

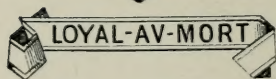
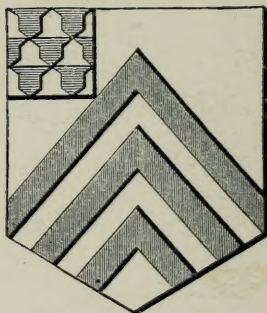


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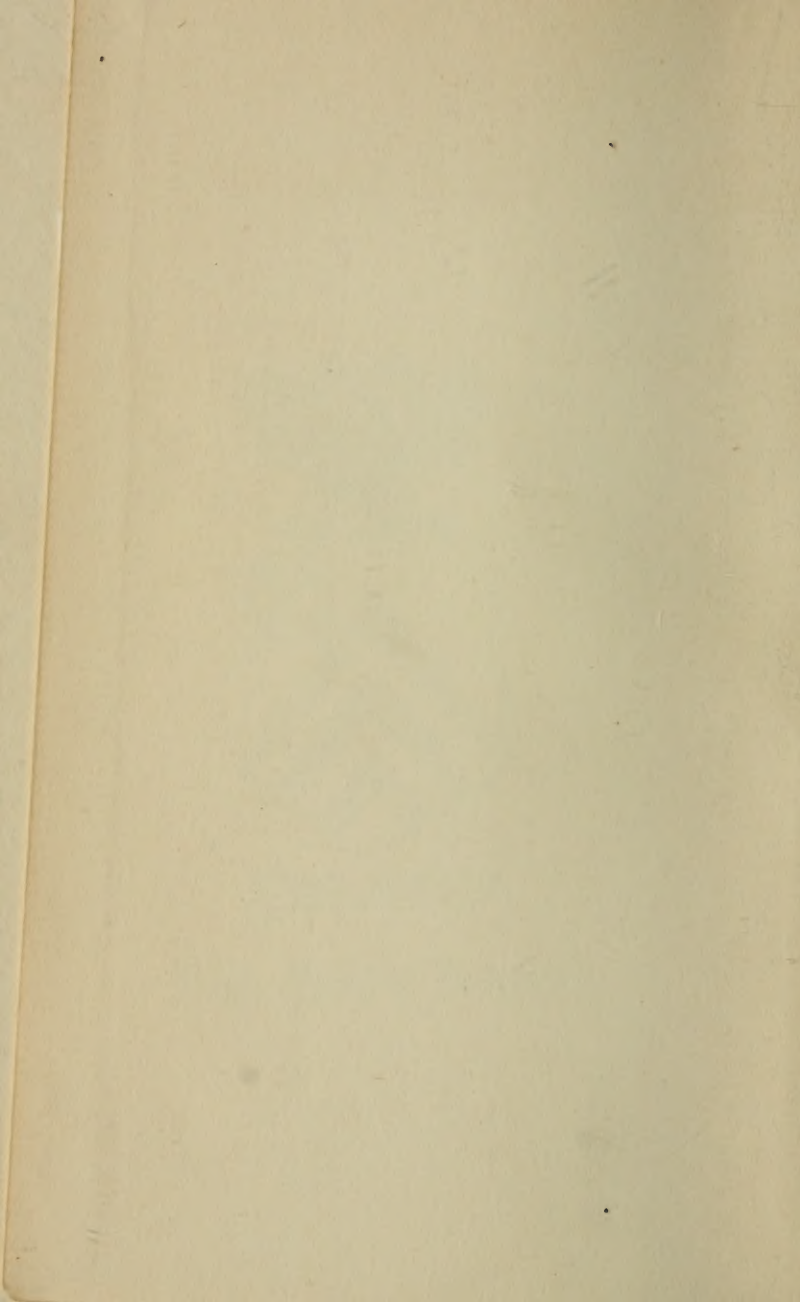
our in the Alps of Dauphiné

ur in the Carpathians.

E. HORNBY.



Hugh Hornby Langton.



A Tour in the Alps of Dauphiné

. AND .

A Tour in the Carpathians.

only
E. HORNBY.

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A TOUR IN THE ALPS OF DAUPHINÉ.



Emily Horsely

A Tour in the Alps of Dauphiné.

1889.

TUESDAY, JULY 16TH. I had a beautiful view of Mont Blanc as we approached Geneva, we arrived there at 3.15. I found Anderegg just outside the station looking rather forlorn, his hand tied up in a handkerchief. He hurt it cutting wood in the spring. I went to the Hotel Suisse, just opposite the station, and got a very nice room. . . I repacked, as part of my things were to go to Grènoble and part to La Bérarde, and part to stay with me. It required very careful consideration, and I had only just finished in time for the table d'hôte dinner at 6.30. After dinner I walked down to the lake, a lovely evening, and I was in time to see a beautiful sunset on Mont Blanc.

WEDNESDAY, JULY 17TH. Off for St. Michel at 6.40. I had a fright at the station. When I got into the carriage and counted my money I found I had not nearly enough change. At first I thought there was no redress, then I got out and asked the guard if there was time for me to go to the ticket-office.

He at once entered into my feelings and took me straight into the ticket-office, not to the guichet. There I found the ticket man, a most nice looking young man, quite aware of what he had done, and he had thought I should come back. I thankfully pocketed my change, about 30 francs. At Cucoz there was the douane, and I had some coffee, and bought sandwiches for myself and Anderegg. The mountains looked beautiful, very little snow, and they were cutting corn all along the line. I thought of that cold morning with G. and W. all over snow, and the Arc tumbling among blocks of ice. Arrived at St. Michel at 10 o'clock, and had no difficulty in forwarding my luggage to Grenoble. Then I repaired to the Hotel de l'Union, and got a man to help to carry my luggage up to Valloire. I had a very decent meal, and at three started for Valloire. We crossed the Arc and the railway over bridges, and then began to mount a very steep stony path, every now and then getting to a piece of a good road they were making. It was very hot, and I was resigned to this sort of thing for four hours, when, to my joy, the St. Michel man said that in another "petite heure" we should be on the road, and it would be flat all the rest of the way to Valloire. It turned out quite true, so that it was a most excellent kind of walk to begin with. The St. Michel man told me his name was Pascal Ilarion, he was a chasseur, and knew all the mountains about St. Michel and Modane.

He could take me an excursion over the glacier of Modane which we saw, and down into the Tarentaise on the other side. A very striking rock with two peaks overhangs St. Michel, and he said he could take me up that. When we got to the road at the end of two hours, we saw St. Michel nestled below us, looking very picturesque. A few yards along the road there was a little restaurant, and there we found the Dauphiné guide, Jean Baptiste Rodier. He had arrived at Valloire that morning over the Gallibier pass, which is almost a road, but not quite, and had come on to meet me. The St. Michel man now went back, and Rodier took his share of the luggage, and we trudged on to Valloire, along a road, very dusty, but cut in the side of the mountain, a precipice descending to a valley on the right, and splendid mountains on the other side, the Aiguilles d'Arve appearing above them, and a glimpse of the Ecrins in front. We arrived at the Hotel Giraud, Valloire, before seven, so the walk did not take four hours, as we had lingered quite half an hour at the restaurant. It began to rain, and did not look very promising for the next day, and Rodier had an engagement for the Meije on the 23rd, so, after some discussion, we decided to give up Mr. G's plan of a two day's excursion round the Aiguilles d'Arve, returning to Valloire, and to start at three next morning for La Grave, by the Col de Goléon. The Hotel Giraud rather savoured of the pothouse order,

but for a little mountain village it was as much as one could expect. I was devoured by thirst and had some beer at once, which was excellent, and later on some coffee, very fair. It was decided I was not to be called if it was a bad morning, and I got to bed (a most comfortable one) at ten minutes to nine.

THURSDAY, JULY 18TH. Awake with the sun shining brightly ; it was 6.20. I got up, there was not a cloud, so I called the landlord and guides and said why were we not starting. They said it had rained early, but I said there was no reason we should not start now. The Col was only to take ten hours ; the only reason for starting early was the heat, and it was not at all hot, there was quite a fresh breeze. Anyhow, I was not going to waste a splendid day doing nothing, and by eight o'clock we got off, a young man from Valloire with us as guide, as Rodier did not know this side of the Col de Goléon, and also to carry part of the luggage. The young man did not know all the way either, but thought he could "prendre renseignements." We started along a rather stony road, rising gently, and went on for more than an hour ; it certainly was rather hot. We had nearly got to the chalet of Bonnes Nuits where the track of the Goléon leaves the Gallibier, when I was accosted by a very good-natured looking man on a cart with three females, and I thought the offer too tempting to be refused

and scrambled in, meaning to get out when we left the road. Then, after some conversation, he said he had a mule tethered behind which would carry me to the top if I liked, and the luggage as well, and he knew the way perfectly. I really thought it would be folly to refuse, as we were all so hazy about the way, and had started late. It turned out a great success, the mule was a capital one, and carried me nearly to the very top. It was a most interesting winding track up through meadows, the right side of a ravine, splendid rocks on the other side. There were beautiful yellow gentians and other flowers. We passed the chalets of Lozette but saw no one, so there would have been no one to give us "renseignements" (the Valloire young man went back when we took the mule). There was a large, well-built chalet at La Lozette, where our new guide told us they made cheese. About an hour from the top Anderegg began to clamour for food, so we halted in a lovely green hollow by a stream. The mule began to roll on the ground as soon as it was unloaded, and then to feed comfortably. We all had a very good meal. I tried Valentine, which I found suited me very well, and gave them each some. I also got out a pot of potted veal and ham, which they devoured among them (I wanted very little). Anderegg especially enjoyed it, the Giraud meat being quite raw; he did not like it at all. The mule man, whose name was Cyprien Michellina, enjoyed himself thoroughly,

drank quantities of cognac and wine, but did not become at all tipsy, and ate everything he could lay hands on. We lingered there an hour and then started again. The mule was now decidedly averse to proceeding, and kept stopping every minute, but Cyprien lugged it on, saying it had carried a commandant, much heavier than I was, to the top a few days before, so I stuck to it till within a few yards of the top, when it was perpendicular shale, and I got off, thinking we should all tumble down together. It scrambled up very well without me, and we all landed at the top, Anderegg and Rodier having been recalled from quite a wrong direction in which they were steering. The Meije burst upon us at the top, looking splendid, the Aguilles d'Arve to our right did not impress me as much as I expected. We stayed about half an hour at the top, it was a little before two when we got there, and then Cyprien and his mule went back (I gave him ten francs, having first tried him with seven, which he did not think enough), and we started down a very steep shaly path. There were lovely flowers at the top—*ranunculus glacialis* and green and yellow saxifrage, and, lower down, pansies and gentians, *linaria alpina* and *silene alardis*. I always mean to bring a tin box and always forget; it is impossible to carry them, they have mostly such short stalks, but I never can resist gathering them, and of course they die before I get in. After the steep shaly path

there was a marshy, flat piece of valley, and then another bout of steep shale. Then a very good path by the stream, and afterwards through meadows full of lovely field flowers. Then a terrace path along the right side of a ravine, and through two or three villages into a road, and then across some more fields, and down a little steep slope into the regular road of the Col de Lantaret, just at the entrance of the tunnel, close to La Grave. We were there by 6.30, the descent having taken four hours; we stopped once to have some food. Altogether it was a very pleasant walk, and a lovely afternoon, never too hot. I was agreeably surprised, as Mr. G. had told me it was very stony all the way, and it never seemed to me very bad, not at all stony a great part of the way, and where it was, small flat stones which did not hurt one's feet. The landlord at Hotel Juge remembered me from two years ago. They gave me a delightful room with two windows, one looking on the Meije. I had a very fair dinner, and was in bed soon after nine.

FRIDAY, JULY 19TH. It was a very gloomy morning. I went down and had breakfast, and was standing in the hall, when I chanced to look at the box of letters and there saw one for me in the well-known writing of M. I had not expected a letter for some days, as I was at La Grave three days sooner than I expected. I got ready to take my

letters to the post at 1.30 and found it was pouring. I was indeed thankful I had come the day before. I went to the post and then up to the church, and sat a good while with a book, partially sheltered by the church door; there is no porch, and the church was closed. La Grave is the high road of the Col de Lautaret, going from Briançon to Grénoble. The Hotel Juge and a few houses are on the road, but the main part of the village is on the slope of the hill behind it, up little stony streets, which this wet day were running rivers of water. Just opposite the hotel is a wooden arbour with tables and benches, delightful on a fine day, where I am writing at this moment. There is a low wall along the road, and a deep descent from it to the river, the Romanche. The opposite side is steep rocks with snow at the top and green meadows below, full of edelweiss. The path to the Meije leads through those meadows, one descends directly from the road in front of the hotel, then across the bridge and up the other side. The Meije rises splendid behind all, and the Brèche de la Meije, the pass by which I hope to leave here, looks most tempting, two long shoulders of rock leading up to it, up one of which we go. I got to the top of the rocks two years ago, and then had to turn back in a tempest of rain, thunder and lightning, the rain making the stones come down from the glacier in such a way it was impossible to pass. There is a great deal more snow this year; I

only hope it will not turn out one cannot pass, I shall be too annoyed if we have to turn back again. I had dinner about seven, and went early to bed, rather depressed as it was still pouring.

SATURDAY, JULY 20TH. A splendid day; down by 9.30. Met the guides. Rodier is quite hopeful that to-morrow the Brèche will be practicable; we are to start about midnight to have plenty of time. It is a lovely day, just the right temperature. To-morrow will be Sunday; it is very odd that I always try to arrange to have a day of rest on Sunday, but the weather almost always interferes, and I have to start on some large expedition on Sunday or else lose the precious weather. I must say I am not like the people in good books, who invariably come to grief if they attempt outs on a Sunday. My Sunday expeditions have mostly been successful, almost all my large ones, among others the Grand Paradis, the Matterhorn both times, and the Dent Blanche have been either begun or ended on Sunday. On the other hand, I once delayed the Schreckhorn a day at Grindelwald in order not to start on Sunday, and the consequence was bad weather came on, and I have not done the Schreckhorn to this day, and now never shall. I shall therefore let the Brèche take its chance to-morrow. About two o'clock I started on a stroll, and found a delightful winding bridle road leading up into the hills above the village. I found

eventually that it led to the Plateau de Paris. I did not go far, but sat on a point near a cross by the side of a field of barley, full of blue cornflowers. A splendid view of the Meije and every promise of a fine day to-morrow. I came down through the village, had afternoon tea in the arbour, and then went up to arrange the baggage for the start. I dined at seven and went to bed at eight, partially dressed, to have as much sleep as possible.

SUNDAY, JULY 21ST. Too anxious to sleep. I was called at 12.15, heard it was fine, got up, dressed, found M. Juge downstairs, ready to see us off. I hoped he was going to bed as soon as we were gone, but he said he had to see a party off for Le Bec de l'Homme at two o'clock. We started at 1.30 precisely, a tall, stalwart young porter called Christopher Clot being added to the party to carry a portion of my luggage. Rodier had the rest and the provisions, and Anderegg, I think, had nothing but his own bag, a new one made by his son, who is apprenticed to a saddler in Berne. It was a lovely starlight night, with a small crescent moon. Rodier carried a lantern consisting of a broken bottle with a candle fixed in it. He led the way, I followed, then Anderegg, then the porter. These early starts with a lantern always remind me of the hymn—

I do not ask to see

The distant scene, one step enough for me.

It is literally so, I see one step in advance, and it is astonishing the ground one gets over without knowing it, plodding slowly on, with no temptation to look about one. The way begins by going down from the road exactly opposite the hotel to the river, the Romanche, to cross the bridge; then one has to mount again the other side and go along a winding path up through meadows, which I know from my disastrous return by daylight two years ago, are full of edelweiss. Now, however, I see nothing, we plod slowly on, and in time I hear the noise of a cascade on my right; still on, the cascade is passed unseen, and when at last the first rays of daylight come we are already on moraine, intermingled with pieces of glacier. Then a piece of snow, a delightful change, quite firm, with steps to be cut, and then we are on the rocks, a beautiful sunrise, and the crescent moon visible at the same time, just above a point of rock. The Grandes Rousses, a fine range of snowy mountains, look very fine behind us, and we have not got far up the rocks before we see La Grave nestling just below us. We go up the second line of rocks, the one to the right. They are easy at first but now and then there is an awkward bit. Anderegg now follows Rodier, and I come third, and now and then the stalwart porter gives me a shove up when there is a very long step to make. At a convenient point we halt and have some food. There is no water, so I cannot have Valentine, but drink some champagne

and eat a biscuit. Above this halting-place the rocks look quite inaccessible, but by winding round and round Rodier in some mysterious way finds quite an easy track, and we arrived before I could have believed it possible to the highest point which we attained two years ago. Here we halt, have some more food, and make preparations for the snow; the guides put on their gaiters and I put on my spectacles, a handkerchief round my head to protect my ears, and a woollen tie round my neck, as there is rather a cold wind. Then we take to the snow, which is a very pleasant change. We mount close by the rocks, Rodier cutting steps. Beyond, to the right, where the stones were rolling down last year, it is now all snow, but great blocks keep tumbling every now and then with a tremendous noise. We mount in this way very comfortably for some time, and I hope it is to last so to the end, when suddenly, to my surprise, we take to the rocks again, and now there are really some bad places, with hardly any footing, and I have to wait till Anderegg is quite firm that he may hold the rope tight for me to scramble by, often on my knees. It reminded me of Monte Cristallo last year, but there, though the rocks being coated with ice made it even more difficult, the bad places were all in chimneys, where, if one slipped it did not matter, and this was an exposed arête. I never looked down, and it was too interesting to be tiring. The top was reached at last, and

there stood the Meije in all its splendour before us, a little banner of cloud floating from its highest point. Rodier now calmly remarked that this last arête had never been climbed before, but he had thought it better to leave the snow. Now however there was nothing but snow, and, though the top of the pass looked very near, the glacier was so much crevassed, it was evident it would be a work of time for me to reach it. First a place had to be found to cross the Schrund, the broad crévasse there always is at the foot of the last slope of every high Col. This was full of snow, and had to be crept through cautiously, and then began a weary mounting in soft snow, treading in each other's steps up to one's ankles, having to lift one's feet higher every step, in the way G. thinks so tiring. I began to flag awfully and had to stop very often, and have repeated nips of Cognac. Clot gave me his arm occasionally, but that was not always safe on account of crévasses, the rope had to be kept tight stretched between each of us. They were all very patient with me, never said a cross word, and Clot kept saying "*Chi va piano va sano, chi va sano va lontano.*" Time after time, when the top seemed quite close, we had to make a great détour to avoid crévasses. I really don't think I should ever have got to the top if we had not providentially had to cross the track of an avalanche, which roused me at once, and I was still further cheered by an awkward bridge or two, and steps having to be cut up the last

slope. At a quarter-to-one the top was reached, but alas! bad weather had come on, it was pouring, and the Meije loomed through mist on our left, the rocks called the Râteau on our right, the distance was invisible. I was too happy to mind much, and now felt perfectly fresh, I found a nice flat stone, and after a short delay began the descent. There were a few shaly rocks and then endless slopes of soft snow. Then a piece of moraine, on which, to my great joy, the rope was taken off. After this there was endless moraine, interspered with slippery avalanche snow and wet glacier, until finally about 4 o'clock, the Refuge of Chatelleret was reached, nestled under a large rock. The guides here made a final meal, and I fondly hoped for a decent track down to La Bérarde, but was woefully deceived. Miles of rough macadam had to be traversed, there was an apology for a track, but it was hardly to be distinguished from the surrounding waste of stones. At last we came to a piece of grass, crossed the stream, and the path was rather better on the other side. This valley, descending from the Meije, is called La Vallée des Etançons, and La Berarde stands just at its mouth, where it opens into the Valley of the Vévéon. The last half-hour was quite nice walking, we passed the place where the path branches off for La Tête de la Maze, which I hope to accomplish some day. The torrent of the Vallée des Etançons has to be crossed, and then we find ourselves at La Bérarde (a tiny little village) and

the Chalet Hotel, built two years ago. Before then the first explorers had to content themselves with very primitive accommodation. M. Tairraz received me very civilly. I was taken to a dear little clean wooden room, and having taken off my wet things, came down, had some tea, and went to bed.

MONDAY, JULY 22ND. Down at ten o'clock. Very good coffee for breakfast, but indifferent bread. I had some toast made, which made it more eatable. I found a number of French Alpine journals, and a novel of Besant's, "'Twas in Trafalgar Bay," and sat very comfortably at a little table outside. Anderegg, as usual, loafing about in a purposeless way, I wonder if all guides are so entirely devoid of resources. I talked to him at intervals, and heard the story of his hand. It appears it was not an accident, but some illness, and his finger was amputated, under chloroform, at the hospital in Meiringen. Two other Swiss guides came to speak to me, they were here with a gentleman from Vienna, and they were now leaving, after eight days of bad weather. One of them was Alexandre Burgense, a name I know very well, but I had always fancied him a tall man, and this one was little. Mr. S. has a story about him which made me look at him with interest. The other was a new man whose name I did not know. I was glad to find Anderegg had had some compatriots to speak to. At one o'clock I had

some luncheon (the day after a hard day like yesterday I think it well to eat little and often), and then started on a walk to meet the postman, down what, in La Bérarde, is facetiously called *Le grand Chemin*; really a rough mule track, but princely after *La Vallée des Etançons*. Here I sat, and was soon passed by a peasant-woman with a basket, and two loaves of bread, like rings, slung on her arm. I sat on till an old woman from La Bérarde came down to me, and asked if I was not waiting for the *facteur*. She informed me the woman with the loaves was the *facteur's* wife, and they took it by turns to come. I hurried back to the Hotel for my letters. I settled accounts with Anderegg and Rodier, paid the first 104 francs, the latter 81. Rodier started this afternoon for the Meije, with two gentlemen from Grenoble. The weather does not look very promising, it has been fair, but cloudy, all day. I am now alone in the Hotel. Dinner at seven. A violent thunder-storm which makes me pity the party in the *Réfuge de Chatalleret*.

