

Mary Wordsworth's travel journal (DCMS 92) 11 July to 23 December 1820

On 11 July 1820 William Wordsworth, with his wife Mary and his sister Dorothy, set sail from Dover. Accompanying them were Mary's cousin Tom Monkhouse, and Jane, Tom's bride of three days; also Jane's sister and a maid. Couples in those days did not expect to go on honeymoon alone.

For Mary and Dorothy it was a pilgrimage: they longed to see the places that, thirty years before, William had visited with his friend Robert Jones ('Jones! as from Calais southward you and I/Went pacing side by side...'). It soon transpired that Mrs Monkhouse had no such longing, preferring more fashionable resorts; and on 11 August she with her female companions returned to Berne, which city the party had just left. It cannot have pleased poor Jane that her husband chose not to return to Berne, but rather to continue with the Wordsworths. William, Mary and Dorothy were delighted when at Lucerne they were joined by Henry Crabb Robinson. 'Never Man arrived so opportunely!' wrote Mary.

Both Mary and Dorothy kept diaries of their journey, but whereas Dorothy's has been published, Mary's has not. Yet we are told that William 'placed them on a par, expressing the wish that they might some day be published together.' Indeed William, when writing his Memorials of a Tour on the Continent, 1820, would turn as often to Mary's journal as to Dorothy's for inspiration.¹ The diary presented here is from a manuscript kept at Dove Cottage in Cumbria (reference DCMS 92), which is the property of the Wordsworth Trust, who own the copyright. The diary has been transcribed with their permission, and we are grateful to the director and trustees for allowing us to reproduce it here.

What was Mary like? When William met her after a lapse of time, when they were both seventeen (for they were born in the same year, and had known each other as children), he was bowled over: 'She was a Phantom of delight/When first she gleamed upon my sight.' Mary was said to be plain, yet, wrote Dorothy, she exercised 'all the practical power and fascination of beauty, through the mere compensatory charms of sweetness all but angelic, of simplicity the most entire, womanly self-respect, and purity of heart speaking through all her looks, acts and movements'.² Not only William, but his brother John too, fell in love with her.

William died in 1850. Dorothy, who in 1835 had succumbed prematurely to dementia, lived on, ever more 'restless and violent', until 1855. Mary, having devoted her life to them both, survived until 1859; blind, yet 'calm, cheerful and uncomplaining.' When the end came at last, her son John declared that 'he had never seen a happier deathbed'.³

¹See *Wordsworth, A Life* by Juliet Barker, p. 536.

²Dorothy Wordsworth to Jane Pollard, quoted by Juliet Barker, *Ibid*, pp 45-46.

³*Ibid*, p. 810.

* * *

My dearest Dorothy

I cannot help complying with your earnest request that I would, with my own hand, make for you a fair copy of my Journal on the Continent; a task which I had intended for yourself; you must not however expect to meet with aught in the following Pages beyond a mere transcript of the hasty notes, made by snatches, during our Journey. Your Aunt will furnish you with a more particular, & comprehensive account of what we saw; and of much entertainment & information that I could not partake of, owing to my ignorance of foreign Languages. – This therefore, will only be interesting as a Record from herself, of an important event in the life of

Your affectionate Mother, M.W.

Rydal Mount, Feby 20th. 1821.

Monday July 10th 1820. At eight o'clock in the morning set off from Bridge St. Westminster – in the Union Coach – found no one in it – travelled pleasantly, turning over the leaves of the new Edition of William's Poems which had just been put into our hands, bound up in an unfinished state. – Beyond Gravesend the Country began to look beautiful – river gay with many Vessels. Pretty Church, the motto on its dial pleased me: "Trifle not, your time is short". Cherry Orchards hung with ripe fruit. – Stacking Clover – Pea-gatherers in groupes. Cottages all the way neat & chearful with their flower-gardens. – First glimpse of Dover Castle, so like Scarbro', I could have fancied myself travelling thither. "White-sleeved shirts" in the Cricket-field "by the score". Picturesque Huts in the chalk Quarry. – Reached Dover at a ¼ past seven, – found our Friends well & rejoiced to see us.

Tuesday July 11th. Dover

Beautiful weather, it is ½ past 6 o'clock & we are ready to walk to the Cliffs before breakfast. Dover Castle – Verses &c (see D's journal). Entered the Pacquet & set sail at 20 minutes past 10 o'clock – quick passage, 3½ hours – about half of the time I was in a state of much enjoyment – the sea beautiful, sparkling under a fresh breeze. – afterwards, retired to the Cabin, very sick. T.M. in one bed, D. in another, myself on a third, & a poor suffering creature, the worst of the Party, occupied the fourth. The upper tier of beds all empty. A most kind Steward in attendance – Upon hearing that we were within 5 miles of Calais, went upon deck; but was obliged to return like a sick Chicken. – Bustle of landing – Passports demanded &c. The first shock of difference of Country was very picturesque – passing through the gates of the City we had before us a line of white-capped Fish-women with their brown faces – the fish very foul, yet at dinner the same sort proved excellent, filthy as its appearance was when spread out for sale. Finer town than we had expected to see. – Dessin's Hotel delightful. Walked about & went to the Remise to make choice of Carriages for the journey. – Went into Shops, I wished much for Doro to help me with her French. Wanted a hair pencil, which after much difficulty T.M. & I procured, we entered a shop at random, – The Master & Madame with great importance in their manner, sent for a little Girl who understood English – the little Bustler came, & though a plain Lass she looked so good-humoured, & so happy to turn her "few words of English speech" to account, that I could have kissed her – paid 6d. & brought away two pencils. – Nice adventures between T.M. & some little Boys in a Church.

Wed. July 12th. Calais

Waiting for the Carriages – almost sorry to quit those elegant Apartments & pretty fragrant flower Gardens, in which we have been sauntering with Madame & her pretty little Baby, 14 months old, that trips about, & daunces, to her Mother's sweet voice. Madame presented us roses with such a benignant countenance! Went to Mass at six o'clock. – First impression solemn & imposing, but how tawdry the decorations, & flippant the ceremonies, which D. will describe at length. – One striking female Figure, in rags, with her attendant dog, seated alone upon the steps leading to a deserted Altar, was very impressive. – These French are certainly attractive Creatures, nothing surly about them, whatever happens; & it is pleasant to observe their honesty, we have had an amusing reckoning with the Laundress, – for with all Dorothy's french we were at last obliged to hold out the money & suffer the good woman to pay herself. – Left Calais about 9 o'clock, the Postilions cracking their whips through the streets – ridiculously intertwining – Suburbs much like England – as we advance, Country more like Scotland, but with cleaner

dwelling. Pretty Figures passed us upon the road, Women upon ponies or asses – the asses generally fine – ponies ragged – sheep-skins for saddles, the feet rest upon foot stools, like those suspended from Pillions. – Two gaily drest Girls upon an ass, their faces different ways, – Women astride, – riding between two panniers, – Girl with a large basket behind her. One interesting pair, an old man, & a little boy. Travellers such as these, & so unlike what we see at home, were the only ones we met till we reached Graveslines, – a desolate City. Great parade of gateways & draw-bridges – Crossed six or seven, but found nothing within to account for this care to guard – much ado about nothing. – No appearance of gentry, or State; – no manufactories, – no bustle or busy faces to greet us at the inn-door. Here we changed Horses & postilions, who quite equalled those from Calais in their performances with the whip – how Willy would have laughed at their prowess! Bad agriculturalists, yet fine crops, & forwarder than in England. Did not always quarrel with the careless Farmer, the neglected-ground often presented us with beds of beautiful wild-flowers – the scarlet poppy – blue-bottle &c &c – Pigs tethered, – Women with their household-work, busy in the hot sunshine, – sometimes with their cradled baby broiling beside them.

