of inn; the scenery was varied and agreeable, though without any approach to magnificence; our pace was very slow, and we became very tired, but at last arrived at Zurich.

Some very good hotels had been lately built and opened at Zurich. I believe the Hôtel des Bergues, at Geneva, is the model, as it is the best of these Swiss hotels, where every thing is arranged with cleanliness, order, and comfort, surpassing most English inns. To the door of each room was affixed a tariff of prices, moderate for such good hotel accommodation, though not cheap as lodgings for any length of time; but the certainty of the prices, the

fixed one franc a-day, per head, for attendance, the extreme cleanliness and order, makes them very agreeable.\*

We went to the *Hôtel du Lac*. From our balcony we looked out on the lake of Zurich. This lake is not so extensive nor majestic as that of Geneva, with its background of the highest Alps; nor as picturesque and sublime as Lucerne, with its dark lofty precipices and verdant isles; but it is a beautiful lake, with a view of high mountains not very distant, and its immediate banks are well cultivated, and graced by many country-houses. After dinner, I went out in a boat with P——, by ourselves; he rowed in the style of the natives, pushing forward, and crossing the oars as they were pulled back;—we crossed the lake, which is not wide at this point, and returned again by moonlight.

We had become tired of our slow *voiturier* style of proceeding, and were seized by a desire to get on. So we took our places in the *diligence* for Coire, determined to arrive at the end of our journey as soon as might be.

\* Crossing lately from Boulogne to Folkestone, I find, that in the new hotel still in progress, but partly opened, at the latter place, they are following this plan; and a printed tariff is hung up in each room. All is clean and comfortable, and the attendants civil and willing. If it keeps its promise, it will do well; and strangers especially will be glad to avoid the pretending exorbitancy of Dover.—(*Notes* 1844.)

SUNDAY, 12TH.

THE *diligence* was neither clean nor comfortable; we ought to have gone to the end of the lake by the steam-boat. The carriage-road runs at a very little distance from the water's edge. Half way on the lake is the longest bridge in the world. A bridge across a lake is less liable to be carried away, I suppose, by storms and the swelling of the waters, than over a river, but it ceases to be the picturesque spanning arch that adds such beauty to a landscape; it becomes a mere long low pier. At the end of the lake we took into the *diligence* a number of passengers, who had come so far by the steam-boat. Our road lay through a valley surrounded by immense mountains, which became higher, closer, and more precipitous as we advanced through the plain at their foot. At one time it seemed as if we must be quite shut in, and then, just as we reached the very extremity of the valley, another lake opened on us—the lake of Wallenstadt, so surrounded by precipitous mountains, that it had been impossible to construct a road round it; but blessings on steam—a traveller's blessing, who loves to roam far and free, we embarked in a steam-boat, and in an hour arrived at the other end of the lake. The lake of Wallenstadt, surrounded by its high precipitous mountains, is gloomy; indeed, all the region we now travelled was marked

by a vastness allied to dreariness, rather than to the majesty of picturesque beauty. Leaving the lake we proceeded along the valley of the Rhine; vast mountain barriers arose on each side, and in the midst was a flat valley, frequently overflowed, with the Rhine in the midst, struggling through a marshy bed. There was something dreary in it; but if the traveller approaches those mountains, and turns aside into their ravines, they instantly disclose scenes graced by all the beauty of Alpine magnificence. I much regretted not visiting the baths of Pfeffers, which I heard to be particularly worth seeing, and only a few miles distant.

At about nine o'clock in the evening we arrived very much fatigued at Coire. Before leaving the diligence-office we secured our places for the following day to Chiavenna. To my great delight I found Italian spoken here. French does not penetrate into these parts; English, if ever found, is a mere exotic, nurtured in particular spots; German, we had none; so now to be able to inquire, and learn, and arrange with facility, was very agreeable. "You *do* speak Italian!" exclaimed one of my companions in accents of surprise and pleasure;—so many difficulties in the future disappeared under this conviction. I certainly did speak Italian: it had been strange if I did not; not that I could boast of

any extraordinary facility of conversation or elegance of diction, but mine was a peculiarly useful Italian; from having lived long in the country, all its household terms were familiar to me; and I remembered the time when it was more natural to me to speak to common people in that language than in my own. I now easily settled for our places; and we repaired to the inn to supper and to bed—we were to set out early in the morning.

MONDAY, 13TH.

AT five in the morning we were in the yard of the diligence-office. We were in high spirits—for that night we should sleep in Italy. The *diligence* was a very comfortable one; there were few other passengers, and those were of a respectable class. We still continued along the valley of the Rhine, and at length entered the pass of the Via Mala, where we alighted to walk. It is here that the giant wall of the Alps shuts out the Swiss from Italy. Before the Alp itself (the Splügen) is reached, another huge mountain rises to divide the countries. A few years ago, there was no path except across this mountain, which being very exposed, and difficult even to danger, the Splügen was only traversed by shepherds and travellers of the country on mules or on foot. But



now, a new and most marvellous road has been constructed—the mountain in question is, to the extent of several miles, cleft from the summit to the base, and a sheer precipice of 4000 feet rises on either side. The Rhine, swift and strong, but in width a span, flows in the narrow depth below. The road has been constructed on the face of the precipice, now cut into the side, now perforated through the living rock into galleries: it passes, at intervals, from one side of the ravine to the other, and bridges of a single arch span the chasm. The precipices, indeed, approach so near, in parts, that a fallen tree could not reach the river below, but lay wedged in mid-way. It may be imagined how singular and sublime this pass is, in its naked simplicity. After proceeding about a mile, you look back and see the country you had left, through the narrow opening of the gigantic crags, set like a painting in this cloud-reaching frame. It is giddy work to look down over the parapet that protects the road, and mark the arrowy rushing of the imprisoned river. Mid-way in the pass, the precipices approach so near that you might fancy that a strong man could leap across. This was the region visited by storm, flood, and desolation in 1834. The Rhine had risen several hundred feet, and, aided by the torrents from the mountains, had torn up the road, swept away

a bridge, and laid waste the whole region. An English traveller, then on his road to Chiavenna, relates that he traversed the chasm on a rotten uneven plank, and found but few inches remaining of the road overhanging the river.\* It was an awful invasion of one element on another. The whole road to Chiavenna was broken up, and the face of the mountain so changed that, when reconstructed, the direction of the route was in many places entirely altered. The region of these changes was pointed out to us; but no discernible traces remained of where the road had been. All here was devastation—the giant ruins of a primæval world; and the puny remnants of man's handiwork were utterly obliterated. Puny, however, as our

\* Mr. Hayward, in the interesting account with which he has favoured his friends of his perilous journey over the Splügen in 1834. Mr. Hayward says, that the storm in question was what is called there a *Wolkenbruch*, (cloud-break or water-spout). A mass of clouds, surcharged with electric matter and rain, which had been collecting for weeks along the whole range of the Alps, came down at last like an avalanche from the sky. I once witnessed a phenomenon of this sort at Genoa. The Italians called it a *Meteora*. A cloud, surcharged with electricity and water, burst above our heads in one torrent of what was rather a cataract than rain. It lasted about twenty minutes, and sufficed to carry away all the bridges over the *Bisanzio*, flowing between Genoa and *Albaro*, and to lay flat all the walls which in that hilly country support the soil—so that the landscape was opened and greatly improved. Cottages, cattle, and even persons were carried away. In the Alps, such a rush of water from the heavens was aided by the torrents that rushed from the mountain tops, and a sudden melting of snows.

operations are, when Nature decrees by one effort that they should cease to exist, while she reposes they may be regarded proudly, and commodiously traversed by the ant-like insects that make it their path.

We dined at the village of Splügen. It was cold, and we had a fire. Here we dropped all our fellow-travellers,—some were going over the St. Bernardin,—and proceeded very comfortably alone. It was a dreary-looking mountain that we had to cross, by zigzags, at first long, and diminishing as we ascended; the day, too, was drear; and we were immersed in a snow-storm towards the summit. Naked and sublime, the mountain stretched out around; and dim mists, chilling blasts, and driving snow added to its grandeur. We reached the dogana at the top; and here our things were examined.

The custom-house officer was very civil—complained of his station, where it always rained—at that moment it was raining—and, having caused the lids of one or two trunks to be lifted, they were closed again, and the ceremony was over. More time, however, was consumed in signing passports and papers; and then we set off down hill, swiftly and merrily, with two horses—the leaders being unharnessed and trotting down gravely after us, without any one to lead or drive them.

All Italian travellers know what it is, after toiling up the bleak, bare, northern, Swiss side of an Alp, to descend towards ever-vernal Italy. The rhododendron, in thick bushes, in full bloom, first adorned the mountain sides; then, pine forests; then, chesnut groves; the mountain was cleft into woody ravines; the waterfalls scattered their spray and their gracious melody; flowery and green, and clothed in radiance, and gifted with plenty, Italy opened upon us. Thus,—and be not shocked at the illustration, for it is all God's creation,—after dreary old age and the sickening pass of death, does the saint open his eyes on Paradise. Chiavenna is situated in a fertile valley at the foot of the Splügen—it is glowing in rich and sunny vegetation. The inn is good; but the rooms were large and somewhat dreary. So near our bourne, low spirits crept over some of us, I know not why. To me, indeed, there was something even thrilling and affecting in the aspect of the commonest objects around. Every traveller can tell you how each country bears a distinctive mark in the mere setting out of the room of an inn, which would enable a man who had visited it before, if, transported by magic, he opened his eyes in the morning in a strange bed, to know to what country he had been removed. Window-curtains, the very wash-hand stands, they were all such as had been familiar to me

in Italy long, long ago. I had not seen them since those young and happy days. Strange and indescribable emotions invaded me; recollections, long forgotten, arose fresh and strong by mere force of association, produced by those objects being presented to my eye, inspiring a mixture of pleasure and pain, almost amounting to agony.

TUESDAY, 14TH.

This morning, we were to proceed to Colico, at the head of the lake of Como, there to embark on board the steamer. We engaged a *voiture*, which cost more than we had hoped or expected. We drove through a desolate region,—huge, precipitous, bare Alps on either side,—in the midst, a marshy plain. The road is good, but difficult to keep up. The Adda flows into the lake, over a wide rock-strewn bed, broken into many channels. It is a mountain torrent, perpetually swollen by rain and snow into a cataract that breaks down all obstacles, and tears away the road.

We arrived at Colico two hours too early. The inn was uninviting: we did not enter it. We tried to amuse ourselves by strolling about on the shore of the lake. The air was bleak and cold; now and then it threatened rain. At length, welcome signal of release, the steamer, appeared; another hour had yet to pass while it crossed over to us, and we were on board.

Our plan, formed from the experience of others, had been to take up our quarters at Bellaggio—look at a map, and you will see the situation. The Lake of Como is long, and, in proportion, narrow. About midway between Colico and the town of Como, in its widest part, it is divided into two lakes—one taking a more eastern course to Lecco; the other, to Como. On the narrow, rocky promontory that divides these two branches, looking towards the north, Bellaggio is situated. The steamer, however, did not stop there, but on the opposite shore, Cadenabbia, which looked southward, and commanded a view of Bellaggio and the mountains beyond, surmounting Varenna. We were landed at the Grande Albergo di Cadenabbia. A tall, slight, rather good-looking, fair-moustached master of the inn, welcomed us with a flourish. And here we are.

Strange to say, there is discontent among us. The weather is dreary, the lake tempest-tossed; and, stranger still, we are tired of mountains. I, who think a flat country insupportable, yet wish for lower hills, and a view of a wider expanse of sky: the eye longs for space. I remembered once how the sense of sight had felt relieved when I exchanged the narrow ravine, in which the Baths of Lucca are placed, for the view over the plains of Lombardy, commanded from our villa among the Euganean

hills. But it was not this alone that made us sad and discontented. This feeling frequently assails travellers when their journey has come to a temporary close; and that close is not *home*. It will disappear to-morrow. Meanwhile, to relieve my thoughts from painful impressions, I have written this letter. And now, it is night; the sky is dark; the waves still lash the shore. I pray that no ruin, arising from that fatal element, may befall me here; and I say good night to you—to myself—to the world.—Farewell.

## LETTER VI.

Albergo Grande della Cadenabbia.—The Brothers Brentani.—The view from our windows.—The Madman.—Arrival of the boat.

CADENABBIA, JULY 17TH.

THE morning after our arrival we began to consider where and how we should live for the next two months. Two of my companions went by the steamer to Como, for money; and I remained with the other, to arrange our future plans. We at once decided not to remove to Bellaggio, but to remain on this side of the Lake. One chief motive is, that the steamer stops each day at Cadenabbia; and our communication with the world is, therefore, regular and facile. We looked for lodgings in the neighbouring village of Tremezzo, and found several, not bad, nor very dear; though rather more so than we expected. But this was not our difficulty. There were five of us, including my maid, to be provided for. We must have food: we must have a cook. I knew that, in a strange place, it requires at least a month, and even more, to get into its ways, and to obviate a little the liabilities to being cheated. But



we are only going to stay six weeks or two months ; and the annoyance attendant on my initiation into housekeeping will scarcely be ended before my acquired knowledge will have become useless. The host of the inn declared we must have everything from his house, or, by steamboat, from Como : he insinuated we should be better off at his hotel. At first, we turned a deaf ear ; then we listened ; then we discussed : in brief, we finally settled to remain at the *Albergo Grande*. We have one large *salon* ; four small bedrooms contiguous, for three of us and my maid, and one up stairs : we are provided with breakfast, dinner, and tea ; the whole (rooms included) for seven francs a-head for the masters, four for the servant. This was reasonable enough ; and we agreed for a month, on these terms. Thus I am delivered from all household cares ; which otherwise, in our position, might prove harassing enough.

These arrangements being quickly made, our manner of life has fallen at once into a regular train. All the morning, our students are at work. I have selected a nook of the *salon*, where I have established my embroidery-frame, books, and desk. I mean to read a great deal of Italian ; as I have ever found it pleasant to imbue oneself with the language and literature of the country in which one is residing. Reading much Italian, one learns almost to think

in that language, and to converse more freely. At twelve, the steamer arrives from Como; which is the great event of our day. At two, we dine; but it is five, usually, before the sun permits us to go out. During his visit to Como, P—— went over to the neighbouring village of Caratte, where lives a boat-builder, who studied his trade at Venice. All the boats of the country are flat-bottomed. P—— has selected one with a keel, which he is now impatiently expecting.

Descriptions with difficulty convey definite impressions, and any picture or print of our part of the lake will better than my words describe the scenery around us. The Albergo Grande della Cadenabbia is built at the foot of mountains, close to the water. In front of the house there is a good bridle-road, which extends to each extremity of the lake. One door of the house opens on an avenue of acacias, which skirts the water, and leads to the side-gate of the Villa Sommariva.

Continuing the road towards Como, we come to the villages of Tremezzo and Bolvedro, with frequent villas interspersed, their terraced gardens climbing the mountain's side. In the opposite direction towards Colico, we have the village of Cadenabbia itself, with a silk-mill: but after that, the road, until we reach the town of Menaggio, is more solitary. In

parts, the path runs close upon the lake, with only a sort of beach intervening, sprinkled with fragments of rock and shadowed by olive-trees. Menaggio is three miles distant; it is the largest town in our vicinity, and properly our post-town, though our letters are usually directed to Como, and a boatman fetches them and posts ours, three times a-week, with great fidelity.

High mountains rise behind, their lower terraces bearing olives, vines, and Indian corn; midway clothed by chesnut woods; bare, rugged, sublime, at their summits. The waters of the lake are spread before; the villa-studded promontory of Bellaggio being immediately opposite, and further off the shores of the other branch of the lake, with the town of Varenna, sheltered by gigantic mountains. Highest among them is the Resegone, so frequently mentioned by Manzoni in the *Promessi Sposi*, with its summit jagged like a saw. Indeed, all these Alps are in shape more abrupt and fantastic than any I ever saw.

I wish I could by my imperfect words bring before you not only the grander features, but every minute peculiarity, every varying hue, of this matchless scene. The progress of each day brings with it its appropriate change. When I rise in the morning and look out, our own side is bathed in sunshine, and we see the opposite mountains raising

their black masses in sharp relief against the eastern sky, while dark shadows are flung by the abrupt precipices on the fair lake beneath. This very scene glows in sunshine later in the day, till at evening the shadows climb up, first darkening the banks, and slowly ascending till they leave exposed the naked summits alone, which are long gladdened by the golden radiance of the sinking sun, till the bright rays disappear, and, cold and gray, the granite peaks stand pointing to the stars, which one by one gather above.

Here then we are in peace, with a feeling of being settled for a year, instead of two months. The inn is kept by the brothers Brentani, who form a sort of patriarchal family. There is, in the first place, an old mother, who evidently possesses great sway in the family, and a loud voice, but with whom we have nothing to do, except to return her salutation when we meet. The eldest brother, Giovanni, a tall stout man, attends to the accounts. He is married. Peppina, his wife, is of good parentage, but being left an orphan in childhood, lost her all through the rascality of guardians during the troubled times of Napoleon's wars and downfall. She waits on us; she is hard-working, good-humoured, and endowed with all the innate courtesy which forms, together with their simplicity of manner, the charm of the

Italians. Luigi, the next brother, who welcomed us from the steamboat, is put forward to do the honours, as the beau of the establishment. He has all the airs of one, when each day he goes to receive guests from the steamer, with his white, low-crowned hat, and velvet jacket, his slim figure, and light mustachios; he waits on us also. Then there is Battista, who acts as cook: Bernardo, who seems as a sort of under-waiter: and Paolo, or Piccol, as he is usually called, to his great disdain, a handsome lad, who runs about, and does everything: these are all brothers. There is a woman besides, to clean rooms, and a scullion or two: all the family work hard. Poor Battista says his only ambition is to get a good night's sleep; he is up early and down late, has grown infinitely thin upon it. Bernardo nourishes the ambition of going to England—the frequent resort of the natives of the lake of Como—and try, as others of the villages about had done, to make a fortune. My young companions are great pets in the house. You can be on excellent terms with this class of people in Italy without their ever forgetting themselves: there is no intrusiveness, no improper familiarity, but perfect ease joined to respect and ready service. For the rest, they of course are not particularly addicted to truth, and may perhaps cheat if strongly tempted, and, I dare say, their morals are

not quite correct. But in all their doings, as yet, they keep their compact with us faithfully, taking extreme pains to serve us to our liking; far from having the slightest cause of complaint, we have every reason to praise.

SUNDAY, 19TH.

WE begin to feel settled, but to-day a strange and disagreeable incident occurred. Peppina came in with wild looks, to say that a madman—an Englishman—had arrived by the steamer, and was frightening everybody with a pistol.

It seems that two gentlemen had landed from the steamer, and had proceeded, as was the wont of visitors, to the Villa Sommariva, to look over it. One was an Italian, the other an Englishman, who spoke Italian perfectly. Suddenly, as they reached the gate of the Villa which opened on the road, the Englishman said to the Italian, "Are you not afraid of being set upon? Are you not afraid of being assassinated?" The other, who had come from Milan with him, and was not otherwise acquainted, and had no idea of his malady, replied, "No, why should he?" "Do you not know that we are watched, and there is treachery everywhere about us?" "No," said the other, "and if there were, you have as much cause to be frightened as I."

“But I am armed,” said the madman, “this is loaded,” and he drew a pistol from his pocket, and still more excited by the sight of the weapon, began to shriek “Tradimento! Tradimento! Alla Villa Sommariva! Tradimento!” His companion, frightened enough, ran off and alarmed the inn and village, and as Englishmen, my companions were summoned to see if they could do anything with their countryman.

There he stood on the steps before the gate of the villa leading down to the lake, shrieking “Tradimento;” he kept every one at bay with his pistol, which was cocked, capped, and ready. Some people from across the lake tried to land at the steps to visit the villa, but he soon made them row away; the inhabitants around all flocked, hiding behind trees and peeping from coverts. He was well content to talk or to be spoken to in Italian or English, but no one must approach; and his position, standing on a semicircular flight of steps leading down to the lake, was sufficiently impregnable: it gave him the whole command of the road in front, and no one could outflank, or come behind him. After three or four hours, however, he grew less watchful. As the people talked to him, he allowed them insensibly to approach nearer, till one fellow getting behind, threw up his arm with the pistol, and then throwing his arms round him, took him prisoner. His pistol was

double-loaded. But with all his madness he was aware, that if he had fired it, his power was at an end; and this latent sanity saved, perhaps, a life.

He was brought to the hotel, and a dismal day my friends have passed watching over him. Poor fellow! he is quite mad. He had given English lessons at Milan for some years, and earned a sufficient livelihood. His insanity has taken the turn of believing, that the Austrian police want to poison him. He said he never went to the theatre but a police officer was behind, who scattered a poisonous powder over him. He will not take any food in consequence; neither touch bread nor water. My maid took him a cup of tea made by herself, and, to her great indignation, he refused it, as poisoned. He tried to escape several times. First, he made friends with his countrymen; but when he found that they watched him, he turned to the Italians, calling us, according to the phrase of the country, "non Cristiani," and begging them to save him. He had sixteen napoleons with him. It seems that the doctor who attended him (he was without relations or English friends) had advised him to go to England, had put him into the *diligence* for Como, introducing him to a Milanese in the vehicle, without mentioning his malady, and thus he was delivered over to the miserable wanderings of his mind. A doctor had been sent for from Menaggio



at the first moment ; of course, he could do nothing. With difficulty he was induced to go to bed ; he was thoroughly persuaded he should be murdered in the night, and his expostulations on the subject were shocking and ghastly enough. The next morning, having taken an aversion to all those with whom he had been friendly the preceding day, he consented to go back to Milan, under the escort of a police officer. I saw him as he got into the boat ; he was a spare man, with an adust, withered face and unquiet eye ; but not otherwise remarkable. We heard that at Como he selected a pear from the bottom of a basket in the market place, and ate it ; it was the first food that had passed his lips since he left Milan, two days before.

TUESDAY, 21ST.

IN our hotel are an English gentleman and lady, with whom the adventure of the madman brought us acquainted. Mr. and Mrs. F—— had been spending the last two years in Italy ; they are passed middle life : he is a scholar and a gentlemanly man ; he has printed a volume of poetry, and aims at connoisseurship in pictures. She appears one of those dear, gentle, sensible, warm-hearted women, the salt of the earth. Her acquaintance, alone as I am with my son, and his youthful friends, promises to be a great resource to me.

This evening P——'s little boat has come; small, indeed, it is. In shape it is something of a sea boat, and it has a keel, and a tiny sail; but it is too small to convey a feeling of safety. I look at it and shudder. I can bring no help, except constant watchfulness; and many an anxious hour it will cause me to pass. Do not call me a grumbler. A tragedy has darkened my life: I endeavour, in vain, to cast aside the fears which are its offspring; they haunt me perpetually, and make too large and too sad a portion of my daily life.

The arrival of the boat, you see, has dashed my spirits, so I break off.—Adieu.

## LETTER VII.

Excursions on the Lake.—Manzoni's Ode of "Cinque Maggio."

CADENABBIA, MONDAY, 27TH JULY.

YESTER evening there was a thunder storm, and this morning the loftier Alps to the north are covered with snow, a sign that we shall have a boisterous wind from Colico until the snow disappears; this is the wind that brings heavy waves, and renders the navigation of the lake dangerous. P—— desired to sail; I walked round to the bay of Bolvedro, and watched while he tacked in and out. I afterwards got into the boat to return; but it seemed to me that the little craft must run into the depths of the crested waves which met her. For the first time in my life I took thorough fright, and insisted on our landing at the steps of the villa Sommariva. The most dangerous thing we could do: for the waves might dash us against them, and the lake is fathomless deep in that spot; it is said who went down there, was never seen again. We landed, however, in safety.

E 2

TUESDAY, 28TH.

THE arrival of the steamer at noon is the event of our day. Several times acquaintance have come by it, chance visitants to the lake of Como. When we hear the bell, my companions leave their books to run down to see the disembarkation: to-day I heard one of them exclaim, "Ah, here's D——!" This announced the arrival of a fellow-collegian, who joined our party for two or three weeks, to the great satisfaction of his friends.

SATURDAY, AUGUST 3.

THE snow is gone from the mountain tops; warm, really warm weather has commenced, and we begin to enjoy one of the most delicious pleasures of life, *in its way*. The repose necessitated by heat during the day, the revival in the evening, the enjoyment of the cooler hours, the enchantment of the nights—to stroll beside or linger upon the divine lake, to see the sun's declining rays gild the mountain peaks, to watch the stars gather bright over the craggy summits, to view the vast shadows darken the waters, and hear the soft tinkling bells, put by the fishermen to mark the spot where the nets are set, come with softened sound across the water; this has been our lot each evening. Each evening, too, at dusk, the girls from the silk mill close by,

pass our inn on their way from work to their own village; they sing as they go, and look happy: some of them are very beautiful. They are all well conducted, I am told, keeping sharp watch on one another. The unmarried in Italy are usually of good conduct, while marriage is the prelude to a fearful liberty.

MONDAY, 5TH.

WE have crossed to Bellaggio several times, without visiting the villas on that shore. To-day has been excessively hot; at five a breeze sprung up: we crossed the lake, and, landing at the port of Bellaggio, went up the hill to visit the villa Serbelloni.

The extreme and narrow shoot of the promontory that divides the lake into two, is covered by the gardens of this villa. To the north, towards Cadenabbia, the descent is somewhat gradual to the water, and the hill is cut into terraces, planted with vines and olives. To the south, looking over the lake of Lecco, it is abrupt; dark, precipitous rocks, rise at once from the deep waters, broken into crags and pinnacles, crowned with rich vegetation, and adorned by majestic trees. Paths have been formed along the outmost brink of these picturesque precipices and ravines; and it is impos-

sible to imagine anything more beautiful than the sight, looking down on the clear deep lake, and its high rocky barriers, broken into gorges and water-courses, tree-grown and verdant. A tower in olden time had been built on the height of the promontory—it is now in ruin—and through this there is an entrance to a summer-house that overlooks the deepest and most beautiful of the ravines, with its graceful wood. On the other side of the lake are the huge mountains surmounting Varenna, and, softened by distance, the roaring of a torrent falls on the ear; the sound of a mysterious fountain, called, from its milky colour, *fiume latte*, whose bed is full and noisy in summer, and empty and still in winter. The grounds of the Villa Serbelloni are peculiarly Italian. One path is cut through a cavern; and at a particular point a view is caught of the opposite bank and of the Villa Sommariva—a picture, as it were, set in a frame; descending terraces lead from the summer-house to the water's edge. The gardens are not kept in English order; but Art has done much in laying them out to advantage, and the exuberant richness of Nature stands in place of *trimness*, which is not an apposite epithet for gardens in this country.\* There is a great deal of ground;

\* “ \_\_\_\_\_ retired leisure,  
That in trim gardens takes his pleasure.”

MILTON'S “PENSEROSO.”

the demesne is princely in its extent, and in the grandeur of the natural beauties it contains. Its great defect is the absence of a suitable residence.

In times gone by this estate belonged to the ducal family of Sfondrati, whose escutcheons adorn the walls. The Sfondrati were a family of Cremona, and the name appears in the pages of Italian history. In Charles V.'s time, a Sfondrati was employed in various negotiations by Francesco Sforza, Duke of Milan, and was among the most distinguished of the followers of the Emperor himself. Unfortunately, in those days the Italians of Lombardy were patriots no more, for they had no longer a country. Francesco Sfondrati was named by Charles V. Governor of Siena, and restored order to that distracted town; so that the Siense named him Father of their country. As Siena had always been a Ghibelline city, it may be supposed that the majority of her citizens looked favourably on the acts of a governor appointed by the German Emperor. Sfondrati had married a lady of the illustrious house of Visconti, and was thus connected with the reigning family of Milan. When he lost his wife, he entered the Church. He became, first, Bishop of Cremona, and afterwards Cardinal. The youngest of his sons was also an ecclesiastic, and became Pope, under the name of Gregory XIV. ; he

was known as an author of some works on jurisprudence; and besides, there exists a poem of his, entitled "De Raptu Helenæ, Poema heroicum, libro tres," published in Venice, in 1559. Another member of the same family, also a churchman, made himself conspicuous by defending the pretensions of the court of Rome in answer to the declaration of the French clergy, in 1682; and was, as a reward, made cardinal.

