

A
SUMMER'S
TOUR.



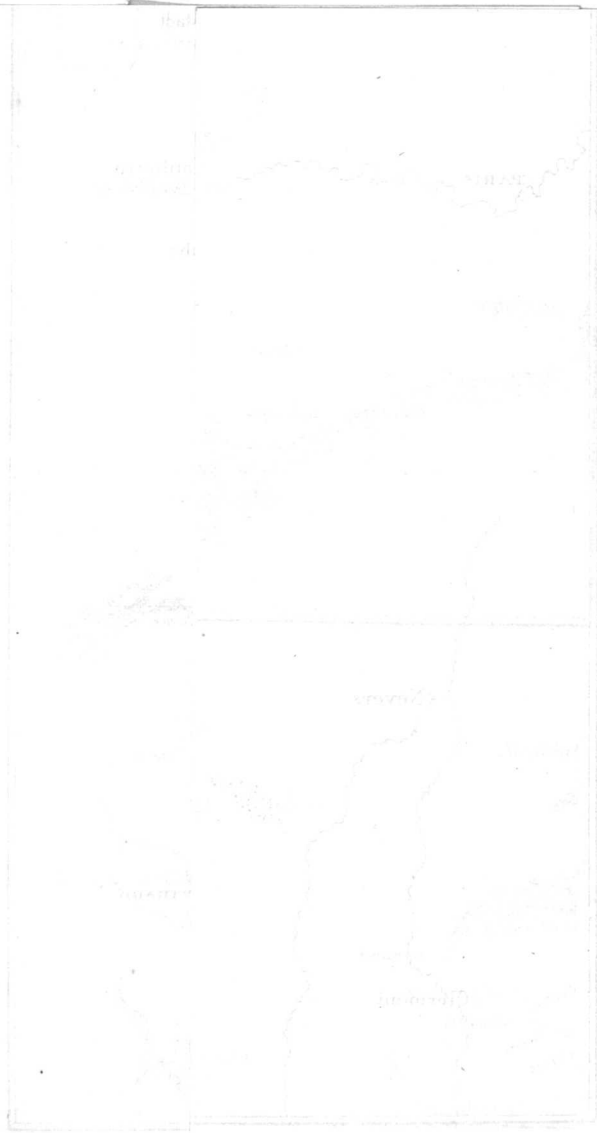
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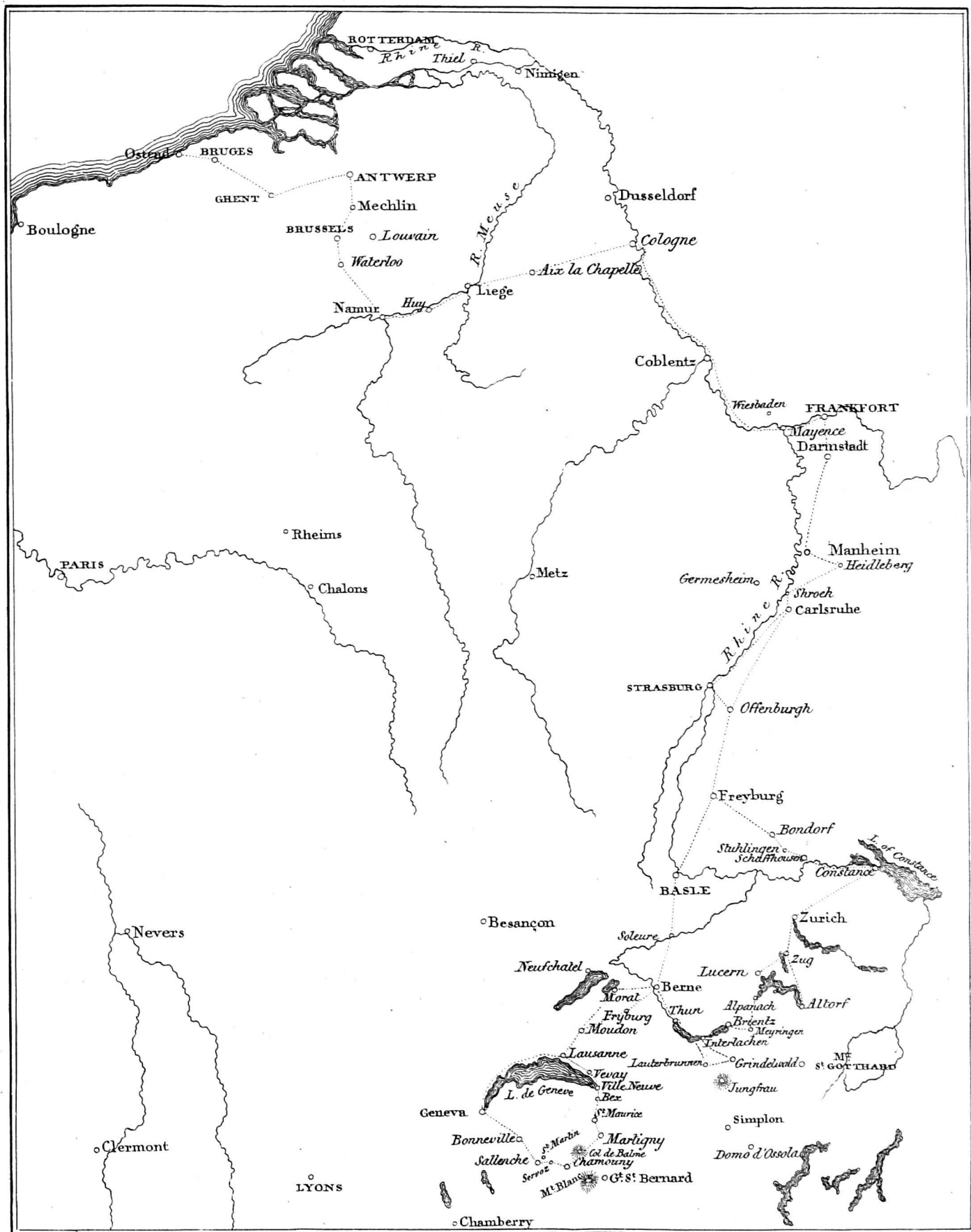
Mrs. Bateman

(= de Beer, p. 189)

T. (9)

h.c.





WHAT MAY BE DONE IN TWO MONTHS.

A

SUMMER'S TOUR,

THROUGH

BELGIUM,

UP THE RHINE,

AND TO THE

LAKES OF SWITZERLAND;

ALSO,

TO CHAMOUNY,

AND, OVER THE COL-DE-BALME,

TO MARTIGNY, &c.

WITH A TABLE OF ROUTES, DISTANCES, COURSE OF EXCHANGE,

FARES BY DILIGENCES, BOATS, &c.

LONDON:

CHAPMAN AND HALL, 186, STRAND.

1834.

RH 295



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PREFACE.

THE following Letters were addressed to a friend, while the author was making a very delightful little Tour, during last summer, to recruit his health. They possess no literary merit; and none is claimed for them: but it is hoped that the details which are given, respecting Diligences and Routes, will be found useful to travellers who may be under the necessity of economizing their time.

It has been much the practice, for those who visit Switzerland, to go by Paris and Geneva; and to return by the Rhine and Holland. The greater part of that route lies through the most dreary and uninteresting part of France; and a traveller sees little to reward him for taking so long a journey, till he gains the summit of the Jura Mountains. And, in descending the Rhine, the steam and current, acting together,

PREFACE.

carry the vessel through the water at such a hurried rate, that the splendid scenery of that noble river is passed without being seen. This is not the case in going *up* the river: the current then retards the progress of the boat; and there is time afforded the *voyageur* to enable him to enjoy the sight of the mountains, and vineyards, and ruins, on its beautiful banks.

From Rotterdam to Cologne the country is flat, and the passage tedious. Many parts of Belgium, on the contrary, are well worth visiting, particularly the Valley of the Meuse, which is picturesque in the highest degree.

It is therefore predicated, that, for one whose time is limited, but who is yet anxious to see as much as he can, the best route, and perhaps the best way of pursuing it, would be to follow, as near as may be, the footsteps of the author.

LONDON, *May*, 1834.

LETTER I.

Hôtel de Flandre, Ghent,
June 2, 1833.

MY DEAR B—,

YOU say that it is your intention to follow me to the continent; and desire, therefore, that I will give you every species of information, to guide you in your movements. It shall be so. But recollect, if I should be too minute in my details about routes and diligences, the fault will rest with you.

As soon as I was sufficiently recovered from the influenza; which, in my case, left behind a most extraordinary depression of spirits; agreeably to the advice of my medical friend, I procured two months' leave of absence: and having resolved to go up the

Rhine, set about preparing for the *voyage* in good earnest. I was furnished with a French passport, at the office in Poland-street, to proceed to France "*par Calais et le Rhine*": this was endorsed, "*Bon pour aller en Belgique par la frontière de France, ou par Ostende,*" by the Belgian Minister, who resides in Fitzroy-square. After this, I procured the signatures of the Austrian and Prussian Ministers, who live, the former in Chandos-street, and the latter in Great Cumberland-place. There was subsequently added the signature of the Sardinian Envoy, whose domicile is in South-street. No demand was made for fees, at either of the houses, by clerk or porter.

The next thing to be done was, to provide cash for the undertaking; and I went to Coutts's, where I was supplied with a sufficient number of their Twenty-pound circular notes, which are payable in every town of respectability throughout the whole

of the continent, without delay or hindrance, at the regular exchange of the day. The letter which accompanies the notes may be used as an introduction to any of the bankers named in it; and I think there are not less than a hundred.

Mr. Smart, in Princes-street, Leicester-square, gave me thirty Napoleons, for fifteen shillings and eleven pence each; and it is said that this coin passes as freely in every part of Europe as the sovereign does in England.

The Steam-packet on which I took my passage left her station off the Custom House at eight o'clock yesterday morning; and away she went, *fizzing* along, at the rate of nine knots an hour. She appeared to excite as much attention on board the sailing-vessels we passed on the river, as though steam had commenced its fight against wind and tide but yesterday; and it is said, that a thorough bred jack-tar looks upon such

unseemly craft, as that we were proceeding on, as little better than an *unnatural* and monstrous production ; and by no means to be embarked on, if a passage can, by any possibility, be procured on board a vessel which makes her voyage in the old and *natural* manner. As for the watermen in boats and wherries, they evidently looked at us with alarm, and rowed away as if they were scud- ding for their lives : their fear, in truth, was not altogether groundless ; for a small boat very narrowly escaped being swamped, close under our bows.

Not half enough has ever been said in praise of our *own* River Thames. There are many parts, notwithstanding the absence of mountains in its vicinity, which are exceedingly beautiful, particularly about Greenhithe, and Erith, the seat formerly of Lord Eardley : the river there is of very considerable breadth, and on a fine day the scene is magnificent beyond description.

Ships, almost numberless, from all countries under the sun, are to be seen, either at anchor waiting for the tide, or tacking and beating about the river in every direction.

We had upwards of a hundred passengers on board; and as provision had been made for less than half that number, we had a very indifferent breakfast, and a worse, more scanty, and ill-dressed dinner. It was served in a most slovenly manner; and the attendance was bad, to a degree one would scarcely have expected in an English steam-packet. By the evening, the stock of every kind was exhausted; and there was not so much even as a glass of fresh water to be had. The vessel leaving London at eight in the morning, insured our arrival at Ostend in the middle of the night: we had, however, a fine moon; and could distinctly see the low coast, along which we ran, for some time before we entered the harbour. The objects which most struck us were, the light-

house, the odd-looking, ill-shaped spire of the church, and a windmill which stands on the ramparts. The moment the vessel was moored, the hurry and bustle of the passengers getting on shore, the roaring of the sailors, and noise of men from the inns, beggars all description. I had agreed to land with, and accompany to their hotel, a Yorkshire gentleman and his family; and as we were all quite *novices*, we proceeded leisurely along; so that, by the time we reached the "Cour Imperiale," we had the *satisfaction* to find that every bed, in that as well as in every other hotel in the town, had been engaged by our more active fellow-passengers.

We were however permitted to join the supper party; and when that meal was discussed, Mr. Sherif placed half-a-dozen chairs together, upon which was put a mattress and a blanket; and no better accommodation for the night being procurable in the town, Mrs. and Miss Sherif took possession

of this camp-bed. I tried to repose on three chairs, at the other end of the room; but, finding it impossible to sleep, sallied forth at four o'clock in the morning, to see the town. I walked nearly all over it, and along the ramparts; and looked into the church, which is large, and ornamented much in the same taste and style as that at Boulogne. I saw a very handsome barge lying in the canal; and, on inquiry, found, to my surprise and delight, that it was the Bruges Packet, which would set out for that town in less than an hour, it being then nearly six o'clock.

We had been told, by persons who doubtless were Diligence-cads, that this boat was under repair, and would not ply for some days. In consequence of this information, which had been spread generally, our *active* fellow-passengers had secured all the places in the diligence, voitures, &c., as well as the beds; and I was puzzled as to the manner in which we were to proceed on our

journey. The moment, therefore, that I ascertained the canal-boat was preparing to set out, I hastened to the inn, roused the Sherifs, and called up the Commissioner to clear our baggage and recover our passports, which had been demanded from us on our landing. The Commissioner was a very obliging man, and set to work, without grumbling or growling at being called at that untimely hour; and, by half-past six, conducted us and our baggage safely on board the "*Elégante Messagère*." His charge I thought very moderate, considering the trouble he took; and without his assistance we must have been detained at least three hours. The whole amount of his bill was four francs and a half, which included the fee at the passport-office, payment to the porters for carrying portmanteau to and from the inn, the Comptroller of the Customs for permit, and his own wages.

Before I take leave of *inhospitable* Ostend,

I shall merely remark, that the town is large, and contains several good streets. The fortifications towards the sea are evidently strong, but on the land side quite the reverse. The country all round, as far as the eye could reach, is perfectly flat; and not the slightest rise visible, except the little sand-banks on the sea-shore. By the last census, the town is said to contain eight thousand inhabitants.

The "*Elégante Messagère*" deserved her name; for never was a cleaner or better fitted-up packet-boat: the little cabin, with its beautiful sofas, mirrors, and chairs, rivalled the nicest drawing-room: and breakfast was served in it with so much propriety and order, that the contrast it exhibited, to what we had witnessed and endured the day before, was most striking. The canal is broad, and was nearly full; so that we were above the banks: the boat was dragged by two horses; and we proceeded along at the

rate of four miles an hour. We reached Bruges in about three hours; and on paying our fare, were agreeably surprised to find it only two francs each person including breakfast: the distance about thirteen miles. We were landed a mile from the town, and found a diligence waiting the arrival of the barge, to carry the passengers to the Ghent packet.

As we were driven rapidly through Bruges, I have only to say of it, that it was considerably larger and handsomer than my preconceived notions of it led me to expect. It contains several good streets, a handsome square, and five or six churches. A Fleming, on board the packet from Ostend, informed me, that it has a good and cheap market; and that several English families live there, to economize; house-rent, in particular, being very low: a house containing fourteen or fifteen rooms, he said, could be had for 20*l.* a year.

As we approached Ghent, the country, though flat, still improved considerably in beauty, very fine avenues of lime-trees bordering the canal, and several large and handsome country-houses standing a short distance from it. My *friend* the Fleming was a very communicative old gentleman, and took great pains to point out every object he thought deserving of notice; telling us the names of the villages, and who occupied the country-seats. He was however occasionally himself ignorant on these points; but rather than confess it, he amused us much by saying, which he did several times in answer to a query, "That place has no name in particular!"

We landed at five o'clock in the afternoon: and after paying our fare, which, including dinner and servants, amounted to eight francs each, the distance being twenty-seven miles, we proceeded to the Hôtel de Flandre, where we procured very comfortable

apartments. After resting awhile, we set out, under the guidance of a *valet-de-place*, to see sights. We went first to the cathedral, which is dedicated to St. Bavon, and is a large and handsome edifice, the interior much resembling most of the Roman-catholic churches I have seen, though surpassing them all in size and cleanliness. The marble pulpit of most elaborate sculpture, and the monument of the Bishop of Trieste, were the objects I thought most deserving of notice. We next visited the Church of St. Michael, which is nearly as spacious as the cathedral, but more gloomy: we had, however, the gratification of there seeing Vandyke's celebrated picture of 'The Crucifixion.' The University next attracted our attention. This is a fine modern building, which has the appearance of being only just finished. The entrance-hall is spacious, and well lighted from the top: the staircase leading to the Gallery of the Theatre,

in which degrees are conferred and prizes given, is exceedingly handsome; and the Theatre itself, which is circular, is fitted-up in the most splendid manner. There are four hundred students attached to the University. It has Professors of Classical and General Literature, of Law, Medicine, and Mathematics. We afterwards visited a nunnery, said to be the largest in Belgium, and having accommodation for seven hundred nuns; several of whom we saw, but they were far from interesting-looking persons.

Our guide wished us to see the Botanical Garden, the Museum, the Public Library, &c.; but our time was too limited to admit of our so doing. What we did see of Ghent gave us an idea of its size and splendor, far surpassing what any of the party expected. It is seven miles in circumference, and contains a population of nearly eighty thousand souls.

My companions have long been in bed:

and as soon as I have brought my letter, which was commenced on board the steam-packet, to a conclusion, I shall follow their example.

I had nearly forgot to tell you, that, as far as weather was concerned, the passage, from London to Ostend was excellent; and the sea so smooth, that not a single person on board complained of sickness.

Yours truly,

G. T.

LETTER II.

*Hôtel St. Antoine,
Place Verte, Antwerp, June 3, 1833.*

MY DEAR B——,

I had heard Mr. Sherif say that his party intended to proceed direct to Brussels: so last night, when they were about to betake themselves to bed, I expressed my regret that our roads would now lie in different directions; as I was bent on going round by Antwerp, to see Rubens's picture of 'The Descent from the Cross;' and the citadel, which had lately made so much noise.