Arrived at Dunkirk after the Company had sate down to Table d’hote, Dorothy will give a more favourable report of the viands, so I shall content myself with recording that, at this first public Table, I contrived to satisfy my appetite. A superbe City (as M. le Postilion told us). After dinner having refreshed ourselves with washing &c walked out – went to the Church – a fine gothic Edifice. The west front, supported by stately Corinthian pillars. A handsome tower – within, shabby pictures. Pier; while we watched, a Vessel pushed herself into the harbour like a giant. Looked upon the great Ocean as I always do with mingled sensations, that do me good. – Returned & mounted the Watch-tower – 265 steps – overlooked the Town – a Panorama; – wide flat prospect towards Rosenthal whither T.M. & his ladies had walked; – towards the spot where the Duke of York had been encamped; – Towards Berg Castle, & other Castles & Spires: – Reminded of Ruben’s landscapes. Two Watchmen attended here, & lodged in a room at the top of the Tower, by turns. A horn is sounded every ½ hour during the night; – Wm & D. talked with these Men. – All met at tea, settled to be off to Bruges at ½ past 5 in the mornng. – I should note that I bought a basket in the market of a nice little boy for 6 sous. – But D. must speak of Persons, for I can make nothing of them. The women are not so sprightly here as about Calais; – spacious & entertaining market-place, Old iron utensils & implements exposed for sale, spread upon the pavement.

Thursday 13th. – ½ past 4 oClock – Dunkirk

The Diligence going off – The Postilion with his pipe, sending forth volleys of smoke as he leaves the Court yard – 4 poor looking Horses to drag such a load! Monkey in its cage on the roof. Splendid Apartments & handsome furniture; but the beds, excepting the sheets not cleanly. – Left Dunkirk abt. 20 minutes past 5 oClock. Many Persons walking the streets at that early hour. – Travelled along the Sands nearly to Furnes; – stopped by a Man upon entering the Dutch territories, who looked round the Carriage, & again by the Officers at a Village; – my Trunk only examined –

Furnes a handsome old Town; – the spires we had seen from the Tower at Dunkirk, rise from these Churches – Entered both Churches while service was going on – the same Kneeling figures & mummerly – patter, patter, patter! – &c. Ladies & Gentlemen in one of these Churches; Crosses & crucifixes without number. Picturesque houses with ornamented gable-ends – Storks had built their nest on the top of a spire in the centre of the town. Women picking grass out of the pavement. – Rich view into the country from a windmill near the Town, – crops heavy, & almost ripe in patches. – Been again to Church – Children catechized – arranged in a large square – 2 lines Boys – 2 Girls. – Priest took great pains, – one boy examined another by turns, & the answers seemed quite correct, – boys finished, girls began. – Solitary worshippers, who had

remained after the congregation, scattered over the Church at their devotions in various attitudes. Town Hall – Stately building – but within, decayed, dusty & desolate. A few Persons in one or two of the apartments, engaged in business, – a Young Man from one of these did the honours of the place – led us to some portraits &c. – Saints & crucifixes stuck up in the streets, against the buildings, or within glass cases in recesses, adorned with artificial flowers – these very common in the Apartments. Altogether this Town will leave a vivid impression, & its picturesque street, reminding us, in one part of our own Oxford not to be forgotten. A gable-end surmounted by a Vane representing a forge, & two figures at work with the great hammer told us, that there dwelt the Blacksmith. Left Furnes at 12 oClock having had to wait 2 hours for horses. – Dreary Country, – but improved as we advanced. – large Tracts of corn land, excellent crops, fragrant with the bean-flower, which was luxuriant. Ditch fences near the road, but undivided fields. Fine Cattle – Horses immense, their broad backs like Oxen; Asses beautiful & numerous. –

Gisteltes – near this poste, where we dined – the guide-post pointed to the left “A Ostende”. Very tall sheep – their faces like the Leicester breed, but long-eared, & pig-like. The pigs themselves lank, long-eared animals, & tethered, as heretofore, by the cottage doors. Boy cutting clover with two implements, one used as a rake to gather, & the other to cut; – something of a short scythe, or perhaps more like a long-handled bill; – quick operation; – better management. – Dwellings adorned with flowers – an avenue before we reached the Town – “its thin Elms rustling &c”: but this, not so striking or so long as one we passed through yesterday, – where a spire rose up at one end, & a tower bounded the prospect at the other. Sudden change in the People upon leaving France very striking – more intelligent countenances Courteous & well-looking. Goats tethered – Girls all wear caps. Dined upon eggs & bacon – well dressed – bread good, cheese – & wine. Hence to Bruges, – only passed one field with cattle; – corn – Beans, heavy crops; – hedgerows here ran along the fields, but not serving for fences, being open near the road. Oaks, Willows Elms in the hedges, – & broom. – Sandy road, paved in the middle, & way-side elms, uninterruptedly. Happy-looking, picturesque children – all things seem to thrive, rich in the extreme; yet I wanted more life in the fields. Cows, tended by groupes of Children, cropping the grass by the way-sides, – one man led two by a cord – a woman at her knitting, one. Few travellers of any description, – one Person only, like a Gentleman on horseback, since we left Dover; – nor any of those little creatures riding their donkeys, so many of which we saw yesterday. –

Bruges! what a Place! – D. and I walked out as soon as we could after our arrival (about 8 or 9 oClock) went into the old Church – the Nuns, – the different worshippers, – the pictures –. The Place; – the quiet stately streets, – grand buildings, – graceful nun-like women in their long cloaks, treading with swan-like motion those silent avenues of majestic architecture – I must leave to D. to describe – my own mind was uplifted by a sort of devotional elevation as if striving to fit itself to become worthy of what those temples would lead to. – Went to bed lamenting that necessity obliged me to do so.

Friday 14th. Bruges

Arose at 5 oClock – paced the town again, & visited, but with disturbed mind, (for I had left Wm. in bed, hurting himself with a sonnet) Churches of St. Salvador – & Notre Dame – went in search of Wm, – so D. must now describe what she saw in the Church, where I left her for my time was lost till we got into the carriage & drove through the Town to the Packet in which we moved off, at 20 minutes past 6. – A variety of Passengers – the most striking two Nuns and a Priest; – left D. among them to pick up what she could, & I joined W in our carriage, & have here wrote down the sonnet “Jones’ Parsonage” so I hope he will be at rest & I shall write a letter to S. – We are passing through fields between lines of willows & are gliding along in the sunshine – but our affairs, owing [to] Wms engagement with his work, have been badly managed, – we must do better. – Left the Carriage – part of the Company gone to dine – the Nuns & Priest to secure