Nor is the name Serbelloni much less illustrious. This family was originally Burgundian; and three brothers of the name left France during the anarchy of the reign of Charles VI., when the factions of Burgundy and Orleans, and the English invasion, distracted that unfortunate country. One brother established himself in Spain, another at Naples, the third in Lombardy.

One of the descendants, Gabriel Serbelloni, was particularly famous. Had he supported a good cause, he had been a hero. But the Italians had ceased to be a nation, and fought for France or Spain, as circumstances might direct. Gabriel was a Knight of Malta, and fought against the Turks with reputation and success in Hungary. His military skill and prowess introduced him to the notice of Charles V.; and he invited him to enter his service. He fought in Germany and Brabant, and acquired a high reputation. The most honour-



able circumstance attending his career occurred when Don John of Austria undertook his famous expedition against the Turks. This prince refused to sail till Serbelloni was added to the number of his Generals. Everything that was most illustrious in Italy and Spain made a part of his expedition. The inimical fleets encountered each other near Lepanto. The greater number of the Generals, both Spanish and Italian, were for avoiding the conflict, the Turkish fleet having greatly the advantage in numbers. Serbelloni alone supported the opposite opinion. Don John yielded to his arguments ; and Serbelloni, by his subsequent bravery, as well as by his counsels, was a chief cause of the victory. It was in this battle that Cervantes fought and lost his hand : it is one of the most famous naval combats in modern history. Serbelloni was rewarded by the Vice-Royalty of Sicily. He was employed on other occasions of difficulty and peril against the Turks, and was made prisoner at one time and exchanged for thirty-six Turkish officers of rank, taken in the battle of Lepanto.

He reaped a better glory when named Lieutenant by the Governor of Milan. The plague broke out in the city, and the Governor abandoned his post ; Serbelloni remained, and exerted himself, by wise and humane measures, to alleviate the horrors of the

time. He was again chosen by Don John to accompany him in his last campaign in Flanders; he was with him when he died, nor did he long survive him.

A more recent Serbelloni—probably grandfather of the present representatives of the family—served under the Emperor Charles VI., and distinguished himself in the wars of Italy, and more particularly during the Seven Years' War. He was afterwards appointed Governor of Lombardy.

I can scarcely explain why I send you these details. These grounds are so attractive—their site so romantic—the name of the Sfondrati sounded so dignified to our ears, that we have been hunting for information with regard to them and their successors. I send you a portion of the result.

Two brothers now remain of the Serbelloni family—one a general, who served during the wars of the French Empire; the other, a church dignitary. Both are childless, and the estates will, on their death, be inherited by their sister.

Probably, in ancient days, all the habitation that existed was the ruined tower on the summit of the promontory. The escutcheons on the walls show, however, that the present villa was built by the Sfondrati; but it is much out of repair and quite unworthy of the grounds, being little better than

the house of a *fattore* or steward. The plan of a new residence on a splendid scale is under consideration, as well as the completion and ornamenting the grounds. But the brothers discuss, and can never come to one mind; so things remain as they are.

TUESDAY, 6TH.

THIS evening we crossed again to visit other seats on the opposite bank. Villa Melzi is a very pleasant country house; its marble halls and stuccoed drawing-rooms are the picture of Italian comfort—cool, shady, and airy. The garden has had pains taken with it; there are some superb magnolias and other flowering trees, but one longs for English gardening here. What would not some friends of mine make of a flower-garden in Italy; how it would abound and run over with sweets—no potting and greenhouses to check, no frost to decimate. The Italians here know not what flowers and a flower-garden are.

After loitering awhile, we ascended the bank by a convenient and wide flight of some eighty steps, and reached the villa Giulia, whose grounds look upon the lake of Lecco. It was all shut up, as we were late. We found our way however, across the promontory to a little harbour

on the water's edge. Surely on earth there is no pleasure (excepting that derived from moral good) so great as lingering, during the soft shades of an Italian evening, surrounded by all the beauty of an Italian landscape, sheltered by the pure radiance of an Italian sky—and then to skim the calm water towards one's home; while the stars gather bright overhead, and the lake glimmers beneath. These delights are, indeed, the divinest imparted by the visible creation; but they come to us so naturally as our due birthright, that we do not feel their full value till returned to a northern clime; when, all at once, we wonder at the change come over the earth, and feel disinherited of, and exiled from its fairest gifts.

THURSDAY, 6TH.

THE weather is now delicious; yet at times a cloud is spread over the sky; and wind and rain threaten us. This evening I had the pleasure of finding that I had not become quite a coward, and that I feared for P—— more than for myself. I crossed the lake with Mr. ——; the wind rose, and our little sail was hoisted; but the waves rose with the wind, and our craft is so small that a little breeze seems much. However, I had been scolded, and had scolded myself for my timidity, and would not now display even prudence, but

went on; and though twenty times I was on the point of proposing to return, I did not, for I was not aware that my companion silently shared my alarm. At length we had nearly reached the opposite side of the lake; the wind and waves had both risen, and if they increased, danger was at hand. I did not feel fear, but I felt the risk. At length Mr. — said, "I think we might as well return;" and at the word we tacked. It was a side wind, and our skiff was apt to make great leeway, which would take us below Cadenabbia, and heaven knows where we could land. Just then the wind fell, and danger passed away; but the waves continued high, and the sail grew useless, while sculling became fatiguing. It was hard work: at last we reached the port of Tremezzo; and getting a boy to row the boat back to Cadenabbia, we gladly walked home.

## MONDAY 10TH.

THE moonlight nights are most inviting. I spent several hours on the water this evening. We put out just at sunset: when we reached Menaggio the full moon had risen above the mountain tops, and strewed a silver path upon the waves; instead of returning, we rowed along the shining track, towards the lake of Lecco. We hunted for the tinkling fisher-bells, and loitered delicious

hours away. This evening I heard for the first time Manzoni's Ode on Napoleon—strange, I had never before met with it. It was now repeated to me. It is a glorious poem; the opening calls at once the attention; its rapid sketching of events is full of fire; the recurrence to the poet's self noble and appropriate; and the last stanza instinct with charity and pious hope. The hero, with all his faults, was fitly praised in verse as majestic as ever yet a poet wrote. It is a double pleasure to find poetry worthy of its better days spring up in modern Italy, showing that the genius of the Italians survives the blighting influence of misrule and oppression. The more I see of the inhabitants of this country, the more I feel convinced that they are highly gifted with intellectual powers, and possess all the elements of greatness. They are made to be a free, active, inquiring people. But they must cast away their *dolce far niente*. They must learn to practise the severer virtues; their youth must be brought up in more hardy and manly habits; they must tread to earth the vices that cling to them as the ivy around their ruins. They must do this to be free; yet without freedom how can they? for the governments of Italy know that to hold their own they must debase their subjects; they jealously bar their doors against all improvement; and every art and

power is used to crush any who would rise above the vices and indolence of the day.

I love the Italians. It is impossible to live among them and not love them. Their faults are many—the faults of the oppressed—love of pleasure, disregard of truth, indolence, and violence of temper. But their falsehood is on the surface—it is not deceit. Under free institutions, and where the acquirement of knowledge is not as now a mark inviting oppression and wrong, their love of pleasure were readily ennobled into intellectual activity. They are affectionate, simple, and earnestly desirous to please. There is life, energy, and talent in every look and word; grace and refinement in every act and gesture. They are a noble race of men—a beautiful race of women; the time must come when again they will take a high place among nations. Their habits, fostered by their governments, alone are degraded and degrading; alter these, and the country of Dante and Michael Angelo and Raphael still exists.

## LETTER VIII.

Voyage to Como.—The Opera.—Walk towards Menaggio.

CADENABBIA, AUGUST 15.

TIME speeds on; yet every hour being occupied, it appears to move slowly. How often do a few weeks—such as we have spent here—seem a mere shred of life, hardly counted in the passage of a year! But these weeks “drag a slow length along,” day succeeding day, each gifted with the calmest yet most living enjoyment. Calm; for no event disturbs us: instinct with glowing life, inspired by the beauty of the scenery and the delicious influence of the climate.

We hear from the boatmen on the lake snatches of the “Lucia”—the *Bell Alma innamorata*, especially. The Opera-house at Como is open; and, now and then, to vary their day, my companions have visited it, going by the steamer at four in the afternoon, and returning the next morning. I have been tempted thither once. The steamer, the *Lario* (a better is promised for next year), is a very



primitive and slow boat. I now made a voyage I had made years before, when putting off from Como in a skiff we had visited Tremezzo. How vividly I remembered and recognised each spot. I longed inexpressibly to land at the Pliniana, which remained in my recollection as a place adorned by magical beauty. The abrupt precipices, the gay-looking villas, the richly-wooded banks, the spire-like cypresses—a thousand times scarcely less vividly had they recurred to my memory, than now they appeared again before my eyes. Sometimes these thoughts and these revisitings were full of inexpressible sadness; a yearning after the past—a contempt for all that has occurred since, that throws dark and chilling shadows over the soul. Just now, my mind was differently attuned; the young and gay were around; and in them I lived and enjoyed.

Madame Pasta has a villa on the lake, some miles distant from Como. She has an excessive fear of the water, and never goes to Como by the steamer. Unluckily there is no road on her side of the lake; and she has a house on the opposite shore, in which to remain, if the weather is stormy, to wait for the smoothing of the waters. Methinks the elements are rude indeed not to obey her voice—never did any so move, so penetrate the human heart. In “Giulietta,” in “Medea,” and, above all, in the

melting and pathetic tenderness of the opening air of the "Nina Pazza per Amore" of the divine Paesiello, she has in truth taken from the heart its last touch of hardness, and melted it into sweetest tears. Pasta and Paganini alone have had this power over me, but yet different in its kind. By Pasta, the tenderest sympathy was awakened, joined to that soft return to one's own past afflictions, which subdued the soul and opened the fountain of tears. Paganini excited and agitated violently—it was rather nervous hysterics than gentle sorrowing—it was irresistible—as a friend said, it realised the fables of Orpheus—it had the power of an enchantment. We heard him in a garish theatre, seeing him on a stage, playing simply to attract admiration and gain money. The violent emotions he excited, rose and faded in the bosom without any visible sign. But could we have listened in the wooded solitudes of Greece or Italy, and known that he himself was animated by some noble purpose, surely he might have inspired passion, animated to glorious action, and caused obstacles seemingly irresistible to give way—no fabled power of music ever transcended his.

It is bathos to return to the opera of Como—but it was very creditable. The house was clean and pretty. Teresa Brambilla sang the part of "Lucia" very tolerably, and it was an agreeable change. In

the hotel at Como were staying some Italians, whose singing, however, far transcended that of the theatre. Prince B——, in the days of his exile and poverty, often said jestingly, that were his fortunes at their last ebb, the stage would be a sure resource. Perhaps no finer voice than his has been heard in a theatre for many years.

AUGUST 30TH.

It is not always calm upon the lake. Sometimes a mighty storm comes down from the Alps, bringing with it driving rain, which resembles the mist of a cataract, and wind that lashes the water into waves and foam,—and then, in half an hour, all is sunny, sparkling—and calm is spread again upon the waters. Several times we had music on the lake: once we got the musicians over from Bellaggio—they were artisans of the place, who had formed themselves into a musical society—to the number of twenty-one, and they played a variety of airs of modern composers. Often we have visited our favourite Villa Serbelloni, and each visit discovered some new beauty. Once, in P.'s little boat, we doubled the promontory, and rowed beneath the crags we had looked down upon from the terraced walks above. Black, abrupt, and broken into islet, pinnacle, and cliff, but all crowned by greenest vegetation, they rose high around us. Sometimes we visited the high terraced

gardens of Villa Giulia, that overlooked the same branch of the lake.

Nor, nearer home, must I forget the Villa Sommariva. The grounds are not extensive, and, of course, broken into terraces, from the nature of the site ; with overarching trees, forming shady alcoves and covered walks. It is a cool and pleasant retreat at noon : the house is a very good one, large and cheerful. It possesses a renowned work of Canova, the Cupid and Psyche. The expression of their faces is tender and sweet ; but—I like not to confess it—I am not an admirer of Canova's women. He is said to have had singular opportunities of studying the female form ; but place his Venus, or any other of his female statues, beside those of Grecian sculpture, and his defects must strike the most untaught eye. There was a little antique of a sleeping nymph in the halls of the Villa Sommariva, which formed a contrast with the modern Psyche. It looked as the finger could impress the marble, as the imitated flesh had yielded to the posture of the figure. Canova's seemed as if it moved only at the joints, and as if no other portion of the frame was influenced by attitude.

When alone in an evening, I often walk towards Menaggio. I have selected a haunt among rocks close to the water's edge, shaded by an olive-wood.

I always feel renewed and extreme delight as I watch the shadows of evening climb the huge mountains, till the granite peaks alone shine forth glad and bright, and a holy stillness gathers over the landscape. With what serious yet quick joy do such sights fill me; and dearer still is the aspiring thought that seeks the Creator in his works, as the soul yearns to throw off the chains of flesh that hold it in, and to dissolve and become a part of that which surrounds it.

This evening my friends are gone to Como, and I sat long on my favourite seat, listening to the ripplet of the calm lake splashing at my feet; to the murmur of running streams, and to the hollow roar of the mysterious torrent—the *Fiume Latte*—which is borne, softened by distance, from the opposite shore; viewing the magnificent mountain scene, varied by the lights and shadows caused by the setting sun. My heart was elevated, purified, subdued. I prayed for peace to all; and still the supreme Beauty brooded over me, and promised peace; at least there where change is not, and love and enjoyment unite and are one. From such rapt moods the soul returns to earth, bearing with it the calm of Paradise;

Quale è colui, che sognando vede,  
 E dopo 'l sogno la passione impressa  
 Rimane, e l'altro alla mente non riede;  
 Cotal son io, che quasi tutta cessa  
 Mia visione, ed ancor mi distilla

Nel cor il dolce, che nacque da essa.  
 Così la neve al sol si dissigilla ;  
 Così al vento nelle foglie lievi  
 Si perdea la sentenza di Sibilla \*.

It has seemed to me—and on such an evening, I have felt it,—that this world, endowed as it is outwardly with endless shapes and influences of beauty and enjoyment, is peopled also in its spiritual life by myriads of loving spirits; from whom, unawares, we catch impressions, which mould our thoughts to good, and thus they guide beneficially the course of events, and minister to the destiny of man. Whether the beloved dead make a portion of this holy company, I dare not guess; but that such exists, I feel. They keep far off while we are worldly, evil, selfish; but draw near, imparting the reward of heaven-born joy, when we are animated by noble thoughts, and capable of disinterested actions. Surely such gather round me this night, and make a part of that atmosphere of peace and love which it is paradise to breathe.

I had thought such ecstasy as that in which I now was lapped dead to me for ever; but the sun of Italy has thawed the frozen stream—the cup of life again sparkles to the brim. Will it be removed as I turn northward? I fear it will. I grieve to think that we shall very soon leave Cadenabbia—the first sad step towards quitting Italy.

\* Dante. Paradiso; Canto 33.

## LETTER IX.

Italian Poetry.—Italian Master.—The Country People.—The Fulcino.  
—Grand Festa.—Adieu to Cadenabbia.

CADENABBIA, 7TH SEPT.

WE leave Cadenabbia in a day or two. I go unwillingly; the calm weather invites my stay, by dispelling my fears. (P.'s boat has left us. I bade it a grateful adieu, glad that it went leaving me scatheless; sorry to see it go, as a token of our too speedy departure.) The heat is great in the middle of the day, and I read a great deal to beguile the time, chiefly in Italian; for it is pleasant to imbue one's mind with the language and literature of the country in which one is living: and poetry—Italian poetry—is in harmony with these scenes. The elements of its inspiration are around me. I breathe the air; I am sheltered by the hills and woods which give its balmy breath, which lend their glorious colouring to their various and sunny verse. There are stanzas in Tasso that make themselves peculiarly felt here. One, when Rinaldo is setting out by starlight on the adventure of the enchanted

forest, full of the religion that wells up instinctively in the heart amidst these scenes, beneath this sky. But I have chiefly been occupied by Dante, who, so to speak, is an elemental poet; one who clothes in the magic of poetry the passions of the heart, enlightened and ennobled by piety, and who regards the objects of the visible creation with a sympathy, a veneration, otherwise only to be found in the old Greek poets. I have read the *Purgatorio* and *Paradiso*, with ever new delight. There are finer passages in the *Inferno* than can be found in the two subsequent parts; but the subject is so painful and odious, that I always feel obliged to shut the book after a page or two. The pathetic tenderness of the *Purgatorio*, on the contrary, wins its way to the heart; and again, the soul is elevated and rapt by the sublime hymns to heavenly love, contained in the *Paradiso*. Nothing can be more beautiful than the closing lines, which I quoted in a late letter, which speak of his return to earth, his mind still penetrated by the ecstasy he had lately felt.

My companions wanted a master for Italian. I asked Peppina if there was one to be found near. She recommended a friend of her's at Menaggio: he was not accustomed to give lessons, but would for her sake. This did not sound hopeful. I tried to understand his charges; but though I put the



question fifty times, she, with true Italian subtlety, slid out of the embarrassment, and left me uninformed: while I, for the hundredth time, did that which a hundred times I had determined not to do—engaged a person's services at no fixed sum. The whole thing turned out ill. The man belonged to the dogana at Menaggio; his Italian was no better than Peppina's own—who could talk it very tolerably for a short time; but in longer conversations soon slid into Comasque, or something like it. The man had no idea of teaching; and came so redolent of garlic, that the lessons were speedily discontinued. Of course, his charges were double those of a regular master.

I have spoken in praise of the Italians; but you must not imagine that I would exalt them to an unreal height—that were to show that misrule and a misguiding religion were no evils. It is when I see what these people are,—and from their intelligence, their sensitive organisation and native grace, I gather what they might be,—that I mourn over man's lost state in this country.

The country people, I have already told you, hereabouts are a fine handsome race; many of the young women are beautiful, but their good looks soon go off. There are silk mills at Cadenabbia and Bolvedro, which employ a great many girls, who

laugh and sing at their work, and, leaving it in troops at the Ave Maria, pass under our window singing in chorus with loud, well-tuned voices. Their dress is picturesque; they wear their hair bound up at the back of the head in knotted tresses, to which are fixed large silver bodkins, which stand out like rays, and form a becoming head-dress; but, unfortunately, as they seldom take these bodkins out, and even sleep in them, they wear away the hair. You may guess, from this fact, that neatness and cleanliness are not, I grieve to say, among their good qualities.

It is strange that, though the men and women here are mostly handsome, the children are very plain. The contrary of this occurs in parts of Switzerland. Here, it a good deal arises from the diet: all the children look diseased—as well they may be, considering their food—and the wonder is, so many arrive at maturity. The deaths, however, are in a much larger proportion than with us. I hear of no schools in this part of the country, and the people are entirely ignorant: neither are the priests held in esteem. Thus thoroughly untaught, the wonder is that they are as good as they are. The church indeed is respected, though its ministers are not; but the enactments of the church are most rigorous with regard to fastings and ritual observ-

ances. If toil be virtue, however, these poor people deserve its praise. They work hard, and draw subsistence, wherever it can be by any toil abstracted, even from the narrow shelving of the mountains on which rich grass grows. The young men go to cut it each year; and it is so dangerous a task, that each year lives are lost, through the foot of the labourer slipping on the short grass, and his falling down the precipice. Fishing, of course, affords employment; and there is a good deal of traffic on the lake, which is carried on by flat-bottomed barges, impelled by large heavy sails, or by long oars, which they work by pushing forward. Unfortunately, in this part of Italy, they are not as sober as in the south, and drunken brawls frequently occur. The drunkenness of these men is not stupifying, as usually among us, but fierce and choleric. Great care is taken by government to prevent their carrying arms of any kind, even knives. They have, however, an implement called a *fulcino*, in shape like a small sickle, which is used for weeding, and cutting grass on the mountains; this they are apt to employ as a weapon of offence. It is, consequently, forbidden to carry it polished and sharpened, but simply in the tarnished worn state incident to its proper uses. This enactment is, of course, constantly evaded. They are drawn in every brawl;

and the wound they inflict—a long ugly gash—is less dangerous, but more frightful than a stab. One evening, there was great excitement on a man being *fulcinato* at a drinking bout, at a neighbouring inn. One of my companions went to see him, and came back, horror-struck; he had a large, deep gash in the thigh, and was nearly dead from loss of blood. When a surgeon came, however, it was found that the wound was not dangerous. He was carried home in a boat; but it was two or three weeks before he could get about again. When these outrages occur, the police carry the aggressors to prison, where they are kept, we are told, ill off enough, till they consent to enlist. The life of a soldier in the Austrian service is so hard, ill-fed, and worse paid, that these poor wretches often hold out long; but they are forced, at last, to yield: nor is the punishment ill imagined, that he who sheds blood should be sent to deal in blood in the legal way. But the root of the evil still rests in the absence of education and civilisation; and one must pity the poor fellows, taken from their glorious mountains and sunny lake, and sent to herd among the sullen Austrians, far in the north, where the sound of their musical Italian shall never reach them more.

SEPTEMBER 8TH.

THIS is our last day. We are leaving the Lake of Como just when its *season* is beginning; for the Italians always make their *villeggiatura* in the months of September and October, when the fruit is ripe, and the vintage—the last gathering in of the year—takes place. The nobles, therefore, are now beginning to visit their villas. English visitants have built a few keeled boats, which, on going away, they either sold or made presents of to their Italian friends. There are two or three pretty English-built skiffs on the lake, which render it more gay and busy than before.

Numbers of the middling classes also, shopkeepers from Milan, congregate at Como and the villages, at this season. In some respects, however, this is not so pleasant, as there are many more visitors at the Albergo Grande. Each day crowds come by the steamer; tables are spread for them in the avenue of acacias, where they eat, drink, and are merry. We live at the other end of the house; and as these chance-comers all leave by the steamer, at four o'clock, they do not inconvenience us. But an English lady, who had taken rooms overlooking the avenue, grew very angry at the disturbance, called the Albergo Grande a pot-house, scolded Luigi,

mulcted his bill, and crowned her revenge by writing in his disfavour in the traveller's book of the Hotel at Como. For my own part, I love Cadenabbia more and more every day: every day it grows in beauty, and I regret exceedingly leaving it. My dearest wish had been to visit Venice before I turned my steps homewards, as there is a friend there whom I greatly desired to see; but I cannot go, and must resign myself.

I write these few last words from an alcove in the gardens of the Villa Sommariva, whither I have fled for refuge from the noise and turmoil of our hotel.

This is a very grand *festa*, named of the *Madonna del Soccorso*, and relates to the progress of the plague being stopped on one occasion through the intercession of the Virgin. The church is on a hill, about two miles from Cadenabbia, and twelve chapels are built, as stations, on the road leading to it. The whole of the inhabitants of the mountains around were concerned in the vow, and flocked in multitudes to celebrate the feast. In one village in particular, far away among the mountains to the north, the inhabitants had vowed always to wear woollen clothes cut in a peculiar fashion, and of a certain colour, if the remnants of their population—for nearly all had perished—were saved. These people walked all night, to arrive about noon at Cadenabbia. Their

dress was ungainly enough, and must have been very burthensome to the walkers this hot day. It was made of heavy dark-blue cloth, with a stripe of red at the bottom of the petticoat—I speak of the dress of the women. I forget in what that of the men differs from that of the peasants of Cadenabbia. The crowd is immense; and the Albergo Grande is the focus where, going to, or coming from paying their devotions on the hill, they all collect. I grew tired of watching them from my window, and have retired to a shady bower of the gardens of the Villa Sommariva, where the hum of many thousand voices falls softened and harmless on my ear. “Eyes, look your last!” Soon the curtain of absence will be drawn before this surpassing scene. You are very hard-hearted, if you do not pity me.

## MIDNIGHT.

AND NOW the moon is up, and I sit at my window to say a last good-night to the lake. The bells, so peculiar a circumstance in this night-scene, “salute mine ear,” across the waters. Many a calm day, many a delicious evening, have I here spent. It is over now, lost in the ocean of time past. It is always painful to leave a room for ever in which one has slept calmly at night, and by day nurtured pleasant thoughts. I grieve to leave my little cell.

But enough—I will add a few words, the history of our last evening, and say good-night.

Very noisy and uproarious was our last evening ; so that till now, when all is hushed, it seemed as if instead of quitting a lonely retreat among mountains, we were escaping from the confusion and crowd of a metropolis. The peasants drank too much wine ; they quarrelled with Luigi, and the *fulcini* were drawn. Care had been taken, however, to have police-officers near ; on their appearance, all who could threw their weapons into the lake ; two were taken with the arms in their hands, and hurried off to prison, which they will only leave as soldiers.

Late in the evening we paid our bill, and gave presents to the servants, usually a disagreeable and thankless proceeding. But here, all was so fair, the people so pleased and apparently attached, that no feelings of annoyance were excited. Poor people ! I hope to see them one day again—they all gathered round us with such shows of regret that it was impossible not to feel very kindly towards them in return.

Good-night !



## LETTER X.

Voyage to Lecco.—Bergamo.—The Opera of "Mosè."—Milan.

BERGAMO, 10TH SEPT.

FOR the sake of visiting scenes unknown to us, we arranged not to go by the steamer from Como to Milan, but hired one of the large boats of the place to take us to Lecco. We quitted Cadenabbia yesterday at five in the morning. Sadly I bade adieu to its romantic shores and the calm retirement I had there enjoyed. The mountains reared their majestic sides in the clear morning air, and their summits grew bright, visited by the sun's rays. We doubled the promontory of Bellaggio, and quickly passing the picturesque rocks beneath the gardens of the Villa Serbelloni, we found that the lake soon lost much of its picturesque beauty. Manzoni and Grossi have both chosen this branch of the lake for the scene of their romances; but it is certainly far, very far, inferior to the branch leading to Como, especially as at the end of the lake you approach the flat lands of Lombardy and the bed of the Adda. We break-

fasted comfortably at Lecco, and hired a *calèche* for Bergamo. It was a pleasant but warm drive. Oh, how loth will the Austrian ever be to loosen his gripe of this fair province, fertile and abounding in its produce,—its hills adorned with many villages, and sparkling with villas. These numerous country-houses are the peculiarity and beauty of the region : as is the neighbourhood of Florence, so are all these hills, which form steps between the Alps and the Plains of Lombardy, rendered gay by numerous villas, each surrounded by its grounds planted with trees, among which the spires of the cypress rise in dark majesty. The fields were in their best dress ; the grapes ripening in the sun ; the Indian corn—the second crop of this land of plenty—full-grown, but not quite ripe.

Variety of scene is so congenial, that the first effect of changing the mountain-surrounded, solitary lake for the view of plain and village, and wide-spread landscape, raised my spirits to a very spring-tide of enjoyment. We were very merry as we drove along.

There is a fair at Bergamo ; it has lasted three weeks, and the great bustle is over. We had been told that the inns are bad ; I do not know whether we have found admission into the best, but I know we could scarcely anywhere find a worse. The

look of the whole house is neglected and squalid ; the bed-rooms are bare and desolate, and a loathly reptile has been found on their walls. The waiters are unwashed, uncouth animals, reminding one of a sort of human being to be met in the streets of London or Paris—looking as if they never washed nor ever took off their clothes; as if even the knowledge of such blessings were strangers to them. The dinner is uneatable from garlic. Of course, the bill to-morrow morning will be unconscionably high.

We have come to Bergamo chiefly for the sake of the opera, and to hear Marini, a basso—boasted of as next to Lablache—but, though fine, the distance is wide between. Being fatigued, I did not go to the upper town to see the view, which is extensive, and at the setting of the sun peculiarly grand. But to the opera we went. The house is large and handsome ; but the draperies and ornaments of the boxes were heavy and cumbersome ; they carried, too, the usual Italian custom of having little light in their theatres, except on the stage, to such an excess, that we were nearly in the dark, and could not read our libretto. The opera was the *Mosè*. That which is pious to a Catholic is blasphemous to a Protestant, and the *Mosè* is changed, when represented in England, to *Pietro l'Eremita*. None of the singers

were good except Marini ; but the music is the best of Rossini, and we appreciated this admirable master the more for having been of late confined to Donizetti. The quartetto of *Mi manca la voce* is perhaps his *chef-d'œuvre*. The way in which the voices fall in, one after the other, attracts, then fixes the attention. I listen breathlessly ; a sort of holy awe thrills through the notes ; the soul absorbs the sounds, till the theatre disappears ; and the imagination, deeply moved, builds up a fitter scene—the fear, the darkness, the tremor, become real. The whole opera is rich in impressive and even sublime vocal effects. In the ballet we had Cerito—her first appearance at Bergamo—and she was received most warmly. She danced three *pas*, and after each she was called on seven times. I had not seen her before ; and, though not comparable to Taglioni for an inexpressible something which renders her single in the poetry of the art, Cerito is light, graceful, sylphlike, and very pretty.