TUESDAY, JULY 23RD. Another thunder-storm, down again at ten, the valley full of mist, the mountains invisible. I am not sorry to have another enforced day of repose, if it had been fine I should have felt it my duty to go up to the *Tête de la Maze*. My luggage arrived from Grenoble yesterday, and I have been studying the map lent me by Mr. G., which

was in the portmanteau, and trying to devise some way of getting to the Chapelle de Valguademale, and the Désert de Valjouffrey. The two names have a strange fascination for me, and they are not over enormous glacier Cols. So far I have not been successful, and I have unfortunately forgotten to bring Joanne's Dauphiné. The sun is struggling to come out, but it is still cloudy. The party are not returned from the Meije, so I suppose they are going to wait for another day. The Daily News comes every day to the Hotel, and M. let me bring Buchholz, so I have plenty to read at present. An excellent mayonnaise at dinner. I find M. and Mme Tairraz do all the cooking between them at present, there are so few travellers they do not keep a chef. Mme. Tairraz also appears to do the washing, at all events the ironing, at a table in the entrance. They all come from Chamounix, including the children's nurse, there are four children. Adèle, the chamber-maid and waitress, is a most capable young woman.

WEDNESDAY, JULY 24TH. A lovely bright morning. I was up much earlier, and by 9.30 was off with Peter (Anderegg) for the Tête de la Maze, a hill close here with a very good view. The path at first is the same by which we came down from La Vallée des Étançons, but soon branches off to the left. I forgot to say that two young men from Grenoble were having breakfast in the dining-room,

having had enough for the present of the Refuge de Chatelleret, in which they had passed the whole of yesterday, but they meant to return there in the afternoon, if the weather held up, and have another attempt. This we heard from Rodier, who gave us directions for our route, and also told me the Tête de l'Anse was quite easy if I liked to go on there. There was a good path all the way up the Tête de la Maze; every here and there steps were cut in the rock. The flowers were lovely, and beautiful orange butterflies were flying about. F. would have captured some of the poor things in no time. The view soon became very fine, but it was not till we were more than half way up that we saw the Meije and the top of the Brèche, and the whole line of our descent spread before us like a map. Peter even thought he could make out the Refuge with his naked eye. I could not with my opera-glass, but saw exactly where it was. There were some splendid snow peaks visible beyond the valley of La Bérarde, one of them I have since heard is the Pic d'Olan. The guide-books call the walk up the Tête de la Maze two hours; it took me three, but it was rather hot, though not unpleasantly so, and I took it very easily. There is a cairn at the top with stone seats all round it. In the cairn was a cylinder containing papers with names of the climbers. I was sorry I had not brought a card, but I had not thought the Tête de la Maze important enough for such a

measure. After a little wine and a biscuit I felt quite game for the Tête de l'Anse, which looked like a very much magnified Catchedicam from Helvellyn. Catchedicam, I remember, only took M. and me twenty minutes; this took exactly two hours and was a regular scramble. I had prudently left the skirt of my dress at the cairn. When we got to the top it turned out to be a higher peak than the one visible from the Tête de la Maze, but there was another still higher beyond, still quite separated. I fervently hope the one we were on was the right Tête de l'Anse, but cannot feel quite sure. I left my little mother-of-pearl drinking shell, which I bought at Lausanne two years ago, and which I had unfortunately broken, under some stones as a trophy of my presence, and after first going to the other peak (the one visible from the Tête de la Maze), we came down by a much more direct route. It took, however, nearly as long, I think because the arête between the two had to be mounted coming back. We were back at the cairn on the Tête de la Maze at 4.30, and were just beginning to come down when we met the two young men from Grenoble on their way to the Chatelleret, having preferred to come over the Tête de la Maze to going the direct route. How I envied their exuberant energy. They had their hats in their hands, their waistcoats open, and looked very hot, but they were in excellent spirits. We had a little conversation and wished each other

bon voyage. They asked if I had been on the Tête de l'Anse, and I said I hoped I had. I gathered a splendid nosegay on the way down, yellow and white marguerites, asters, white lilies, forget-me-nots, and lovely little pinks, with some very pretty grasses to mix with them; also a very pretty sweet-smelling white flower, I do not know if it is a saxifrage. I got back to the hotel about 6.30, and was so parched with thirst I insisted on having a *thé simple* before dinner, greatly to the surprise of Adèle, but she bore it very well. A gentleman who had started about five on an expedition came in when I had finished dinner and was busy arranging the flowers. I have since learned from Adèle that his name is M. Duconchoux, and that he has done some large things. I see from the visitors' book he had been up the Tête du Brujet, a peak beyond the Tête de l'Anse. My guide, J. B. Rodier, having gone again with the young men to the Meije, I arranged with his father, a wiry old man, to start the next day for the Col de la Lavey, if fine, sleeping the first night at the Chalet de la Lavey.

THURSDAY, JULY 25TH. A splendid morning. Got off at last after many delays at 11.30, old Rodier, the night before, having wished to start at ten. I should rather have liked a day of repose after yesterday, but thought it wrong to lose such a lovely day, besides I had not to get up early. I finally only got

off by starting with Peter by myself, leaving old Rodier to follow with the meat (for the guides) which was not yet cooked. I filled up my bottle of Macon with lemonade, and it turned out a most excellent drink. It was arranged that Peter and I were to wait for old Rodier at Les Etages about an hour off. This we did and a very nice woman invited me into her house, and we had a great deal of conversation. Her house was separated from the stream by a ruined building which looked as if it had been a chapel, and she said it had been, but had been carried away by the water. There is now no church nearer than St. Christopher, about three hours off. The priest from there comes to Les Etages sometimes, and also to La Bérarde, he had been there the week before, and slept at the hôtel. They are talking of building a chapel at La Bérarde. She had three children and had had eight, the others had all died when they were about a month old. "*Maladies d'enfance*," she said when I expressed surprise, thinking this must be such a healthy part. It was like the women in England, who always say with such pride that they have buried nine. She asked where I came from, and when she heard England, was much surprised. She herself had never been as far as Grénoble, but had once penetrated to Bourg d'Oisans. They had some cows, two mules, and also some fields, one of potatoes. She was making vermicelli for some soup, and also what looked like pies, which she said were potatoes done

in flour. She offered to cook me one, but it was too early for me to eat, and I thought it would be bad to carry, so declined, but regretted afterwards I had not accepted. Old Rodier was such ages that at last I crossed the bridge and sat at the other side, the little knot of houses with the ruined chapel looked very picturesque. F. or M. would have been quite glad of the delay for a sketch. I offered the woman half a franc, having read that French peasants like to accumulate every penny, she firmly declined it so I gave it to little Pierre. At last Peter recalled me from across the bridge, old Rodier had appeared, and we pursued our way down the valley, an excellent undulating path, sometimes on a level with the stream, sometimes high above it. About an hour from Les Etages we left the path, and scrambled down to the stream, to cross the bridge at the entrance of the Valley de la Lavey, thereby avoiding a long détour. It was a picturesque little stone bridge over the Vinéon, the stream from the Valley de la Lavey coming down to meet it in a fine waterfall, full of foam. After the bridge there was a steep stony path for some way, and it was rather hot. We passed some cottages, and very soon got to the top of a sort of shoulder, and the lovely green valley of La Lavey lay before us, a nice undulating path through it, very little more mounting. A beautiful square peak towered to the right, one of those I had seen from the Tête de la Maze, old Rodier said it was the Pic d'Olan,

of which I had often heard. We crossed another dear little stone bridge, and soon after passed a beautiful waterfall to our left, now beyond the stream, bringing down a quantity of stones with a sort of swish. We crossed a stream by some stepping stones, at which of course Peter would hold my hand firmly, standing just in front so that I could not see where to put my foot next. It aggravates me beyond endurance, and I hoped he was cured of it this year, owing to his lame hand. Very soon afterwards we arrived at the Chalets de la Lavey, a very nice little group of chalets, the surroundings wonderfully clean. One is set apart as a refuge for travellers, and has on the door this inscription :—

Club Alpin, Section de l'Isère,
Chalet de la Lavey, Pour voyageurs.

After I had looked at the inside, which did not look very inviting, (but fortunately the straw pallet, or rather shelf, stretching the whole length, was dry,) I put on some extra wraps, and went to look for the cows coming down from the mountain. A woman told us we could have no milk till the cows had come. I remember once passing a night at the Trift Alp above Saas, and it was a most picturesque sight seeing the immense troop of cows winding down from the mountains where they had been grazing, coming home to be milked, their bells ringing so beautifully. The Dauphiné cows have no bells, and apparently keep very late hours. It was 5.30 when we arrived.

I waited ages for them, going back every now and then to warm at the fire in the chalet, at which old Rodier was cooking soup, made apparently of potatoes, butter and hot water. At last I gave it up, and, one solitary cow having arrived, I had some new milk two eggs and some toasted cheese—which means cheese regularly toasted on the fire, and eaten in the hand. It is the only cookery of which Peter is capable, and he says “Herr Walker” liked it. I find it very good. After this meal I scrambled on to the pallet, only taking off my boots. I also put on an old waterproof cloak and a woollen shawl round my head. A woollen covering was spread on the straw under me, and another put over me, and I was really not uncomfortable. My only anxiety was that Peter should not awake, it all rested on him, as old Rodier had no watch. I called to him every now and then, making him hear with much difficulty. The first time it was only ten o’clock, we were to get up at twelve.

FRIDAY, JULY 26TH. To-day I have to record that greatest of trials for a mountaineer, an *expédition manquée*, in other words a failure. Anderegg awoke at 12.15 and we were finally off at 1.30 I had some hot milk, some more toasted cheese, and a biscuit. A great deal of time was wasted in setting a candle in a bottle to old Rodier’s satisfaction, but it was done at last, and we started

down a little rough path and across a bridge. It was a splendid starlight night. A splendid Col rises in front of the Chalets of La Lavey, the Col de la Muande leading to the valley of Gaudemar, but our Col, which was to lead back to La Bérarde, turned an angle to the left, and I had not yet seen it, and, as it turned out, was never destined to see it. The path was only undulating for a long time, and seemed very rough, but as one could only go slowly, step by step, by the lantern, it did not matter. Old Rodier was at first rather uncertain of the way, but soon got right. As soon as regular mounting began I felt I had overrated my strength, that I ought to have had a day of thorough rest before undertaking an expedition. What rather made me feel worse was that, on putting out the bottle lantern, instead of throwing it away they said we would keep it in case we wanted it at night. I had calculated on being at La Bérarde by four or five at the latest. I soon remarked to Rodier that I did not think I should accomplish the Col that day, and proposed we should halt somewhere and do the rest next day. He quite agreed, but said we had better get as high as we could that day, and there were plenty of good places where we could shelter and find wood to make a fire. We had plenty of wraps and provisions, and I quite enjoyed the idea of lying basking in the sun and having a good sleep. Strange to say, from the moment this loophole was arranged I felt fresher,

and I really think might have accomplished the Col after all ; but soon after six the weather, which had been lovely, suddenly changed, and thick clouds gathered all round. I then thought we had better turn back, and so did Peter, for I knew I could not accomplish the Col in bad weather, and I had only contemplated staying out all night if it was very fine. Old Rodier was, however, most averse ; when we asked him about the weather he would only say " on ne pouvait pas savoir," and recommended going higher and resting under a shelter till mid-day to see what it would do. We toiled slowly a good piece higher, all among stones and rock, and at last took shelter under an enormous rock, and they collected wood for a fire. This must have been, I think, about seven o'clock ; it did not rain yet but looked as bad as it could be. Just opposite was a very fine Col, which old Rodier told me was the Col de Sellettes, leading to Valjouffrey. He said flocks of sheep were sometimes taken over it, so it cannot be as difficult as it looked. The fire burnt very well and was very comfortable. I tried to go to sleep but could not, as I had only sharp stones to rest my back against, even with the intervention of bags. In process of time it began to rain. I crept close under the rock, but the rain and hail drove in on that side. I held my umbrella as a shelter in front, but in process of time that dripped, and the rock too, and made it worse. Then we crept round to the other side and were

there much better sheltered, and I was able to lie down, and in spite of rain and everything I went fast asleep. When I awoke it was 10.30, my feet were frozen, the weather was just as bad, and the idea became quite intolerable to me of staying there till daylight next morning, and probably having to come back after all, if the weather were still bad. I did not think I should be able to do the Col even if it were fine next day, after being frozen with cold for nearly 24 hours. Being now quite decided in my own mind I said to Peter that he and I would set off down, and old Rodier would then be obliged to follow, and he was more than willing. We set off, and old Rodier soon appeared looking very glum, but no doubt inwardly thankful. We came down at a famous pace and were at the Châlets by one o'clock, the path, which had seemed so rough in the dark, was quite smooth by daylight, when one could avoid the stones. I quite expected it to become beautifully fine as soon as we started to come down (in that provoking way it always does), but it did not, there were some heavy showers, and it was so cold and windy I kept my waterproof and woollen shawl on all the way. The little rustic bridge near the chalets was quite straight forward, but that idiot Peter would hold my dress behind while I crossed it. I could not stand that, so the moment we had got across, I turned sharply round, recrossed it and came back again. He went on looking much dumbfounded, and I hope it

will be a lesson to him to let me alone. I left them at the chalets to make a meal, and went on by myself, the path down the valley being unmistakable. I noticed, what I had not seen on arriving, an iron cross on a mound overlooking the village, and went up to it. There is one near Les Etages and also one near La Bérarde. I got on a good way by myself, and across the stepping-stones, to my great joy, before they overtook me. We trudged very briskly down the valley, and were at the stone bridge over the Vénéon by three o'clock. Then began what I had been dreading—the scramble up to the La Bérarde road. I told Rodier I should prefer going round by the regular path; even if it was a round it would be easier for me than to climb up the way we had scrambled down; but he said it would be a long way round, and he knew another way not so rough, so I followed him by a steep path which soon degenerated into a wilderness of stones. I was very cross for this was just what I wanted to avoid, and he vowed he had lost the track and gone too high. Peter apparently had found it, and kept calling from above. I was very cross with him too for not showing me the right way if he had found it himself. What old Rodier wanted, and did eventually find, was a rough mule track leading down from the La Bérarde path to the bridge. Before we got to the top a violent thunderstorm came on, and I was indeed thankful to have got away from that

rock. There now only remained the trudge back to La Bérarde along the excellent valley path, but it did seem endless. I knew there were three landmarks to be passed—two planks over streams and the village of Les Etages—before there was any use thinking of La Bérarde, and it seemed as if they would never come. They did at last, however, and at last the bridge close upon the hotel burst upon me quite unexpectedly. I had passed without noticing some of my familiar landmarks in my walks to meet the postman, and I thought I was still a long way off. I was indeed thankful. With the exception of the three hours under the rock, I had been trudging since 1.30 in the morning. I tore off my wet clothes and, to my great joy, found the stove lighted in the dining-room; it was bliss to have a good warm. I did enjoy some hot soup, champagne, veal cutlets, and peas, and very soon retired to rest, very thankful not to be under a wet rock.

SATURDAY, JULY 27TH. A dreadful cloudy, cold morning, so I am too thankful, again I must say it, to have come down. I got up late and enjoyed my breakfast thoroughly. I see in the visitors' book that M. Paul Duconchoux was also turned back from an ascension of Les Bans yesterday, so I need not be ashamed. He ends his entry, "Voici le mauvais temps, je retourne à Paris." It is rather a desperate measure to take after one bad day; he has been

here before, I see, this season, and done the Meije and Les Ecrins. About four it looked rather better and I went out to meet the postman. It was the daughter this time, and there was nothing for me. I called on old Rodier to pay him, but he was not in. I found his daughter-in-law, the wife of Jean Baptiste, my original guide, with a very nice little girl about a year old. I walked a good way down the valley, it was very cold and soon began to drizzle, so I turned back. I was very glad to get to the stove again. A very nice elderly Frenchman arrived, who was also thankful for the stove, and Adèle fed it up much more liberally for him than she does for me. We dined together, but placed as far as possible apart by Adèle, and as he evidently did not wish to talk I read the "Daily News." After dinner the old Frenchman asked very politely if he might smoke a cigarette, and I cheerfully consented. Very soon afterwards the noise of arrivals was heard and they were evidently friends. He went out to meet them and they all soon came in to dine, and have been talking most cheerfully. They are now arranging a mild expedition to a glacier to-morrow if it is fine. It is to take two hours, and I hear allusions to "mulets." They do not look like mountaineers.

SUNDAY, JULY 28TH. Down rather late. Still cold, but the weather much improved. I had some

talk with a priest, one of the party of last night. He comes from Lorraine and is tutor in a family. I find there is a little chapel in La Bérarde; I went to look at it and found it would only hold about three people. After luncheon they all started on an expedition to the glacier de la Pilatte, which seems the crack moderate walk. I went to meet the postman. . . . I decided to go home. I went back at once and began to make arrangements. It was past four, so too late to start that day. Tairraz said my luggage must be ready by three next morning, to go with the postman and mules. I myself could start later with Anderegg.

MONDAY, JULY 29TH. Started at 4.30. It was a very fine morning. If I had stayed I should probably have gone in the afternoon to the Refuge de la Bonne Pierre for the Col des Ecrins. The walk down to Venose where the carriage road begins took me exactly five hours, we never stopped once. It is undulating for the most part, but there is a decided mount before St. Christophe, and a decided descent beyond, very rough and stony. After this descent it is level for some time by the side of the Vénéon, and then a bridge is crossed, and it is a broad carriage road, winding down in zigzags to Venose, but no carriages seem ever to come beyond Venose. The bed of the Vénéon is full of splendid blocks of rock. A carriage had been ordered to meet me, and I found

my luggage in it, all ready, and we drove off at once to Bourg d'Oisans, about an hour's drive. We got there by eleven, I at once took places in the diligence for Grenoble, which was to start at one, and then made my way to the telegraph office, and sent a telegram to F. L. at Challes to tell her I should come to see her next day. By this time it was very hot, but I quite liked it, having been so frozen at La Bérarde. It was rather pleasant however, to get to the shady dining-room at the Hotel Milan, and there I treated poor Anderegg to a very good luncheon, he was of course very much cut up at this sudden end to our tour. There is not much to see in Bourg d'Oisans itself, but it is close under Les Rousses, a splendid chain of mountains. I was very glad to get off, comfortably seated on the banquette of the diligence, behind the driver, plenty of air, but a roof over one's head which kept off the sun, now very powerful. There were six horses, we had only gone about a mile when they made a tremendous swerve, and one came down, and another tumbled upon it. The driver and the conducteur swore loudly, and every one bundled out. I would have gladly stayed where I was, but Anderegg was frantic, and hustled me down. They had great work to disengage the two horses, but it was at last accomplished. One had cut its knee dreadfully, the conducteur took it back to Bourg d'Oisans, riding the other, and we proceeded with four horses and no conducteur, we seemed to do

very well. The road runs by the side of the Romanche, perfectly straight for miles. About ten miles from Grenoble it passes through Vizille, a picturesque town with an old castle. We got to Grenoble about six, the diligence stops close to the Hotel Mounet. I had to go there as my box was there, but I felt a traitor to the Hotel de l'Europe where I was so comfortable two years ago. They are very near each other and very much alike. I should be puzzled to say which was the best. In both the table d'hôte room is on the ground-floor with a door opening into the street, with little tables like a restaurant. I had a very good dinner, and found I would have to start about 8.30 next morning.

TUESDAY, JULY 30TH. Only just ready to get off by the 8.44 train to Chambéry. There poor Peter and I had to part, but as his train did not start for Geneva for more than an hour, I treated him to a very good luncheon at the restaurant near the station, and waited to see him off. It was now very hot, and I went outside the station to get a carriage to drive to Challes. There were several when we arrived but now there was not one. However there was an omnibus with Hotel du Chateau, Challes les Eaux on it so I dragged all my small luggage in detachments to it, the porters looking stolidly on, and then looked for the driver. There was none, and a man told me it would most likely not start till about four, it was

then twelve. This seemed hopeless so I enquired where carriages were to be found, and hearing in the Grande Place, set out to look for it. A girl came running after me and said she heard I wanted a carriage and she could get me one, so I went with her to a back street where she stopped at a little shop not looking at all like a place for a carriage, and I am ashamed to say I was very cross and refused to go in when she invited me. I was feeling very irritable with the heat and all these impediments, but she took no notice, called some one, and in a few minutes led me into a yard, where there really was a very nice open carriage being harnessed. I was thankful to get in, first we drove to the station for my luggage, and then to Challes, a drive of about three miles, a very pretty road. We passed a red building, which I afterwards found was the Etablissement, and then mounted a hill to the Hotel du Chateau. When we drove up there were F. and her faithful L. standing outside at the door of their room, which opens directly upon the drive, a delightful room with a little dressing-room. We had a great deal to say of course. F. has just finished her cure, if I had been a day later I should have missed her. They were fortunately able to give me a bedroom in the Hotel. We had an excellent afternoon tea made by L. in an Etna, and then F. and I went out for a stroll. The view is lovely and the outline of the hills reminded me of the view from Barrow, an enlarged Catbells with a peak like Causey

Pike peeping up behind. To the south a range of snow mountains supposed to be near the Mont Cenis, and to the north the Dents du Chat, under which, but not visible, is the Lac de Bourget and Aix les Bains. We dined after the Table d'hôte, and went early to bed.