accommodations at the first Table – His dress, a suit of Black with blue silk band (shaped like our clergymen but the cocked hat[]) – the Ladies are cheerful, nothing sanctified about their deportment or manners – dress formal, stiff & unbecoming – (D. noted the particulars). 3 miles from Ghent, 2 spires rise before us at the end of the long smooth avenue along which we are floating. – now houses – & Bustle of passengers shew that we draw near a considerable Town – Ghent – a glorious Place – we attended by one of the guides, i.e. T.M.’s party and myself – Wm. & D. waited to see the luggage safe. Called, on our way to the Inn, at 2 Churches – much like those at Bruges, tho’ I think neither of them so splendid as St. Salvador. Were conducted through grand streets, & across superbe Places – found W & D. arrived at the Hotel de Poste, which stands in a spacious Square, composed of grand houses, lines of Trees, gravel walks; – the “Place d’armes”, or Mall, of the Town. – After Tea walked forth with our Guide, & have returned highly gratified, though fagged. – A very different Town from Bruges, much larger & a greater variety of buildings, – but the interest of B. is of a higher kind: – here, is more trade, – more noise, – more impudence among the Children, who followed us about. At B. as I have said, all is silence, grace & unmixed dignity; when you met a well-dressed Person you felt the presence of something superior to yourself; – you saw no one at the windows; – the ordinary dressed persons you respected them, you could not help it – you felt a sort of veneration for every thing you looked upon. – Nothing of this here; yet, what a splendid place! the evening too, suited its character, – for the sun went down in brightness; – yesterday was not a sunny day, & Bruges wanted no sunshine; its own outline in the gloom of evening needed no golden lustre, – yet this Wm. witnessed, when D. & I were not with him – the great Tower of the Market House bathed in gold! – Band played before our windows at 9 o’clock – trumpets very grand. – (The heat would have been oppressive, had we been travelling in the Voitures to day; – Yesterday, the weather was cold and gloomy.) – I must describe the bed to which I am about to retire – made of wood, very substantial – solid high frame at the head & foot; the hangings – 4 breadths of yd wide calico, simply thrown over a straight iron rod stuck into the wall, nearly at the top of the high-roofed room; – this is a different form from what we have before seen, where the curtains were slung from a circular top. Both would be very inconvenient except in very high rooms. The heat –

Saturday 15th.

It is now 4 o’clock in the afternoon, & we are ready to depart from Ghent, being sufficiently satisfied with what we have seen, & completely tired. Wm. Has finished with a view from the top of the Cathedral. We attended service at 6 in the morning, & afterwards at 10 a Mass for the dead – a melancholy piece of superstition. The town to day did not disappoint the expectations of last night. – Dined at Table d’hote – 2 franks a head. – Kitchens, wherever we have had an opportunity of seeing them, cleanly. – copper vessels of elegant shapes, & various sizes bright & beautiful. – Fine Pictures – at the Academy, and in the Churches; – but we are told, we have not seen the Church in which are the best Pictures: – At the Academy, the most striking were, one with Fish, – A St Francis; – Our Saviour in the Tomb, – A very crowded scene, groupes of persons on foot, on horseback, in processions &c. – Judgement of Solomon, – The Plague, – Another, same Subject, – A Man pleading to be admitted into a Monastery, – First landing in Africa – &c &c. –

Brussels, Monday 17th.

Have not written since we left Ghent at 5 o’clock on Saturday afternoon, doubting whether we should stop at Alost on account of the Festival here; fearing about lodgings – ventured forward – & passed at 10 o’clock through groves, – garlands, – triumphal arches, composed of fresh flowers, – & all the gay preparations for a fete in the splendid Town of Brussels. Drove to the Bellevue Hotel in the grand square, la Place Royale. – Mr & Mrs M. separated, else we were

comfortably lodged. – Yesterday (Sunday 19th.) the religious Festival was celebrated. – Processions, – Fountains, – Garlands, – oh the profusion of beautiful flowers! – Military, – Music, – Mummery at the Cathedral, – confessing, talking, laughing, weeping – all going on together. Such a medley of inconsistencies, – Babyish vanity & shew. –regretted we could not gain admittance for the crowd, during Mass – but the music very fine. – Grand Promenade, – Carriages, – Tea-drinkings in the groves, – Liqueurs at the Hotels, – Belle-vue Table d’hote, – “Mine Host” presided, – talked with Englishmen. Illumination – drove round the Town in the Carriage; – Again, Wm. and I walked, after the rest were gone to bed. – Sound of fire works after we were in bed. – All these things I shall remember, – but nothing was equal to the Hotel-de-Ville, & the square in which it stands, with its softly-illuminated Tower, rearing its bright crest into the deep blue vault & there mingling its own gems with those of the heavens, – the lower minarets, & turrets & neighbouring buildings all sparkling; – All was, – & now remains, like a gorgeous dream, or an Arabian Tale: – What streams of liquid radiance were spread along the Sky! – Passed through the crowded streets without meeting one offensive Person, – every one we accosted replied in the most courteous manner, – no impudence, as at Ghent, – no quizzing, as in England; the urbanity of the Inhabitants is very striking. Paid about 20 shillings for the use of a Carriage, – we were 3 times out to see the Town – the Promenade, & the Illuminations; & 5 fr: for a Lacquais de Place, an intelligent fellow, who waited upon us dutifully, & seemed proud of his Office. – It is drawing towards 8 o’clock, & being determined to have a quiet morning, I am not yet dressed. – We have reached the commencement of our second week – the last has been as long as two or three ordinary ones, – Must prepare to mount a Tower, to gain, if the state of the atmosphere will allow, one parting view of Brussels. – At 10 we depart, & leave all the Civil processions to those whom they may concern, – we have relished what we have seen, but a continuation of the like, for days after days, would cloy our English appetites. – A sprightly Flower girl attended our goings-out & comings-in, and supplied us from her basket with nosegays while we were at Brussels; & we ungraciously left it without rewarding her.

Namur Tuesday 18th.

Our ride yesterday, except for the intervention of Waterloo & its interests, which were so melancholy that I do not like to touch upon them, was a dull one – Though the road was pleasant through the Forest of Soigny. – Waterloo, – its pretty Chapel, the walls within covered with monuments recording the fall of many of our brave Countrymen, – & some few others as brave. – La Haye Sainte – La Belle Alliance. – Quatre Bras. – Dined at Genappe – good dinner – kind and communicative Attendant; – two Bullet shots in the wainscot of the room, – which during the battle had been heaped with dead, & dying. – one Genl., we were told, died on the floor of the Passage. – Violent thunder storm, – solemn darkness, followed by heavy rain, – the large drops pelted against the windows, so that it was with difficulty we heard each other speak, for a short time, – but cleared up before we were ready to depart. – D. unwell. Thence to Namur – a sleepy & a sleeping journey. Large & comfortable Hotel. Trading town, – Church of the Jesuits – marble pillars and altar most beautiful – Our Saviour on the Cross, in marble, – agate roof, – finely carved Confessionals. Cathedral, spacious & airy, – Pictures – marble altars here also very splendid – service going on & women washing the floor at the same time; – one came & wiped the dust off our feet, – whether this was an act of superstition or done in hope of an earthly reward I do not know, – if the latter, she was disappointed. – Delightful view up the Meuse – Villas and beautiful gardens on its banks, as seen from the Citadel. – Soil less rich. – The Sombre & the Meuse here unite. – 10 o’clock ready to depart from the Hotel d’Harscamp, – In the Cathedral was a picture of Christ’s Entry into Jerusalem – nothing like Haydon’s: – & a Christ in the Sepulchre &c. Both the Churches are shabby on the outside, tho’ the form of the Cathedral is good – and their not being incumbered by Pews or benches, give the Catholic Churches an advantage over ours. – Saw Boys go to school at 7 o’clock – Books – Portfolios under their arms