After some consultation with the ladies, Mr. Sherif said, that they had, it was true, made certain plans for the prosecution of their journey; but far from considering them as binding as the laws of the Medes

and Persians, they would change their route, and go with me by Antwerp; provided I would continue of their party as far up the Rhine as my ulterior objects would admit of. To this I most readily assented, and our arrangements were made accordingly. Mr. Sherif is a pleasant, intelligent gentleman, from Yorkshire; his wife, an agreeable, amiable woman, about forty; and their daughter, an interesting little girl of seventeen, fresh from school. They have all set out with the wise resolution to be pleased with every thing they see: and, as much of the comfort of a journey depends upon punctuality in rising in the morning, and having the baggage ready to be put on the carriage at the appointed time, the ladies have brought with them only two portmantaus, and encumbered themselves with neither cap- nor band-box; determining to purchase bonnets and caps in whatever town they happen to be, when those they now

wear are no longer fit for service. Would that all female travellers might be persuaded to do the same! I once had the misfortune to accompany an old lady, who had fifteen packages besides her foot-stool and lap-dog; and the worry and annoyance those said packages gave me I shall never forget! I had very little acquaintance with the old dame; but she very coolly shifted all the responsibility of looking after them from her own shoulders to mine: for at every place we stopped, she invariably said, "Be so good, Sir, to see if all my things are right." It at length became so intolerable, that at one town where we changed coaches, to avoid acting as the old lady's inspector-general, I took a long walk; and, on my return, found, to my great relief, that the coach had set off without me. What became of the old lady and her packages I never learnt.

Our luggage was packed in a minute; and

we left Ghent this morning, at seven o'clock, in a shower of rain, which laid the dust and cooled the air. Our horses were very good, much better than they usually are in France; and the harness too, with the exception of the rope-traces, was very respectable. The country is still a perfect flat, and the road in a straight line; not a particle of waste land to be seen, but all in the highest state of cultivation, and great promise of an abundant crop. We passed through several villages, and two towns of moderate size, Lokeren, and St. Nicholas. When we approached Antwerp, we made a *détour* to the right, the direct road having been destroyed when the Dutch cut the bank of the Scheldt to inundate the country, which still lies under water for miles and miles. We observed parties repairing the breach; but the number of workmen engaged appeared quite inadequate to the undertaking. On the arrival of our carriage at a small village on

the banks of the river, our laconic and unceremonious driver addressed to us the single word "*descendé!*" and pointed to a boat which was lying close by, in readiness to receive us. The boat carried us down the river about three miles; and we were landed on the Quay of Antwerp, at half-past two, which was full two hours later than we should have been if the direct road had been passable. We came immediately to this hotel, which is situated in the "Place Verte," and is spacious and clean; but the attendance bad, to a degree unknown in the commonest pot-house in England. After taking some refreshment, we sent for a valet-de-place; and went first to see the citadel, which lies to the south of the city, at a distance of about six hundred yards: the walls of the fortifications completely cover the buildings inside; and nothing is seen from the foot of the glacis, except the top of the ramparts and bastions, and a

house built over one of the gates, which during the late siege was completely riddled. We saw, as we went along, numerous signs of war and destruction: the arsenal and entrepôt, which stand at the point of Antwerp nearest the citadel, were completely battered down, and they now lie a heap of ruins. We visited the Church of St. James, which contains the tomb of Rubens, and his picture of himself and family, including father and grandfather: then St. Paul's, or the Church of the Dominicans, in the yard of which is an absurd representation of Mount Calvary, with Our Saviour crucified at the top; and again, his body lying in the cave below. The interior of the church is handsome and spacious, like all those I have yet seen in Belgium.

As much time as possible was devoted to the cathedral, which is a beautiful Gothic edifice, and has a noble spire four hundred

and fifty feet high. We here had the gratification to see the master-piece of Rubens, 'The Descent from the Cross,' which richly deserves the reputation it has acquired. With the altar-piece, by the same great master, I was disappointed: but if you ask me to explain how, or why, I should be puzzled; and should be under the necessity of evading a reply, by repeating the school-boy's rhyme—

"I do not like thee, Doctor Fell,
The reason why I cannot tell;
But, I don't like thee, Doctor Fell."

The picture I like best in Antwerp, after 'The Descent,' is a small one, by Vandyke, representing Christ Crucified, which is suspended in one of the side-aisles. The colouring, and the whole effect of this picture, appeared to me quite perfect.

The pulpits, of carved wood or sculptured stone, in all the churches here, are very curious.

There are several handsome streets in the town, particularly the "Place de Mer;" and a new street, which is to be named after Leopold, consists entirely of large and handsome houses.

The quay extends for nearly a mile along the bank of the Scheldt, which here is five hundred yards wide.

There are very few vessels, either in the river or the basin; and, as far as I am enabled to judge, I should say, that the good people of Antwerp would have little objection to allow Leopold and his French bride to retire to Claremont, if they could get back William and their trade. Much is said in England of the liberality of foreigners in admitting strangers to their museums, churches, &c. &c., without demanding fees; but the attendants at all such places abroad expect a *douceur*; and I should have found sight-seeing in this town a very expensive amusement, had I not been with a party;

and Mr. S. insists on my paying only a fourth share. The population of Antwerp has been much reduced of late, and does not now exceed forty, or five-and-forty thousand. The fare, by Diligence, from Ghent to this place, is five francs, including conductor and ferry-boat. The distance, thirty-three miles. Adieu!

Yours truly,

G. T.

LETTER III.

Hôtel de l'Europe, Brussels,
June 5, 1833.

MY DEAR B——,

If we had not been very anxious to get to the Rhine as speedily as possible, we should have come here from Antwerp by the Canal; but having resolved to advance by the shortest route, we set out by the Diligence at eight o'clock yesterday morning, and had a most delightful drive to this city. The road, for some miles after leaving Antwerp, resembled, in every particular, so exactly one in England, that we had little to remind us that we were travelling in Belgium, save the Diligences we met, and the dress of the women, who all wore the very becoming Flemish cap. The fields were all enclosed; trees adorned the way-side; and even the *pavé*

had almost settled into a macadamized road. The first village we passed through, of any note, was Waelham; near which took place the principal engagement between the Dutch and Belgians, and where Count Merode was wounded. Two or three houses, at the entrance into the village, are still covered with shot-marks; and neither the broken glass nor shattered frames of the windows have yet been repaired. We stopped just long enough at Mechlin to visit the cathedral; in which is the largest and probably the most curious pulpit, of carved wood, in Europe. The altar-piece is by Vandyke, and represents the Crucifixion. The tower is three hundred and fifty feet high; and has, on each of its four sides, at a considerable elevation, skeleton dials of brass, of such large dimensions, that the inhabitants of the villages far and wide can with ease see the hour of the day, as indicated by the cathedral-clock.

We passed through Vilvorde without stopping, except to change horses; crossed the bridge; and saw the House of Correction, with its hundreds of windows. On approaching Brussels, we perceived the country gradually beginning to lose somewhat of its flatness: there was a gentle rise on each side of the road; and on the sloping banks of the little hills are gentlemen's seats, or pretty villages with their white houses and handsome churches. The country all the way is cultivated like a garden. By the time we reached Laeken, near which the king's country palace is situated, I had ceased to wonder that Leopold should have abandoned England and his otium, to take upon him the sovereignty of this newly-formed kingdom.

Schoonberg, as the palace is called, stands upon a rising ground, to the right as you proceed towards Brussels, distant about three miles from that city. It is surrounded

by very fine plantations, and the walks and drives through the domain are very beautiful.

The road here, and for some distance, runs close by the canal, which was covered with boats filled with passengers, making the scene peculiarly animated.

For the first time since we left Ostend, we were required to produce our passports at the barrier, as we entered Brussels. We reached our hotel just in time to secure comfortable apartments; for during the afternoon the influx of strangers, chiefly English, was so great, that before night every room in the house was filled.

There are no less than four new-married pairs in the hotel; and Mons. Bonnay, our landlord, says that all the young couples from London make a point of passing their honey-moon in his house.

We had just time, before dinner, to visit the Gallery of Paintings of the Flemish School; and in the evening drove round

the Boulevards, through great part of the town, and to the "Allée-verte," which is the Hyde Park, or Bois de Boulogne, of Brussels. We had arranged to go to the theatre; but after our drive, we all agreed that bed would be infinitely more pleasant than witnessing the performance of *Masaniello*, which we had all seen over and over again in England.

This morning, immediately after breakfast, we put ourselves under the guidance of a valet-de-place, yclept Nicholas Vansommerrin; and went to the church of Nôtre Dame des Victoires, to see the remarkable carved work of the pulpit, representing St. Jerome in the Wilderness. At the Hôtel de Ville we were present during the time several couples went through the form of the civil contract of marriage, preparatory to their being united by their parish priest. The spire and market-square deserve attention.

L'Hospice des Vieillards, which is on somewhat of the same plan as that of the Invalids of Paris, but kept cleaner and in better order, next attracted our notice. There are now in it two hundred poor men, and three hundred women, who are entirely fed and clothed; and about fifty other persons of both sexes, who pay wholly, or in part, for their board. The latter have each a room to themselves: the others are accommodated in different wards. The cleanliness and order of the whole establishment excited our warmest admiration. The Botanical Garden contains several Banana-trees, one of which is in fruit; five or six different kinds of the Palmyra, one *L'arbe-de voyageur*; all in the most healthy condition.

We were then conducted to the Chambers of Peers and of Deputies, both of which are under the same roof, and fitted up in a style of considerable magnificence. We were not a little amused with the

painting of the Battle of Waterloo, which is suspended in one of the ante-rooms ; in which the most prominent figure is the Prince of Orange, represented as having just received his wound. It brought very forcibly to my recollection the fable of the picture representing the lion overpowered by a man. This painting of " Waterloo " is doubtless the work of a Dutch artist.

The palace of the Prince of Orange is fitted up on a most superb scale, and is a perfect show. The floors of the several apartments are all most beautifully inlaid ; and are so *inconveniently* polished, that were it not for the cloth slippers which are kept there in readiness for the use of visitors, it would be impossible to keep one's footing. We slid through ten rooms, furnished in a style of splendour unequalled : in one is a table of lapis-lazuli, of immense value ; and the walls of five others are entirely lined or cased with different sorts of marble. The

pillars of the ball-room are of the fine chunam of India, white and polished as Parian marble. Our conductor had no idea of the cost of the building and fitting-up of this most princely abode, but said he thought it could not be less than half a million sterling. I have no doubt it must have been much more. In the ball-room there are twelve candelabras, each of which cost eight hundred pounds. This palace was built, about six years ago, by the present Prince of Orange, out of his own private funds ; and is considered his property, and therefore has not been taken possession of by the new King. Leopold has crossed his path twice : first he carried off his intended bride ; here he holds from him the fairest portion of his inheritance.

We saw his Majesty of Belgium driving along the Boulevards yesterday, without any state : he had neither aides-de-camp nor guards, and was accompanied only by a single

out-rider. What a singular fate has been his—married in succession to the daughters of the Kings of England and of France; the one a Protestant, the other a Catholic! Had his first consort lived, he would have been now on the throne of England. He might have been in the seat of Otho of Greece. He is here the ruler, at present, of the destinies of Belgium; but how firmly established in his possessions, I will not venture to say: a something tells me that there are yet strange vicissitudes in store for him; the Hollander can never rest while the best part of his dominions is in the possession of another. Brussels contains several handsome streets, and many agreeable promenades. The little Park is well planted; and there are three shady avenues of the Witch Elm, which are much frequented by walkers.

Our hotel is situated in the "Place Royale;" and we have found it a very comfortable

abode. We have four very good apartments *en suite*, and the charges are moderate. We dined this day at the table d'hôte; and out of a party of fourteen, they were all English but one, and he was a Norwegian. On calling for our reckoning, just now, Mons. Bonnay expressed perfect amazement that we should be going so soon; saying, that it was impossible that we could have seen half that was deserving attention in Brussels; and, by way of proving his assertion, presented a little book, written by himself, called "*Six jours à Bruxelles**," which he declared was the shortest possible period a stranger *could* stay there. After making our *apologies* for the disagreeable necessity we were under of quitting him so soon, he retired, hoping that he should be fortunate enough to entertain us longer at another time. The valet-de place, Nicholas,

* Extracts from this book will be found in the Appendix.

is a very useful person, notwithstanding his extreme simplicity, which has frequently afforded us considerable amusement. Pray employ him when you come here: but if you should happen to have ladies in your party, warn him not to take you to the Fountain of the Mannikin, which he, poor simple soul! seems to think most worthy of seeing of all the curiosities in Brussels.

I hear that an English stage-coach, four-in-hand, has just commenced running between this town and Ghent. Adieu!

G. .T

LETTER IV.

Liege, June 7, 1833.

MY DEAR B——,

Yesterday morning, very soon after leaving Brussels, we entered the Forest of Soignies; through which our road lay for some miles; and almost immediately after emerging from its shades, we came to the village of Waterloo. On passing the garden of a cottage, our postillion pointed to a little monument, and said, “There lies buried the leg of one of your English Generals.”

We soon passed Mont St. Jean, and, arriving at La Haye Sainte, were on the very spot where occurred the most obstinate struggle of all, during the three glorious days of June 1815. We were presently in the middle of the field of Waterloo. On our right was the mound, crowned by the

Belgian Lion, erected by the Dutch to commemorate the victory: on our left lay the village in which the Prussians bivouacked. A little further on to the left, stands, close by the road side, the house named "La Belle Alliance," in the walls of which you may still see several cannon-balls. A few hundred yards before we reached this spot, we passed the monument erected to Sir Alexander Gordon, one of the aides-de-camp of the Duke of Wellington, who fell mortally wounded, on, I think, the last day of the action. Immediately opposite stands the pillar, erected to the German and Prussian officers who were killed in the battle.

Hougomont was pointed out, at a considerable distance to the right; and also the wood in which Napoleon caused his observatory to be erected.

We passed on, and reached Genappe to a late breakfast. I should not have been satisfied without visiting the field of Waterloo;

but it has revived many painful recollections. Two of my earliest companions were numbered amongst the slain, early in the action; and before it was brought to a close, another followed them to the soldier's grave. Here also fell, highly distinguished, the brother of Maria B.; and it was my unhappy lot to communicate to her the unwelcome tidings. Never shall I forget her look and shriek of horror when the sad news reached her ear! The blow was more than her tender frame could bear: she had lost her mother but two months, and before the end of the year she herself was numbered with the dead. The Sherifs, observing my abstraction and melancholy, made every exertion to divert my attention; and little Zelia asked so many questions, and pointed out so many objects deserving of observation, that, fortunately, I was allowed but little time to indulge in gloomy thoughts.

Long before we reached Namur, the

country had completely changed its character : it was still highly cultivated, but now unenclosed ; and so regularly undulating, that for several miles we were constantly either ascending, or going down, the brow of a little hill.

Namur is situated at the junction of the rivers Meuse and Sambre, close under a rocky mountain, upon which are erected fortifications of considerable strength. The town is mean-looking, but of some extent ; and contains a population of nearly twenty thousand persons. The drive from this place, all the way to Liege, along the banks of the Meuse, upon a macadamized road, is quite enchanting.

The river is of respectable breadth ; and the little valley through which it flows, is bounded on either side by hills, from five to seven hundred feet high, which in some places are planted to their very summits, and in others present nothing but bare and

craggy rocks, frequently of the most picturesque form. Every now and then the road runs close under a perpendicular rock of great height, upon the top of which stands either a château or a ruin. The way-side, for a considerable distance, is closely planted with trees of the richest foliage, which afford the most delightful shelter from the rays of the sun. The population of this district must be immense; for the number of châteaux, hamlets, villages, and churches we passed was perfectly astonishing. Till we reached the town and castle of Huy, the road lay on the right bank of the river: we there crossed it, over a handsome stone bridge; and drove for some miles with the river on our right, and a succession of vineyards on the left. Wine, both red and white, of a light quality, resembling Moselle, is made here. As we approached Liege, the number of châteaux increased, and many of them

were situated on commanding and delightful spots; and I can hardly conceive a more desirable summer residence than one of these noble mansions, overlooking the Valley of the Meuse.

On passing the village of Serning we saw dense volumes of smoke, which we were informed proceeded from the manufactories of an English gentleman of the name of Cockerill. It was quite dark before we reached this city; and the ladies arrived fatigued and exhausted, our journey having been far too much for one day. Zelia Sherif's anxiety to get to the Rhine was partly the cause of our coming at so rapid a rate; but she promises not to go eighty-two miles in one day again. I recommend you to take at least two days, three if you can spare them, in travelling between Brussels and Liege: we passed through the valley much too quickly.

Yours truly, G. T.

LETTER V.

*Aix-la-Chapelle,**June 7, 1833. 11 P.M.*

MY DEAR B——,

It is astonishing how little sleep is absolutely necessary to a person in health, and under excitement. My last letter to you was not closed till nearly twelve o'clock; and I got up this morning, perfectly refreshed, by four. There are many things well worthy of being seen at Liege: and when you are here, do not neglect to visit the Town-house, a fine old building, in the courtyard of which is held the fruit and vegetable market; both most abundantly supplied. From the terrace, near the Church of St. Martin, is a good view of the town and neighbourhood. There are several very agreeable promenades: one in particular,

which runs along the quay, is much frequented by the inhabitants.

We left our very comfortable hotel, the "English Pavilion" at eleven o'clock; crossed the river; and immediately commenced the ascent of a steep hill, on the top of which is erected a fortress of great strength. From this spot, the view of the town, and the Valley of the Meuse, towards Huy, is very fine.

The road continued hilly; and the horses seldom went faster than four or five miles an hour. We ought, perhaps, to have left the direct road, and gone round by Spa and Verviers, which would only have occupied one day longer; but it was decided otherwise, and we passed through the town of Limburg. The whole country around it is divided into small enclosures; and, judging from the number of houses, is let off into farms of from fifty to sixty acres. The whole is pasture land.

On observing to our driver, that this was one of the provinces, the right to possess which was so strongly contested by the Dutch, he answered: "Yes, William wanted all our cheese: he is very fond of cheese."