WEDNESDAY, JULY 31ST. According to the custom of this establishment I had breakfast in my room, and then sat in the garden till F. was ready. Another lovely day. We walked down to the Etablissement, and I was taken all over it, and saw all the different rooms for inhaling, etc. Afterwards we sat for a long time in the ward while L. went back for something she had forgotten. When she returned she brought a tumbler of raspberry vinegar, most delicious; how she carried it I cannot think, and some biscuits and some letters for me. Afterwards we strolled on to the Hotel d'Angleterre, and lunched there. F. wanted to inspect it, as it is on the same level as the Etablissement, and she finds the hill twice a day very trying. The apartments are airy, and have fire-places which might often be a comfort. Then we had the long pull up to the Chateau, but F. managed it wonderfully. When I went down for tea I found F. had decided to give up the idea of driving into Chambéry, so I ordered a carriage to take me in just in time for the 8.30 train. However, after tea she felt so revived, and it was

such a lovely evening, that even the prudent L. thought it could do her no harm to drive with me to the station. We accordingly dined rather earlier and all drove in to Chambéry. We had a delightful drive. . . . I was very sorry to take leave of F., if all had been right I had hoped to stay some days with her. The train started very punctually, the carriage was rather full at first and it was hot, but two girls got out at Macon, and then there was only a nice couple left, apparently a mother and son, and we were very comfortable.

THURSDAY, AUGUST 1ST. Arrived in Paris punctually at 7.5. No time for any breakfast at the Gare du Nord, and I was truly thankful when we arrived at Amiens and I could have some coffee. It was a lovely day, and I had a very smooth crossing.



A TOUR IN THE CARPATHIANS.

A Tour in the Carpathians.

E. HORNBY.

Liverpool:

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1906.

A Tour in the Carpathians.

1896.

MONDAY, JULY 20TH. VIENNA. A most agitated morning. H.'s box, which had been sent to be mended, had not come back, and P.'s bonnet box was stoved in, and she had to get another. Fortunately our train to Cracow did not start till 12.45. Out with P. about 9.30, very fine morning. The porter directed us to some shops quite near. First we got her box very successfully, and they promised to send it off at once. Then we went in search of journal books, having tried in vain to get them on Saturday. That also was accomplished, and we returned to the hotel. Neither boxes had arrived, and after a period of agonized waiting P. went off in a cab in search of them. I never for a second thought we should be able to go, but they arrived just in time, the porters actually standing over poor H. while she packed. Then it was discovered that the lock of her box (the part which required mending) had not been touched, they had put new straps, which were not wanted. More agony, but we really did get off, and actually, at the station, P. unearthed a locksmith, and the lock was mended. Cook's man

met us and secured us a first-class compartment, all to ourselves, and ordered dinners for M. and me, and coffee for H. to be ready at Prerau about 4 o'clock. P. disdained all amenities. Now we were all on new ground, we crossed the Danube almost directly, and then the train traversed an immense corn field stretching in all directions. We crossed the March, the Oder, and finally the Vistula, all, it seemed, several times. The dinners were excellent: soup, beef and vegetables, sardines and bread and butter, chicken, cherries and cake, and little carafons of wine and water all beautifully arranged in tins. We quite enjoyed dawdling over them. P. got out and snatched a hasty tea in the six minutes the train waited. After Prerau the train went for a short time through a forest; it had a curious effect, nothing but trees on every side. We reached Cracow about 8.30. Omnibus from the Grand Hotel, we passed a curious round building in the dark. The Grand Hotel is most palatial; we got two splendid double-bedded rooms on the second floor, all red velvet and mirrors. The staircase all marble, with marble bannisters. We came down and had tea (each had a little tea apparatus to herself) then retired to our rooms. Patience on a delightful large table with a cloth.

TUESDAY, JULY 21ST. Up rather late, very hot. Out directly after breakfast. We came to a large

square with a market, and a tower, which we discovered was the Rath Haus. There were quantities of Jews, dressed in what I at once felt, was a gaberdine, with little curls peeping below their hats, on each side of their faces. Quantities of peasants in costumes, all embroidered. A crowded alley in the market savoured strongly of Southport (except for the costumes), even baskets like Southport. We went into a very fine church, the high altar all over bas-reliefs from the life of the Virgin. Then we started in search of the Cathedral, it was most difficult to find anything, as the people only spoke Polish. At last we went into a church, thinking it might be the Cathedral, but at once found it was not, and a young monk explained to us that the Cathedral was inside the Burg, or Schloss, close to which we now were. We made our way into the enclosure, and to our delight saw the Vistula flowing beneath the walls. A guide offered to take us over the Schloss, and we were very glad, as he could speak German. The ancient Polish kings held their court here till the seat of government was removed to Warsaw in 1610. He shewed us the hall of Sigismund III., and a beautiful view over the whole of Cracow from the windows. He pointed out several churches and Kosciusko's hill, and some other hills which we could not make out. The Schloss is now used for barracks, but it is to be restored and made a sort of National

Museum, the new parts which have been added (a hospital included) to be pulled down. He then shewed us the entrance to the Cathedral, which has a gilded dome; he assured us it was real gold. Another guide took us over the Cathedral, which was most interesting. Two chapels, on each side of the entrance, had beautiful red marble tombs of old Jagellon kings, Casimir and Ladislaus, one was by Veit Stoss and had a lovely carved canopy. There was a statue of our Saviour, by Thornaldsen, in another side chapel. Then we went down into the vaults, and were shown first the tombs of Prince Poniatowski and Kosciusko, and then those of John Sobieski and several other old kings, with their wives and children. One perfectly plain one of red copper, was that of Augustus the Strong. Above, behind the altar, was the monument to John Sobieski, with a long inscription. We now returned to the hotel by some nice shady public gardens, the heat was intense. The others dallied at some shops, and at last I could bear it no longer, and took a cab back to the hotel, and ordered tea. It was about three o'clock. We ordered a carriage for 4.30, and asked the porter to find us a coachman who could speak German; he said it was impossible, but he told him the names of the principal objects to tell us. We first drove to Kosciusko's hill, crossing an arm of the Vistula, close to the Schloss. The hill is a conical mound, made by all the people of Cracow in

memory of Kosciusko, it is now a fort. We got out at the foot of the actual mound, and walked up, first some steps and then a winding path. There is a large block of stone at the top with a bench round it. There is a most extensive view; the whole of Cracow, and the Vistula winding for miles across the plain. Haze in the south, where the Carpathians must be. The towers of the Bielja convent, which was our next destination, looked quite near. Soldiers drilling in the quadrangle of the fort at our feet. Back to the carriage and started afresh for Bielja. Down to the Main and then followed its banks. We saw quantities of people bathing, apparently men and women together, and at last we came upon a whole regiment of soldiers bathing from the opposite bank to where we were; a detachment keeping guard along the bank; it looked delightful. At Bielja we were again turned out. We trudged up a grassy bank under trees, then came to a point where the path was very faint, up a steep bank. We found several flowers, a yellow one, agrimony, was new to me, of course well-known to the others. At the top we saw the convent across a ravine, scrambled across it and rang at the gate, expecting to be shown a lovely garden with a splendid view from the terrace. Two Dominican Monks—tall, fine men—appeared, and told us, with evident regret, that no one could be admitted without an order from the Bishop, and then only “*Mannschaft*”

unless we would wait for the 15th August, when females were admitted. We declined waiting, but implored to be allowed to step inside, just to look at the view. They were inexorable, and, smiling, closed the door in our faces. We went down a different way, feeling rather discomfited, but still we thoroughly enjoyed the walk. We discovered there was an excellent road up to the gate of the convent; we could have driven all the way. We now returned to the town, had a beautiful view of the Castle, and after driving all through the town saw the Florian gate, a beautiful old gateway and tower, the last relic of the fortifications; and the curious round building we saw last night, which (from Baedeker) I think is called the Rondell, but we never could get any one to tell us. It is most inconvenient being in a country with an unknown language. It was quite dark when we got back to the hotel. The carriage was eight gulden, it had two horses, and I gave the driver half a gulden, for which he kissed my hand twice. We wanted something Polish for dinner, but they had nothing. It was so very dark in our large room I could not attempt packing till morning.

WEDNESDAY, JULY 22ND. Got up at six and finished packing. I had to pay the bill and tip the people, always an anxious process. I gave one of the little boy waiters a krone, and he was too

delighted. The train was at 8.40, but the omnibus started so very early we could easily have gone by the one before, which started at 8. However they made us keep to the 8.40, so we had more than half-an-hour to wait, which P. and I employed in learning same Polish words. Refreshment room is *Jadalnia*, Beer, Pivo, etc. We took second-class tickets and got a very comfortable carriage, at first to ourselves, but at *Skiervena* a family of five got in, mother, three girls and a little boy. Our carriage had two compartments opening into each other, eight places in each. They spoke French as well as Polish, and were rather amusing, but I slept a great deal, it was very hot. At *Sucha* there was a long halt, and we all got out and had delicious tea in glasses, piping hot, it refreshed us wonderfully. H. repulsed hers with disgust at first, thinking it was beer. *Chabouka*, our destination, was reached about 1.30. (I should mention the country again had been all corn fields, and we began the journey by making a long circuit all round *Cracow*, seeing all the churches again, and crossing a bridge close by the Castle, of which we had an excellent view, then we saw *Kosciusko's* hill for ages, and finally the Convent of *Bielja*.) At *Chabouka* our porter led me up to a man in a sheep-skin jacket, who thrust a dirty leather book into my hand. Then we went after the large things, when mine was carried away I followed, and found it and H.'s had been put in a hay-cart belonging to the

young man who had given me the book. M. came up furious, she had had her box put in another hay-cart with much better horses, and insisted on ours being taken out. However my young man would not hear of it, he kept covering them up with hay, and, P.'s box now appearing, seized upon that, and it ended, strange to say, in M. having to give in. It turned out that the horses were excellent. There were two seats facing each other across the hay-cart, both with cushions, and the one fronting the horses had a back. M. and H. had that one, and P. and I the other. We began with a steep hill, up which Joseph, the driver, walked. When he got in he sat on the same seat with us, and alternately pushed one or other of us nearly off, but we did not mind. Country again all corn, but not nearly ripe yet, in the other parts it had been mostly cut. Also quantities of potatoes. Very pretty and undulating on each side, very few villages. The Carpathians faint in front of us. In two hours we reached Neumacht, quite a large town, quantities of Jews about like at Cracow. Joseph drew up in the middle of a large square. We got out and made for the Hotel Herz mentioned by Baedeker. There we were turned into a room full of officers at dinner, reeking with smoke and very hot. One of the officers instantly begged that the "überflüssige Thüre" might be shut. We retreated at once, and the waiter kindly shewed us another room. We had seen the officers devouring

strawberries, so we ordered coffee and strawberries, and the waiter himself suggested "Rahm," at which we were in ecstasies. The coffee was cold and the "Rahm" sour, but the strawberries were excellent, and we had a splendid supply each, which we all got through, except, strange to say, M. who said she did not care for them. We started on our hay-cart again about 5.30; the road now was nearly flat, and the Carpathians really began to look like mountains and came nearer and nearer. We crossed a river about a dozen times, the Donauyee I believe is its name. Zakopane, about which we have been talking for nearly a year, was finally reached about 8.30. I regretted that it was not much nearer the mountains. We drove up to Hotel Kulig; there was a large open verandah, with people dining in it—just like Maierhofen. The landlord received us with great politeness and had very good rooms ready for us, M. and I had each one on the first floor, H. and P. a double-bedded one on the ground floor, they were to change to a better one near ours the next day. Rooms spotlessly clean, all wood, but the washing apparatus was very scanty, water poured out in the basin and no jug. H. and P. only one basin between them, to the despair of the former, who wanted to go out and buy one, but was restrained. The landlord and waiters speak German, which is a comfort. We had tea and retired early.

THURSDAY, JULY 23RD. Down very late, the others had nearly finished breakfast, a violent

thunderstorm was going on, and was followed by drenching rain. Rather a depressing beginning. M. and I retired to her room, and I wrote a letter. When I had finished, it had cleared, H. and P. had moved to their new room, and we all turned out to explore. The road we came by yesterday joins the main street of Zakopane at right angles, the Hotel Kulig is just at the corner where the two roads join. The bridge is at the corner. There are some very good shops, and a very large church with a tall spire, not yet finished, stands on a little hill close to the hotel. We enquired the way to the post, and at last discovered it a good way up the road; no letters. Then we thought we would take a carriage to the Koscielisko valley, an excursion on which M. had set her mind, but we tried in vain (even with the help of a little Jew boy who could speak a little German) to make them understand or induce them to go. At last we ended by taking a one horse carriage and driving to Jaszczurowka, some baths only about three miles off. When we got beyond the shops and villas there was pine forest on each side. The road took a sharp turn to the left; we could not find out where the road straight on led to. Jaszczurowka was rather a dreary little spot, a small bathing establishment and two hotels. We went to the baths and meant each to have one, the washing apparatus at Kulig being so meagre, but there were no hot baths, only a large cold swimming bath,

looking inexpressibly cold and dreary this gloomy day. M. persevered a good deal, demanding hot baths which did not exist, but even she had to give in, and it began to pour just as we were starting on a stroll in the wood. I took refuge in the hotel, and the others soon followed. There was a very nice dining room and verandah. We could not make anyone understand we wanted food, so helped ourselves to sausage-rolls and cakes from a buffet, the woman putting down what we were to pay. M. and I shared a half bottle of excellent light Polish wine. H. firmly refused to taste it. Having exhausted the resources of Jaszczurowka we drove back, stopping on the way at an embroidery shop we had noticed. We made some quite large purchases; they are to be sent straight to England. It was now steadily pouring, and went on all the rest of the day, thundering and lightning almost all the time. In the course of the afternoon I went to a very nice shop kept by a Jew with whom P. had made acquaintance, who could speak German. I bought a pair of Bosnian shoes, and heard from him the name of a guide who could speak German. We had previously asked the landlord to find us one, but he seemed quite helpless. Now I came back and shewed him this man's name, and asked him to send for him, which he promised to do, but never did, though we asked at intervals all evening. The only excitement was the swelling of the river, large

logs and even whole trees were being carried down, and people were looking anxiously along the banks. We went to bed rather depressed ; it was very cold, and there seemed no possibility of achieving anything.

FRIDAY, JULY 24TH. We were down much earlier this morning, but H. and P. were before us. It was fine though rather cloudy, and soon after 10 o'clock we had actually secured a hay-cart and a guide, and were on our way to the Koscielisko valley. Neither driver nor guide could speak German, but a very nice lady (who we thought was the landlady but who was a visitor) and a waiter, who took pity on us, explained to them what we wanted to do. The road was down the village the opposite way to the post, past a little wooden church. Then it turned to the left into a regular valley road, very rough but very interesting, and the scenery soon became lovely and quite Alpine. We passed a field quite pink with gladioli, and soon came upon the Czuny (black) Donauyee flowing under a wall of rock. The mountains began to be close round, there were pine woods, glades with chalets and cattle, and in about an hour-and-a-half we drew up at a little inn. A guide was hanging about there who could speak German. We were quite delighted, and arranged to meet him that evening and plan an excursion with him. We now started with our own

guide on an exploration of the valley. First we came to a square pool which we heard was full of springs, streams were flowing from it in three directions, it was most curious. They all unite lower down and form the Black Donauyee. We meandered on along a valley path, very fine rocks and very curiously shaped peaks on each side, some almost as odd as those in the valley of the Tarn in the Causses. At one part a whole bevy of people, women as well as men, were mending the road; we thought it must have been washed away by the rain yesterday. At last we came to a steep rocky path up the side of the valley, and scrambled up it a good way, H. going most vigorously. We halted on a small plateau, and it began to rain a little, and the guide seemed not to want to go any further, but we insisted and scrambled up to the face of the rocks in which there was a cavern, where we sheltered, but the rain soon passed off. The guide now led the way along a narrow path (which M. pretended not to like) to another cavern, or rather natural tunnel, which we crept through and found it ended at the top of a precipice with a fine view of the end of the valley. No doubt one ought to go over a pass somewhere, but I do not know where; it is most tiresome not being able to find out anything. White pinks, like garden ones, were growing at the entrance to this tunnel. I never saw them wild before. P. gathered all she could reach, to the horror of M., who thought she would

tumble down the precipice. We returned to the little hotel by the same route, pausing on the way for M. to make a sketch of some conspicuous peaks. We had a nice little refecton of eggs and strawberries, and then drove back to Zakopane, giving a lift to a very pretty girl, the sister of our driver, and (we thought) admired by the guide. We stopped on the way to gather bunches of gladioli, they were quite lovely. We were back about five o'clock. Carriage, four gulden; guide, two. We then went out (P. and I) in seach of Scotter, the German guide we had met in the morning. We found he lived a very little way up the street, and began to speak about the Magora, and a lake beyond, for to-morrow. We were to have a horse for H. At first he agreed to everything, but then began to make difficulties. He could not come himself, he was engaged, but he knew some one who could speak German, who would go. He had a horse, but did not know if it was big enough or too big, would the lady like a large or a small horse? We said she did not care, so that it was safe. Then he would have to send a "Bote" to the other man, and the "Bote" must be paid. How much? 20 kr.; I gave him 20 kr. Then he bothered to know where we meant to go next, and he had a good carriage. We said we did not want a carriage, and should fix about nothing till this excursion was accomplished. It ended by his saying "ganz bestimmt," the guide should be ready for us

at 8 o'clock to-morrow, unless it rained. We retired, thankful to escape from Scotter, and resolved to have no more dealings with him.

SATURDAY, JULY 25TH. Down to breakfast at 7.30. Weather quite fine. Eight o'clock, no signs of guide or horse. I went out to look, and at last saw Scotter, who said the weather was not good enough. The guide thought we had better go somewhere else. "No," we said, "Magora or nothing," and it was very fine now, though it had rained hours before we were up. Scotter then said the guide and horse were all ready, but still they never appeared. We were getting very angry. Kulig, the landlord (who is never the least helpful) appeared, and when we told him we had promised five gulden for this horse said 2.50 was the regular price. At last guide and horse appeared, the former looking, we thought, like a murderer, and then, to my astonishment, H., instead of mounting the horse at a bench, walked off up the road. I got on myself as there seemed no use the animal not being used, and then the provisions ordered the night before were not ready. At last we did get off, I riding. When I passed H. I wanted her to get on, and of course she refused. Then we came to a bench, where I was determined to get off, and I was looking for H., and, to my delight, saw them all three in a hay-cart, which they had providentially picked up. I got in, too, the

guide got in behind, and the boy mounted the horse, so there was a real start at last. We had to go first to the Iron Works, of which we have heard ever since we came to Zakopane, but have never found out where they were. They were quite three miles along the road past the post; it would have been folly to walk. There were villas embowered in pines for a long way beyond the village. The Iron Works were a few houses with quite a nice restaurant, but everything that had been iron works was in ruins. Here we left the carriage, H. mounted, and we started. We crossed a stream by a little bridge, and then went up a very steep stony path through pine woods. Sometimes we got a little smooth bit, but, as a rule, it was very rough till past the woods. The path was then much better; we found blue pimpernel and beautiful orange fox-gloves. We saw Magora, quite a little summit, and were just at the place to turn up it, but Joseph, the guide (who by this time we had got to like very much) insisted on our going first to the Schwarz See, which he told us was near some streaks of snow on some rocks at the opposite side of the valley, about the same height as where we then were. He knew the names of all the mountains, a beautiful range of peaks was before us, and behind us a very sharp peak of rock, which he said was between us and the Koscielisko valley, where we were yesterday. We now went down into the valley where there were some chalets, crossed it,

and again mounted a very steep, stony path to the lake. All this time from the beginning of the descent, and another piece before, H. persisted in walking. She only mounted a very short time before getting to the lake. It was a sweet little lake, a semicircle of rocky peaks round it, the great and little Kosista and the Koscieliz Spitze, and the Zawrat pass between them. We lunched sitting on a large, unwieldy raft. We had brought provisions with us, cold veal, bread, cheese, and a bottle of delicious light Polish wine. We all made a very good meal, even H. ate a whole chop, and cheese, and drank wine without a murmur. There was a little cabin by the lake, from which a young man brought us glasses, and we hoped he would have rowed us about, but no one took any notice of our demands, and when we had stayed nearly an hour we thought we had better go, as we had still to go up Magora and to see some caverns. We started down, H. still walking. It soon began to mount. I was behind, heard a shriek from the others, H. was lying fainting in the path. I had quite expected she would be very much overdone but nothing like this. She looked ghastly, there was no water, Joseph was sent for some, they sprinkled her with wine and loosened her clothes. I had a drop of brandy left in a flask from last year, which we made her swallow. We called for the horse to come back, Joseph said it was too stony and steep for it, besides, it was soon evident she was quite

unable to sit on the horse. She came to herself, but could not sit up, and it began to pour. We covered her up as well as we could, and Joseph was despatched to the chalets to bring some men and a gate or something, on which she could be laid. A boy with some sheep passed, and stood staring ages at her before he would move on. A soldier also passed and stared. The only water was in Joseph's cap, we had no other receptacle. The men arrived sooner than I could have thought possible, she was hoisted on a sort of litter, and the melancholy procession began. I kept up as well as I could; when I got to the chalets a party had just arrived from below, two ladies sitting firmly on their horses, which of course H. could have done quite well. I found her lying on the ground in a tidy room, with a large table in the middle and three beds. I don't know what steps we should have taken, but at that moment a young man rushed in and said "Ist die Dame krank?" felt her all over, lifted her up and popped her in a bed, seized a bottle of brandy from the shelf and poured a glassful down her throat. He asked for explanations, which P. gave him; he said she must have her wet things taken off, or she would have a "Krankheit called Pneumonia." P. took off her wet blouse, and I wrapped a blanket round her from one of the other beds. The young man (who was a Polish doctor) now said she had better have her boots and stockings taken off, P. feebly said had

not she better be left quiet, on which he began to tear them off himself and flung them about the room. He now said she was to have another dose of brandy when she awoke, and he would look in when he came back, and started off for the Schwarz See with his party. The rain, which had a little abated, now came on worse than ever. H. was now asleep, so we went by turns to the living *châlet* of the Alp, which was close to, and where there was a fire, to dry our clothes. Two men with bare feet were sitting about, and a younger, superior-looking man, who we found was the landlord of our room, which belonged to the Alpine Club. He made tea in glasses for us, very good and hot, which revived us very much; it is a grand thing in this part of the world that there is good tea everywhere, and that they understand making it hot. There was a beautiful view of peaks before our cabin, where M. sat and drew an outline in the intervals when they were not obscured by mist. P. and I were absolutely without resources, except drying ourselves, we pined for Patience cards. H. awoke and said she was cold, and we found on examination that the wet blouse was still clinging to one arm, we removed it and carried it off to dry. The young doctor returned and said she must certainly stay there all night, and have another dose of brandy before starting next morning, when he thought she would be all right. There was some discussion as to the propriety of offering him a fee,

but it was decided it might offend him. I went to Joseph and told him we must stay and hoped he would stay too, and he said certainly he would not "verlassen" us. We were quite touched. There seemed still hours before dark, a kitten appeared and soothed us very much, P. nursed it for a long time, and it finally settled on the bed with H. About eight we had a meal of eggs, some boiled and some "gerührt" and tea, which M. dignified by the name of dinner, and soon after we retired to rest. It was very cold and we would have given worlds to stay in the chalet by the fire, with Joseph and the other men. M. and I settled in our bed, our heads different ways, and we took off the skirts of our dresses and spread them over us, as there was only a sheet, H. had all the blankets. P. declined the third bed for fear of fleas, and settled herself on two benches in her boots. M. and I took off ours and our stockings, mine were soaked and my feet were icy cold. However I slept very well, M. said she did not sleep at all.