– like our own school-boys, – but more picturesquely attired, with their caps & vests. – Peeped-in at the College-gates – seems a considerable school, – French language spoken. People very civil, & indeed courteous – attending us cheerfully – though we had nothing to give them. – Departure from Namur; – road out of the Town beautiful, – Wide dish-like Valley, – Gardens, – groves, – town standing upon its two Rivers; – Ramparts towering above, very impressive to cast your eyes back upon. Market people flocking in, in groupes; – variety of dresses, of all gay colours – Flowers seem to be the delight of the Peasantry – they are worn in their hats; upon their breasts; carried in the mouth, when their hands are at work sometimes, – or stick them behind the ear. – Road excellent all the way down the Meuse; – Villages, in all situations, – among the rocks, – now one peeps out of a recess, – another upon a Knoll, with its spire rising from among trees. – More and more beautiful as you proceed down the River, – rocks, on the banks, of the most fantastic forms – something like those on the Wye – sometimes the Valley reminded us of the Trough of the Clyde. –

Huy – Church handsome, – the high tower struck by lightning 14 years ago; – New fortifications – most picturesque & romantic situation. – Crossed the Meuse here, – charming view from the bridges; – Dined, – Madame wished to impose a two hour's dinner upon us – & she succeeded in taking us in, a little. – Road, very delightful; – rocks, – woods, – chateaux, – convent, – vineyards, – Hanging Gardens, – Orchards, with profusion of fruit; – shrubs & Flowers – & Corn lands; – all in the most luxuriant state, – so beautiful a day's journey I never before travelled.

Liege arrived here at 7 o'clock. The Host & Hostess greeted us at the gates of the Hotel in the English style, – the first reception we have met with from Madame since we crossed the Channel. – Hotel de Pavillion Anglaise. A Cathedral formerly stood in the Square – or Place – destroyed by the Revolutionists. – Prince-Bishop's Palace in front, now belongs to a private Gentleman; – Manufactories, – Mines. – The Town over-run with Paupers, – Poor's rates, since the abolition of the Ecclesiastical Government eating up the property of the Country, as in England. Host an intelligent Man – conversation with him. His wife very chatty – an agreeable comely woman – elegant apartments – Saloon very large – Supper; – fish – excellent, – mutton-chops – Chicken &c &c – too long to wait for it, the only fault.

Liege Wed 19th.

Wm & I walked out before breakfast – & visited 3 Churches; – St Anthony, handsome, first we have seen furnished with benches. – St Croix – fine Picture of Christ bearing the Cross. – In St Martin a grand Altar, gilded figures upon white marble. – After breakfast went to St Paul's with the Ladies, – poor D. in bed. A fine building & Pictures, Christ's Baptism very good. Christ in the Sepulchre, marble. Grand Place flower, fruit & vegetable market, – 3 overflowing marble Fountains; one very large, & magnificent. The Town itself not equal to its promise when, as we approached, it looked so bright following the base of the steep rocks that bend around. – Well watered, but irregularly built, & much injured at the revolution; – did not go to the Heights. – T.M. did & found the view of the Town and Country very impressive. – An interesting adventure with a little fruit-girl of whom I bought a Pannier of Apricots. People civil – but their countenances not generally prepossessing. Fille de chambre attentive & sweet looking. Eleven o'clock, – about to depart from Liege, – bills expensive. Been with D. to the flower market – the women knew me again (for Mrs M. & I had bought some fruit of them) & greeted us with their nosegays, – Fountains glittering – in their ample basins, they wash & refresh the vegetables, – the water overflowing on all sides. – Flowers most beautiful & so fragrant! Roses, carnations, mignonette. – Leaving the town, we drove through the market-place – again we were saluted by our Friends the Flower-women – who held out, or threw into the carriages, their Posies. Above the Town mounted the hill called Chartreuse – splendid view. The town like an amphitheatre below, rising with its church-towers, & spires to the heights – where, in front stood a magnificent

Convent which we regretted not having visited. The country around and beyond, very interesting & much varied – The Meuse winding away, – pleasing woody dells – & rich fields with corn – & orchard ground. Erecting fortifications, where we stood. Numbers of men & Boys employed. – Weather showery, with beautiful gleams that favoured us. Road rough & hilly – & high hills too. Often reminded of our own dear Country. Chateaux, & in grand situations – one very striking, with a circular pleasure-house & fantastic Chinese bridge thrown from the rocks, – no doubt merely for effect. Here Wm & I walked forward while the horses were changing. A poor traveller kneeling before a handsome crucifix, an affecting contrast between the Cross & the forlorn-looking Worshipper, – but these must be soothing resting-places to the poor way-worn Pilgrims. – Crucifixes frequent, – no Oratories. Beggars more numerous & importunate as we advance. Here, at Battiste where I am writing in the Voiture, the rest within doors waiting for dinner, they beset me so, that I shall not repeat the experiment of remaining behind to make notes. – Before me stands the Chapel, – more near, a fine English looking sycamore, built round with bricks to protect its roots; The Clipping-tree I should have called it in our Vales, – but these houses do not belong to us. A May-pole too rises beyond. Have had a most happy morning, – thought of our Darlings at home – but thought of them without forebodings. D. too is much better. Mrs M. becoming more strong as she is accustomed to travelling. The Country particularly cheerful – yet did not keep one in that continued state of excitement as while we traced the banks of the Meuse; – the irregularity of the surface here produced variety enough to rouse, but left us time to enjoy the pleasure. Good dinner for a franc & half each – Bright Vessels in the Chambers, a sort of Country Inn. You find large mirrors in the meanest rooms – more than one: – in the larger Hotels they are splendid, three I have often seen – sometimes four in the same room. Several tables also, one often in the centre of the Bed-room, very convenient.

Our travels this day have been chiefly through Pasturage & Meadow; with hedgerows of hawthorn interspersed with hazel, elm, beech, willow, aspin & here and there poplars. One hawthorn hedge in a rich pasture, under which, in a thunder-shower, were sheltering 12 beautiful cattle – the hedge thick at the bottom, and its lofty overhanging branches formed a shed such as I have beheld with pleasure in the dear fields on the banks of the Tees. The latter part of our day's ride was upon a high ridge – the ground falling rapidly on each side – gleams into the country – rich with hedgerows & pasturage & enlivened by cattle grazing. Hedgerows on each side of the paved road. Milestones. Descend, towards the Town of Aix la Chapelle – a Chapel on the opposite side of the Vale upon a high knoll, overlooking the spires & towers. –

On entering the Town we had no need as heretofore to ask ourselves, or each other, where the poor People lived – for they all seemed afloat & proud to shew themselves in their wretchedness as we descended the shabby street that led into the town. An ill-looking ill-clad race, – old women with their half-naked bosoms, – squalid Mothers and sickly babes, – & boys, impudent as if they were so to beguile the feelings of hunger. Being accustomed lately to those fine handsome towns we expected something better than we found on our way to the “Grande Hotel de Bretagne”. – After making arrangements for lodging, Wm. T.M. & myself walked to the Chapel we had seen on the heights, said to be built by Charlemaine; – a very interesting view of the Town; & over a large space of country beyond; – and into the country looking the other way. Wm. went higher to a monument recording that Buanaparte visited the spot with one attendant. We were too late to be satisfied here – the darkness only allowing us to form a notion of the outline, & to catch here & there a spire or a tower in the distance. Returned to the Hotel – took tea in the Restorateur – very bad – coffee better. On our way back to the Inn, T.M. & I lost our road, – two Girls were seated at a shop door, of whom we made enquiries – they did not speak French, but one of them prettily attempted to direct us – finding herself baffled, she called into the house, “Vather” or “Father” – the Father appeared, & was telling us how we must turn, – when the more elegant looking Girl of the two who had been silent, such as I have often seen in a picture, – arose, – (she understood her Father's French tho' not T.M.'s) & with her lively

countenanced, & sweet-toned-voiced Companion, accompanied us to the end of the street where was our Inn. These two Prussian Lasses were a nice specimen of their Country, & gave us a favourable impression of its inhabitants. But, for my part, the flash of pleasure I felt at the sound "Father" from the mouth of a slim ringlet-haired female, after having so long listened to voices from which I could understand nothing, but by guess, was enough to prepossess me in favour of less attractive attendants. – Among the pleasures of yesterday, was the sight of a little white Chapel by a willowy brook in a lovely green dell, – near it a comfortable looking groupe of cottages; – the cottages in general look comfortable. How different to those miserable habitations as we entered this far-famed Town! The Chapel here alluded to, was not larger in appearance than the tiny rocky edifice at Buttermere. A Christ under the branches of a spreading Oak, brought to my mind, by contrast, a gay image of a brightly-painted fox on a sign-board, among the branches of a flowering chesnut tree, which William & I saw gleaming in the setting sun, when walking through the Village of Souldren. But this Saviour was one of the most striking we had seen. –

