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HOW WE DID THEM
IN SEVENTEEN DAYS!

TO WIT:

Belgium, the Rhine, Switzerland, & France,

DESCRIBED AND ILLUSTRATED

— BY —

ONE OF OURSELVES;

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P R E F A C E .



First an apology, secondly a deprecation. Is not that the correct formula for a preface? Our apology for appearing in print is not that our friends at home are unacquainted with the countries through which we passed, but that they have been so frequently urgent in enquiring, "How we did them." Our deprecation,—that our critics (should we have any) may generously avoid our depreciation.





Aw! Playshaw 'yaw 'quaintance!

INTRODUCTION.



“Thou com'st in such a questionable shape.”—*Shakespeare.*

“Venientibus est dicere Ave.”—*Old Adage.*

You have not “the pleasure of our acquaintance” gentle* reader? Then we must, perforce, Pyke and Pluck fashion, introduce ourselves, or one another, particularly as our publisher is fortunately (for him) too busily engaged to assist at the ceremony.

The Captain, loquitur.—“Allow me to introduce to you my friend the Lawyer. This portly gentleman who now stands before you is one of the most tal—”

The Lawyer breaking in.—“And this little whipper-snapper who has just been speaking, and who is one of the most fussy of fussy little men, is known by his friends at home and abroad as “The Captain.” He is somewhat belligerent, but he can ——”

Captain.—“Endeavour to amuse.”

* * * * *

Critic, (candid of course).—*A fortnight hence perhaps.* “And fail.”

* * * * *


Reader! Gentile or other, you will not be so rude, so cruel as C. C., will you?

Note by the Captain.—I've ever thought that, with the exception of one's own intimate friends and acquaintances, this word should be “gentile.”



CHAPTER I.

HOW WE CAME TO DO IT.

“ MONTH on the Continent! And who do you imagine is to do my work while I am away, or who to overtake arrears on my return?” “That’s a matter I confess which is beyond my ken to arrange” replied the Captain. “But you are not going on pegging away at office work continually, as you have been doing for years past—without certain detriment to health and constitution. You may be going on smoothly enough at present, but without some rest, by and bye, depend upon it, the crank will break, or one of the tires wear out and suddenly fly off, or the driving wheel itself go smash, and then where will you find yourself?”

“But, my dear fellow! look here! If even now my attention is called elsewhere and I am compelled to leave office for a couple of days only, there is such a mass of accumulated papers on my return that I——”

“Don’t care! I know that you have been on the dead grind, without cessation, ever since I first met you in London, when I was getting out ‘Our Cruise,’ and that must be now some twenty years ago.”

* * * *

“I’ve been thinking over the suggestion that you broached the other day, my dear Captain”—said the Lawyer when they next met—“and I

fancy I might manage to spare a fortnight on such a trip as you proposed, I mean on one condition, namely, that you accompany me."

"No man could be more willing, but that idea never entered my head; *N'importe!* When do you propose to start?"

"About the middle of next month, if you will. You will have to take charge, you know, for you are far more conversant with the ways of those foreign fellows than I am. By the way, do you remember that Frenchman we picked up in Marlborough Square one evening, in —54, and his remark to you just before we parted with him—'Sare! You do spik French laik a naytif.' I've often thought of that, and the vagabond life you were then leading."

"Hold hard there old man! You may possibly have some wrong notions about that. We will visit some of the scenes of my former 'vagabondism.' I'll include them in the scheme which we must draw up for our run; and as some of the ground will be new to me, we must press our good friend, the Major, into our service, to supply us with information on the Swiss part of our trip. When shall we start?"

"Well! Join me here next week, and on the 10th of August we will leave together for London; but remember, I must be back by the end of the month."

"All right! *Eau reservoir*, as the French don't say.





CHAPTER II.

“Well begun is half done.”—*Old Adage.*

THE 10th of August saw us fairly started, and on the evening of that day, after a run of 300 miles by rail, we arrived in Town. The Lawyer had furnished himself with a portmanteau sufficiently large to have accompanied him round the world, and the Captain had with him a somewhat handier valise and a courier's leather pouch. Having deposited these at our quarters in Bury Street, S. James, we made for Piccadilly, where we were engaged to dine. Here we met some of the *crème de la crème* of the legal profession—the coming men—who without doubt will shortly be filling some of the highest positions in the jurisprudence of the country. A most *recherchè* meal as man could partake of, and an opportunity of enjoying a social and intellectual treat—such as had rarely fallen to our lot; and after this a quiet weed along the (at this time of the year) desert wilds of Piccadilly, prepared us for retirement and nature's sweet restorer.

Up betimes the next morning—breakfast, and on to Charing Cross Station. Through ticket to Cologne. Morning paper. Finish breakfast*—and then a steady run without a break (no joke implied) to Dover.

Soon after getting on board the steamboat, a light, airy, sparkling conversation, such as one has so frequently noticed preceding an attack

* The Captain never considers a meal “finished” without the consumption of Tobacco.

of *mal de mer*—fell on our ears from the lips of, probably, parties of the Cook's excursion class,—the following :—

“Say, Chahlie, 'av y'evah cwoss'd this way b'faw?”

“Crossed before? I should think so: 'was crossed in love, for instance, before I was eighteen, and then——”

“Y'are a muff.”

“Was on that occasion—granted—but no shemale has ever used me in that capacity ever since, I guess, &c., &c.”

Ah youth! happy thoughtless youth! Enjoy the flying moments as they pass! Soon, soon enough come care, and sorrow, and reality, stern as well as for'ard. Did I not behold thee, Charlie, only seventeen minutes later, on thy knees—I mean not making any kind of proposal, but engaged, actually engaged in pouring forth thy many-tinted sorrows——into a b-s-n!

A lovely little boat was that which took us across—‘The Foam,’ of Samuda Brothers' build. Splendid weather, hardly more than a gaff-top-sail breeze from the southward, and we made the passage to Calais in eighty-five minutes, sighting as we entered the harbour the ill-starred, though far-famed Castalia waiting for the tide.

Keeping personal control over our ‘baggage,’ we ascended the pier steps and soon found our way to the train. *Premiere Classe Fumeurs.* Sir H. S. K., Judge of the late Court of Common Pleas at Westminster, and now a Privy Councillor, and the Hon. R. D—— were our pleasant companions to Brussels.

On either side of the rail, along our whole route, and as far as the eye could reach, scarce anything could be seen but field after field of golden grain, some already stacked, some cut, and much standing ripe (or as we thought more than ripe) for the sickle. But amid our rapturous admiration of nature's bounties, we are reminded in a manner none the most

pleasant, that we are ourselves liable to duties at which the nature human recoils with disgust, and growls. At some petty station, which happened to lie near the frontier of France and Belgium, we turn out of the train and exhibit the contents of our valises—our brand new socks, as well as our linges salles—to the officious gaze of half a dozen dirty douaniers.

At Brussels, after a dreary drag in a crazy fiacre up from the old town to l' Hotel de Flandre, we found ourselves in perfect comfort, with capacious bedrooms, and a civil and obliging garçon, qui amait beau coup, as he replied to the Captain's enquiries, l' onion frit a l' huile.

The next day we proceeded to do the city of Brussels, visiting the Cathedral Church of S. Gudule, and admiring the splendid stained glass it contains, as well as its famous pulpit, which represents in figures as large as life, and cut out in solid oak, the ejection of Adam and Eve from Paradise. We then repaired to the newly built Halles Centrales, where we were much amused at witnessing a Dutch auction. An official, around whom were gathered some fifty or sixty people, was standing on the outside of a kind of rostrum (within which were his clerks), and ever and anon he hoisted a chunk of meat, from 2 lbs to 6 lbs weight, on the top of a pole. Allowing some few minutes to pass in silence, that his audience might make their own estimate of the lump of flesh, he would declare its praises and name a price commonly far above its full value. Then in a plaintive monotonous sing song* he *descends* in the price, his audience still remaining silent, until some one bold individual responds, and he becomes the purchaser.

This, after all, would seem to be a fairer, cooler system of conducting an auction than our own plan in England; for here you do not run a chance of being urged on by a hired or artificial bidder, nor are you

* *Note by the Captain.*—I have, after much enquiry, ascertained from one who is allowed to be a competent authority in musical matters, Gregorian, that this "sing song" was none other than "4th Tone, 2nd Ending, B., monotonic mediation, simple cadence."

tempted through the excitement of competition to exceed the figure you had predetermined.

The time allotted to us did not, here as elsewhere, admit of our visiting all that should be seen, consequently we were compelled to omit the little Church in Rue de la Madeleine, wherein the good Knights Templars were, in 1312, accused of worshipping the devil, and were many of them put to death or imprisoned on the supposition. Similarly we passed by the Palace of Laeken, the nunneries and hospitals, and the 101 collections of pictures to be found in Brussels. The Palais de Justice we did see, of course, and we were bound also to visit "The Manneken." Another pen than mine shall tell his story.

"There is a fountain in Brussels, indecent it is true, but of such antiquity, and with which so many legends are mixed up, that I cannot help mentioning it. I allude, of course, to "The Manneken," which has, it is said, existed since the seventh century, not indeed in bronze, for the present figure is by Dugnesnoy, who formed it on the exact model of the stone figure serving the same purpose in the year 1648. In the twelfth century it is mentioned as being of iron. Tradition declares it to be the petrified figure of Prince Godefroy, who taking liberty to turn aside for ease during a religious procession, was instantly turned into stone on the spot, as a punishment for such wickedness. More authentic writers state it to have been an ancient figure of Cupid, and in support of this argument, bring forward the groupe of the "*trois pucelles*," which a few years ago stood in the Marchè aux Tripes, where they were similarly represented. But the Manneken, while he is the more ancient, has outlived his triple sisters, to the great joy of the good people of Brussels, who all but worship him, and certainly look upon him as the good spirit of their city.

To steal him is impossible. In 1584 the Manneken was seized and carried to Antwerp. He was, however, recaptured and brought back by

a small party of Bruxellois, and replaced on his pedestal. After the battle of Fontenoy, the young gentleman was taken and conveyed away in a baggage wagon by the English troops ; retaken, however, he was for a time allowed to delight by his presence the inhabitants of Grammont ; but, demanded by the citizens of the capital, he once more came home. In 1747 the figure was pulled down by some soldiers of Louis the Fifteenth ; but being found too heavy to convey away was dropped near the Church of Notre Dame de Bons-Secours. Again he was taken by two English soldiers and left by them on the Chaussée de Namur. In 1820 he was for the last time disturbed, but the same good fortune attending him, Manneken was again recovered, when the better to guard him from similar attempts, an iron railing* was put up round him.

The grave may smile ; but the following statements are true : Louvain and Brussels gave him two splendid dresses for gala days, and he was the first person who carried the national cockade of Brabant in 1789. The Emperor Charles the Fifth gave him a complete suit, and settled a pension on him. Duke Maxmilian in 1698, gave him not only clothes, but seriously invested him with his order. Peter the Great came to see him, and bowing before him, said, "Sir I have come to see you, since you go to see no one," and added to his pension. Louis the Fifteenth, to protect him as he said from further violence from his soldiery (though actually to please the people of Brussels), gave him a full uniform, and solemnly decorated him with the order of S. Louis !

It is a positive fact that, in addition to these gifts from Sovereigns, several people have made the little man (who is always styled the oldest citizen of Brussels) votive gifts, while others have actually remembered him in their wills, and within the last sixty years a lady left him a *life annuity* of 120 francs. He has a regular valet de chambre, who is paid

* Homœopathically to preserve him also from ironic raillery doubtless.

400 francs a year for dressing him on fête days; a treasurer, who is responsible for his disbursements, revenues, &c.; and a lawyer!"

To the Chemin de fer du Midi. Return tickets for Braine l' Alleud, as being the nearest station to the centre of the field of Waterloo (we declined the four-horsed English coach to Mont S. Jean); but here the Captain perpetrated a grievous error. *He took third-class tickets!* Vainly did he expostulate with milord the Lawyer, after the starting of the train, that if we would see anything of the inhabitants of the countries through which we intended to pass, we must associate with, or at least take opportunities of witnessing the behaviour of *all* classes. Vainly did he plead that to *know* a country you must visit the poor and less frequented districts, as well as those that are famous and well travelled over. Vainly did he go so far in support of his theory as to show that one ought to make oneself acquainted with the back alleys and slums of a city, if he would arrive at any true and real estimate of the whole. "No sir," said the Lawyer, "certainly not. Let *me* look on the bright side of nature." "I suppose when we get to Paris you will be for taking me to Montmartre, and La Villette, and all the unmentionable holes you know (and plenty of them you do know I'll warrant). I should not be at all surprised if you did not, for the purpose of seeing Paris, wish me to make a tour of the subsurface sewers of that city, like those poor d—ls in Victor Hugo's 'Misérables.' No! thank'ee! I believe the fact is you took third class tickets fancying they were first, and then to hide your bungling attempt, you try to blind me with your pseudo-philosophic theories. I hope it won't occur again." The Captain hereupon remained in prudent silence, content to "'bide his time."