SUNDAY, JULY 26TH. We got up about six, fine, but gloomy. We proposed to Joseph to go up Magora before starting down, but he did not favour the idea, said it was going to rain, and we had better make haste down. The others had tea and I had milk. We paid five gulden for the room and all we had, and tipped the men who carried H. The horse of yesterday had gone down, but the saddle

was left to be put on a horse from here. We were very doubtful whether she could ride, however, when dressed; she seemed much better, quite declined the brandy, and mounted, and we set off. We had first to mount a piece, and when we got to the top were at the point from which we should go up Magora. It looked so absurdly easy, it really seemed a pity for two of us not to go up, but they both refused to leave H., so it ended in my starting off alone, Joseph showing me the direction, which was just what I should have chosen myself. I soon found he was following me. There was no path, but the route was most obvious, just like a mountain at the Lakes or in Wales, tussocks of grass interspersed with stones. I am sure it did not take much more than half-an-hour, but my watch had stopped. I had no key to wind it up. The plain towards Neumacht where there should have been a very extensive view was a sea of mist, but the peaks on the other side were clear. Joseph shewed me the hut by the lake; the lake itself could not be seen. I am delighted to have been up a Carpathian peak though but a tiny one. Poor P. said she gave up all hopes when we passed the point the previous day without going up. I got a stone, and we came down rather a different route, and saw the other side of Magora, which is quite a precipice. We had just got to the regular path when we met a gentleman and guide, who asked if there was not a

lady ill, and said they were bringing up provisions. He spoke French, so I was able to explain that the lady was gone down, much better. I thanked him very much, and tipped the guide. I do not understand to this moment how he escaped meeting the others. I thought at the time it was pure philanthropy, but have since discovered he was sent by Kulig, no doubt with a view to profit. We now hurried down. The latter part Joseph took me a different way through the wood, which he said was shorter, but it did not seem so to me, it was so slippery. He could not go exactly the way he wanted, which looked a very good path across a field. He said it was "verboden." I found the others at the restaurant at the iron works having coffee, and I had some too, very comfortably. They had all been to look at the church. I thought there was a large church just opposite the restaurant, but it appeared that was not a church at all, only ruined iron works. There was a little chapel in a building further down. I went in search of it, and found whole strings of carriages, some looking like private ones, and people pouring out of a large building not at all like a church. I went along a long passage, rooms on each side smelling of food, and at last I asked where was the chapel, and was shown a door. It was quite a tiny little chapel, the service was over, but a few people were still at their devotions. I stayed a short time, and then returned to the

restaurant. It was kept by a Pole, who had lived twenty years in Paris, and in consequence could speak French, so we could ask him a few questions, but he did not know much about the country. A carriage was waiting for us, and we drove back to Kulig. I was quite sorry to take leave of Joseph, and should have engaged him at once for the Meer Auge, but had unfortunately asked Kulig to find me a guide, as we did not know then how very nice Joseph would be. However he wrote his name and direction down for us, Josef Gasienska Bgstre 358N. The road was full of well-dressed people, some in costume, walking back from church. We arrived at Kulig's soon after eleven, heard "Mittag" was at twelve, M. and I determined we would have it, expecting quite a good meal. Hot water and clean clothes were indeed a luxury, baths, of course, were unheard of. We hurried down, expecting quite a choice of dishes to be offered us. I had seen a very long menu all in Polish. We got a table directly, but only succeeded in getting soup; M. the everlasting bouillon with "Ei." I had some other kind with soft stuff in it. Then we had very good beef with vegetables, and longed for something more, but could get nothing. We tried for cheese, but could not get any. I had beer and M. "compôte," which I declined. We went to our rooms rather discomfited, and wrote letters and journal. H. was still not quite well, and she stayed quietly in her room all

the rest of the day, and we had afternoon tea there. When M. and I were at luncheon we had seen the road a moving mass of people, all coming from church, some beautiful costumes, embroidered jackets and belts. P. went to the church in the afternoon and found another service going on, men kneeling outside. It is a very small church for such a large place. This new one must be much wanted. We all three went after tea. I thought it was just the time; there was generally a litany, but there was nothing going on, so we only looked round; there were some very nice pictures. Then we strolled up a road called the Utica Kapassic for a good way by the side of the river. We hoped to have found a bridge to come back the other side, and heard there had been one, but it had been carried away by floods. We came back to a bridge close to the village, crossed that, and went along a little stony path across a field, and emerged by a large building which, I think, must be the premises of the Alpine Club, a bridge in front of it. I had coffee, the others had bouillon; a cup was taken to H. upstairs. Bought tickets for a concert.

MONDAY, JULY, 27TH. An excellent night, we all got up very late. I forgot to say I asked Kulig yesterday if he had done anything about a guide, and of course he had not, so I at once wrote to Joseph and engaged him for Tuesday, and asked him to

come and speak to me about five to-day. We had decided M. and I were to go up, P. to stay with H., she to have the next out. P. had wanted to go away with H., but we implored her not. M. and I were both so anxious about our arrangements we decided to go in search of Joseph and try to find him. Accordingly after breakfast and a little shopping we all four mounted a haycart, and drove off to the iron-works, close to which he had told us he lived. We enquired from the Polish innkeeper, but he did not know but told us we had passed Bgstre. He told our driver the exact direction (which we gave him), and we drove back over some very rough cross-roads, and with the help of a very kind man who interested himself in the search (the houses being all scattered, and the numbers higgledy-piggledy) Joseph's wife was unearthed, and she told us through our kind interpreter that Joseph had got the letter, and meant to come. We then drove to the Tatra Museum, which is at the corner of the road leading to Jaszczourowka. We were quite astonished at the number of roads there are about here, and we cannot get to know where any of them lead to. The Tatra was a very complete little Museum. First there was a raised map of the district, which we examined thoroughly, and M. asked innumerable questions. We now thoroughly know that the Meer Auge is in the direction of Jaszczurowka, and that we can drive a little beyond that place. We also know now how

to get to Schmecks, both walking and driving. There were also collections of stones, shells, butterflies, other insects and quantities of stuffed birds and animals, among which I was rather shocked to see a bear, a wolf and a lynx; I hope we shall not encounter any of them. The curator of the museum was a very nice man, and had a pet marmot which he brought in to shew us. There were also several volumes of dried flowers, and some embroidered costumes. The carriage had to leave us, and we had a hot walk back; I stopped at our Polish embroidery shop, and got a large embroidered Slavonian table cloth which I mean to be used for a bed-spread. It will be sent with the other things. I sat upstairs all afternoon, writing my journal and packing for the start. After tea, which we had downstairs in the verandah, we began to be rather uneasy about Joseph, but about 5.30 he appeared, and everything was arranged in the most satisfactory way. He is to order a carriage to be here for us at five to-morrow morning, and we are to pick him and the "Träger" up at Jaszczurowka. The others then went for a walk. I stayed in, and later went in search of the casino, where the curator had told us photos could be bought. Everybody said it was close to, but no one could tell me clearly where it was, and at last I gave it up. The others did not come in till quite late, they had been up a hill called Gubolowka close to, and had a fine view of the sunset. H. did not go.

TUESDAY, JULY 28TH. A lovely morning. Of course we endured some moments of agony before we got off. Either the carriage to be ordered by Joseph never came or he never ordered one, we got up soon after four and waited in vain, but at length we got Kulig to send for one and really got off about 5.30. Then there was anxiety about meeting Joseph. but we met him on the road, and he directed the driver to go past his house, where we picked up the Träger, a very good-looking young man, also called Joseph. We drove on about a mile beyond Jaczczurowka, and then Joseph turned us out, and we struck across a meadow to our right, and then struck into a wood through which we toiled for hours, a gentle ascent at first and then undulating. A lovely clear stream flowed through the wood, and every now and then we had peeps of mountains, the little Kosista, beneath which is the Schwarz See, the Keygue, and the Wolossyr. Two parties of young men passed us going at a great rate. At last in about two-and-a-half hours we got to the Polana Wachsmuntel, a lovely green valley, with a few châteaux, and here we had a really fine view of some very fine peaks, among them the Gerlsdofer Spitze, one of the highest in the Tatra. After this we had long descents and very short ascents, we could not understand it, as we thought the Meer Auge was very high up. At the end of three hours we halted for food, and had a very nice repast of bread, cheese, cold

meat, and light wine. At one point we had quite a nice, smooth, terrace path, but it came to an end all too soon and stones prevailed for the most part. We came to a *châlet* where we had some delicious sour milk like buttermilk, most refreshing. At last we heard we were close to the Kostorka Refuge, but were to go out of our way to see a waterfall, which I greatly regretted. A gentleman was coming towards us, and M. recognised him as H.'s doctor, so he enquired after her and we had a little conversation. He had come to the Meer Auge over the Zawrat Pass, and was now returning by the way we had come. We now turned off for the waterfall, at first I said I would not go, but thought better of it, and was glad I did, as it was nothing of a walk, and the waterfall and the approach to it were very pretty, and there was a very fine gorge into which there was a lower fall. There was a higher one yet beyond the one where we were, to which we did not go. It was called the Miskievitz, after a Polish poet. Now we went down to Rostocha, a very nice little refuge with tables outside, and a bedroom with seven beds. We had glasses of hot tea, most refreshing. The doctor had told us it was at least two hours further on to the Fischsee, and it turned out to be really only two-and-a-half. A broad path, very stony, and at first a steady ascent, but very gentle, we were rather glad to mount a little. There was a corduroy road (wood) in some of the worst places, and sometimes Joseph

took us through the wood, but I was always glad to emerge into the open again, it was so much fresher. Some chalets near the end, and a short descent, and we came upon a wooden hotel, close on the banks of the Fisch See. There was a wide open gallery outside, with tables and chairs, but a very insufficient supply, room for quantities more. A lady and two gentlemen were at one, who had passed us in a carriage while we were waiting at Jaszczurowka, so it was evident there was some shorter way driving. It was about 3.30 p.m. when we arrived, and as nearly as we could tell about 6.30 a.m. when we started to walk, and we had taken it very easily. We were shewn a room on the ground floor, a little cell with two beds, just room to stand between, a table, and a little washhand stand, with a good sized jug and basin, shelves, and pegs to hang things on, as much as one could have expected. We had some more tea, and then went down steps to a large raft in the style of the one on the Schwarz See, and were to be rowed to the opposite side, and from there to mount up to the Meer Auge. Before we started a gentleman photographed the party from the shore, and has since told us he will send us a copy if it is successful. He has been given the Ham address. Only six may go on the raft at once, so some boys who were fishing were turned off, and the party consisted of M. and myself, our two guides, a dreary elderly Polish gentleman,

and the two rowers. It was very heavy work, and we were quite half-an-hour getting across. High mountains all round, except the side where the hotel was, one very odd little peak is called the Monk, but one could not see any resemblance to a Monk. The dreary Pole never ceased talking to M. in French, and she responded most amiably. They talked all the way up the steep climb to the Meer Auge, which took more than half-an-hour; they told us it was 1800 feet, a cross at the top. I went at once down to the bank, dabbled my hands in it, and got a stone out of it, but nothing would induce M. to come down or even look at it. She sat talking to the dreary old Pole, who knew nothing about anything. He told us he had been three hours driving to Rostocha, and we found afterwards he had been six. He bothered very much about an excursion up a river at a place called Cernizka (I cannot spell it). He said it was more beautiful than anything he had ever seen anywhere, and he had travelled all over Europe, but as it involved going back to Neumacht to begin with, I inwardly resolved that nothing should drag me there. The only interesting thing we heard from him was that the pines which grow about that valley are a peculiar kind which grow nowhere else; they are dying off, and the Zakopane people are planting new ones: they have six fronds on each spray instead of three, as most pines have, and the bark has a very strong aromatic smell. A great

deal of Geum Matarium grew about the lake, still in flower. The Meer Auge Spitze rises straight from the lake; there are beautiful jagged rocks all round. Great excitement on the way back in the boat—three white wild goats were seen on the mountain side. We could not make them out even with my opera-glass, but all the men could. They belong to Prince Hohenlohe, and are not allowed to be shot. A wild duck was also swimming on the lake that we could see. It was quite late when we got back; several more people had arrived. With great difficulty we got something to eat, very good soup with maccaroni in it; I had some beef and vegetables, very good. M. eggs; very bad. We each had a glass of beer; delicious. Everybody, male and female, except ourselves, had a sheepskin on, and it was not at all cold. Two ladies were smoking. The old Pole and a friend returned to the charge about Czeenezka, and the friend took my guide-book, and wrote in it exactly how we were to proceed. We pretended we should go. Just as we were beginning our dinner they came to tell us that Hungarian dances were being performed, but we were really too hungry to go. I believe there was nothing after all. We retired to rest pretty early. I believe we were in bed by 9.30, thinking we were to be up at four. Not as cold as I expected, a sheet to lie upon, one loose blanket to put over us. I fortunately had a flannellette night-gown; M. had a muslin one, but she said she was not cold.

WEDNESDAY, JULY 29TH. It was lovely when we went to bed, but almost directly a furious gale rose, and it howled all night, shook and rattled everything. I felt Zawrat was hopeless, and should have stayed in bed, but M. would get up at five. She nobly did my hair, I sitting cross-legged on the bed, there was no chair. We emerged on to the verandah, the lake was all over white horses, the boat could not go, people who had not been to the Meer Auge had to walk round. We had some tea and got hold of Joseph with difficulty. He said Zawrat would be impossible in this gale. I thought so, too, but would have given worlds to stay the day at the Fisch See. It seemed such madness to lose Zawrat when we were on the spot. However M. was pining to get away, and I was under the impression that it was an easy drive from Zakopane to Rostocha, so I thought it would be easy to come again, and we got off about seven. We were delayed by their insisting on our going to see the Hungarian dances which we had missed the evening before, and when we got there it turned out that the only dancer was our own Träger, who first performed a sort of Highland fling, and then another dance, bending his knees very much. I suppose the musicians were determined to extract a small coin from us. The walk down to Rostocha only took an hour-and-a-half, no carriage was there, but they had a haycart of their own, and after some haggling (as they demanded 10 gulden, the proper

price being only 7) we agreed to have it. We had tea and eggs, very good, a couple who had been at the Fisch See were also breakfasting. I coughed, and the gentleman instantly offered me some lozenges, of which he had two little bottles full. Schronisko Pola was over the door, and I asked if Pola did not mean "valley" in Polish. He laughed very much and said, No; it was the name of one of their poets. Schronisko means "Refuge." Endless delays before the carriage was ready, first the driver had to have "a bite," then the horses had "to bite," then the harness had to be mended. At last we said if they did not get ready at once we should walk, and not have the carriage at all, and that hurried them up. We were really off about 10, the driver, to our great amusement, quite a little boy, but full of importance. He dashed off at breakneck pace over what, by courtesy, may be called a road, but it was nothing but a watercourse, over great boulders, corduroy bridges, down chasms, over ridges, the horses minded nothing. Once we had to get out and walk up a steep hill, and once there was great work passing another cart, we got interlaced several times. The road was mainly through a wood, a lovely river, the Bielka, running by the side most of the time. At last our little driver turned off the road altogether, and dashed across meadows, and finally, in about three hours from our start, drew up on a lovely green plateau in front of a chalet, and Joseph said they had

none of them anything to eat, and the horses must have something. We halted nearly an hour, and it was very pleasant, though very hot. Joseph and the Träger had had a good deal of hard work propping up the carriage at bad places, they had never opened their bottle of wine of the day before, and now they opened it and enjoyed it very much, and made us each drink a little. M. took a sketch of the haycart, little girls belonging to the chalet brought us bilberries, the ground was covered with them so we could gather them ourselves. Though it was so hot we could still hear the wind howling high up, which was rather a consolation. We started again, and now were very soon on the new road they were making to the Meer Auge. It was really fairly good, but every now and then we came to great gaps which, anywhere else, would have been considered insurmountable obstacles, but our horses and driver went calmly through or round them. We now had some splendid views, the same mountains we had seen yesterday, but we saw them much better. At last we arrived at Jaszczurowka, and the old Pole who (with his party) was just before us in a carriage came and told us, as news, that there were baths there, and they were all going to have them, and should not we like. We thought we should; he kept saying they were "*chaleur naturelle*." We said we knew they were cold. We collected our things, and were soon each in a little

cabin with a square, all of water, steps to go down into it. It was very cold, but the sun was shining; it was quite different to the other day when it was raining. It was too refreshing. I believe we had no business to use soap, but we did, and left the surface of the lovely clear water all scum. We put on clean clothes and felt new creatures. When we emerged Joseph came to M. and said something about "Schwester" and the Hotel. I thought he was telling her the person at the Buffet was his sister. I followed them to the Hotel, and what was my astonishment to see H. and P. there. They had come to spend the day, and were having tea; it was now about four. We all had tea and strawberries together, and recounted our adventures. We thought of course they would go back to Kulig with us, but they wanted to stay quite late and walk home. We went off without them, Joseph and the Träger with us, as our baby driver had never been to Zakopane before, and he was to put up for the night near Joseph's house in Bgstre, so they would see him safe there.

THURSDAY, JULY 30TH. Too delightful not to have to get up at five. Many pangs about Zawrat; it was a perfect day. Up very late. We fetched our boots from being mended. The shoemaker's custom is not to touch the things till one calls for them; then he gets them done very quickly. After tea

started with H. and P. for Gubolowka, the hill close to the village. The ascent begins close to the hotel. It was soon evident it would be too much for H., and P. persuaded her to stop and I went on alone, and got to the top all right, though I got involved in some corn and potatoes where I ought not to have been, but fortunately no one saw me. There was a large cross with a small crucifix at the top. Only three boys were there. There were some crowds the other day when M. and P. went up. It was not a very good sunset, and the view over the plain was hazy, but the hills on the other side were quite clear. I wish I knew all their names; they looked lovely, and Zakopane and all its villas and roads were spread out like a map at my feet. I stayed about half-an-hour at the top, and then wanted to go down by a broad path which I had missed coming up, but a little boy herding cows and playing a violin would not let me, he kept pointing another way, and walked before me, playing his violin, like a sort of little Orpheus, till he had got me on another track. It was a different way to the one I had come up, but brought me eventually to the same point. I got in just before it was dark.

FRIDAY, JULY 31ST. M. and P. were up before five. (They were to drive to Rostocha, go to the Meer Auge, and come back over Zawrat next day.) It was a very fine morning. H. and I meant to go quite

early to Jaszczurowka and spend the whole day there, but I had to see about a new key to my box, mine having disappeared in a most unaccountable manner, and first finding a locksmith, and then his taking off the lock and putting it on again, and making a key to fit it took ages. At 3.30 we got off, driven by our old Joseph. We then arranged with him about going to Schnecks on Monday. He insists on two carriages, one with two horses to be 20 gulden, and a one-horse one for the luggage 10 gulden. The journey to take two days. A very nice man who was passing acted as interpreter. Joseph then gave me two gulden, one for each carriage, as a sort of pledge, so we are mutually bound. (I hope to go over two passes and not to be of the driving party.) H. and I had a nice little luncheon, with strawberries at Jaszczurowka and then started for a stroll in the woods by a very lovely stream. Quantities of wild strawberries. I had a *Times* with me, which we sat and read at intervals. We got back about seven and took a carriage back.

SATURDAY, AUGUST 1ST. A lovely morning. I think they will accomplish the Zawrat. After breakfast started with H. up Ulica Kapussia, leading to the ——— valley. We walked for a long way till we came to a seat round a beech tree. Looking on some very curious pointed rocks, I saw a sign post pointing up another valley. There are evidently

a great variety of walks here if one had time to explore them. On our way back we sat on a bench and compared the view with the panorama in the Tatia guide book, which is becoming most useful. It was two o'clock when we got back, and we at once took a carriage and drove to the iron works (the Polish name we find is Kusnice), and at the restaurant we had a nice little luncheon of tea, eggs and strawberries. We had it in the verandah, there were several people there. There was a shower of rain, and when it was over we strolled a little way up a path which a little boy told us led to Giwort, it would be a lovely walk. Streams flowing all round and a little shrine (shut up, but I am sure it was a shrine) on a small island surrounded by streams. We thought we might have seen the others coming down from the Zawrat but when we got back to the restaurant it was five o'clock, and we took a carriage and drove home. The woods on each side of the road as you approach the iron works are full of streams foaming along, the white water looks so pretty glistening through the pines. It was nearly dark and still the others had not appeared. We were just going down for our meal when I heard the voice of P. saying in an agonised tone "Why, they are at home after all." They had been waiting more than two hours in the restaurant at the iron works thinking we were walking somewhere, the stupid innkeeper had told them we were there, and had

gone out and were coming back. We had never said a word about waiting for them, and he might have seen we had taken away all the things we had left while we took our walk. P. had been in agonies, thinking something had happened to H., and had finally sent the poor young Träger to search about the hills for us. At last the waiter had said he had seen us come back, and they had driven back here. They have had a delightful time, it is a pity it was marred by this contretemps at the end. I went down to see Joseph and he is quite ready to start with me to-morrow afternoon. I am to start from here at two, meet him and the Träger at the iron works and we are to sleep in the cabin by the Schwarz See. I do hope it will be fine.