At Henri Chapelle, the last station belonging to Belgium, before entering the Prussian dominions, we were required to alight while the custom-officers inspected our baggage. After this ceremony had been performed, we drove for a short time on neutral ground, having Belgium on the left, and the possessions of Prussia on our right hand. We then crossed the boundary-line, which is marked by two painted poles. The appearance of the country here suddenly changed: it was now wild and woody; the road unpaved, and, from the depth of the ruts, quite unsafe. A short distance, however, from Aix-la Chapelle, the *pavé* again begins; and our carriage rolled along it, into that celebrated city, at about six

o'clock, our journey of thirty miles having occupied seven hours. We were detained half-an-hour in an open yard, surrounded by horse-keepers, stable-boys, and porters, while our portmanteaus were again searched. Mr. Sherif and I were also kept at the Hôtel de Ville some time, to have our passports inspected and registered. The clerks who performed that office did it in the most dogged and uncivil manner, smoking and puffing in our faces the whole time. I will not say that there was a show of absolute rudeness in their conduct, but there was a total absence of all courtesy. Our inn, "Le Grand Monarque," is large, and the bed-rooms most excellent. It is situated near the principal baths, which I visited; and where I was offered the use of Napoleon's, which is fitted-up in a superior style, for half a franc more than the charge for an ordinary bath.

The cathedral has a curious appearance,

from the spaces between the buttresses being built up, and converted into shops. The Hôtel de Ville is said to have been a palace of Charlemagne; of whom there is a copper statue, immediately in front of the building, over a fountain.

There are two or three handsome streets here, particularly that leading from the new Theatre; but for the most part they are narrow, ill-paved, and dirty. A Prussian general-officer, who is on a tour of inspection, is sojourning in this house; and he completely monopolizes all the attention of mine host and his servants: but when our bill is presented, it will, without doubt, be had in remembrance that we are English.

Several detachments of both infantry and artillery have been moving about the town during the evening; and finer or more soldier-like looking men cannot exist. There was a look of sourness and disappointment in the countenances of some of them, which we could not help attributing to their blasted

hopes of being called upon to assist in settling the differences between Holland and her divorced possessions.

Before taking leave of Belgium, I must once more advert to the highly cultivated state of the whole extent of country through which our route lay. By the time we reached Liege, my early-imbibed notions, of England being wholly and altogether the garden of Europe, were very much shaken; and although there are many situations beautifully picturesque, in Derbyshire, in Wales, and in the vicinity of the Northern lakes, yet I think the Valley of the Meuse, with its churches, ruins, and vineyards, bears off the palm. A bachelor, who has a month's leisure, might pass it most delightfully in travelling over Leopold's dominions, without incurring much expense. The fares* by Diligence are generally as low as three francs for every

* The fares by Diligence, &c., will be found in the Appendix.

thirty miles: fourteen or fifteen francs a day would, therefore, be amply sufficient for all things absolutely necessary.

Posting, including postillions and barriers (*Anglicè*, turnpike-gates), does not average above eleven-pence halfpenny a mile.

We proceed on our journey early to-morrow morning.

Yours truly,

G. T.

LETTER VI.

Grossen Rheinberg,

Cologne, June 9, 1833.

MY DEAR B——,

The road from Aix-la-Chapelle was very dusty, and by no means interesting. After travelling about eight miles, we stopped at a small village, where we had breakfast served for the moderate sum of five groschen (6*d.*) each. We reached the town of Bergheim at half-past eleven o'clock; and finding the table-d'hôte dinner on the point of being put on the table, for the joke of the thing, we joined a large party who were preparing to sit down. The dinner was excellent, and consisted of a great variety of dishes, with half a bottle of good wine each; and the whole amount of my bill did not exceed half a Prussian dollar. At a distance of

ten miles, we saw Cologne, and its numerous spires, distinctly; the mountains opposite Bonn being also visible, in the distance, to our right: the space between, as well as the country to our left and in front, was a perfect flat. We arrived at two o'clock, to a minute. The posting department here being in the hands of government, every thing connected with it is carried on as regularly as clock-work. So punctilious are they in this respect, that a passenger is obliged to take his place in the Diligence as the hand of the clock indicates the moment of departure.

“And is this the Rhine?” said I to myself, with something of a feeling of disappointment.—“It is not so broad as I expected!”—and yet I knew, before I left England, its exact width to a yard. “There are no mountains!”—I was perfectly well aware that the scenery of the Rhine did not commence till you get beyond Bonn.

“Is that the bridge of boats? It makes no show. How flat it lies upon the water!”—And yet, how could a bridge of boats be constructed otherwise?—I could not expect to see it arched like that at Westminster, or perched in the air as the one over the Straits of Menai.

Notwithstanding these *wise* reflections, the first feeling was certainly that of disappointment. The day was hot, and the road dusty. I had arrived somewhat fatigued: perhaps that was the cause. “I will try the effect of a bath,” said I; and immediately sallied forth. I had not far to go, our hotel being situated close to the bridge; attached to which are floating-baths, sufficient in number to accommodate fifty persons at a time. The dip had the desired effect: I came out cool and refreshed; walked over to Deutz; and, on looking back towards Cologne, could not help saying: “Well, it is a very fine river after all! and

to-morrow or the next day we shall be in the midst of its most splendid scenery."

We obtained very delightful apartments, overlooking the river, the bridge, and the little town of Deutz. Yesterday evening we went to see the 'Martyrdom of St. Peter,' by Rubens, which is in the church dedicated to that saint. I amused the sacristy not a little, by turning away, in evident disappointment; and he then explained a trick which he had played upon us. The original painting was one of those carried to the Louvre; and a native artist had, from memory, endeavoured to imitate it. This, comparatively speaking, turned out a worthless picture, but served for a time to fill up the space over the altar. When the original was restored, the copy was still kept in the church, to act as a screen to the other, and, by way of *plaisanterie*, to deceive visitors. He now produced the genuine picture, placed chairs, and allowed us to sit and admire it

for an hour. I like it better than the 'Descent from the Cross,' though the expression of the saint's countenance is not altogether what one would have expected: it rather indicates the apathy of a Hindu than the fortitude of a Christian. The head of the Roman soldier is thrown too much back; and he is made looking at the top of the cross, instead of St. Peter's hand, into which a nail is about to be driven. We went from thence to the Hôtel de Ville and Marketplace; and walked along some of the streets, which are so filthy, crooked, and wretchedly paved, that we were glad to resume our seats at the window of the hotel, and gaze upon the Rhine.

This morning we went to the cathedral, to be present during the performance of grand mass. We there saw the tomb of the Three Kings, the Tabernacle of Relics, and the grave of Maria de Medicis. This church was commenced in the thirteenth

century ; and had it been completed according to the original plan, would have been one of the most splendid and magnificent structures in the world. I mounted to the top of one of its towers ; which, although two hundred and fifty feet above the ground, is only one half the intended height. From thence you overlook the town, with its score of churches ; the Rhine, winding past the city, to Muhlheim on the left ; Bonn, and the “ Seven Mountains,” bounding the prospect to the right. The Museum, which is only open to strangers on Sundays, and for one hour, contains some good paintings by Albert Durer. In the evening, we strolled over the bridge ; entered a garden at Deutz, which is the Tivoli or Vauxhall of Cologne, and there found a numerous assemblage of well-dressed people, sitting in small parties, sipping their coffee, or pledging each other in light Rhenish wine, according to their respective fancies. As we returned across

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the bridge, we had a fine moonlight view of the town.

There are several very excellent hotels here, besides the one we are in; and being early in the season, we find no difficulty in procuring the very best accommodations. Later in the year, the crowd of visitors is so great, that ladies of high degree are frequently obliged to mount into the garret. You must not forget, that, at all the inns on the continent, you are first shewn into their very worst apartments; and if you quietly submit to be established there, the host's object is attained: for they say, "If we can only fill the bad rooms, the good ones will, before night, fill of themselves."—The steam-boat lies moored under our window, and we are to be on board by six in the morning.—Adieu!

G. T

LETTER VII.

Mayence, June 11, 1833.

MY DEAR B—,

The "Stadt Mainz" steamer is a beautiful vessel; and not being over crowded by passengers, we found ourselves most comfortably accommodated, both as to space on deck, and elbow-room in the *grand salon*. The morning was delightful, and every face looked happy. The boat passed the pretty little tower at the south-eastern extremity of Cologne, and, gliding rapidly on, soon brought us in sight of the spire of Bonn cathedral. Delkescamp's "Panorama of the Rhine" was now spread on the deck; and, as we had several well-informed persons on board, who had made the passage several times, we could command all requisite

information. We had scarcely finished admiring the situation of Bonn, and the interesting ruin of Godesberg, when we had to turn towards the other side, and to behold the scenery in the vicinity of the "Seven Mountains." Our attention was here directed in particular to the rock called "Drachenfels," and we had recounted to us "a tale of olden-times, when the mountain was the haunt of a mighty dragon, the terror of the country far and wide;—how, to appease the cruel and rapacious monster, a beautiful virgin was condemned to be his prey;—and how she was rescued by a gallant knight, who overcame and slew the dragon; and upon the site of his den erected a castle as a dwelling for the lady fair, who, in process of time, became the bride of her deliverer."

The day advanced, and the awning was raised. Sheltered by it from the rays of the sun, and without feeling the slightest

motion, it appeared as if, by some magic influence, the whole range of country on either bank of the river was passing in review before us. Village after village—vineyard, mountain, and ruin—seemed to run by, in rapid succession; while we, seated at our entire and perfect ease, looked with delight at the wonderful and beautiful panorama. It would be a vain effort to attempt to detail to you even a small portion of what we saw, and of the legends that were narrated to us. You must come and see, and hear, all yourself! We passed the towns of Erpel, Linz, and Neuwied, which are situated on the right bank of the Rhine; and Oberwinter, Sinzig, Nieder Breisig, and Andernach, on the left; all extending to the water's edge;—then again, in the distance, the ruins of Okkenfels and Hammerstein.

I had often heard of the extent to which the Germans carried the practice of smoking; but, up to this period, I never had an

opportunity of witnessing a performance of the kind. We had several gentlemen on board, who appeared to be perfectly masters of the art ; but there was, in particular, an old baron, with a name too long to attempt, who puffed, and puffed, and puffed away, from morning till night, without the slightest intermission, and with a degree of assiduity that was quite amazing. He evidently considered that he was born to destroy as much of the "villainous weed" as the number of his allotted days would permit ; and he was doubtless under the persuasion, that the more he smoked, the more perfectly he answered the end of his creation.

To a person who dislikes the smell of tobacco, this now almost universal practice is become a serious grievance. I was glad, however, to observe a notice in the cabin, that neither cigars nor pipes were allowed below deck. The same prohibition against smoking had been seen in many of the

respectable coffee-rooms, at Cologne and other places.

At five o'clock, the vessel passed the mouth of the Moselle; and immediately after, we landed at Coblenz. We hastened to our hotel; being anxious to visit, while day-light favoured us, the celebrated fortress of Ehrenbreitstein, which stands on the opposite side of the river. Our landlord soon procured for us a pass, ordered out his best barouche and most steady horses; and we were driven into the court-yard of the castle, on the very summit of the hill. We arrived just in time to see the sun set; and a glorious sight it was, for a lovelier evening or more serene sky cannot be imagined. The fortress is situated on the top of a high rock; and, on the side towards Coblenz, which it commands, may be considered quite impregnable. At one point on the opposite side, however, where it is nearly level with the country, it is as weak as an ordinary

fortification, if not more so. Here a line of separation has been marked out; and in the event of an enemy's gaining possession of this part of the work, the communication can easily be cut off, by the destruction of a battery and bridge, by which the two parts of the fortification are now connected. After descending from the fort, we drove round the town, and then returned to our inn, the "Trierischen Hof."

It is curious to observe how readily an opening is made in one of these boat-bridges, by merely unhooking the number of boats required; and either allowing them to be swung round by the current, or, if greater speed is necessary, drawing them back by means of a windlass. The "Stadt Mainz" passed through the aperture made for her in the Coblenz bridge, this morning at six o'clock; and she proceeded;—or, if I may indulge my fancy, the curtain drew up, and the exhibition of the panorama again com-

menced. The scenery now surpassed even that of yesterday. The mountains were higher; and in some places rose, almost perpendicularly, to a vast height from the very bank of the river.

The ruins of castles, of monasteries, and of chapels, passed so rapidly, that we had scarcely time to attend even to their names, much less to the tale which might be told of each of them. The spot where each ruin stood, appeared the most appropriate that could be imagined, and seemed selected to produce the greatest picturesque effect; and indeed one can scarcely help fancying that some at least among them were built rather to produce that effect alone, than as the habitations of by-gone nobles and princes.

The Castle of Thurnberg, which has such an imposing air, is used as a state-prison; and that of Rheinstein, which has been restored, and is splendidly furnished, is the

summer residence of one of the princes of the royal family of Prussia. We passed *safely* over the fearful Whirlpool of Katz; and moved swiftly under the famous Rock of Lurlei, which gives back seven times the sound of gun or trumpet.

The afternoon was hot; and, as if in mockery of our thirst, the steward directed our attention to the vineyards of Johannisberg, which are now the exclusive property of Metternich.

At Coblenz, several additional passengers joined us; and amongst the rest was a Frenchman of gentlemanly deportment, whom I learned was the Duc de M——. He lived several years in England, as an emigrant, and speaks our language with great fluency. He had never made an excursion up the Rhine before, and his raptures were beyond the power of language to describe. Seeing that I also was somewhat enthusiastic in my admiration of the *passing* scene, he sought me

out whenever he perceived any thing which he considered particularly worthy of notice; and his way of evincing his ecstasy, by the utterance of "*superbe!*" "*magnifique!*" and the accompaniment of slaps which he gave me on the shoulder, I shall not soon forget.

After passing the little town of Ellfield, we came in sight of Mayence; and landing precisely at five o'clock, we established ourselves at the "Three Crowns."

G. T.

LETTER VIII.

Carlsruhe, June 14, 1833.

MY DEAR. B—,

Mayence is a handsome town; and the streets, though narrow, are better paved than any we had before seen. The cathedral is a striking object, both from the singularity of the architecture, and the red colour of the stone with which it is built. The place is garrisoned by a considerable force of Austrian and Prussian troops. Our passports were there demanded from us; and when we applied for them back again, we had, for the first time, to pay a small fee. There appears to be but little traffic on the river there, or indeed on any part that we have hitherto seen. We met only two steamers, and not more than a dozen sailing-

vessels, all the way from Cologne. We passed a timber-raft yesterday, which was far from being of the size they are sometimes said to be.

The steam-boat left Mayence at five o'clock in the morning of the 12th; and there we lost the greater part of our fellow-passengers, most of whom were going either to Frankfort or Wiesbaden. There also ends what is designated the scenery of the Rhine.

The river still maintains its breadth, and at some places, indeed, swells out to a very considerable extent. We landed a passenger at Worms; and I remarked then, as I had done several times before, that stopping the steam, landing a passenger, and setting the vessel in motion again, was all done in one minute.

We were landed at Manheim; and had time to walk through the town; the streets of which, laid out at right angles, are wide, well-paved, and some of them handsome.

We returned to the river by a pleasant walk, through the park of the Dowager-Duchess of Nassau.

The weather continued delightful; and there being a fine breeze, our seat on deck was exceedingly agreeable. At Spire, we landed a young Frenchman who had come from Coblenz; and, for the remainder of the voyage, had no one in the great cabin but ourselves. As the season advances, it is to be hoped that they will have more passengers; for otherwise the proprietors of the vessel must suffer immense loss, as the number of persons on board, in their service, amounted, including the captain, sailors, steward, and the *cuisine* department, to no less than twenty-two persons.—I must not omit to tell you, that breakfast and dinner, each most excellent, were served every day in the *grand salon*, in a style of comfort and elegance which could not be surpassed in the best hotel on the continent.

As we drew nigh the end of our third

day's voyage, the river winded so much, and made such frequent and rapid turnings, that we were occasionally puzzled as to the identity of the villages on its banks; doubting whether the one we now perceived on our right hand was the same which but the minute before had been seen to the left.

We were landed at nine o'clock at night, near a bridge of boats, and a solitary dwelling, which appeared to be a custom-house. We proceeded to the village of Germersheim, distant three-quarters of a mile; where we were lodged in the house of the Hettman, and innkeeper of the place. He offered to prepare supper for us in a separate apartment, but we preferred joining a large party in the *salle-à-manger*.

There was a motley crew seated at a long table, among whom we saw the captain of our vessel, his cook, and helmsman, who each took, *sans cérémonie*, the place which best suited his convenience. The company

was exceedingly orderly : at the top, there was a party of five or six playing at cards ; the rest were divided off into twos and threes, all talking and puffing away with the greatest earnestness.

We took post at the lower end of the table ; where our supper, consisting of soup, and a great variety of made dishes, was speedily laid before us. When we retired, our "*gude nacht*" was most courteously responded to by the major part of the persons present rising from their seats ; and those who did not, acknowledged our civility by sundry scrapings and shuffling of their feet, which doubtless were intended to evince their good-will.

We were on board again by five o'clock yesterday morning ; and a little after seven our voyage terminated, and we were landed at the village of Shroek. We there found a voiture, waiting to receive passengers ; and were driven hither by nine o'clock. This,

now the capital of the Grand Duchy of Baden, is one of the pleasantest towns in Germany. The ducal palace was erected about a century ago, and since that period a town has gradually risen near it. The plan of the town is singular. The palace may be considered the centre from which roads and streets radiate in every direction. In front, the fifteen streets of the town all meet in the *grande place*, diverging as they are carried towards the city walls: in the rear there are a like number of roads, cut through the great forest of Hartwald, which covers the country for several miles. The main street is wide and handsome, and leads from the centre of the palace to a very magnificent arched gateway, through which you pass into the road to Strasburgh. Next to Brussels, I should choose this, as the most desirable place of residence of all I have yet been in, since the commencement of my tour. There is an air of ani-

mation and comfort about it, exceeding any thing I have lately witnessed ; and the walks and promenades, in the spacious gardens, and in various directions through the forest, are very delightful. We were present at the relief of the guard ; and heard the Grand-Duke's band play, in the finest style, some of the most exquisite of Beethoven's music. Among the officers of the Guards are three or four of the finest-looking young men I ever saw.