MILAN, 11TH.

THIS day has taken us to Milan, a long and rather dreary drive. We turned our backs on the hills, and proceeded through the low country round the capital of Lombardy, which is indeed the centre of a plain, whose shortest radius is twenty-five miles.

The road is shut in by deep trenches, which serve as drains, and is lined by vines, trellised to pollard trees. We felt shut in by them, and unable to gain a glimpse of the mountains we had left to the north. Our drive was uninteresting, and grew very tiresome, till at last we arrive, and find rest and comfort, at the Hôtel de la Ville, an extensive hotel, kept by a Swiss, with a pretty English wife, and very comfortable in all its arrangements.

We expected letters here, on the receipt of which we instantly turn our steps northward. For in vain I have debated and struggled, wishing to visit Florence or Venice. My son must return to England; and, though I shall not myself cross the Channel immediately, I do not like being separated by so great a distance. Our letters, however, have not come, and we shall employ a day or two in sight-seeing.

SEPT. 14TH.

FIRST we visited the fading inimitable fresco of Leonardo da Vinci. How vain are copies! not in one, nor in any print, did I ever see the slightest approach to the expression in our Saviour's face, such as it is in the original. Majesty and love—these are the words that would describe it—joined to an absence of all guile that expresses the divine nature

more visibly than I ever saw it in any other picture. But if the art of the copyist cannot convey, how much less can words, that which only Leonardo da Vinci could imagine and pourtray? There is another fragment of his in the gallery—an unfinished Virgin and Child—in the same manner quite inimitable: the attitude is peculiar; with a common artist it had degenerated into affectation: with him it is simplicity and grace,—a gentle harmony of look and gesture, which reveals the nature of the being pourtrayed,—the chaste and fond mother, lovely in youth and innocence, thoughtful from mingled awe and love, with a touch of fear, springing from a presentiment of the tragical destiny of the divine infant, whose days of childhood she watched over and made glad. In the gallery is Raphael's picture of the Marriage of the Virgin, in his first and most chaste style; where beauty of expression and grace of design are more apparent, than when, in later days, his colouring grew more rich, his grouping more artificial. A catalogue of pictures is stupid enough, except that I naturally put down those that attract my attention, and I try in some degree to convey the impression they made, so as to induce you to sympathise in my feelings with regard to them. The galleries are rich in Luinis—ever a pleasing artist. The Ambrosian library we, of course, visited; but they keep things

now rigidly under lock and key: for some one, whose folly ought to have met with severe punishment, had endeavoured to purloin, and so mutilated, some of the relics of Petrarch.

Among other lions we went to a silk manufacture, where many looms were at work on rich silks and velvets. We saw here specimens of cloth of glass, which, hereafter, I should think, will be much used for hangings. It is dear now—as dear as silk, because the supply of the material is slight; but spun glass must, in itself, be much cheaper than silk. The fault of this cloth is, that it is apt to chip as it were, and get injured; it will, therefore, never serve any of the purposes of dress, but it is admirably fitted for curtains and hangings. What I saw was all bright yellow and white, resembling gold and silver tissue; of course, the glass would take other colours: it would not fade as soon as silk, and would clean without losing its gloss or the texture being deteriorated.

At the Opera they were giving the *Templario*. Unfortunately, as is well known, the theatre of La Scala serves, not only as the universal drawing-room for all the society of Milan, but every sort of trading transaction, from horse-dealing to stock-jobbing, is carried on in the pit; so that brief and far between are the snatches of melody one can catch. Besides

this, they have the uncomfortable habit of giving the *ballet* between the two acts of the opera. The only good singer was Salvi—a bad actor, but with a tenor voice of good quality and great sweetness. He had some agreeable airs in the first act: but that over, came a *ballet d'action*. In this theatre I had seen Othello acted in *ballet*, with such mastery of pantomime, that words seemed superfluous for the expression of passion or incident; but no such good actors as were celebrated then, exist now. The *ballet*, founded on the last fortunes of Ali Pasha, was splendidly got up, but full of tumult, noise, and violence, till it ended in a grand blowing-up of Ali, his palace, and treasures. Amidst the din and dust the audience mostly departed, and I went also, thoroughly fatigued; but there was another act of the opera, and on a subsequent night I staid to hear it, though paying for the pleasure by a head-ache. Some of the best airs are in this; and the *finale*, an air of Salvi, is exquisitely tender and touching, and sung so sweetly by him, that I would rather have heard it than any other part of the opera.

On Sunday I went to the cathedral, and heard mass. There was a sermon—the text, the good Samaritan—the gloss, love your neighbour—an admirable lesson; the preacher, however, had but this one idea: and it was curious, during his sermon



of half an hour, to hear the various and abundant words in which he contrived to clothe it. To a passing stranger, the Duomo comprises so much of Milan. It is chiefly the outside, with its multitudinous and snow-white pinnacles, that arrests the attention and charms the eye; a moonlight hour passed in the Piazza del Duomo—now beneath the black shadow of the building, then emerging into the clear white light—and looking up to see the marble spires point glittering to the sky, is a pleasure never to be forgotten.

## LETTER XI.

Non-arrival of a Letter.—Departure of my Friends.—Solitude.—The Duomo.—Table d'Hôte.—Austrian Government.

MILAN, 23RD SEPTEMBER.

A MOST disagreeable circumstance has occurred. I told you that we expected letters at Milan; one especially, that was to contain the remittance for our homeward journey: it did not—has not come. Perplexed and annoyed, we held council; our friends were all departing; and it seemed best that P—— should go with them, and that I should remain to await the arrival of my letter. I did not like the idea of the solitary journey; but in every point of view this seemed the best course. I gave what money I had to P——, barely sufficient to take him to England: he went, and here I am, feeling much like a hostage for a compact about to be violated. I left England with a merry party of light-hearted youngsters; they are gone, and I alone: this, the end of my pleasant wanderings. Such, you know, is the picture of life: thus every poet sings—thus every moralist preaches. I am more dispirited than I ought to be; but I cannot help it. It rained and

blew for several days after the travellers left me,—inclement weather for them; but would I had been with them!

Each day I go to the post-office, and look over the huge packet of English letters; but there are none for me. I did not even ask P—— to write to me; for on any day I may get the expected letter, and at once leave Milan. This excessive uncertainty is the worst part of my troubles. To a rich person, such an accident were scarcely felt; and, indeed, with me, though if protracted it may entail on me a good deal of embarrassment, still it is only annoyance—while I, most unreasonably, feel it as a misfortune. I am miserable. Returning each day from the post-office I cannot rally my spirits; my imagination conjures up a thousand evils; yet, in truth, none as consequent on this accident, sufficient to justify the dismay that invades me. Feeling this, my fancy dreams of other ills—of which this shadow over my mind may be the forerunner; for often, as you know, “in to-day already walks to-morrow;” and yet the evil that comes is not the evil we fear—for, as another poet truly sings—

“Fears! what are they? voices airy  
Whispering harm, where harm is not;  
And deluding the unwary,  
Till the fatal bolt be shot.”\*

\* Wordsworth.

The uncertainty is the worst part, as I have said; for, as I never contemplated staying more than a day or two here, I did not provide myself with any letters of introduction, and it is useless asking for any now, as I shall, I trust, be gone before they could arrive. Besides that, most of the Milanese are at their country-houses; and it is with them that I should have liked to form some acquaintance. By chance, I had a letter to the French consul; but his family is away, and he, meanwhile, dines at the *table d'hôte* of this same hotel; but he is also a good deal absent, visiting, and is no resource to me.

I spend my time, therefore, as I best may, in alternate walks and reading, or working. Each morning I pass a considerable time in the aisles of the cathedral. The interior is not of course to be compared to Westminster Abbey. The ceiling, for instance, is painted, not carved in fretwork; nor are there the solemn shadows, nor the antique venerable tombs; but, on the other hand, it is unencumbered by the hideous modern monuments which deform our venerable cathedral; nor is it kept in the same dirty state. My favourite haunt is behind the choir, where there is a magnificent painted window, which throws rich and solemn shadows all around. The influence of this spot soothes my mind, and chases away a thousand grim

shadows, prognosticating falsehood, desolation, and hopeless sorrow. I throw off the strange clinging presentiments still more entirely when I have on fine days mounted to the outside of the Duomo. You know, by pictures and descriptions, how the exterior is covered by pinnacles and statues; many put up but yesterday, are snow-white and glitter in the sun. The city and the plain of Lombardy, are at my feet; to the north, my beloved mountains—magnificent shapes, which the heavens stoop to visit, and which, speaking of power and inspiring adoration, excite and delight the imagination, made lethargic by mere plain country. The Resegone is there, reminding me of the ecstasies I felt on the Lake of Como, which I remember as dreams sent from heaven, vanished for ever. I turn my eyes southward, and try to trace the route to Florence. I am much tempted, when I do get my expected letter, to go thither to see the friend whom I wished to visit at Venice, but who is now at Florence. Much of my desire in visiting Italy was derived from the hope of seeing her and her sister, whom I left gay blooming children;—but I must defer this pleasure.

Milan is not a pleasant town for one so strangely placed as I am, who would fain leave streets and houses to take refuge in solitary walks and country rambles. The country immediately round is low

and uninviting, especially now that the autumnal rains seem to have set in; and the roads are dirty—indeed, to all appearance, impassable. Still, you may be sure I walk when I can; and when, on leaving the hotel, I do not turn to the left, towards the cathedral, I turn to the right, along a wide street, with the best shops, and where the shops cease there are some fine large palaces. The French have a laudable passion for public gardens; though their notion of what is agreeable in that respect does not coincide with ours; and grass and turf is, as I have before said, unknown out of England. They have laid out gardens in the outskirts of Milan, into which I turn; and then, ascending some steps, I enter on the Boulevard, a wide drive on the walls of the town, planted with trees. This is the *Corso*, where every evening the Milanese resort in their carriages—not now, however, as all of any rank are out of town. From this *boulevard*, which is elevated on the walls, one looks down on the vine-planted low lands beneath. A more agreeable spot—but it is too far for a walk—is the triumphal arch, begun by Napoleon, that forms the entrance to the city from the road of the Simplon. It is surrounded by a grassy plain. As a barrier, at the distance of some twenty miles, rise the Alps, the resting-places of the wandering clouds, the

aspiration of earth to reach the heavens. When I see these majestic ranges, I always feel happier: those know not why who have never felt the love of mountains, which is a real passion in the hearts of mountaineers; and, though I am truly English-born, and bred in plains, yet in my girlhood I visited Scotland, and saw from my window the snow-clad Grampians, and I then imbibed this love for the "palaces of nature," which, when far off, haunts me still, with a keen desire to be among them, and a sense of extreme content when in their vicinity.

At four o'clock, is the *table d'hôte*. I have been tempted to dine in my own rooms. I feel so cast away, going down alone; but I have resisted this feeling, for it is here only I can mingle at all with my fellow-creatures; and though the mode is tolerably disagreeable, yet I am the better for it afterwards. When we came, our party was at the foot of the table. I have mounted gradually, till now I am next my acquaintance, the French Consul, at top. All the guests are changed, and are always changing. They form a curious assemblage—mostly English, and some whom I cannot make out: they talk English as their native language, but there is something unlike ourselves about them. I have been told that where one encounters these Anglicans, who are not English, Scotch, or Irish—they are Ameri-

cans; and so it may be. Sometimes I amuse myself by classifying the party. There is a round, good-humoured clergyman, with his family, who is the Curious Traveller. He is very earnest in search of knowledge, but gentlemanly and unintrusive. There is the Knowing Traveller: he pounced upon a poor little man sitting next him, to-day. "So you have been shopping,—making purchases; been horribly cheated, I'm sure. Those Italians are such rogues! What did you buy? What did you give for those gloves? Four *swanzigers*—you *have* been done! A *swanziger* and a-half—that's the price anywhere. Two *swanzigers* for the best gloves to be found in Milan—and those are not the best." This gratuitous piece of misinformation made the poor purchaser blush up to the eyes with shame at his own folly.

I wish I could see a few Carbonari; but I have no opening for making acquaintance—I should like to know how the Milanese feel towards their present Government. Since the death of one of the most treacherous and wicked tyrants that ever disgraced humanity—the Emperor Francis,\*—the Austrian Government has made show of greater moderation. As the price of the restoration of Ancona by the

\* It is enough to refer to M. Andryane's account of his imprisonment in the fortress of Spielberg to justify these words. The barbarities of fabled tyrants fall far short of the cold-blooded tortures imagined and inflicted by this despot.



the French, the exiles were permitted to return. While we were at Como, we had seen the honoured and noble Gonfalonieri, returned from Spielberg, the shadow of a man; his wife no more—his life withered, as a glorious exotic transported to the North, nipped by frosts it was never born to feel. In commerce, also, the Austrian is trying to improve. A railroad is projected to Venice—a portion of it is already constructed. They are endeavouring to revive trade, as much as it can be revived in a country where two-thirds of the produce of taxation is sent out of it; and it may be guessed what a drooping, inert revival it is. But the curious thing about the policy of present arbitrary governments is the encouragement they give to the education of the poor. Even the Emperor Nicholas, we are told, desires to educate the serfs. From whatever motive this springs, we must cling to it as a real blessing, for the most extensive advantages must result to the cause of civilisation from the enlightenment, however partial and slight, of the multitude. Knowledge must, from its nature, grow, and rooting it out can alone prevent its tendency to spread.

We ought, however, to consider one thing in the establishment of the normal schools by Austria. To our shame be it spoken, the education of the poor is far more attended to in Germany than with us.

In Prussia, Würtemberg, and, above all, in Saxony, the normal schools are admirable. Austria was forced to appear to do the like; and they do so in a way which they hope will increase and consolidate their power. Government allows no schools but its own; and selects teachers, not as being qualified for the task, but as servile tools in their hands. The books they allow can scarcely be guessed at in this country, so totally void are they of instruction or true religion. The Austrian hopes to bring up the new generation in the lights he gives, and to know no more than he teaches. He has succeeded, and will probably long continue to succeed in Austria, but in Italy he will not. If the physical state of the poor in Lombardy is ameliorated, they will be tranquil; but hatred of the stranger must ever be a portion of the air he breathes.

It is against the rich and high-born, however, that the Austrian wages war. A hatred of the German is rooted in the nobility of Milan; they are watched with unsleeping vigilance: above all, the greatest care is taken that their youth should not receive an enlightened education. From the moment a young man is known to hold himself free from the prevalent vices of the times, to be studious and high-minded, he becomes marked; he is not allowed to travel; he is jealously watched; no career is open to him; he

is hemmed in to a narrow and still narrower circle ; till at last the moss of years and hopelessness gathers over and deadens his mind. For the present governments of Italy know that there is a spirit abroad in that country, which forces every Italian that thinks and feels, to hate them and rebel in his heart.

26TH SEPT.

STILL no letter : the mystery of its non-appearance grows darker. I have been better off these last few days, from the arrival of the friends who accompanied us down the Moselle. With them I have revisited the Brera, and their society has cheered me. They are gone, and I am fallen again into solitude and perplexity.

27TH.

AT last there is change ; my letter is come, or rather I have found it, for it has been here almost ever since our arrival—long before I was left alone. I had as usual visited the post-office, and looked over the letters arrived this day—in vain. I then asked for yesterday's letters ; yesterday was not post-day from England, and I had not visited the office ; but letters might have come to me from Venice or Florence. The huge packet of all the

English letters was handed me ; I looked it over listlessly, when—a bright light illumined my darkness—my letter—lost amidst the crowd—yet I had often looked over this same heap of letters, and it had not been there. I mentioned this to the clerk, who replied, “O, then it must have been out at the time.” It seems that they send the uncalled-for English letters round the town to the different hotels, to be claimed ; but by ill luck mine did not reach me. By mistake it had been directed in the first place to Como ; but it had arrived in Milan on the 17th, and this is the 27th.

All is changed now—all is hurry and bustle—I am making inquiries for my journey to Geneva. I sit down to close this letter, and to say that I quit Milan the day after to-morrow. My next letter will reach you from Paris. Adieu.

## LETTER XII.

Departure from Milan.—Journey across the Simplon.—Lake of Geneva.—Lyons.—Steamboat to Châlons.—Diligence to Paris.—History of the eventful Journey across Mont St. Gothard.

MILAN, 28TH SEPT.

I HAVE made a compact with a *veturino*, to take me and my maid to Geneva for ten napoleons, in six days. He is to provide us with sleeping-rooms, a dinner, and coffee in the morning. This is very reasonable; but we are not to have the carriage to ourselves: he is already engaged to take three English ladies, and I am to join the party. I sent M—— to their hotel to look at our companions; she brings back word that they are certainly ladies—three sisters they are; but, from their accent, she thinks them Irish. Three Irish ladies out on their travels without any attendant, seems odd; but I trust to my maid's tact as to their being, as she phrased it, really ladies. The whole day has been occupied in getting a passport. P—— had taken mine; and there is always a good deal of trouble in getting a fresh one *visé* in Austrian Italy.

The weather is beautiful: it seems, on looking back, that unwillingly as I had remained behind, yet thus I have secured for myself a pleasant journey in fine weather, while my friends encountered inclement skies, and perhaps disasters thereon attendant. It had been agreed that they were not to write, as I should probably leave Milan before a letter could arrive. I cannot, therefore, hear how it has fared with them in their passage across Mont St. Gothard till I reach Paris.

I have taken leave of the Cathedral. I have said adieu to the gardens and walks, which I have paced with a heavy heart the last fortnight. I do not think I should like to live at Milan. The Milanese nobility live much among themselves, keeping their palaces sacred from the Austrian; they do not entertain; and their chief assembly-room is the Opera-house—at least this is the account that strangers give. Probably, if the veil were lifted, and the truth known, we should find something very pleasant hidden behind.

ARONA, TUESDAY, 29TH SEPTEMBER.

I QUITTED Milan at five in the morning. The ladies I was to accompany had desired to spend a day at Como: they had gone the day before, and we were to join at Sesto Callende, at the southern

extremity of the Lago Maggiore. The drive thither had nothing greatly to recommend it: but Sesto itself is agreeably situated on the borders of the Ticino, just as it leaves the lake, with, to the north, the amphitheatre of the Alps we were about to cross. Here I met the companions of my journey. The first word they spoke discovered their country; they are Scotch, with as rich a Doric accent as the Lowlands can produce. I cannot well explain the reason, but the enigma vanishes on the discovery of their native land; for there is something in Scotchwomen more independent than in English and Irish; above all, one expects a better style of person on smaller outward means. They are three sisters, who have been seeing sights all over Italy, and are now returning home. The elder one has mingled something with the world; and besides being acquainted with good Edinburgh society, she has visited our poets of the Lakes. She is well informed, and with a full, unebbing flow of conversation, which, though much, is always sensible and anecdotic; and, when I am not overtired, I find it agreeable. I have no wish to describe or designate further ladies, who, though chance companions, have a right to enjoy the shelter of privacy, undragged into public by one, who has only to congratulate herself that she is for a few days thrown in their way.

Crossing the Ticino from Sesto, we left Austrian Lombardy for the territories of the King of Sardinia, and were, of course, detained a considerable time at the Dogana. The road lay along the margin of the Lago Maggiore. This lake differs considerably from that of Como: it is wider; higher mountains form its barriers, but they are much further off, and the immediate banks are less precipitous, more cultivated, and diversified with many villages and some considerable towns. The culture, vines and Indian corn, have arrived at maturity, and the fields are alive with labourers, gathering in the last harvest and busied with the vintage. These gay varied fields on one hand, the picturesque and placid lake on the other; the majestic Alps before, and blue sky to dress all in cheerful and summer hues, impart every delight which this journey can have, but one—I cannot help repining that the horses' heads are not turned the other way, and that I am not entering Italy instead of leaving it. We reached Arona, where we are to sleep, early in the glowing sunny evening, and have walked up a neighbouring height to see the bronze statue of San Carlo Borromeo. It is very striking, of gigantic stature, the attitude commanding and simple; standing as it does on a grassy plot of ground on a hill-side, with huge mountains all around, the beautiful lake at its



feet,—there is something in it that inspires awe. A colossal figure in a building cannot have the same effect; one is accustomed to it, one knows what it means, and no unexpected emotion is excited. But placed thus, amidst a sublime and majestic scene, the first impression is, not that it is one's petty self on a larger scale, but a being of a higher order and of grander proportions, better fitted than we pigmies are, to tread the huge round earth and scale the Alps. There is a church adjoining, containing the room where the saint died, and a waxen mask, taken after death; it looks ghastly, but the features are good: it was from this that the face of the statue was modelled.

30TH SEPT.

WE still wound along the margin of the lake, which opened wider, and its Alpine boundaries grew higher and nearer. At the usual spot we received the usual invitation from boatmen to visit the islands, which I accepted. My companions were tired out by sight-seeing, and declined. I do not minutely describe: these islands are well known. Islands in a lake have a peculiar charm; they are rare too. Three only exist on this lake: Isola Madre; Isola Bella, on which stands the mansion of the Borromeo family, with its terraced grounds; and

one other, covered by a town inhabited by fishermen. They are at some little distance from shore. An island all to one's self is ever flattering to the imagination. No one to intrude unknown; the whole rule of the demesne in one's sovereign hands; and to look from this natural throne amidst the clear waters on the populous shores and glorious mountains that surround the Lago Maggiore, affords a picture of dignified seclusion one covets to realise. Fault has been found with the artificial structure of the gardens of Isola Bella; but it must be remembered that its shape is so conical, that without the assistance of these terraces the soil would be washed into the lake. It is acknowledged that Italian taste in gardening is not our taste; but with the wild mountain paths so near, and scenery impending over on such a scale, that man's art vanishes among it, as the path of a boat on the sea, one the less objects to a little nook of ground—one's immediate habitation—being adorned with artificial embellishments. English culture and taste would, indeed, turn these islands into a wilderness of sweets. The palace itself could not be mended. Taken all in all, I should like to live here; here to enjoy the aspect of grand scenery, the pleasures of elegant seclusion, and the advantages of civilisation, joined to the independent delights of a solitude which we would

hope to people, were it ours, with a few chosen spirits.

Such reveries possessed me, as I fancied life spent here, and pictured English friends arriving down from the mighty Simplon, and Italians taking refuge in my halls from persecution and oppression—a little world of my own—a focus whence would emanate some light for the country around—a school for civilisation, a refuge for the unhappy, a support for merit in adversity: from such a gorgeous dream I was awakened when my foot touched shore, and I was transformed from the Queen of Isola Bella into a poor traveller, humbly pursuing her route in an unpretending *vettura*. Such, for the most part, has been my life. Dreams of joy and good, which have lent me wings to leave the poverty and desolation of reality. How without such dreams I could have past long sad years, I know not.

We stopped at a pleasant inn at Baveno. A party of English were staying there—sketching, and making excursions in the neighbourhood. They were enjoying themselves, apparently, very much. At Baveno begins the ascent of the Simplon. What it must be, I continually said to myself, to descend this road into Italy, and on the first entrance, to meet this glorious lake, with its luxuriant vegetation; its rich chesnut woods; its thoroughly Italian aspect, so

indescribably different from Switzerland! With a heavy heart I gazed, till a turn in the road shut out Lago Maggiore and Italy from my sight.

The weather was beautiful. As I have mentioned, two days before there had been rain and storm, the effects of which were very visible. Among them, at different inn-books, were dolorous complaints of travellers detained for days at wretched huts among the mountains. The road was broken up in many places—a circumstance we made light of, for it was no annoyance to alight, and cross the subsiding torrent on a plank. Had it rained, our difficulties had been great. And here we find one of the great evils of the division of Italy. The southern side of the Simplon belongs to the King of Sardinia, but its road leads at once into Lombardy. This sovereign, therefore, purposely neglects the most magnificent Alpine pass that exists, and devotes it as well as he can to ruin, that travellers may be induced to prefer Cenis. If there were no choice except between Cenis and the Simplon, there might be a selfish policy in this; but there are now so many passes, that no one desirous of visiting the north-east of Italy, need be forced to cross Cenis, even if the road of the Simplon were destroyed. However, so it is. A bridge had been carried away five years before. It is rebuilding, but very slowly; and the

river, when swollen by the melting of the snows or by rains, is a formidable obstacle; besides that, broken by floods and torrents, the Piedmontese portion of the road is in a very rough and inconvenient state. So much for what Pope calls—

“ The low ambition and the pride of kings ; ”

which here shows itself in destroying a work, which if pride, only less pernicious, achieved, yet is a monument of the best and most useful powers of man.

1ST OCTOBER.

WE slept at Duomo d'Ossola, at the Post, a very comfortable inn, and the next morning we commenced early the passage of the mountain. The carriage was light and comfortable; three sat inside and two in a sort of *coupée* outside, so we had plenty of room. Our *veturino* was of Turin; and if any one going to that city see a carriage with the name of Amadeo on it, and he is in search of a *veturino*, let him engage him at once—a more civil, obliging fellow I never met. He was engaged to provide us with rooms; and every evening he came to me to ask if I was content, or wished for another. We crossed the mountain with the speed of post; indeed, from Duomo d'Ossola to the village of the Simplon, he rode forward with his own horses to

spare them, and we had four posters; and afterwards two posters, in addition to his own, till the summit of the mountain was passed.

The weather was admirable; not a cloud. I walked a great deal of the way. I desired to enjoy to the full the sublime scenery of this grand pass: two circumstances occurred to prevent my seeing it in all its sublimity. One, that our horses' heads were not turned the other way; and I do not repeat this from the sentiment of the thing, but as the simple fact, that to have the best point of view of the mighty features of the scene, you must look towards Italy; and thus as I walked, I stopped continually and turned to catch those views which I had studied with such longing to really see them, in Brockedon's prints. But the scene was indeed different. He speaks of Alpine horrors; the cascade of icicles; the ice-bound torrent; the snow which, with fantastic shapes covered all, and spreading wide and desolate around, gave a wild and awful appearance to the bare rocks and mighty pines, speaking of storm and avalanche, of danger and death. The snow had fled. We caught glimpses of where it lay eternally on the far summits of the impassable Alps; but we had none. Still the scene in its summer appearance was sublime; abrupt precipices, majestic crags, and naked pinnacles, reared themselves on

each side of the ravine formed by the torrent, along which the road is constructed: waterfalls roared around; the pines spread abroad their vast weather-beaten arms, distorted by storms into strange shapes. The road also, now free from snow, gains rather than loses, as we can judge better of the torrents its bridges span, the living granite crags its grottoes perforate, the tumultuous cascades it almost seems to bridle and direct, as their living waters were led by various channels away from our path. There was no horror; but there was grandeur. There was a majestic simplicity that inspired awe; the naked bones of a gigantic world were here: the elemental substance of fair mother Earth, an abode for mighty spirits who need not the ministrations of food and shelter that keep man alive, but whose vast shapes could only find, in these giant crags, a home proportionate to their power. As we approached the village of Simplon, the features of the scene became softer; the summit of the mountain was spread into a grassy meadow, with a lake: villages and cottages peeped out; cattle were grazing; flowers decked the fields; afar off we saw the Alpine ranges towering above, clad in perpetual snow. This sight alone reminded us, that the almost rural scene we viewed, was removed far above the usual resorts of man; and, for at least eight months in the year, was

bound in frost and hidden by snow—the resort of tempests, where it becomes labour and pain to exist. We breakfasted at the Simplon. We found there an English traveller, who told us of the failure of Hammersley's bank: this was a bathos from sublimity which, yet to many, would have been pathetic; a great blow was given also to many English tourists, his notes being in wide circulation. Fortunately, neither I nor my companions were troubled by it. A few miles after leaving Simplon the descent began. I still walked, for the weather was fine, the air elastic, and I desired greatly to gaze my fill on the mighty and glorious shapes around, so that I could not endure remaining in the carriage. The descent is pretty steep: I believe the greatest difficulties for the construction of the road, presented themselves on the Swiss side. On the Italian, the road is cut for the greater part on the face of the precipices beside the Vedro, and follows the windings of the ravine; but northward, the mountain falls more abruptly. It was necessary to follow the sinuosities of its shape along its shoulder, as it were, and so to reach a neighbouring mountain, divided only by a torrent; this is crossed by a bridge, and then the road turns at an acute angle. I looked long, to study with untaught eyes, why this exact route had been chosen by the engineer; and could judge, by the large



circuit he took, of the immense difficulties of his task. This portion of the road belonging to the Swiss, is kept in admirable order, forming a striking contrast with its ruinous condition on the Italian side. We reached Brigg at sunset, and had the satisfaction of knowing that the post could not have taken us quicker; and, for my peculiar instruction, I found that had I left Milan when I intended, I might have joined my grumblings to those of many travellers, who recorded their impatient annoyance of being detained three or four days at the miserable village of Isella, or in a wretched hovel at Divedro, weather-bound by the storms that raged from the 20th to the 24th of September; while for me, all unworthy, the heavens were cloudless and serene.