Thursday 20th. Aix la Chapelle

Waked soon after 3 o'clock this morning, by the twittering of swallows or starlings in the chimney, the only time I have heard the sound of Birds. – Roused up again, but not from sleep, before 5 by the French horn & Drum; – as we wished to be off early did not try to sleep again. – we slept in two comfortable little beds, – the linen clean – beautifully white, – plenty of towels, – a comfort in ordinary English inns you do not meet with. – At Aix la Chapelle, little Edith had her bad fever, – and here her poor Father & Mother passed many an anxious hour. – Been at the Cathedral – & breakfasted; – Dome built by Charlemaine, – the whole very different from what we have before seen. Tomb of Charlemaine & Pictures, – Christ after being taken from the Cross by Vandyke. Descent from the Cross, a copy from Rubens: – two of Christ on the Cross. Old Tower of Place Maison – built by Charlemaine; – Hotel de Ville – Large room where the Treaty was signed; – Painting on the Subject; – Picture of the present King of Prussia in regimentals – at the head of the room; Portraits of Ambassadors around. Another room where City business is transacted by the Magistrates. The market held in this Place. Fruit market, fruit not so fine, or so abundant as in the market at Liege. – Soft cheese and curds. – D. & I walked in a decayed Bazar – few of the shops occupied, – things offered for sale extravagantly dear; – a pipe supplied this Court with the Spa-water, the smell abominable – Persons drinking – & pacing backwards & forwards, careless of the stench, which made us glad to retire. –

Left Aix la Chapelle at eleven, our road first lay through pretty pastures, with cows grazing – evidently a dairy Country. – Hay grounds, – in some places cutting the grass, in others hay-making; gay figures at work & very industrious, – this did not last long, & there was little interesting, save that some glittering Prussian Soldiers were upon the road; – & we were seldom long without being greeted by a gleaming spire rising in the distance, or from its cluster of trees & dwellings. – The oratories & crosses (noticed at all times) attracted more of our attention, as the Country demanded less. Little images, we saw many, often gaily decked with fresh flowers – & sometimes with artificial ones; – a tiny Virgin high up against a wall, had, stuck in a glass bottle on each side of her – a bunch of flowers – no doubt a pious offering. – In the Village of Aldenberg was a very pretty Picture of the flight into Egypt painted in gay colours upon an upright tablet.

Dined at the Table d'hôte in the old fortified town of Juliers – bad dinner, for which we payed 3 francs each; – a large Company. – Prussian officers at the head of the table, – we seated ourselves at the other end where were some respectable looking men; – about the centre on one side sate the Hostess & her daughter, a nice modest girl who did the honours with great propriety; – opposite to them were some ill-bred men who amused themselves by laughing at our foreign speech & appearance. As soon as dinner was over, & William had done what he could to

gain redress for having been cheated by a rascally Postilion, & purchased an UMBERELLA – we departed. – The town was ugly & the Country did not improve after we left it. Met a Voiture with an English Gentleman & two Ladies & a maid-servant, – were called upon to change horses, & had some pleasant conversation with the Gentleman, a reward we do not always receive when so detained. Recommended an Inn to us at Cologne. Patchy corn land, & variety of green crops dividing the unenclosed, or slightly-enclosed, ground into squares like patch-work. Straggling labourers at work in the fields, & on the road with their carts, – clumsy Vehicles, as if an axe had been the only tool used to make them, – though sometimes such as were intended for distant carriage were not clumsy, but awkward in form, – very long bodied, with long spoked wheels. Wheel-barrows very rude – all the implements of husbandry appeared to me an age behind any thing I had seen, – One Man with a laden wheel-barrow, had his dog yoked in front to help him forward, – another, was turning up the soil between his potatoe-rows with a long, narrow spade. – Sometimes women, & frequently Children, tending their cows by the road-side – & here & there cutting grass from places where the Cattle might not go, & carrying it off, in bundles. – Went to sleep, & was waked by D. as we approached a town, which, judging by its spires we supposed to be Cologne, however it proved only a fortified Village –

Bergham; – a finer moat than usual, with its water lilies around the fortifications. Passed the gates, not unlike those at Gravellines. The Village merely a desolate dirty street – waited here a long time – the Gentlemen were “gaining information”. – While we sate a Boy came through the Gates in front of us, winding a horn surrounded by a large herd of swine, which he had been gathering in for the night; the louder he blew, the faster they ran, grunting all the way. – Looking back upon this Village, the Church with its 3 Towers rose prettily from the green hill side – the houses & fortifications beyond. – we had 3 prussian miles of bad road to travel, but excellent drivers and our ride was very pleasant. – Passed a beautiful hamlet, or village, for it had its little chapel standing in a woody glen. Happy-looking country – scattered cottages, nestled in their gardens or in their little orchards, – Oratory with its guardian-cross peering from the woody hill above, – Postilions, – every man you meet here, with a pipe in his mouth. – A glorious sky, – but for such accidents as I have mentioned, no beauty in the country. No Chateaux – Poplars the favourite tree, & when those planted lately by the road side, rise to the dignity of an avenue, they will produce a good effect. – Great change in dress, especially in the woman’s head dresses – the long-eared flemish cap we have lost sight of, it has given place to a long triangle tied under the chin, – long hair turned up behind, but not tight. The young Girls shed their hair from the face, & braid it upon the top of the head – sometimes very prettily. –

Cologne arrived at about 10 o’clock, – had great difficulty to make the Postilions understand whither we wished to be driven; – at length, one sharp Fellow in the street, perceiving our perplexity – in a moment caught our meaning – &, first enquiring of Wm if he was French? then Spaniard? & seeming proud of his own smattering of french, ran before, &, of his own accord conducted us through many a narrow decaying, dirty street to the gates of the Grande Hotel cour de Romsberg – which looked by the light shed upon it from one sullen lamp, & the gleaming river seen through an arched gateway beyond, more like a Prison, or a strong hold of some sort, than a House of entertainment; – such however it was; – but to me it gave the notion, to more senses than one, of Exeter change, with its wild beasts. We mounted directly from the gateway where we alighted, (& where the Carriages stood all the time we remained at Cologne), – to our Chambers, passing along open galleries with sanded floors – & greeted by such stenches as obliged us to hold our noses, & shut the chamber doors upon ourselves as fast as possible; and at this place we had much difficulty to make ourselves understood. Had tea in the Salle & each retired to our own apartment, – William’s & mine beautifully situated, close upon the Rhine, looking in the moonlight like the Thames. – I ought not to have forgotten the blue distant mountains on our left, – & the sugar-loaf-shaped milestones which this evening we found very satisfactory companions. – as we entered this gloomy Town, I could not help asking myself, what

would be the effect upon one of its Inhabitants were he, for the first time introduced at that hour, to our brilliant City of London! –

Friday July 21st. Cologne.