At Braine l' Alleud we found a four-wheel'd vehicle ready to take us to Hotel de la Musée, close to the foot of the huge conical mound which "les braves Belges" threw up to commemorate that glorious victory which

they (of course) attained at Waterloo, and by means of which they have succeeded in destroying the face of the battle field. The Lawyer thought differently. He ascended the mound, and was much impressed with the view he obtained from the top, commanding as it does the whole extent of the field, and with the Belgian Lion, which crowns the edifice, nobly facing the French frontier, and with uplifted paw declaring to the whole French people—"thus far and no further." The Captain, meanwhile, refusing the ascent, discovered a little matter of interest, not so sentimental perhaps, but to him quite as engrossing.* It was his own signature in the visitors' book, under date September, 1847, when he was accompanied over the field by serjeant-major Cotton himself, whose niece now keeps this hotel.

Luncheon discussed, we essayed a tramp across the historic plain, visiting in the first place the monuments close at hand, and then on to the farm house of Hougomont. Save that the trees had largely grown, the place had scarcely changed, the buildings themselves seemed not much altered from what they were thirty years ago; perhaps they have altered but little since the memorable day that first made Hougomont famous.

A warm walk back to the Musèe (thermometer 96° in the shade), along the paved avenues and across the fields of stubble (during which the Captain proved himself to be on the most amiable terms with the natives we happened to meet, chatting with them as if he had known them intimately all his life, and had only parted from them yesterday—a proceeding which nevertheless commonly resulted in the subtraction of sundry monies, copper and others, from our persons), and then we returned to Brussels. Here the Lawyer, with a view of shewing that if it so pleased

* *Note by the Captain.*—I beg to state once for all that, as far as I am concerned, there are no oons in this book.

him, he could vie even with the Captain in economy, invested a three penny-bit in fares by the tram car, in place of expending a couple of francs in a cab to the hotel.

That feat accomplished, we repaired to the Exhibition, which was then in full swing. Here were deposited the English Lifeboat, the model of the Wolf Rock Lighthouse, various pieces of machinery, and specimens of ceramic art, which we had seen long ago in the International, South Kensington ; so about twenty minutes sufficed us to do l'Exposition, and we determined to dine.

“What shall we order for dinner?” asks the Captain.

“Oh something that we can have soon, I vote,” quoth the Lawyer.
“A little soup, a bit of fish, and a beefsteak. That'll be enough.”

Garçon—“Un œuf M'sieu? oui M'sieu, Un œuf frais ou à la coq?”

Captain—“Non non, Tenez. Deux potages jullienes, Deux soles frites, Epuis, Bifstik aux pommes de terre à la maitre d'hotel. Deux ! allez !”

Garçon—“Bien M'sieu.”

Lawyer—“What's all that about?”

Captain—“Oh nothing. I was only just explaining to him that we had not ordered eggs.”

Lawyer—“Eggs?”

Captain—“No, beefsteak. We shall have such a beefsteak, I engage, as you rarely see in England.”

Just as we were sitting down to our repast, who should we see in the *Place*, outside, but L——, with whom we had so lately dined in Piccadilly. He was in full form, off to Carlsbad for the waters he said, and just now in company with Lord N——, of M——, who, with his two aides-de-camps, had lost their luggage in crossing by the *Castalia*, and were execrating her accordingly.

If yesterday we suffered from the heat, to-day we were promised a

further instalment of the same. The Lawyer had the curiosity to inspect the interior of a Church, not far from our hotel, and remained during part of the service, which he found going on ; but Mr. Captain preferred burning his incense chez lui.

About noon we started for Cologne, and hot indeed it was, thermometer 98° in the shade. The rail route being, with the exception of a few spots, uninteresting, we will make this run as fast as the time-table permits. The glimpses we caught of the banks of the Meuse were as beautiful as ever ; and Liége—I must say something about Liége. *Imprimis*, as we neared the town and for some distance on the other side of it, the passage of the train raised a cloud of the finest, sootiest dust, which we vainly endeavoured to avoid.

“ In at the window, and in at the door,
From the right and the left, from behind and before,
From within and without, and above and below,

came this merciless simoom, until the occupants of our carriage presented, with ourselves, the appearance of locomotive stokers after a long drive. Closed windows and blinds malgrè the heat seemed to have no effect in allaying the nuisance. We were supported in our agonies, however, in the following manner.—At one little station where we were to stop but a moment, the Captain espied an Estaminet in the road outside the rail. He burst open the carriage door, rushed to the Estaminet, seized two small bottles of beer that were standing with a lot of others in a tub of ice, flung down a franc, and rejoined his companions. Seeing the beams of joy on their countenance, he determined, before entering the carriage on a second foray, and amid shouts of “ Monsieur ! Monsieur ! prenez garde c’est dangereux,” dittoed his exploit, and was well rewarded by the unfeigned gratulations of his dust-choked friends. Was ever a glass of ale so delicious as this ? No one had ever tasted anything to equal it.

But Liège? Well, Liège is a thriving town, situated in the middle of a plain, girt by hills at the junction of the Meuse and the Ourthe, $71\frac{3}{4}$ miles from Brussels, and $34\frac{1}{2}$ from Aix-la-chapelle, pop. 114,000, &c., &c., &c. ; *vide* Murray, Bradshaw, and a few others. I may, however, be permitted to add one or two items that are not commonly known concerning Liège.

Tinning was invented at Liège.

Zinc was first employed by the Liégeois.

The first known Almanack was published by Mathieu Laenburg, Canon of Liège.

Fromain, of Liège, invented in the 11th century, the musical characters of *time*, the bar, and the period of augmentation.

Some of the most important improvements in coining, and the engraving of medals, were made by Jean de Warin, of Liège.

&c., &, &c.

Between this and Verviers is the prettiest bit of the line, woodland and stream greeting the eye as you get an opening through the luxuriant acacias, which border the railway on either side. By the way, the Archduke Albert was the first person in Europe who possessed acacias. He had them planted in his garden at Brussels.

Another tedious examination of luggage, and then along the flats to Aix. I shall not say anything about Aix but this.—The sense of injustice in boys is particularly keen. I remember to this day, after an interval of more than forty years, the thrashing I got at school by an ignoramus of a master, for persisting in calling it "*Aiks*," whereas he would have it "*Aise*." I *knew* I was right, and was prepared with reasons and authorities. But it would not do for a schoolmaster to be supposed capable of making a mistake. So he made another, and thrashed me. I've loved that man all my life ! much !

At Cologne we drove to Hotel du Nord, a magnificent Hotel, with magnificent charges. The Cathedral, of course, was the first object to be visited, and as it was the time of service, we remained until the conclusion.

At the table d'hôte, which was elegantly served, we met a number of Prussian officers, in full uniform,—fine, compactly built, well educated men—who did justice to their vesture as well as to the viands.

We spent the evening sitting out in the beautiful garden of the hotel, enjoying our coffee and cigars, criticizing our neighbours, debating the dangers and advantages of “picking up” with strangers on the Continent, until it was time to retire to the sumptuous apartments, which, thanks to our telegram, were provided for us on the ground floor.

It has been suggested that a short list of adjectives, epithets, &c., which may be frequently heard on board Rhine steamers, or along the Swiss routes, might be useful. I therefore readily give them according to our experience, and I will add that my readers are at liberty to insert any of them, according to circumstances, throughout the ensuing pages, at their discretion.

Lovely	Picturesque	Comprehensive
Superb	Rich	Volcanic
Magnificent	Heavenly	Diversified
Very pretty	Unique	Calcareous
Exceptional	Interesting	Venerable
Unexceptional	Extensive	Precipitous
Beautiful	Incomparable	Impressive
Glorious	Pleasing	Huge
Fine	Delightful	Inaccessible
Gorgeous	Rocky	Perpendicular

Adjectives, Epithets, &c.

Grand	Awe-inspiring	Varied
Fairy-like	Fertile	Bold
Imposing	Commanding	Shaded
Unequalled	Grotesque	Exposed
Handsome	Panoramic	Remarkable
&c.	&c.	&c.





CHAPTER III.

Am Rhein, Am Rhein da wachsen uns're Reben
Gesegnet sei der Rhein.

M. Claudius.

COLOGNE owes its foundation to the Ubii, when hard-pressed by the Suevi. In the year 50 Agrippina, mother of Nero, founded a Roman colony here. In 308 Constantine commenced the construction of a stone bridge across the Rhine, which bridge was destroyed by the Normans in 960; and a deal more concerning Cologne may be learnt from the pages of Bradshaw, Bædeker, and others, to whom we beg to refer our readers. They will find therein mentioned the many buildings and places that will repay a visit.

We took tickets on board "Deutscher Kaiser" for Mayence. The first companion that we selected from among our fellow passengers was little Alice, a lovely little thing of 6 years, who having just crossed the Atlantic with father and mother, was going to see grandfather in Stuttgart. Grandfather is upwards of 90 years old, and father has been in America for 40 years. "Won't grandfather be glad to see us; he has never seen mother nor me, you know." Dear little soul, how she amused us with her innocent prattle. Other pleasant folk we met were, a young Spaniard who spoke but Spanish; his friend, an American, a young medical student, bound

for Vienna, who was equally at home in French and Spanish, and with them (though it would not appear that they had met before that day) an interesting young damsel of a certain age, whose conversational powers seemed inexhaustible. She evidently wished to be taken for German, but was undoubtedly French, and from her having facts of history, dates, and statistics at her fingers' ends, one might have supposed her to have been a governess out for her holiday. Whatever her occupation she rattled away in German, French, or English indifferently, and almost without cessation the whole day long.

After passing Königswinter, Nonnenworth, and Rolandseck, and duly quoting the inevitable lines of Byron,—

“The castled crag of Drachenfels
Frowns o'er the wide and winding Rhine.”

Fräulein informed us that she was going to Frankfort, but that she intended quitting the steamboat at Coblenze.

“Oh dear,” cried the Captain, “Es thut mir leid. But why leave us there, just as the finest scenery of the Rhine is commencing?”

Fräulein: “So! I was told that the best parts are between Cologne and Coblenze.”

Capt.: “That is quite a mistake, excepting that bit about Siebengebirge and Rolandseck there is very little to interest till you reach Ehrenbreitstein. And I think you will find this to be so universally acknowledged that we shall be summoned to Mittagessen just as we pass Neuwied.”

Fräulein: “Wirklich? im Ernste?”

Capt.: “Ja wohl! I am well acquainted with the Rhine from Basel to Köln, for besides having often gone over the lower parts of the river in the steamers I have travelled that whole distance in a small row boat. Should you change your mind and go on with us to Mainz I do not think you will regret having followed my advice, and permit me to say, it will

give me much pleasure to point out the principal objects of interest as we pass along."

Fräulein : Ich danke, sehr ; so will Ich mit ihnen bis nach Mainz fahren. Et ces, Messieurs ? Will you like with this gentlemans to go to Mainz ? He says 'tis moch bettare."

American : "Wall, I don't think it'll make much difference to us."

He conferred with his Spanish friend, and the trio agreed to form one party with ourselves, for Mayence. We had great fun throughout the day, laughing without scruple at each other's mistakes, as we tumbled about, in French, English, and German, perhaps all in one sentence. When Fräulein and the Captain happened to continue a little longer than usual in German, the young American would break in with a remark in French or English, and if the Spaniard demanded, as he frequently did, what the earnest conversation between these two signified, Fräulein would interpret in French, and the American thence in Spanish ; the Captain, at the same moment, very likely converting the same into English for the benefit of the Lawyer. He, good man, I may mention, evinced no great love for the German tongue. He would never suffer the Captain to speak of Köln, Mainz, or Basel without remonstrance ; and when, afterwards, we got into Switzerland, the arguments for pronounciation, either French or German fashion, were perpetual.

Just as we were passing Andernach the conversation happened to turn on the Franco-German War. The Captain was maintaining his opinion that the result had really been more beneficial to France, or rather to the French people, than to their conquerors. "Deutschland hat nicht viel gemacht darauf, hat nicht selbst vervolkomnet."

Fräulein : "What ! Think you so ? I differently."

Capt. : "Yes, I dare say. And so do most French people also. I met a French farmer not long ago in the neighbourhood of Chateaudun.

'Ah, Monsieur,' said he, 'Je désespère de mon pauvre pays!'

American: "Wall! for my part, I can't see what Lewis Napoleon could have done if he had not gone to war. The Franchees would have it, I guess!"

Capt.: "Or poor old Lumpyrav's head if he had refused. The fact is, France was really more in the dark as to her unfitness to go to war than he was."

Fräulein: "Ja! vielleicht! aber he was zu quick vous-voyez. She was not rheddy, but he would go in. *Après!* (*With her shoulders shrugged up to her ears, and her arms, hands, and fingers, extended.*) Leiber Gott! Es war unerhört. That was great pity! Sie sind wohl recht zu beklagen, aber das gehört nicht zur Sache, sprechen sie nicht weiter davon, bitte."

Lawyer, joining the party: "What's all that about, Captain? The American also had to offer explanations simultaneously to his friend the Spaniard, while Fräulein reserved her energies for another blow off."

Neuwied, as everybody knows, represents a really happy family. Jews, Turks, infidels, and heretics live here together in at least outward harmony; *a fortiori*, could we, who were evidently all of one mind, experience no difficulty when the bell called us to refreshment.

But German cookery, even on board a Dampschiff does not equal French or even Belgian. The good spirits of our friends and an irreproachable bottle of Mösel Moussirender made up for the lack of flavour in the viands; and before we had well finished our meal (according to the Captain's notion of finishing a meal) we sighted Ehrenbreitstein.