## 3RD OCTOBER.

OUR road now lay along the valley of the Rhone, more picturesque far than the valley of the Rhine near Coire. Some of the finest waterfalls in Switzerland precipitate themselves from the cliffs of rock that border the road, or can be reached by a short walk. After the rains, we saw them in great perfection. As I looked on some of these, my imagination was hurried on to endow with life and will these elemental energies. It seemed Love—the love of burning youth, forcing through all obstacles,

and with hurry, and dash, and fury making its way; yet beauteous from its nature, sublime from its uncontrollable determination, and thus proceeding right onward to its object, in spite of every let and hindrance, till, having accomplished it, it steals away, almost hidden, almost still, gently murmuring its happiness.

My guide to one of these waterfalls was a deaf and dumb child. She was interesting from the intelligence as well as the beauty of her countenance, and a certain grace of gesture, whose vivacity and distinctness became as intelligible as words.

The valley we threaded is diversified by towns. At Martigny, there are many tablets let into the walls of the houses to say where the waters had reached during the memorable inundation, caused by the tremendous overflow of the Dranse, in 1818. In some parts, conical rocky hills rise in the midst of the valley, crowned by castles. The scenery wants the southern sunny glow which I prefer, but is grand and full of variety.

GENEVA, 4TH OCT.

On Friday night, we slept at Sion. The next day, at noon, we reached Saint Maurice, where I left my companions. I had a whim, instead of coasting along the side of the lake by Saint Gingoux, to go to Vevay, and make the voyage in the steamer. I was in the

wrong, I afterwards found ; for, being alone, I had no heart to walk about and see sights at Vevay, and the day for my voyage proved cloudy and cold, so that I could not gain sight of Mont Blanc, for the sake of which I had undertaken it. However, on this account, I bade adieu to my companions at Saint Maurice, and jumped into the *coupée* of a *diligence*, which took me to Vevay. And the next morning, bleak and cloudy, as I have said, I embarked on board the steamer.

I felt now that I had passed a boundary-line, and was in another country, meeting people with a totally different set of ideas and associations. The subject of the war with Mehemet Ali, and of the dissensions with France, was raging at its height ; and several persons thought me very rash to venture into that country. The fate of English travellers at the time of the peace of Amiens can never be forgotten. It was not a pleasant day for my voyage, as I have said. The far Alps were hid ; the wide lake looked drear. At length, I caught a glimpse of the scenes among which I had lived, when first I stepped out from childhood into life. There, on the shores of Bellerive, stood Diodati ; and our humble dwelling, Maison Chapuis, nestled close to the lake below. There were the terraces, the vineyards, the upward path threading them, the little port where our boat lay moored ; I could mark and recognise a thousand

slight peculiarities, familiar objects then—forgotten since—now replete with recollections and associations. Was I the same person who had lived there, the companion of the dead? For all were gone: even my young child, whom I had looked upon as the joy of future years, had died in infancy—not one hope, then in fair bud, had opened into maturity; storm, and blight, and death, had passed over, and destroyed all. While yet very young, I had reached the position of an aged person, driven back on memory for companionship with the beloved; and now I looked on the inanimate objects that had surrounded me, which survived, the same in aspect as then, to feel that all my life since was but an unreal phantasmagoria—the shades that gathered round that scene were the realities—the substance and truth of the soul's life, which I shall, I trust, hereafter rejoin.

Disappointed in my voyage, for it was dreary, I arrived at Geneva, and took refuge in the Hôtel de Bergues—the model and perfection of these Swiss hotels, where all is conducted on a system that no number of guests can disturb, and a certainty of expense, always convenient. I dined at the *table d'hôte*. The tables lined three sides of a large *salle-à-manger*, and were crowded by a happy flock of travellers, all turning their steps towards Italy. The talk was Hammersley's failure, the consequence

of which had been very disastrous to the poorer race of travellers. It was a fine evening; and I walked a little about the town, and took my place in the *diligence* for Lyons.

10TH OCT.

I LEFT Geneva in the *coupée* of the *diligence*, and found myself alone in it. Our fine weather returned, and the drive was pleasant; but still, from the height of Jura, Mont Blanc was veiled from my sight.

Here we fell into the hands of the French *douane*, a long and troublesome operation. One is always impatient of stoppages in travelling. At length we were allowed to proceed. The way, amidst the vast range of the Jura, was interesting. I remembered it as dreary; but summer dressed all in smiles and cheerfulness. We continued near the Rhone; and the aspect of the river lent life and variety to the scene. I enjoyed it in a melancholy grumbling way, losing myself, as I best might, in fantastic dreams and endless reveries. In some things, the travelling in the *coupée* of a *diligence* is not so bad. Your limbs are not confined and manacled as in an English stage-coach. I never travelled all night in the latter, and cannot imagine how it can be endured: it is bad enough for a few hours. The meals are the worst part of French public travelling—turned out all together

to feed at one table, loaded with badly-dressed French dishes, with difficulty persuading a servant to allow you to make yourself comfortable with cold water and a towel, being perpetually reminded in consequence you must go without your dinner.

By this time I became aware of a truth which had dawned on me before, that the French common people have lost much of that grace of manner which once distinguished them above all other people. More courteous than the Italians they could not be; but, while their manners were more artificial, they were more playful and winning. All this has changed. I did not remark the alteration so much with regard to myself, as in their mode of speaking to one another. The "*Madame*" and "*Monsieur*," with which stable-boys and old beggar-women used to address each other, with the deference of courtiers, has vanished. No trace is to be found of it in France. A shadow faintly exists among Parisian shopkeepers, when speaking to their customers; but only there is the traditional phraseology still used: the courteous accent, the soft manner, erst so charming, exists no longer. I speak of a thing known and acknowledged by the French themselves. They want to be powerful; they believe money must obtain power; they wish to imitate the English, whose influence they attribute to their money-making propensities: but now and then they go a step

beyond, and remind one of Mrs. Trollope's description of the Americans. Their phraseology, once so delicately, and even to us more straight-forward people, amusingly deferential (not to superiors only, but toward one another), is become blunt, and almost rude. The French allege several causes for this change, which they date from the revolution of 1830. Some say it arises from every citizen turning out as one of the National Guard in his turn, so that they all get a *ton de garnison*: others attribute it to their imitation of the English. Of course, in the times of the *ancien régime*, the courtly tone found an echo and reflection from the royal ante-chambers down to the very ends of the kingdom. This had faded by degrees, till the revolution of '30 gave it the *coup-de-grâce*. I grieved very much. Perhaps more than any people, as I see them now, the French require the restraint of good manners. They are desirous of pleasing, it is true; but their *amour propre* is so sensitive, and their tempers so quick, that they are easily betrayed into anger and vehemence. I am more sorry, on another score. The blessing which the world now needs is the steady progress of civilisation: freedom, by degrees, it will have, I believe. Meanwhile, as the fruits of liberty, we wish to perceive the tendency of the low to rise to the level of the high—not the high to be dragged down to the low. This, we are told by many, is the inevitable tendency

of equality of means and privileges. I will hope not : for on that hope is built every endeavour to banish ignorance, and hard labour and penury, from political society.

This is a long digression : but I have not much more to say. We arrived in Lyons at half-past three in the morning, and with difficulty got admitted into an hotel. The system of French hotels has no resemblance to that of the Swiss ; and you must conclude from this, that they do not emulate them in activity, order, and comfort. I was bound for Paris ; and proceeded by the steamer, up the Seine, to Chalons. On board these long, narrow, river steamers, I found the same defects—the air, most agreeable to a traveller, of neatness, and civility, was absent. There is, however, no real fault to be found, and I should not mention this were it not a change ; and I sincerely wish the French would return to what they once were, and give us all lessons of pleasing manners, instead of imitating and exaggerating our faults, and adding to them an impress all their own—a sort of fierceness when displeased, which is more startling than our sullenness. As I said, this has no reference to any act towards myself ; but the winning tone and manner that had pleased me of old no longer appeared, and it was in the phraseology used among each other that the change was most remarkable.



SATURDAY, 10TH.

THE worst bit of the journey is from Chalons to Paris. The road is much frequented. I was obliged to wait a day for places in the *diligence*, and then could only get bad ones, in the *intérieur*, with three little boys going to school in Paris from Marseilles, and a sort of tutor conveying them; for boys are never trusted, as with us, to go about alone; such a proceeding would be looked upon as flagrantly improper. Nothing can equal the care with which French youth are guarded from contact with the world; girls in our boarding-schools are less shut up. They rise early, work hard—(a boy once said to me, “We are always at work; but we do it very slow”)—little or no exercise, and poor fare. Such is the fate of the noblest French youths, as well as those of an inferior class, at the highest public schools.

It had been pleasant travelling under different circumstances, in a picturesque country, for the weather continued serene and warm; but the drear extent of this part of France is uninteresting; and besides, two days and two nights in a *diligence* was, if nothing else, extremely fatiguing. We came to an end at last—the dreary, comfortless moment of arriving in a metropolis by a public conveyance,

especially in Paris, where the luggage must be examined before it leaves the *diligence* office—this moment was also over, and in a short time I found myself comfortably lodged in Hotel Chatham—a quiet hotel—not more expensive, I fancy, than any other, and *Madame l'Hôte* herself is an agreeable person to deal with.

PARIS, 12TH OCT.

I SEND you the following graphic account of the perilous journey of my friends, after they parted from me at Milan, sent me by P——'s fellow-traveller. I had let them go without anticipation of evil, and felt not a pang of fear on their account, while lingering so disconsolately behind; so blind are we poor mortals to events near at hand, while we tremble at unseen ills! Imagine what the difficulties of the journey had been, if I, as we intended, had accompanied them. I *could not* have crossed the mountain as they did. Compare, I entreat you, my easy pleasant drive, with their perilous exposure to the elements.

“WE started from Milan at four o'clock, P.M., on the 20th of September—raining cats and dogs—alone inside the *diligence* as far as Como—recognised by the good folks *del' Angelo* (what a fuss

they made, landlord and all!), though we only stayed in the town five minutes, waiting for the mail letters. Went on to a little dirty pothouse, a post from Como, to supper, as they called it—all garlic (the cost, one franc and a half)—quite uneatable. About a quarter past ten arrived at Bissone, on the borders of the Lake of Lugano.

“At Como we picked up a very agreeable priest, who, observing on the continued rain for many days past, and pouring doubly down at the time, said that he feared we should not be able to get across the lake, as they had been unable to make the passage the day before for many hours.

“After waiting at Bissone for an hour, and after many misgivings as to the result of the quarrel going on outside between the Austrian mail-guard and the deputation of boatmen, we learned gladly, and yet with some alarm, that we were about to embark. The wind was howling, shrieking, roaring, and, more than all, it was blowing, pulling, tearing, and tugging. It had ceased to rain, and the clouds were driving, as if they were behind their time, and afraid of being overtaken by the fellow behind. We were ushered on to a raft, about twelve yards long and six broad, whereon the *diligence, horses and all*, were quietly standing. There were no sides to the raft, but a parapet of about a foot high, so that the

water rushed every now and then over our feet. When we got full into the wind, we expected to be upset every moment. The priest prayed, evidently sincerely, for he was quite calm and engrossed. P—— and I pulled and pushed alternately at the *diligence*, to moderate the alarming vibrations, which threatened to topple the whole thing over, assisted by the whole number of boatmen, incapacitated, by the breaking of their oars, for anything active in the propelling way, but oaths. (We had had double the usual number of men, at double the usual price per man.) I asked P—— what we had better do?—we were dreadfully hot with our exercise. He said, ‘Jump over and swim till the horses are drowned, and then swim back to the raft.’ This would have been the best plan if, as seemed inevitable, we had gone over. So we took off our coats and boots, and put them inside the *diligence*. But we *did* get safe over, though very far from the proper landing-place, and after a very unusually long passage.

“ We, after some delay, at about one o’clock, got under weigh for Lugano (by coach and horses). Lovely ride, by this far the loveliest of the lakes; quite fine, barring the clouds—full moon—the road lay close by the lake, but very high above it—no parapets. Arrived at Lugano about two. Shivered and smoked for an hour, and started again. Got to

Bellinzona about nine in the morning, and over a road much impaired by the rain as far as Giornico. Here the road became so bad, that the horses did little else than walk, the alternative being a standstill. At last, at Faido, a man opened the door, and, with a perfectly uninterested air, gave us *some*, we did not know what, information, and then joined a group of silent staring idlers like himself. We paid no attention for some time, till it struck us they were long in changing horses. We then learned that the road towards Airolo was utterly broken up and carried away; and if the rain ceased, and the torrents consented to shrink *au plus vite*, the road could not be restored in much less than a month. After long consultations—we were seven: an Italian of Genoa, in bright blue trousers; an Uri grazier, about seven feet high; P——, myself, two other passengers, and the mail-guard—the two nameless travellers and myself were for sleeping where we were, and off in the morning. The guard said he *must* be off if he could get a guide. There *was* found to be a track, avoiding the Dazio Grande, over the mountains; but only one guide could be found who had ever gone the road, and he only once, in the great floods of 1834.

“ Well, after dining, we started off. I was lame, but P—— promised he would stick by me; it still rained *boa-constrictors*, its constant practice of an

afternoon, forenoon, and early morning. We had about 30 guides, variously laden with our lighter *impediments*; the *obstacles* were escorted by a larger detachment, at a slower pace. The guides squabbled, and it was dark, with rain and clouds; it was about 3 o'clock. The guides divided; P—— was involved in a mist of guides, so that I could not discover him. They and he set off on the higher road. I waited till I was nearly left alone, and then followed the only guide who knew the route. I should have been lost, no doubt, but for that man, who came back for me once when I had been standing a quarter of an hour alone—scarcely able to keep my footing on the slanting sides of the mountain, and by my obstruction creating quite a shallow or rapid in the stream in which I stood. No road, nor track, nor print of a footstep to be seen, before or behind, and no one in sight for a quarter of an hour. The torrent 100 yards below, sheer below, roaring till I was deaf; and its foam rising higher than my position, nearly blinded me, together with the incessant rain. This was just over the worst part of the Dazio Grande; where the road, at least what was left of it, was 60 feet under the torrent in its present state. The Ticino had carried away about 150 yards of road here, and about 30 yards further on. The pass is called Dazio Grande, on account of the tolls exacted to pay the great expense occasioned by

the casualties to which its dangerous position subjects it. We saved the toll, at any rate. Well, *the* guide came back for me, and made holes for my feet, and rescued me; it was a *rescue*, and no mistake. The blue Italian here joined us, crying like a child. In another place we had to wait a quarter of an hour, to improvise a bridge over an extempore torrent, which, on this its first public appearance, was rolling rocks the size of a cow about like marbles. It carried its antidote, however, with it in the shape of a tottering pine, over which we crossed. The danger was probably not less than being principal in an ordinary duel; but to this we had become indifferent by this time; also perfectly indifferent (I at least) to the want of either shoes or stockings—the soles of each had utterly disappeared. Our pace during the greater part of this road (to which the tops of the houses in a London street would be a royal road) was a fast run.

“After about three hours we rejoined the road, and arrived at an inn, at Piota; here we waited, and then P—— and his twenty fellow-travellers rejoined us, with certainly an equally momentous account of their road; theirs was the *wrong* one, and they were really providentially saved. After two hours quick walking, re-inspired by a tumbler of *kirch-wasser* per man, we got to Airolo—a nice clean but cold inn, jolly English-loving fat landlord, and pretty

daughters. The next day up St. Gothard—very cold—the snow falling so fast, that, looking back, the tracks of the wheels and horses were filled up and imperceptible before we were out of sight of the place where they had been. This pass, though, perhaps, not equal to the Splugen, as a work of engineering (*je n'en sais rien*), is, I swear, infinitely more terrific in bad, and, I should think, more beautiful in fine weather.

“ At Hospital we dined, and got into a car alone, which drove for a league through a lake, somewhere in which was the road: we might have been *near* it. Through Andermatt, thence by a shocking, most perilous road—no parapets—over the Devil's Bridge before we were aware of it: it is very fine on looking back; but there is another by it, quite as grand in position, though something safer. Thence at last to Amstag; whence, indifferent at last to broken roads and torrents dashing across our path, half carrying the horse away into the Reuss, we got to Altorf and Fluelen; good inn. To our joy and surprise the honourable Austrians took all additional expenses on themselves, and our payment at Milan covered all. We here embarked on board the steamer on the lake of Lucerne, which you know as well as I. Excuse this incoherent scrawl, if you read it; and excuse the extreme personality of my narrative.”



**RAMBLES**  
**IN**  
**GERMANY AND ITALY.**

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**PART II.—1842-1843.**

**H 3**



## RAMBLES IN GERMANY AND ITALY.

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### LETTER I.

Steam Voyage to Amsterdam.—Rubens' Picture of the Descent from the Cross.—Various Misadventures.—Liege.—Cologne.—Coblentz.—Mayence.—Francfort.

FRANCFORT, JUNE, 1842.

I HAVE delayed writing hitherto—for this is our first *stazion*. I know not of what clay those persons are made who write on board steamers, or before going to bed, when they reach an inn, after a long day's journey. I rather disbelieve in such achievements. A date or reference may be put down; but during a voyage, I am at first too interested, and then too tired; and at night, on arriving, I confess, supper and the ceremonial of retiring to rest, are exertions almost too much for me: I cannot do more. And then we have travelled amidst a hurricane of misfortunes—money and other property disappearing under the malignant influence of the

Belgian railroad and some rogue at the Hotel at Liege. Our missing luggage has been restored, but we have found no remedy for the loss of our money. Sixteen pounds were seized upon at one fell swoop. Imagine such an accident happening when we were abroad, two years ago! At present, it is not pleasant; but it is not fatal, as it would then have been.

Our last week in England was most delightfully spent at the seat of a friend near Southampton, on the skirts of the New Forest. A little quiet sailing in a yacht; drives in a beautiful neighbourhood, strolling about the grounds; the rites of good old English hospitality—varied the day. Our host was all kindness, and added the crowning grace of being really sorry when we departed; his saddened countenance, as the engine whistled and we were whirled towards London, gave us the flattering assurance that we were regretted; and we sincerely returned the compliment.

We spent a day or two in London, taking leave of a few old friends; and on Sunday, 12th of June, we embarked on board the "Wilberforce," for Antwerp. I hate and dread the sea; having suffered—oh, what suffering it is!—how absorbing!—how degrading!—how without remedy! And then to wish for *terra firma*—only so much as the feet will stand upon:

thus no longer to be the abject victim of the anti-pathetic element—a speck of rock, one-foot-by-one, would not that suffice to stand upon, and be *still*? I speak of times past. The mighty Power had, when trusting to its awful mutability, shewn itself merciful as great, as I crossed and re-crossed from and to Dover, in 1840. But this was a longer voyage; and as we steamed down the river, the wind was directly adverse, and felt strong. The sea looked dreary; and the evening set in gray, cold, and unpleasant. I was the last passenger that kept on deck. About ten o'clock, the increasing spray drove me down. However, I escaped the doleful extremity of seasickness, and slept till morning, when the slow waters of the Scheldt received us. The sun was bright; but nothing can adorn with beauty the low, nearly invisible banks of an almost Dutch river; and there was no busy craft to enliven the scene. It is strange to think how a scene, in itself uninteresting, becomes agreeable to look at in a picture, from the truth with which it is depicted, and a perfection of colouring which at once contrasts and harmonises the hues of sky and water.

Though it may be done a thousand times, still English people must always experience a strange sensation when they disembark on a foreign strand, and find every familiar object startlingly changed:

but, if strange, it is very pleasing. I have a passionate love of travelling. Add to this, I suffer in my health, and can no longer apply to my ordinary employments. Travelling is occupation as well as amusement, and I firmly believe that renewed health will be the result of frequent change of place.

Besides, what can be so delightful as the perpetual novelty—the exhaustless current of new ideas suggested by travelling? We read, to gather thought and knowledge; travelling is a book of the Creator's own writing, and imparts sublimer wisdom than the printed words of man. Were I exiled perforce, I might repine, for the heart naturally yearns for *home*. But to adorn that home with recollections; to fly abroad from the hive, like the bee, and return laden with the sweets of travel—scenes, which haunt the eye—wild adventures, that enliven the imagination—knowledge, to enlighten and free the mind from clinging, deadening prejudices—a wider circle of sympathy with our fellow-creatures;—these are the uses of travel, for which I am convinced every one is the better and the happier.

JUNE 13TH.

WE landed on the quay at Antwerp, and walked to the hotel—a long walk, under a hot sun. After refreshing ourselves by a *toilette*, we hastened to the

Cathedral—for we had no time to spare—to view the Descent from the Cross, the *chef d'œuvre* of Rubens. Several people were being admitted as we arrived; but, with a rudeness of gesture and tone that far surpassed Westminster, the door was pushed to, and held jealously ajar, till we had paid a few *sous*, the price of entrance. The interior is spacious and lofty, and remarkable for its simplicity and its being totally unencumbered by screens of wood or stone. The Descent from the Cross is a very fine picture. You may remember that Sir Joshua Reynolds, in his Lectures, mentions the boldness of the artist in enveloping the dead body with a white cloth. A painter, less sure of his powers, would have relieved the livid hues of death by a dark background: the white sheet, under the pencil of Rubens, contrasts yet more fearfully with the livid tints of the corpse.

This is all we saw of Antwerp—this half-hour spent in the lofty nave and the dim aisles of the Cathedral. Do not despise us! Some day, I mean to make a tour of Belgium, the Netherlands, and Holland. But we found it quite impossible to combine sight-seeing at the commencement of our journey with our intention of proceeding as far as Italy. You know what it is that enables the tourist to loiter on his way; and you know how slenderly

we are provided with the same. I have read, somewhere, the remark of a French lady, expressive of her astonishment at the English mania for travelling. She understood, she said, rich people, with comfortable carriages, amusing themselves thus; but how women, who can command the comforts of an ordinary English house, could leave the same, and by *diligence* and *voiturier*, harassed and fatigued, should find pleasure in exposing themselves to a thousand annoyances and privations, surprised her beyond measure. I have travelled in both ways. To undertake the last, requires a good deal of energy and an indefatigable love of seeing yet more and more of the surface of this fair globe, which, like all other passions or inclinations, must spring naturally from the heart, and cannot be understood except by those who share it. After having been confined many a long year in our island, I broke from my chains in 1840, and encountered very rough travelling. I did not find it more fatiguing than the more luxurious species, and enjoyed as much as I had ever done its pleasures. Now I have set out again, my choice being between staying at home and travelling as I could. I preferred, very far, the latter: I should prefer it to-morrow. Still, I do not deny that I did repine much, on various occasions, that I could not



linger longer on my way, and visit a thousand places left unvisited. I hope to go to them another time. What I did see is all gain; and I ought rather to rejoice in the spirit of enterprise that enabled me to see so much, than to grumble at the smallness of the means that forced me to see so little.

We returned to dine at the *table d'hôte*, and were then hurried into the omnibus, waiting to take us to the railway. I have always avoided this mode of reaching the terminus in England, as too full of confusion; and I cannot tell why I changed my notion on the subject here abroad. I repented heartily afterwards, and renewed my resolve always to reach the station in a private conveyance. Just as we left the hotel, our three passports were put into our hands, one a-piece: in the hurry I dropped mine—the first loss of a day, rendered memorable by many. On our arrival, everybody in the various omnibuses that arrived at the same time, at once went mad from hurry and confusion. Loss the second occurred here. M—— forgot her hand-basket, containing a lady's-maid's treasures for a journey: many things of English birth were gone irreparably. A noisy crowd surrounded one window of the station at the terminus, eager for tickets, as if the train would set off without them. Before

another door was piled all the luggage brought by all the omnibuses. It was only admitted piecemeal; and the selection of the articles belonging to each traveller was a scene of indescribable confusion. We none of us understood German—confession of shame! I had taken lessons in the winter; but my health prevented my making any progress. French was of little avail. We had divided our forces, to master the difficulties we encountered. K—— went for the tickets; P—— with the luggage, and I remained to wonder and expect. After a time, the noise ceased, the crowd disappeared, a bell rung, I had got my ticket, and, the gates being open, I walked into the yard. I found the carriages nearly full, and ready to start—it seemed very odd. My companions had left me, and had gone to look after the luggage. I saw nobody, so I took my seat in a carriage, and in a few seconds, we started.

The carriages are inconvenient, bearing no similitude, indeed, to carriages, but are small rooms or cells, boxed off into eight seats, and placed on a sort of platform. One merit they possessed—we were not locked in; there was no door, and the egress from the front was easy to the platform, and that was scarcely raised from the ground. The carriages were very full, the heat excessive; and several unruly children did not add to our comfort. At

Malines (I think it was), we were to be transferred to another train: the one in which we commenced our journey going on to Brussels. Changing carriages is always a tiresome operation. I alighted in the middle of a large square, and was glad to find my companions safely assembled. Our luggage was turned out here; and, as we waited some time before we were taken up again, we amused ourselves with examining our property. With dismay, we discovered that two cloaks and a carpet-bag were missing. Certainly, for travellers somewhat experienced, our conduct appeared disgraceful. P——, who had passed the luggage, had witnessed that all was weighed; but he had not been allowed to remain in the weighing-room to see the things off, and his want of German had rendered the task difficult.

On our arrival at Liege, another scene of confusion at the unloading ensued. It must be said, however, that their method was good, and the noise arose from the numbers of travellers, and their exceeding vociferations. On weighing the luggage, they paste a piece of paper on each article, inscribed with a number—the same number for all the goods belonging to one name; and to this is added the number of articles. Thus all our things were marked “21,” and we had a paper given us that gave us a claim

to nine articles marked "21." The men, as they unload, cry out the number pasted on the articles ; and the passengers, with their papers in their hands, claim their own. Seven only, however, appeared for us ; the cloaks and the carpet-bag were missing. Waiting, in hopes that these might at last be forthcoming, detained us among the last. The omnibuses were nearly full ; no carriages, nor post-horses for the carriages on the train, nor any other means of getting to Liege, were to be found. We got places, and we heard afterwards, that the confusion in some of the omnibuses had arisen to a scuffle. This we escaped.

Murray's Hand-book was our guide : usually an admirable one. Among other useful information, none is more satisfactory to the traveller than to know the best hotel in a town. Murray directed us to the Aigle Noire, which we found large, clean, and pleasant.

JUNE 14TH.

MORNING brought with it the discovery of another loss :—" *Encore un objet de perdu !*"—and this *objet* was more serious and irreparable than our former. We had changed what English bank notes we had at Antwerp, for German gold. My companions counted the contents of their purses

—£8 in each. It so happened that they could not get lodged separately, and they occupied a double-bedded room. After counting their money, they left their purses on a large table in the middle of the room: they did not lock their door. In the morning, the door was ajar, and the purses gone. Fortunately, they had placed their watches nearer to them. Perhaps it was the boots of the hotel, who, coming in for their clothes, was tempted by the sight of their glittering purses so easily to be taken. However it may be, they were gone. The master of the hotel behaved excessively ill; talked of sending for the *Maire*, to *constater* our loss, but professed his disbelief in our story; travellers, he declared, never leave their purses on a table, and always lock their door. We did nothing. We should probably have been tempted to do something; but we had to record our missing articles, and to arrange for their being sent after us. I, too, had dropped my passport. “*Mais, Madame, vous êtes vraiment en malheur,*” said the daughter of the hotel-keeper, who was as civil as her father was rude. We were; so we could only say—or rather, I said—in the Greek fashion: “Welcome this evil, so that it be the only one!” I said it from my heart; for, alas! I ever live with a dark shadow hovering near me. One whose life has been stained by tragedy can never regain a healthy

tone of mind—if it be healthy—that is consonant to the laws of human life, not to fear for those we love. I am haunted by terror. It stalks beside me by day, and whispers to me, in dreams, at night. But this is being very tragical, *apropos* of our stolen money.