Yesterday evening we visited the Botanical gardens ; the Palace ; and Picture gallery, in which are three very good paintings—one, the interior of a cottage, by Teniers, and two heads by Rembrandt. It was fair-day, and we saw our old friend Punch amusing young and old. We were tempted to enter a booth, to hear a dwarf—described in the placard as only *eight inches* high—play on the guitar : the performer turned out to be a fine animated little girl, ten

years old, of much the ordinary growth; who played her part so well, that we had no inclination to quarrel with the door-keeper, who, as we entered, assured us that every word in the advertisement was strictly true.

We are living in the "Englischen Hof," and find the master and his servants extremely attentive. I should have been glad to add my testimony in favour of his beds; but certain little animals, which are felt in almost all capitals, made such a rude and continuous attack upon my body, the whole night, that I am somewhat out of humour with that part of our landlord's accommodations.

I fully intended to proceed from this place to Munich; but the Sherifs have persuaded me to continue of their party through Switzerland; and we have therefore engaged a voiture to carry us in that direction, to-morrow morning.

G. T.

LETTER IX.

Freyburg, Baden, June 16, 1833.

MY DEAR B—,

At this season of the year, you have daily opportunities of prosecuting your journey from Carlsruhe, in almost every direction, on the most moderate terms. I saw at the regular stand, near the Great Pyramid, several voitures, which were about to return to the places from whence they had brought travellers. Having been heard to inquire for the Diligence office, I was accosted by several of the voituriers, each offering to convey me to his own city for half the fare charged by the Diligence.

There happened to be none going the way we intended proceeding; so we engaged one expressly to Strasburgh, for thirty

francs, which was to include the charges at Barriers, and the driver's "*trink geld*."— Do not be alarmed at the jolting you will have to endure, in passing over the rough pavements of the streets. No sooner had we got through the gate, and reached the highway, than smack went the whip; and away we jogged cheerily along, at the rate of six miles an hour. The carriage is much like an English double-headed barouche; and we found ours very roomy, and the springs remarkably good. The basket in front held our portmanteaus. Our road lay through the plain of the Rhine, with the mountains of the Black Forest on our left-hand, and those of "*les Voges*," in France, far away to the right. We now and then had a glimpse of the river; which still continues wide, but is here too shallow to admit of navigation, except by light vessels. We stopped at the town of Rastadt to breakfast; again at the village of Hollbuhn, to bait the horses; and

arrived at Strasburgh at five o'clock ; having performed the journey of fifty-two miles with the greatest ease and comfort.

On entering the city, our baggage was nominally searched ; and our passports required from us, with a promise that they should be given up to any messenger we might send for them after eight o'clock at night. We accordingly despatched a Jew valet-de-place ; but he, resolving to detain us under his guidance longer than we purposed, came back, after an hour's absence, and said the office was shut ; and, that it was quite impossible for us to recover the passports till ten o'clock in the morning—full two hours after the time we had appointed to take our departure. He also assured us that no voiture could be procured in Strasburgh, to carry us the next stage ; and that we had nothing left for it, but to proceed in the one which brought us from Carlsruhe. This we had determined not to do ; as the

driver of it, after our arrival here, had got drunk, and was very uncivil to one of our party; saying, that he would carry us the next stage, in spite of all that we could do. In short, it appeared quite evident that he and the Jew had entered into a league against us. I sent for the master of the hotel, told him what had passed, and called upon him, for the credit of his house, not to suffer us to be thus imposed upon. He shrugged his shoulders, expressed regret, said they were very particular about office-hours, and he was afraid that our passports could not be had till the morning. I then took up my hat, and said I would go for them myself. This brought him to his senses: he despatched a messenger, and the passports were brought in less than half an hour.

Before all this occurred, we had visited the cathedral, which is spacious and gloomy. I mounted almost to the top of the steeple,

whence there is a view over a vast extent of country, and, when the atmosphere is clear, taking in the mountains of Switzerland.

In the Church of St. Thomas is the magnificent monument erected by Louis the XVth. to the memory of Marshal Saxe. It is the work of Pigalle, and is considered to be almost unequalled. The Marshal is represented in "complete steel," with a baton in his right hand; while his left is grasped by a female figure, representing France, who appears to be endeavouring to keep off Death. The awful messenger of Fate is holding open the lid of a sarcophagus with one hand; and with the other presenting to the Marshal's view a spent hour-glass, to shew him that his time is come. On one side are the eagle, the leopard, and the lion, the emblems of Austria, England, and Holland; and, on the other, the ensigns of those nations taken by the arms of France.

We saw also, in the same church, in a

wonderful state of preservation, the body of Count Lichtenburg of Nassau, who died two hundred and fifty years ago. The body of his daughter is shewn in a glass-case, close by ; but that is in a much less perfect state.

The city of Strasburgh is of great extent, and contains nearly sixty thousand inhabitants, one-fourth of whom are Jews. The streets are narrow, and the houses high, as is usually the case in walled towns.

Being determined to counteract, if possible, the schemes of our Jew valet, and driver, I sallied out by five o'clock this morning ; and, after traversing almost the whole town, at length succeeded in hiring a carriage to take us to Freyburg, for the sum of two-and-thirty francs ; which is less, by ten, than the Carlsruhe man said we should be obliged to pay him.—We reached the village of Altenheim by ten o'clock ; and breakfasted at an inn kept by a respectable-looking man, who

farms his own estate of some hundred acres. Observing the trees in his orchard loaded with fruit, and having for two or three days past fancied the *vin ordinaire* taste vastly of the apple, I asked him if he did not make *cider*. He replied, "No!" "Well then," I inquired, "what do you do with all your apples?" "O!" he answered, "we mix them with the grapes, and make them all into wine." I was satisfied. We had been drinking *cider*, under the name of wine.

In the afternoon, our charioteer stopped at a small village, to refresh his steeds; and we were sauntering about, when a man put his head out of the window of an *auberge*, and invited us, in broken English, to walk in. We complied with his request; and, on inquiry, found that he had been, as he said, a "*glock*-maker in England;" that in less than four years he had, by practising the strictest economy, saved 250*l.*, with

which he returned to his native place, married the object of his earliest affections, and had purchased, with the fruits of his industry, the house he now occupied, together with a small quantity of land. We were almost his first visitors ; and now, he said, that, as the English had found him out, he had not the slightest doubt but success would attend his future exertions. By way of encouraging him, we ordered some refreshment, for which he made the most moderate charge ; and, on taking leave, shook hands all round, declaring that our visit had made him quite happy, and that he looked upon it as a most favourable omen. We were much pleased with the kindness and simplicity of the honest *glock*-maker ; and I beg you will not fail to call upon Mr. Matthias Kirner, of the “Red Bull” at Ringsheim, when you pass this way.

The approach to Freyburg, through groves of cherry-trees, now loaded with fruit, is

very interesting. There are gardens and country-houses on both sides the road; and the view of the town, with its handsome steeple, and the mountains of the Black Forest towering immediately above it, is perfectly magnificent. The town itself is a picture of neatness and cleanliness, streams of the purest water running down the middle of each street. Our inn, "Le Cour de Zahringen," is as comfortable a resting-place as can be conceived; and a person fond of shooting would be able to pass a month here very agreeably. There are abundance of partridges, and others of the winged tribe, in the immediate neighbourhood; and in the Black Forest are vast numbers of deer, which may be had for the shooting.

A bachelor would have an excellent bedroom, and his meals at the table-d'hôte, including a bottle of good wine, *not cider*, for five francs a day, if he arranged to stay a few weeks.

Our landlord has engaged for us a comfortable voiture, and a pair of good horses, with steady driver, for whose conduct he holds himself responsible. The man undertakes to go when and where we choose; with the understanding, that the day's journey is not to average above fifty miles. When we reach Lausanne, we are to pay him at the rate of twenty-one francs a day; allowing two days extra, to defray his expenses on his way home. This payment is to cover every charge. We are full of expectation, as we shall enter Switzerland the day after to-morrow. Adieu!

G. T.

LETTER X.

Stuhlingen, June 17, 1833.

MY DEAR B—,

Before leaving Freyburg, I went to the cathedral, to see Holbein's picture of the Crucifixion. The time chosen by the painter appears to be the moment when one of the thieves is taunting our Saviour; and the expression of the wretch's countenance is quite horrible. Both of the malefactors are tied, not nailed, to the cross; and one of them has his arm twisted round it, as if to support himself.

They shew also, in this church, some curious specimens of the earliest attempts at painting in oil-colours.

The master of the hotel "Cour de Zahringer" is a most respectable young man, of

quite gentlemanly manners ; indeed, his profession is considered the best, in many parts of Germany. At Carlsruhe I saw the keeper of the inn we were at, shaking hands, and conversing in the most familiar manner, with the officers of the guards. What then must they think of the impatient and arrogant way in which they are too frequently addressed by English travellers ?

Almost immediately after leaving Freyburg, the ascent of the mountains commences ; and, as we proceeded, the beauty of the scenery increased : but, if I were to attempt to describe it to you, my poor stock of superlatives would be exhausted before we reach Switzerland. We breakfasted at an inn near a little church and village, in one of the most picturesque parts of the mountain, which here is of great height, and is covered with pines of the darkest hue, to the very top. The stream, along which the road runs, was now low and still ; but we

observed numerous indications of the turbulence and rapidity with which it bends its course, after a fall of rain, or melting of the snow. Shortly before our arrival at the inn we passed a spot called, by the Germans, "Hell;" but for what reason, it is difficult to say; for if the scenery of one part greatly surpassed that of another, it was at this very place.

The steepness increased as we went on; and we were obliged to leave the carriage, which required additional horses to drag it up, and which are kept in readiness for that purpose. We passed a waggon drawn by fourteen; and the labour of the poor animals, and the shouts of the drivers urging them on, were quite appalling. We halted for an hour at Bondorf, a little dirty town at the top of the pass; and there were provided with a wretched dinner, the worst by far we have sat down to, since the commencement of our journey. After leaving that place, the road

was bad and steep, almost all the way down to Stuhlingen. We did not arrive till it was so dark that we could absolutely see nothing but the lights in the houses, which the driver pointed out to us from a turn in the zig-zag road, half an hour before we got to the bottom; when they appeared to be in a deep abyss immediately below our feet. On our arrival at the inn, the good, jolly, old landlady afforded us considerable amusement, by the manner in which she proposed to accommodate us for the night. Seeing that our party consisted of four, she shewed us into a room that held a corresponding number of beds; then, one with three; and, at last, a room which held only two. She could not be made to understand, by any means in our power, that we had been accustomed to occupy three single-bedded rooms; and when, at last, it was found most convenient that, for this night, Mr. and Mrs. Sherif should take Zelia into their room, and

occupy the one which had the two beds, and that I should take possession of the one with four, the old lady's astonishment was complete. Before retiring to rest, I took especial care to barricade my room with all the chairs and tables I could lay hands on ; for, otherwise, there appeared not a doubt, from the woman's manner, that she would not have hesitated one moment about filling her beds with any subsequent arrivals, whatever their age or sex might be.

The dress of the women, about this part of the country, is the most unbecoming possible. They wear short bunchy petticoats, immense shoes, and a man's round hat of a bright yellow colour. The cocked hat of the labouring men, carters, and porters, which we observed all through the Duchy of Baden, had a very singular appearance.

The situation of this place is most romantic ; and if I had leisure, I should like to establish my head-quarters at Stuhlingen

for some time, and make daily excursions in the neighbourhood. On three sides, the mountains rise almost perpendicularly above the town; and on the fourth is a beautiful little valley, through which a trout stream meanders, in the most picturesque manner. The summits of the distant mountains are covered with snow.

G. T.

LETTER XI.

Schaffhausen, June 18, 1833.

MY DEAR B——,

Ten minutes after leaving Stuhlingen, we crossed the river Wouttach, and entered Switzerland. The road is rough and hilly, but less steep and rugged than that of yesterday; and the mountains are covered with pines of quite a different description from those we had before seen, the foliage here being of a bright green.

At a sharp turn of the road, our driver drew up for a minute; and we not only saw the Rhine, but heard distinctly the noise of the Fall, which was distant about seven miles. We arrived at "the Crown," in the centre of the principal street, at eleven o'clock; and having immediately placed ourselves under the charge of a guide, he

conducted us to such parts of the town as he considered most curious, while a carriage was preparing to convey us to the Falls.

The situation of this place is beautiful, on one of the finest bends of the river; but there is nothing extraordinary in the town itself, except the paintings on the walls of some of the most ancient buildings, and the very odd-looking figures of William Tell, and other worthies, which stand over the principal fountains. From the bridge, the view is very charming: the banks on the opposite side of the river, covered with plantations, slope down to the very edge; and, when the sun shines, the light green tint of the water is exceedingly curious. At one o'clock the carriage was announced; and after being driven somewhat more than two miles, we alighted, and descended to the foot of a hill, when we saw directly in front of us the far-famed Falls of the Rhine.

Every description that I have read, and every painting I have seen of it, are much overdrawn. From the place to which our guide led us, the height of it appeared so little, in comparison with the length, that really, from the Schaffhausen side of the river, there is nothing very striking in it. We got into a boat, and passed over to the Zurich side; crept along the bottom of the hill; and entered a wooden gallery erected close under the Fall, but protected from it by a projection of the rock.

When we came in full view of the vast body of water, dashing down with a noise like thunder, foaming at our feet, and the spray flying about our heads, one and all exclaimed, "This is, indeed, truly sublime!" —When you are here, I beg you will insist, in spite of all the guides may say, on being brought to this point first. Pass over the bridge at Schaffhausen, walk round the hill by a winding path which leads to the gal-

lery, and then the effect produced will be ten times greater than if you come the way we did. Miss Sherif and I were standing at the extreme point of the gallery, when a sudden gust of wind brought a deluge of water upon us, which came with such force that it turned me quite round. Fortunately, I stood between the water and the young lady, or else she must have been thrown down: as it was, we both escaped with a good ducking; but as the day was hot, that signified nothing.

Immediately above the Fall, on the summit of a hill, stands the Castle of Laufen, from the battlements of which there is a fine commanding view of the Rhine and the adjacent country. From this point you can best judge of the rapidity with which the stream dashes down the precipice. On re-crossing the river, we saw the perfect arch of a rainbow, caused by the sun shining on the spray. We returned

to our apartments at "the Crown" late in the evening, delighted with our day's work.

This inn is kept by a brother of our host at Freyburg; and as we have been passed on from one house to the other strongly recommended, his attention is unremitting. I saw just now, in the coffee-room, two young Englishmen, who told me that they were about to proceed to Constance by a steam-boat, which plies between these two towns twice a week. Recollect this, when you make your arrangements for the journey through Switzerland! Should you come alone, or with only one male companion, you need never be delayed for want of a conveyance. If you should miss the day of the diligence or boat, you can get on from town to town by cabriolets, which are to be had almost everywhere: and, failing these, a mule will carry your portmanteaus, and you can trudge by his side. This last would perhaps, after all,

be the best way of travelling through this enchanting country, if two or three months could be devoted to it.

This town is the capital of the Canton of the same name; contains seven thousand inhabitants; and boasts of a good library, which is said to be enriched by some very rare Manuscripts.

G. T.

LETTER XII.

Zurich, June 20, 1833.

MY DEAR B—,

In consequence of a heavy fall of rain, the road between Schaffhausen and Constance was so execrable, that the journey of only seven and twenty miles occupied us upwards of nine hours. The country through which we passed was by no means so interesting as that we had seen the two or three previous days; but still there was much to admire, particularly when we came in sight of the smaller lake, which is somewhat larger than the largest of those in the north of England. Several châteaux were seen on the rising ground to our right; and occasionally we caught a glimpse of the snowy mountains, at a great distance in front. In less than half an hour after our

arrival in the town of Constance, we were on the lake; and, as it was a delightful evening, we remained on the water at least a couple of hours. It is a fine smooth little sea; but the mountains are too distant, and there is a tameness about it I did not quite expect. Two steam-boats were lying at anchor; and one solitary sailing vessel was making her way towards the opposite shore, which we could just discern. The town is an old-fashioned place, and the dullest of the dull. There is a château three miles off, which has been fitted up as a boarding-house; and if the Prospectus, which hangs up in all the coffee-rooms here, can be relied on, you may have the *best society*, and enjoy the *most charming scenery* in the world, for the trifling outlay of twelve francs a day.

After leaving Constance, we had to retrace our steps for nearly three miles; when, turning to the left, the road lay through a

succession of vineyards and orchards, till we reached Frauenfeld, the capital of the Canton of Thurgau. The fields were filled with hay-makers; and we saw so many people in the villages on the road, that this part of the country appeared much more populous than any we had previously passed through. The mountains of the Tyrol, and those of the Splugen Pass, were distinctly visible. "The Crown" at Frauenfeld was cleanliness itself, and the air about it pure and refreshing. Oh, the contrast to the inn at Constance! in which the stench was so great, that we could not move about the passages of the house without sickness and loathing; and yet it is called the best hotel there.

We rested an hour, again, in the pretty little town of Winterthur; and at the sign of "Le Sauvage" I was presented with a card, on which was the following inscription, in English: "Nanette Studer.—hotel to the

“ Savage Winterthur—recommends herself
“ to all Travellers, and promises to serve
“ them on very good and cheap conditions.”
—If you will lunch with her, as we did, you
will find that Nanette will strictly fulfil her
conditions.

The distance from place to place here,
and in almost all parts of Switzerland and
Germany, is calculated by the number of
hours it will take a man to walk it. This
day’s journey was twelve *stunden* (hours);
but, as the road was frequently hilly, the
horses took more time to perform it than a
man would have done. It was consequently
late in the evening before we reached Zurich;
and finding we could get none but back
rooms at “the Sword,” we drove to “the
Raven,” where we are comfortably lodged.
From my bed-room window I see half the
town, part of the lake, and the hills beyond
it; and, when I first looked out, at four
o’clock this morning, imagination cannot

form an idea of the loveliness of the scene. At that early hour, the light was exceedingly favourable: the clear waters of the lake spread out to the foot of the hills on the opposite side: the sloping banks were covered with houses, orchards, and vineyards; and above all, rose mountains capped with snow.