Ehrenbreitstein, Honour's Broad Stone!

"Black with the miners' blast upon her height."

notwithstanding the river's breadth which intervenes, seems to rise perpendicularly from the city of Coblenz itself, and with its high, dark, mas-

sive rocks to command, in their afflux to the Rhine, the crystal waters of the Moselle henceforth to change their course.

The fortress itself has frequently changed masters ; particularly was this the case during the thirty years' war. But the confluence (Coblence) of the Moselle with the Rhine supplied the Captain with another and more peaceful theme on which to dilate. Having taken the whole party in charge as it were for the rest of the day, he felt in a manner bound to impart to them all he knew concerning the various scenes we were to pass along. But between this and Stolzenfels he took the opportunity of giving them a full, true, and particular account of his expeditions in former years, through France and Germany, in a pair-oared rowing boat—of telling them how, on his first cruise, having sent his boat by railway and steamboat to Paris, he thence, in company with two other kindred spirits, pulled up the Seine by Montereau, Dijon, Besançon, and Mullhouse, to Bâle, how he thence descended the Rhine to Cologne. How, finding that this mode of locomotion was so pleasant, so independent and inexpensive, and having time to spare, he, the following year, viz., in 1854, with his own hands, at Asnières, near Paris, constructed a boat more especially adapted for the purpose, and in her ascended the Marne, past Epernay, Chalons, Vitry, on past Bar-le-duc and Toul to Nancy, just below which last he commenced floating down the Moselle until he reached Metz. And how (this was intended specially for the ears of Fräulein) what a vain boast it was on the part of the German army that to its prowess belonged the glory of having been the first to conquer Metz the impregnable, since years before the Franco-German war, he, with his companions, had for ever dispersed the idea of "The Virgin City." For, instead of continuing his course along the river, he had chosen to carry his boat across and over the ramparts of Metz *with the British flag saucily fluttering at her bows* ; and in committing her to the waters again below the

city, he exclaimed, with all the ardour of a victor, and amid the gratulations of his companions,

“ Metz is no more ! her glory has departed—
Gone glimmering through the dream of things that were.”

“ But here we are just under Stolzenfels, “ The proud rock,” with its legendary raven over the gateway, and its frescoed halls so well restored by the late King Frederick-William IV. The castle was presented to him by the town of Coblenz, when he was Crown Prince of Prussia. It was just opposite this and beneath the towers of Nieder Lahnstein that we halted with *The Undine* for our midday siesta, preparatory to our making a respectable entry into Coblenz.”

“ Enough of this, however ; you must prepare yourselves for Marksburg, that fortress on the left, which seems likely to enjoy the protection of its patron saint for as many years to come as there have passed, for buttress and rampart, tower and wall are as perfect as the hands of the mason left them. Its site commands one of the most lovely prospects that the banks of this most lovely river can present, yet incongruously enough the castle itself now serves as a state prison, guarded by a garrison of some 20 men.”

In this manner did the Captain, during the whole of the passage up to Bingen, prepare his audience for each several castle, ruin, rock, or smiling town, and with the assistance of Bædeker or from memory, present them with facts historical, romance, or legendary lore, in a manner which could not fail of exciting an interest more enthusiastic in the several localities presenting themselves to our view than the mere silent gaze of admiration could possibly produce.

Southey, Coleridge, Byron, Schultz and Müller, the author of Highways and Byeways, Mrs. Abdy, and Mr. Snowe, are all in turn liberally quoted, as if he had been reading up for the occasion. And ever and

anon the narratives would be embellished with snatches from a host of German ballads which the Captain called up from the remoter depths of memory.

"Juch heirassassa !
Und die Pfälzer sind da
Die Pfälzer sind lustig
Sie rufen—Hurrah !"

Or,—

"Zu Bacharah am Rhein
Zu Klingenberg am Main
Und Wurzburg an dem Stein
Wachsen die beste Wein."

Again—

"Mein Lebens Lauf ist Lieb und Lust
Und lauter Lieder klang !"
&c., &c., &c.

To anyone who does not know the Rhine I cannot do better than recommend him Bædeker's guide book, the information and descriptions therein given are concise and correct.

The heat continued as intense as ever, but with a good awning overhead, a pleasant air as we moved up stream, and with frequent recourse to various sodas, seltzers, and siphons—qualified, we were happy.

Soon after leaving Bingen the day began to close in; and when we could no longer for the darkness admire the river banks, the man at the helm provided us a prolonged view of a mid-stream island, having just below Bieberich nearly succeeded in landing the steamer on a gravel bank. We reached Mayence about 10 o'clock, but the day's unwonted exertion and the extreme heat had begun to tell upon the Captain. He himself was getting "done," and on arriving at Rheinischer Hof thought good to send for a doctor, who when he came simply endorsed the Lawyer's previous diagnosis. Quoth he, "Ah! I see you are fatiguè, nothing more. I give you nothing this night. You are, I do not know how to say it, leetle body, leetle mind (complimentary, thought the Captain). Also! I

come to see you morgens. Ja!" So "Morgens" he came. "Ah! ah! Beddter, I see, yes; nevermind, I give you to-day somethings. Pray sit down (meaning sit up, for the Captain was lying in bed). Let me see your tongs. Yes! So!" And then he entered upon a long disquisition to shew that by the state of the tongue he could ascertain the whole (or unsound) condition of the patient's alimentary canal. Then, after a very simple prescription he said, "No! Be quiet. You must rest. Go to Heidelberg to-day and then you must rest there again! No! no! rest here and morgens will be all right. Ja morgens. Ade!" So there was nothing for it but to rest a day in Mayence. The Lawyer was in consequence less easy in mind than the Captain. "Why don't you run over to Frankfort and pay a visit to your wine merchants. I'm sure their invitation you shewed me before we left England was hearty enough. Messrs. W. have an agency here still, I know, but if I remember rightly the establishment itself has been removed to Frankfort. Then you could run down to Wiesbaden, and join me again in the evening." "No, my dear Captain, I can't go and leave you here moaning and groaning all day by yourself. I'll just go out and look about the place a bit and come in and report." On his return he reported that there was nothing whatever to be seen in Mayence. He had been to the Cathedral.* He was much impressed with the appearance and behaviour of the Bishop as he sat in the Choir in gorgeous vestments and jewelled gloves and slippers. He much desired to make the acquaintance of his right reverence. Fortunately for both perhaps there was no opportunity afforded him. Throughout the day the Lawyer mooned about, in and out, declaring the whole place unfit for

* *Note by the Captain.* Hitherto I had supposed that professors of the law were not so fond of gospel ceremonies as to induce them to attend Church on every available opportunity. I heard one once, who hail'd from the "City," remark that he did not know how it was that whenever he went to Church in the country he always heard that same Chapter, Dan. iii, read as Lesson. An unsparing Parson, who was present, explained to him that perhaps that occurred by reason of his attending a Church Service once in the year, about the time that that Lesson would be read!

human habitation, while the Captain, recruiting his exhausted energies, looked out from his window upon the railway below, on the broad expanse of river and the bridge of boats, the steamers and other water craft, being enlivened throughout the hot and dreary hours by the regular and irregular whistlings and rumblings of the trains on both sides of the river, by the steamboat bells, the rolling cabs and other vehicles, by squads of soldiers marching to the music of their own voices, by the firing of guns at intervals of 5 minutes, and by the tones of a sharp and lively brass band giving out with a vivacity unequalled,—

“Mann ! Mann ! Mann !
Was hast in deinem Köberchen.”

On the morning of the 16th, the Captain declared himself “perfectly fit;” and the Doctor having granted his “exeat,” and the Lawyer’s spirits also being revived by unexpectedly meeting in the *Salle à Manger* an old friend, now a Chief Clerk of a Vice-Chancellor,—we breakfasted serenely. Took rail for Hiedelberg viâ Darmstadt, leaving which latter town with its broad streets and handsome houses, we ran along under the wooded mountain range of Odenwald for about 40 miles, during which time we spotted Melibocus the best known summit of these hills, and marked also Weinheim, whence the peculiar beauties of this district are seen to best advantage—saw tobacco growing by the acre all along the Bergstrasse, crossed the bridge over the Neckar at Ladenberg, where the Captain had such mighty tugs against stream in his pair oars years ago, and at length reached Heidelberg.

Here the Lawyer made off at once for the Castle, where, as he relates, he danced on the famous Tun, paraded the terraces, gazed on the ruins and the blown up tower, meditated on his surroundings, the rapid Neckar and the peaceful valley beneath him and made various reflections suitable to the moment. Meanwhile, his friend was content to abide at Hotel

Schröder preparing himself for the further fatigues of the day, and suffering himself to be clipped out of all recognition by a sanguinary barber.

There must have been something in the state of the atmosphere conducive to meditation, for he also after his mid-day meal allowed himself to fall into a reverie as he looked along the Anlage, or upwards to Mülkenkur and Königstuhl, or again across the river Philosophenweg and Heiligenberg. How often had he wandered along those wooded heights in company with many a dear and youthful companion! How often had those hills resounded at all hours of day and night to their merry voices and their gladsome song! "Of the gay and hearty thirty," thought he, "who nightly met Wirth Pfisterer at the "Schlüssel, how many do I now call friend—one! but one! ah—

"Denkt oft ihr Brüder
An unser jugendfröhlichkeit
Sie kehrt nicht wieder
Die goldne zeit!"

"Think oft ye brothers all,
On our youth's freedom time
Ne'er comes it back again,
The golden prime."

At 3.30 p.m., we again took train for Basel (my dear Lawyer, I really beg pardon, I mean) Bâle.

"Now you have seen one of my 'vagabond' haunts" observed the Captain, when we had cleared out of the station, "I hope you think this one respectable."

"Magnificent! But tell me, what did you do with yourself all the while you were there?" "I lived pretty much the life of a German student to be sure, with some few of their occupations omitted, and some few of my own put in their place. For instance, although I have been present at 100 and more, I was never myself engaged in a "duell auf

Schläger," but I had a boat in which I came hither by Marne and Moselle from Paris, and I built another here on the banks of the Neckar. Then I was *mit kneiper* of the Vandal corps, and I established a *Verbindung* or club among the Philistines or non-corps students, which figured for many a day as Anglosaxonia. I excursed up river to Heilbron, and down to Mannheim, roamed over Odenwald, and explored the vallies of Schwartzwald, consumed many grapes, took my share of *lager bier*, smoked much Varinas, and lived otherwise principally upon *Käse und Schinken*."

"Vagabondism, Sir" cried the Lawyer, "mere vagabondism."

"If that were so" said the Captain, "may I ask with all due submission, what is our occupation 'on the present occasion'?—Thank you."

No, mine was not 'mere vagabondism.' In the first place please remember that it was on the score of failing health that I was at Heidelberg at all. And while there the time was not altogether spent in idleness. There was an opportunity afforded, and one which I gladly seized, of comparing the German student life with that of our own University men, and I found that the former, while they do not so much affect the "man" as our youngsters do, are mostly as honorable and worthy of respect as any of our "students." Then I went in for the language also, which you see one has not quite forgotten after a lapse of 20 years. I hope we may reap as much from our present vagabondism. I assure you my recollections of those pleasant days have often served me a good turn in the comparatively lonely life I have led of late years. It was only two winters ago I set myself to translate a number of our old favorite songs into English, taking care to preserve the metre and endeavouring to render word for word as nearly as possible. It does not require an intimate knowledge of German to say whether the attempt was successful or not. I will just give you one specimen."

Der Wirthin Töchterlein.

DER WIRTHIN TOCHTERLEIN.

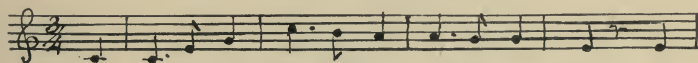
- 1.—Es zogen drei Bursche wohl über den Rhein,
bei einer Frau Wirthin, da kehrten sie ein.
- 2.—“Frau Wirthin, hat sie gut Bier und Wein?
Wo hat sie ihr schönes Töchterlein?”
- 3.—“Mein Bier und Wein ist frisch und Klar,
Mein Töchterlein liegt auf der Todtenbahr.”
- 4.—Und als sie traten zur Kammer hinein,
da lag sie in einem schwarzen schrein
- 5.—Der Erste, der schlug den Schleier Zurück,
und schaute sie an mit traurigem Blick.
- 6.—“Ach! lebstest du noch, du schöne Maid
ich würde dich lieben von dieser Zeit!”
- 7.—Der zweite deckte den Schleier zu,
und kehrte sich ab, und weinte dazu:
- 8.—“Ach! dass du liegst auf der Todtenbahr!
Ich hab’dich geliebet so manches Jahr!”
- 9.—Der dritte hob ihn wieder sogleich,
und küste sie an den Mund so bleich:
- 10.—“Dich lieb’t’ich immer, dich lieb’ich noch heut’,
dich werd’ich lieben in Ewigkeit!”

THE HOSTESS' DAUGHTER.