SUNDAY, AUGUST 2ND. Up early, went to church at 8 o'clock. Mass at a side altar—church full—all ranks—some pretty costumes. Some singing, but High Mass was not till eleven; I could not wait for it. Men were kneeling in the enclosure outside. Back to the hotel, crowds were leaving the church, and I met crowds coming to it. I had breakfast with the others, then finished packing, and put on a mountain costume. It rained, but only showers. I got a carriage myself, and, with the help of the others, got my mountain kit into it, and drove off; all the establishment being busy with the luncheon. P. profited by the carriage to have a lift to the baths.

I was quite sorry to say good-bye to Zakopane, which is a sweet little place. I like everything about it, except Kulig the landlord, who is odious, and has never helped us in the least degree. When we first came and had such trouble about guides he never told us we had only to go to the Bureau of the Alpine Club, and they would have told us everything and found us guides who would speak German. I have just discovered that from the Tatia guide book ; of course it was stupid of me not to find it out before. However, "all's well that ends well," we could not have had a better guide than Joseph. Now we drove to the ironworks, no Joseph there, but it was still early, and pouring. The innkeeper was much amazed when he heard I was going to sleep in the cabin by the Schwarz See. I had tea, and at three o'clock Joseph and the Träger appeared, asked for a gulden to pay for their own provisions, and by 3 30 we were off, and it was quite fine. Joseph took me by the Javorinka valley, much pleasanter and more open, a lovely peep looking back. We got into the old path by Magora, and in two hours were at the hut where we slept with H. I had thought we were to go to the one by the Schwarz See, but Joseph said we had much better stop here ; it was much warmer and there was no milk at the other. Accordingly we stayed, they had built another room since we were there, opening into the room which we had. There was only one

bed in that one, which I had, and was very comfortable, with plenty of blankets. It was very cold, and I had tea in the kitchen with a good fire, also sardines. No men about, only the Wirth. I had a very good night. Mountains beautifully clear.

MONDAY, AUGUST 3RD. Up before five. The sun was shining and the mountains were quite clear, but before we got off, 5.30, the tops clouded over. We took a different path to the lake, much smoother and not so steep. We came upon it a good deal to the left of the cabin, and coasted round it, a good path, undulating, and nowhere very steep. We passed another little lake. I saw people up above; Joseph said they were soldiers measuring the hills for a map. At last we came to a shingly part, which M. had described, and I had understood her to say they were three hours coming down. It was not nearly so hard as I had expected, sometimes the Träger threw down large blocks of rock, and they trundled down with a tremendous noise. We came to a good firm place under an overhanging rock, and I asked Joseph how many hours to the top, thinking it would be a good place to have some refreshment. To my intense joy and surprise he replied, "Nur eine kleine halbe Stunde," I had expected two hours at least. We scrambled up to the top, it had only taken three hours and three-quarters, it was just 9.15. Very cold and no view, very disappointing,

mist on both sides. There is quite a narrow sharp edge at the top. I had a little wine and cake sitting just below the top. We stayed about half-an-hour, and then set off down the other side. A good path, only rather stony. We came to a little plateau, from which Joseph said we ought to see the Polnische lakes. There was nothing to be seen, but the sun was struggling to come through, so I proposed to wait there a little, and tried to go to sleep. Soon it became very cold, so we went on, and soon came close to the Polnische lakes, and saw two of them, and a larger one beyond. There are five of them, one is close under Zawrat, and we never saw it at all. Strolled on to the larger lake across grass; quantities of sheep were coming down the other side, looking so white. I went across some very rough stones to a shepherd's hut, where Joseph said we could get some milk. Three boys were sitting round a little fire of sticks, they had bare feet, and one of them was playing on a concertina, beating time with one foot. The same tune all the time, I got quite giddy, and thought Joseph would never go. We had some whey, which I liked very much. Then we set off again close by the side of the lake, met the sheep with two dogs, and another shepherd. They had crossed a narrow isthmus between this lake and the next, also a good large one. Up to a small plateau and to the top of a little eminence beyond, from which there was a very good view

looking back, of the two larger lakes, the isthmus between them with a tiny little square lake in the middle of it, and down at our feet the whole gorge of the Rostocha valley deep below, a cataract dashing down it, the stream from all the five lakes. Combined with the stream from the Fisch See they make the Bielka river, which we had driven by the day we drove from Rostocha to Zakopane. Now there was a good stiff hill to mount, on the other side of which I hoped to see the Fisch See, but there was yet another to cross. A rainbow, rather faint, along all the side of the Rostocha gorge. The last hill was not nearly so steep, and we rounded the end of it, and there was the dear little Meer Auge in its rocky pocket, the Meer Auge Spitze rising stately behind it, only the top in clouds. There had been a few showers, but they always stopped the moment I put on my waterproof, and now the sun was shining, and just opposite was a splendid rainbow, brilliant colours, all across the face of a mountain called Holica. We sat down here, and I had some wine and sardines, which Joseph had persisted in bringing, though I told him not, thinking everything would be ruined by the oil coming out. However no damage seemed to have been done, and I enjoyed the sardines. Muran was now visible, the top, a white cone, appearing above the clouds. The Fisch See with its hotel soon came in sight; it was very interesting seeing it and the Meer Auge together,

one above the other. (I forgot to mention that when mounting the steep hill after leaving the lakes we met a gentleman and his guide going to see them. Joseph advised them not, as there was no view, but he went doggedly on, and I did not wonder when I saw the distance he had come already.) The path, which had been very stony, was now very good, and it was a delightful descent to the Fisch See. There were quantities of wild raspberries, but not ripe. I was in the hotel at 4.20. I was given the same room I had with M. The maid was most attentive; I thought she would ruin all my clothes, she tore off my hat, tore off my boots and stockings, brought a basin of hot water and wanted to wash my feet herself, but that I could not allow. I had a glass of tea, and tried to play Patience on one of the tables outside, but the wind soon made it impossible. I went outside without my hat, the maid rushed after me, and wound my red shawl round my head and neck in such a firm way that it never once slipped all evening. I wish I knew how she did it. There was no one there, but two men appeared later on, one the gentlemen I had met. There were very few tables and a regular cleaning seemed going on, all enjoying themselves very much over it and making a fearful row. Later on I had soup, Braten and potatoes, and a glass of beer; and then it was so fearfully cold I begged to be allowed to sit in the kitchen, and was most comfortable sitting by the

stove, an excellent one with two places for cooking, a large pot of potatoes boiling on one of them. There was a regular cook in white, and shoals of women and a little girl fussing about. They gave me a little bit of candle, and I stayed till it was burnt out, reading Gautier's *Voyage en Espagne*. I was quite sorry to leave the stove and retire to my cold room. I had the blanket from the other bed and lay on it, and was tolerably warm. I was in bed soon after nine.

TUESDAY, AUGUST, 4TH. Up at eight, very fine, sun shining, I had coffee, eggs, bread and soft cheese for breakfast, no butter. A large party had arrived, parents, two girls, and a priest. All went in the raft over to the Meer Auge and did not come back for hours. I do not know what would have happened if anybody else had wanted the raft, but I suppose they have some way of communicating. I sat on the steps in the sun and dried my boots and gloves thoroughly. I had some soup, beefsteak, potatoes and beer about one o'clock, the meat was not bad, but the knives were so fearfully blunt. It had been fixed we were to start for Rostock at five, but Joseph wished to start sooner, and I was very glad I had some tea, and we were off at four. The party had returned from the Meer Auge, lunched, and started before us. We overtook them at the last bench, one of the girls stretched on the ground.

The other, quite a little thing in a sheepskin, started off after we had passed and ran down past us quite quickly over the very sharp stones. I thought of course to secure beds at Rostocha refuge for the party. This is the third time I have traversed this stony path. When I arrived at Rostocha the woman assigned me a bed in an upstairs room with five beds, which I was to have all to myself. The whole of the other party now arrived, and had a meal. The mother was the wit of the party, and made endless jokes, she had bare arms. To my astonishment, instead of staying the night, they drove off when it was almost dark. Several carriages were waiting. Joseph thought they were going to stay with some friends at Lysa, a place he says we passed the day we drove, but I do not remember any houses. It seemed impossible they could drive six hours along that breakneck road to Zakopane in the dark. I had tea and buttered eggs, and when it was dark retired to my room, meaning to play Patience, but there was nothing in the shape of a table so I had soon to retire to bed. Several men arrived and made a fearful row.

WEDNESDAY, AUGUST 5TH. Off at 5.30 for Polnische Kamm and Schmecks. It was very fine I had tea and dry bread in the kitchen by the very good stove. We started off into a wood and went almost directly through a gate which they said was

the boundary between Hungary and Poland. We were now in Hungary. We crossed two bridges and turned to the right, parallel to the path we had come down from the Fisch See yesterday, sloping to the mountains on the left. There were some very curious high jagged rocks with fissures in them which we could see the light through. In less than an hour we came to an Alp with a *châlet*, where Joseph proposed having some milk, a very nice Hungarian girl with light hair brought it, and filled a cup belonging to Joseph. I could not drink all and begged them to finish it, but Joseph would carry it half-full for me to drink further on. We came to a splendid cirque of rocks, a waterfall dashing down a large rock in the middle, the stream forming a lovely pool beneath it, just the place to paddle in if one had had time. We passed a shooting box with the inscription "*Herrschaftliches Jagdhaus, Eintritt-verboten.*" It belongs to Prince Hohenlohe, who has shut up several paths about here. Now the way began to mount pretty steeply through wood, after some time came to a plateau, round a corner, across an undulating valley, then turned a corner and at last saw the Kamm, miles off. We had now been at it four hours and Joseph said it would be two more, so I proposed halting for food, and after struggling up another steep shoulder we sat down in a delicious corner, a stream pouring in two or three little cascades down a rocky slope.

I found quantities of a very dark forget-me-not, very fine arnica, and a pink orchid. Then off again, and soon we came to the Gefrorene See just under the final summit, where we saw several people. (We had passed another little lake.) Went round the Gefrorene See (half of it was frozen snow) on very rough stones, and then began a perpendicular climb up shingle. I thought it worse than the Zawrat shingle, but perhaps it was because I had been climbing longer, Joseph sometimes held me out the handle of my umbrella to hold on by. At last we came to a small firm plateau where we sat for a little and had some schnaps, and now it was only a very little way to the top, and good firm footing. It was a joyful moment when I found myself at the top, 12-15; six hours and three-quarters from the start. No view, alas! on the other side, and the Gulsdorfer Spitze, one of the highest in the Tatia, was close to, but all in mist, the mountains on the side we had come from were quite clear. I found *ranunculus glacialis* on the last slope. One brilliant arnica growing by itself in a nook at the top. There was quite a nice place for resting, a large flat stone, with large flat stones all round it for seats. There was a bottle with cards, one bearing the date of to-day, and the name Max Laube, from Schweidnitz in Silesia. I thought I had my card case but I had not, so I unwound a card of wool and wrote my name and those of the two Joseph's on it. I made them write

their own surnames, as I am always doubtful about them. At one o'clock we set off down a most delightful path, a great contrast to the other side, a sort of causeway made of steps of flat stones, at one place there was a short chain to hold by, why, I could not think, as there was no perceptible difference at that spot. We passed the Langer See, a small narrow lake, and then came to a marshy meadow which is called the Blumenwiese, though there was nothing particular in the way of flowers. I was going down rather a steep stony bit of path, and had just noticed something like a hut in the distance, when I heard a cry from Joseph "Unsere Damen," and there they all were, even H., coming up the path. We had a joyful meeting and a little talk, but they were anxious to push on to the top. H. was persuaded only to go a little way and to come back to me. I waited for her, and we went down together to the hut, passing on the way the Ewiger Regen, a rock from which water was always dropping. The hut was quite a nice little restaurant, called the Schlesien Haus, a verandah all round it, standing just above a sweet little lake called the Felker See. I had an excellent meal of coffee, eggs, bread and butter, and honey, and we waited there very comfortably for about two hours till the others returned, having been to the top and back in an incredibly short time. We were obliged to wait, as H. had had a horse up to the restaurant, and the

boy who came with it had gone on with them as guide, much against his will. The horse was now got ready, H. mounted, and we all set off down to Schmecks, which I was very curious to see. It was an endless way, but all steadily down hill, and very soon we were in a wood. H. walked a great piece of the way. We came to some villas and bridges which made us hope we were near, but there was still a long way. M. asked Joseph "Wie viele Stunden noch nach Schmecks" which was considered a great joke. At last we arrived at the door of the Jägerhorn villa where our quarters were, two very nice rooms on the ground-floor. There are no hotels in Schmecks, everybody has rooms in villas (there appear to be about a dozen) and goes for their meals to two large restaurants, one for dinner, and the other for breakfast and tea. M. and I now repaired to the dinner restaurant, a very large room with small tables. We had an excellent dinner, and felt new creatures. It was now pouring, and pitch-dark, and it was rather difficult to find our way back to the Jägerhorn by the winding path, but M. threaded her way through successfully, clutching hold of me. Now the guides appeared; Joseph introducing a Schmecks guide to us as a good Catholic, and he hoped we should employ him. We thought he looked rather tipsy, but arranged with him to try the Lomnitz Spitze in a day or two, the next day was to be one of repose. Now I had to pay the two

Joseph's, fifteen Gulden to the guide, and ten to the Träger. I gave them each one over, and they were enchanted, and kissed my hand repeatedly. Joseph, the guide, then presented us with the cup in which he had carried the milk for me. We begged him to say which was to have it, but he would not. However we shall insist on M. keeping it, as we know she is quite his favourite. He made her a long speech (while I was trafficking with the Schmecks guide) which no one could understand, they only heard the word "Marinka." I think he must have been commending her to the Virgin. At last they departed, but when we were undressing, Joseph the Träger returned with my opera glass which had been left in his bag, and again kissed my hand several times. I had never missed it. We were very sorry to part with them both, such very nice men, it was such luck to have lighted upon them.

THURSDAY, AUGUST 6TH. We were up very late, and went for breakfast to the other restaurant, a very nice large room, the sides all glass, little tables with newspapers, and a large open verandah where a Hungarian gipsy band plays three times a day. I had not seen Schmecks by daylight; it is a most curious little place, a large open space laid out with flower beds, a fountain in the middle, also a chapel which never seemed to be used, lawn-tennis ground, winding walks on a slope, and all round

ornamental villas, all carved wood. Also the two restaurants, the post-office, a shop with a bureau joining it called the Kanzlei, where you apply for guides, horses, carriages, etc. Pine woods all round, and not much view at anytime, but now none, as it was raining. Baths, to which we now repaired and each had a hot bath, all the appliances most comfortable. Then, as it was still raining, we returned to our lodgings and wrote letters. In the afternoon it cleared a little, H. and P. and I set off for a walk to Untere Schmecks, by a path through the wood. It is about a mile off, and bears a strong family likeness to our Schmecks, which is Alt Schmecks. The Hungarian name is Tatra Füred. The woods are full of Tafels, pointing to different walks. We had tea at Untere Schmecks, and on our way back diverged to one of the walks pointed out, called the Schöne Aussicht. The path led us to a restaurant with a plateau in front, with tables and chairs, and a very fine view over the plain if it had been clear. We could see a few towns dotted about, Poprad, Felka, and others. Waiters wanted us to refresh, which of course we could not do, having just had tea, so returned to the Jägerhorn in rain. M. had spent the afternoon mending. She and I again dined together.

FRIDAY, AUGUST 7TH. A thoroughly wet day and thick mist. Most dreary. Wiled it away going

to the shop, looking at photographs, listening to the band, etc. There is quite a good supply of Tanchnitzes and other English books at the shop, no English ever come here, but they say the Hungarians read them. The guide came and wanted to fix something, but nothing can be done in such weather. Went to bed thoroughly dejected and very cold.

SATURDAY, AUGUST 8TH. Another wet day and thick mist. We felt another day of inaction at Schmecks would kill us, so before breakfast I ordered a carriage at the Kanzlei, and soon after ten we set off to drive to Csorba. It was fair though gloomy, and we had occasional gleams of sunshine, but they were soon covered up again. The road to Csorba has been lately made by the Carpathian Alpine Club, and it is called the Klotilden Weg, a very good road all through pine woods. The plain, just below to the left, occasionally there were peeps of it through the trees, and once we had a glimpse of the Gerlsdorfer Spitze to our right, but it soon clouded over again. Still it was fine all the way there, even a ray of sunshine could be felt occasionally. First we passed through Neu Schmecks, a collection of villas with one smart shop, then, in less than an hour we pulled up by a bar across the road, where we had to pay a toll of one gulden. This was Westerheim, and from

here there is a path direct to the Felker See, made by Herr Wester. Further on we passed a large hotel with some villas called Hoch Hagi. At one place a quantity of pines had been cut down, and were lying in rows on the ground, stripped of their bark. Whenever there was a little open space the ground was pink with very fine willow-herb, and there were also orange fox-gloves, meadow-sweet, Jacob's ladder, and a few large blue campanules. The Popper, quite an important stream, was then crossed, "fishing forbidden" put up on a board. The Popper comes from the Popper See, in the Krengsdorf valley, where we hope to go from Csorba, and unites with all these minor streams to make an important river, Popper, in the plain, flowing by Poprad. The road had mounted gradually most of the way, and just before Csorba there was a rather steep ascent where P., who had been on the box, walked. We drew up before a very nice hotel, and, to our surprise, saw a railway station. It turned out to be a funicular from the town of Csorba in the plain. We were rather shocked to see no lake, but walking round a verandah there it was close to, very pretty, but not wild like the other lakes we have seen, there were a few villas about. The drive had taken a little over two hours. We heard there was a table d'hôte at one o'clock, and determined to dine there, and wiled away the interval by strolling down to the lake, and making a few purchases in a little

shop, which was also the post-office and the bureau of the hotel. The luncheon was excellent. It was a relief to have a meal without ordering and waiting. Afterwards we walked all round the lake on an excellent path. Towards the end, the mist came down worse than ever, and we could not even see the lake. It only took about half-an-hour to get round it. We met a girl on a bicycle, going rather feebly, the first female we have seen on one. Several men were cycling at Zakopane. It was an English one, called the "Triumph." We asked for rooms, and they shewed us some in a villa a little way off, one very large room and one very small, two beds in each. They seem to be all we can have, so we have taken them for next Thursday. We ordered the carriage, and got off as soon as we could. A very depressing drive back, the mist low down, rain the latter part, M. on the box. The carriage was eight gulden. The driver was of German origin, he lived in a village near, and could not speak a word of Hungarian, though he had lived here all his life; his ancestors had come here from Saxony a hundred years ago. We were very cold, and went to the breakfast Casino. We heard the end of the band, and then had tea and eggs. The band is an excellent one. A tiny, miserable looking little boy, belonging to one of them, is always seated in the middle; they take the greatest care of him, and wrap him up in a great coat when it is cold. To-night he had a red handkerchief as well.

SUNDAY, AUGUST 9TH. Another gloomy drizzling morning. I got up early and went to the church, which is close behind the villa. It was just 8 o'clock, the bell had been going for Mass an hour before, but I thought there was sure to be another. I sat and read some time, and then came back to the Jägerhorn, and put on more clothes, it was very cold and raw. We went to the Casino for breakfast and met the guide on the way, who seemed to recognise the weather as hopeless. I said we should wait, which cheered him. I took some newspapers with me which came yesterday, and some raspberries which I had bought from a girl this morning, they were excellent. We read some rather amusing German papers. There have been storms in Styria, and other parts of Hungary, so we are better off than some people. About 2.30 all started for a walk to the Räuberstein, the path was through a wood marked by innumerable direction-labels. The guide-book said three-quarters-of-an-hour, it took us an hour-and-a-half. It was an undulating, good path. The Räuberstein consisted of large blocks of rock piled on each other, and a little path led to some more rocks from which we had fitful glimpses of some fine mountains, one of which, very pointed, we considered was the Lomnitz, the object of our fervent aspirations. The path went on, and M. descried a label with Kohlbach on it, she was instantly fired by a wish to return by the Kohlbach

Thal. Some qualms about H., but she professed herself not at all tired, and we set off, M. leading. The path, rather ill-defined through long grass, seemed to lead down to the plain on our right. We thought perhaps Kohlbach might be a town in the plain. However we pushed on, sometimes mounting a good deal. H. began rather to flag. I privately thought we might be making for some distant part of Hungary. My only comfort was we saw labels pointing back to the Räuberstein, and I thought the people going there must start from somewhere civilised. At last the path improved, and decidedly descended towards the Kohlbach valley. We saw a waterfall below us, and M. suddenly exclaimed she saw the hotel (where they had already been the day before I arrived at Schmecks). In a very few minutes we were seated in the verandah having tea. From here it was barely an hour's walk down to Schmecks, a very good path, crossing and re-crossing the driving road. Close to the bottom there are two springs called Castor and Pollux, side by side, quite different waters, but as the water was quite low, down a well, and no one was there with any apparatus we could not have any, and I did not at all want. A band was going on outside ; we sat and listened to it. M. and I dined. A concert was going on in the dining-room. The stars were shining as we came back. I hope we may start to-morrow.