Poor D. has been to visit us, not being able to sleep; – it was 25 minutes past 5 when she awaked us – but Wm & I had before that time given our morning salutation to the river, & had gone to bed again. Watched with D. the unloading of a barge, – a train coming along a sort of pier, – Passengers fresh from their beds, – Market women with their baskets on their backs, – on their heads, – Men & Boys, all laden; – nicely shaped baskets of various sorts – with Poultry, vegetables & fruit beautifully packed. – Carts with Calves, living & dead, – one little black calf led by a cord gave its attendant some trouble; – a flock of sheep! – A busy, bustling scene, – All coming to market, – such a gay groupe – scarlet, blue every variety of colour – & how picturesque the dresses! The pipe, the baskets – “O now that the genius of Bewick were mine!” This Barge was waiting, & a Man keeping watch whose business I then could not understand, when I first looked out, he kept pacing the shore seemingly without an object. – A second barge has been here, & the like ceremony of unloading almost over, – did not attend to the noise or look out, – & in a few minutes this Barge also at the tinkling of a large bell suspended aloft will be gone. –

Have breakfasted in a chearful common room, – Mrs M. and Miss H. took their breakfast in their Chambers; – preparing to go to see the town, – Wm resolved to stay all day here. Went forth with our Conductor, – D. and Mrs M. unable to accompany us. An old irregular large town, with narrow streets, – 2 or 3 Places very inferior to those we have seen, & some few fine Buildings. – The Town’s House or Maison de ville, with Corinthian Pillars supporting the front, very handsome; – said to have been erected in the time of the Romans. The Cathedral a most magnificent Edifice – Tower unfinished; – (this I perceived, but took it for a ruin, at 10 miles distance) – built 700 years ago; – the outside reminds you of Westminster Abbey, in parts; & had the Projector’s wish been fulfilled, within & without, this would have been a much more sumptuous Pile – it affectingly called to my mind William’s lines –

“Things incomplete & purposes betrayed
Make sadder transits o’er truth’s mystic glass
Than noblest objects utterly decayed.”

Within, the fluted Pillars are very grand – the dimensions 1180 German feet high 700 long & 500 broad. A curious old Picture 450 years old – subject the 3 Kings of Cologne – in the centre (for it was divided into three parts & kept shut up to protect it) and on the sides Ursula & the 11000 Virgins – by Kalfe – Mounted 250 steps to the top of the unfinished Tower, and had a fine prospect of the river winding its way towards Dusseldorf, &c. Were shewn by lighted candles into a dark vault-like place where stood a Box in which are kept the Archives of the City. – The “Box of the 3 Kings” they tell a fabulous tale connected with it about three Magi – within it you have pointed out 3 sculls on which are coronets studded with gems & precious stones, – as they told us, of immense value, & indeed so they seemed to us – the whole when the candles were placed near, in that dark place was a dazzling sight. Fears had been entertained of losing this precious Casket during the Revolution & it was carried off, but Bounaparte, – who seems to be a sort of favourite in those parts, they told us – generously ordered it to be returned to its own city. – From the Cathedral, that august & solemnly impressive Temple which I have not attempted to describe, we went to see the famous Picture of St Peter nailed to the Cross, by Rubens, & given by him to this his native Place – & to that Church of St Peter, where till the age of eleven he had served as Chorister, & in which he had been baptized: – His Father & Mother are laid there. We also passed by the House in which he had been born.

On our return to the Hotel, at a very considerable distance from the river, were shewn a mark to which it had risen in the Febry of 1784; & in a room on the ground floor of this house, the same flood is recorded by an inscription nearly at the top of the wall, as having reached that point. In this room we dined at Table d'hote; a large company of respectable looking Gentlemen, – one Lady, I suppose the Hostess, joined us – a nice Woman. – The brazen vessels we have so often admired, are here of the most elegant forms, & kept beautifully bright. – I do not remember that one beggar accosted us in the streets, & only one at the Church door, – an agreeable change, for they have been very troublesome. – Few Crosses, or Figures against the walls, or in the Churches. – By the bye, I forgot to mention the pair of females that were placed, in one of the fine Churches at Liege – on each side of a Saviour, – they were as large or larger than life, & each dressed in new, brightly glazed, figured calico Gowns of different patterns and colour, – Made, drawn at the breast & with long tight sleeves; – Handkerchiefs, caps, all modern & English looking, – their whole appearance nothing differing from that which one of our Yeoman's wives or grown-up daughters might wish to make, when arrayed in their best at some Christening, or other festival. The effect produced by these incongruous things, when looking around one of those dignified & solemn Edifices is often truly ludicrous. – Have again been feasting ourselves in this glorious Cathedral, &, by the light of the setting sun – we took Dorothy thither and she was enraptured; – she managed to talk in German with our Guide; – the father of the little Girl who before went with us to the Tower. William in his musing way. We go off at five in the morning – our Friends went to Bonne this Evening. – I think I have not mentioned the scarlet nets which are thrown over the work-horses, with a deep fringe like a flounce round the body – & one also, from the forehead hanging over the face like a veil.

Saturday 22d.

Left Cologne at 6 o'clock – came in sight of the Rhine – passed one pretty Village on its banks – Villagers going to or returning from their devotions, audibly repeating their prayers and counting their beads well-dressed – no appearance of poverty or begging. – Reached Bonne in a heavy shower – a beautifully situated town, in which is a College – many Students, & Military about the streets, – Market-day Vegetables & fruit as usual, the chief commodities. – Hurried breakfast; – set off again at 9 o'clock in heavy rain, – sad thing to be obliged to leave this very interesting Town & neighbourhood unexplored, especially as the weather was so unfavourable for our catching a passing glance. – But we were anxious, at least Wm was to be in Switzerland, – & we must follow our destiny. – Leaving the rich plain – came to the fine range of Mountains we saw yesterday, & to the side of the glorious river, by which we have since travelled – Magnificent heights on its banks – the most abrupt & fantastic outlines; – Convents (what an exquisite one that first, which pushed itself forward on the green shore where the river turned in its course) – ruined Castles looking at each other from aloft, or down upon the Convents that lurk in the woody clefts. – Picturesque Villages, with their spires at every turn of this stately winding river, – beautiful road following its windings. – every variety of form given to the rocks; & affecting intimations brought to mind by the frequent oratories & crosses – here, neither tawdry nor obtrusive. After changing horses at Remengen, – lost sight for a while of our noble Companion, which soon re-appeared stretching along a more widely-spread vale, – the green hills softly retiring, Vineyards climbing up their sides, & into every crevice. – Corn yellow, green, the different crops richly filling the centre of the Vale: the fine road bordered now by apple trees laden with fruit, – now open to the undivided plain. – Again the hills approached, & never was beheld a grander display of Nature's works – & of human art – than continued in succession to feast our eyes and imaginations. – D. noted the objects individually in one of the most beautiful passages; & to that I trust we shall all have an opportunity to recur.