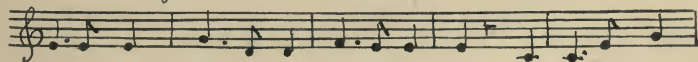
- 1.—There wander'd three students along by the Rhine,
At a Wirthaus they tarried demanding good wine.
- 2.—“Hola Hostess! Now hast thou good beer and wine?
And where is that sweet little daughter of thine?”
- 3.—“My beer it is fresh, my wine it is clear,
But my daughter she lies on her funeral bier.”
- 4.—And when they trod on her chamber's pine,
There lay she still in her darksome shrine.
- 5.—The first then rais'd her kerchief on high
And gazing upon her with sorrowful eye—
- 6.—“Ah! Hads't thou but lived, thou beautiful maid,
My heart from this hour at thy feet I'd have laid.”
- 7.—The second replaced her veil where it lay
And, weeping, lamenting he turn'd him away—
- 8.—“Alas! That thou liest on thy funeral bier,
And thee I have lov'd for so many a year!”
- 9.—The youngest came tripping with foot-fall light
And kissing her there on her lips so white—
- 10.—“Thee lov'd I ever! I love thee this day,
And thee will I love for ever away!”



Der Wirthin Töchterlein.



Es zogen drei Bursche wohl u. ber den Rhein, bei



einer Frau Wirthin da kehreten sie ein, bei einer Frau



Wirthin da kehreten sie ein.

“ I must give you one more, spite of your abhorrence of German.”

WIEGENLIED.

- 1.—Schlaf, Herzens-Söhnchen mein Liebling dist du,
Schliese die blauen guck aügelein zu,
Alles ist ruhig, ist still wie im grab,
Schlaf nur, ich wehre die Fliegen dir ab.
- 2.—Jetz noch mein Püppchen, ist goldene zeit,
Später, ach später ist nimmer wie heut’;
Stellen einst Sorgen um’s Lager sich her,
Herz chen, da schläft sich’s so ruhig nicht mehr.
- 3.—Engel vom Himmel, so lieblich wie du,
Schweben um’s Bettchen und lächeln dir zu ;
Später zwar steigen sie auch moch herab,
Aber sie trocken nur Thränen dir ab.
- 4.—Schlaf, Herzens-Söhnchen, und Kommt gleich die Nacht
Sitz deine Mutter am Bettchen und wacht
Sei es so spät auch und sei es so früh ;
Mutterleib’, Herzchen entschlummert doch nie.

CRADLE SONG.

- 1.—Sleep, my hearts’ lov’d one, my dearie art thou,
Clos’d should those little blue eyes be just now,
All now is quiet, is still as the grave,
Sleep ! then, my little one, rest thee my brave !
- 2.—Yet now my puppet are thy golden hours,
Later, ah, later ’mid the sunshine come show’rs.
Later come fancies, some sorrows in store,
Rest thee ! thou sleepest so calmly no more.
- 3.—Angels from Heaven as lovely as thou,
Round thy bed hover and smile on thee now ;
Later they come not, my love, as to-day—
Now ev’ry teardrop they soon wipe away.
- 4.—Sleep my hearts’ lov’d one for now fades the light,
Mother sits by thee—keeps watch thro’ the night,
Early or late be it, here is her lot—
Mother’s love, lov’d one, it slumbereth not.

Heidelberg sayings and doings and their consequences thus served to beguile the time during much of our long but pleasant journey to Bâle. We also formed acquaintance with the guard, who paid us frequent visits as he clambered along his dangerous path on the carriage footsteps outside. A friendly glass of Rauenthaler was not thrown away upon

him, perhaps it was the means of his communicating to us some of his experiences in the late war, and on the principal "*in vino veritas*" we were willing to believe him when he said that he had been engaged at Forbach, Gravelotte and Belfort, and that "sans etre blessè."

Schwartzwald, which frowned down upon us the whole of the afternoon, of all the wooded districts of Germany offers the most remarkable succession of beautiful and varied landscapes, and this, its western portion, declines precipitously in broken spurs towards the fertile Rhine-plain; far away on our right the Vosges and Alsatian range were dimly visible in the distance. Shortly after dusk we reached Bâle, and made for "Les Trois Rois."





CHAPTER IV.

“Le grand principe est de savoir se conformer aux goûts et aux habitudes des pays que l'on parcourt.”—*M. Desbarolles.*

THE secret of travelling comfortably, doubtless. But what shall we say of Basel or Bâle? That which concerned us most on arrival was the kind of accommodation we should meet with. And here we are in a position to say that Hotel des Trois Rois still deservedly sustains its European reputation. It is a first class house, situated in the most pleasant part of the Town, and commanding from its splendid Salles à Manger magnificent views of the here rapid Rhine.*

In the morning, as is his wont, the Lawyer went to Church—visited the Cathedral—and then the market-place, where he was much interested in the various costumes of the native Swiss as well as with the grotesque frescoes on l'Hotel de Ville. The Captain engaged himself in making some necessary purchases, and then, as an old Queens' Coll: Cam. man, dropped an imaginary tear in memory of Erasmus, who died here in 1536, but who at one time studied in a quaint little tower of that quaint old College which is still in existence.

* Note that the above advertisement has not been paid for,

A long drive in the omnibus through the best parts of Basle brought us to the French and Swiss railway station, where we booked for Lucerne. Speaking generally, the Swiss railways are well appointed, having good airy carriages with a central gangway, and as no extraordinary speed is attempted, punctuality is the result.

Not long after passing Olten, which appears to be a rail centre for the whole of this part of Switzerland, and which we reached by a gradual ascent through pleasantly varied scenery, we were on the *qui vive* for our first sight of the Bernese snow mountains, and just beyond the station of Nebikon, they for a few moments presented themselves to our expectant gaze. Jungfrau in the centre, Mönch and Eiger to the left; and Gletscherhorn and Ebnefluh to the right. Some nearer high land, however, quickly intercepted our view of these, and we were soon skirting the Lake of Sempach, which lay as still and as smooth as if never breeze had rippled its surface—reflecting with a perfection of outline and coloring, such as we had never seen before, every tree or cultivated bit of ground, every cottage or church spire which lay on the border of the opposite bank. Then passing through some fir plantations which filled the atmosphere with an aromatic resinous perfume, the precipitous cliffs and peaks of old Pilatus burst upon our view, while far away to the left ran the long ridge of the Rigi.

The “Schweizerhof” at Lucerne was reached soon after midday and on the presentation of a card we were met—“Oh! Mr. Captain! yes sir, your rooms are quite ready for you Mr. Captain! These way jhentlemen iv you pliz.”

Here let it be noted that of all known hotels we believe “Schweizerhof at Lucerne” must be the perfect one.*

* Neither is this advertisement paid for!



In the Market Place at Basle

The Rigi range which we now propose visiting (and concerning which I am requested to be a little more diffuse and explicit than hitherto), is a group of mountains (chiefly conglomerate formations) of about 25 miles in circumference; and its highest peak, the Kulm, is about 5,900 feet above sea level. "The northern side is precipitous; while the southern consists of wide terraces and gentle slopes planted with fig, chestnut, and almond trees, covered with fresh green pastures which support upwards of 4,000 head of cattle. The name Rigi is, however, usually applied to the northern peak only, which, owing to its isolated position, commands a singularly beautiful panorama of 300 miles in circumference." You may make the ascent by railway or on foot, on horseback or *en chaise à porteurs*. We chose the former, and accordingly took steamboat for Vitznau.

In quitting Lucerne by this route you will leave Pilatus on the left and make almost a straight course for the Rigi, having on either side of the lake the most charming villas, surrounded by a luxuriant vegetation, and then crossing the little bay of Kussnacht, you arrive after half an hour's steam at the foot of the Rigi, which, with its wondrous perspectives, rises calm and majestic in front of you. The steamer's bell announces that you are at Wäggis, the best starting point for those who have a notion of walking up the mountain. This notion, however, being not at all ours, we proceeded farther to Vitznau, the terminus of the quaint but bold little Rigi railway, which takes you hence to within a few yards of the very Kulm itself. The gradient ranges from 18 to 25 per cent.—that is a rise of one foot in every four. The construction of this railway is worth noting.

"The gauge is that of ordinary railways. Between the rails run two others, placed close together and provided with teeth, on which a cog wheel under the locomotive works. The locomotives (120 horse power

constructed by Herr Riggenschach, are on a new and peculiar system, with upright boilers. The train is propelled upwards by steam power, while in its descent the speed is regulated by an ingenious mode of introducing atmospheric air within the cylinder. The passenger carriage is placed in both cases above the engine, and in case of accident can be stopped almost instantaneously."

Soon after leaving the village of Vitznau the rail passes the precipitous sides of the Dossen,—a conglomerate cliff surmounted with firs. A view of the Lake of Lucerne below is gradually disclosed, and becomes more and more imposing as the train ascends. It is a curious sensation being thus pumped up in the single carriage, which carries its limited number of 40 passengers, at a rate of about 3 miles an hour, the panorama gradually extending itself in all directions but one—the hill side—as you move steadily up higher and higher; fresh bays and inlets opening out one after another, and then fresh lakes; while on the opposite bank first the dark Bürgenstock appears, then the craggy Stanserhorne and dark Pilatus, with Lucerne towards the west; further up the Alps of Uri and Engelburg, and then the snow-clad peaks of the Bernese Oberland. The most interesting part of the line is reached about half-an-hour after starting, where the train having penetrated a projecting rock through a short tunnel, crosses by means of a light iron bridge supported on two iron pillars the Schnurtobel, a ravine 75 feet in depth. A watering station in the Freibergen with a bit of double rail for passing trains is next reached, and then Rigi Kaltbad, near to which is the Chapel of S. Michael, where mass is celebrated daily for the benefit of the herdsmen, and where an inscription which describes the virtues of the "Cold bath" spring, tells you also that 'to this Royal Mountain the Almighty has vouchsafed complete immunity from vermin and venomous animals.'

Ten minutes more and you arrive at Rigi-Staffel, a spot where all the Rigi routes unite, and shortly after you are within a short distance of the precipitous rocks on the north side of the mountain, and within gunshot of the Kulm, the loftiest and most northerly point of the Rigi.

As to the view obtainable from the summit under ordinary circumstances, let the following words of Alexander Dumas suffice. "Il y a des descriptions que la plume ne peut transmettre, des tableaux que le pinceau ne peut pas rendre." "It is necessary to appeal to those who have seen them," he continues, "and to content one's self with saying that there is not in the whole world a spectacle more magnificent than the panorama of which one is here the centre, and from the middle of which one embraces d'un seul coup d'œil three chains of mountains, fourteen lakes, seventeen towns, forty villages, and sixty-six glaciers, in a circumference of 100 leagues."

But although we had admired all this to the full (for we were here, as throughout our whole trip, blessed with perfect weather), although we had enjoyed our dinner at table d'hôte, being waited upon by a number of wholesome-looking native girls, clad in their velvet bodices (over which were massive silver chains suspended) with full snow-white short sleeves, short bright-colored petticoats, and stout blue stockings, we were unable to "finish our dinner" in an entirely serene state of mind, as the Captain had, in attempting to take it in the rail carriage with him, been compelled to leave our one little valise below at Vitznau. It was to have been forwarded by the train that followed us, but had not yet appeared, and as it contained nearly all our valuables, he was not a little anxious about it. He even ventured out in the dark and floundered about on the Rigi top, to the adjacent 'Dependance' and on to the second Hotel, doubtful whether the next step might not take him over a precipice, but though he returned in safety from his nocturnal excursion he gained no tidings of

his bag. We retired early in order to welcome the returning sun on the following morning. The Captain imagined he had his missing bag as a pillow, but awoke "and behold it was a dream," he lit a candle and then looked out at the window far far away over in the direction Eiger, Mönch, and Jungfrau, but he did not see his bag. The Lawyer in the morning declared he had seen the Captain standing at the window the whole of the night apostrophising his bag in tones which resembled the melodious measures of a worn out smoke-Jack,

"Tu t'en va, et tu nous quittes
Tu nous quittes, et tu t'en va."

while he himself at one portion of the night had experienced, he said, the utmost difficulty in finding two francs which he had to pay for something, he was not sure what.

At about four o'clock a.m., the man with the Alpine horn sounding the reveille, might have been seen on the grassy slope at the back of the hotel, blowing himself to a deep crimson in his laudable and doubtless profitable desire to disturb the drowsiest. A general hum is soon observable within doors, which is shortly followed by a hurrying to and fro, and noise and bustle and confusion; and outside, though there is less tumult, the scene immediately around is equally amusing. Persons of both sexes, of all kinds, heights, lengths, breadths, and descriptions, enveloped in the most varied habiliments, and conversing in divers tongues, swarm over the surface of the mountain. All seem imbued with the one idea, with one fixed determination, as they doggedly prog their upward course towards the one appointed rendez-vous; nothing less than the invasion of this one particular mountain can have been predetermined, for when you fancy you have seen the last of this motley assembly, the cry is—"still they come."

Is it cold? No! not particularly this morning, yet the atmosphere is

remarkably clear and transparent. It is as well, however, to be provided with a wrap, for the temperature often varies here as much as 45 degrees in the 24 hours. And what is the object of this large and curious gathering? It appears peaceful and comparatively quiet when it has reached the summit, and for the most part regards with indifference the half a dozen natives, who in an equally imperturbed manner proceed to open the cumbrous boxes of stores which they have dragged up for the occasion: stores of chamois horns, rough wood carvings, petits souvenirs, which find but few purchasers. Once again the horn man enrouges his benign countenance, and with his melodious notes announces to the world beneath, aye, and to the heavens above that—we are all ready and waiting.