MONDAY, AUGUST 10TH. Still gloomy, but fair. We arranged to start for the Rainer Hütte at 2.30. The guide to whom Joseph had introduced us could not be found but the Kanzlei at once provided us with another called Johann Hunsdorfer, who could speak German, and said "Zu dienen" to everything. Soon after 2.30 we started, the three others in a carriage as far as the Kohlbach Hotel, and I mounted on H.'s horse that it might not be wasted. It was the same road we had walked down yesterday. We were at the hotel in three-quarters of an hour, it rained nearly all the way but had cleared up when we got there. H. then mounted; the guide and porter shouldered our modest baggage, and we started for the Rainer Hütte, where, to our amazement, we arrived in about half-an-hour, along a good, undulating terrace path, passing a waterfall. We had thought it was much further up the valley, we need not have had the horse, H. could have walked it quite well. It was quite a nice little hotel, indeed it is also called the Gemse Hotel, and two very nice girls looked after it. The horse was at once sent back, and we all started in search of another waterfall, the Riesen Steg. As it seemed some way off I did not go all the way, thinking we were sure to pass it on our way to the Lomnitz Spitze to-morrow. The little hotel was beautifully situated on a meadow, the Lomnitz Spitze and the Mittlergrat just opposite. The Lomnitz Spitze is a beautiful

rocky pyramid, and was visible for a few minutes. The path to it, and also to the Five Lakes, leads over a rocky barrier into a higher valley, where we had thought the hotel would have been. We had tea at a table, sitting outside, much annoyed by flies. When it became cold and misty we went in, all the other visitors had departed, and we were very comfortable in a good-sized dining-room. We had most comfortable rooms, two beds in each, beautiful Austrian blankets on them. I did not think it quite so cold as Schmecks. Retired early as we were to be called at four.

TUESDAY, AUGUST 11TH. It was misery getting up at four, the beds were so very comfortable. All got up except H., and we were off before five; it was quite a fine morning. We were all to go together as far as a point called the Feuerstein, from there poor M. was to go by herself to the Five Lakes, as she firmly refused to try the Lomnitz Spitze. The path, after crossing the stream, went up rocky steps, then crossed another bridge, and continued mounting, but not so steeply, till the Feuerstein, a large block of rock, where people who have walked from Schmecks generally stop to refresh. I was there in an hour and ten minutes; the others took about five minutes less. Here we parted. The path to the lakes looked very well defined, the guides said it was impossible for her to lose her way, or that anything

could happen to her. She was buoyed up by the hope of finding a rare flower, *ranunculus pygmeus*. P. and I now followed the guides along the right side of the valley, and soon began to mount a steep path. It was not long before we came to the Probe, the first so-called difficult part of the ascent, a good scramble up rocks, not at all difficult, but involving making very long steps, which always takes my breath away. When we had got over it, and I saw P. going on easily, miles ahead, and mist gathering all round, I thought how foolish of me to go on exhausting myself when I have been up such heaps of mountains, and this is only 8,000 feet high, though obviously adventurous. I came to a good rocky seat and decided to stop, and called on to P. to go on without me. The head guide came back and insisted on my going to a point called the Kapelle, a sort of nook surrounded by rocky points. Here I settled myself down with all my belongings, which included food, a waterproof, and P.'s umbrella; I had not brought my own. It was 7.30. I at once composed myself to sleep. I was awoken by voices, and was dreadfully frightened lest P. should be turning back. I felt it would be so very humiliating if none of us got to the top of the Lomnitz. Soon, however, I heard the voices were Hungarian, and came from below, and very soon two girls appeared, one quite little, talking most volubly, in a short white petticoat and very thin blouse, another in

long brown beige dress hanging in ribbons, of which the little one tore off long pieces. An elder lady soon appeared and a guide. I told them another lady had gone on, and that I was waiting. They jabbered a great deal, the elder lady I fancy not wanting to go on, but they ended by all going on at a great rate. I never settled quite so comfortably again. It was just nine o'clock when they left. The mist kept coming and going; sometimes the peaks round me were invisible and then came out again, sometimes the valley with M.'s path to the Fünf Seen was quite clear before me and then suddenly disappeared. I walked about and tried different seats (all on a very narrow path). At last at 12 o'clock it began to rain, so I returned to my first seat wrapped up in my waterproof, held up P.'s umbrella, and stayed there till they returned, sometimes dozing off and nearly dropping the precious umbrella into the abyss. It was just 1.20 when they got back, having managed the ascent quite successfully, and they had started down again before the rain came on. P. described the perils as tremendous. I now of course regret bitterly not having gone on, but at the time I felt I did not care. They had met the Hungarian party on their way down, and P. had recognised them as the party who were in the train with us going to Chabowka. We now hurried down; it took me just two hours to get back to the Gamsen Hotel; P. was there a little

before me; I found her having coffee, and I had some too. M. had accomplished the Five Lakes, and after she got back had gone with H. to see the waterfall again, and the Idyllischer Garten. We had to leave that unseen, also the Five Lakes. P. had seen two of them from the top. We were now undecided whether to stay another night at the Gemen, or to go down at once to Schmecks. The question was put to H., who decided at once to go down, and we were all rather glad; we had only hesitated for her as it was pouring. We were already so soaked that a little more did not matter. After all, by the time we had paid our bill and got off it had cleared, and we got down to Schmecks in an hour and ten minutes without any more rain. It was a relief to get into dry clean clothes: my boots were like sponges. We had chocolate and eggs at the Casino, which was very warming. We told the guides to come at nine o'clock for us to settle with them, but they never turned up.

WEDNESDAY, AUGUST 12TH. A delightful long night, up very late. The guides came just as P. and I were starting for breakfast, the first, Johann Hunsdorfer had five gulden, the other three, very moderate. P. tipped them each one gulden for the care they had taken of her. It was pouring, which was rather a consolation, it would have been very trying if it had been a bright clear day. After breakfast,

over which we dallied a long time, we all had hot baths which refreshed us very much, and arranged about our carriage to Csorba next day, and went to the post about some newspapers which we cannot get forwarded from Zakopane. In the course of the day, and I rather think the evening before, we had occasional glimpses of the Lomnitz, the first time we have seen it from Schmecks, and we also had one peep of the Gerlsdorfer Spitze. Late in the afternoon, M. and P. went to Untere Schmecks where M. had not been. H. and I started for a walk in search of the Rainer Denkmal, but it began to pour so we gave it up, having however ascertained the right route. We both wrote journals till nearly 8, then, as the others had not returned we went for tea to the Casino. There we found the others, much delighted with Untere Schmecks, where they had had a splendid view of the whole mountain chain, we have seen a beautiful photograph of it here, but never expected to see it in reality. This is our last day at Schmecks, and we have certainly been most unfortunate as to weather, or I should have liked it very much.

THURSDAY, AUGUST 13TH. A very busy morning. We went to the shop to see if they would change some English money. They gave us 59 gulden for a five pound note, 50 kreuzer less than at Cracow. We were beguiled into going to an inner shop to look at some embroideries, and I ended by

having a large parcel sent home. It rained a good deal, but about 12 o'clock it cleared, and I started alone on a final search for the Rainer Denkmal, which I thought was a statue. The Fünf Quellen were in the same direction. After trudging a long way I came to two springs, and to a sort of arbour surmounted by a red umbrella, on which were the words Rainer Emlek. I never thought that could be the Denkmal and trudged on further, but fortunately came upon two men cutting wood who said it was in another direction, so I hurried back. I don't know what they thought I meant, for I see on looking at the guide-book again that the red umbrella is the Denkmal. Soon after two o'clock our two carriages arrived, the luggage was divided between them, M. and I were seated in one, H. and P. in the other, and by 2.30 we were off. Very fine view of Gulsdorfer, Osterva, and other peaks. It rained and was very cold. The drive to Csorba took about two hours. Excellent horses, carriages 7 gulden each. Arrived at our lodgings, and to our dismay they would not give us the large room we had engaged; they said the Herrschaft were still in it, but would leave to-morrow. We did not believe them, and were very angry. It was no use; we had to put up with three small rooms, one with two beds in it. A very voluble chambermaid, who we afterwards found was called Betty, conducted the transaction. We then went to have coffee at the Kaffee Haus, a

very inferior affair to the Schmecks Casino; it is close to the little station. I came back to our rooms alone to arrange my things a little before dark, and there I found they had actually put someone else into our third room, and put two beds into one. My rage now knew no bounds, and I am ashamed to say I pushed Betty out of the room, and said I did not want to hear any more of her stories. She said we had never said at the Kanzlei that we wanted the three rooms. We did not know it was necessary; we had gone to the Kanzlei, but no one was there. We afterwards saw the director, who pretended we had never decidedly taken the large room. We were very angry, for we most decidedly had, and given our names, and we said if they could not turn the people out they ought to have let us know, and we might have stayed longer at Schmecks. However he said they had no business to put anybody into the third room, and we were to have it next day.

FRIDAY, AUGUST 14TH. I was so taken up with our grievances yesterday, that I forgot to mention that we had the most beautiful view of the mountains round the lake, the Bastei, Osterva, Krivan, and other peaks which we have not identified. The day we drove over from Schmecks before, not one of them was visible. This morning was fine, and so we decided to walk to the Popper See, the path to it branched off from the walk round the lake, a Tafel

pointing to it. About eleven, we all started for the Popper See, there is a hut on its banks called the Mailath Hütte, where we intended to have luncheon. M. had an idea, whence derived I do not know, that the walk would take three-quarters of an hour. I felt sure it was more than that, but could not make out from the book exactly how much. The path was an excellent one, and went for a long way through wood, mainly mounting, pretty peeps of the lake looking back, benches at intervals where we generally halted. We met quantities of people coming down, evidently bent on being back for Mittag. At last we came to a bench on a point with a good view of the Mengsdorf valley, with its stream and fine peaks, but no sign of a lake. The path now turned to the left, and went down hill pretty steeply, a sort of terrace path turning corners, and at every corner we expected to see the lake, but it did not come. We had long ceased to meet people, but I happened to be in front, and met a couple from whom I enquired how far to the Popper See? and they said twenty minutes. It was a relief to hear the Popper See really existed, and that we were on the right track, which I had begun to doubt. "Twenty minutes" means a good trudge, so I spread a piece of newspaper (Times) on a conspicuous stone, and put my flask on it, thinking H. might like a little. Rather beyond, I met a gentleman and guide whom I told what I had done, and asked them to tell two ladies they would

meet that I had left the flask. I thought, of course, that they would pick it up if I did not mention it. While I was talking to them however, H. and P. appeared, and, can it be credited, though their eagle eyes see the smallest flower miles away, neither of them had noticed the flask. I could not, of course, risk M. seeing it, so toiled back for it, inwardly resolving never to do anything philanthropic again. It was two hours and forty minutes before we really arrived at the hut, the Popper See only came in sight a few minutes before, a sweet little round lake embosomed in mountains. Two other lakes, the Drachen See and the Eis See, are in a higher valley, like the Meer Auge above the Fisch See, and I had quite intended to go on to them, or at least to one, for they are in different directions, but just before the hut there was a Tafel with a notice that all access to that valley was "streng verboten," of course on account of the shooting. It was like Scotland. There was no help for it. I had a paddle; the water was icy cold, and then we had a very good heterogeneous luncheon in a delightful verandah, overhanging the lake, of soup, schnitzel, cheese, bread, butter, and cranberries, coffee and glühwein. There are about 20 beds at the Mailath hut, the Meer Auge can be ascended from here, and is much easier than on the side of the Meer Auge lake. The Visoka, a very fine point. towers up at one end. We made inquiries, and

found there was another route back straight to the road, which would be much easier for H. as it was downhill all the way. A wild-looking man, his head tied up in a handkerchief, started us. He told us the names of the peaks at the head of the valley, but I only remember the Visoka. Where he left us, the path was quite clear but very muddy, and continued so some little time, across an Alp, with some cattle, and a man playing on a pipe, exactly like one for smoking, only larger, of course he required kreutzer. The path then became clean, and began to go down in large zigzags. We passed under some very fine rocks, two very fine points, the white plain open below us, and soon we saw the road, but somehow did not get to it. M. then stopped and said we had gone wrong, and as we seemed very near the road P. and I struck out straight for it, across what seemed a simple tract of grass and willowherb. We were soon undeceived; it was dreadful work, slipping into holes, catching one's legs in broken branches, masses of brushwood lying on the ground, and when we finally got close to the road a rushing stream was between us and it; it was too provoking. I was looking at a tree stretching nearly across, and wondering if I could manage with its help, when I heard P. calling, and getting to her with much difficulty found her near a bridge, but there was a hiatus at our end of it. She thought she could wade across, but when it came to the point it was too

deep. I thought I saw a better place and was thinking of trying in my boots when I heard her calling from above that she saw a bridge. I scrambled up the bank, and found her with a man who was shewing her the bridge, and she was very angry with him as she had seen it herself before he came. We now got across to the road all right, and were not far from Csorba. We had not an idea what had become of M. and H., but trusted to M.'s unerring sense of locality that they would turn up right. We met heaps of carriages full of people returning from Csorba, also four people riding. We had hoped we might have met some empty carriage which would not have minded turning back with us. At one time we thought we saw two people on the road below us who might have been M. and H., but after once losing sight of them they never re-appeared. We got back about six o'clock and sat in the verandah reading, and in about a quarter-of-an-hour they turned up, H. wonderfully fresh. They had found the road directly, and someone had shewn them a short cut avoiding the windings. We sat shivering in the evening, playing *Patience* in our out-door clothes.

SATURDAY, AUGUST 15TH. We considered to-day was a holiday (the Assumption) at least it is so considered in Switzerland and the Tyrol, and did not try to get a guide. We thought it would be a

good plan to go down the funicular to the plain, and see what it was like there. We went down at ten, a beautiful view behind us of the mountains and the little Csorba villas perched at the top of the precipice. The main line is at the bottom, but no village, nothing but the station. M. looked at the guide-book, and thought the Bad Lucsiona sounded rather promising. We enquired, and found there was no train till three o'clock, but that it would only take an hour-and-a-quarter to drive there. There were heaps of carriages (we could not think what for ; there seemed nowhere to go, and no one to go anywhere) so we at once engaged one and set off. It was to be three gulden, two capital horses. The road at first was merely a track across fields, and sometimes what seemed to have been the bed of a river. It was delightfully warm and sunny, and quite curious to be driving across the plain we had looked at so long. At last we came to the village of Csorba, and here joined the high road, an excellent road. Csorba is a very prosperous looking village, all the houses white, with high pointed roofs and projecting eaves, a church with a high tower with two red bulbs. Beyond Csorba the road ran through quite a ravine, high rocks on each side, beautiful grass near the road, a stream running along one side, a flock of geese at one place and sheep at another. (Before the village of Csorba we had crossed the railway, protected on each side by

immensely high hurdles, the main line to Buda-Pesth). At last we turned off the road into a sort of park, crossed another railway line, and passed two villas, the one called Fortuna, the other Imar Sak (with a large pond in front of it) and drew up in front of one called Neptune. A woman came out who could speak German imperfectly. We enquired about trains but found there were none back that would suit, so we had to keep our carriage, paying three gulden more ; it was wonderfully cheap. We then enquired about baths and luncheon, and heard there was a table d'hôte at 12.30. It was then 12.15, so M. and I at once decided to have baths afterwards. There was a separate restaurant as in all the other places, with a nice open verandah with tables and benches, also a reading room with papers. I found a German paper (I forget which) with a long article about the Soudan, saying the battle of Lukeh was all a pretence, and all the people killed were women and children, no dervishes at all. It is astonishing how they hate us. A very good luncheon, several people, one a good-looking priest. Afterwards M. H. and I turned out for a stroll through the walks, very pretty, through woods and round meadows, in one of which some little boys were playing croquet. We found the yellow and mauve flower we used to like so much. I forget its name. Soon I left them to go and have a bath. It was only luke-warm, which was a great disappointment.

When I came out the woman told me the other lady was having a bath, so I waited for her on the balcony of the dining room and saw no more of the grounds, for which I am now sorry, as they had a very fine view of all the mountains from one point. I confess I was reading the first volume of "The Sowers." It is a great snare to begin a Tauchnitz; it is the first I have read this tour. We started back at 4.30 and went at a great pace. We were back at Csorba station in an hour. When crossing the rough ground between Csorba village and the station we met an enormous flock of geese; there must have been hundreds: the ground was white with them for an immense way; they were like a white cloud on the plain in the distance. There seemed only one man with them; he had a sort of pennon and a stick. We had an hour to wait at the station, and had tea in the refreshment room, very good, with excellent cream. We have only thin milk at Csorba See. It was very cold going up in the train—a watery sunset.

SUNDAY, AUGUST 16TH. Pouring; a most depressing, gloomy day. Read, and wrote letters. To our intense astonishment two English ladies have turned up—one elderly, the other young. The mid-day meal lasts ages: we had quantities of courses all very good, with long pauses between. I think we all enjoyed it for a change, but should not like often to

repeat the experiment. Back to our lodgings, and we were so frozen that we insisted on Betty lighting the stove. She had objected when we mentioned it before, but we had spoken to the director and he said we were to tell her to do it. When it came to the point, and two little boys laden with wood had appeared (who Betty said were to have Trinkgelds because it was Sunday), it turned out that the stove in H. and P.'s room must be lighted—the one in M.'s room was out of order, and I alas! had none. P. (who I thought wanted it more than anyone) made manifold objections, but they were all over-ruled; and after a little coaxing (as Betty said it had not been lighted for a year) the stove burnt beautifully, and it was bliss. Of course, we had to keep an eye on it constantly, and replenish it, but it was delightful; we stood in turns with our backs against it. M. and I were left alone with it for a time, H. and P. having the energy to turn out for a constitutional round the lake in a fair gleam.

MONDAY, AUGUST 17TH. We started at 10 for the Schleier Fall. We took provisions with us. The path was through the Minicza valley, branching off to the left from the path to the Popper See. Wood and meadow alternately, gentle ascent, lovely stream with transparent pools. We crossed it once or twice. We soon saw the Schleier Fall before us—in a hollow between Bastei and Scholisko. We were

more than two hours getting there, strolling very slowly. It is a very pretty fall, divided into two at the bottom, an upper one falling over them, another, smaller, by the side. We had heard Murmelthier shrieking all the way, and when we got to the fall P., who had arrived there first, said she had seen three. We were all very jealous. We ate our provisions, a very modest supply, so good that we could have done with more. M. and H. now settled themselves to sketch, and P. and I resolved to try if we could not find the path to the first of the lakes beyond. There were three, at intervals of three-quarters-of-an-hour from each other. The path was well defined at first, but soon came to an end, or we lost it, and we scrambled up among the rocks, and, between us, found the way (I really think very cleverly) to the top of the ridge behind the fall, and, to our great joy, saw the first lake, Nansok, close to us. We thought we would push on to the second, the Genssen See, but it proved very arduous, ridge after ridge cropping up, and very stony. At last it began to rain, and P., who was in front, had got to the top of a ridge beyond which we had resolved not to go. She called out that there was no lake, only a hollow which looked as if it ought to contain a lake. We then turned back, found rather a better track and went all round the first lake, which P. would argue was not one of the three because it came too soon. However, we have since heard it is the first,

and I was quite sure it was too large not to be considered a lake. P. had most fortunately had the idea to put a little book at the place where we emerged from the rocks, or we should have found it difficult to get down. We thought we should have had a hunt for the book, but found it almost directly, and got down without any mishap. It was now pouring; we sheltered for a short time under a large rock, and then thought we had better push on, and the rain soon left off. We got over the ground very quickly. I had looked at my watch, it was 4.30, and I thought we should be about a quarter of an hour more when we suddenly lost the path. We had just crossed a meadow path, not very well defined, and were at the entrance of the last wood, where our impression was that there was a path as broad as a garden-walk, but we could see none. We both wandered about, looking for the path, and at last I saw what looked like a track, and we tried it. It soon developed into a real path, and we hoped it would lead us somewhere, though we knew it was not the right one. It went for some time along the bank of quite a wide river which we had never seen before, and at last ended in nothing. We were quite hopeless; we heard the tinkling of a cow-bell and shrieked, hoping some one might be with the animal, but of course no one heard us. I quite expected to have to spend the night in the wood, and it was too provoking when we knew we were close at home. At

last P. insisted on retracing our steps to the meadow (I could never have found the way), and there she suddenly spied a bridge. We crossed the bridge and soon found ourselves in a meadow full of cows, and, to our intense joy, saw the red turret of the Sanct Trany's house, close to our lodgings, in front of us. We still, however, had a good deal to go through after crossing the meadow—a high bank covered with fir trees and impenetrable brushwood was before us. We forced our way up and through, tumbling into holes and catching in branches (at least I did), and at last reached a little pavilion from which a clear path led to the edge of the lake, just opposite the restaurant. It was about 6.30; we had been nearly two hours wandering in inextricable wilds—where, we shall never know. We were soaked with struggling through wet grass; we had just got nicely dry after the rain when we lost ourselves. We knew that the others would jeer at us, and how it happened we shall never understand. P. went at once, all wet as she was, to the coffee-house for tea. I changed and went to the restaurant for dinner. I had tea after dinner, very good and hot, and was rather long away. When I got back what was my delight to find the stove burning. Such objections had been made the evening before, I had never hoped to see it again. We had a blissful evening. Of course, we were scoffed at, but I did not care.