We hired a carriage to take us to Aix-la-Chapelle. It was a pleasant drive: the country is varied into hill and dale, and is very pretty. About five in the evening we arrived at the railway station, without entering the town of Aix-la-Chapelle, which looked agreeably placed in a valley encircled by hills. The works for the railroad are in full progress, and the mounds are on a vast scale. They spoil rather the beauty of a landscape; yet a railroad gives such promise of change and novelty to the traveller—transporting us at once from the known to the unknown—that, in spite of all that can be said against them, I delight to see or hear of them.

Everything connected with travelling in Prussia is in the hands of Government, and admirably managed. The carriages on this railroad were of the usual construction, and very comfortable. We could not see much of the country as we were whisked through it: the little we could glance at appeared to deserve visiting at leisure. In a very short time we arrived at Cologne, and drove at once to an hotel, near the

river. We arrived too late—we departed too early—to see anything of Cologne. Do not despise us: I intend to go there again.

JUNE 15TH.

DURING my last journey, I had not seen the portion of the Rhine between Cologne and Coblentz, and one of my companions had never visited these scenes. We gazed, therefore, with eager curiosity, as at each succeeding mile the river became more majestic, its shores more picturesque; and every hour of the day brought its store of delight to the eye. One or two chance acquaintance on board the steamer were agreeable; and a few incidents of travel, such as are familiar to wanderers, and form the history of their days, amused us. The man who acted as steward on the steamer, a thin, pale, short, insignificant-looking fellow, had taken his bill to him of our party whom, I suppose, long experience in such matters had led him to divine was the most *insouciant*. The bill was paid without a remark, and then brought to me. I was startled at its amount, and examined it. First I cast it up, and found an overcharge in the addition. This was pointed out to the man. He acknowledged it very *debonairely*. “*Ah, oui, je le vois, c’est juste;*” and he refunded. Still the bill was large; and I showed

it to a lady on board, who had paid hers, and had mentioned the moderation of the charges. I found that the man had charged us each half a florin too much for dinner. Again the bill was taken to him. This time he was longer in being convinced; but when our authority was mentioned, with a look of sudden enlightenment, he exclaimed:—" *Madame, vous avez parfaitement raison,*" and refunded. But this was not all: my maid came to me, to say she hoped I had not paid for her, as she had paid for herself. True enough, she was charged for in our bill. We were almost ashamed to apply again; but a sense of public justice prevailed, and again we asked for our money back. In this instance, the man yielded at once. Clapping his forehead, he exclaimed:—" *Mon Dieu! que je suis bête!*" and repaid us. In the evening of this day, as K—— was gazing on the splendour of the setting sun, the false steward stood beside him, sharing the rapture, and exclaimed:—" *N'est ce pas, Monsieur, que c'est magnifique!*"

We passed the junction of the Moselle with the Rhine, and under the rock of Ehrenbreitstein; and, landing, proceeded to the Hotel of Bellevue, where we had lodged for a night, very comfortably, two years before.

You know the fair town of Coblentz—its wide, white, clean, rather dull-looking streets: you know



the monument erected by French vanity at the time of Napoleon's invasion of Russia, to commemorate with pompous vauntings an expedition that caused his downfall. Even before the carving of the empty boast had been overspread by a little dust, the Commandant of the Russian army, pursuing the flying invader, had the power, but disdained to erase it; adding only in the style of the Emperor's passports — "*Vu et approuvé par nous, Commandant Russe, de la ville de Coblenze, Janvier 1<sup>er</sup>, 1814.*" You know the lofty rock and impregnable fortress of Ehrenbreitstein, which rises majestically on the opposite bank of the river, and looks proudly down on old Father Rhine and its picturesque assemblage of guardian hills.

JUNE 16TH.

WE left Coblenz at eight in the morning, and embarked in a larger and more convenient boat. We left here our accidental acquaintance who had made the voyage in the "Wilberforce" with us, and kept on the same way ever since—they were bound for Wiesbaden, and meant to linger awhile on the banks of the Rhine. By some chance few travellers, seemed to be making the voyage just now. The only English were a family, who had frequently been this route, and so despised it that the lady

remained in a close carriage on deck, with the blinds drawn down, all day.

I believe I am nearly the first English person, who many years ago made a wild, venturous voyage, since called *hacknied*;—when in an open flat-bottomed sort of barge we were borne down the rapid stream, sleeping at night under the starry canopy, the boat tethered to a willow on the banks; and when we changed for a more commodious bark, how rude it was, and how ill-conducted, as it drifted, frequently turning round and round, and was carried down by the sheer force of the stream; and what uncouth animals were with us, forming a fearful contrast between their drunken brutalities and the scene of enchantment around. Two years ago I renewed my acquaintance with the Rhine, and emerging on it from the Moselle, it gained in dignity by contrast with the banks of a river only less beautiful. Then the diorama, as it were, of tower-crowned crag and vine-clad hills—of ruined castle, fallen abbey, and time-honoured battlements, sufficed to enchain the attention and satisfy the imagination; and now—was I really *blasée*, and did my fancy no longer warm as I looked around? No; but I wanted more: I had seen enough of the Rhine, as a *picture*, all that the steam-voyager sees;—I desired to penetrate the

ravines, to scale the heights, to linger among the ruins, to hear still more of its legends, and visit every romantic spot. I shall be very glad some summer of my future life to familiarise myself with the treasure of delight easily gathered by a wanderer on these banks; but as it is—on, on, the Castle of Stolzenfels, restored by the present King of Prussia when Crown Prince, is passed,—but I will not make a list of names, to be found in a guide-book: on we went rapidly, now catching sight of, passing, and losing in distance the “castled crags,”—the romantic hills of the glorious Rhine.

I looked with pleasure also on the lower uplands, with their vineyards. Surely, the inhabitants of this region worship the sun. On one side, that of shadow, forest-trees clothe the ravines, and pine woods crown the mountains—a beautiful but poor growth. On the other, the open, sun-visited banks are rich in vines, whose vintage is almost the best in the world. What a store of merry hours clusters together with the grapes on those old snake-like roots; and how much glittering coin is pressed out from those clusters of fruit into the pockets of their owners. We had a specimen of the first part of its power; some young Germans on board got gloriously tipsy, and called for another,

and yet another bottle—becoming with every glass more affectionate and happy.

On this occasion we arrived at Mayence in time to proceed to Francfort the same evening; more than in time; when we reached the station we found the train would not start for three hours. My companions passed the interval in viewing the Cathedral and other sights at Mayence. Most unfortunately, I was so indisposed as to be obliged to remain at the waiting-room of the station. O Life! O Time!—how dear and valuable are ye in the aggregate; how still more dear and valuable are certain gem-like portions that at intervals fall to our lot—treasures in themselves, dearly prized and hoarded; but how contemptible seems a shred torn off and unusable; such as these three hours spent on a horse-hair incommodious chair, in the bare dull waiting-room, incapable from illness of putting to use the avenues to perception; and uneasy and wearied, in no humour to exercise the jaded powers of the soul. Such three hours slowly dragged themselves along; at last we took our places, and were whirled to Francfort.

We have betaken ourselves as before to the Hotel de Russie. We have better rooms, for then the hotel was full, and now it is empty; it was

about the same season of the year; but there appears a capricious reflux in the tide of travellers, and we have encountered few. You know the peculiar physiognomy of these German hotels; more comfortable than perhaps any others in the world; characterised by order, comfort, and civility; also at this one in particular, by an excellent table; the cook is renowned; people come to the *table d'hôte*, for the sake of the dinner; the price whereof is a thaler, or three shillings.

Good-night. I will tell you more to-morrow of our plans and future proceedings. I cannot now, for I have not the slightest idea at present what they will be.

18TH JUNE.

MADAME DE SEVIGNÉ sagely remarks, that “nothing seems to impede the exercise of our free will so much as not having a paramount motive to urge us one way or the other.” Here lies, in a great measure, our difficulty: we intend spending this next winter at Florence, but we have no fixed idea as to how to pass the summer. I incline to some German Bath, as I think it would benefit my health. I should like the Tyrol—any part of the world where the scenery is beautiful; but then I want a few months of peace, and not to be near a lake, so to

live in one ecstasy of fear. We find it very difficult to decide, and have determined meanwhile to visit Kissingen. I have heard that it is a pleasant place, very prettily situated. I have an idea that the waters will benefit me; at least it is something new: we penetrate at once into Germany. It is true, we do not understand German; but where better learn a language than in its native country?

“What’s in a name!”—You know the quotation: it applies to things known; to things unknown, a name is often everything: on me it has a powerful effect; and many hours of extreme pleasure have derived their zest simply from a name; and now a name is drawing me on—Germany—vast, unseen Germany! whence has poured forth nearly the whole population of the present civilised world,—a world not gifted, like the ancient, with a subtle organisation which enabled them to create the beauty, which we do little more than admire—nor endowed with that instinctive grace that moulded even every stone which the Greeks touched into imperishable types of loveliness—nor with that vivacious imagination that peopled the unseen universe with an endless variety of beautiful creations,—but the parent of a race in which women are respected—a race that loves justice and truth—whose powers of thought are, if slow, yet profound, and, in their way, creative. Tacitus’s

Germany—a land of forests and heroes. Luther's Germany, in which sprung up the Reformation, giving freedom to the souls of men. The land of Schiller and Goëthe. Do you remember La Motte Fouquè's Magic Ring—and the old Baron, sitting in his ancestral hall, where banners waved and armour clashed, and the wild winds whispered prophecies, and Power brooded ready to fly abroad and possess the world? Such a mysterious shape is Germany to me. And this, too, is the stage on which Napoleon's imperial drama drew to a close. What oceans of human blood have drenched the soil of Germany even since my birth. Since I love the mysterious, the unknown, the wild, the renowned, you will not wonder that I feel drawn on step by step into the heart of Germany. It will doubtless continue a mysterious and unknown region, since we cannot speak its language; but its cities and its villages will no longer be dim shadows merely; substance and reality will replace misty imaginings; my rambles will be something novel; of the people whom I cannot understand, I shall have so little to say. A mighty outline is all I can present, if, indeed, I do penetrate at all into its recesses. But our plans are so vague, that really, till something is done, I scarcely can conjecture what we may do.

There is nothing very amusing at Francfort for

a passing visitor. This time, however, we did see Dannecker's Ariadne. It is among the best modern statues representing a woman. She is sitting on, and being carried along by, a panther. Her attitude is of repose, of enjoyment: there is something harsh in the face, which I do not like; but there is softness and roundness in the limbs; nothing angular; nor anything narrow or pared away like Canova's female figures. This statue is one in the collection of Mr. Bethman; being the gem of his Gallery, it has a room to itself, and by shutting shutters and drawing down a crimson blind, the statue is seen clad in roseate light, beaming amidst darkness. Such arts for showing off marbles have been termed meretricious; but the finest statues of the Romans were found in chambers where the light of day never entered, and were therefore illuminated artificially.

Goëthe was born at Francfort, and we saw the outside of the house with the three prophetic lyres over the door.

My companions have just returned from the opera; they say that "they found a good orchestra, and singers with very tolerable voices, but mortally ugly, and their action totally devoid of grace; so that it would be much better if they did not ape it, as their abortive attempts make the deficiency more glaring."



So it was, you may remember, with the company we had in London, with the exception of Staudigl, whose voice and style is full of elegance as well as power. In spite of the enchantment of the *Zauberflöte*, how happy and at home I felt at the Italian Opera, after several visits to that of their rivals in the art.

We have engaged a *voiturier* to take us to Kissingen in two days, a distance of about eighty miles. With a thrill of pleasure I feel I am going to scenes entirely new. I am not sure that I am rich enough for such an enterprise: yet I suspect much of the half eager, half timid feeling that urges me on, arises from our being comparatively poor,—all is so easy and same to the wealthy. As it is, there is the dangerous attraction of forbidden fruit in our wanderings.—Adieu.

## LETTER II.

Journey to Kissingen.—Taking Lodgings.—The Public Gardens.

KISSINGEN, JUNE 21ST.

THE country immediately round Francfort is flat and uninteresting; but as soon as we entered Bavaria, we came upon very agreeable scenery. The valley of the Main, which we thridded during our first day's journey, is quite beautiful. Magnificent forests of oak and beech cover the hills; and the little rural plain at their foot, bordering the river, is rich in pasture and ripe grain. There is a steamboat from Francfort to Wurzburg, of which I am half sorry we did not avail ourselves; for I like following the course of a river as it meanders through a country. But Wurzburg is at some distance from Kissingen, and the intervening country by no means so pretty as that we have just traversed. For several miles our route ran close to the river; then, quitting the low valley, we wound along the ridges of the hills, entering the forests, which gathered round us with their

pleasant shade. We slept at Lohr. This town is delightfully situated on the Main; the inn, good; the only drawback was, that they had no bread—an extraordinary circumstance, it appeared to me, in Germany, as I have always enjoyed and vaunted its peculiar blessing of excellent bread, even when all else was repulsive. There was some very black bread I could not touch, and some sort of cakes, stale, and even mouldy. We showed them complainingly to our dirty-handed waiter, who caught them up. "These not good," he cried, turning them about and tossing them from one hand to the other—from bad to worse—"they were new yesterday—they are excellent." This manipulation succeeded in rendering them absolutely uneatable. We did not like even to look at them.

Our next day's journey was hilly, as we crossed a height and passed from the valley of the Main to the valley of the Saale. The hills are lower, but the country bears the same characteristics—a clear stream, bordered by a grassy plain—wooded hills, forming amphitheatres, closing around. The villages are miserable enough.

With eager eyes we caught a view of Kissingen, as we descended the hill from Hammelburg. It looked a small village interspersed with a few large houses on the banks of the Saale. The river meanders

through green meadows from east to west, and wooded hills close in the vale. It was a scene of great tranquillity, without any striking beauties; verdant, peaceful, and secluded.

We alighted at the hotel of the Kurhaus, a spacious and good inn. They were expecting the Queen of Wurtemberg and her suite in a few days, but were tolerably empty; and we easily procured rooms. Our next care was to look for a lodging. My companions went on this task, I was so very tired. There is a *Commissaire des Voyageurs* appointed by Government, to whom strangers can apply, who keeps lists of lodgings and mediates with regard to the price. He pretended to speak French and English; but, as Dangle says in "The Critic," "Egad, I think the interpreter is the hardest to be understood of the two!" He said he should spend the winter in England, and really learn English for the next season. He seemed straightforward in his dealings, and went with my friends to various houses. They selected one across the bridge, out of the town. I went to look at it. The terms were tolerably moderate. The rooms had a southern aspect; they were large; and the floors, of white new deal, only wanted a little scouring; in short, though of course somewhat bare of furniture, the lodging, in this summer season, looked cheerful,

and even pleasant. We agreed for it and instantly took possession.

I despair of describing the scene of our entrance. Madame Fries, the landlady, was an invalid, and did not appear. Herr Fries, a tall, fair German, is an *employé* in the police, and was absent. No one spoke a word of anything but German in the house. We were at our wit's end. Dictionary in hand, we tried to impart our wants; there was an ugly good-humoured looking maid, and a rather pretty girl to wait on us, in addition to an uncouth sort of lad. These people gathered round us very earnest to please; but how were we to be pleased? We wanted the floors washed, for they looked unhealthy. We wanted our beds arranged in our own way (German beds are so strangely uncomfortable from the queer odds and ends of mattresses with which they are garnished); and above all, we wanted something besides a pie-dish and water-bottle for our washing apparatus. The way to secure this was to insist on a *fuss-bad* in each room; so small tubs were at last provided. Then we wished for tea: by dint of gesture and dictionary we tried to make ourselves understood. The women stood by laughing; the lad looked all eagerness to catch our meaning. At length he gave an exulting hop, snapt his fingers and rushed out,

and brought back a tea-pot. Happy apparition! but it was more difficult to procure boiling water.

After about two hours order was established, and hopes of cleanliness for the morrow brightened round us. We sat down to tea, when lo! Herr Fries entered with another German, whom he introduced as a German Master. We did not like his appearance, and his attempts at English less, so we declined engaging him. This, however, was not the real object of Herr Fries's visit. It was to inform us, by means of his interpreter, for he himself spoke German only, that we had taken his rooms for four months. This startled us; as our bargain was really for four weeks. Our compact, however, had been made by the Commissaire, and we referred to him. Reluctantly, and still arguing the point, Herr Fries at last withdrew.

I shall see a physician to-morrow and begin the waters; the place is rather empty as yet. We walked in the public gardens, in which the medicinal springs flow. Crossing the bridge we entered the gardens at one extremity; they are oblong, occupying about a couple of acres, of course gravelled, or rather shingled, and planted with avenues of trees. To the left they are bordered by the high-road, on the other side of which are all the large hotels. On the right is the *Con-*

*versation Haus*, consisting of a very large and well-built assembly-room with various appendages. At the other end are the springs; they are in a sort of paved court, about twenty feet below the soil; a low iron railing runs round the court; and they are covered with a light open-worked wire canopy. Two springs are here—the Pandur and Ragozzi: there is another, the Max Brunnen, resembling Seidlitz water, but without iron, which is in another part of the garden. A band plays under the trees from six till eight in the morning, and from six till eight in the evening; at which hour the visitors walk and drink the waters.

## LETTER III.

Kissingen.—The *Cur*.—The Table d'Hôte.—The Walks.—German Master.—Bathing.

KISSINGEN, JULY 4.

I AM in the midst of my *cur*, and we are all in the midst of a general cure of a regiment of sick people. It is odd enough to seek amusement by being surrounded by the rheumatic, the gouty, the afflicted of all sorts. I do not think I shall be tempted to a German bath again, unless I am seriously ill.

Kissingen, until lately, was not much visited, even by the Germans, and was quite unknown to the English. The Bubbles of the Brunnens brought the baths of Nassau into fashion with us. Doctor Granville's book extended our acquaintance with the spas of Germany; and, in particular, gave reputation to those situated in Bavaria. Kissingen has thus rapidly acquired notoriety; and soon the English, who are flocking hither, will effect a change in the homely habits we have found. A throng of our



country people soon effects a revolution, increasing both comforts and prices in a very high degree.

All the Germans get up at four, and parade the gardens to drink the waters till nearly eight; I contrive to get there soon after five. These waters are not mere salts, like Carlsbad, nor mere iron, but a very diluted mixture of both. I believe them to be very conducive to the restoration of health; but they must only be taken under a physician's superintendence, as it is dangerous to play with them. The morning walk I find pleasant: I leave the gardens after each glass, and stroll beyond into the meadows bordering the Saale, away from the garish spectacle of the smart toilettes, and the saddening sight of the sick. I return to breakfast at eight, if that may be called breakfast, which is not one. So many things are supposed to disagree with the waters, that not only everything substantial, but also butter, fruit, tea, coffee, and milk are prohibited. We dine at one at the *table d'hôte* of the Kurhaus; the ceremony is, to the last degree, unsatisfactory and disgusting. The King of Bavaria is so afraid that his medicinal waters may fall into disrepute if the drinkers should eat what disagrees with them, that we only eat what he, in conjunction with a triumvirate of doctors, is pleased to allow us. Every now and then a new article is struck out from our bill of fare, notice

being sent from this council, which is stuck up for our benefit at the door of the *salle-à-manger*, to the effect that, whoever in Kissingen should serve at any table pork, veal, salad, fruit, &c. &c. &c., should be fined so many florins. Our pleasures of the palate are thus circumscribed, not to say annihilated; for the food they give us is so uninviting, that we only take enough barely to sustain life: for, strangely enough, though butter is prohibited, their dishes overflow with grease. Oh! the disgust of sitting down with two hundred people in one hall, served slowly with uneatable food: each day we resolve to try to get a dinner at home; but there is a little knot of English about us, and we agree to endure together; but it is sad.

Our evening walks are pleasant. We desert the public gardens, as you may believe: sometimes we walk in the meadows bordering the Saale to the Soolen Sprudel, where the salt works are established, and where there is a spring of water strongly impregnated with gas, which boils up furiously at intervals. People have gas baths here—they ought to be carefully conducted; for though I believe efficacious cures, they sometimes kill. A Russian nobleman since our arrival, died under the operation of bathing in one.

Sometimes we cross the valley, and ascend the

hills to the ruined castle of Bodenlauben, which commands a view of this rural vale; but our favourite walk is in the wood that clothes the hill on our side of the valley. They have the practice in Germany, in the neighbourhood of Baths, of laying out innumerable paths all through the woods, and across the hills, for the convenience of the visitors—long walks entering into the course of treatment. The woods, oak and elm, varied by magnificent silver birch, with their graceful tresses, are very fine. We find here a few fire-flies: like unfortunate Italian exiles, they gleam with subdued brightness in an ungenial clime, and one wonders how they can endure so northern a temperature.

We have tried to get a German master. Our first attempt was infelicitous, being an “unwashed” metaphysician, who fairly beat our faculties of enduring disagreeable odours. We have now another, who assures us that he is first-rate; and that it is much better to learn German of the rough Bœotian (Bavarian) sort, than the effeminate softness of Saxony and Hanover. I am afraid I shall not make much progress. We *malades* are forbidden to exert our intellects; and, to make this prohibition more stringent, the gas one imbibes with the water produces a weakness in the eyes, which has rendered this letter the work of many days.

The progress of the *cur*, or treatment, indeed, is not pleasant; I find the waters have a very agitating effect on the nerves. I drink the Ragozzi, which contains more iron than the Pandur. It is not disagreeable; that is, the first glass seemed so; but after that one forgot that it had any taste, and the effervescence of the gas makes it rather agreeable. Those to whom iron is hurtful put the glass in warm water, when the gas quickly flies off. We bathe in the water of the Pandur, brought boiling in casks to the house; the baths are mere wooden coffins, and on first entering them their shape rather shocks the feelings. The water made hot has the colour of iron rust, and is opaque. The bathing-rooms in our house are badly managed and very dirty; but it is soothing to sit for an hour in hot water, which does not, like a common warm bath, weaken afterwards.

I trust to receive benefit in the end; but it is rather an infliction upon my companions to be dieted by the King of Bavaria, and to live, as they say, surrounded by *lepers*. We are still undecided as to our ulterior movements.

## LETTER IV.

Medical Treatment.—Amusements.—German Master.—Broklet.—  
Preparations for Departure.

KISSINGEN, 10TH JULY.

As I was sitting at breakfast this morning I had a visit from my physician. He looked with consternation on the table. "Butter!" he exclaimed; "strawberries! tea! milk!" There was a crescendo of horror in his voice. One by one, these slender luxuries were withdrawn, and I was left with a *little* bread, and water (the staple of the place) *ad libitum*.

Though the *cur* of these waters is not an agreeable process, I have great faith in the advantages that accrue. There is a day or two called the crisis, which I have just passed—about the fifteenth or sixteenth after beginning the waters—which, indeed, resembles the crisis of a serious illness. The body becomes inert and languid, with a sense of illness pervading the frame; the mind is haunted by apprehension of evil, and is disturbed by a nervous

restlessness and irritability of the most distressing kind. After a day or two these symptoms disappear. I experienced it most painfully, and am now quite well, but rather eager to get away: I am heartily tired of the waters, the promenade, the dinners, the sick; and the surrounding scenery is by no means interesting enough to compensate for our disagreeable style of life.

Generally, the assembling at a German bath is a signal for gaiety; but the physicians here discountenance every sort of excitement, and their *malades* are very obedient. The Queen of Wurtemberg is here *incog.* as Frau Grafinn von Teck, with two Grafinnin her daughters—fine girls, with all the beauty of youth and health. The artificers of Kissingen celebrated her arrival by walking in procession, with torches, into the court-yard of her hotel, where the band played, and the torches flared and smoked, till everybody was blinded and begrimed. The Queen walks in the morning early to drink the waters, and the centre allée of the gardens is left free for her. Such persons as have been presented, she has asked to dinner, but gives no further sign of life. Once a week there takes place what they call a *reunion*, when everybody meets in the *Conversation-haus* built by the King of Bavaria for the benefit of the baths. It is as good a ball-room as that of

Almack, or in the palace of the King of Holland at the Hague; but the miserable use they made of it shocked us. At half-past eight the room is crowded; but the company do not dance, although there is a good band playing quadrilles, waltzes, and galoppes, the whole evening; sometimes two couples may be seen turning in the midst of the crowd; sometimes these may augment to six—but it is rare—and this in a room where several hundred people are assembled. The cause is the despotic decree of the triumvirate of doctors above-mentioned, who maintain dancing to be absolutely incompatible with drinking the waters.

They tried to get up the appearance of a *fête* on the birthday of the Queen of Bavaria. They dressed the *salle a manger* at the Kurhaus with boughs of trees; the Governor dined at our table, and gave a toast, “the Queen;” while the band (we always have music at dinner) played our National Air, which the Bavarians claim for their own. The ceremony of dining was thus longer and more tiresome than usual. There was an illumination in the evening; and the canopy to the mineral springs looked pretty, picked out in lamps.

JULY 13TH.

THE King of Bavaria came over this morning. He is popular as a good king and a clever man, fond of the arts; but is esteemed to have "a bee in his bonnet," which "bee" appears to have degenerated into a wasp with his son Otho. The Crown Prince of Bavaria is much respected, and has the reputation of being gifted with his father's talents, with judgment superadded. The appearance of the King is droll enough; tall, with long legs and arms, he walks furiously fast, talks earnestly and loud, and gesticulates violently; he dresses shabbily, and his thin, adust face is inconceivably wrinkled.

The baths which he particularly patronises are those of Brukenau, about twenty miles distant, where he has a palace: these are steel-waters, and most people go to strengthen themselves there, after being diluted by the Kissingen springs. The King has perceived the flow of money brought into other States by the resort of strangers to the baths, and is very anxious that his should be celebrated. For this reason, he decorated Dr. Granville's button-hole with a bit of ribbon, much to the disgust of the native physicians, who are provoked to remark, "Our King is sometimes one fool." Dr. Granville is practising



here, also to the discontent of the native medical people, who see the rich current of English guineas turn away from themselves. However, as he is the cause of many coming here, he has certainly a right to profit by their visits. The King is very fond of receiving the English; he understands our language, and asks, in royal style, a thousand rapid questions; being somewhat deaf, he does not always hear the reply, and droll equivoques have taken place.

Now that the Queen of Wurtemberg, who changes her dress three times a day, and never wears the same gown twice, promenades the gardens, the ladies pay more attention to their *toilettes*; but there is a great absence of beauty among us. There are no good-looking Germans,—and the handsomest women are one or two Russians. The English do not shine as much as usual. As yet, few persons of rank are arrived; the season for touring with us is not yet commenced, and the good people of Kissingen will hail a second harvest when we hurry across the channel at the end of the London season. Most of the men here are really ill, and come to take care of their health. Accordingly, they obey the physicians, who forbid gambling. It is only on Sunday, when it is the fashion for all our neighbours, from many miles round, to come over to

dine at Kissingen, and that gaming-tables are opened in some rooms of the Kurhaus, but they are thinly attended. No gaiety goes on in the Conversation House, with the exception of the *réunions*; but it is always open—a retreat and a lounge from the promenade in the gardens. There is a piano in it; and it is a specimen of German manners, that ladies go in all simplicity to practise, and even exercise their voices in a public room, without any of the false shame, or vanity, or modesty that an Englishwoman would experience, and also without exciting any observation.

I am ashamed to say I make no progress in German; my eyes and health have both held me back, and our master does not lead me on. Yet, though it is the fashion of his pupils to rebel, he has a practice which I am sure is a good one for any person desirous to speak the language quickly. With perseverance, and a haughty sense of our duty towards him, he gathers us together (about six or eight) in the rooms of some one of us, to read aloud a play of Schiller—we each having a copy of the play with a literal translation on the other side. It is strange how quickly the eye can turn from the original to the translation, and the ear get habituated to remember the words and phrases; it is a royal road to a smattering of the language to which I shall certainly

have recourse again, so to try to acquire a better knowledge of this crabbed, and to my memory, anti-pathetic German.

JULY 17TH.

THIS evening we drove over to Brocklet, about four miles off, described by Murray as "another watering-place, possessing four strong chalybeate springs, in which the salts and soda are largely mixed with iron. The action of the water is powerfully tonic and exciting." They taste like ink, but I liked them much, and drank several glasses, with a great sense of deriving benefit from them. I really believe I ought to take a course of steel waters after those of Kissingen; but we are so tired of living at a watering-place that I shall not.