“Look out!” cries one, with a sudden inspiration, glancing eastwards, while another with more prudence and experience quietly recommends a westerly out-look. “That is nothing—gar nichts—it is the *effect* that you must behold. Come this way and direct your gaze a little to the westward of the south. What is the object of all these preparations? Wait a few moments with the same patience as that mixed multitude is waiting, in all but silent expectation. “A faint streak in the eastern sky which pales by degrees the brightness of the stars, is the precursor of the break of day. This insensibly changes to a band of gold in the extreme horizon.”

“That nebulous star we call the Sun”

having already performed his “Matins,” has now commenced his “Lauds,” and the moment he rises with his Eastern strain—

“Benedicite omnia opera Domini, Domino,”

The western mountain tops respond—

“Laudate et super exultate Eum in sæcula.”

and as each lofty snow-clad peak, first Finsteraarhorn, then Jungfrau, Mönch, Eiger and the Schreckhörner, each in succession reflects a roseate

blush ; the heaven born theme meets meet response in earth until its echoes reach and are re-echoed from the hearts of that motley multitude of humans assembled on the Rigi top,—

“Let every thing that hath breath praise the Lord.”

The shadows between us and the horizon now melt everywhere away ; forest, lakes, hills, towns, and villages reveal themselves, until at length having surmounted the eastern heights, the sun in all his majesty floods the whole of the superb landscape with light and warmth.

“For a quarter of an hour before and after sunrise the view is clearest, at a later hour the mists rise and condense into clouds, which frequently conceal a great part of the landscape.”

And so returning to things mundane, the Captain could but revert to his missing valise, which, what time as the Lawyer betook himself to further repose, he discovered in the office at the Rail Terminus.

The descent to Vitznau was performed in a very little less time than yesterday's ascent took us, and here we ventured upon a deviation from the “plan of travel,” in which the Major had given us such material assistance. We determined to give the Lake of Lucerne the remainder of the day, rather than spend by and bye as many hours on the Lake of Geneva. The results were satisfactory. The succession of varied views during our Tour du Lac was so continuous, that we, perforce, gave up referring to the guide book for the name of this mountain or that headland, for often before we had discovered its name it had disappeared, and another had presented itself, commanding our attention. We, therefore, were careful only to note the most prominent features in each successive picture, as we doubled a headland or shifted our course. Thus, just after passing “Two Nose Cape,” and sighting the snow-clad pyramid of Tödi, we made straight across for Buochs, above which village Stanser and Buochser hörner rise. After touching at Beckenried we re-cross the

lake to Gersau, a snug little spot protected from the cold winds of winter, and affording a splendid view of Seelisberg. Hence we pass to Treib, and on to Brunnen, where the southern arm of the lake, called the Lake of Uri, commences. As this is in no sense a guide book, but simply an account of what we saw and did, my readers will pardon my omitting to note what might be done or seen at or from any of the places I may mention. So here let us order and consume our mid-day meal (for man must eat and drink even in presence of the most majestic scenery); glancing across as we steam along towards the romantic Rüttli, where the patriotic 33 from Uri, Schwyz, and Unterwaldens assembled in 1307, and bound themselves by an oath to be faithful to each other, and not to rest till they had driven the oppressor from the soil. Soon we reach Tell's Platte, a ledge of rock at the base of the Axenfluh, where shaded by overhanging trees, and washed by the waters of the lake, stands the romantic Tell's Chapel, on the very spot, it is said, on which Tell flung himself out of the boat which carried him and the tyrant Gessler. A few minutes more and we are at Flüellen, the station for Altdorf, &c. We did not disembark, but awaiting on board the steamer's departure, returned along the lake to Lucerne, not without heightened impressions of the loveliness and grandeur of the whole course.

Another and very different matter has also impressed us, and we are inclined to ask—Where are the English tourists? Americans there are in abundance, *usque ad* almost. The truth is we avoid American twang wherever possible. Of Germans there are plenty on the move, and there is a fair sprinkling of French; but where are the English? Not in Switzerland this year, certainly. We long for the glimpse of an English figure among all the wondrous fichus and skirts that we behold, as we might then in all probability light upon a face with well-formed features and a sensible expression, but here there is an absence of human beauty, partout.

After an excellent repast at the Schweizerhof, we sipped our coffee on the Boulevard des Italiens, which borders the lake in front, and while old Pilatus, grim and surly (save when just every now and then his rugged peaks are brightened by a flash of summer lightening) frowned down upon us from above, we recalled the scenes of the day, and arranged our occupations for the morrow.

On the morning of the 19th, after visiting the old Wasserthurm, the Mühlen-brücke, &c., we started with an excellent pair of horses in an easy going carriage, under conduct of a dapper little fellow, hight Jacob Sträszlen, for Brienz. The temperature was still high, and though a few heavy clouds were rolling about the mountain tops, the sun's rays were very powerful when deprived of their intervening veil; behold us therefore arrayed in alpacca dust coats, blue goggles, pugarees, and white umbrellas, en route for Hergiswyl, the starting point for the ascent of Pilatus, which we did not attempt, preferring the level road under the cliffs of the Loppen, which lead us along by the shore of the lake to Alpnach, with its needle-like spire just in the centre of the valley. A very pleasant drive on a somewhat dusty* course, on the banks of the River Aa, the crumbling spars of Stanserhorn on our left, the timber forests of Schlieren on our right, the wooden slides or channels by which timber felled on the heights above is sent tumbling down, the roofed-in wooden bridges, by which we cross the several affluents to the main river, divide our attention with a number of children, who offering grapes, flowers, lace, &c., relieve us of sundry Belgian and German coppers that had accumulated in the corners of our pockets. At Sarnen we stopped to water the horses; and a most lovely little spot is Sarnen, its paved streets, three in number, converging to the central fountain, whose pillars

* An excellent dust allayer in these parts is a certain mixture yclept "Yvorne," *probatum est*. It is obtainable in most places along the line of march.



Sarnen .

form a pedestal for the figure of S. Nicholas, of Flüe. A notable character in these parts is said Brother Klaus. There is hardly a hut in the forest cantons of Unterwald but contains a portrait of the Saint. Whatever may have been his other virtues, there is one record of him which, in his capacity of commander, must recommend itself to most people even now a days. Brother Nicholas lived about the middle of the 14th century, in the little village of Flühli, not far from this; and when (as at that period the independance of Switzerland was menaced) he was, at the age of 25, called upon to enter the field of battle at the head of 100 men; he charged them

“To have pity on the vanquished,
To divide their bread with the widow and the fatherless,
And to spare all the houses of God in the land!”

Another tradition of him in his administration of the law shews in this capacity also his truly charitable disposition, tempering justice with mercy. So that it is not astonishing that he should be commemorated by the inhabitants of the valley as a father rather than a judge. Seated under a lime tree, he would place the disputants on either side of him, and there hearing the case would give his decision and judgment on the spot, often consoling the unsuccessful litigant with a present of fruit from his garden. But this little town of Sarnen, with its *vue riante sur le lac* which abounds in fish; its hospital and large poor house on the south, its pretty church, and quaint old hotel de ville, its elegant little fountain, with fish swimming in the basin below, waiting their turn in the stew-pan; its peasant women who, without any pretension to an excess of beauty, are sufficiently *espiégles*, their hair interlaced with white ribands, and fastened with silver buckles, as they resort to the fountain of “the blessed Nicholas of Flüh” to chat, and gossip, and fill their large wooden milk tubs with water, and the air of serenity and peacefulness about the whole exercised

a charm upon us which is not obliterated by the grander scenes we afterwards beheld.

Along the valley of Sarnen, and up the Kaiserstuhl the road now takes us, and on the way provides us with a glance at Wetterhorn tripeaked. Though wonderfully pleasing and picturesque, the scenery can hardly be said to assume a really Alpine character.

At Lungern, a collection of houses entirely built of wood, a halt is called for lunch, previous to the ascent of the Brünig; the following description of which being far finer than anything this poor pen could attempt, is given in the original. Writes M. Tœpffer :—

“Quelle charmante montagne que le Brünig, et faite tout exprès pour les peintres ! Sur les deux revers, des points de vue charmants et merveilleusement encadrés ! Sur le sommet, les solitudes les mieux boisées, le pastoral dans tout son charme et sa noblesse, des études d’arbres, de rochers, de terrains, des tableaux tout composés. Où trouver un sentier plus rocheux, plus moussu, plus élégamment ombragé que celui qui descend à Lungern ? Partout fraîcheur, partout velours verdoyant et fleuri, partout des plantes sveltes, des troncs élancés, dont la grise écorce est tachetée tantôt de mousses sombres, tantôt de clairs lichens, et çà et là, des trouées dans le feuillage qui laissent entrevoir le lac de Lungern et ses charmants promontoires.”

But we are going in an opposite direction to M. Tœpffer, and soon after we have surmounted the pass and admired the tempting display of wood carvings at the Brünigkult Hotel, we followed the descent of the new and pleasantly winding (though occasionally under over-hanging rocks) road to Brienz, Jacob being careful to point out the fine prospect looking back and up the valley of the Aare, towards Meiringen, and the beautiful cascade of Oltischibach.

At Brienz, in full view of the lake, the falls of the Giessbach and Faulhorn for a background, with Mühlbach (a mere thread of a waterfall 1150 feet) far behind us, more food was supplied, while our chatty, good tempered cocher, Jacob Strazlen was vainly endeavouring to persuade us to drive the whole way on to Interlaken; but we, taking the short rail to the steamboat quay, made across the lake for the Giessbach. We were compelled to content ourselves here with an inspection of the lowest and least considerable part of the falls, as the hotel was full to overflowing, and so we steamed on and down the remaining 6 miles of the lake of Brienz to another strip of rail, which took us in to Interlaken. Hotel "Victoria," to which we had telegraphed, was full, Interlaken itself would seem well filled in every quarter, but lodgment had been procured for us at the "Oberland." During a stroll after dinner we were not altogether sorry that "Victoria" could not accommodate us, for on passing that hostelrie we observed a number of individuals vacantly rocking in their rocking chairs, and only otherwise engaged in the usual occupation of our cousins from over "the pool." Each one of these fulfilled Bon Gaultier's description, for

"Like a free American upon the floor he spat."

The Captain declared he felt an almost irresistable inclination to kick; but the Lawyer quietly said, "I think it will be more prudent for us to leave this exciting scene, and go to bed."





CHAPTER V.

“The traveller in the Bernese overland should possess a considerable fund of patience and of the smallest coin of the realm. Contributions are levied upon him under every possible pretence. Vendors of strawberries, flowers, and crystals first assail him, and he has no sooner escaped their importunities than he becomes a victim to the questionable attractions of a chamois or a marmot. His admiration must not be engrossed by a cascade, be it ever so beautiful, or by a glacier, be it ever so imposing and magnificent; the urchin who persists in standing on his head or turning somersaults for the tourist’s amusement must have his share of attention. Again, if the route happen to pass an echo, a pistol shot is made to reverberate in one’s ears, and payment is of course expected for the unpleasant shock. Swiss damsels next make their appearance on the scene, and the ebbing patience of the traveller is again sorely tried by the national melodies of these ruthless songsters. Then there is the Alpine horn and the Ranz des Vaches, which although musical when heard at a distance, are excruciating when performed close to the ear. The fact is, the simplicity and morality of the aboriginal character in these once sequestered regions has been sadly corrupted by modern invasion. These abuses had become so crying that the attention of Government was directed to them, and commissioners were sent to enquire into the matter. Their advice is ‘give to nobody;’ the remedy therefore lies principally with travellers themselves.”—BÆDEKER.



IN much the same guise as yesterday we left Interlaken “en voiture à deux chevaux” for Lanterbrunnen. Clouds had been gathering during the night, and it appeared doubtful at first whether we should see the mountain tops at all, but as the day advanced the mists cleared off, and before we had reached Zweilütschinen, the spot at which the Lütchine noire, which rushes down from the glaciers of Grindelwald, joins the Lütchine blanche and the two thenceforward form one stream, Jungfrau, with her dazzling shroud of eternal snow, had made her appearance, supported on one side by the glistening Silberhorn,



Cor des Alpes.

and on the other by the Schneehorn or Weisser Mann. From this, following the straighter road up the valley with the Lütchine blanche on our left, and with lofty fir plantations and perpendicular precipices on our right, we come upon a huge cliff in front, the Hunnenfluh, which from its uprightness and its rounded form gives the idea of a vast natural fortress. Soon after, we observe another object for "coppers" in the shape of a peasant with an enormous Alpine horn, and with this at our approach he commenced raising the echoes along the valley. One of us, who never seems at fault with an appropriate remark, a story to match, or a scrap of a ditty to fit, strikes up on his own account as the horn echoes fade away—

"De nos Alpes solitaires
C'est le cor mélodieux,
Doux echo de mes prières,
Cette voix m'élève aux cieux."

but his melodious utterings are brought to an abrupt termination by the question, "Hullo! I say what's that"? "That" replies the other, "That is the cascade of the Staubbach—Tell you all about it in the words of—aw—who shall I say?—M. Baggesen.