TUESDAY, AUGUST 18TH. Cold and showery morning. About mid-day it improved, and we started on a walk in search of the Forkoter Valley. We followed the road past the station to the very end, where it becomes a path, very dirty, descending through the wood. We met a cart with two horses struggling up, a man and boy with it. We asked if we were on the right track to the Forkoter Valley. They said, no; but the boy said we should find a turn to the right, further on. We soon came upon it, a very good path. We hoped it might turn, and that we might be able to come home another way. I soon felt quite sure it was the path to Krivan, which we saw exactly in front of us, and consequently did not think it was likely to turn. However, we strolled on, quantities of bilberries beguiled the way, and at last came to a tree on which was a Tafel with Krivan on it, and an arrow pointing. I was right for once. I said now I should go no further, as I was quite resolved to try Krivan the next day. The others went on a little further, and I strolled slowly down. However, I felt rather uncertain where the path turned off, and not wanting to be lost again I sat down and waited for the others, who were not very long. They had gone on to a bridge, where they had seen a Tafel pointing to Pod Banskó. There is a path to the left just after the station, leading to Pod Banskó, down through the wood. Back up the dirty path we met the same cart

lumbering down again. When we got back I went at once to the bureau and asked for a guide to Krivan. The director instantly called one who was hanging about and introduced him as Johann Spitzkopf. It was arranged that M. and I should be called at four and start at five to-morrow. The ascent is said to be between five and six hours from here, which no doubt for me means a good deal more. However, I know by to-day's experience that the first hour is very easy. The guide and Träger each had a gulden to provide their own provisions. I brought ours away with me from the restaurant after dinner, that we might not be delayed in the morning. We warned them at the coffee house that we should want coffee very early. The stove again, very comfortable.

WEDNESDAY, AUGUST 19TH. No one called us, but we got up soon after four. The guide appeared when we were nearly dressed. The coffee was rather tardy, but we got off at 5.15. The guide turned off at a path to the right at the end of the road, which we had not noticed yesterday; it was much cleaner, and came into the same path rather higher up. We now heard that what we had supposed to be Krivan was only the Forkster Spitze—the real Krivan was miles behind. It was now raining, and went on for nearly an hour, after which it cleared. Beyond the tree with the Tafel (which was the furthest point to

which I had gone yesterday), the path went on for a little while through wood, then crossed a bridge, and went down some way by a track where all the trees had been cut down, then across wet meadows, very long grass, horrid to walk through, sometimes pushing through clumps of fir trees, the branches all in one's way. One meadow was called Taaloona, and from there I believe we ought to have seen Krivan, but it was all mist. We saw a point called the Little Krivan. In about three hours we came to a point which they call the Frühstück Stelle, some fine rocks by a stream, and the real mountain begins from here. A rocky steep slope was before us, and the guide stopped and said "Gemsens," and we had a most delightful sight. I had my opera glass. At first I could only see three, standing and looking quite red, then I saw a perfect troop galloping along, one after the other, single file, along a ledge of rock, and then they reappeared lower down. It really was too delightful, and repaid one for a great deal. We now had some food and then started off again, up the very slope where the chamois had been (the guide and M. counted nearly 40 of them.) A terrace path at first, then across a meadow again, then round the side of a gully across stones, and then a very steep mount for some time, M. and the guide well in front, and I trailing behind with the Träger, who was a Slovak and could not speak German. It seemed endless but was not bad mounting, nice steps in

which to put one's feet. At last I came to M. and the guide, seated on the Kamm (they had been there twenty minutes), and heard to my joy that there was not quite an hour more. All was mist round us, but we could just see the Grüner See at the foot of the precipice, on the other side of the Kamm, or ridge. From here it was delightful; it rather reminded us both of the top of Helvellyn on a gigantic scale, going along an arête, and then up a point like Catchedicam. It was ten minutes to twelve when I got to the top, having been just six hours and a half over the ascent. M. was up a few minutes sooner and saw two little lakes, which were shrouded in mist before I got up, and never reappeared. Not one thing did we see except the Grüner See at intervals, and the view ought to have been splendid. We should have seen every mountain in the Tatia. (I forgot to say we saw Csorba lake from the Kamm). It was quite warm at the top, and no wind; there had been a good deal coming up, and it was very cold. After a little I walked along the top to the end, which is a precipice. The guide book says people crawl to the edge to look over, and I had expected to do it quite comfortably. I remember doing it on the Brunegg Horn. Here, however, it was quite different; the top ended in a narrow straight piece, each end a sharp slope downwards. I could not possibly have crawled down and looked over; besides, it was a sea of mist, so I went back

and returned with M. and the guide ; she was also satisfied with a look. We stayed 50 minutes at the top, and then, as the mist got worse instead of improving, we set off down again, very much disappointed, but still enchanted to have achieved Krivan. It was the same route down to the Kamm, and then, instead of going down the gully, we followed the line of the Kamm itself, straight down over a sea of stones, which I found most wearisome, and it made me feel very sick. It was four o'clock before we were finally clear of them. The sun had now come out and we had a very good view of the plain, with the lower Carpathians beyond, and some villages scattered about. The valley on the other side of Krivan is the Koprova valley. A large stream flows from it. I had expected the rest of the descent to be very easy ; this morning it had seemed all wet grass, but now somehow it had all turned to stones, and I got on very slowly. I felt very sorry for poor M., who would have got on like lightning by herself. The final trial was the ascent among the dead trees, which I had entirely forgotten, and I thought it never would come to an end. It was a joyful moment when the tree with the Tafel was reached, and still more when we found ourselves in the coffee-house, each with a Glühwein, which really was delicious. It was a quarter to seven when we arrived there ; the affair had taken thirteen hours and a half. H. and P. arrived while we were there and heard our

adventures. P. persisted that the top of Krivan had been clear all day. We settled with the guides. Spitzkopf, who we did not much like, had six gulden, the other four. We gave them each a krone extra.

THURSDAY, AUGUST 20TH. A day of repose for M. and me. We did not get to the coffee-house for breakfast till past ten. H. and P. set off for a walk in the direction of Pod Banskó. In the afternoon we walked round the lake, and M. took two sketches. It was the fairest day we have had at Csorba, and it is our last. I left her to have tea at the coffee-house and came back to her again; there was a lovely evening glow on the Bastei and Osterva. H. and P. were so late that we were quite uneasy. However they appeared while we were having our evening meal at the coffee-house, having driven up from Csorba station. They had had a long walk, gone about two hours in the direction of Pod Banskó, then turned off and made their way across the plain to Csorba station. We now went to enquire for our bill, which was most moderate, 43 gulden, neither stove nor candles charged for at all. A great excitement the last two days has been the arrival of M. Sanet Ivany, the owner of the place, with a large party. He is married to the sister of the landlords, the two brothers Klineo, she is here with him and their son, a fat boy about 12, and several men, one rather nice.

They dine at a table all together, and appear to have a fine time of it. Their villa is the one with a turret, next but one to ours. At first we thought it was a club.

FRIDAY, AUGUST 21ST. Left Csorba by the 10.10 train this morning. Very cold and gloomy; we were rather glad. Betty was very sorry to part with us; we gave her a five gulden note, and M. presented her with her black and white blouse, on which she had firmly set her mind. Poor M. did not at all want to part with it, but Betty was determined, wanted to buy it, kept offering four or five gulden. Csorba is certainly a delightful place, if it had not been so very cold, and must be very healthy, it is so very clean. It is perched on the edge of the precipice, overhanging the plain, and behind it are the lake and the mountains. It consists of nothing but eight or nine scattered villas, the restaurant, coffee-house, and baths. I dare say I have said this before. We had a fine view of Krivan going down in the train. We had just time leisurely to get our tickets, and have our luggage weighed, before the train for Lipto Huvar came up. Quite another name was on our tickets, but they said it was all right. Lipto Huvar was on the luggage ticket, so we felt safe. It is a very pretty line, wood and meadow. We arrived in about an hour; a very nice-looking man met us, the landlord of Hotel

Brüll. We walked there ; it was about half a mile. The hotel is a long, low, white building, a large sort of hall, in which there was a table covered with shredded mushrooms. We were shown one most palatial two-bedded room full of handsome furniture—walnut wardrobe, marble washstand, sofas, arm chairs, &c. About the other there was some difficulty. There were three similar rooms, but two ladies from Raab had the middle one, and it was thought very desirable that they should change to the outside one, that we might be all together, so we were asked to wait till they came in, and in the meantime all our luggage was put into the first room. A very nice landlady, the mother of the man who had met us at the station, now prepared us an excellent meal—soup, meat, and shredded mushrooms, and a pudding. Afterwards we turned out for a stroll ; it was now quite hot, a great change from the weather we have experienced lately. Hills all round, and two rushing rivers, the Bela and the Waage, which join near here. We walked by the station, past a chapel on a rock to a castle, and crossed a bridge over the Bela, which here has a broad, strong bed, not nearly full. A village called St. Peter was just beyond, but we did not go there. We came back and sat under some lime-trees till it was rather cooler, then mounted a hill and had a lovely view of Lipto and the plain and mountains all round. First we had looked at the castle,

but there was not much to see. The very picturesque shrine was perched on a rock in the river. By the river there was the statue of a saint, we could not make out who, not St. John Nepomuck for he was in armour, not Florian, for he had no watering-pot. We sat again in a field, high up, a delightful path crossing it, and did our accounts. We returned to the hotel by a different route, through a boulevard past the church and some pretty houses with nice gardens, then looked in at a saw-mill, and walked a little way by the river side among masses of wood, piled up ready for exportation. It is floated down the Waag to the Danube, to Comorn, on that river. Just opposite the hotel is a shop which is also the post office. A stream runs between, crossed by several wooden bridges, quantities of ducks and geese paddling about. The ladies from Raab had not returned, and we still had not got our second room, which put us all rather in despair. However, we had our evening meal (our dining-room was a passage close to the front door), all appliances very nice. M. had tea concocted by the landlady—lemon, rum, and tea. It was really delicious: I tasted it. The rest of us had ordinary tea. The landlord went in search of the ladies, who were spending the evening with some friends. He returned with them and a troupe of friends, all in the highest spirits, and they did not make the slightest difficulty about changing their room. We were now soon settled, and finished the

evening in great luxury, all playing patience in H. and P.'s room, on a large table with a cloth, and a lamp and several candles—very different from the meagre appliances of Csorba See. The walls of all the rooms were covered with pictures, mainly engravings; the landlady said they belonged to her eldest son, an engineer with a great taste for art.

SATURDAY, AUGUST 22ND. I had meditated an excursion up a mountain called Openbic, which sounded very tempting, but no one seemed to take to take to the idea; so about 10.30 we started on a stroll, taking some provisions with us. It was a lovely day—quite hot. We started in the direction of the hills, away from the station, crossed a bridge, and mounted a steep but short path which brought us to a lovely broad, green, natural alley—beautiful short grass, trees, and brushwood on each side. We followed this for some time, then turned to the left, up a not very well-defined path through the trees, to climb to the Kamm. We went very slowly, as it was really hot, and in process of time got to the top. Tatia was in clouds, of course, but there were lovely lower mountains all round. I wondered which was Djembir. We found some nice flowers—a lilac anemone and a dark blue gentian in a cluster, tapering to a point, which I do not remember ever having seen before; of course, they said it was quite common. We sat some time and ate our provisions, then

strolled along the Kamm, went down it and turned to the right, walking back along the valley, keeping close under the Kamm. We often sat down and read—we all had books—and slept a good deal. P. diverged as we were going down, and went quite to the bottom to drink from the stream. H. joined her; M. and I kept higher up. We all met at the end of the valley and had another long sit, then we crossed a little ridge, which brought us into quite a narrow gorge—a stream at the bottom. We followed this to the end, and it brought us into the open plain; but a broad rushing river, the Waag, was between us and the road, and no bridge. No path on our side in the direction of Lipto Huvar. In the other direction there was one, so P. said she would go and look for a bridge. It was now five o'clock. We sat for a long time and P. never appeared, so I set off along the path. We had seen a cart fording the river a little way off, and the idea had struck us it might take us across. I met P., who said she had gone miles and seen no bridge; so she turned back and we all went on to the cart, which was standing a little further on—the men had left it and gone up into the wood. We called tranticky, and at last a man and boy appeared. They could not speak German, but we tried to make them understand we wanted to be taken across. They objected very much, and signed we should get wet. We said we did not care, and thought they had consented. They

began turning the cart round and manipulated some chains. To our dismay the cart suddenly fell into two pieces, and they led off half, with the horses, up the mountain without taking any notice of us. We could not think what was to become of us. P. wanted to go back, but it was getting late, and it was manifest we could not climb over the mountain again before dark. I felt that I should cling to the remnant of the cart at all hazards. M. went up and found the men having a meal by a fire. She gathered that they did mean to take us eventually, so we sat and waited. In process of time they re-appeared, carrying masses of wood, put the cart together again and piled a good deal of wood upon it, though we begged them not to make it too heavy. We all scrambled in, sat on the wood, clung to the sides, and the boy drove us across. There were two branches of the river, with a piece between; the water never mounted higher than the horses' knees, so we could have waded if the worst had come to the worst. The boy then put us into the right road to Lipto Huvar, under some very fine trees, and we gave him a gulden, with which he was enchanted. We saw the junction of the Bela and the Waag, crossed a bridge, and came into the village round the corner by Rothschild's—the shop opposite our hotel. It was now past seven and nearly dark. A fowl had been cooking for us since Mittag (the landlady said.) We thought it would be dried to a cinder. It was ages

before we got our meal, and it was excellent—the chicken not in the least burnt, done with chipped mushrooms. We have discovered that our hosts are Jews, and I think they understand cooking. The son who met us at the station is a very spruce young man, and every evening goes out for a ride on a most lovely horse; it is quite young, he tells us, and he bought it from a cousin, a Gutsbesitzer. He also scoffs at his mother's tea, of which she is very proud. It consists of rum, citron, sugar, and "sehr wenig Thee." I thought I would start for the Djimbir next day, and meet the others at Poprad. He said he could easily find a guide, but when he discovered that I was going alone, he burst into such objurgations that it would be quite impossible, such a thing was never heard of, that I gave up the idea. We really know nothing about this part of the country, and I did not want to be robbed and murdered; and, as everything is new, we may as well keep together. A thunderstorm and pouring rain later on, made me more resigned. We never hear or see anything of the ladies from Raab in the next room, though the landlord says they are most "lustig" and are always singing.

SUNDAY, AUGUST 23RD. A very gloomy morning. Our train to Poprad went at 1.30. About 11 we all went to the church; it was very empty, very different to Zakopane; but we saw some Sclavonian costumes.

There was a Litany directly after the Mass; we left before it was quite over. H. and P. started for a walk. M. and I returned to the hotel, only diverging to look at the entrance to the valley down which M. considers we ought to have come yesterday, and in which there is quite a broad road. The mystery can never be explained, but it is quite evident we cannot have passed the entrance to a valley with a broad road without seeing it, when we were walking all the time along an unbroken ridge. We returned to the hotel, and were just starting for the station—the luggage on two trucks, each dragged by a bare-footed girl belonging to the hotel—when H. and P. arrived, delighted with their walk. About an hour-and-a-half's journey to Poprad, we passed the familiar Csorba Station, but the mist was too dense to see Csorba See, or any mountains. We passed Lucsivna Bad. At Poprad there was an omnibus belonging to the Husz Pack Hotel, which turned out to be a collection of villas with restaurant and coffee-house, on the principle of Schmecks and Csorba. We got very nice rooms in a villa called Wien, with two large balconies with chairs; and then repaired to the coffee-house, which was fortunately close to, as it was still pouring, and had coffee—most excellent. We wrote journals in our balcony till dark; the good-natured chambermaid brought us a table of her own accord. We ordered a carriage at the Kanzlei to take us to the ice cavern to-morrow.

MONDAY, AUGUST 24TH. We were up at six, and soon after seven started in a very nice carriage, with two white horses, for the Eishöhle, P. on the box. It was very gloomy, and intensely cold. We turned to the right at once, and soon got beyond Poprad, and the country began to be lovely—woods and rocks on each side, sometimes close to the road, sometimes lovely green glades and fields in between. Soon we passed a new collection of villas being built, then a village called Granicz, where there were a great many gipsies. In about two hours we came to another village, where the driver said the horses must halt for half-an-hour. We were all very glad to get out—we were frozen. There was a very decent inn, where we had coffee and eggs, and warmed at the kitchen fire. Several parties had started before us, and all were halting and refreshing. We walked on a little, but the road was so muddy with the rain the day before, it was not very pleasant. When the carriage picked us up I had a turn on the box. The driver was quite disposed to be conversational, but spoke with such a thick Slavonian accent I could hardly make out what he said. The road now mounted a steep hill called the Poprova Sattel. At the top was a monument to a Prince of Coburg—the inscription was in Hungarian, so of course we could make nothing of it. The descent was in large zigzags, and rounded a beautiful valley full of wood; and very soon after we arrived at the Hotel of the

Eishöhle—quite a civilised spot, all by itself in the wilds. We at once started for the Eishöhle—an excellent path, a few villas dispersed about. The path was undulating at first (we found quantities of strawberries), then it mounted pretty steeply through wood. In rather more than half-an-hour we arrived at a sort of booth, a girl presiding. She said we were to wait to cool before we went into the cavern, also the guide was still in with a party. We were not at all hot, though we had kept on all our wraps. We had each to pay two gulden for tickets—which was rather a shock. The guide soon appeared, and wanted to take us in at once, leaving several people who had come in since we had, and who, he said, must cool. We thought it a great mistake, as we were sure he would hurry us through to come back for them. The cave is only shown till two, and it was then past 12. He said, as we liked, and left us at the door of the cavern where we had gone, down two flights of wooden steps. We waited such ages we were disposed to think we had better not have interfered with their arrangements. However, they all came at last, a few more having accumulated, and it decidedly was much better to have waited, as we now explored the cavern most thoroughly, and it is certainly most extraordinary. Perfect sheets of ice sloping in great masses; a wooden pathway with a balustrade was arranged all the way, but we often walked on the ice itself (the guide said it was 60

metres thick). There were massive pillars at intervals, all in beautiful transparent flakes when you examined them closely. One large hall of ice followed another—the first was called the Grabstein (there were some lumps of ice like gravestones), another was “the organ” (the ice hung in festoons like the pipes of an organ). It has never been explained how this immense accumulation of ice comes here, for there are no glaciers in these mountains; it was only discovered in 1870, by somebody out hunting. At last we went down quantities of flights of steps—the whole depth of the ice, 60 metres (about 200 feet)—and finished off in a little round chamber of green ice—the furthest point to which it has been explored; but they do not know how much further it may extend. Everybody threw a card into the little green chamber, or pinned it on the wall; we had no cards, but M. had an envelope on which she wrote all our names and fastened it on the wall of ice. We returned a different way to the opening—the Grabstein Hall—and passed a quantity of meat put to keep, among it a poor little deer, looking as if it was asleep. At one place they have to draw off the water, or the ice would increase so rapidly as to choke up the passages, and it has risen everywhere above the wooden pathway. We are all delighted to have seen this wonderful cavern—there can be nothing like it anywhere. It was illuminated all through with electric lights, and the walls were

all glittering with crystals. We must have been quite an hour going through it. We now returned to the hotel, where we found a most excellent table d'hôte luncheon going on, which we enjoyed thoroughly. A girl was playing on the zither all the time. We started on our return drive at three o'clock, and were back soon after six. The horses had again a rest of half-an-hour at Vunar, and we all walked on. The latter part of the drive it was bitterly cold. We all went to the coffee-house for coffee as soon as we got in, and it was very good and hot. Very cold in our rooms. The carriage was eight gulden.

TUESDAY, AUGUST 25TH. A very fine morning. M. and P. got up early to see the view of the mountains from the road in front of the hotel. I had not resolution. They had clouded over before I came down, but still I had some glimpses of the Gerlsdorfer and the Lomnitz with snow on them, and also saw Schmecks on the side, much lower down than one would have expected, also the Schöne Aussicht, the restaurant in the woods to which we had gone one day from Schmecks, was quite plain to be seen. We made a final attempt to get the director to change some money, but he caught eagerly at the idea that we could wait till Kaschau. It is most extraordinary how they dread English money, which, as a rule, people are so glad to get

hold of. We then went to the Museum, which is close to, and were there a long time. It is very interesting; there are all kinds of things of the country—animals, birds, insects, stones, wood, coins, and a herbarium of several volumes, through which M. and P. searched for some of their flowers, but could not find them. A map of Europe, as it was a thousand years ago, was very interesting. There was also a good deal of china made at different Hungarian towns. After the Museum we strolled about Poprad, which is a scattered town; there is a curious square tower close to the church. H. and I went to the post office and laid in a stock of stamps of different values for collections; there is one of three gulden. Our train to Kaschau did not go till 3.30, so we had plenty of time for luncheon and everything. All these railway journeys in Hungary it is most curious, the place we start from is clearly put on the ticket by its known name, but the place we are going to has always some extraordinary name not in the least like its proper one. I wish I had remembered to put down what Kaschau was called on the ticket. It was now quite hot, a great change from what we had undergone lately. We got settled in a very comfortable second class carriage by ourselves, but about half way, at Krompach I think, we were invaded by two females, one elderly and one middle-aged, who never ceased talking for one minute. They did not disturb me much for I slept a good deal, but towards

the end the middle-aged one attacked me about some springs near Kaschau, which we ought on no account to miss seeing, and went on till I was quite giddy. The line was very pretty, but I confess I did not see much of it. When we got out at Kaschau the female still went on explaining to P. that Schalk Hay was a very good hotel, that we could get rooms there on the first, second, or third floor, that there was a restaurant, and that we could get anything to eat, as if no one knew what a hotel was. It was past eight and dark when we arrived; there was an omnibus and everything civilized. Schalk Hay is a delightful hotel in a large open square. We got two palatial rooms on the first floor, beautifully furnished, and a balcony. We had tea in a quadrangle open to the sky, full of little tables; there were several officers dining; it reminded us of Klagenfurt.