Andernach, a small fortified Town, with some very interesting Towers. – After dinner (which was a sumptuous one, but for which we were charged 5 franks a head, & had a fracas with the

Landlady in consequence) we walked upon the walls & mounted a 100 steps up one of the Towers to look forth, – prospect less interesting than below; – walked through the town, an appearance of desolation, & poverty, & decay every where, – but very few inveterate beggars. One poor Woman who went with us, to look at some ruins, told us that her husband’s daily earnings were only 20 sous, for hard labour: – we always notice as we go along with what industry the people ply their occupations, never standing with their hands across, gazing after you, as is customary among our own Countrymen, or women, – but with the body bent – perpetually labouring. Crossed a bridge over the Moselle & reached Coblentz at, or near 10 o’clock, – alighted at the Poste House, found the Maitre d’Hotel (as our Postilion had before told us) a brae man who could speak English, & he told no more than the truth; – a very interesting man, had been at the College at Ratzburg, & there learned the English language, which he has retained by reading, & occasional conversation with Travellers. He gave us the names of the several Castles, & Convents, which D. will note; as well as a little story attached to some of them; – & he spoke with much feeling, & without quackery, of the Country through which we had passed, & still more of that to which we were going. Our road from Andernach had been less beautiful, than before we reached that place. – I have remarked the very great resemblance between the sound of the German & our own language, – especially when it proceeds from Children; – sitting at an open window where a groupe were at play & listening to the happy sound as my nature always leads me to do, I felt a flash of surprize at the recollection that those little Creatures were talking German! the sound exactly what one might have heard at the foot of Rydal hill on a Sunday evening, when the whole village are at play – the laugh – the shrill note were the very same.

Sunday July 23 Coblentz

Have attended service at the Cathedral – a shabby building – but the Music very solemn – I cannot remember ever to have been impressed more deeply in any place of worship, than while I was seated amid this congregation, – & out of sight of the ceremonies performed by the Priests & their attendants! My ears were feasted by sounds perfectly intelligible, & even the tinkling bell that called upon us to kneel, or to rise, did not appear ridiculous. – Walked afterwards upon the bridge of boats thrown across the Rhine – fine view up and down the River: – The Moselle flowing-in a little below. Over this river we crossed as we entered last night. – Splendid view from the Fortifications, of the two rivers; – the blue-roofed Town stands in the form of a triangle, one side washed by the Moselle, the Rhine washes another, & the third outline somewhat irregularly runs across the flat land behind; – hills not far beyond; – upon those heights stands the Convent of the Chartreuse whither Wm had walked in the morning. – The variety of dresses – both of Men & Women has much amused us to day, – The costume of all states, & nations, – Swiss, German, French, English seems to be collected in this Town. Many of them are exactly what we have seen in pictures. Several beautiful Babies, & with these I have had no difficulty to converse; – they speak a common language – the language of all times & all people. – an interesting fountain in a pretty square near the river; – Allegorical figures upon it representing the Rhine & the Moselle – inscription on one side – The french is, I believe very bad, but I intended to copy it verbatim.

“An: M.D.C.CXII
Memorable par la Campagne
Contre les Russes
Souise le prefecture
De Jules Duzan
Vu approuve
Par nous commandant

Russe de la ville de Coblenz
June 1814”

Looking above the Church that stands in this square, the view of Aronbrightstein hill, & fortifications beyond, reminded me of Edinboro’ Castle. Notwithstanding it was Sabbath day, went into a shop and bought an Infant’s cap – as a specimen of the gaiety of Baby-costume.

Monday 24th

Left Coblenz at ½ past 6 o’clock – travelled with our Saturday’s Companion – striving to outdo itself in grandeur. At every step Convents – Castles – Villages; – no scattered dwellings, & once, which was a very uncommon circumstance, we were out of sight of any building whatsoever. Breakfasted at Boppard, a good breakfast but a “rascally charge” – Went forward; the same sort of interest continued, & evermore delighted us. Dined at St Goar, – visited a picturesque ruin, – Castle Reinfeld, peering upon its crag, high above the Hotel; & looking across the river, to the right & left, upon its hostile Sisters, Castle Katten & Castle Mousen. – a story connected with these Castles – Our little Guides, & their conversation with Dorothy, very entertaining. At this place we first fell in with the English Lady, whose Black Servant afterwards claimed us as old Friends, & with whom we so often met. From St Goar to Bingen – Castles commanding innumerable, small fortified Villages; – nothing could exceed the delightful variety & at first, the Postilions who were drunk, whisked us far too fast thro’ those scenes – and afterwards, the same variety so often repeated, we became quite exhausted, at least D. & I were, & beautiful as our road continued to be, we could scarcely keep our eyes open – but on my being roused from one of those slumbers (by the jostling of the Carriage, which here did often happen, owing to the spirit of the Postilions – or by our friends on approaching some especially fine part) no eye wide awake ever beheld such celestial pictures as gleamed before mine – like visions belonging to dreams. – The Castles seemed now almost stationary – a continued succession, always in sight, rarely without two or three before us at once; – there they rose! – from the craggy cliffs; – out of the centre of the stately river, – from a green island, or a craggy rock. – Bishop Hatto’s island; – But those in the river were not frequent. From those lofty Castles, perched upon the sides of the hills, or cresting some beetling or retiring rock, we were told, that the Dwellers used to watch vessels, coming up & down the Rhine, with intent to plunder. – at more distant times they were the abodes of Princes, the heads of little States, into which the Country was then divided; & who were perpetually at strife with each other. – Hence the cause of the numerous fortified towns, – & inaccessible Fortresses. – One cluster of stately buildings which in the course of this day I observed, had crept, as it were thro’ fear, into a lovely narrow chink, between two huge craggy woody hills, & there seemed to rest in safety, guarded by a Convent with its chapel in front; & a stately Castle on its left crowning the height above; – on the right side stood a single round Tower naked to the sky. – At Bashernach, another of those small fortified Towns, changed Horses, – & reached Bingen in good time, went early to bed intending to rise in time to explore the neighbourhood; – a bridge over a muddy river led us a round-about way into the Town, which from the Inn is a confined looking place; – But, as they all do with their Towers & Spires, it looked well in the approach. – A party of English Gentn. who reached the Inn before us, politely allowed us the choice of Apartments. –

Tuesday 25th. Bingen

A rainy morning disappointed us of our walk – Breakfasted & left Bingen at ½ past 8 o’clock; – found the Rhine not yet confined between lofty barriers, as we had seen it, but spread out in a more spacious Vale. – The Country became more important, & we left the River at a considerable distance, & soon lost sight of it. Mounted upon higher ground – all tilth. Dined at Mayance, where we saw some fine pictures. Interesting conversation between “Mine Host”, at

Table d'hote, & a sensible gentlemanly Person who told D. that he had served under the Duke of York at Dunkirk, we did not learn his Country. The Host, a Frenchman & a Buonapartist. – According to the advice we received at Table, we crossed the Rhine by a bridge of Boats & accompanied it a short while on our left (rafts with houses coming down the river). Struck across high lands to Wisbaden – a famous German Spa – 1 League out of our road. The boiling water running in the channels through the streets – Magnificent Saloon, Walks, Gardens, Pools with Swans – Tables, – with Coffee & Wine, whence were served gay groupes who were enjoying themselves in the open air with their Books, Pipes &c &c. Looked into the Bazars.