"Le torrent aérien se balance dans l'atmosphère ainsi comme on voit au sommet du mât d'un esquif des banderoles légères, qu' agite doucement le Zéphyr, serpenter en mille"—

"I think," said the Lawyer, "it would save much time if you were to speak your native language."

"Il se précipite de la corniche du rochers, imposant, avec un élan sans cesse varié, et flotte dans l'espace, les vents entravent sa chute; il voltige ça et la, et ne peut"—

"Pray talk English. Look at this, what d'ye call it?"

"That? Oh that's my lovely, delicious, delightful Silberhorn, meet handmaid to the stately Jungfrau. I shall indite a poem to Silberhorn on my return home—something like this it will be,—

Tumti, Tumti, Silberhorn
 — — — — Silberhorn
 Mönch and Eiger, — — — —
 Jungfrau — — — —
 Lauterbrunnen — — — —
 — — — — Silberhorn.”

“Phu! the man is daft. It can't be Markgräfler or the Yvorne this morning, for he has had none.”

“Tout au contraire mon ami! I'm much in the case of Mr. Ledbury's dog. 'Twas not as Mr. L. said it was, the French soups that killed the poor creature; it was rather as his friend Jack Johnson observed, the want of them that caused his untimely end.”

“Similarly, I

Have a hollow craving,
 A deep and dark desire,
 That burns within my bosom,
 Like coals of melting fire.”

“Oh! I say, what are all these carriages and horses and chaises à porteurs, and guide-looking sort of fellows hanging about? Why this must be Lauterbrunnen! Hoie! Kellner! Eine Flasche Yvorne, und zwei gläser damit.”

Kellner—“Yessir.”

The carriages collected at Lauterbrunnen intimate further excursions to Schmadribach and Trümleten Thal. The chaises à porteurs, speak of Gimmelwald and Mürren, while the neat little hotel and the vivacious garçon tell us that “there is plenty of time for refreshment here.”

Had we sufficient time* at our disposal we should certainly have ascended somehow to Mürren, as we had been strongly recommended to do by our friends in town, but we have a long day's work before us yet. Well! That is the Staubbach, and then there are the Pletschbach, and the Spiessbach, and the Schmadribach, and other bachs to the number of twenty

* Similarly we *ought* to have done the Wengern Alp, and afterwards St. Gothard and a number of other places, but tempus fugit and magna est veritas et prevail a bit.

and upwards, that fall from the rocky heights into this valley, rightly named Lauterbrunnen—‘nothing but springs.’ It is here that we first find a difficulty in realizing or appreciating heights and distances. Few, I imagine, after having been in an enlarged scale of scenery so short a time as we had been, would have appreciated without special information the fact that Hunnenfluh was from 1,000 to 1,500 feet high, or that the Staubbach fell no less than 980 feet. And it is not always the ruggedness or the indirect course of your path that causes you to take an hour and a half to reach a point which you expect to make in ten minutes. Well? We—yes—we “admired the view.” What can one say? and then we had the horses ‘put to’ and drove down the valley again to the conflux of the the two Lütshines, where we struck off and up the Lütshinethal for Grindelwald. With Wengern Alp on the right, cloud covered at top—so that had we gone that way we should not have seen very much—we tracked up the rattling roaring Black Lütshine, noticing on our way several newly-built houses—châlets I would have called them, as they are built of wood, but the good folk profiting by the incursion of so many tourists annually, are in more prosperous circumstances than in years gone by, and so have raised for themselves edifices which, though still of wood, are more worthy the name of house than your ordinary Swiss chalet; not that the graceful outward form nor the internal comfortable arrangements have been lost sight of or abandoned—these are just on the old model, but the construction is larger and better in every way. Each new building, moreover (the older ones doubtless bore something similar, which time may have obliterated), is inscribed with its original owner’s name, thus,—“Joseph Bauer and Gretchen his wife by the help of God completed this house in the year of grace 1873.”

A blanket of mist and fog hung over us the whole of the way up the valley, while wandering sattelites of the same swooped around the preci-

pices of the Wengern Alps or came down with a sudden rush from the Faulhorn. Meanwhile, we crossing and recrossing the brawling river in our upward course, observed the care with which the hardy peasant cultivated his little plot at home, or watched his cattle as they grazed on the more distant pasture, or as he carefully collected his scanty crop of hay and laid it up for winter consumption in the little wooden huts which everywhere dot the landscape hither and thither.

Establishing ourselves for a mid-day halt immediately opposite to the Grindelwald lower glacier, we sat and silently gazed and pondered on the wondrous grandeur of the scene before us. While thus occupied, Eiger responded to our admiring homage, and raised the nebulous veil from off his head. Moreover, as every thing seemed disposed to fit our requirements, and even to more than answer our expectations, the peculiar tremulous booming of the distant avalanche fell on our ears. Doubtless a better spot might have been selected for "assisting" at these, so to say, dumb sounds of nature, for instance, in the neighbourhood of the Hotel de la Jungfrau in the top of the Wengern Alp, where, at this season of the year, and especially just after midday they may be heard and even seen in great numbers. They are in these parts, however, unattended with the destruction that often follows them, their whole force being for the most part expended in the desert Trümleten Thal. Five of them were good enough to "report progress" to us while we enjoyed "the fragrant weed." Mettenberg and Eiger stood up massive and bold against the deep blue sky; Wetterhorn had cleared up earlier, and now Schreckhorn and the Vietschers also discovered their snowy heights; then having spent as much time here as our plan allowed, we returned to Interlaken by Zweilütschinen and Wilderswyl.

If Interlaken were full yesterday, as it certainly was, to-day it is more than crammed. Fêtes of some description were being celebrated, masques,

processions, and interminably varied costumes filled the streets. Every one seemed in a more or less excited frame of mind, and at the rail station a dispute between an Alpine climbing party of German students and some of the soldiery almost resulted in bloodshed, to prevent which it was found necessary to deprive the students of their hâches and Alpine stocks for a time.

When we arrived by the short rail route at Därligen, the little steam boat that was to take us to Thun seemed far too small for the crowd that intended boarding her. Many preferred returning to Interlaken ; but we being among the first on board, succeeded in obtaining a tolerably comfortable post, although we were obliged to stand the whole of the passage.

Before we had reached Spiez, a thunderstorm, which we had observed brewing all the afternoon over the Stockhorn and the Seelibuhl, broke upon us, and we had not crossed the lake nor made Oberhofen, when the rain came pouring down in torrents. The vivid lightning of a smart thunderstorm on the lake of Thun is a sight worth seeing. The sudden illumination of all the surrounding mountains, while you seem to be floating in a sea of fire, and then the as sudden and utter darkness which directly follows, are beyond description. We can only say that they seemed to have affected the Conducteur and his crew as much as any of the passengers ; for an hour and half after we should have been on terra firma at Scherzlingen we were still afloat on the lake—what part of it, no one seemed to know. We came to a halt while the boat's company "jawed" each other and the boat, and the thunder, and the lightning, and the rain—then we should "go ahead" a few strokes of the engine, and descry lights on our port bow—"Stop her!" again, then "back her astern!"—lights ashore right aft—halt again, the rain meanwhile swamping everything that was not under cover, until at last we made an ignominious entry into port stern foremost, having, as we afterwards learnt, overshot our destina-

tion. Next, after some further unaccountable delay at the railway station, we started for Bern. Of Thun itself, we saw of course little save the gas lights; and the storm continued until we reached Bern at about 10.30, tired and famished. 'Bernershof' was like 'Victoria' full, and no accommodation to offer to two worn out creatures who had just done three days' work in one. The Captain declared he would not proceed further in an hotel hunt without previous halt by the way. "Plenty of time for refreshment here!" cried he. And the timely exhibition of a glass of Möseler Moussirender enabled him to cross the street to the Jura Hotel, where rooms meanwhile had been obtained for us.

The Clock Tower and the Cathedral, the Münster Terrasse and other *bears* of Bern had to be visited in the morning before we took rail for Lausanne. The bears of Bern, as every one knows, are a great institution; and figures of bears may be observed throughout the city in every conceivable attitude. "The ancient Egyptians had not a greater veneration for the Ibis than the modern Bernese have for the bear, which would seem to be the tutelary deity as well as the heraldic emblem of the Canton." Their fondness for Bruin appears to have arisen thus. A certain Duke of Zähringen in the twelfth century, the founder of the city, being at a loss what name to fix on, agreed one morning with his hunting companions to give it the name of the first animal they should slaughter in the chase. A bear was killed, as the inscription on a large stone set up some little way out of the city tells you to this day, "Here the first Bear was captured," and so the city is called Bern.

Following the directions of our guide book we took our seat on the left in the railway carriage, and in due time ran on through Freiburg, after which the scenery on both sides is most captivating; but it is beyond Rue and just after passing through a tunnel that a view of singular beauty embracing the greater part of the Lake of Geneva with the surrounding

mountains is suddenly disclosed. After leaving Lausanne, the railway skirts the whole of the N.W. portion of the lake, the range of Alps with Mont Blanc itself being visible the greater part of the way.

As to the Lake of Geneva, it has for centuries been a theme as all the world knows for writers of all countries, and after Voltaire and Goethe, Lord Byron and Alexandre Dumas, the present writer would fain be silent.

Hôtel de la Metropole received us at Geneva, and as we had a long evening before us, we devoted it to a quiet stroll along the streets, bridges, and quays of this most chastely beautiful spot. The Lawyer went to Church of course, which also of course, being a protestant temple, he found closed. Our walk ended, we returned to table d' hote—at which over 150 persons were seated, wrote letters, and to bed, but not to sleep long, for a second edition of last night's thunderstorm broke over us with improvements in tone, manner, and accompaniments.





CHAPTER VI.

“Grâce aux Anglais qui savent si bien payer, et grâce un peu aussi à l’engouement général pour ce beau pays, les auberges ont disparu, et avec elles, ces prix jadis si modérés qui donnaient à la Suisse une réputation d’hospitalité tout écossaise, La Suisse aujourd’hui s’est mise à l’unisson, et ses prix ne diffèrent en rien des prix des autres pays.—*La Vie en Suisse, Guide Conty.*”

THE recent heavy fall of rain had considerably cooled the atmosphere, as we found on rising to occupy the places we had engaged last night in the Banquette of the Diligence for Chamonix.

Why we should have chosen the Diligence in preference to a swifter and more comfortable conveyance, along a route which for the first 15 miles is sufficiently uninteresting, was never satisfactorily explained.* Certain it is we had no very pleasant out-look or comfortable berth on the top of the lumbering machine in the midst of a Cook’s excursion party. Alternate gentle showers and bright sunshine accompanied us while from Chêne, where we pass from the Canton of Geneva to French Savoy, we drove through Bonneville to St. Martin, crossing and re-crossing at intervals the foul and rapid Arve. For some little way before reaching the last named village, the road traverses a district devastated with mud and

* *Note by the Captain.*—I believe it was intended as a punishment to me for having taken 3rd class tickets from Brussels to Waterloo.

detritus ; and here occurred a little incident which proved that our compagnons de voyage were easily amused. It was during rather a heavier shower than usual our attention was directed to a neighbouring field or garden ground. A lady therein discovered herself in the act of reaping, not an armful at a time, but in handfulls, which must have secured at least a dozen heads of grain at each stroke of the sickle ; and as the state of the weather interposed difficulties, dangers, and distresses in the performance of her task, she had taken the precaution to engage the good offices of her domestic to protect her. A large red gig umbrella was held by the girl over the bending form of her mistress, while the interesting and arduous occupation was being prosecuted.

In the vicinity of S. Martin the valley opens out and you begin to distinguish in the distance the Mont Blanc chain. Again crossing the Arve by the new and semi-circular bridge of Sallanches (an excellent bottle of sparkling vin du pays here) and following up the left bank of the river, we reach S. Gervais-les Bains, where the Diligence dines. The bath establishment, capable of accommodating a large number of inmates, is situated in a gorge over the impetuous Bonnant (all the mountain streams are *nants* in Savoie), and is much frequented by reason of the sulphurous springs with which it is supplied ; but the aspect of the building as you drive into its quadrangle is calculated, if you ailed not before, to give you skin or any other disorder of body, to say nothing of mental affections. A more doleful place we never entered excepting, perhaps, Dole itself, whence we once sighted Mont Blanc at a distance of 100 miles or more. There is one room set apart for Voyageurs to dine in, but we made short work at the unsavoury viands, while the Lawyer looked at the wine, which the Captain declared was 'not so bad ;' he had not then experienced its effects, nor would he afterwards allow that it was the wine that turned him up (it never is the wine you know, it's always the salmon or

the sweets), vowing that the chilling aspect of the place was that which gave him the horrors. Leaving this cheery spot, we follow the newly cut road* that belts the Tête Noire (not to be confounded with Tête Noire near Martigny) and carries you up through the tunnel of Chatelard with its inscription "construit en 1868 en regne de Napoleon III," along the picturesque rocky defile of the rattling roaring Arve to Pont S. Marie, until the glaciers of Mont Blanc—first the de Griaз, then de Taconnaz, and then des Bossons with its lofty pyramids of blue ice, absorb your attention.