WEDNESDAY, AUGUST 26TH. Up rather late. Had hot water for the first time since Zakopane; it is unattainable in the villa régime. The cathedral is in the same street as our hotel. The others got a good deal beguiled by the shops. The markets were going on and there were quantities of peasants in Sclavonian costumes, the women with bright skirts, embroidered jackets, and a pink and white bag slung on their backs; their legs bare nearly to their knees. The men had quantities of silver buttons on their jackets, and M. was bent on getting some. At last

I left them and went on to the cathedral by myself. It has a high gable over one entrance, a tower with a sort of turret, and another with crockets, the roof all coloured tiles in patterns, like St. Stephen's, in Vienna. It is the oldest cathedral in Hungary. They are now restoring it and I had some difficulty in getting inside. A man told me no one was to be admitted till the 6th of September. I said I had come all the way from England to see it, and he at once let me in. It is a very small cathedral, but beautiful. The pillars are very high, and at the four corners connected by arches round a central pillar. A beautiful tall canopy (as they call it) near the high altar, it reminded me of the pyx at Nuremberg, "In the Church of Sainted Lawrence." The others arrived some little time after. The high altar is covered with paintings on wood by Wohlgemuth. "The Crucifixion" in the middle, "The Adoration of the Shepherds" and "The Assumption of the Virgin" on each side, and in the two wings small ones of the life of St. Elizabeth of Hungary, who figures everywhere; a statue of her with roses in her lap is outside one of the portals, above a figure of the Virgin. Between the columns, at one point, are four statues of Hungarian kings—Sigismund, Ladislaus, Emerick, and Stephen. Stephen, who is also a saint, figures on the altar-piece of a new altar presented by the chapter. The windows are all modern glass, but some are very good—figures of

saints with their names on them, some apostles, and some Hungarian saints. One window with St. Francis Borgia and St. Elizabeth of Hungary is in memory of the Emperor and Empress Francis Joseph and Elizabeth; rather strange, as they are still living. The pulpit is very handsome, with figures of the Greek and Latin fathers, the Evangelists, and Moses, and has also some very pretty pillars of green Pest marble; men were working at it. A very nice man told us the restorations were being carried on most carefully on the exact pattern of the old part. A carved hollow pillar, containing a staircase leading to the roof, is near one of the doors, but we were not allowed to go up. There are two very handsome portals, and some interesting bas-reliefs. The little church of St. Michael's is close to, a very interesting tower, a peculiar shape, not very high. There is a bas-relief of St. Michael weighing souls in scales. We had very good ices at a confectioner's, a very nice woman, who sent away some men who were smoking. Then we got into a tram and went to its furthest point, a good way beyond the town. Then we got out and walked to Banko through the Czecmetz valley, a walk which Baedeker recommends. We had expected a path and were disappointed to find a high road, and were distracted by doubts whether it was the right road. There was no one to tell us, and no sign-post. However, it was a very pretty road, mostly shady, a

wooded hill to our left. We trudged along in the heat, and in a little more than half-an-hour the villas of Banko appeared—a bath on the usual pattern, villas scattered about, and a restaurant. We had tea, and to our joy were able to get a carriage to take us back to Kaschau. We were deposited in the public gardens, crossing a bridge over the Hernad, a very miserable-looking river. A band was going to play later on. We strolled back to the streets and shopped, then we went back to the gardens and sat listening to the band till dark. P. left us to explore by herself. Our rooms look out on the street, and a fearful noise went on all last night.

THURSDAY, AUGUST 27TH. We fixed to leave by the express train for Buda-Pesth at four, so we had quite a day. After some delay we all started on a drive. We crossed the river; it is quite broad and very pretty; what we saw yesterday was only a branch, or canal. Some boys were bathing. We drove some way along the banks, quite into the country, then had to turn back as there was no bridge, passed the village of Ischandraw, back into tram road through the town; altogether we were away about two hours. We had ices at the same place where we had them yesterday, and sat in some gardens reading till nearly two. Back to hotel very hot. We had tea in the quadrangle, and got off in the omnibus for the four o'clock train. Again there

were incomprehensible names on our tickets. I copied them but cannot find them. Two females were already in "dames seules," so P. and I migrated into another carriage; there was only one man in it at first, but a lot of people got in who looked like beggars (it was second-class), but they appeared to belong to quite a respectable man, who greeted the first man as a friend. We talked to one who could speak French; he had been up all the Carpathians. He explained to us the mystery of the tickets; they are all for particular zones, so we could always go a great deal further with them than we did go, and we always pay a gulden for our luggage, however far it is, and the same if it is only one station. If we had gone straight from Csorba See to Buda Pesth we should have paid one gulden each; as it is, stopping at Lipto Ujvar, Poprad, and Kaschau we have paid four; however, it is well worth it. We had an excellent dinner in the train. We arrived at Buda Pesth about ten, packed into two carriages, and drove miles through very wide streets, past myriads of trams, to the Hungaria, where we had written for rooms. It was a great blow to hear they were full, but they directed us to the Bristol, close to, where we were received with rapture and shown two palatial rooms on the first floor, the price inordinate, four gulden each of us, but we did not care. We had tea sitting outside on the quay. The Bristol is the only hotel except the Hungaria on the Franz

Josef quay, where no carriages pass. Our rooms, unfortunately, look on the street. The Danube, of course, is on the other side, my first proper view of it, except that I think we crossed it in the train to Cracow.

FRIDAY, AUGUST 28TH. Breakfast outside on the quay. We are in Pesth; Buda is opposite—the Blocksberg, with the fortress and the Royal Palace, are the most striking points of the view. Buda is mostly old; Pesth was only a little village till quite lately. Since Hungary was made into a separate kingdom it has developed into an enormous town, with the very widest streets I ever saw, and splendid public buildings. They are now celebrating the millennium of Hungary beginning to be a nation, the first Magyars coming from Tartary with Arpad (the Huns with Attila do not seem to have made any impression—why, I do not know). They are having a National Exhibition, which everyone is crowding to see. After breakfast we started for the Exhibition in a tram, which took us up to the gate. A great part of the way was along the Andrassy Strasse—a splendid wide street, and the only one of which I was ever able to learn the name, as they are all Hungarian and unpronounceable. A large piece of water and some very picturesque buildings were the first objects to meet our eyes. A guide pounced upon us, and we thought it better to engage him for

a time. The buildings were the model of the Royal Palace, or Burg, at Buda as it used to be. It was destroyed by the insurgents in 1848. The guide took us through numberless rooms full of ancient relics and ancient and modern portraits—among others those of Kossuth and 13 Hungarians who were executed after the rebellion of 1848. We saw the Cross of Mattheas Corvinus, encrusted with precious stones, with several manuscripts which the Turks carried off from Buda (they possessed them for nearly 200 years). The Sultan has lent them, and a sword which the Russians had taken belonging to Prince Rakoczky. The Czar has now given it back to the Hungarians—to their great delight. The Esterhazys and other nobles have lent quantities of splendid pieces of plate and other treasures and curiosities. We then saw the church, the model of the oldest church in Hungary; and went on to some other buildings, Croatian manufactories, china. etc. There are 200 buildings, so it is manifestly impossible to see all. We then dismissed our guide, had luncheon at one of the numerous restaurants, and wandered about on our own account. We went to the Croatian part again (there were most beautiful embroideries), the Hungarian village, models of cottages and farms, with groups of figures in each. We sat about a good deal, and then went in the tram from one end of the grounds to the other. By this time it was quite evening, and we went outside and found our

way in the dark to old Buda—a model of Buda as it was in the time of the Turks, with mosques and other Turkish buildings. Singing and dancing were going on at various places. We sat down at two or three cafés, and I always immolated myself—I had soup at one place, and very sweet champagne at another. I went into a panorama of the Burg at Buda, as it was in the time of the Turks; it was very effective, Turks going about and leaning over the battlements. I gave such a good report that M. and H. were tempted and went in; P. was obdurate. After a little more wandering up and down old Buda, or Alt Ofen, we came out and took a carriage back to the hotel and had a comfortable tea, sitting outside on the quay.

SATURDAY, AUGUST 29TH. Steamer to old Buda. We passed through the fruit market to get to it. We tried in vain to find the bath where all the people bathe together, of which we have heard a great deal, and which M. saw on one of her visits but never has been able to find since. There were beautiful carpet-beds in front of these baths; there are also beautiful ones at the Exhibition. I do not care for carpet-bedding as a rule, but these are beautiful—so full and soft and varied, and they suit their surroundings. We found a tram, and were landed at the nearest point to the Church of St. Mattheas Corvinus. We had to mount quantities of

steps, and it was very hot. The church has a tall, crooked spire, conspicuous from everywhere; on one of the gables is a crow, in memory of Corvinus; and one of the chapels has the wall all over crows. The inside has all been restored, and is a mass of gorgeous colouring, rather gaudy. Some good memorial windows, and some interesting frescoes in the porch—one of the expulsion of Adam and Eve. Luncheon, much needed, at the restaurant; sat outside, then wandered on to the Burg (the Royal Palace). It is in a large square; palaces of Ministers all round; monuments to soldiers killed in the rebellion of 1848. We could not go through the Palace—it is not shown till after mid-day. I was rather glad. We were allowed to go through the gardens—terraces sloping down to the river; a fine view of Pesth at the opposite side. There is a funicular railway through them. We went down to the street and took a carriage to the Blocksberg. The fortress is at the top. We walked about on the hill and found some flowers (everlastings and yellow linaria) and some shells, but none good enough to bring home. Another fine view down the river; near it is a model of Constantinople (part of the Exhibition) and a new suspension bridge. We walked down, taking some short cuts. We went into an old bath, full of people, but still not the one we wanted to see. We crossed the river in the steamer, and then went to Kruger's, the principal confectioner, in a square near the hotel,

and had tea; very good. Then we had a carriage and drove all about. We had a very nice driver, who showed us everything—the new Houses of Parliament, splendid buildings (they managed to finish and have them opened this year, but they have not been used yet); also the Law Courts, and other public buildings. Then we found ourselves near the entrance to the Exhibition where Munkacsy's new picture, "Ecce Homo," is being exhibited. It is a splendid picture—more than 70 figures, their different expressions wonderful; but I did not care for either of the two principal figures, our Lord and Pilate. It was quite dark when we got back to the hotel. M. and I dined at the Hungaria. A gipsy band was playing all the time; we did not think it equal to the one at Schmecks. Back to the Bristol, and sat a little in the reading-room.

SUNDAY, AUGUST 30TH. We had heard there was service at the Hungaria, but there was none. The landlord of the Bristol, a very nice man, told us he had been manager of the Hungaria for nine years. He had started the Bristol last year, and thought it would answer. We had no band at dinner, as many people prefer not to have music (thought of F.M.H.) We went by the underground railway to the Exhibition; we went first to the Thiergarten, which adjoins. There were some good animals—lions, two couple, Prince and Mary (I forget the names of the

others); also bears, a black panther, etc. Then we went into the Exhibition; declined a guide. Went first to the Fisheries and then to the War Department, on the other side of the piece of water to the ancient buildings. There were most interesting models of everything, life-size—artillery waggons with six horses and drivers, soldiers of all the different regiments, samples of all the soldiers' food and ways of packing it, bicycles with the guns fastened on in different ways, dogs with jackets, and cages full of pigeons. Heaps of other things most interesting. The naval department we did not care about so much. Then we went in a tram the whole length of the buildings. All have their names only in Hungarian, which is very stupid, as one has to look inside to know what they are, which takes time. They are obliged to pocket their pride and put "Ne touchez pas" on exhibits which they do not want meddled with, as no one would heed an injunction only in Hungarian. We saw a collection of Prince Zichy's in one of the houses in the Hungarian model village, of objects he had brought himself from Tartary, the ancient home of the Hungarians—their language still retains some likeness. Among other things there was a Tartar tent and some life-size models of figures. We had some coffee at a restaurant, and then wandered into a place with china—some very pretty things. I lost sight of the others, and wandered all over the building, looking

at different manufactures ; then I went out and found some prettily laid-out gardens and a large fountain ; and then, despairing of seeing the others again, and finding I was close to the entrance, I went out, took a carriage, and asked to be driven to the Margit Insel. I thought a bridge led to it. He deposited me at the end of a long bridge, and I found one had to go by a steamer from the other side. I toiled across—it was very hot—and regretted very much I had not got into an electric tram, but could not make one stop. It was miles across the bridge, and then a good way to walk across very rough ground to the landing-place of the steamer ; waited ages for one, but at last got across to Margit, (The proper way would have been to go straight by a steamer from the other side near our hotel.) I walked across the island, by pretty lawns and trees, to a restaurant with a band playing. I had some coffee, explored a little more, then went back to the steamer. I had again to wait a long time, with crowds of people, and it began to pour ; there was fortunately a shed. At last the steamer came ; the dripping crowd huddled together. I got out, thankful to escape, at the first landing-place on the Pesth side, and took a cab back to the hotel. I found M. in the reading-room—they had stopped to buy a tea-pot in the china part, and so missed me. They had thought I might go to Margit Insel, and thought of following me, but just missed a steamer ; and then the rain came on, so

they gave it up. M. and I went to the Hungaria for dinner in pouring rain—we sat close to the band ; the others stayed at the Bristol.

MONDAY, AUGUST 31ST. Our last day at Buda Pesth. We shopped and pottered about for some time, and then I took a carriage and drove to the Museum, a very fine building in the Franz Josef Square which I wanted to see. I went into the picture gallery ; the greater part of the pictures were bought *en masse* from the Prince Esterhazy. No doubt it is a very fine collection, but I could not give my mind to it ; there seemed to be some very good Dutch pictures. Coming out I could not remember where I had left my umbrella, and I wandered for ages up and down staircases and along passages, and no one could tell me where the place was where umbrellas were left. At last I found it and escaped, and walked back along the quay, bordered all the way by very handsome buildings. The others had been to Margit Insel and had sulphur baths. I had quite enough of Margit yesterday. We got off to the Danube steamer for Vienna at 5.30 ; it lay just opposite the hotel, due to start at six. It was pouring—very provoking, we should have liked a good parting view of Buda Pesth. We secured berths in the ladies' cabin, and stayed on deck in spite of the rain till we had passed Margit Insel, then we went below. There was a comfortable saloon

with tables for dinner, and a little ladies' saloon at the end. We sat in the latter till it was time for dinner, had a very good meal, then returned to the ladies' saloon and P. and I played Patience. A lady and her daughter who were going to Presburg (and who we found meant to stay in the saloon all night), looked on with great interest. No doubt they were very thankful when we retired to our berths, where we partially undressed and were really very comfortable.

TUESDAY, SEPTEMBER 1ST. I was roused by M. at 5.30; heard it was quite fine. I dressed and went on deck. It was raining but soon cleared, and we sat on deck. It was most interesting seeing the immense stretches of river, generally marshy banks. There was hardly any traffic; I was astonished; I thought quantities of rafts were always going up and down the Danube. No habitations to be seen except at the few stopping places, and no beauty of scenery, so wild and lonely. In two or three places there were quantities of water mills, about twenty together. At ten o'clock we stopped at Presburg, very picturesque, with a ruined castle standing high in the middle. The only other place with any beauty of scenery is Theben, where is the boundary between Hungary and Austria. The river here becomes quite narrow, and there are two castles, or towers, perched on points of rock. Gran, which I believe

is very picturesque, we had passed in the night, also Komorn, where the Waag flows in, and which we should have liked to have seen from our recollection of Lipto Ugiac. There are some very large islands as you approach Vienna, and quite near is Lobau, where the battles of Aspern and Wagram were fought; we forgot to identify it in time. We had hoped to get on to Prague that evening, but were too late, so we had to stop at the Metropole. We arrived about four, and were a long time accumulating our luggage. M. and H. drove and P. and I walked, thinking it was quite close, and it was really a good way. We were laden with wraps and were rather hot. We got very nice rooms and had some tea.

WEDNESDAY, SEPTEMBER 2ND. Train to Prague at 8.15. Hard work getting off in time. Very comfortable carriage all to ourselves. It was about six hours journey. The valley of the Zittawa is very pretty, and Brunn a very fine town, with the fortress of Spielberg on a high hill, redolent with memories of Baron Trenck and Silvio Pellico. We went, at Prague, to the Hotel de Saxe, a nice old-fashioned hotel, got two rooms on the first floor, very good, only rather dark. We had tea and then went out for a stroll; the porter had previously insisted on our taking tickets for a Czech opera that evening. We wandered about the streets, and at last found

ourselves at the bridge with the statues, St. John Nepomuk with five others round him. We drove back as it was getting late, dressed in the best we had, and walked to the Volks Theatre, a very imposing building with statues all round the roof on a balustrade, like the Lateran. We had a box and were very comfortable. The opera was called "A Night in May." I never gleaned the slightest idea of the story, but there was very pretty scenery and lively music, and it was also interesting looking at the audience. It rained as we came out, but we were lucky enough to get into a tram which deposited us close to our hotel.

THURSDAY, SEPTEMBER 3RD. We were rather late in getting out. We took a carriage at once and drove straight to the Jews' cemetery. We went all over it; interesting old tombs, marked with the emblems of the tribes and of different families, a pitcher for the tribe of Levi. Then we saw the old and new synagogues, and drove on to the Hradschin. We went over St. George's, the oldest church in Bohemia, and the cathedral, St. Peit, which they are restoring and building new towers. The most interesting objects are the shrine of St. John Nepomuck, and the sarcophagus in which his body is enclosed, all of solid silver, and a massive door with a large handle like a huge ring, to which St. Wenceslaus clung when murdered by his brother.

This was brought from some other place where the murder happened. Then we were shown a room belonging to a "Stift," a sort of institution, with portraits of Maria Theresa, Marie Antoinette, and some others, and a fine view over Prague. We now expected to see the Burg, and the place where the councillors were thrown out of the window, at the beginning of the Thirty Years war, but heard it was too late, so fixed to come again next day. We walked down the hill and tried to find the station of a funicular railway which goes up to an Eiffel Tower on the St. Lorenz Berg—a very disfiguring and conspicuous object. We could not find the station, and found we were walking up the hill, which was not very formidable. There was a lift up the Tower, and M. would only go to the first story, with the idea she would be giddy. We went on, and, as it turned out, the place where she stopped was an open balcony, while the top was enclosed by glass. The names of the principal towns in Europe are on the upper part, to show in which direction they are. We had a very extensive view of Prague and all the country round; a very nice woman explained the localities to us—Ziska's Hill, the White Mountain, etc. I spied a ladder and scrambled up it, and found I could put my head through a hole in the roof and look all round. I soon heard shrieks from below, and, coming down, found the poor woman in agonies of terror—she never thought "eine so alte

Dame" would do such a thing. Went down, picked up M. and had some luncheon at a restaurant at the bottom, then we found the station and went down in the funicular, which went through some very pretty gardens. We crossed the bridge, examined the statues, and then walked along the river to the Schuly Insel and afterwards to the Sophien Insel—bridges to both. We expected music, but there was none going on. We passed a fine equestrian statue of the Emperor Francis; some very good carpet-beds near it. Then I went to the station to enquire after my opera glass, which I left in the train coming from Vienna. It had been found, but had not been sent yet; it would be sure to come that evening. I had never expected to see it again. I returned to the hotel and there found a card giving such a bad account of Floss I felt I could not be comfortable to keep away any longer. I had already had one card that morning about him. I enquired and found there was a train at six next morning. The others came in and I told them, and they were very sorry, but did not try to dissuade me—they could quite understand. We had meant to stay a few days at Berlin on our way home, and they will keep to that plan. We had a melancholy evening; and as I had to start so early I did not go to bed, but sat playing Patience by the very dim electric light, packing at intervals. I laid down for an hour or two outside the bed.

FRIDAY, SEPTEMBER 4TH. I got off by the train at six. Dear M. went with me to the station, and meant to enquire about the opera-glass after I had started (I got it eventually). I said good-bye to P. in bed, and looked at H. sound asleep, but did not wake her. The line to Dresden is very pretty, first by the Moldau then by the Elbe, through the part called Saxon Switzerland. At Dresden I had nearly an hour to wait, and changed carriages. I sent a telegram to F. and was so long getting it done, having to change money first, the officials so tiresome, bandying me about from place to place, and then seeming not to understand the very simple telegram, that I had hardly time to swallow a cup of coffee. I had meant to have a comfortable breakfast, as I had hardly anything before starting. The coffee was most uninviting, in a cup nearly full, and cold milk with it. The journey after this was most dreary, past, I think, Leipsic and Magdeburg. Towards one o'clock I began to be very hungry, but they never stopped anywhere long enough to get out for anything, and there was nothing in the train. It was actually 5.30 before I had time to rush to a buffet and get a sandwich and a Wurst; it was at Hildesheim, I think. We got to Hanover at 6.30, and there to my amazement I was told I had to wait till two in the morning. It was too trying. Of course I could now have had a proper meal, but I was not ready for it. I had another uninviting cup

of coffee and then went outside, found a carriage, and drove all round the town. Very dull but clean, and handsome streets, a fine park, and the Royal Palace with a moat round it; two rather picturesque old churches. I drove for nearly two hours, then it was dark, so I returned to the station and prepared to wait nearly six hours. Fortunately I had plenty of light literature, and I dozed a good deal; there was a tolerable sofa.

SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 5TH. The train was very punctual, and I was thankful to find myself housed in it; it came from Berlin, I think. I do not know what route we went. I sat in the middle, so never could see or hear the name of a station. With difficulty I got coffee at one place soon after daylight. Flushing about twelve o'clock. A very nice steamer, and I was so famished that I actually risked luncheon—soup, beefsteak, and a glass of beer. Then I established myself, with the help of a very nice stewardess, on a comfortable chair, under cover, but close to a doorway, and to my amazement was perfectly comfortable. It was a lovely passage. Afterwards I found a very nice seat in an upper saloon, and the stewardess brought me afternoon tea, with excellent bread and butter; I had two cups. Queenborough about seven. They were very tiresome at the Custom House; opened my bag and took away "The Mighty Atom." Fortunately, I had read it.

I could have hidden it quite well if I had foreboded anything of the kind. Victoria about nine. Home at last, about 10.30. I dreaded asking about Floss. He was quite well. Too enchanted and relieved. Bath most refreshing. I had not had my clothes off since Thursday morning. Had my little darling to sleep with me.



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