Brocklet is situated in a little wooded dell, quite shut in; it is as secluded, shadowy and still, as the abode of Morpheus, described by Ovid. A few convalescent sick wandered silently under the trees, and a band tried to play, but only produced a lulling murmur, in accordance with a trickling rill and the gentle rustling of the leaves of the trees. In this dim limbo you can live as well and cheaper than at Kissingen. The expense here is not large, but for a family it is not small; our household (three of us and my maid) cost us about eight or nine pounds

a week—house-rent and everything included. We could easily spend more, but it is impossible, from the system of things, to spend less. The most agreeable luxury, indeed the only one that there is any opportunity of enjoying, are horses to visit the surrounding country. I wish we had our little Welsh ponies to scamper over the hills away from the *malades*.

The incidents of our day are few. Now and then Herr Fries, sometimes accompanied by his *soi-disant* English master, sometimes in all the desolating impotence of his unintelligible German, presses on our attention our pretended compact for four months; we have but one answer—the *Commissaire* through whose mediation we made the bargain. I do not think Herr Fries has even applied to him, and when we mention the subject he treats it with lofty contempt. Meanwhile our month is nearly concluded, and we shall soon leave Kissingen. I assure myself that I have benefited by the waters, though I gain no belief from my companions who do not drink them, and find the place and its dinners very intolerable. In the midst of our balancing whither to go, a few circumstances have turned the scale. Letters have arrived from a college friend of P. and K., begging us to come to Dresden. There is a railroad we find from Leipsig to Berlin, and from Leipsig to

Dresden. My mind has for years been set upon seeing the galleries of pictures in these towns. We have had no warm weather ; at the end of July the summer may be considered as well-nigh over. We shall quit this place in a day or two, and penetrate still deeper into Germany, visit cities renowned in history, and pass over ground—the fields of ten thousand battles.

## LETTER V.

Leave Kissingen.—Baths of Brukenau.—Fulda.—Eisenach.—Castle of Wartburg.—Gotha—Erfurt—Weimar.—The Elster.—Leipsig.

LEIPSIG.

AT length we have left Kissingen ; and though, while there, we made the best of it, we find, on looking back, that it was very intolerable, and that it is a great blessing to escape from the saddening spectacle of a crowd of invalids assembled *en masse*. Enormously fat men trying to thin down—delicate women hoping to grow into better case—no children. This is another decree of the physicians : children are prohibited, because the mind must enjoy perfect repose, and children are apt to create disturbance in the hearts of tender parents. It is surprising that, to forward the cure, all letters are not opened first by the doctors, and not delivered if they contain any disagreeable news. As yet, they only exhort the friends of the sick to spare them every painful emotion in their correspondence ; but Kissingen will not be perfect, until the post is put under medical *surveillance*. Do not misunderstand me. I believe

the waters of Kissingen to be highly medicinal, and the hours and walks and everything, but the dinners, exceedingly conducive to the restoration of health; but during this season it has not offered any attraction to those who come to a watering-place in search of amusement.

By the help of our German master, Mr. Wertheim, of Munich, who showed himself most zealous and kind, we engaged a *voiture* to take us to Leipsig in six days. The only error we have found in Murray is, that the price he mentions for the hire of carriages and horses is less than we find it. He may retort, and say we are cheated: but we apply to natives, and, if it be possible, I am sure it would be difficult, to make a better bargain than we have done.

JULY 19.

THE town of Brukenau lay in our route; the Baths, two miles beyond, were out of it: however, we bargained to visit them. The road lay along the level close under the hills, and we wound for twenty miles through the wooded ravine. The characteristic of Franconia, on the edges of which we still were, appears to be gentle valleys, thridded by small clear streams; the immediate banks either meadow or arable, and closed in by hills, covered with forests of beech, interspersed by the weeping birch. Bru-

kenau itself is beyond this circle, and entered into the territories of the Bishops of Fulda: but in the new distribution of kingdoms, Brukenau fell to the share of Bavaria, and the town of Fulda to the Duke of Hesse-Cassel. At Brukenau, leaving the high road, we entered the valley of the Sinn, and penetrated into the very sheltered bosom of the hills towards the Baths. There is a sense of extreme tranquillity in these secluded spots in Bavaria, where you seem cast on an unknown, unvisited region, and yet, on reaching the watering-place itself, find all the comforts of life "rise like an exhalation" around.

The hills round Brukenau are much higher and more romantic than at Kissingen. They are covered with fine beech forests, and traversed in every part by paths, interspersed with seats, constructed for the convenience of the visitors; and so extensive, that you may wander for ten or twenty miles in their depths. The public gardens, instead of being a melancholy strip of ground, planted with dry and dusty-looking trees, are extensive, and resemble an English pleasure-ground; a brawling stream, the Sinn, adorns them; everything invites the wanderer to stroll on, and to enjoy in fine weather Nature's dearest gifts, shady woods, open lawns, and views of beautiful country; loitering beside a murmuring



stream, or toiling on awhile, and then resting as you gaze on a wider prospect. The waters here are chalybeate and tonic; they taste of ink, but sparkle in the glass, and I found them pleasant. We arrived at the dinner hour, and sat down in the large and well-built Kursaal, where the tables were spread, to a dinner somewhat better than that allowed us at Kissingen, and we enjoyed the novelty of salad, fruits, and ice. We found several familiar faces from Kissingen come here to strengthen themselves with steel waters. Altogether the place looked at once more sociable and more retired; and, above all, the country around was, without being striking from crag and precipice, far more picturesque than at Kissingen. The whole establishment is in the hands of government, and the houses where the visitors lodge are placed in the midst of the garden. Things are managed both more cheaply and more agreeably than at Kissingen. The visitors, however, are never so numerous, and the style of the place is more quiet. The king has a palace, where he spends the season, and is very courteous to the English. We wished to sleep at the Baths, but unfortunately no beds were to be had, though great exertion was made by several good-natured visitors to procure them for us. Oddly enough, persons we had been accustomed to meet, without speaking, day after day

at Kissingen, here had the air of familiar acquaintance. We were sorry to go away, and loitered several hours in the gardens, and visited the old kursaal, a rather dilapidated room. The walls were hung with portraits of the ancient Prince-Bishops of Fulda—the discoverers, and erst the possessors, of these medicinal springs. I should have been glad to stay at least a week in this agreeable retirement, and drink the waters; but we could not now alter our arrangements.

We were obliged to return to the town of Brukenau to sleep; as the golden hues of evening increased at once the beauty and the stillness of the happy valley, with regret we tore ourselves away. Murray bids us go to the Hotel of the Post at Brukenau, and we learned afterwards that this is really a good and comfortable inn. I fancy the master has had some quarrel with the authorities at the Baths, for we were bidden go to another inn; in an evil hour we obeyed. It was very dirty and comfortless.

JULY 20TH.

LEAVING Brukenau the following morning early, we by degrees quitted the wooded hills and grassy valleys of Franconia, and entered the domains of the Prince of Hesse Cassel.

It was in these territories that a scene was enacted during the last century, so overlooked by history, that I believe by-and-bye it will only be remembered (how is it even now?) by the commentators on Schiller. When we read of the *Hessians* in the American war, we have a vague idea that our government called in the aid of foreign mercenaries to subdue the revolted colonies; an act which roused Lord Chatham to exclaim in the House of Peers, "If I were an American, as I am an Englishman, while a foreign troop was landed in my country I never would lay down my arms, never—never—never!" We censure the policy of government, we lament the obstinacy of George III., who, exhausting the English levies, had recourse to "the mercenary sons of rapine and plunder;" and "devoted the Americans and their possessions to the rapacity of hireling cruelty." But our imagination does not transport itself to the homes of the unfortunate Germans; nor is our abhorrence of the tyranny that sent them to die in another hemisphere awakened. Lord Chatham does indeed in the same speech, from which the above quotations are made, cast a half-pitying glance on the victims of their native sovereign, when he talks of "traffic and barter with every little pitiful German prince that sells and sends his subjects to the shambles of a foreign sovereign." Schiller, in his

tragedy of "Cabal and Love," describes the misery brought on his own countrymen more graphically. "A petty German prince," namely, the Duke of Hesse Cassel, or perhaps the Margrave of Anspach, who also dealt in this unholy traffic, sends a present of jewels to his mistress—she is astonished at their magnificence, and asks the bringer of them, how the Duke could pay for such immeasurably costly jewels? The servant replies—"They cost him nothing. Seven thousand children of the soil started yesterday for America; they pay for all." "But not compelled?" the lady demands; the poor man, who has two sons among the recruits, replies—"O God, no! perfect volunteers. True, some forward lads stepped out of the ranks and asked the colonel, how dear the prince sold his yoke of men? But our gracious lord caused all the regiments to be marched to the parade ground, to shoot down the jackanapes. We heard the report of the firelocks, saw their brains scattered on the ground, and the whole army shouted 'Hurrah for America!' Then the loud drums told us it was time. On one side shrieking orphans followed their living father; on the other a distracted mother ran to cast her sucking child on the bayonets; here a pair of betrothed lovers were parted by sabre blows; and there grey beards stood struck by despair, and at last flung their

crutches after the young fellows who were off to the New World. Oh! and with all that the deafening roll of the drum mingled, for fear the Almighty should hear us praying!" We were told that the facts were worse even than this picture; since when first the order was given out for the enlisting of the soldiers, hundreds deserted their homes and betook themselves to the neighbouring mountains of Franconia, and were hunted down like wild animals, and starved into surrender.

History fails fearfully in its duty when it makes over to the poet the record and memory of such an event. One, it is to be hoped, that can never be renewed. And yet what act of cruelty and tyranny may not be reacted on the stage of the world, which we boast of as civilised, if one man has uncontrolled power over the lives of many, the unwritten story of Russia may hereafter tell.

The country, as we went on, became uninteresting—a sandy soil, and few trees. We dined at Fulda, an agreeable, quiet-looking, old German town, once the capital of the prince-bishops of that diocese. We visited the Cathedral, a fine old building, containing some holy relics, which are preserved in little painted wooden boxes kept behind the altar. They had not the air of sanctity about them, and the man who shewed the chancel handled them with

great indifference. Afterwards, we went to the Church of St. Michael, where we were taken to some subterranean vaults, in which Aniaschiadus, a saint and confessor, lived, I think, they said, for seven years, hid from the persecution of the Arians. Do not wonder that I speak in doubt, for our guide was German, and we could only guess at his meaning. Enough to learn that one persecuted for his religious faith did pass a number of years in this dark vault, in fear, want, and suffering; and came out, probably, to persecute in his turn—such is the usual result of this sort of controversy. Ministers of religion have been in all ages too easily led to destroy the bodies of those whose souls they believe to be lost. There is a palace here, standing on the highest part of the town; and a show of military. The city has, indeed, an individual appearance, that stamps it on the memory, without being sufficiently striking for description.

This evening we slept at Buttlar, at a quiet, comfortable, country inn. Buttlar is a small village; this the only good house; but it had all the charm of an English way-side inn in a retired spot, where they are accustomed to receive visitors in search of the picturesque. The charges in this part of the journey were very moderate. We paid highest, of course, at the bad inn, at Brukenau; and the

charges at *all* appear quite arbitrary. Fancy prices put on by the landlord, according to the appearance of his guests. As we pass also, without knowing it, from one State to another, the coins vary. The money is easy enough when not confounded: a Bavarian florin is reckoned as two francs; a thaler, as three shillings. Sometimes we pay in one money; sometimes in another. On the whole, the Prussian thaler, divided into three coins of ten groschen each, equivalent to a shilling, is the most intelligible; but the Bavarian florin denotes greater cheapness in price.

JULY 21st.

WE now entered the depths of the Thuringerwald; and, stopping at Eisenach for dinner, hired a carriage—the distance was not much more than a mile, but the day was wet—to take us to the Castle of Wartburg. Luther, on his return from the Diet of Worms, was waylaid by his friend, the Elector of Saxony, and carried thither as to a place of safety. He remained ten months, passing for a young nobleman; and busily employed in translating the Bible, and composing other works. The Castle of Wartburg is situated on a steep wooded eminence, ascended by a winding road, thickly shaded by trees. The chamber that Luther inhabited has one large window, overlooking

a wide extent of hill and dale, stretching far away over the Thuringian Forest—a noble prospect; and the very site, high-raised and commanding, was well suited to the lofty and unbending soul of the recluse. This chamber is preserved in the same state as when it harboured its illustrious guest; and, except his bed, his furniture remains: his table, his stool, his chair, and ink-stand, are there; and if not the stain on the wall, marking his exploit of throwing his ink-stand at the Arch Tempter's head, there is at least the place where the ink *was*—some tourist has carried off the memorable plaster. We saw, also, several suits of armour belonging to various heroes of olden time here preserved. Hearing the names of prince, heroine, or even of illustrious robber (names honoured in history), who once endued these iron vestments—looking round on the armoury, or out of the window on the Thuringerwald—I felt happy in the sense of satisfied curiosity; or rather, of another sentiment to which I cannot give a precise name, but which swells the heart and makes the bosom glow, as one views, and touches, and feels surrounded by the remains of illustrious antiquity. The honoured name of Luther had more than any other right and power to awaken this: those of warrior or king only influence the imagination, as associated with poetry and romance; his is rendered sacred by his struggle,



the most fearful human life presents, with antique mis-beliefs and errors upheld by authority.

We saw nothing of Gotha, where we slept ; though, for Prince Albert's sake, I would willingly have become better acquainted with his native place. There is something pleasing in the mere outward aspect of these Protestant German towns : they look clean, orderly, and well-built. Hail to the good fight, the heart says everywhere ; hail to the soil whence intellectual liberty gained, with toil and suffering, the victory—not complete yet—but which, thanks to the men of those time, can never suffer entire defeat ! In time, it will spread to those countries which are still subject to Papacy.

JULY 22D.

WE breakfasted this morning at Erfurt, and made duteous pilgrimage to the Augustine convent which Luther inhabited as a monk. In the church, he said his first mass ; and it remains in the same state, with a rude old pulpit, in which Luther preached, and carved wooden galleries. His cell is preserved as when he lived in it. It is, like conventual cells all over the world, a small, square, high chamber. Here is the Bible that he first found in the library of the Convent ; studying which his powerful mind began to perceive the errors of the Church to which

he belonged. The convent is now used as an Orphan-house. There is a gallery in it, with a strange series of pictures. Death is represented as coming upon men and women at all moments, during every occupation—the Beauty at her toilette—the Miser counting his money—the Hero in the hour of victory—the King on his throne—the Mother fostering her first-born—the Bride, proud in her husband. It is a strange idea: the pictures are badly executed enough, yet some are striking.

The country lost, as we proceeded, all its beauty—vast uninclosed tracts of arable land spread out round. From a height, we looked down on Weimar. The trees of its park were the only verdure visible; for the harvest being over, the land was all stubble: no hedge, no meadow, no shady covert. I pitied the poets who had been destined to live there; for however agreeable royal parks and gardens may be, they are a poor compensation for the free and noble beauty of nature.

Dining at Weimar, we spent two or three hours in running about to visit the lions. It is a pleasant looking town. I do not know exactly how to present to your imagination the appearance of these German towns. The streets are wide; and thus, though the houses are high, they look airy, and, though badly paved, clean: the houses are white, and have not the

air of antiquity. As I have said once or twice before, an appearance of order and tranquillity is their characteristic. We visited the abodes of Wieland, Schiller, and Göthe, who are the great people here: that is, we saw the outside of the houses in which they had dwelt; for, being inhabited by a fresh generation, the insides are not show-places. The palace is a handsome building; and three apartments are being decorated in honour of those chosen poets. The larger one for Göthe; a smaller for Schiller; a sort of octagon closet for Wieland. The walls are adorned with frescoes of subjects taken from their works. I am not sure that I should give this superiority to Göthe: Schiller has always appeared to me the greater man: he is more complete. The startling quality of Göthe is his insight into the secret depths of the human mind; his power of dissecting motives—of holding up the mirror to our most inmost sensations; and also in dramatic scenes of touching pathos, and passages of overflowing eloquence: but he wants completeness, and never achieves a whole. "Faust" is a fragment—"Wilhelm Meister" is a fragment. It is true, this has a closer resemblance to life which seldom affords an artistic beginning, middle, and end to its strange enchainment of events. Still, the conception of a perfect whole has ever held the highest place in our

standard of a poet's power of imagination. But I will spare you further criticism from an ignorant person.

We saw the coffins of the poets in the dark tomb, placed not side by side, princely etiquette forbad, but in the same narrow chamber with those of the princes who honoured them. These coffins suggest a wonderful contempt for the material of life; Camoëns exclaimed, when dying in an hospital, "Lo! the vast scene of my fortunes is contracted to this narrow bed!" This tomb told us that princely protection and the aspirations of genius were shut up in those dust-containing coffers; yet not so, while the works of the one endure, and the memory of the acts of the others survive in the minds of posterity. This friendship after death, this desire to share even in the grave the poet's renown, after having sheltered and honoured him during life, makes one love these good German sovereigns. Mr. Landor says the Germans possess nine-tenths of the thought that exists in the world. There is in even larger proportion honour for thought. The gardens of the palace are agreeably laid out; and except that turf is wanting, resemble an English park, with fine old trees and a river running through. This spot was a favourite resort, and there is a pretty shady summer-house overlooking

the river, where the sovereigns held *réunions*, and entertained their poet friends ; many a June evening was there spent in refined intercourse. There is also a pavilion in the garden which Göthe inhabited in the summer months.

The park of Weimar was an oasis in the desert. We found for many miles after leaving it, the same dreary landscape ; flat and unmarked as the sea ; not as barren, for the country is all corn-fields but as no hedge intersects them, nor any bush shows its tufted top, nor any trees appear except the ill-looking poplars mixed with cherry-trees that line the road, nothing can be more unvaried or uninteresting than these vast plains ; uninteresting indeed, in outward aspect, yet claiming our attention and exciting our curiosity as the scene of a thousand battles, above all, of that last struggle, when yielding the ground inch by inch, mile by mile, Napoleon was driven from Dresden to the Rhine.

Some slight interruption occurs in the uniform aspect of these bare plains, when they are intersected by the course of the Saale, a common name for a river in Germany, which winds through a pleasing village. On the heights that surround, stand old castles renowned in story. We soon left this pleasant change behind, and came again on the

naked country, sweeping over miles and miles ; our guide-books speak of this as the scenes of battles and victories of Gustavus Adolphus, and Frederic the Great. The first name claims our admiration, and we looked with respect on the stone that marks the spot where he fell. Frederic was a very clever man, and except for the evils which, as a conqueror, he brought on his subjects, he did them good as far as his limited views permitted him. But there is no sovereign whose acts fill so many pages in history, for whom one cares so little as Frederic. Cold-hearted, if not false, the dogged determination and invincible purpose that form his best characteristic, yet centred so narrowly in self, that he excites no jot of interest. It was otherwise in his own day. He was a king, a man of talent, a warrior who encountered difficulties that had overwhelmed a weaker mind, and surmounted them. He had the charm of manners, which, though cruelly capricious to his dependents, were, when he chose, irresistibly fascinating ; such qualities awoke, while he lived, the admiration of the world ; but with the Prince de Ligne died the last of his enthusiastic admirers.

Another name, greater and newer than his, has thrust him from his place, and occupies our attention—in one respect his entire opposite ; for

Napoleon was great in success, Frederic in defeat. Perhaps the absence of heaven-born legitimacy took from the latest hero of the world who has joined the dead, the unflinching, stubborn will of Frederic in adversity ; besides, it would seem that Napoleon disdained to fight, except when he could gain a world by victory. Here he lost one ; and a struggle that lasted many days in the environs of Leipsig, drove him from Germany. When reduced to what he seemed to look upon as the paltry kingdom of France, he played double or quits with that and lost all.

We looked out for the Elster, where the bridge was blown up which cost Poniatowski his life, and lost to Napoleon twenty-five thousand French soldiers taken prisoners. I am told that I now look upon the very spot ; that at the end of the garden of the Hôtel de Saxe this tragic scene was enacted : it seems as if a good hunter might leap the narrow stream which decided the fate of an empire.

Here ends a very fatiguing journey. The carriage we hired was to appearance roomy and comfortable ; but being badly hung, it was inconceivably uneasy ; and partly, I believe, the effect of the Kissingen waters still hanging about me, (I *ought* to have spent a week at least at Brukenau,) I never suffered more fatigue and even distress on a journey. Right glad I am to be here. To-morrow we commit our-

selves to a rail-road—blessings on the man who invented them. Every traveller must especially bless him in these naked, monotonous plains.

The Hôtel de Saxe is very good, and not much dearer than any other. They are expecting the King of Prussia to-morrow, and the staircases are carpeted and decorated with evergreens. The Oberkellner, or upper waiter—a very important personage in these German hotels—is an intelligent little fellow, and speaks English perfectly.

Congratulate me that so far I am advanced in the heart of this mighty country. Though I skim its surface without having any communication with its inhabitants, still the eye is gratified, the imagination excited, and curiosity satisfied.



## LETTER VI.

Railroad to Berlin.—Unter-den-Linden.—Gallery.—Palace.—  
Museum.—Opera.—Iron Foundry.

BERLIN, 27TH JULY.

THE distance from Leipsig to Berlin is 105 miles ; the greater part an arid sandy plain. Earlier in the season it had not been so bad, for the land is arable ; but now the stubble remaining after harvest was the only sign left of cultivation. The sense the eye received of nakedness was in no way relieved—no hedge, no tree, no meadow, no bush. One break there was when we crossed the Elbe, and a line of verdure and wood follows the course of the river. I read “The Heart of Mid-Lothian” during the journey, which occupied six or seven hours, and the time passed rapidly.

There are three classes of carriages, and the price is not dear :—1st class, five and a half thalers (a thaler is three shillings) ; 2d class, three and a half thalers ; 3d class, two and a half. A few miles beyond Leipsig we entered the Prussian territory, and changed carriages. The Prussian carriages are

very much more roomy and comfortable. The pace we went, when going, was very great, so that I heard passengers call out from the windows imploring that the speed might be lessened. Much time was lost, however, at every one of the numerous stations, where the carriage-doors were thrown open with the announcement of stopping for *funfzehn minuten*, or *funf minuten*, or even *drei minuten*, (fifteen, five and three minutes,) when the passengers poured out, and comforted themselves with all sorts of slight refreshments—light wine, light beer, light cakes and cherries, nothing much in themselves, but a good deal of it—offered by a whole crowd of dealers in such wares. On arriving at Berlin we went to the hotel Stadt Rom, Unterdenden-Linden, which we find very comfortable, the host attentive, and the *table d'hôte* good.

We are here in the best street, which has a double avenue of lime-trees in the middle, running its whole length. One way it leads to the Brandenburg gate, the other to a spot that forms the beauty of Berlin as a capital—a wide open space, graced by a beautiful fountain, and an immense basin of polished granite, made from one of those remarkable boulders found on the sandy plain, fifty miles from Berlin; adorned also by the colonnade of the New Museum, opposite to which stands the Guard-house, the Italian

Opera, and the University. The building of the Arsenal is near, and the whole forms a splendid assemblage of buildings. After dinner, we have walked under the lime-trees to the Brandenburg gate—a most beautiful portal, built on the model of the Propylæum at Athens, on a larger scale. Napoleon carried off the car of Victory which decorates the top; it was brought back after the battle of Waterloo. Before its capture it was placed as if leaving the city behind, to rush forward on the world; on its return, it was placed returning to and facing the city. The square before this gate is chiefly inhabited by foreign Ministers: Lord Burghersh has his house here. Outside are extensive public gardens, in the usual foreign style—that is, numerous avenues of trees, in a herbless sandy soil.

28TH JULY.

OUR first visit in the morning was to the Museum. It is at some little distance from the hotel, and the walk led us through the best part of Berlin. The building itself is beautiful; the grand circular hall by which you reach the statue-gallery, and which again you look down upon from the open gallery that leads to the pictures, surpasses in elegance and space anything I have ever seen, except in the Vatican. At once we rushed

among the pictures—our only inducement, except curiosity to see a renowned capital city, to visit Berlin. The gallery is admirably arranged in schools, and the pictures have an excellent light on them ; and in each room is hung up a list of pictures and their painters contained in it. First we saw the *Io*, of Correggio, a most lovely picture, and near it *Leda and the Swan*, by the same artist ; and then our eyes were attracted to one still lovelier in its chaste and divine beauty—a *Virgin and Child* by Raphael. The Mother is holding a book in one hand, the other arm encircles her infant. It bears the impress of the first style of the divinest of painters, when his warm heart was animated by pious enthusiasm, and his imagination inspired by a celestial revelation of pure beauty. It was once the gem of the Colonna Gallery at Rome, and was sold by the Duke of Lanti to the King of Prussia.

Next to these I was most struck by a picture by Francia, the *Virgin in glory*, worshipped by six saints. There is a remarkable picture by Rembrandt, a portrait of the Duke Adolph of Gueldres, shaking his fist at his father. The countenance bears the liveliest impress of angry passion : the impious madness of the parricide mantles in the face, and gives wild energy to the furious gesture. The gallery is rich in portraits by Van Dyck—some of his finest :

but I must not send you a mere catalogue. From room to room we wandered ; sometimes desirous of seeing all, and so penetrating into every nook—sometimes satisfied to sit for hours before a masterpiece.

Yes, I dedicated hours this morning,—I know not how many,—to a painting that has given me more delight than any I ever saw. I had often heard the first style of Raphael preferred to his third, and thought it a superstition ; but I am a convert—entirely a convert. Apart, locked up in a room with some of the gold-grounded deformed productions of the Byzantine artists, stands, except one, the largest painting of Raphael's in the world ; the subject is the adoration of the Magi. It is in his first style—it is half destroyed—the outline of some of the figures only remains ; no sacrilegious hand has ever touched to restore it, and in its ruin it is divine. The Baby Jesus is lying on the ground, and Mary, with an angel at each hand, kneels before the lowly couch of her child ; on the other side are the kings bearing their gifts ; and far in the back-ground are the shepherds visited by angels, announcing peace and good-will to man. I never saw such perfect grace and ideal beauty as in the kneeling figures of the Virgin and her attendant angels. Composed majesty and

deep humility are combined in the attitudes. The countenances show their souls abstracted from all earthly thought, and absorbed by pure and humble adoration. Adoration from the adorable: this is what only an artist of the highest class can portray. You perceive that the painter imagined perfect beings, who deserve a portion of the worship which they pay unreservedly to the Creator, and such are saints and angels in the mind of a Catholic. You who so much admire the unfinished ideas of Leonardo da Vinci, would delight in this relic of a greater man: will you receive any from this attempt to convey what I felt? I read somewhere the other day, that speech is one mode of communicating our thoughts—painting another—music another—neither can, with any success, go beyond its own department to that of the other—thus, words can never show forth the beauty of which painting presents the living image to the eyes.

It may be a defect, that I take more pleasure in graceful lines, and attitudes, and expression, than in colouring. Sir Thomas Lawrence told me that it was one, and that an uncultivated eye was, therefore, often better pleased by statuary than painting; and he said this, because I looked with more delight on some inimitable bronze-statues standing on his mantel-piece, preferring them to a

richly-coloured painting on which he was accustomed to rest his eye while at work ; so to familiarise it to the fullest and most glowing hues—I am not sure that he is right.

Let us take, for instance, two pictures by the prince of painters—the Adoration of the Magi among his first ;—The Transfiguration his last work. In artistic power, this picture is said to surpass every other in the world. The genius of its author is shown in its admirable composition, in the spirit of the attitudes, in the life that animates each figure, without alluding to technical merits, which, of course, are felt even by those who cannot define, nor even point them out. Yet, this picture does not afford me great pleasure—no face is inspired by holy and absorbing passion ; and the woman, the most prominent figure, is a portrait of the Fornarina, whose hard countenance is peculiarly odious. Turn from this to the half-effaced picture at Berlin—the radiant beauty here expressed, strikes a chord in my soul—all harmony, all love. It is not the art of the painter I admire ; it is his pure, exalted soul, which he incarnated in these lovely forms. I remember Wordsworth's theory, that we enter this world bringing with us "airs from heaven," memories of a divine abode and angelic fellowship which we have just left, that flake

by flake fall from our souls as they degenerate and are enfeebled by earthly passions. Raphael seems to confirm this theory; for, in his early pictures, there is a celestial something absent from his latter, a beauty not found on earth—inspiring as we look, a deep joy, only felt in such brief moments when some act of self-sacrifice exalts the soul, when love softens the heart, or nature draws us out of ourselves, and our spirits are rapt in ecstasy, and enabled to understand and mingle with the universal love.