Another little incident occurred while we were nearing les Ouches, which was the cause of no small merriment among some of our party. For our own part we could but admire the devoted affection of the simple peasants which the scene displayed. In front of a pretty little *châlet* by the road-side, and on the steps leading up to it, sat a good looking countryman with his smiling wife upon the step below affectionately resting her head upon her husband's knees, while he tenderly caressed her recumbent form, and lightly passed his sun-burnt hands through the luxuriant tresses of her flowing hair. What a sunny picture of homely love!

"Kein Feuer kein Kohle kann brennen so heiss,
Als heimliche Liebe."

But some of our excursionists will have it that the man's occupation is even more homely than we suspect. "Look again!" "Why yes! so it is indeed." "Wall!" said the American of the party "If that don't lick creation holler; it'll disperse some o' them poetic ideas of yours, Mister, I guess." What a contrast! The majestic panorama of the snow-clad mountain chain in front, and this curious little hunting scene at

* It is a pity that our English Guide Books do not keep pace with the times, and make corrections up to date. Bradshaw, for instance, makes no mention of this or of several other new roads and lines of rail.

the foot ! So true is it that the sublime and the ridiculous are often so near each other as to be separated only by a veil no thicker than that which now intervened between ourselves and the awe inspiring heights and glaciers of Mont Blanc ; so true is it that, as La Trobe remarks, " many of the old and settled layers of the brain get strangely turned upside down by travelling."

After 10 hours on the Diligence, we were not sorry to descend at Hotel Imperial at Chamonix, nor to assist at the table d'hote which soon followed our arrival. Here we happened to be placed in juxtaposition with a young English lady and her more elderly travelling companion, one Madam M. In the course of conversation, it came out that Miss V. knew the Captain by reputation well, and that he was in former years well acquainted with several of her relations.

At 5.15 the following morning, the Lawyer might have been observed in scanty clothing at the open window which fronted the Mont Blanc range, apostrophising the scene. This awoke the Captain, who immediately turned out and joined his friend. The sky was clear, the day was breaking, and there before us in all his majestic grandeur rose the mighty monarch of the Alps, visible in every part to the very summit. Vain would be any attempt of mine to impart an idea of ineffable magnificence, or to describe its effect. Let Coleridge try.

" Hast thou a charm to stay the morning star
In its steep course ? so long he seems to pause
On thy bald, awful head, O sovereign Blanc !
The Arve and Arveiron at thy base
Rave ceaselessly ; but thou most awful form
Riseth from forth thy sea of pines
How silently !

* * * * *
O dread and silent mount, I gazed upon thee
Till thou, still present to the bodily sense,
Didst vanish from my thought ; entranced in prayer
I worshipped the Invisible alone.
* * * * *

The Mer de Glace.

Awake my soul ! not only passive praise
 Thou owest ! not alone these swelling tears,
 Mute thanks and secret ecstasy ! awake
 Voice of sweet song ! awake my heart ! awake
 Green vales and icy cliffs ! all join my hymn.

* * *

“GOD !” let the torrents like a shout of nations
 Answer ; and let the ice plains answer—“GOD !”
 “GOD !” sing ye meadow streams with gladsome voice !
 Ye pine groves, with your soft and soul-like sounds !
 And they too have a voice, yon piles of snow,
 And in their perilous fall shall thunder “GOD !”

At 9 o'clock, the Lawyer accompanied by a guide (an excellent good fellow, one Amboise Balmat of les Pelerins) and a newly purchased Alpine stock, made off for the Mer de glace. Just as he left, the Captain who intended to devote the morning to reading, writing, and arithmetic, met in the entrance hall of the hotel, and ready equipped for an excursion, Miss V. and her watchful body-guard. Madame M. was not amicably disposed, that was certain ; she seemed to have but a doubtful opinion of mankind in general, and of the Captain in particular, and was evidently put out by his frank and friendly manner. She bristled up and looked toasting forks and darning needles, and would not condescend either to respond to his polite “good morning” or to acknowledge his courtly bow. N'importe, before retiring to his studies, the Captain made request of the garçons that we should be placed in the nearest seat to “No. 41” at the dinner table that evening.

The Lawyer, meanwhile, is off in the direction of Montanvert, which is visited for the fine view it affords of the sea of ice which fills the highest gorges of the chain of Mont Blanc in three branches (the Glacier du Géant, Glacier de Lechaud, and Glacier de Talêfre) which at length uniting in the form of a huge stream of ice about 12 miles long, and 1 to 4 miles wide, descends into the valley of Chamonix. “From Montanvert the motionless billows, as they may be termed, of the Mer de Glace are

visible for a distance of 6 miles, but the huge pinnacles of the Glacier des Bois are concealed from view” The surface of the Mer de Glace, de Saussure observes resembles a sea suddenly frozen, not during a tempest, but when the wind has subsided, and the waves although still high, have become blunted and rounded. These great waves are nearly parallel to the length of the glacier, and are intersected by transverse crevasses, the interior of which appears blue, while the ice is white on the surface. The Lawyer having sufficiently enjoyed this prospect, proceeded in company with his guide to cross the Mer, and then by the *mauvais pas*, a giddy and hazardous path hewn in the rock on the N.E. side of the glacier to “Le Chapeau,” a limestone precipice nearly opposite to the Montanvert. From Chapeau he crossed the Chamonix valley for the ascent of La Flégère, the view from whence embraces the entire chain of Mont Blanc from the Col de Balme to the glacier de Bossons; Mont Blanc itself, with its vast snow fields, being visible from base to summit.

When the Captain had concluded his literary engagements, he strolled down the valley to the Glacier des Bossons, and on his return found that the Lawyer had already made his appearance, delighted beyond measure with his day's work. “Amboise,” said the Captain, “How did my friend behave?” “Oh, M' sieu! he is a good boy, brave bon garçon, allez! He is a portly gentleman, but he travels well; un tres bon voyageur,” bowing profoundly in direction of the ‘good boy.’

We took our seats at table d' hote as per order, but the ancient dame had out-generalled the Captain, the two chairs reserved for Nos. 41, close to which we sat, remained unoccupied throughout the meal; and we saw no more of Miss V. or Madame M. During the evening, and while the Captain was witnessing a game of billiards in the coffee room, the Lawyer made acquaintance with two American gentlemen—I speak advisedly,

gentlemen, from whom, being curious on the subject, he learnt the status in society of the mass of our cousins who run about on the Continent. They are not always to be taken as a fair specimen of the production of the tallest country in the world. They are for the most part small shopkeepers or traders, who having done a smart thing or two in business, and having made a little money thereby, come over here to spend it.

August 24th, 6 a.m., wind S.S.W., weather 'ugly threatening.' Mountain tops enveloped in mist, with long nasty shark-like streaks of cloud floating about the vallies. Ordered a carriage and pair for Martigny viâ Tête Noire. The "pair" consisted of a steady old mare harnessed in the shafts, and a mule tacked on along side—a pretty playful little thing to take you over a mountain pass, one that would every now and then stop and look round at you to see that you were there still, or to scratch a fly off its ear with one of its hinder feet. The "carriage" may be described as a lightly built brewer's wain *slightly* out of condition, with a very ancient phaeton hood strapped on amid-ships. For this accommodation to take us some three or four and twenty miles, we paid 65 francs; but before the day was out, we had occasion to wish the whole concern, together with the driver, at the bottom of the sea or on the top of Mont Blanc.

A fine view of the opposite glacier d' Argentière was obtained in looking back as we ascended by a road no better than a bridle path, the rugged Col des Montets; and down the other side in the direction of Valorcine and Barberine we jumped, rushed, bumped along in a manner sufficiently trying to the springs of our machine as to our own nerves. At Chatelard, near the boundary of Savoy and the Canton of Valais, we pass under an arcade and descend a stony road with the Eau Noire on our right; next we enter the gorge of the Tête Noire and commence a steep ascent along a pathway cut in the rock; this we follow up until we

reach a tunnel, emerging from which we perceive Hotel de la Tête Noire in the centre of a magnificent panorama, and built on the border of a precipice. It was not the mere thought of victuals that made us here rejoice so much as the certainty of a better road henceforth. We had just come up a track which no carriage ought to roll upon—a rough path with the cliff often overhanging it, a sheer precipice of several hundreds of feet to our left, without a shadow of protection, to the edge of which we often found our carriage wheels approaching in terrible proximity, with a sportive mule in front, and the driver as often as not walking up behind us and the carriage, cosing with a fellow charioteer instead of minding his cattle, all this precluded the possibility of our admiring the view with the calmness and serenity it demanded. No ; if we go that route again, we walk.

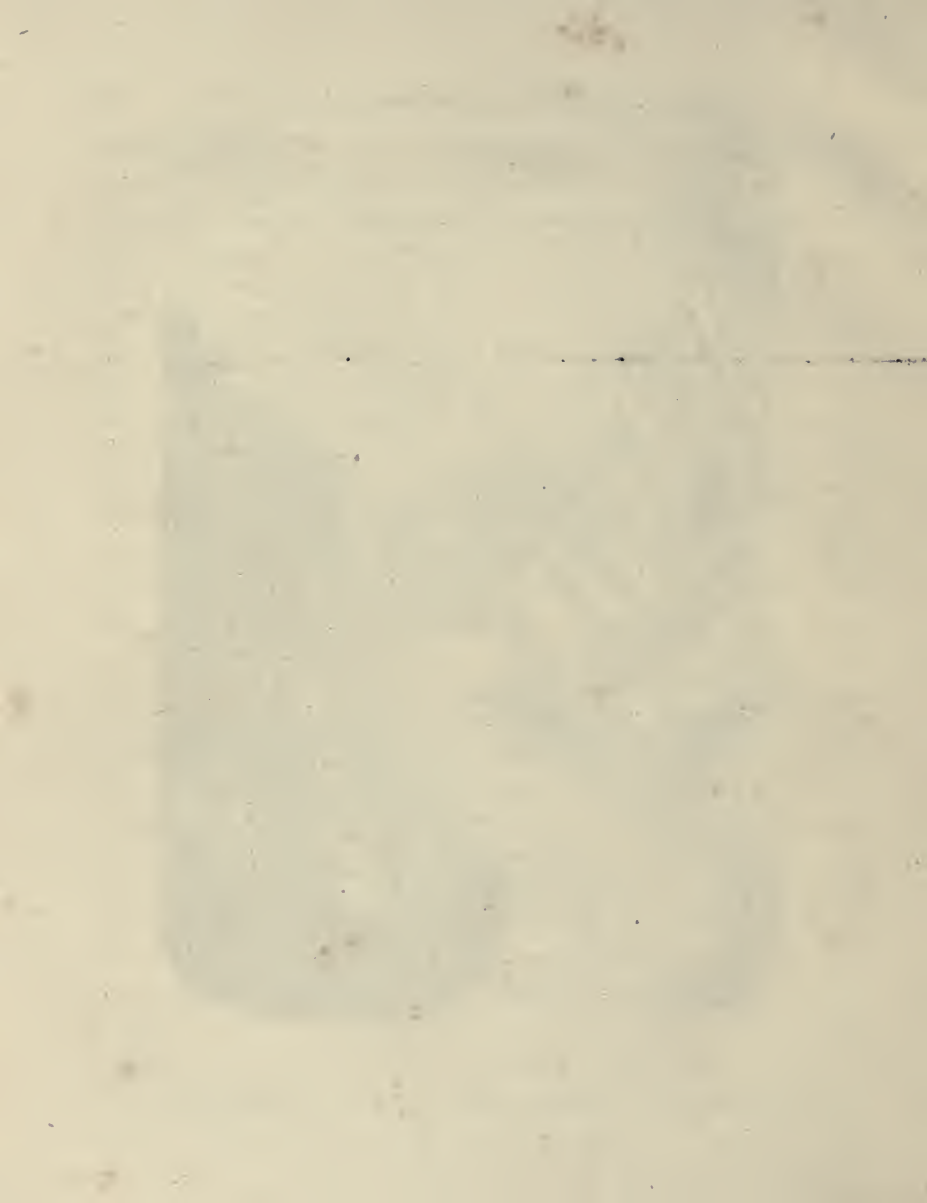
During our halt for lunch, the rain began to fall and continued in a steady downpour for the rest of the day. We came here upon another Cook's excursion party going in the opposite direction. It was amusing to observe its members ordered about and marshalled in and out by the clerk in charge. "Horses are all ready, and it's time to start." Instanter there is a general move of the whole five and thirty. Last mouthfuls are hastily swallowed, the wine bottles are left but half empty on the table, and in the hurry to obey orders, a stray note book, a wrapper, or a pair of gloves find a permanent resting place in the middle of an incompleated "tour."