Immediately after breakfast, we procured a boat, and were rowed about this enchanting lake for two or three hours. With respect to the town, there is little to be said: the streets are generally narrow, but tolerably clean; some of them very steep, particularly the one by which you enter from Constance. The walks on the ramparts, at the end of the town nearest the lake, are very agreeable. They are shaded by avenues of Linden-trees; and there are seats placed at several points, from all of which the view is delightful, taking in great part of the town, and the lake; on which are seen boats moving about in every direction.

Soon after leaving Zurich, the ascent of Mount Albis commences; and, as we had heard much of the difficulty of this pass, we were agreeably surprised to find it less so than we expected. I walked all the way up, without suffering from fatigue; and gained the summit a considerable time before the carriage.

We this day passed over several wooden bridges, with roofs, which gave them a very singular appearance. On entering the Canton of Zug, we observed a complete change in the face of the country. We had left the corn-fields behind; and here all was pasture and meadow land. Orchards abounded, as they do everywhere in the parts of Switzerland we have hitherto visited. The evening was wet, which gave a very dull, sombre appearance to the secluded town of Zug, as we entered it about eight o'clock last night.

For the last two miles, the road runs close by the side of the lake, which is nine miles long, and three broad. Its waters produce upwards of twenty different sorts of fish; and, among the rest, Char. This place is so quiet, that one might fancy it deserted: many of the houses appear as though all repairs, painting, and beautifying, had been given up for a century.

Strange-looking figures, similar to those we observed at Schaffhausen, are again to be seen here, over the fountains. The Capuchin Monastery is well worth visiting: it is of great extent; but, at present, only nine monks reside within its walls. The cells are small, each being just capable of holding its inhabitant, with his couch, table, and stool.

The altar-piece, representing the laying of our Saviour's body in the sepulchre, is a fine painting, and was long supposed to be by Caracci; but it has recently been dis-

covered to have been the work of Fiamingo. The battlements, and ramparts all round the town, are covered with a tiled roof.

It was our intention to hire horses here, and to ascend to the top of the Rigi; but the continuance of heavy rain has prevented our so doing.

Zug, June 21, 1833.

G. T.

For the last two miles, the road runs close by the side of the lake, which is nine miles long, and three broad. Its waters produce upwards of twenty different sorts of fish; and, among the rest, Char. This place is so quiet, that one might fancy it deserted: many of the houses appear as though all repairs, painting, and beautifying, had been given up for a century.

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Zug, June 21, 1833.

G. T.

LETTER XIII.

Lucerne, June 22, 1833.

MY DEAR B—,

The high road lies close to the edge of the Lake of Zug; and at the town of Arth, which is situated at the southern extremity, it makes a sharp turn, and still continues close to the water, until you reach a small chapel, near the spot where William Tell shot Gessler: it then turns to the left, and soon after you come in sight of Lucerne. We wound round two sides of the Rigi; and, as the rain continued heavy, the water-falls we saw were innumerable: in some places the volume of water was very considerable, and fell from a great height.

The top of the mountain was generally enveloped in clouds; but occasionally we

saw a point so high, that it seemed almost to reach the skies.

We entered this town at five o'clock in the afternoon, and, as soon as the rain ceased, proceeded to an elevated situation, without the walls, called "Gibraltar;" and from thence enjoyed a most magnificent prospect—the town at our feet; the lake stretching out from it; the Rigi to the left; and on our right a range of stupendous mountains, Mount Pilate towering above all. It was one of those delightful evenings not uncommon in summer after heavy rain. The atmosphere was pure, and perfectly transparent; and the light towards the west almost oppressively strong. The hue cast upon the mountains was of the darkest blue; so dark, that, if exhibited in a painting, it would be at once condemned, as surpassing nature. The fleecy clouds, as white as the driven snow, were perpetually borne by a gentle breeze from place to place; and every now and then

we had disclosed to our view the very summits of the highest mountains. Along the lower range of hills, the clouds maintained their position, and had exactly the appearance of a long white wall. We had regretted the fall of rain ; but the lights and shades were now so remarkable, so different from any thing which had ever been seen by any of the party, that, at last, we all came to the conclusion, that we had visited “ Gibraltar ” under more favourable circumstances than if the day had been fair. As long as light befriended us, we remained ; and, when we could see no longer, returned reluctantly to the inn.

There are three wooden bridges in Lucerne ; which run along the end of the lake, and across the river. They are entirely roofed in, as a house, and are much frequented by the inhabitants in wet weather, as promenades : one of them is fourteen hundred feet in length ; another, a thou-

sand; and the third, upwards of three hundred feet long. They have all a great number of paintings hung up in them; and in the longest, which is called Hofbrücke, there is a map of the neighbouring mountains, with an index shewing the height of each.

A traveller intending to proceed into Italy by the St. Gothard Pass should go by a passage-boat, which sails twice a week from Lucerne to the upper end of the lake, and lands passengers not far from Altorf. He would there meet the diligence. We intended, at one time, to go that way, and on to the Devil's Bridge; but it is now settled that we are to send the carriage to Thoune; and go round by the Valley of Sarnen and the Brunig Pass, under the charge of a guide, who has been strongly recommended to us by the master of our hotel.

Should you follow our steps, and deviate from the carriage-road at this place, hire

your conveyance to Lucerne, and no further. We shall have to pay for ours the next three or four days, without being able to make any use of it. You may perhaps benefit from our experience.

G. T.

LETTER XIV.

Brientz, June 24, 1833.

MY DEAR B——,

Having sent on our portmanteaus with the voiture to Thoune, a requisite number of changes of linen, &c. were packed in small parcels, under the direction of our guide, Aloise Elmeger, who undertook to provide carriage for them, as well as for our own persons. A boat was announced to be in readiness at ten o'clock on the morning of the 22d; and in it we were conveyed, up the Lake of Lucerne, as far as the village of Alpnach, a distance of fifteen miles. As the landing-place is approached, the lake winds so much, that we appeared to be hemmed up within a very narrow compass. Alpnach is romantically situated, at the head of a little bay, and at the foot of Mount

Pilate.—A calash was speedily procured, and we proceeded. Our road lay over a mountain-pass; where most of us alighted from the carriage, and walked.

The guide and I deviated a little from the path, to gather wild strawberries; which we found in the greatest abundance, and which the ladies pronounced to be of the most delicious flavour. We drove all through the beautiful Valley of Sarnen; in name, at least, familiar to us all, from the picture of it exhibited at the Diorama in London. Further on, we came to Sachseln; and, going into the Church of St. Nicolas de Flue, saw the *veritable* skeleton of the saint, in a glass-case near the altar. The pillars of the church are of very fine grey marble.

We reached Lungern at six o'clock, having driven for the last two miles on the bank of its emerald-coloured lake. This place is close under perpendicular mountains, and is quite shut up by them on three sides. It is

very secluded ; and, judging from the sensation our arrival caused amongst the women and children, not much visited by strangers. We here observed for the first time, half way up one of the mountains, the *chalets*, or winter cottages of the shepherds and cow-herds. At this season of the year all the flocks and herds are grazing on the table-land, amongst the hills. In the month of October, they are brought to the *chalets* for shelter and fodder during the winter.

As we sauntered about the village, we were followed by children in crowds : they were quiet and respectful : they did not beg ; and all they appeared to want, was to be allowed to satisfy their eyes by gazing on us. We observed three or four old women afflicted with the *goître*. The houses were so large, that we were led to make inquiries about them ; and learned that each contains three or four families. Large stones are placed on the roofs of all, to prevent their

being carried away by sudden gusts of wind, which they are frequently exposed to.

Before six o'clock yesterday morning, we were all mounted on horses provided by Aloise, and had commenced the ascent of the Brunig. The road was rugged, beyond the power of imagination to conceive; but our beasts were sure-footed, and accustomed to the way. Each of the ladies had a careful attendant at her saddle-bow, and we proceeded cautiously and safely over this wild and interesting pass of nine miles in extent. Bad as it was, there were evident signs of attempts to repair the road; that is to say, the huge stones and fragments of rocks, which had been hurled down by the mountain torrent, had been pushed aside; and once or twice I saw something like a rough pavement.

There was every thing to complete the wild grandeur of the scene: an Alpine eagle soared above our path: we passed tree after

tree which had been felled to the earth by the lightning's blast, or torn from its roots by the rushing of the impetuous torrent: and ever and anon, one of our attendants, who waited behind to give it greater effect, sung one of the wildest of his Swiss songs.

We descended into the Valley of Hasli; and at Meyringen changed our horses for a *char-à-banc*; and having gone a mile or so about, to see the Falls of Mullbach, Alpbach, and Reichenbach, we arrived at Brientz in the afternoon.

Mr. Sherif was fatigued; but the ladies and I got into a boat, and were rowed across the lake, to see the Giessbach, which is by far the finest water-fall I have seen in Switzerland. At the highest point, it is twelve hundred feet above the level of the lake: this is broke, by the projection of the rocks, into seven or eight falls, each nearly of the same height. Behind the third division of the fall is a gallery,

excavated in the rock; and to this we mounted, in spite of the greatness of its elevation, and the difficulty of access to it. There was an abundant supply of water, proceeding from the melting of the snow; and the hurry and fury with which the torrent dashed over our heads created in my companions such a feeling of awe, that they were glad to make a precipitate retreat.— On our return to the inn, we found under our windows a band of musicians and singers, for which this place is celebrated; and we were serenaded by them all the rest of the evening.

The Lake of Brientz is nine miles long, and something less than three wide; and is famous for a fish of the herring kind. The village is prettily situated, close to the water's edge. The mountain called Rothhorn stands to the north of the lake, and rises to the height of seven thousand three hundred feet.

Adieu!

G. T.

LETTER XV.

Thoune, June 25, 1833.

MY DEAR B——,

We were rowed by women nine miles up the lake of Brientz; and landed at Interlachen, one of the prettiest villages throughout the Oberland Bernois. It stands between the lakes of Brientz and Thoune, and the shelter afforded by high mountains renders the climate delightful. The groves and avenues of walnut-trees in this vicinage are quite remarkable. I saw one magnificent tree, full of leaf and fruit, which measured four and twenty feet round its trunk.

There is a good inn here, and also a respectable *Pension*, where you may be provided with bed and board at five franks

a day. The house is well furnished, the rooms airy and perfectly clean; and the whole establishment is so well conducted, that travellers are frequently induced to remain here for some time, and make morning excursions to the different *points de vue* with which the neighbourhood abounds. We breakfasted at this place; and resumed our journey immediately after, in a *char-à-banc*, procured by our attentive and indefatigable guide. We arrived at Grindelwald by three o'clock; and there, for the first time, saw a glacier; which looked so vastly like a chalky cliff, that we were scarcely satisfied it was in reality a mountain of ice, till we scrambled upon it, and made the guide break off small portions; which he afterwards carried to the inn, and used to cool our wine.—During a gentle shower of rain we saw a beautiful rainbow, the perfect arc of which had the appearance of being drawn on the three great

mountains in front of us—the Eiger, Mittenberg, and Wetterhorn.

The whole of our afternoon's drive lay along a valley, closed in on each side by lofty mountains, which were bluff, and sometimes as perpendicular as a wall. The torrent was narrow and confined, and rolled with great impetuosity.

It was late ere we reached the inn at Lauterbrunnen : there was however enough of light remaining to allow of our visiting the cascade of the Staubbach, which falls at once into the valley, from a height of seven hundred and eighty feet. There was a very considerable quantity of water ; but the height was so great, and the wind blew so fresh, that it was dispersed into spray before it reached the ground.

While we stood looking at the fall, we were much delighted by three *paysannes*, singing to us most sweetly the *Ranz-de-vache*.

The evening was wet and cloudy ; and

we caught partial glimpses only of the Jungfrau, which was four miles distant from us. This morning at half-past three o'clock, perceiving that the weather had cleared up, I took post at my bed-room window; and had not been long stationed there, when my attention was drawn to a white bright speck, which appeared far above the long black line of mountains by which this little valley is closely hemmed in. All below was in perfect darkness. As I gazed upon the speck of light, it gradually increased; and in a few minutes I was perfectly convinced that I was looking upon the highest peak of the Jungfrau, whose snowy top, which rose ten thousand feet above my head, was brilliantly illuminated by the rising sun. Below, all was black as midnight, except one faint light streak, where the Staubbach fell. It was the finest sight I ever beheld; and I did not leave the window till daylight disclosed to my view

the whole cluster of mountains ; and, as it was a fine clear morning, the scene was truly magnificent.

We returned to Interlachen ; and from thence drove to Unterseen, where we breakfasted : and then, proceeding to Neuhaus, embarked in the packet-boat, which can accommodate twelve or fourteen passengers.

The sail up the lake of Thoune was very agreeable : we had a full view, all the way, of the Jungfrau, and the range of mountains to the right and left. After traversing the whole extent of the lake, which is nearly fifteen miles long, we arrived at the ancient town of Thoune.

Here is a military college, and an excellent library. The streets are mean and narrow, but the walks in the neighbourhood are very delightful.

The river Aar is navigable for small vessels from this place, as far as Berne ; and,

in summer, two or three passage-boats are filled with passengers twice a week.

Our voiture arrived yesterday: and, as there appears to be nothing here to detain us, we shall proceed on our journey in the cool of the evening.— We were so much pleased with the attention of our guide, that, in giving him his discharge, we presented him with fifty franks, for his four days' services.

Adieu!

G. T.

LETTER XVI.

Friburg en Suisse,
June 27, 1833.

MY DEAR B——,

The drive to Berne was exceedingly agreeable, and the road equal to Macadam's very best. It was nearly dark when we reached the city; and, on applying at "the Falcon" for apartments, found that all their good accommodations were engaged. We consequently desired our coachman to drive to "the Crown;" that being, as we understood, the next best hotel in the place. He shewed evident signs of reluctance to move from the door of "the Falcon:" and, as we had observed the like conduct at Zurich, when we refused to occupy the back rooms offered to us at "the Sword," we were led to make inquiries as to the cause, and found that he was regularly paid so much a head for all

travellers he took to the houses with which he had made his bargain. They were generally, it is true, the first inns in the town; and as long as we could procure good apartments in them, it was all very well; but it was rather too much, to expect we should altogether sacrifice our comfort to his interest: we therefore peremptorily desired him to convey us to "the Crown;" which, after much grumbling and some excuses, he did: and we there found an obliging landlord and an excellent house.

I should not omit to remark upon the size of the inns we have been in, on our route. The one we were in at Berne, which is only the second in point of size, contains no fewer than a hundred and forty beds.

Berne is pleasantly situated on a hill, and is almost entirely surrounded by the river Aar, over which is erected a handsome stone bridge. There is an arcade on both sides the principal street: it is rather low, but

affords a delightful shelter to foot-passengers, on a hot day. The walks on the ramparts are kept in the nicest order, and are well planted with linden-trees. These are the favourite promenades; and we saw a vast number of people there. The Diet is now sitting, and the town is exceedingly full.

I obtained admission into the Chamber of Deputies; but, as the German language is used in their debates, I am unable to give an opinion as to their oratory. I could not, however, fail to observe the strict order and decorum which prevailed during the whole of the sitting. The Museum contains models of some of the cantons, which you should by all means see. The cathedral is a fine Gothic building, one hundred and sixty feet long, by eighty wide. There is in one of the windows some very beautifully painted-glass. The Theatre is now shut.

On leaving Berne, we found the road very good for some distance: it was afterwards

rough and bad, and continued so all the way to Friburg. This singular old town is built upon a hill, and is nearly surrounded by the river Saane. The Friburgers are on the point of erecting a suspension-bridge, which will be nine hundred French feet in length, and at an elevation of one hundred and sixty above the river. This will be a great improvement; for the present access to the town is extremely steep and difficult. We are here in a Catholic canton again, which is soon discoverable by the number of crosses and beggars. The Protestant districts appear almost as free from one as the other. There is a most extraordinary piece of sculpture over the doors, in the portico of the cathedral here. It is intended to represent the Day of Judgment. The Angel of Justice is weighing the good against the bad; and those found wanting are handed to the devil, who stands over a cauldron, into which he precipitates the miserable sinners, in

order to parboil them, before they are cast into everlasting flames. At the entrance into hell are seen unfortunate wretches, writhing in agony and despair. A grotesque figure, with a pig's head, is represented carrying in a basket on his back all who are condemned to punishment. Those to be blessed are following St. Peter, who, with the key in his hand, is leading the way to the gate of paradise. Many of the figures in this strange *mélange* are exactly such as I have seen in pictures of Hindoo temples.

You should stay here at least one whole day, to see the celebrated Hermitage of St. Madelaine, and the great aqueduct; both excavated in the rocks near the river. The Jesuits' library in the town is also worth inspecting.

Yours, G. T.

LETTER XVII.

Vevay, June 30, 1833.

MY DEAR B——,

The direct road being in a bad state, in consequence of a heavy fall of rain, we deviated from it for some distance; then turned into it again, and passed through the pleasant little town of Payerne. It was fair-day; and the streets were full of people, and of vehicles of every denomination. I looked into the largest church in the place, and perceived that it had been converted into a granary and corn-market.

Four leagues further on, we came to the town of Mouden, where we dined; and drove into Lausanne late in the evening. We are too apt to confound the situation of a town, and the town itself. I had often heard that Lausanne was one of the prettiest

places in the world: my surprise therefore was great, to find the streets narrow and ill paved; and in some places so steep, that it is with considerable difficulty you can creep along them. One might suppose that the town was originally planned with the express intention of keeping the lake as much out of view as was practicable. The streets are built parallel to it, so that it can be seen only from the back windows of the houses of that street which lies nearest to it. But the moment you get beyond the walls, and reach the terraces, which extend for some distance, the view is perfectly magnificent. Nothing can possibly surpass it. The situations, too, of the gardens and country-houses are as fine as can be conceived. From almost all of them you have a commanding view of nearly the whole extent of this noble sheet of water, and the mountains of La Valais beyond it.

This town is much frequented by the

English, and many of the best houses in the neighbourhood are occupied by them. The season now advancing, we meet more travellers, and, as we have lately reached the end of our day's journey after dark, have generally found the best accommodations engaged. On our arrival at Lausanne, we were obliged to go to the "Lion d'Or," as the "Falcon" was quite full: we were however exceedingly well provided; and from our breakfast-room window, in a detached house on the opposite side of the street, the view was quite perfect.