The gallery is open from ten till three. Unfortunately, the fatigue of the journey made me very ill able to endure much toil; and you know,—who knows not?—that visiting galleries produces extreme weariness. I went back to the hotel several times to repose, and then returned to the gallery. I desired to learn by heart—to imbibe—to make all I saw a part of myself, so that never more I may forget it. In some sort I shall succeed. Some of the forms of beauty on which I gazed, must last in my memory as long as it endures; but this will be at the expense of others, which even now are fading and about to disappear from my mind. I feel, though usually I prefer statuary to painting, and there are some statues—and particularly an ancient bronze of a boy praying, that I have regarded with



delight; still my mind was full before, the rest can but overflow. The gallery of Berlin will, I fear, become a vague, though glorious dream, for the most part, leaving distinct only a few images that can never be effaced.

JULY 29TH.

YESTERDAY evening we went to the opera—the house is small, but pretty. The piece was *Masaniello*, at which I grieved. I want German music in Germany. There was no remarkable singer. There was no ballet; and all was over, according to the good German custom, by ten o'clock.

To-day, we have been doing our duty in sight-seeing; though I grudged every minute spent away from the gallery. There are some good pictures, however, in the palace, especially the portraits of our Charles I. and his Queen, by Van Dyck. The apartments are very handsome. They have an ungainly custom here, as in Holland, of providing the visiter with list-shoes, to preserve their shining *parquets*. I rebelled against putting on slippers other people had worn, and forced the *Custode*, grumblingly, to acknowledge that my shoes could not hurt the floor. The rooms of the palace are chiefly associated with the name of Napoleon, and are decorated

by vases of Sèvres china and by portraits of himself and Josephine, presents from the conqueror to the conquered, which were impertinent enough at the time; but the spirit is changed now, and they remain as trophies of Prussian victories. I looked with great interest on the various portraits of the celebrated Queen of Prussia. In all, she is inexpressibly beautiful. Her face is thoroughly individual;—animation—independence—a truly feminine, yet, (for want of a better word I must say,) a wild loveliness gives it a peculiar charm. There is a portrait of her at twelve years of age—dignity, true nobility, artless innocence, and evident strength of character, adorn a countenance in the first bloom of untainted girlhood.

We visited the Museum. I did not much care for what I saw. There are many relics of Frederic the Great, and a wax figure, dressed up in his old clothes, is placed on a faded throne beneath a shabby canopy—all such as he used in life. There is nothing to excite respect in this sort of spectacle. It is the misfortune of those who live to be old that they are always handed down to posterity as decrepid and feeble. If I were a queen, I would never suffer myself to be painted after thirty; or, if well preserved, five-and-thirty at the latest. Queens and beauties—kings and heroes—all must pay our nature's sad

tribute, and lose even individuality and charm, as the moss of age creeps over the frame, which, becoming weak and shattered, loses proportion and grace; but it is foolish to leave behind these emblems of decay. Frederic the Great, as he first met Voltaire at the castle of Meuse, near Cleves, or as he wrote his dispatch on a drum after one of his first battles, would indeed be the Frederic, whose deeds, if evil, at least were instinct with power and life. This doll, dressed up to represent a decrepid, feeble old man, is the most dreary sarcasm that can be imagined.

The prospect from the palace windows is really grand: the Platz in front—the Museum—the Fountain—the whole range of buildings—form a *coup-d'œil* that transcends that of the Place de la Concorde, at Paris.

I desired to visit some of the manufactures of Berlin steel, and expected to see beautiful specimens. It is a curious fact, how difficult it is to find out where you ought to go, and how to see any sight, unless it be a regular lion, or you have an exact address. We took a drosky, and drove to a shop; it was closed: to another; there was no such thing. We returned to our hotel, and learnt that we had been spending many useless groschen by not taking the drosky by the hour instead of the course. Having reformed this oversight, we set off again in search of

the manufactory. You know the history of the building of Berlin. Frederic the Great, desirous that his capital should rival that of other kingdoms, inclosed a large space within its walls, and ordered the vacancy to be filled up with houses. This occasions a great difference between Berlin and most foreign cities. In the latter, the aim is to save land, and to encroach on heaven. Here, the builders endeavoured to cover as much space as possible, and many of the finest houses are only two stories high. Wide and grass-grown, the streets, all straight and at right angles, stretch far away, with scarce a solitary passenger or drosky here and there, making the solitude even more felt. There is another peculiarity in this wide-spread city. It is built on the flattest plain in the world. The Spree stagnates beneath its bridges, and the drains, just covered by planks, stagnate in the streets, and are by no means agreeable during the present heat and drought.

At length, after driving about from one place to another, asking our way as well as we could, resolved not to give in, but much puzzled, we reached the Eisengieserei, or iron-foundry, just outside the Oranienburg gate. We alighted from the drosky and walked into a large court-yard, and into the sort of immense shed in which is the foundry. We asked every one we met where the works in steel

were sold; no one could tell us. We wandered about a long time. The men were at work making moulds in sand. At length a vast cauldron of molten metal was brought from the furnace, and poured into a mould. There is something singular in boiling metal, the sight of which gives a new idea to the mind, a new sensation to the soul. Boiling water, or other liquid, presents only an inanimate element, changed to the touch, not to the eye; but molten metal, red and fiery, takes a new appearance, and seems to have life,—the heat appears to give it voluntary action, and the sense of its power of injury adds to the emotion with which it is regarded; as well as the fact that it takes and preserves the form into which it flows. In this every-day world a new sensation is a new delight. I have read somewhere of a French lady, who went to Rome to kiss the Pope's toe, because it made her heart beat quicker so to do. Certainly, seeing the diminutive Cyclops pour the glowing living liquid from their cauldron, viewing it run fiercely into the various portions of the mould, and then grow tranquil and dark as its task was fulfilled, imparted, I know not why or how, a thrill to the frame.

After this we were taken to an outhouse, in which there were articles for sale—no bracelets, nor chains,

nor necklaces; chiefly small statuettes of Napoleon and Frederic the Great.

I would willingly remain here some days longer; and, above all, I should like to visit Potzdam and the Peacock Island. It is impossible; and we shall proceed to-morrow by railroad to Dresden.

## LETTER VII.

Arrival at Dresden.—Rabenau.—Gallery of Dresden.—Madonna di San Sisto.—Pictures of Correggio.

JULY 30TH.

A DIRECT railroad from Berlin to Dresden is talked of: as it is, we were obliged to go round by Leipsig. On this account those travellers who have carriages prefer posting; the conveyance of a carriage by a railroad being always expensive. In no part of the world, however, is the speed of steam more acceptable; a drearier prospect of level desert cannot be imagined. I felt this the less, for being very much fatigued, and not well, I slept nearly all the way. We arrived at about two at Leipsig, dined at the Hôtel de Saxe, and embarked on the Dresden railroad. The carriages are small and uncomfortable. As we drew near Dresden, the country assumed a different aspect; hills appeared, and we beheld again some of the charms of earth. The station is in the New Town, and a drosky took us to the Hôtel de Pologne, which Murray mentions as the best; but in this he is mistaken. It is an hotel

a good deal frequented by Englishmen, travelling tutors, and their pupils; but the hotels to which all families go are in the Neu Markt. There are several on a scale as extensive and complete as the Hôtel de Saxe, at Leipsig.

We expected to find a friend here conversant with the town to give us information and advice. We learn that he, as well as everybody else, is away; but instead of going to some fashionable baths, he is rusticating at Rabenau, a village some seven miles off. We at once resolved to visit him there; and hiring one of the hack carriages, we the next morning set out on this expedition.

AUGUST 1st.

AT first we followed the course of the Elbe, beneath picturesque cliffs, and then turning off we got among some cross-roads of the most impracticable description, up a steep slope; when we reached the top we found a chasm, in the depth of which the village we sought is situated. The road was far too precipitous for the carriage to descend, so we walked down. The country has a singular aspect. In other mountainous lands, we live in the valleys, and look up to the hills as they lift themselves towards the sky. Here, however, we descend from the plain into the ravine. These words require further expla-



nation. I have mentioned that we ascended a hill : this was composed of arable land, the fields, unbroken by tree or rock, spread round in smooth upland ; but in the midst we found the chasm, the fissure, the rent I mentioned, and we descended, as it were, down into the bosom of the earth—and deeper, deeper, till the wooded hills close round and almost shut out the sky, and a brawling stream, which turns a mill, frets its way between rocks clothed by trees, that nearly meet on either side. Nothing can be more peaceful, more secluded, more shut in ; and if not wildly sublime, yet rock and wood and torrent combined to render it picturesque ; a rustic bridge crossed the stream, and there, abutting against the hill side, stood the mill, and before the mill a large pleasant room for the reception of guests, for many come, especially on feast days, to dine here. Here our friend had betaken him to compose his opera. Beside the dashing waterfalls, beneath the music-giving pines ; and in grassy nooks shaded by mossy rocks and tree-grown precipices, he found a spot whose breath was melody, whose aspect imparted peace. Earth had opened, and this little ravine was a very nest adorned by nature's hand with her choicest gifts. When we arrived he was absent ; he had gone with his note-book to study among the pines. You know and admire his compositions. Thanks

to them, Shelley's Poems have found an echo of sweet sounds worthy of them. The fanciful wildness, the tender melancholy, the holy calm of the poet, have met a similar inspiration on the part of the musician. They have as much melody as the Italian, as much science as the German school—they appertain most, indeed, to the last; but the airs themselves are original. The song of "Arethusa," and that entitled "Spirit of Night," are perhaps the best. The one, light and fanciful; the other, solemn and impassioned; both, beautiful. The rest are second only to these.\*

We wandered about rather disconsolate and hungry till our friend appeared, who joyously welcomed us; and dinner was ordered, and ready in a trice. The fare was not very choice, nor delicately served; but very characteristic of what one has read of middle life in Germany. To this secluded bower families came—or students—or a fond pair stole hither from the crowd, to drink beer and smoke on the rustic seats beneath the trees. It was easy, however, to escape from these groups deeper into the ravine, or into other fissures of earth of a similar nature, which branched off; or, clambering up the cliffs, to find freer air on the hill-top. The daughter

\* Characteristic songs of Shelley, by Henry Hugh Pearson, Esq. Published by Alfred Novello.

of the miller, not particularly pretty, but willing and good-humoured, waited on us. Snow-white table-cloths, and sparkling, inviting dinner apparatus, unfortunately, were not among the comforts; but the meats were eatable—the trout more than that; the whole not good enough to invite lingering over the meal; and again we sauntered beside the torrent, and reposed under the trees, and talked over our plans and a thousand other subjects, with the zest of people who found a new and willing listener after long seclusion.

Our eager love of Italy has struck a spark and lighted a similar flame in the breast of our friend. He intended repairing to Vienna in the winter. He now proposes taking Venice in his way; so that, if we will remain a month at Dresden, he will accompany us at least so far on our southern journey. It is thus arranged; not, perhaps, for the best—for, if the heats continue, any town must be disagreeable—still we have come so far into the heart of Germany, that there can be no harm, though it be not the town season, in lingering a few weeks in one of its most celebrated cities. We have accordingly taken convenient lodgings in the Alt Markt; and here we are.

Already, you may be sure, we have visited the Gallery—a labyrinth of lofty halls, adorned by a very mine of painted canvas, which thoroughly to explore

would indeed be difficult. Some of its chief gems are in one room. Entering this, we are at once commanded and awed by the "Madonna di San Sisto," the Virgin bearing the Infant God in her arms, by Raphael. As a painting, technically speaking, I believe there are faults found with it : worst of all, it has been retouched and restored ; but no criticism can check the solemn impression it inspires. The Madonna is not the lowly wife of Joseph the carpenter : she is the Queen of Heaven ; she advances surrounded by celestial rays, all formed of innumerable cherubim, from whose countenances beam the glory that surrounds her. The majesty of her countenance, "severe in youthful beauty," demands worship for her as the mother of the Infant Saviour, whom she holds in her arms. And he, the Godhead (as well as feeble mortals can conceive the inconceivable, and yet which once it is believed was visible) sits enthroned on his brow, and looks out from eyes full of lofty command and conscious power. With one hand, he makes the sign of blessing, as in Catholic countries this is bestowed. Below are two angels—both lovely ; one inexpressibly so—who are looking up. I have seen copies and engravings from this picture ; I have seen these angels well imitated, but never the mother and child. In some, the angelic beauty is sacrificed in the endeavour to portray the majestic

glance, which thus becomes stern; or the dignity fades, that the beauty, which thus becomes inexpressive, may be preserved. In truth, copies are very inefficient things; prints are often better; but if you look at the originals, such weak types fade into insignificance.

There are four large Correggios in this room; all among his earlier pictures. As paintings, I am told that they rank higher than the Raphael. They gain by being looked at and studied; the art of painting has never, nor can ever be carried further than the Chiaro Oscuro of this admirable artist; and the attitudes of the figures—the expression of some of the faces—especially of St. Sebastian, in one of them, thrills the frame. Now, the sense of adoration is cold in men's breasts, and painters can neither see in others, nor conceive within their own breasts, a passion as absorbing as love, while it elevates and purifies those who feel it till their features shadow forth an angelic nature. A fifth Correggio is also here—the Magdalen, a small cabinet picture. It is well-known. I am told that Correggio only painted it once; but Allori, a good painter, but whose conceptions, whose types (to use the word of the author of "La Poésie Chrétienne") are not noble, has made many most admirable copies; it has thus been multiplied; some of the

copies are generally said to be by the hand of Correggio himself; yet, in the most celebrated of them, I have not seen the mixed expression which is so wonderful in the face of the original. She is lying on the earth, in a cavern, supporting her head with her hand, reading the blessed promises of the Gospel. Her eyes are red with recent and much weeping; her face expresses earnest hope—or rather scarcely hope yet, but a yearning which will soon warm into satisfied faith; and she is eagerly drinking in the sublime consolations that speak peace to her heart. Her face is not clouded by grief, though you see that she has grieved with bitterness; nor does it express joy, though you see that she anticipates happiness. Is not this the triumph of art? You must add to this inimitable delicacy in shadowing forth expression, an execution quite unrivalled. The word *Chiaro Oscuro*, as applied to Correggio's paintings, is familiar to every one. This picture teaches more than any other what it means. With other artists, the flesh in shade, is the flesh darkened—blackened: here—look at the arms, the throat of the Magdalen; they are fair as alabaster—or rather, as the fair skin of woman, and the shadow that obscures them, conceals it in the painting not more than it would do in reality.

The heat is very great ; the hours of the gallery excessively inconvenient—from nine to one, when it is inexorably closed, that the attendants may dine at the universal German hour ; and they do not open again. I am convinced that one of the reasons that there is heaviness in the Germans, is this early hour for their principal, their interminable meal. Who can be fit for anything, after sitting for two or three hours at mid-day to a plentiful dinner? After such an act, life must be extinct in all the nobler functions for some hours ; but, as they go to bed at ten, they do not give scope for the mind to recover itself. To be sure, they rise at five, and therefore their great men have been able to achieve so much.

With regard to the gallery, special permission may be obtained, if sought and paid for, to visit it at other hours. If we were only here for a day or two, it would be worth while to obtain this ; but then an attendant would accompany us all the time ; now we are free to roam at will. So we shall content ourselves with the public hours.

We are to remain the whole of this month at Dresden ; before the end of it, I hope the heat will diminish. It is so excessive that I mean to escape for a few days to Rabenau.

## LETTER VIII.

Rabenau.—The Gallery.—The Terrace of Bruhl.—The Grosse Garten.—The great Heat.

DRESDEN, AUGUST 12.

THY mountain torrent and thy narrow vale,  
 With every pine and fir that grow thereby ;  
 The air that passes thee with gentle wail,  
 That it may not amidst thy thickets die ;  
 Thine evening's quiet, and thy morning's gale,  
 And thy hot noon-day's mossy luxury ;  
 Thy crage, whose legend says, " Each rugged rock  
 An altar is to Him who framed the block." \*

IN such and other verse has the "valley of beauty, sunny Rabenau," been celebrated by one of my friends, who visited it with us, and whose ardent and poetic imagination was warmed by inspiration in this lonely spot. I am sorry to say, that, secluded and beautiful as is the narrow dell, I did not quite share his transports ; I obtained no refuge from the heat, from which I had endeavoured to escape. Truly we enjoyed the shade of woods and cliffs, and the refreshing murmur of the stream ; but deep down and shut in as is the ravine, we found it close

\* Giotto and Francesca and other Poems, by A. A. Knox, Esq.



and breezeless. Besides, to my misfortune, I am more fastidious than a traveller ought to be. During the day I sought for a cool spot, and even though I found it not, yet as I loitered among the woods, every object charmed the eye; and evening came at last, bringing relief and enjoyment. But at night it was otherwise. The mill is a very rustic cot; and the Germans are not, as far as I can judge, a cleanly people. At Kissingen we were obliged to exert ourselves vehemently to get the floors (which, being of white smooth deal, to use a servant's phrase, *show dirt*) washed. Water had never touched the boards of my room at Rabenau, and in vain I pleaded for a little scouring. Then German beds, especially in the north of Germany, are uncomfortable. Feather-beds everywhere are disagreeable; but here they are constructed on the most odious principle. They are a quarter filled with feathers: so when you lie down, they inclose you on all sides, as a half-empty bladder does your finger if you press it. Usually there are mattresses besides, and one can discard the annoying softness; but at Rabenau there was only a loose straw palliase, and one of these disastrous beds, which threw me into a state of nervous agitation, that turned the night into a period of pain.

In short, after enduring the annoyance for three

nights, P—— and I quitted it, leaving our poet and musician behind, to indulge, for a few more days, in the inspirations of the rocky dell. An old woman stowed carpet-bag, cloaks, and books, into a basket, and putting a weight I could scarcely lift on her back, walked briskly on before. Like gnomes, we emerged from the inner recesses of the earth, and ascended to its outer edge; and again descending the hill side, we reached the high road, where we hoped to find a carriage sent to meet us. We were disappointed; but after a perplexing half hour, during which we expected to have to walk to Dresden, we secured a return britska, and gladly took our way to our temporary home. Could I have foreseen the heat, I had not fixed to remain at Dresden so long, but have gone on to wait for our friend at Töplitz. There is no help now, and I console myself by recollecting that I am in a city I have long desired to see, and can store my mind with the memory of a thousand objects, which hereafter I shall look back on as my choicest treasures.

I ramble in the morning in the Gallery: the heat, indeed, is almost insupportable; but still I cannot tear myself away. There is a lovely picture of Rebecca at the well, by Giorgione. There is a fine one, by Annibal Caracci, of the Angel of Fame. He is springing upwards; wreaths of laurel hang from

his arm; one hand bears a crown, the other holds a trumpet, and a halo of flame plays round his head. There is something living and spirit-stirring in this picture, though its colouring is not pleasing. There are the portraits of his three daughters by Palma Vecchio: one of them in particular is very beautiful. The women of this painter resemble those of Titian—the same full feminine form, the same voluptuous repose, joined to queen-like dignity.

One of the gems of the gallery is the *Cristo della Moneta*, of Titian, which Mrs. Jamieson eulogizes with much taste and judgment. It is among the earliest, and is one of the best of the works of this artist. It is but a small half-length, containing two figures. The Jew shows a coin to our Saviour, and asks to whom tribute should be paid. The questioner looks full of cunning—Jesus, suffering, patient, dignified. As with all these great painters, the countenance expresses many mingled feelings, and you read the thoughts of the martyr, revealed by his searching eye and the sad composure of his mien. "This is a snare. You think to entrap me. You will not succeed. With a word, I brush away the flimsy web of evil. But it will not always be thus; the time will come when I shall be your victim; yet I bear the present insult and future death with resignation for your sake—for the sake of all mankind.

My path is before me ; I tread it patiently and resolutely, though you strew it with thorns." All this you read in that face ; all gentleness, resignation, love, and suffering. A connoisseur here objects, that the countenance of Christ wants dignity ; perhaps it does ; yet, methinks, it has as much as the human face, in sorrow, can express. I told you that the gallery shuts at one. I linger to the last. At a quarter before this hour, the men come round, and draw down the blinds, leaving the gallery nearly in darkness. I was in the room containing the Correggios when they did this. The *Notte* of that painter is among them : The Shepherds visiting Jesus in the manger by night, and the only light emanates from the cradle of the divine child, spreading its halo over the Virgin's face, which is bent over the babe, while the shepherds veil their eyes with their hands from the dazzling effulgence. When, by the drawing down of the blinds, we were left nearly in darkness, the effect on this picture was miraculous. The child lay in living beams, which seemed to emanate from a focus, and spread rays of light around. I could not have believed that any coloured canvas could have shown such glowing radiance. The intention of the master becomes more clear, and his wonderful art more admirable. No doubt the picture

was painted for some niche that favoured the peculiar distribution of light and shadow.

There are some very beautiful specimens of the Dutch school in the gallery; but I do not, of course, send you a mere catalogue; and in mentioning those that gave me most pleasure, you know my preference for Italian pictures.

One day, while wandering about the gallery, I saw a well-known face. It was more than a pleasure; it was indeed a gain to meet the accomplished Author of "*La Poésie Chrétienne*" in the very spot where his knowledge and taste would inform my ignorance and correct my judgment; still more agreeable it is to learn that he is also bound for Italy. His animated conversation and refined society will add more than I can express of interest and pleasure to our rambles.

I drag myself painfully home from the gallery, but find no shade, and short repose.

We have here only a woman who "does for us," preparing our breakfast and attending to our rooms. Our dinner is another affair. Not far from us there is a *Tratoria*, kept by a Milanese, well known in Dresden as a good cook, and where we can obtain food not germanized in its preparation. We either go and dine there, or have our dinner sent to us; his prices are exceedingly reasonable. The ceremony of

our dinner over, I repose as well as the sun will let me, which has by this time left one part of our house and invaded another, making every portion, beyond conception, sultry. I never found any heat so oppressive. This arises from Dresden being so inland; and no rain having fallen for six months, the dryness of the atmosphere renders its high temperature penetrating, subtle, burning, intolerable.

Evening comes, and though it does not bring with it sufficient coolness to banish lassitude and even pain, still the heat is diminished, and I go out to walk or drive. If on foot, we go usually to the Terrace of Brühl, to which you ascend by a wide flight of steps from the foot of the bridge. The view here is beautiful. I can imagine circumstances which would render it sublime. It overlooks the Elbe; and were that river in "its pride of place"—full—rushing—stormy—it would add movement and grandeur to the scene. But the waters have ebbed even as the Arno does, till the bathers almost walk across without any chance of getting out of their depth; the bed, as a river's bed always does when the shrunken stream leaves it exposed, is a deformity to the landscape; and the extreme dryness of the season has caused the fields on the other side to resemble those seen by Charles Lamb from his retreat at Dalston. "Talk of green fields," he said,

“every one has green fields; I have drab-coloured fields.” I look over the parapet and try to imagine the river full to the brim; the lower piles of the beautiful bridge bathed and hidden by tumultuous waves; the domes and spires of the city rising silent above a turbid, tempestuous, sea-like river: that would be the scene which is the glory and boast of Dresden; now all is slothful and stagnant. The same is to be predicated of the company assembled; all the *beau monde* of all the towns of Germany is assembled at various baths, and so I must not wonder that I not only saw no beauty, but nothing either well-dressed or elegant in the promenades. We have driven to the Grosse Garten, a large park, filled with fine trees, and were the lawns laid out in verdant sward, instead of being an incult growth of the coarsest grass, very uninviting, especially in its present arid state, the shady walks and glades would be pleasant. I may say the same of all the other gardens of which this capital boasts. They would be very delightful, only just now they are deficient in freshness and verdure. Do not think I say this as a fault-finder, except that they ought to learn from us what grass when cultivated for ornamental uses ought to be. I consider the gardens and terraces and pleasure-grounds that adorn Dresden more beautiful than those of almost any other capital.

The fault is ours, not theirs. The pleasure-grounds of a city ought to be, and in this case are, adapted to the seasons during which the inhabitants make use of them. But in the height of summer, Nature only in her free fresh beauty can afford enjoyment. We have no business to come here now in search of wood and stream and field, which alone can content our souls, athirst and wearied by the heat. The fault, as I have said, is ours ; not that of Dresden, which really may be said in some degree to rival Florence in its pretensions to beauty, and which has of course an individual character of its own.

P— goes almost every night to the Opera. The heat is so very great, that I have only seldom ventured. The house is very pretty ; and I had hoped, as there are some good singers, to hear some of the *chef-d'œuvres* of German composers. I am disappointed. At Berlin, we had *Masaniello* : here we have *La Dame Blanche*—*Die weise Frau*—instead of the *Huguenots*, which our musical friend considers the finest composition of modern times—inferior only to Mozart ; superior to him, inasmuch as orchestral accompaniment is so wonderfully improved and extended since the day when *Figaro* and the *Zauberflöte* were brought out. I am much disappointed in not hearing this opera. The tenor is a young, good-looking man, with a very pleasing voice and



good style. It is strange, indeed, how well German *sings*. Look at the language, with its accumulation of consonants, and it appears worse even than our own for singing; but in reality it is far better; ours being, from its peculiar accent, the worst, I believe, in the world; while the German is smoothed and vocalised and flowing in a manner which, till I heard it sung by natives, I could not have imagined. This same *sdrucchioli* enunciation does not, however, make it pleasing to the ear when spoken.

Night comes at last. At ten o'clock, all Dresden goes to bed. If you stay out after, you must pay your porter four groschen. Night comes, but no cool breeze to calm and refresh. We live in a *troisième*, in the Alt Markt, and look upon its large square, our windows being turned to the east. Till a late hour, the people are employed removing the booths in which they expose their wares during the day, and the clatter they make prevents repose. Near us is a church tower, with a loud clock; and as I lie, courting sleep, with my windows of necessity wide open, the sound of the clock seems to enter my room. We are told, sounds are produced by vibrations of air, which beginning where the sound is born, spread themselves further and further; and thus I hear—I feel it. I believe that I am aware of the moment when the clock strikes; on comes the

sound, louder and louder, till my room is filled as with thunder—and the wounded sense of hearing would fain fly and escape—but cannot. You can form no idea what it is to have twelve o'clock thus walk up bodily to your pillow, in the otherwise deep silence of night.

We have, as yet, seen few of the lions. I am trying to summon courage and strength for sight-seeing; which will indeed be a task of labour, with the thermometer above ninety in the shade—in the shade of night, remember, as well as in that of day.

Adieu.

## LETTER IX.

The Green Vaults.—Collection of Porcelain.—Der Freischütz.—The great Drought.—Preparations for Departure.

DRESDEN, 18TH JULY.

WE spent this morning in the Grüne Gewölbe, or Green Vaults, a suite of apartments containing the treasures of the Kings of Saxony. These sovereigns were much richer once than they are now; and we are told, that, in addition to the dazzling piles of jewels and other valuables here collected, they had amassed large sums of money—all deposited in a secret strong room under their palace. The money is gone, but treasure to the amount of several millions remains, and is spread out for view in eight apartments on the ground floor of the palace, called the Green Vaults—it is said from the hangings with which these rooms were once hung. But why vaults? I cannot help thinking the name comes from some peculiarity appertaining to the former resting-place of the treasures—underground. These rooms display, indeed, incalculable riches. The diamonds

alone are worth a kingdom. Their immense size and surpassing lustre must dazzle the eyes when worn. Placed on shelves behind glass frames, of course their exceeding beauty is not enhanced by the movement and sparkle which causes diamonds to transcend all other precious stones. In addition to this almost magical wealth in gems, are a quantity of beautiful works of art, various and magnificent; they are some of exquisite carving, some elegant, some strange and fantastic. We wandered from room to room, wondering at the wealth, amazed by the profusion of treasure; but you must not expect enthusiasm from me on these points. There is something in this sort of treasure, when arranged for show, which takes from their beauty. Pictures are made to be looked at for themselves. The view of them excites the passions or calms the heart; or if even only gratifying to the taste, yet they please for themselves, and require no extraneous interest. It is a bathos indeed to turn from them to stones from the mine; but diamonds and jewellery, and even delicately-carved cups, elegant statuettes and fantastic toys, are agreeable to look at only as objects of personal ornament or use. Show me a beautiful woman, or an illustrious sovereign, adorned in jewels—served in cups that cost a province—and the imagination fills up a picture pleasing to itself—

exalting a human being above his fellows—and glorifying weak humanity in his image. Show me a room in which a fellow-creature is accustomed to live, where all he or she touches might ransom a king, and a thousand feelings and sympathies are awakened. Thus if we read in the “Arabian Nights,” of apartments supported by columns encrusted in jewels; then also we find some enchanted prince, who inhabits the wondrous chamber; or if we read of basins of diamonds and cups of a single pearl, they are tributes to beauty from love. With regard to these gems, indeed, we need not go so far afield as the “Arabian Nights” to imagine regal splendour. When Napoleon held his court in the North, to which “thrones, dominations, principedoms” thronged—proud hearts swelled beneath these stones, lifted up with a sense of greatness, and the lovely adorned by them were made glad by the consciousness of admiration.