We drive on in the rain to Trient and the Pas de la Forclaz, where our mule is unhitched and made fast astern, and whence Martigny seems so close below you that you suppose you have arrived at your journey's end, but you have yet an hour and a half before you, more if you happen to stop or be stopped as we were on the way. In rounding one of the many corners of our downward zigzag path, our driver, who as I have

already hinted was none of the most careful, imagining that our outer wheels had approached too near the edge of the precipice, suddenly hauled in his near rein, and thus ran our near fore wheel into a rut too deep for it to recover itself, consequently over we rolled carriage and all. Of course, we were all three chucked out sprawling in the mud, but beyond a severe shaking we were not otherwise hurt. It was fortunate that we capsized to the right and not to the left, towards the hill side and not over the precipice, or we should not have been here to tell the tale. Gathering together our scattered and dirt begrimed belongings, and with the assistance of our American friends of last night, who had been following us and had witnessed our capsize, righting the carriage, we let the fellow drive down until the road became more level, and so reached Martigny late in the evening. The Lawyer had sprained his wrist, and the Captain complained of his right shoulder, as well as having barked his fore arm. One of our Americans was a medical man, and overhauling us pronounced collar bones sound; but there was some damage done to the Captain's shoulder of which he would be reminded for some time to come. Growling at our driver and dismissing him without a "pour boire," we sought refuge from our troubles in "the downy." But these have a plan of following each other, often in quick succession. We rose very early in order to get to Lausanne in good time, as it was our intention to go on to Paris through the night. But the omnibus man seemed determined not to catch the train. His mates were telling him it was full time to get his horses harnessed, his master warned and even protested, but to no purpose. He would not hurry himself for anybody. At length the master, boots, and two female attendants manage to huddle the horses in, and we start for the rail-station just in time of course to see the train move off. In no very amiable mood therefore we returned to the Hotel. The Captain flung himself on a chair and growled ferociously. This was



a pleasant spot for a capsizing .



followed by a hopeless demonstration of despair, and while the Lawyer was ridiculing him and calling him the veriest picture of woe and misery he ever beheld, we were joined once more by our Americans to whom we had bidden 'good bye' last night ; and they alternately laughed at us, and commiserated us in our misfortunes. We were not the only 'unfortunates' in this latter case ; there was a young German couple, lately married as one might suppose, who were desirous of catching the same train from Lausanne to Paris as ourselves. They and the Captain remonstrated with the landlord, and he with the 'busman, until it was arranged that the belated travellers should be taken on to S. Maurice free of expense, in time to catch an express which did not stop at Martigny, but which would arrive in Lausanne almost as soon as the earlier train. It was a pleasant drive, although our companions were a little shy, and the Captain, hardly himself as yet, missed the view of the Pissevache cascade, concerning which the more wide-awake Lawyer discoursed anon. The bright morning increased in brightness as we ran down the wild Rhone valley to S. Maurice. Here, while waiting for the train, a curious little building, which seemed as if it had been thrown against the face of the cliff and had stuck there, attracted our attention. On enquiry, we found it to be the hermitage of Notre Dame du Sex ; there perched half way up the precipice like an eagle's nest appears this quaint little cell, which is now approached by a winding path cut in the face of the rock.

Soon again we hailed the lovely lake of Lemman, Anglicè Geneva, and running smoothly past Villeneuve, Chillon, Montreux, and Vevey, landed once more at Lausanne.



CHAPTER VII.

“Mann geht bergaus, mann geht bergein,
Heut' g'rad and morgen krumm,
Durch Sorgen wird's nicht anders sein,
Drum kümmer' ich mich nichts drum.”

Studentenlied.

WE could only afford sufficient time at Lausanne for a drive about the town and environs, so bidding adieu to the Lake of Geneva and the Alps of Savoie, we took train at 3.20 p.m., for Pontarliers, piercing the Jura range en route, and getting a glimpse of the Lake of Neuchâtel. For our night-long journey, suffice it to say, we were as comfortable as circumstances would permit, and we arrived in Paris at about half-past five in the morning; made for the Grand Hotel, Boulevard des Capucines where we had engaged apartments, but regretted afterwards that we had not gone to the less magnificent “de Lisle et d' Albion,” the “Grand” being on much too large a scale for individual comfort. After an early breakfast, we drove to l' Arc de Triomphe and then to the Rue S. Lazare Station for rail to Asnières. Where and what is Asnières? Asnières is one of the numerous little towns in the outskirts of Paris on the left bank of the Seine, and when the Captain first knew the place, twenty years ago it was the centre, as Argenteuil is now,

of amateur boating on the Seine. Its inhabitants now are of a more mixed character than then, and Asnières suffered very considerably during the Franco-German war. The Lawyer would fain reconoitre this second vagabond haunt, and the Captain was far from unwilling to visit a spot where he had spent so many happy hours. Here it was that he started on his pair-oar boating trip through France to Bâle, and thence to Cologne in 1853. Here it was that he built a canoe in three days, and then sold her for as many pounds. Here it was that he constructed "The Lady Margaret" that notable craft which took him and his two companions up the Marne, &c., to Nancy, and down the Moselle to Coblenz. Here it was that he spent the early part of a "pair-oar" expedition that was to last a lifetime, and here it was that afterward some fruit of that expedition was reaped. Here he endeavoured after the war to spend another vacation, but could not for lack of accommodation; and "Here we are again!" Let us go and see M. Picot, formerly constructeur des bateaux au gouvernement, and in whose workshops the Captain built his boats. The Lawyer looked on with gratified astonishment as these two hailed, saluted, and embraced each other, patiently listening while enquiries were made of friends on both sides. Former haunts were then visited, the houses where we had lodged—one still a war wreck, the café most frequented, the favourite fishing spots, &c., until it was time to leave friend Picot, and move forward again by rail for Versailles. The galleries of the Palais were 'done' in due course, and proper reflections made on the German occupation of this magnificent pile, and on the return journey, the ruins of S. Cloud were noted, the Bois de Boulogne on the opposite side of the river, Suresne, Puteaux, Courbevoie, &c., until we found ourselves again in Paris, driving for No. 10, Rue Castiglione, the offices of our friend Mr. John Arthur, to whom the Captain owes many thanks for kindness and attention during his several visits to France. Here we

picked up our first letters from England, and decided to leave on the morrow. Then drove to the Tuileries, lunched at Palais Royal, on to Notre Dame, to Péré la Chaise and back through the Boulevards to our Hotel, where we numbered over 300 at dinner.

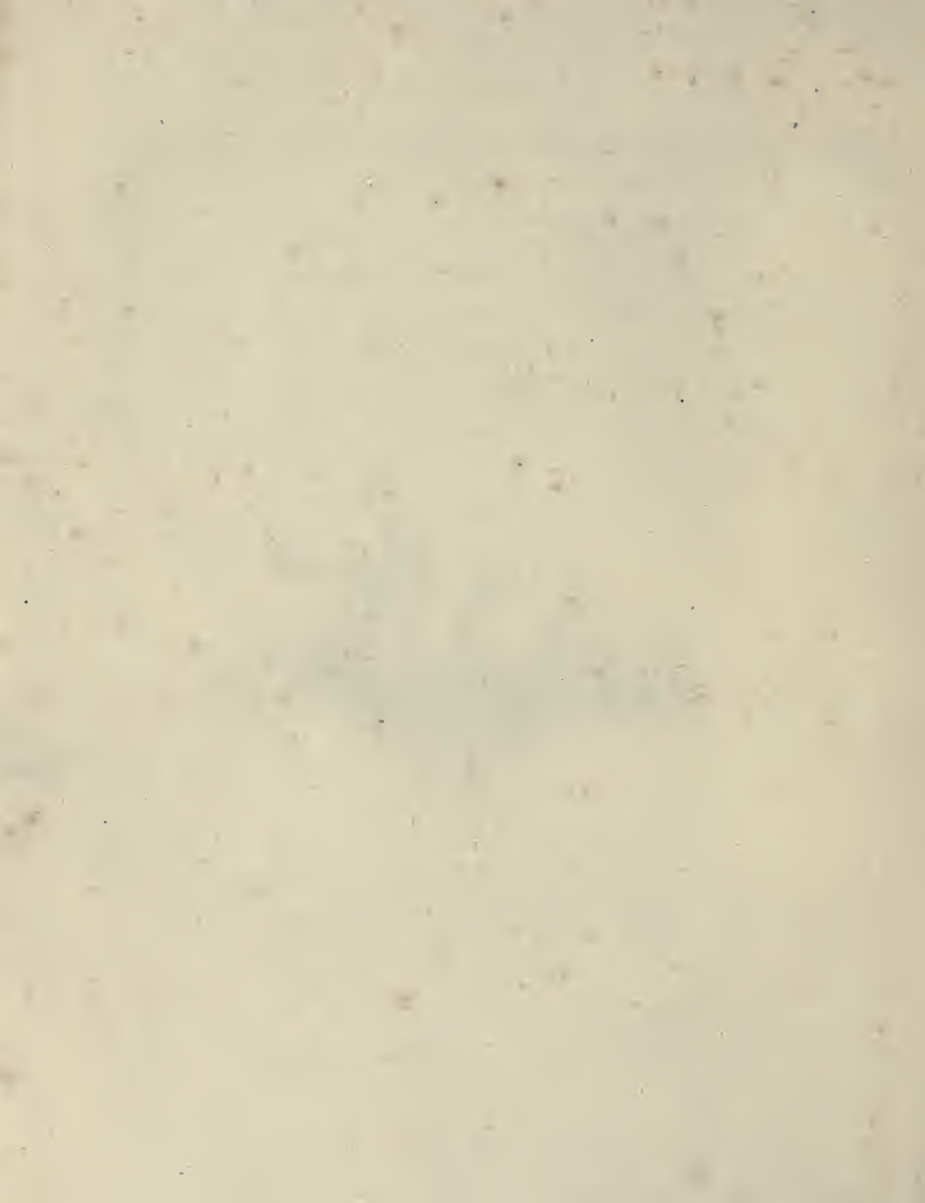
Through France and 'doing' Paris and Versailles in 24 hours, we thought a fair wind up to our continental trip, so the following morning, taking the early train for Calais, we re-crossed the channel in the same little boat that had taken us before—"The Foam," and reaching Charing Cross about 6 o'clock, drove to our rooms in Bury street, dined at the Lawyer's Club, and then "Westward Ho!"

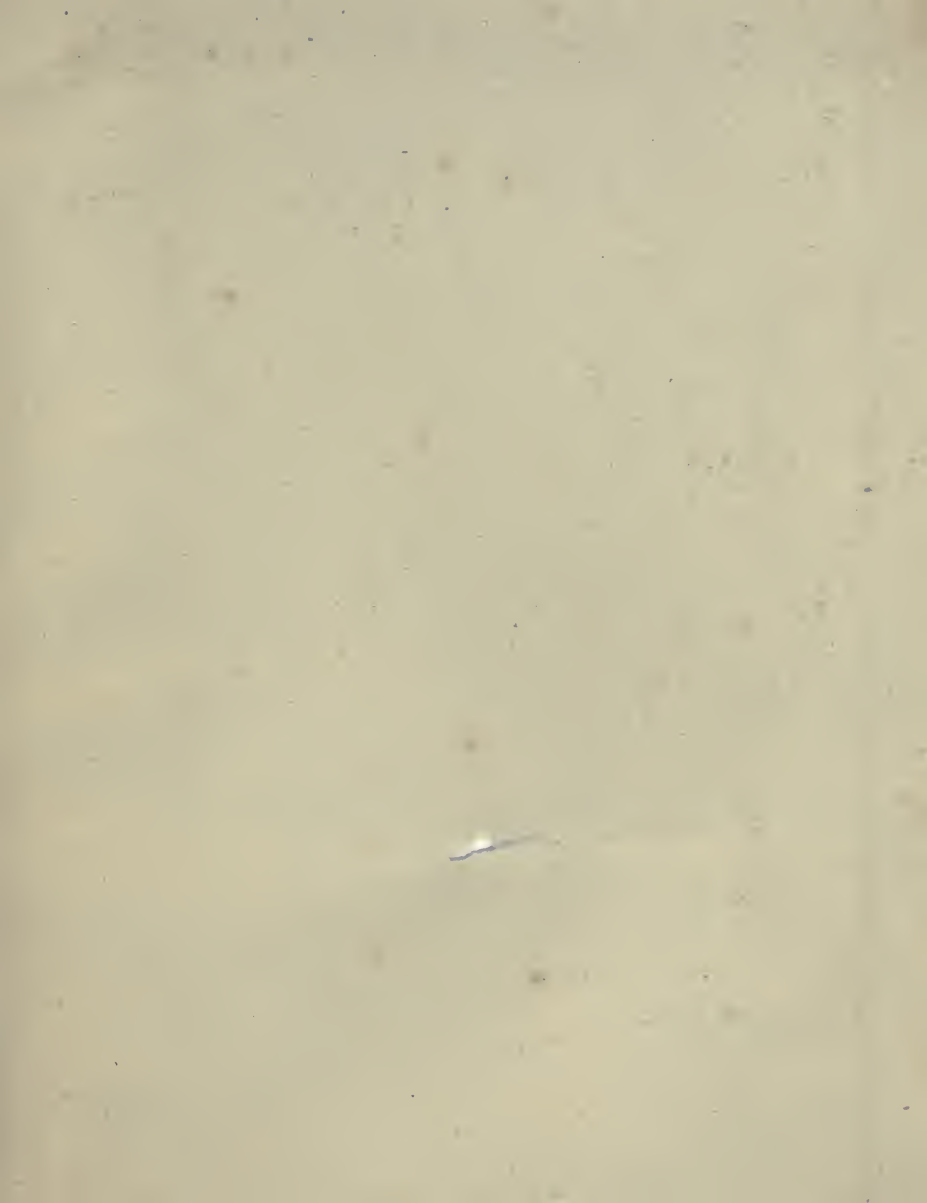


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