We met here an English family who had come direct from Paris, over the Jura mountains. They had contracted with a *voiturier*, who had brought them all the way in nine days, for seven hundred and sixty francs, including all charges at hotels. His carriage and horses were excellent: he took them to the best inns on the road, where they were supplied with sumptuous fare;

and they spoke in the highest terms of his conduct, and of the comfort of travelling in that way. They had no trouble whatever; and the whole of their extra expenses, for sight-seeing, &c., did not exceed fifty francs. Their party consisted of five; so that the daily charge for each person, including every thing, was only eighteen francs.

Two steam-vessels now ply on this lake; leaving Geneva for Villeneuve on alternate days; touching at all the intermediate towns, to take in, or land passengers. The fare is moderate, being for the whole voyage only eight francs, and in proportion for shorter distances. The vessel, which leaves Geneva at nine o'clock in the morning, is off Lausanne at two, Vevay at five, and Villeneuve at six o'clock in the evening. It commences the voyage back at eight o'clock the following morning. On Sundays, it leaves Geneva three hours earlier than on the other days of the week.

Having discharged our voiture, we embarked at Ouchy, the port of Lausanne, at two o'clock on Friday afternoon, and in about three hours were landed here. The vessel kept close in shore ; so that we had a most perfect view of all the vineyards, gardens, and country-houses, which cover the beautifully sloping banks on the northern side of the lake. The craggy mountains of La Valais appeared to be immediately on the verge of the water, in the opposite direction.

The situation of this little town is nearly equal to that of Lausanne : many people indeed prefer it, in consequence of its proximity to the mountains, some of which are clothed with verdure, while others present nothing but crags and rocks, with, at this season, a slight covering of snow.

This morning we drove along the edge of the lake, past the most luxuriant vineyards, to the celebrated castle of Chillon. We

went down into the gloomy dungeon ; and, as I groped my way along, I thought of Byron's lines :

“ There are seven pillars of Gothic mould
In Chillon's dungeons deep and cold ;
There are seven columns, massy and grey,
Dim with a dull imprison'd ray.”

We were shewn the ring to which Bonnivard was secured ; and also one of those well-prisons, so horribly, but so accurately, described by Mrs. Radcliffe, in her Romance of the Pyrenees.

On our return, we saw, on the smooth surface of the lake, several little boats, the sails of which had, at a distance, the exact appearance of the expanded wings of a butterfly. We could almost fancy they were flying along the water.

Yours, G. T.

LETTER XVIII.

Geneva, July 3, 1833.

MY DEAR B——,

One can hardly fancy any thing more delightful than the voyage down the lake of Geneva, on a fine bright summer's day. We embarked from Vevay, on board the "Leman," on Monday morning at nine o'clock, with wind and weather favourable, and in the company of an agreeable party. The awning was spread, chairs were placed, and we had our choice of looking upon sloping banks, covered with orchards, vineyards, and country-seats, or upon craggy mountains with their summits enveloped in snow. The accommodations of the vessel were as good as good could be—a plentiful supply of solids for the hungry, and every

variety of delicious fruit for the more delicate, at a charge the most moderate.

The vessel was brought-to, off Ouchy, Morges, and two or three small villages, to receive passengers; and by four o'clock she was at anchor at Geneva.

When at Lausanne and Vevay, I thought I should like the upper end of the lake best; but, as we approached Geneva, sailing between splendid villas and paradise-like gardens, with the lofty chain of the Jura mountains towering above them on one side, and those of La Valais on the other, I came to the conclusion, that it would be most desirable to reside in the immediate vicinity of Geneva, and make excursions by steam-vessels at least once in every week.

It was our intention to land at the Hôtel d'Angleterre, at Secheron; but, in consequence of a slight shower of rain, no boat came off to receive us: we therefore came on to the regular landing-place at the quay,

and procured rooms in "l'E'cu de Genève." —As far as we have hitherto been able to judge, we are more advantageously situated here, with most of the objects to be seen close at hand, than if we had taken up our quarters at Secheron, which is full two miles out of town. The first walk we took, after seeing our portmanteaus carefully deposited in our chambers, was to one of the bridges, to satisfy ourselves as to "the blue waters of the Rhone." The colour is certainly of a remarkably dark tint; but what appeared to me still more extraordinary, was its perfect clearness. From the spot where I stood, to the bottom of the river, was at least forty feet; and, notwithstanding the rapidity of the current, I feel quite sure that I could have distinctly seen a pin, if there had been one lying there.

We next strolled along the walks and promenades on the ramparts, which are kept in the most perfect order, and from

which the view on all sides is quite enchanting. We returned to our hotel in time for the table-d'hôte dinner: and, of a party of two and thirty, which sat down to it, at least three-fourths were English.

The city of Geneva is more extensive and much handsomer than I had been led to expect. Some of the streets are very spacious; and one in particular is composed of houses of great size and splendour. They are building in all directions; and a row of mean, wretched houses, facing the lake, is giving place to a handsome street. A stone bridge over the embrasure of the lake, at the point where the Rhone resumes its rapid course, is also being constructed.

The interior of the cathedral here is remarkable for the total absence of all ornament and decoration; and therefore presenting the greatest possible contrast to Roman-catholic churches. The portico, which is a modern addition, is handsome.

We had a most delightful drive yesterday to Ferney, the residence of Voltaire. It is now in the possession of the Comte de —— ; who constantly resides there, and most obligingly permits foreigners to visit two of the apartments, which are preserved precisely in the same state as when occupied by Voltaire. From a terrace in the garden, in fine weather, Mont Blanc is to be seen ; but the day was cloudy, and we saw it not.

Do not omit walking to the Terrasse de la Treille, the Place St. Antoine, and Place Maurice ; and, if your strength will permit, mount to the top of the cathedral-tower, whence you will have a view of the town, the lake, and the mountains, that will well reward you for the trouble.

Should you return from Geneva through France, do not be persuaded to carry away watches or trinkets with you, the manufacture of this place. They are wholly contraband, and would be taken from you at the

first douanne station you arrive at, after crossing the frontier, in spite of every precaution you could take. The watchmakers here will tell you otherwise, but do not believe them. A friend of mine, trusting to their declaration that he ran no risk, purchased a couple of watches to carry to England as presents, and they became the prey of the custom-house officers immediately on his crossing the Jura.

Yours &c.

G. T.

LETTER XIX.

Chamouny, July 5, 1833.

MY DEAR B—,

We left Geneva, in a good roomy calash, on Thursday morning; and in half an hour crossed a little rivulet, and entered Savoy. The road lay between country-houses, gardens, and orchards, very similar to those frequently seen in the environs of the most flourishing towns in England, with the addition of vineyards on all the sloping banks, and lofty mountains to bound the view. We breakfasted at Bonneville, distant twelve miles from Geneva; and soon after, resuming our journey, crossed the "yellow Arve," and passed close by a handsome column erected by Charles Felix, duke of Savoy, in commemoration of the stupendous work undertaken and executed by his government,

to bank up the river. Farther on is the "Caverne-de-Balme," excavated in a rocky and almost perpendicular mountain. It is thirteen hundred feet in length, ten feet high, and twenty feet wide. The access to it is tedious and difficult.

We arrived at Salenche at four o'clock, where we ought to have remained for the night; but were so impatient to advance, that by five we again set out, in two most extraordinary conveyances. They bear the general appellation of *char-à-banc*; but those we were now conveyed in differed altogether from any carriage we had ever before seen. They are small, low, and clumsy; and the seat is placed sideways, so that you are obliged to travel all the way with your right shoulder forwards. They will each hold three persons, and no more: we were therefore obliged to hire two; and away we went, jingling and jolting along, till I thought every bone in my body would have been broken. A

farmer's cart in England would, for comparative comfort, have been like an easy chair to it. Some part of the fault may perhaps attach to the road; for nothing like it, for roughness, can possibly be met with in any other part of the world. We had to stop occasionally to repair damages; which was effected by tying the disjointed pieces of the carriage together with strong rope, of which necessary article the drivers carried with them a plentiful supply: but, in spite of all difficulties, we reached the end of our day's journey without the fracture of a limb.

On ascending the first hill, the road and scenery appeared wild in the extreme; and shortly after passing Servoz, in crossing a most romantic little wooden bridge, I caught the first glimpse of Mont Blanc. It had been enveloped in clouds all day; but at that moment they were partially dispersed, and I saw the summit peeping above them, at a height which appeared perfectly amazing.

The whole scene was truly sublime!—The little bridge is erected far above a rushing and turbulent torrent, close to a rock quite perpendicular. Half way up a mountain in the opposite direction, I could just discern, through the gloom, the ruins of Château St. Michel. A long line of dark clouds extended across the valley before us; and above them, in the very skies, the snowy top of this giant mountain was brilliantly illumined by the rays of the setting sun.—I leaped from the car, and stood for some time upon the bridge, gazing with delight and admiration upon this grand and wonderful prospect.

By the time we entered the valley of Chamouny it was quite dusk; and the road continued so rugged, and so frequently lay close to the edge of a precipice, that our ladies regretted bitterly having determined on leaving Salenche that afternoon.—The journey might be made, while light lasted, in one day, by leaving Geneva at five o'clock, and

stopping at the intermediate places only just long enough for the horses to rest and eat their corn. But, after all, it is too far ; and we reached the inn at the Priory*, jaded and fatigued, at ten o'clock at night.

This morning, at four o'clock, all clouds had disappeared, and, from my bed-room window, I had as full and as fine a view of Mont Blanc as can be had from this valley ; which, at best, is by no means good ;—for being close under intervening mountains, you see nothing but portions of the highest peaks. The best view to be had of it hereabouts is from the Breven, which rises on the opposite side of the valley ; and all travellers not pressed for time should devote a day to the ascent of that mountain.

We procured two good mules for the ladies, each led by a guide ; and commenced

* The village of Chamouny is built on the site of an old priory ; and is commonly called, by the inhabitants, “ Le Prieuré.”

the journey up Mont Anvert, after an early breakfast. In somewhat less than two hours we arrived at "La Fontaine," which is about half way up; and after resting a short time, again set out, and reached the little auberge at the summit without much difficulty. The mules were there housed; and we all descended a sloping bank covered with rhododendrons in full bloom, and in a quarter of an hour stood upon that wonder of wonders, the Mer de Glace. Each of the ladies was carefully conducted by a guide; but the gentlemen were left to themselves, and the protection afforded by a spiked poll. We crept cautiously along, nearly half way over this stupendous mass of ice, the accumulation of ages; and now and then approached, with fear and trembling, the edge of a chasm, where one false step would have been fatal;—one slip, and you would for ever be removed from human aid!

The scene here is perfectly unique. The

mass of ice gently slopes towards the end ; where, in summer, it is always gradually dissolving. At the upper end are seen immense masses of snow, which have not yet taken the consistence of ice : on either side, the sloping banks, covered with the beautiful flower of the rhododendron, are overtopped by the lofty *aiguilles*, which present the most extraordinary and fantastic appearance. The cold and wet, penetrating through our shoes, prevented our remaining long on the ice ; and we returned to the auberge, procured refreshment while the mules were being saddled, and by four o'clock were in our apartments at the Priory again.

Its proximity to Mont Blanc and the Mer de Glace will always make Chamouny interesting, in the highest degree ; but the valley itself is far surpassed in beauty by that of Sarnen : the climate of the latter, too, is infinitely preferable.—I had no notion that the ascent of Mont Blanc was so difficult as

it is here described to be, and that it is so seldom attempted. I find, also, that it is attended by a very heavy expense. According to a regulation of government, each person must be attended by at least four guides, who are paid forty francs each; and in the finest weather, and under the most favourable circumstances, the undertaking cannot be accomplished under three days. The traveller has also to provide all necessaries for the party, including provisions for the attendants.

Yours &c.

G. T.

LETTER XX.

*Martigny bas Valais,
July 8, 1833.*

MY DEAR B——,

Mr. Sherif found letters waiting his arrival at Chamouny, which induced him to carry his family back to Geneva, with the intention of returning immediately to London, by way of Paris. On Friday evening I had, therefore, to take leave of my very agreeable companions. I did so with sincere regret; for I have derived much pleasure from their company; and cannot possibly expect that the remainder of my tour can prove so agreeable, now that I am removed from their society. With them, every thing went right; and the ladies put up with all the little inconveniences we were occasionally put to, with the most perfect good humour. They were always

ready at the appointed hour; and *we never had to turn back once, during the whole journey, for a forgotten bag or parasol.*

Hearing that I was going to Martigny, a party whom I met at the table-d'hôte at Chamouny, and who intended going by the same route, invited me to accompany them. This was the very thing I desired, and I instantly accepted the offer. A guide was provided; and he received instructions to procure a mule for the conveyance of our baggage, and to be in readiness by six o'clock the following morning.

My new companions were two Belgians and a Frenchman, all military officers, on leave of absence from their regiments. The morning was exceedingly favourable; and when we had ascended half-way up the Col-de-Balme, the view of Mont Blanc and the surrounding Alps was most superb. On one occasion, while we were sitting down to rest, and were enjoying the splendid scene we

were leaving behind, we heard the fall of an avalanche, which made a noise like distant thunder.

Two hours after we commenced our walk, we passed the glacier of Argentière. In another hour we came to the village of Tour. After that, the ascent became very considerable, and continued so till we arrived at the summit of the Col-de-Balme. One of the Belgians, who acted as caterer for the day, went a little in advance; and met us at the door of the hut—here called an inn; and informed us he had ordered an omelet, and bread and cheese—all that the hut could afford; together with a bottle of the wine of Asti and a jorum of *bischoff*. This was agreeable intelligence to hungry and wearied men, who had actually crawled up the latter part of the ascent. We had been on the road five hours, and much required rest and refreshment. A stone, close by the hut, marks the boundary of Savoy and La

Valais. We found the air so cold and piercing, that, in spite of closed door and window, we should have almost perished, but for the good hot *bischoff*, which was made exactly after the same fashion as with us.

At two o'clock we commenced the descent; the path every now and then leading over vast quantities of half-melted snow: and before we came to the valley of Trient, the road was so bad and rugged, that, instead of walking, we had to step or jump from projection to projection. At the very worst part, we overtook a party of Genevese, consisting of two ladies and two gentlemen: the former had, of course, dismounted, and appeared absolutely in despair.

As I passed, I heard one of them say to her companion, that it was a shame to bring ladies by such a road;—and, in truth, I could not but cordially agree with her.

After resting awhile at the miserable village of Trient, we ascended the Col de la

Forclaz; and were then still more incommoded by the heat of the sun, which shone on our backs, than we had been by the cold of the snow and piercing air of the morning.

The last seven miles were worse than all. During the whole of that distance, we saw distinctly before us the town of Martigny, which lay immediately at the bottom of our path, and which appeared for ever to recede, as we advanced. The declivity was so great, and there were so many loose pebbles on the road, that we were compelled rather to shuffle and slide along, than to walk. After all this, you will not be surprised to hear, that, by the time we reached the inn, I had pretty well made up my mind not rashly to undertake again a walking trip of twelve hours' duration, over a rugged mountain. It was far too much for one day. But how to mend the matter I scarcely know; for to ride, I hold to be impossible: there is no accommodation, to enable one to pass a night

on the road. The route over the Tête Noir is quite as difficult, and the distance nearly the same. However, after all, it is a thing that must be done once in a life-time: and do not you be deterred attempting it, from what I have said; for there is much to reward you for the labour you will undergo: and even in my own case, after a hot bath and a good night's rest, I had forgotten the fatigue, and dwelt with unmingled pleasure on all I had seen.

Before we arrived at the hotel, the caterer again went in advance, and asked if he should include me in the bargain he had to make. I asked his meaning: when I was informed, that it was their custom for one of the party to proceed in front, and make an agreement with the hotel-keeper, as to what was to be paid for beds, table-d'hôte, &c. &c. If the sum demanded at the best hotel was considered too much, he went to another; but this rarely happened, for inn-keepers

here, as in other countries, are lothe to lose a customer. "You Englishmen," the Belgian said, "do not condescend to do this: you are, in consequence, constantly liable to an overcharge: and this is the cause of our often hearing your countrymen quarrelling and disputing about their bills. If you would follow our example, you would save your money, and not lose your temper." I thanked my new friend: and he made the same arrangement for me as for himself, which makes a difference in my bill of about one-third.

It was my intention to visit the Hospice on the Grand St. Bernard; but the weather has been so bad for the last two days, that it is impossible to attempt it. The night before last, snow fell a foot deep upon the mountains; and a party of Genevese who left this place in the morning could get no further than St. Pierre; returning hither at twelve o'clock, completely drenched with

rain. An Englishman, now in this hotel, in attempting to make the ascent the same day alone, was kicked off his mule; and his foot remaining in the stirrup, he was dragged for some distance. He was brought back in a cart, with a sprained ankle, and a severe contusion of the left shoulder. This was all occasioned by his going without a guide, or a person the mule had been accustomed to.

I had quite made up my mind to see the top of this mountain; but the wet weather, the hearing of these mishaps, and my leave of absence now drawing to a close, all combined, obliged me to put off this excursion till another opportunity. I now intend to return by the Rhine; deviating from the direct route, in order to visit the places of note which I have not yet seen.

Yours,

G. T.

LETTER XXI.

Freyburg-in-Baden, July 15, 1833.

MY DEAR B——,

11 P. M.

I left Martigny on the 9th, by the diligence which runs from Milan to Geneva, by the Simplon Pass.

The road lay between lofty mountains; and by the side of the Rhone, which there is as remarkable for being muddy, as it is for clearness after its passage through the lake of Geneva. We crossed the bridge of Trient, close to the point where the river of the same name has formed a passage between two perpendicular rocks. The next object which drew my attention was the cascade with the monstrous name; which falls from a great height, but, in respect to the volume of water, is very inferior to the Giessbach. We breakfasted at St. Maurice; stopped for a few minutes only at the very

interesting town of Bex, celebrated for its salt-works; drove through Villeneuve, and by the castle of Chillon; and reached Vevay at mid-day, where I found the people making preparations for a great festival of the *vignerons*, which is to be held there next month. As it is a very splendid affair, and only occurs once in eight or ten years, they expect visitors from all parts of the world; and I heard that every lodging in the town is already engaged for the occasion. At the table-d'hôte here, I was agreeably surprised to see our friend, H— of the — Dragoons, who has been wandering about this delightful country for nearly twelve months. His plan is, to place himself *en pension* with a family in the principal town of the canton where he happens to be, and then make walking excursions in the neighbourhood, till he has visited every place worth seeing; and then to change his quarters. In this way he has passed his time most agreeably.