I am afraid my lion-hunting at Dresden is over. After the Grüne Gewölbe I went to see the collection of porcelain, in an underground suite of rooms at the Japanese palace. I own I was disappointed. I expected to find a quantity of curious and exquisite Dresden china. The collection consists in specimens of porcelain, fabricated from the earliest times in all parts of the world. I confess a very slight inspec-

tion would have satisfied my curiosity. But I was with a party, and I dare say we spent two hours in these rooms, which were really vaults. At first their cool atmosphere, after the excessive heats from which we are suffering, was agreeable; but I got chilled, and caught a cold. I have been confined to the house for some days, and feel myself quite incapacitated from undergoing the fatigue of further sight-seeing.

JULY 20TH.

IN spite of indisposition, I have contrived to go to the theatre, to hear *Der Freischütz* in its native country. Shroeder Devrient is the *prima donna*; and a pretty young *débutante*, a great favourite here, was the Bridesmaid. The orchestra and singing were, of course, perfect; and the music of this opera is indeed enchanting. It is much to be regretted that the talking part is not arranged for recitative: we are no longer accustomed to the mixture of singing and speaking, and it grates on the ear. The imagination easily lends itself at first, and is soon carried away by the music to admit as natural and proper discourses in melody and singing; but the change from one to the other jars the ear, and unhinges the fancy. We had been told that nearly a year had been devoted to the getting up of the scenery and

*diablerie*. They were very shabby and meagre. When Linda throws open her window in her first exquisite *scena*, some unlucky urchin had drawn an actual face on the very oily-looking moon—a laugh through the house was inevitable.

There is an Italian company here, with a handsome *prima donna*. There is something very antagonistic in the German and Italian operatic schools. They despise each other mutually. Professors mostly side with the Germans, but I am not sure that they are right.

The Opera begins at six; it is over by nine; and everybody is in bed by ten. If you come home after that hour, the porter has a right to a fee for being disturbed from his bed at untimely hours: as in Paris, you pay him if you come home after twelve. If early rising conduces to health, how very healthy the Germans ought to be! But they have other habits by no means so consonant to our notions of what is good for the preservation of life. Their dislike of fresh air amounts almost to frenzy; this, joined to their smoking, and, in winter, to the close stoves, must make their domestic hearth (only they have no hearth) very incompatible with our tastes.

JULY 25TH.

THE heat continues. Most of the wells and springs of the town are dried up: that in our house yet affords a small supply. It is said that Government is about to issue an order that no water, except that of the Elbe, is to be used, except for culinary purposes. People must send to the river (and that runs shallow) for supplies to wash their clothes and keep their rooms clean. I do not think they use much water at any time for the latter purpose.

The drought indeed becomes alarming. News came, the other day, that a village was burnt to the ground, and the calamity was attributed to some trees taking fire from the extreme dryness of the atmosphere.

Our month is at an end. We are about to undertake a long, long journey to Venice. The dry season has defeated our hopes of ascending the Elbe in a steamer as far as Prague. Professor Hughes, an Englishman long established at Dresden, who receives gentlemen in his house for the purposes of education, and whose kindness has been of the greatest use to us, has bargained with a *Lohnkutscher*, or *voiturier*, to take us to Prague, by way of the Saxon Switzerland; as we intend to make the tour of that singular district. From Prague we shall make a fresh start, and be



guided by circumstances as to the manner. We hope to find some sort of railroad after Budweis, which will abbreviate a part of our journey.

I leave several sights unseen. I fear that sight-seeing will renew my attack of illness, and delay our leaving Dresden, and our journey towards mountain, forest, and stream, for which this heat and drought inspire an ardent longing. My imagination takes refuge at times in shady spots beside murmuring rills, and I look out on the dusty Alt Markt in despair.

When I returned from Rabenau a week or two ago, I found a grasshopper nestled in my muslin dress, and thoughtlessly I shook it off, out of window. That night the act weighed on my conscience. It was a stroke of adversity for the insect, to be transported from the fresh grass and cool streamlets of wooded Rabenau, and cast out to die in the arid, herbless market-place of a big town. In the morning, when I opened my eyes, to my great satisfaction, I found that my grasshopper had rebelled against my cruelty, and had leapt back into the room; it lay evidently in great distress on the floor. I gave it water, which it drank greedily, and put it in a *cornet* of paper;—that evening, M——, in her walk, on the other side of the Elbe, took it with her, and set it free on the grassy

banks of the river. It was not its native glen of Rabenau—but it was all I could do.

In olden times, this insect might have returned to thank me in the form of a fairy, but the days of wonders are passed. However, pining as I am, to repose “in close covert, by some brook,” thirsting to betake myself to “some wide-watered shore,” I hope to be even kinder to myself than to my victim, and in a few more days to be far, far from the dusty Alt Markt, amid more congenial scenes.

## LETTER X.

The Saxon Switzerland.

DRESDEN, 26TH AUGUST.

ADIEU to Dresden—I shall probably never see it more. I cannot say that I visited it (as far as regards the outside, for I saw no more,) under unfavourable circumstances—for the great cold that often prevails, were worse than the heat. Still, every act, every step is a painful exertion. Besides, I dislike all towns; I would never willingly live in one, summer or winter. To be near a metropolis usually—within a drive, and visit it, is pleasant—but I never feel happy except when I live in the palaces or secret coverts of Nature—mountain—forest—stream—or the shores of ocean: these are my true home.

Adieu to Dresden. A long, long journey is before us. We are in a charming ignorance of how we shall proceed, and of how much time the way will occupy: all we know is, that we must make our way as economically as we can to Venice, whither we are bound.

Our first destination is, as I told you, the Saxon

Switzerland. We have only time to make a limited tour in this singular region. Professor Hughes, who has been settled for many years in Dresden, has given us instructions how to guide our steps, so that we may see some of the most striking points. I transcribe them, as it may be useful to you if ever you visit these parts. I must premise that we have bargained with a *Lohnkutscher* to take us to Prague. We sent him and his carriage on with my maid and our luggage, and we are to rejoin them at Arbesau, he having provided us with another vehicle and driver for our excursion:—

“Start at five o’clock.

“Pilnitz.

“Lohmen.

“Uttervalde — walk through the valley to the Bastei, where the carriage must again meet you.

“Leave the Bastei at latest at 3 o’clock ; drive to Hockstein and Shandau.

“Leave Shandau the same evening, at latest at 5 o’clock, for the Wasserfall. Order a mule to meet you at the foot of the Kuhstall ; walk to the Kuhstall ; descend ; take the mule to the Kleine and Grosse Winterberg.

“Leave the next morning at nine o’clock for the Prebischthor and Hernitskretschon on a mule ; take a boat for Tächchen ; stop at the Bad ; order a carriage for Arbesau.”

AUGUST 27TH.

WE left Dresden more than an hour later than the time appointed—a disaster, as we were to crowd so much into one day. We took the road on the left of the Elbe, to Pilnitz and Lohmen. The road grew more varied as we advanced, but I looked out in vain for traces of the mountainous region which we were to visit. The landscape was pretty, but tame, and when we reached the little village of Uttervalde, I wondered why it was necessary to leave the carriage; what road could be here that would not admit a dozen waggons abreast if need were? However, in obedience to our instructions, we did alight, and ordering the carriage to meet us at the Bastei, we hired a sort of open sedan, a comfortable arm-chair placed on poles carried by two men, for me; my companions were to walk, and we set out, as it seemed, to look for wonders where none could be.

But immediately on quitting the village the portals of the mountains opened before us, and we plunged into their recesses. It is difficult to describe the peculiarity of this region; it differs so much from every other. Rabenau shared in some degree in its characteristics. Generally, when you see mountains, they seem (as they are) upraised above the plains which are the abodes of men; lifting their mighty

heads towards heaven. In Saxony, the impression is as if the tops of the hills were the outer circumference of the globe, strangely fissured and worn away by the action of water. We plunge into depths of the earth ; we might fancy some sprite of upper air had forced a passage so to reach the abode of subterranean spirits. The mystic imagination of the Germans has indeed peopled this region with gnome and kobold, who watch over hidden treasure. A thousand romantic legends are associated with scenes whose aspect awakens the fancy. In uncivilized and disturbed times the persecuted and houseless found refuge in these secret recesses from lawless freebooters or religious bigots.

As we proceeded through the narrow ravine, the rocks rose perpendicularly on each hand, and shut us in as with walls, but not walls as at Via Mala, abrupt and bare. The precipices are broken into a thousand fantastic shapes, and formed into rough columns, pillars, and peaks numberless ; with huge caverns, mighty portals, and towering archways ; the whole clothed with pines, verdant with a luxuriant growth of various shrubs ; and, but that for the most part the long drought has silenced them, resonant with waterfalls. The stream that makes its way in the depth has thus lost all energy and variety—it ripples murmuring in its rocky channel.

The path, ascending and descending over the rocks, winds at its side. Sometimes the fissure nearly meets overhead, and the sun can never shine on the stream below. There is a charm of novelty in the scene quite inexpressible. We penetrate Nature's secret chambers, which she has adorned with the wildest caprice. Various ravines branch off from the main one, and become numerous and intricate, varied by huge caverns of strange shapes; some open to the sky, some dark and deep; there are little verdant spots in the midst, too, where the turf was green and velvety, and invited us to rest. We were taken to the particular spots selected as most remarkable for the formation or grandeur of the rocks, or where cascades, reduced unhappily to a thread of water, were accustomed to scatter their spray abroad. The whole way, I must tell you, was one continued ascent, and this explains the wondrous view we gain when we emerge again into outer air.

At length we left the ravine, and entered a forest of firs. After traversing this we found ourselves, as if by magic, at a high elevation, and stood upon the Bastei or Bastion. This is a vast mass of rock, that rises 800 feet above the Elbe, in the depths and centre of which the rent was made which we had thriddled. The uttermost edge projects far beyond the face of the precipice, and here we stood looking

on a scene so utterly different from every other, that it is difficult to describe it. A caprice of nature is the name usually bestowed on this district; while geologists explain how the action of water on a peculiar species of rock has caused the appearance before us. It is still the same, though on a gigantic and sublime scale. The earth has been broken, and fissured, and worn away. The Elbe sweeps majestically at the foot of the Bastei; a plain is spread beneath, closed in by an amphitheatre of huge columnar hills, which do not, as is usually the case, begin with gradual upland, but rise at once in shape fantastic,—isolated one from the other. Some of the highest and most abrupt have been used as fortresses. The sides of the precipices of the Bastei are clothed in a forest of firs and other wood.\* The whole scene was bathed in dazzling sunshine. The heat was so great, that it was painful to stand on the giddy verge, which is protected by wooden rails (for the whole district is prepared for show); yet it was almost impossible to tear oneself away.

There is an inn at the Bastei, where we dined. German cooking is very bad, and we had to wait

\* A week or two after our visit this wood caught fire, from the effects, it is said, of the drought, and was entirely consumed. We heard that the scene, instead of being injured, was improved, as thus laid bare, the strange characteristics of the region became more distinct.



long, and were served slowly. A young Englishman dined at the same table. In a classification of travellers, what name is to be given to those who travel only for the sake of saying that they have travelled? He was *doing* his Saxon Switzerland; he had *done* his Italy, his Sicily; he had *done* his sunrise on Mount Etna; and when he should have *done* his Germany, he would return to England to show how destitute a traveller may be of all impression and knowledge, when they are unable to knit themselves in soul to nature, nor are capacitated by talents or acquirements to gain knowledge from what they see. We must become a part of the scenes around us, and they must mingle and become a portion of us, or we see without seeing and study without learning. There is no good, no knowledge, unless we can go out from, and take some of the external into, ourselves: this is the secret of mathematics as well as of poetry.

We indulged, as well we might, in gazing delightfully from this battlement of nature on the magnificent scene around; and then we turned to the prosaic part of travelling, the necessity of getting on. Our driver (provided by the master *voiturier* who was to take us to Prague) had been told to meet us at the Bastei; he pretended that this was impossible; that no carriage ever came up, and we must walk

some three or four miles to join him. We found all this to be utterly false, and that the usual custom was for the carriages to come up to the Bastei. With a burning sun above, and a good deal of labour before us, we were not willing to encounter any unnecessary fatigue : so we sent a man to order the carriage to come to us. It came ; but the *kutscher* refused to take us unless we paid him something extra. This was an obvious piece of rascality, and we begged our friend, who was absolute master of German, to remonstrate with him. But he had, during his long stay in this country, acquired too much *laisser-aller* for our impatient English natures. Nothing can equal the slow style in which a German makes a bargain, or discusses a disputed point. He never thinks that he can argue with any success, unless he puts one hand on the other's shoulder, and brings his face close to him. Indeed, this habit of coming so very near in conversation is, as far as I remarked, usual in Germany. I have often edged off till I got into a corner, and then there was no help but, if possible, to run away. To return to our *kutscher*. With ignorant and deaf ears we saw him and our friend argue and re-argue the point while time flew. Our instructions were, to leave the Bastei at three at latest ; it was now long past four. Why not

yield to the demand? I believe travellers alone know the swelling indignation and obstinate resistance with which, at the worst of times, they meet extortion. We *would* not yield; and finding our friend still vainly discussing, another among us took our books and cloaks from the carriage, and, pumping up the only German words he could command, said to the fellow: — "*Kannen sie nach Dresden gehen.*" If he had been master, he might have taken us at our word; but he knew we should meet his master at Arbesau, so he took fright and consented, without extra pay, to take us to Schandau. He had been engaged to take us some four miles beyond; but we (foolishly enough) consented to be satisfied with being driven so far.

Descending from the Bastei, the road wound round hills, with a stream on the other hand. Schandau is thus placed, and it is a very pretty country inn; the stream in front, with a bridge, and before a garden, secluded and peaceful, reminded one of the inn at Burford Bridge, near Boxhill. It would have been as well to remain here could we have given three instead of two days to our excursion. But this was impossible; and we were anxious, as evening was advancing, to get on. We asked if we could have a *calèche* to take us to the foot of the Kuhstall, which is the last point where a carriage is

serviceable ; the rest of the excursion must be performed on foot, in chairs, or on mules.

Our instructions bid us leave Schandau by five at latest ; it was now nearly six : so we begged them to hasten with the carriage. Fair promises were given, and we loitered away half an hour in the garden of the inn, and then we grew impatient. After a time it became apparent that the people were playing the very usual trick of delaying bringing a carriage, till too late, so to force us to sleep at their inn. We were rather slow at arriving at this conviction, and not the less resolute to resist the imposition ; indeed, yielding would put us to great inconvenience. After answering our expostulations for some time with false promises, they at last impudently declared that we could not have a carriage. Our only resource was the fellow who brought us from Dresden, and who by compact ought at once to have taken us to the place whither we wished to go. Two thalers bribed him, and he agreed to proceed. We asked for a guide, and engaged him ; but, at setting off from Schandau, he said it was impossible for a lady to reach the Grosse Winterberg that night, and he refused to go.

On the whole, with evening closing in, the guide deserting, and several miles before us, to sleep at Schandau seemed our best resource ; but we would

not; the cool evening air was pleasant. I did not object to a little adventure. We should, it is true, miss some points usually visited, but we should gain a great object with the tourist—that of viewing the Grosse Winterberg by moonlight and at sunrise;—we went on, therefore, the road winding at the base of wooded hills, till we reached the foot of the Kuhstall. The mules were all gone, and so were the guides. A countryman who was doing work at the inn of the Grosse Winterberg, offered to show us the way thither, and leaving the carriage, and loading the man with books and carpet-bag, we set out.

We had been obliged to give up the idea of viewing Kuhstall and the Kleine Winterberg, and aimed only at reaching the Grosse, which is situated at the top of a very high hill. It was now past eight o'clock, and evening had closed in. The hill we climbed was clothed with pines, and it was impossible to conceive a more fatiguing ascent. The soil was sand, into which we sank to our ankles, as we toiled up. No breath of air stirred the trees. After the first chill which followed sunset, the night became excessively warm; shut in as we were by trees, we were oppressed by heat and toil. To add to our troubles, it soon grew pitch-dark—not a star-beam penetrated the trees—

our guide went on before, and we provided him with a cigar, the light of which alone showed us where he was; and now and then my companions struck sparks from a flint to throw transient radiance on the path, which bordered (I believe, but we could see nothing) a steep precipice on one hand; on the other, we had the broken surface of the mountain, and the boughs of the pines overhead. The way seemed endless—but as we had conquered the people at Schandau, and got our own way, we would not be dispirited—and laughed at our difficulties—and toiled up the steep, plunging as we went deep into the sand. At last we reached the top of the hill, and another half hour brought us to the inn. It was eleven o'clock—so you may imagine that the way had been long, and that we were not a little fatigued.

Late as it was, we determined to reward ourselves with a little amusement. Supper was ordered—and we ordered also three Bohemian girls with their harps. Here, as in Wales, harps form a part of the entertainment given to travellers at the inns; but in Bohemia, they are played by girls instead of men. The harpists were gone, it was so late; but at our call they came, and played and sang several wild national airs. We were now on the frontiers of Bohemia, whence the race of

Gipsies was said in old times to have emigrated. I do not know whether there was any Gipsy blood in these girls — their eyes had not the peculiar cast of the race. One of the three was very handsome, and looked proud—as indeed she was—and listened with an air of haughty disdain to every compliment. They had on their faces, that which too often rests on the countenances of the lower order of Germans—an expression of sullenness. I soon grew too tired to listen, and left them playing. The waning moon rose over the sea of hills on which I looked from my window; I was almost too fatigued to see. At sunrise I started up to gaze;—the glory of awakening day was on the mountain-tops, which looked more like a stormy ocean than a scene of earth. I scarcely know what I saw; my eyes were drooping with sleep; I knew my companions would not rise, so I went again to bed, and when I awoke, it seemed as if I had dreamed of a glorious sunrise in fairy-land. I looked from the tiny casement of my room—we were on the highest of many hundred hills, nearly two thousand feet above the level of the sea, and commanded a wide horizon, inclosing a district strangely convulsed, wildly heaped up with mountains and rocks of various and fantastic shapes, clothed with wood.

Murray speaks of the inn at the Grosse Winterberg

as two or three separate huts, where sorry accommodation may be obtained. This state of things is reformed. On the highest pinnacle of the mountain is a very good country inn, such as may remind the traveller of those found in North Wales. The host was very civil, and we had to put his civility to the test. I had put a quantity of thaler notes in my writing-desk, and this had gone with our luggage; by a miscalculation, I had not brought enough of the dirty paper for our excursion, and the less that I had expected to pay for our carriage at Prague. But the fellow who drove us insisted on the money, twelve thalers, before he left us at Schandau; two more we had to give him to take us to the foot of the hill of the Grosse Winterberg; and this had entirely drained us. The master of the inn readily agreed to pass us on to the host at Tätchen, who again would trust us till we reached Arbesau, and were possessed of our dear thalers. It is impossible to express the sense of littleness that comes over one when, in travelling, one has no money at all. Gulliver, in the palm of the hand of the Brobdignagian reaper, could not have felt smaller, till we received our host's ready consent to trust us.

We ought to have left this eagle's nest on a rock at seven, or, at latest, at nine o'clock. But loitering was the order of the day; and I resolved to give way



—to make no remonstrance—and see how long we should linger. We went up to a terrace on the roof of the house, to see a yet wider prospect; we looked at the different specimens of Bohemian glass; we listened to the harpists. My mule was brought; but when three of the party were assembled, a fourth was missing; and when he came, another had gone. We got away, at last, at one o'clock.

Immediately on leaving this elevated spot, we plunged down a ravine clothed with firs, just such a one, I suppose, as we had climbed, only it led in an opposite direction. We were soon told that we had crossed the frontier line, and were in Bohemia. The toil was considerable; the descent so steep, that to walk had been less fatiguing; but, as I was about to get off my mule, another ascent began; and very high and steep it proved till we reached a pinnacle abutting over the side of the mountain, which might almost rival the Bastei. The view was different: the absence of the river rendered it less beautiful. From the side of this rock springs the Presbichthor—a natural arch of vast size, that spans a ravine. The face of the rock from which it springs is cut into terraces; and you climb higher and higher, from one to the other, and reach the summit of the arch. The scene is inconceivably wild. Earth looks rent, convulsed, shattered—isolated, disjointed mountains,

rising abruptly from the plain, their sides clothed by firs, are spread around. The majestic arch forms an object of great beauty in the midst. There is an inn here for the refreshment of travellers. We only obtained, however, some bad bread and cheese.

The descent was very abrupt and fatiguing. I walked most part of the way till we reached the Kamnitz, a large stream, or rather river. This added softness, yet movement, to the scene, but took from its singularity. The way was long, but we reached at last Hirniskretschén, where there is a very dirty inn, crowded by travellers—traders, they seemed to be. No rustic holiday inn was this; nor one kept for the accommodation of tourists, but one for the use of the lower order of country people.

Where extortion is not manifest, we ought not to quarrel with the higher prices of hotels in show places, since they are there—oases of civilisation amidst the desert of native dirt and discomfort—for our sole use; and they must be maintained by what they gain during seasons of tours. The singular filth and squalid appearance of this wretched place made us regard even the misdeeds of Schandau leniently.

This village is on the Elbe; and gladly we hired a boat, and exchanged the fatiguing descent of mountain paths for the repose of being carried swiftly and smoothly down the river. In truth, we did not

see the Elbe to advantage. On account of the long drought, it had shrunk in its bed : but still a majestic river, sweeping between mountainous banks, always presents varied and agreeable prospects, which seem all peace and enjoyment ; and, after our two days of toil, we were right glad of the repose.

Midway on our voyage, we came to the Austrian frontier. The Austrian Government has not joined the league which unites the rest of Germany, and has put an end to the annoyance a traveller suffered, passing in one day the frontiers of several States, and stopped, and his luggage examined at each. However, though the Austrian preserves his right to annoy, he amiably abstained. I had given my passport to my maid, but was not even obliged to get out of the boat to shew myself, the explanation given by my companions being received even with deference. A custom-house officer stepped into the boat : eight gute-groschen (a piece of money similar in value to a shilling) caused him at once to exchange an appearance of extreme official severity to the excess of considerate courtesy. We were detained but a few minutes, and found ourselves admitted in the much-feared Austria with less trouble than we ever before passed a frontier.

Towards sunset we arrived at Tätchen ; our boatmen and the bill at the Grosse Winterberg were

defrayed by the master of the hotel here. We ordered dinner, and my friends went to bathe in the Elbe. We passed an hour or two pleasantly, but after this, grew uneasy. It was our wish to get on beyond Arbesau that same night, that we might reach Prague on the following day. But the Germans never hurry. It was past six before we got a very bad dinner, with black bread, which nothing but long habit would render edible; and then we had to wait for the carriage, or rather cart, which was to take us on. The first hour or two after sunset was very chilly: that passed, the usual heat returned. I was excessively fatigued, and the jolting of our vehicle was distressing. It seemed as if we should never arrive; and it was past midnight before we entered the open court-yard of the inn, where all slept silently beneath the moon except the dog left by our *voiturier* to guard the carriage. In our earnestness to get on we were unreasonable enough to call our coachman up and beg him to set off. He was very angry at being disturbed by our outrageous design; and returned grumbling to his straw: for these people never undress, but turn in among straw in the stables, close to their horses. I confess I was not sorry for the ill success of our magnanimous design. We got some tea and some tubs of water, and these were much more suited to us.

## LETTER XI.

Baths of Töplitz.—Lobositz.—Arrival at Prague.

AUGUST 30TH.

IF we annoyed our kutscher by rousing him and desiring to set out at twelve at night, he was much more annoyed at our dilatoriness in the morning. We paid our accumulated account here, and became again independent of the world.

The country round Arbesau is the scene of one of the most fatal of the battles, the defeat of Vandamme, which caused the overthrow of Napoleon. The landscape is otherwise devoid of interest. Bare, sandy uplands are spread around without tree or inclosure. I dare say if we looked about, we should discover some rift in the earth, as at Rabenau, and descend amidst shady woods, and murmuring streams, and strange romantic rocks. A subterranean habitation, a gnome may be supposed to have formed, to lure a sylphid to his deep abode, which is all but incommunicable with upper air.

And this idea was almost realised, as descending

the steep from Arbesau we reached Töplitz, which is situated in a valley on the banks of the Saubach. I hear that the country around is beautiful: of this we could see little. Our first achievement, after ordering dinner, was to visit the Baths. Anything more delicious you cannot imagine. Instead of entering a dirty coffin, as at Kissingen, or the sort of sarcophagus usually used for such purpose, one corner of the lofty and comparatively spacious room in which you bathe is lowered, and you go down a few marble steps into a basin of the same material, filled with water of delightful temperature and pellucid clearness. I never experienced a more agreeable bath. After dinner we wandered about the public gardens, which are very pretty, and diversified with sheets of water, and ate ices. Here we had the first specimen of a currency which is very odd, and puts strangers off their guard. We had left thalers, which are three shillings, and Bavarian florins, which are two francs, for Austrian florins, which value two shillings. We were surprised to receive our bill for our dinner, at Töplitz, nearly thirteen florins. We expostulated, and it was explained: Murray also gave us the key to this mystery—all pecuniary transactions are carried on in a nominal currency, called *schein*, two and a half in name larger than the *müntz*, which is the real currency. After a com-

plicated sum in arithmetic—multiplying our bill by two, and then dividing it by five—we found our dinner (for four) cost us five florins twelve kreutzers. The annoyance of receiving a bill double what it ought to be, thus agreeably relieved by finding it reduced to less than half, pacifies the traveller, and takes away his power of discovering whether it is much or little in its mitigated state. We slept this night at a dirty inn at Lobositz.

31st August.

WE reached Prague this evening, stopping on our way at Doxan. The country is fertile and pleasant, but not striking. In the afternoon we saw Prague as we thought close, and expected to reach it in five minutes :—I think we were about two hours. Prague lies on the banks of the Moldau, and a part of the city climbs the height by which we descended ; but the entrance is on the other side of the river, at the other extremity of the town ; and the road makes a long circuit, sweeping round the hill and crossing the river at some distance from the gate. Looking down on Prague from the height, and with it thus in view so long, as we descended, it wore a most picturesque and almost eastern aspect, crowned as it is with minarets, domes, and spires.

The portion of Prague that lies on the banks of

the river, is divided into an old and new town. The Neustadt, built by the Emperor Charles IV. in 1348 (the date of this novelty gives a delightful air of venerableness to the older portions of the city), was at first separated from the rest of the city by a ditch. This is now filled up, and gives the name to the handsomest street of the new town—the Graben—in which the best hotels are situated. There was no room at the Schwarzes Ross, which is considered the best; so we went to the Drei Linden, which we find comfortable.

We had intended proceeding immediately; but one of my companions is indisposed, and accordingly we remain a day at Prague. I write this letter, and now I am told the carriage is ready, and I am going out to see some of the lions. I shall have time for few, for many hours have been wasted this morning, and but short space of daylight remains.—Adieu.

END OF VOL. I.

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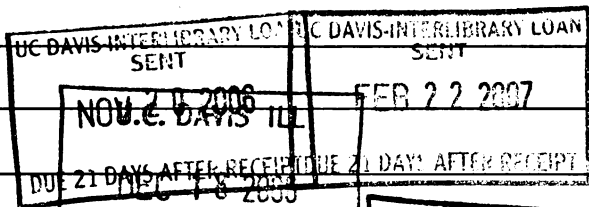
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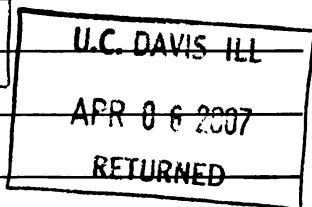
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