I left Vevay by the steam-boat, "William Tell," on Wednesday morning; was landed in Ouchy by about eleven o'clock; and took up my abode for the day at my old quarters at "the Lion d'Or," at Lausanne. The following morning I set out by the diligence; and breakfasted at Payerne; where we remained two hours, and saw a society of sharpshooters practising with their rifles. It appeared to be quite a *jour-de-fête*: the whole of the inhabitants of the town, dressed in their best, were assembled to witness the spectacle.

We passed close by the shores of Lake Morat, through the little town of the same name; and, as we drove on, caught occasional glimpses of the lake of Neufchâtel, which was at no great distance from the road. We reached Berne at seven o'clock in the evening; where I hired a seat in a return voiture to Carlsruhe; the driver engaging to go in five days, to stop at such places as I

might point out ; and to take only two other passengers, one of whom was to sit on the box. The arrangement was such, and the conditions so strictly attended to, that I have been as well accommodated as if I had hired a conveyance expressly for myself alone. The sum to be paid, on our arrival at Carlsruhe, is forty francs, being eight francs a day.

I started from Berne early on Friday morning, that I might reach Soleure in time to get a *char-à-banc* to go to the summit of the Weisenstein, one of the highest points of the Jura mountains, from which the view, in fine weather, is magnificent ; but a heavy rain, which continued the whole day, prevented my carrying that intention into effect.

Soleure is situated on the river Aar, and surrounded by high walls and a deep ditch. I visited the arsenal ; and also the cathedral, which is a modern edifice, and the hand-

somest church I have seen in Switzerland. The environs appear quite beautiful, and the view from the ramparts is very fine.

The next morning we breakfasted at the village of Ballstall, which is romantically situated in a gorge of the mountain-pass. Proceeding on, we reached the outer gate of Bâsle a few minutes before four o'clock; and being Sunday, we were detained till the hour struck, and afternoon prayers were over; as no carriage is permitted to enter the town during the performance of divine service.

So many travellers are now on the move, that we had some difficulty in obtaining rooms. The "Three Kings" was quite full; but, after some time, I got a bed at "the Stork," which is a large and comfortable inn. During the evening, I visited the cathedral, which is built of the same ill-looking red stone I have before frequently seen. In the interior, there is little to excite notice, except the stone erected to the memory of

Erasmus. The bridge over the Rhine is remarkable for its ugliness, and having one half of its piers constructed of stone, and the rest of wood.

The voiture was ready this morning at six o'clock; and shortly after crossing the bridge, we passed the boundary line, and entered the grand-duchy of Baden. The usual form of examining passports was gone through; that is, a man, who evidently could not read, looked first at one side of it, then at the other; and, in conclusion, deigned to nod his permission for us to proceed. Our route now lay over an extensive plain, with the mountains of the Black Forest on the right hand, and the Rhine on the left. We breakfasted at the village of Schleingen; and reached my old lodgings here, at the "Cour de Zahringen," at five o'clock in the evening; it being exactly a month since I was here, in company with the Sherifs. In that short space of time I have seen all the lakes, and

almost all the interesting parts of Switzerland, as well as Chamouny and Mont Blanc.

While I was dressing, and making myself comfortable, the master of the hotel came to ask what he should prepare for my dinner. I told him, any thing he liked : to which he replied, “ Well then, Sir, I will order something for you ; but as you are alone, you will not want much.” To my surprise, I found the following dinner served :—First course, soup and fish ; second course, fricandeau, stewed beef, mutton-chops, beef-steaks, and vegetables ; third course, roast chicken, omelet, a delicious piece of venison, and an artichoke ; fourth course and dessert, sweet pudding, sponge-cakes, cherries, pears, strawberries, and gingerbread-nuts, with a bottle of excellent wine. The charge for the whole, four francs and a half.—There’s encouragement for a gourmand, like you, to visit Freyburg !

Yours,

G. T.

LETTER XXII.

Darmstadt, July 20, 1833.

MY DEAR B——,

We recommenced our journey early in the morning of the sixteenth; breakfasted at Kenzingen; halted again for half an hour, to refresh the horses, at the village of Dirlingen; and arrived at Offenburg at six o'clock in the evening. That town is seated on a rising ground, and commands an extensive view over the valley towards the Rhine. The church is a handsome building; and has a gallery round three sides of the interior, similar to those in our modern churches in and near London. The wine made in this neighbourhood is excellent, particularly the Rhingelberger.

On the 17th we breakfasted at Achern; passed within three miles of Baden; and

reached Carlsruhe early in the afternoon. I there hired, for five francs a day, a seat in another return-voiture, going to Frankfort; with the same stipulations as before, in respect to the number of passengers, the time of starting, and the places at which we were to stop.

My companions are two well-behaved intelligent German youths, who have been making a walking-tour through Switzerland, and are now going to Berlin to study the law. Many of the great schools in Germany send out the lads in vacation-time, *en masse*, to ramble all over the most interesting parts of the country. Each boy carries his knapsack, and is obliged to keep a journal of his proceedings. We met several of these parties, and every countenance amongst them was beaming with joy and health. The custom is an excellent one; as it is not only calculated to invigorate the frame of the youths, but forces them to study the history

of their country ; for of every spot they visit, they hear a tale some way connected with it.

The road, after leaving Carlsruhe, was exceedingly bad, owing to a heavy rain which fell in the night ; and the horses could with difficulty drag the vehicle along, at the rate of three miles an hour. We breakfasted at the village of Graben ; where the charge, for tea, bread, butter, and eggs, was only fifteen sous ! Tea, indeed, it was not, but a preparation of stuff intended to resemble that article ; and most likely made by the village apothecary, for it had a villanous smell of drugs.—I have, in general, met with excellent Hyson everywhere ; and it appears now to be in common use with all European travellers : for whenever I have breakfasted with Germans, French, or Swiss, I observed that they all commenced with it ; finishing the meal, it is true, with a cutlet and a long draught of wine.

I desired the driver to go round by

Schwetzingen, in order to visit the garden and palace there, which may be considered the Versailles of Baden. The plantations are very fine, particularly the avenues of limes. The fountains and jets-d'eau are well contrived; especially one, which throws up water in the shape of an urn, and then causes it to fall gracefully down. The Turkish mosque, with its minarets and colonnades, is a very costly and extensive building. The bathing-house, which, besides the baths, contains a saloon, two bed-rooms, and two sitting-rooms, is handsomely fitted up, and would be a delightful residence in hot weather. The palace is a heavy gloomy building; and only enlivened by the presence of the grand-duke once a year, for three days.

We arrived at Heidelberg time enough to go sight-seeing before dinner. The ruins of the castle are the most beautiful I have ever seen. The façade on the north side is nearly three hundred years old; but is still quite

perfect, and very superb. The famous tun is in the castle-cellar; and is indeed a giant of its kind, measuring thirty-three feet in length and twenty-one feet in diameter, and is capable of holding 283,000 quarts! It was made eighty years ago; and, according to the information of the guide, has only been full thrice.

The castle-grounds and terrace, now laid out as botanical gardens, command a beautiful view of the town; the Neckar, winding along the valley till it joins the Rhine; and the mountain of Heidelberg, crowned with an interesting ruin. These gardens are a favourite promenade, and were filled with company.

The Neckar is a dirty shallow river, and navigable only for light vessels.

We left the town of Heidelberg yesterday morning; breakfasted at Weinheim; and soon after crossed the boundary between Baden and Hesse Darmstadt. We halted

again at Auerbach, to enable me to see the villa and gardens of the grand-duke, among the hills to the right, two miles off the road. The position is fine; quite secluded from the world; and a person fond of a solitary ramble might have it here in perfection. The latter part of the road to Darmstadt is over a disagreeable sandy plain, and through a wood of stunted firs. We reached the end of our day's journey at five o'clock in the afternoon. Darmstadt is one of the handsomest towns I have seen, particularly the new part. There are several fine streets; and the one which leads up to the old palace is quite magnificent. I was disappointed to find that the opera had closed for the season, as I had promised myself a great treat in hearing the grand-duke's celebrated band. Last night I heard the chimes of the palace-bells, which "discoursed most eloquent music."

I strolled almost all over the town; and

into the English gardens, which are like the pleasure-grounds about one of our noblemen's country-seats. You will observe, that when, on the continent, an English garden is spoken of, they mean plantations and shrubberies.

G. T.

LETTER XXIII.

MY DEAR B—,

The first part of the road from Darmstadt is flat and dull; but when we reached a little eminence where stands one of the towers which mark the limits of the bailiwick of Frankfort, we had a good view of that celebrated city and the plain beyond, extending to the foot of a range of mountains, of which Feldburg and Altkönig are amongst the highest. We passed through the fauxbourg of Sachsenhausen, and entered Frankfort over a stone bridge of fourteen arches.

The quay extends nearly half a mile; and that part of it which lies to the east of the bridge is particularly striking to a stranger,

from the number of magnificent houses upon it. The new public library stands at the end of the row, and is a handsome building.

The tower of the cathedral is a most singular object, and is one of the few remaining specimens of the ancient German architecture. In the Town-house is the council-room, in which the Emperors of Germany were chosen: and in another apartment there is a portrait of all of them, from first to last; which possess, it is to be hoped, the merit of being good likenesses, for greater daubs were never seen.

There were a few boats and vessels lying along the quay; but not so many as one would have expected, from the commercial celebrity of this city. There was less bustle too in the streets than I imagined there would have been. The drive outside the town walls is exceedingly agreeable. The ramparts have been thrown down, and on their site are now shrubberies and planta-

tions, in which are delightful walks and promenades, filled, when I saw them, with the beauty and fashion of Frankfort.

I devoted three hours to the gardens and Collection of Mr. Bethman, where I saw the finest piece of sculpture I ever beheld. It is the statue of Ariadne, seated upon a leopard, and is the work of Danniker. It is sculptured out of a single block of beautiful Italian marble; and the life and spirit of the figure of the princess appeared to me quite inimitable. The inn I was at, the "Hôtel d'Angleterre," is in the broadest part of the main street, and immediately opposite the Cassino, or subscription-library and reading-room. A gentleman, to whom I had an introduction, kindly presented me with a card, which entitled me to admission for a month. I made use of it for the two days I remained at Frankfort; and took the opportunity of looking over a file of English Papers; as I had seen none from the time I left Lausanne.

I went to the opera-house, and witnessed the performance of *The Vestal*. There was nothing particularly remarkable, either in the music or the acting; but the theatre itself has a very light and airy appearance, from the peculiarity of its construction; the boxes being projected from and entirely supported by the walls of the building, and without pillars or props of any kind in front.

A more comfortable conveyance for a person travelling "*en garçon*" cannot be conceived than the *coupé* of the diligence in which I left Frankfort. We started early; and, after a pleasant drive of four and twenty miles, reached Wiesbaden by half past nine o'clock, P. M. This town is now, to Germany, what Bath, in the zenith of its glory, was to England. To say it was "full of company" would give you but a poor idea of the number of people assembled there. A bed was out of the question; and as for getting a meal, except at the usual hours of the *table-d'hôte*,

the thing was next to an impossibility. Walking room to be sure I had; and I sauntered about almost everywhere, and looked in at all the principal places of public resort. The chief of these is the Cursaal, a noble edifice of stone, three hundred and fifty feet long, and one hundred and sixty feet deep. A colonnade runs the whole length of the building, in which are little bazaars, and shops of all kinds. The ball-room, in which also a table-d'hôte dinner is served, is supported by thirty-two handsome marble columns, and ornamented and furnished in the most splendid style. In the height of the season, four hundred people frequently attend the table-d'hôte of this establishment. Besides this, there are four large hotels, the dining-room in each of which is capable of accommodating three hundred persons; and I saw at "The Post," the day I was there, two hundred and ninety people sit down to dinner in the large room of that inn.

The dinner is put on table at the inconveniently early hour of one o'clock : the charge is exceedingly moderate, being only forty-eight kreuzers ; and eighteen kreuzers for a pint of wine, if drank. The " Hôtel d'Angleterre " is kept by a very civil and communicative person ; who shewed me all over his establishment, which includes hot and cold baths of the mineral water for which Wiesbaden is famous ; and he said his charge for a bed-room was twenty francs a week, and seven more for a substantial breakfast. Dinners he did not supply ; it being the invariable custom of the place to attend the great tables-d'hôte. He said, tea or supper might be had in the lodger's own room. The regular charge for a bath is one franc.

Late in the evening I hired a cabriolet to carry me to Mayence, where I slept ; and the next morning, at six, embarked once more on the Rhine steam-boat.

The rapidity with which the vessel was

carried along by steam and current, almost prevented my recognising the places I had seen on my voyage up the river; and when we passed close to the shore, I sometimes found it necessary to close my eyes, to avoid giddiness. We reached Cologne, where we slept, before five o'clock the first evening; arrived at Nimeguen about the same period of the second; and early in the afternoon of the third day landed at Rotterdam.

This is a most singular-looking place: the wide streets, with the canals and rows of trees, and the hurry and bustle of loading and unloading ships and vessels of all kinds, present a scene of the most extraordinary kind. The houses are built with a very diminutive brick, are exceedingly high, and the doors and windows of such a size that one might almost expect to see ships sail right into the drawing-room. The buildings most worth seeing are, the Stadthouse, a strangely ornamented old place; the Exchange; and the

Cathedral. The number of draw-bridges over the various canals is so great, that I am afraid to say how many there are.

I have just returned from a delightful stroll into the country, where I saw some of the prettiest garden-houses imaginable.—I am to embark on the steam-packet at six o'clock to-morrow morning; and the captain promises to land me at St. Katherine's docks by ten at night.

Adieu!

Yours ever,

G. T.

Rotterdam, July 27, 1833.

Appendix.

TABLE OF ROUTES AND DISTANCES, FARES BY DILIGENCES, BOATS,

£c. &c.

The Distances are given in English Miles, 3 of which are equal to a French League, and $5\frac{1}{2}$ to a German Mile.—The *Stunde*, or Hour's Journey, averages about $2\frac{3}{4}$ English miles.

OSTEND.

DISTANCE from *London*, about 130 miles.—Fare by steam-boat, 2*l.* 2*s.*—Expenses on board, including servants, 8*s.*

Fare, by diligence, to *Brussels*, 6 francs. 85 miles.

Fare, by canal-boat, to *Bruges*, 1 franc.

A canal-boat goes from *Ostend*, to *Nieuport*, *Furnes*, and *Dunkirk*, twice a week.

Inns: Cour Impériale—Waterloo—The Rose.

N.B. Such inns are noticed as are best known; and that first, at which the author stopped, if it can be recommended.

BRUGES.

Fare, by diligence, through the town, from barque to barque, half a franc.—Porters ply with *brouettes* or wheel-barrows, for the conveyance of the luggage, when the passengers walk.

Fare, by canal-boat, to *Ghent*, $2\frac{1}{2}$ francs. 30 miles.

I was informed that the “Commercial Hotel” and “Fleur-de-Blé (Wheat-blossom)” are both good houses.

GHENT.

Fare, by diligence, to *Antwerp*, $4\frac{1}{2}$ francs. 33 miles.

to *Brussels*, $2\frac{1}{2}$ ditto. 34 ditto.

A diligence every day to *Paris*, through *Lille*.

Inns: Hôtel-de-Flandre—Hôtel-de-Vienne—The Stag.

ANTWERP.

Fare, by diligence, to *Brussels*, $3\frac{1}{2}$ francs. 30 miles.

Diligences leave *Antwerp* every day for all the principal towns in *Belgium*; and canal-boats to *Brussels* and *Ghent* very frequently.

Inns: St. Antoine—Hôtel d'Angleterre.

BRUSSELS.

Fare, to *Liege*, by *Genappe* and *Namur*, $15\frac{1}{2}$ francs.

by *Louvain* 10 ditto.

DISTANCES.

To village of <i>Waterloo</i> , 9 miles.	<i>Huy</i> . .	20
<i>Genappe</i> , 10	<i>Liege</i> .	23
<i>Namur</i> , 25	Total	$\overline{87}$ miles.

Diligences daily to *Paris* (205 miles), and to almost all the chief towns on the Continent.

Inns: Hôtel de l'Europe—Belle-Vue—Hôtel de Flandre.

MONEY-EXCHANGE, AT BRUSSELS, *June* 1833.

47 centimes make 1 franc.

English sovereign, $25\frac{1}{2}$ fr. silver, or 1 gold Napoleon 5 fr.

A Napoleon, $20\frac{1}{2}$ francs, in silver.

EXTRACT FROM M. BONNY'S LITTLE BOOK,
called "*Six Jours à Bruxelles.*"

"*Première Journée.*—Voir le Parc—Le Palais des E'tats-Généraux—Le Jardin Botanique, ou Pavillon de Flore—Porte de Schaerbeck ; ouverte au public, les Mardi, Jeudi, et Samedi—La Porte d'Anvers—Le Château de Laken—Le Marly—et revenir par l'Allée Verte.

"*Deuxième Journée.* — L'E'tablissement des Vieillards, l'E'glise de Finisterre—Longue Rue Neuve—Les Augustins—La Place de la Monnaie—Le Théâtre—Le Rivage—Le Vieux et le Nouveau Marché aux Grains—La Place Saint-Gery—L'Hôpital St. Jean—Le Palais de Justice.

"*Troisième Journée.*—La Cathédrale des SS. Michel et Gudule—Les Orphelins—La Grande Place—L'Hôtel de Ville—L'E'glise de Bon Secours—L'Hôpital St. Pierre—La Place du Grand Sablon—La Fontaine érigée par Lord Bruce—La Palais du Duc d'Areberg.

"*Quatrième Journée.*—Voyage à Waterloo ; voir l'E'glise de Waterloo—les Monumens près de Mont-St-Jean, et le Champ de Bataille—le Lion Belge—la Ferme de Hoogmont. Le temps nécessaire pour faire ce voyage est de 5 heures pour aller et venir ; 2½ heures suffiront pour visiter les champs mémorables des journées des 16, 17, et 18 Juin 1815. Le prix d'une voiture de remise est de 18 à 20 francs : 2 francs pour le cocher. Dans ce prix, les barrières sont comprises.

"*Cinquième Journée.*—Le Palais du Roi—Le Palais de S. A. R. le Prince d'Orange—Le Musée—Le Cabinet d'Histoire Naturelle—La Bibliothèque—Le Nouveau Musée—Le Cabinet des Modèles—Courte Rue des-Longs-Chariots.

"*Sixième Journée.*—Les Boulevards, une charmante promenade au Château de S.A.R. le Prince d'Orange, à Tervueren."

MONS. BONNY'S CHARGES, AS PER "CARTE."

" Dejeuné à l'Anglaise	1 fr. 50 c.
Diné à Table-d'hôte	2 50
Diné avant ou après la Table-d'hôte .	4 0
Chambre de Garçon de 1 fr. 50 cent. à	2 0

"N.B. F. Bonny prend des arrangemens, en pension, pour 5 mois d'hiver, à des prix très modérés."

LIEGE.

Fare, by diligence, to *Aix-la-Chapelle*, 6 fr. 30 miles.
A diligence to *Spa* and *Verviers*, three times a week.
Inns: Pavillon Anglais—Lion-d'Or.

AIX-LA-CHAPELLE.

Fare, by diligence, to *Cologne*, 12 francs. 42 miles.
Inns: Grand Monarque—Cour d'Hollande.

COLOGNE.

Fare, by steam-boat, to *Coblentz*, 3 thalers 15 groschen.
Distance, by water, about 63 miles.
Inns: Grossen Rheinberg—Pariser Hof.

COINS AT AIX-LA-CHAPELLE, COLOGNE, AND COBLENTZ,
June 1833.

12 pfennings make 1 groschen.
30 groschen (silver or bell-metal)=1 Prusian thaler.
Groschen generally in one, five, and ten groschen pieces.
5 thalers 10 groschen=1 Napoleon.
6 ditto 22 ditto =1 English sovereign.

When the sovereign is worth 6 th. 20 gr., the thaler is then exactly 3s.; the 5 gr. piece=6d.; 10 gr.=1s.; and 10 pfennings=1d.—The premium on gold here is not quite so high as at *Brussels*.

COBLENTZ.

Fare, to *Mayence*, by steam-boat, 3 th. 16 gr. 62 miles.

Charge for carriage up to *Ehrenbreitstein*, 3 fr.

Inns: *Trierischen Hof*, in the town; and the *Cheval-blanc*, on the other side of the river.

MAYENCE.

Fare, to the village of *Shroek*, by boat, 4 th. 85 miles.

First day to *Germasheim*, and land at *Shroek* next morning.

Accounts are kept here in florins and kreuzers.

60 kreuzers = 1 florin.

1 fl. 45 krs. = 1 Prussian thaler.

9 fl. 5 krs. = 1 Napoleon.

11 fl. 10 krs. = 1 English sovereign.

CARLSRUHE.

Fare from *Shroek*, the village you land at, to *Carlsruhe*, 2 fr.

Diligence every day to *Strasburgh*, 54 miles, fare 13 fr.

Ditto ditto from *Strasburgh* to *Bâsle*.

Ditto from *Strasburgh* to *Schaffhausen* once a week.

Ditto from *Carlsruhe* to *Stuttgard* every morning at 7 o'clock.—Sleep at *Stuttgard*; then on, through *Ulm*, to *Munich*, in 26 hours.

Fare to *Ulm*, 11 florins 54 kreuzers—From *Ulm* to *Munich*, 11 fl. 54 krs.

A *voiture* to *Strasburgh*, to carry four persons, 31 francs, including barriers, drink and return-money.

Inns: *Hôtel d'Angleterre*—*Prince Héréditaire*.

COINS CURRENT IN THE DUCHY OF BADEN.

60 kreuzers = 1 florin.

9 florins 24 krs. = 1 Napoleon.

1 florin is about 1s. 8d. English.

1 Prussian thaler = 1 florin and 45 kreuzers.

STRASBURGH.

Diligence every day to Paris, in 60 hours: fare, in the *coupé*, 70 fr.; inside, 60 fr.

Inns: The Raven—L'Esprit.

COINS.

A Napoleon = 20 fr. 2 sous.

A sovereign = 24 fr. 10 sous.

Current coins, French francs.

FREYBURG, IN BADEN.

Charge for a voiture from *Strasburgh* to this place, 32 francs, including every thing. The distance about 55 miles.

Travellers have here the best opportunity of engaging a conveyance as far as *Lucerne*; which should then be discharged, if they intend to visit the *Oberlands*. The usual charge for a pair of horses, and a good roomy carriage for four persons, with a fair allowance of luggage, is 18 francs a day; and 3 francs for the driver, which covers his allowance for drink, and the payment of barriers. There is also a charge made for the expense attending the return of the carriage; which should by all means be settled before starting from *Freyburg*, and a written agreement taken from the driver.

Inns: Cour de Zahringen—The Sword.

SCHAFFHAUSEN.

From *Freyburg* to *Schaffhausen*, 54 miles; viz.

To the Inn in the Pass of the Mountains beyond "Hell"	12 miles (breakfast).
To <i>Bondorf</i>	18 . . . (dinner).
To <i>Stuhlingen</i>	12 . . . (sup. & bed).
To <i>Schaffhausen</i>	12

Inns at *Schaffhausen*: The Crown—The Sword.

Diligences to *Berne* and *Zurich*, twice a week.—A steam-vessel to *Constance* on Mondays and Thursdays; fare, 3 francs.

Exchange: Circular and English Bank Notes, 25f. 75c. per £. sterling.

Single Napoleons, 20 francs each.

CONSTANCE.—ZURICH.

Schaffhausen to *Constance*, 26 miles. Inns: The Lamb—The Eagle.

Constance to *Zurich*, 35 miles. Inns: The Raven—The Sword.

A diligence leaves *Zurich* for *Geneva*, through *Berne*, every day at 12 o'clock.

Ditto, for *Milan*, by the *Splugen* Pass, twice a week.

Ditto, for *Schaffhausen* and *Constance*, ditto.

SWISS COINS, AND EXCHANGE AT ZURICH, *June 20, 1833.*

4 raps	make	1 schilling	= a little more than $\frac{1}{2}d.$
$2\frac{1}{2}$ schillings	. . .	1 batzen	= to something less than $1\frac{1}{2}d.$
7 batzen	. . .	1 franc.	
20 francs	. . .	1 Napoleon.	
25 ditto	. . .	1 sovereign.	

ZUG.

From *Zurich* to *Zug*, 21 miles. Inn: The Stag.

Diligence to *Milan*, by the *St. Gothard* Pass, in 48 hours.

Horses to ride up the *Rigi* are generally procured at *Zug*.

LUCERNE.

From *Zug* to *Lucerne*, 15 miles. Inns: Golden Eagle—White Horse.

At this place, travellers who intend to visit the *Oberlands* should dismiss their carriage, if it is a hired one; or else send it on to *Thoune*, there to await their arrival.

A packet-boat goes three times a week from *Lucerne* to the end of the Lake nearest *Althorf*.

A boat to convey four persons to *Alpnach*, 8½ francs.

LUNGERN—MEYRINGEN—BRIENTZ, &c.

From *Alpnach* to *Lungern*, 15 miles. Char-à-banc for four persons; 18 francs. Inn: Golden Lion.

Here horses are hired to convey travellers over the *Brunig Pass* to *Meyringen*, 9 miles. The charge made, is 9 francs for each horse, with a trifle for drink-money to the man who takes the horses back.

From *Meyringen* to *Brientz*, 9 miles. Char-à-banc to convey four persons, 15 francs. Inn at *Brientz*: White Cross.

Boat from *Brientz*, across the Lake to the *Giessbach Fall*, 4 francs.

Boat from *Brientz* to *Interlachen*, 9 miles, for four persons, 6½ francs.

From *Interlachen* to *Grindelwald*, 15 miles, and thence to *Lauterbrunnen*, 9 miles, by char-à-banc, 18 francs, for four persons.

From *Lauterbrunnen* to *Neuhaus*, 10 miles, by char-à-banc, 10 francs for four persons.

Neuhaus, by packet-boat to *Thoune*, 14 miles: fare, 1½ fr. each person.

BERNE.

From *Thoune* to *Berne*, 15 miles. Inns: Crown—Falcon.

Diligences, and return-voitures, go every day from *Berne* in almost every direction. In the latter, bargains may be made on the most reasonable terms; with conditions, as to time of starting each morning, the length of the day's journey, the number to be carried in the carriage, &c., entirely to suit the traveller's convenience.

EXCHANGE AT BERNE, *June* 1833.

For 20*l.* circular notes . . . 25*f.* 75*c.* per £. sterling.
Single sovereigns 25*f.*

FRIBURG.—LAUSANNE.—LAKE OF GENEVA.

From *Berne* to *Friburg*, 18 miles. Inn: Hôtel-des-Marchands.

Friburg to *Lausanne*, 36 miles. Inns: Golden Lion—Falcon.

Lausanne to *Geneva*, 37 miles, } by land. There are
Ditto to *Vevay*, 14 miles, } diligences twice a day.

Ditto to *Vevay*, by steam-boat: fare 15 batzen. Inns: Three Crowns—Hôtel-de-Londres.

The steam-boat leaves *Villeneuve* at 8 o'clock in the morning; touches at *Vevay* at $\frac{1}{4}$ before 9; at *Ouchy* (off *Lausanne*) at $\frac{1}{2}$ past 10. Leaves *Geneva* at 9 o'clock A.M. Arrives off *Ouchy* at $\frac{1}{2}$ past 1 P.M.

On Sundays, the vessel departs three hours earlier.

FARES FROM GENEVA.

	<i>After Cabin.</i>	<i>Fore Cabin.</i>
To <i>Morges</i>	12 batzen	7 batzen.
To <i>Ouchy</i>	42 ditto	22 ditto
To <i>Vevay</i>	56 ditto	30 ditto
To <i>Villeneuve</i>	65 ditto	25 ditto.

GENEVA.

From *Villeneuve* to *Geneva*, by land, 58 miles. Inns : L'Ecu-de-Genève, and The Crown, in the city — L'hôtel d'Angleterre at Secheron.

Diligences leave *Geneva* every day for *Paris*: fare, 83 francs.

For *Milan*, Tuesdays, Thursdays, and Sundays, in 67 hours: fare, 69 francs.

For *Lyons*, three times a week, in 24 hours: fare, 25 fr.

From *Lyons* to *Avignon*, down the Rhone by steam-boat, in 15 hours: fare, 20 francs.

Geneva to *Salenche*, or *St. Martin*, 38 miles; calash for four, 37 francs.

Salenche to *Chamouny*, 15 miles: char-à-banc, which will hold three persons, 18 francs.

EXCHANGE AT GENEVA, *July* 1834.

Per £. sterling, 25 f. 55 c. The commission, stamp, and premium on gold, in the exchange of a bill for 30 l., amounted to 20 f. 90 c.

CHAMOUNY.

The Inns here are excellent, particularly the Union, and L'hôtel d'Angleterre.

Distances here are very properly calculated by the time they occupy a person to walk them. To Mount Anvert, 2 hrs. 50 min.; viz. La Fontaine, 1 h. 35 m.; Mount Anvert, 1 h. 15 m. The time taken to descend from Mount Anvert to the Mer-de-Glace is about 12 min.

ROUTE FROM THE VALLEY TO THE SUMMIT OF MONT BLANC.

	H.	M.	
Au Chalet du Part . . .	2	0	
A la pierre à l'E'chelle, 2	30		
Aux Grands Mulets . . .	4	30	} Here travellers rest the first night.
Au premier plateau . . .	3	0	
Aux rochers rouges . . .	2	0	
Aux Petits Mulets . . .	1	30	
Au Sommet	1	30	

After gaining the summit, travellers return to pass the second night also at the Grands Mulets, and reach the plain the third evening.

Every person, who makes the ascent, must be accompanied by at least four guides, who are paid 40 francs each, besides provisions.

FROM CHAMOUNY TO MARTIGNY, BY THE COL-DE-BALME.

	H.	M.	
Argentière	2	0	} The ascent difficult towards the top.
Le Tour	1	0	
Chalets de Charamillan, 0	45		
Auberge, at the summit, 1	0		} Part of the road always covered with snow.
Chalets des Herbagères, 0	30		
Vallée de Trient	1	30	} The road, just before reaching the valley, steep and very rugged.
La Forclaz	0	30	
Martigny	2	0	} A considerable ascent. The declivity so great, and the road so bad, that it is almost impossible to do otherwise than shuffle along.
	9	15	

FROM CHAMOUNY TO MARTIGNY BY THE TÊTE NOIRE.

	H.	M.
Pont sur L'Arve	1	30
Chapelle des Tines	0	20
Argentière	0	10
Valorsine	1	30
Tête Noire	2	0
Trient	0	30
Martigny	2	20
	<hr/>	
	8	20

Charge for a mule and guide to the Mer-de-Glace, 12 fr.
Ditto, ditto, to Martigny, 24 francs.

MARTIGNY.

The author can speak in the highest terms of the inn at which he sojourned, the "Maison de la Poste." The house is an excellent one, the people kind and civil, and the charges exceedingly moderate.

The ascent of the Grand St. Bernard is made in 8 hours :

	H.	M.
To St. Branchier	2	0
Liddes	2	30
St. Pierre	1	0
Hôpital	1	30
Couvent	1	0

Charge for a mule and guide there, and back the next day, 24 francs.

The diligence which runs between *Geneva* and *Milan* goes from *Martigny*, over the Simplon, to *Doma d'Ossala*, in 30 hours : fare, 35 francs.

Martigny to *Vevay*, 31 miles : fare, by diligence, including conducteur and postillon, 7½ francs.

Vevay to *Lausanne*, 12 miles : fare, by steam-boat, 2¼ fr.

Lausanne to *Berne*, 54 miles : fare, by diligence, including conducteur, &c., 13 francs.

Berne to *Soleure*, 18 miles. Inns: The Crown—The Stag.

Soleure to *Bâsle*, 36 miles. Inns: The Stork—Three Kings.

Diligences and return-voitures, every day, to and from *Bâsle*.

Bâsle to *Freyburg*, 40 miles. Inn: *Zahringer Hof*.

Freyburg to *Offenburg*, 45 miles. Inn: *La Fortune*.

Offenburg to *Carlsruhe*, 48 miles. Inns: *Erbprinzen*—*Englischen Hof*.

Seats in return-voitures may be had almost every day, in summer, from *Carlsruhe* to the large towns in the neighbourhood, for six or eight francs the day's journey.

Carlsruhe to *Heidelberg*, 42 miles. Inns: *Badischen Hof*—*Karlsberg*.

Heidelberg to *Darmstadt*, 36 miles. Inns: *La Grappe*—*The Sun*.

Darmstadt to *Frankfort*, 17 miles. Inns: *L'hôtel d'Angleterre*—*Hôtel de Russie*.

At *Frankfort*, also, conveyances may be had daily to all parts of the Continent.

Frankfort to *Wiesbaden*, 24 miles. Inns: *The Post*—*L'hôtel d'Angleterre*.—Fare, by diligence, 5 francs. Charge for a bath, 1 fr.

Wiesbaden to *Mayence*, 8 miles. Inn: *Rhein Hof*.—Fare, by a cabriolet, $2\frac{3}{4}$ francs.

Mayence to *Cologne*, 125 miles, in one day, by steamboat: fare, 27 fr. 10 sous.

Cologne to *Nimeguen*, 110 miles, in one day, by steamboat: fare, 26 francs.—Inns: *The Hart*—*The Swan*.

Nimeguen to *Rotterdam*, 95 miles, in one day, by steamboat: fare, 22 francs.—Inns: *The Sun*—*Bath Hotel*.

Rotterdam to *London*, by steam-vessel, in 27 hours: fare, 4*l*.

ROUTE FOR A TRAVELLER, WHO, THOUGH PRESSED FOR TIME,
YET WISHES TO PROCEED TO SWITZERLAND THROUGH
BELGIUM AND UP THE RHINE.

	Miles.	Fare.
1st day, by steam-packet, to <i>Ostend</i>	130 . .	2 <i>l</i> .
2d . . . to <i>Brussels</i> , by diligence, which leaves <i>Ostend</i> early in the morning . .	84 . .	6 fr.
3d . . . to <i>Liege</i> , through <i>Waterloo</i> , by diligence, which leaves <i>Brussels</i> at 5 A.M.	87 . .	15½ fr.
4th . . . to <i>Aix la Chapelle</i> , by diligence, at 8 A.M.	30 . .	6 fr.
5th . . . to <i>Cologne</i> , by diligence, at 8 A.M.	42 . .	12 fr.
6th . . . to <i>Coblentz</i> , by steam-packet . . .	63 . .	14 fr.
7th . . . to <i>Mayence</i> , by ditto	62 . .	14 fr.
8th . . . to <i>Germasheim</i> , by ditto }	85 . .	15 fr.
9th . . . to <i>Shroek</i> , by ditto		
And on to <i>Carlsruhe</i> , by voiture: (you may reach <i>Carlsruhe</i> by 10 A.M.)	7 . .	2 fr.
10th day, to <i>Bâsle</i> , by diligence, which leaves <i>Carlsruhe</i> in the evening of one day, and arrives at <i>Bâsle</i> the next . . .	134 . .	28 fr.

From *Bâsle* there is a diligence every day to *Berne*,
Lausanne, and *Geneva*; and once a week to *Schaff-*
hausen.

According to the above route, a Tourist would arrive at *Bâsle* the tenth evening after leaving *London*, without travelling in the night; except once, namely, between *Carlsruhe* and *Strasburg*, where the country is flat and uninteresting.

The average daily expense for bed and board, while travelling, may be reckoned as follows;—bed, 1½ franc; breakfast, 1½ franc; dinner, 3 francs; tea or supper, 1½ franc; servants, 1 franc.

E.H. ~~78/~~
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+ Foldg. Map. ghm