After quitting this place – from the top of the hill upon which for some time our road lay, a fine view up the river, running parallel with us; – Mayance we had returned upon, on its opposite bank; – looking back, Wisbaden lay prettily in the hollow. – Continued Corn lands, – fruit trees very large all the way to Frankfort bordered the road. We entered the Town too late to see any thing distinctly, but it had an imposing appearance – were received at the gates of the splendid Hotel d'Angleterre, a most joyous reception from our friend Blacky, whose presence will be a great comfort to Jane, & something of an advantage to the rest, in the way of giving us Traveller's information. So here we are, up three flights of stairs in four spacious Apartments, & all things commodiously arranged – have had Tea & are going to rest. – The only Cattle that I have observed, in this afternoon's ride, were a large flock of Sheep in a hollow, & a herd of swine in a similar situation each with their herdsman to keep them within bounds – what these animals had to feed upon was a mystery, for there was no verdure. Corn all around, whither they might not stray. Passed 12 carts each drawn by two fine Oxen in their Veils like the draught horses – each team attended by an old Man dressed in a blue Jacket & a cocked hat. On some of the carts, which were laden with simple kind of furniture, sate two or three Men in the same costume, & every way like those who drove the wains, & the last of the twelve had 3 or 4 little blue-coated Boys following – Could this be a Brotherhood belonging to some religious House Flitting? as in our Vales, we should say.

Wed: 26th.

Frankfort, a handsome well-built town of much trade, & bustle of business – the streets picturesque – Houses ornamented. Birds & Figures of all kinds placed upon the roofs – upon battlements or rising from the point of gable-ends, produce a fine effect, especially when a happy bend of the street presents them, unlooked-for to the eye. A beautiful Stone fountain in the square where the Town Hall stands; whence, as we were told, Wine flowed, at the Coronation of the Three Emperors, which there took place. Two Bull's heads, exhibited from an iron-grated window, in remembrance of the same joyful occasion. – Visited the Cathedral while Mass was going on, – Nothing remarkable in it; – we were told, this building was 1000 years old. – Mounted the Tower & had a view into the surrounding Country: – The Maine with its bridge, – the neighbouring Villages, & roads to others, D. took notes of. – A family, dwelling in a snug Cabin on this aerial station; – an Infant in its Cradle, – this must have been an inconvenient situation when that Babe was born! One Person, we were told, had died lately, who had not descended the Tower for 6 years; – a commodious Balcony to walk upon. Nothing prominent in the Town shewed itself, therefore we returned, quite contented with what we had seen, to the Hotel, – there to await the hour of our departure, meaning first to attend Table d'hote. After a protracted, scanty dinner we set off at ½ past 3 o'clock, – had a cold rainy ride to Darmstad, which we reached at ½ past 6 o'clock.

D[armstadt]. Have chosen apartments for ourselves, & our Fellow Travellers, who were not quite ready to set off with us. The Country from Frankfort, though not very interesting, was on the whole pleasing – our backward view to the City very pleasing, & we passed through some forests with the finest trees we have seen in Germany; – 2 large herds of cattle feeding under them. Before the end of this day's ride, the Poplar became decidedly the favourite of the Country,

– one grand Avenue of poplars. – Darmstad at our approach looked chearful & pleasant, – passed, at the entrance a fine garden; which, before Tea, or another shower comes on, we are going to see. The Prince of Hesse Darmstad is Paramount here, &, is now resident. – The Town is made up of palaces and places, but such silent, solemn grandeur is almost ludicrous, knowing what petty gentry those Hessians are! The guards at their stations before the several Palaces, serve to keep up the idea of the Statues, which we here miss, – there is not a Saint, a Cross, or a Crucifix to be seen in Darmstad, save a small unobtrusive cross upon the Church; such as we are accustomed to see upon our own ancient ones. The Grand Duke, the Prince his son, & the young Prince, have each a Palace, – besides other fine Palace-like buildings, used as repositories of Arms, & all the paraphernalia of War. – The streets, yet they are rather squares than streets, are cleanly, but how should they be otherwise? the winds are free to blow through them – and there seems to be no traffic, or business, or population, – like the quiet of night, not of desertion, for every thing is in order. – A tinkling bell from a Steeple tower would here be a chearful sound.

Thursday 27th.

Breakfasted & left Darmstad at ½ past 6 oClock. A cold rainy morning, had our carriage closed up almost all the way to this second Poste where I am now writing; – it has been sufficiently clear however, to shew us now & then that we have been skirting a beautiful woody, swelling hill-side. Peasantry well dressed, – Men in cocked hats, – no Beggars in this Village, – nor did one accost us while we were at Darmstad. – Crucifixes frequent after we passed the first Village, & some of them splendid ones. Two Castles on the heights, – Corn Country, with fine trees, – Walnuts, Chesnuts – Apples &c by the way-side, & scattered among the corn: – From Happeshein the swelling hills continue to run along our left, with spacious corn lands below. – Fruit trees to the right. – At Weinham, change Horses again, – postes of 12 miles each. A Castle upon the hill to our left – crossed a bridge over a small river. Rising the hill from Weinham, 13 miles from Heidelberg, a beautiful view of the rich woody Country we had passed – an old round Tower by the road side, opposite the Castle on the hill across the Vale, – & a stately Gentleman's house with gardens and pleasure-ground. Rich flowers in abundance every where, in the dirtiest Villages, – & I must say there are many as dirty as in Scotland, – you see the richest flowers ranged in pots in the windows of the poorest-looking houses. – Passing the Gates of an old desolate fortified town, above which was a habitation of some sort, probably a place of confinement, – it was affecting to observe that the Dwellers there, amused themselves by cultivating flowers, – Stocks, carnations, most beautiful ones in a sort of wild garden upon the decaying walls immediately overhead. – Such a district as we have gone through this afternoon would delight anyone, – the soil absolutely groaned or seemed to groan under its two-fold burden; – Corn, vines, crops of every sort – side by side – sometimes large spaces occupied by the same produce, – at others, a different crop on every ridge – streams of Scarlet Poppies stretching away between clover, tobacco, lint or potatoes &c; then over all, a forest of fruit trees laden with their various stores. – The last Village we passed was delightful, every roof or shed was adorned with vines – the very yards & courts were overhung with this prodigal plant, supported upon trellices then hanging down in fringes & festoons – gadding from chimney to tree, or wherever it met an object to support itself. The windows of the houses decked with the most luxuriant flowers. Reached Heidelberg at 3 oClock, alighted at the Cour de Baden, dined, – and are now seated among the enchanting walks & groves of the deserted and half-decayed Castle; – never was there such a prodigality of every lovely thing! – 9 oClock – Being joined by Mr Robinson's friend, Mr Pickford, an intelligent Englishman, who had married a German wife & settled at Heidelberg, – we walked a while about the Gardens & ruins of the castle. Looked down upon the grey-roofed town, with its Cathedral running parallel with the river Neckar; over which by a fine Bridge we had crossed on entering – boats shooting curiously over the rapids, – Vines, – hanging gardens climbing up the hills, clothing the rocks, & creeping into their crevices

on every side of us; & up to the very point where we stood. – The Town, with its squares & fountains, its narrow long streets, with arched gateways, towers & spires, courts & quaint flower gardens, – fill the deep valley. The river disappears winding away among the hills, to the right; before us it holds a direct course, through a widening tract of the same prolific Country, to the Rhine, – seen in the distance. – The Grand Duke of Baden took offence when some improvement or change was going on in the Church, or its Establishment, – & in a pet removed his Court, which used to be kept here, to Carlsruhe, – a New Town as we were told, in a flat uninteresting Country. In the Cathedral the service is performed to a Congregation of the Reformed Church, & to the Catholics, by their several Ministers – at the same time divided by a partition. Students of the University were walking about, with their long pipes in their mouths; the practice of smoking may, for aught I know, be favourable to study, but it has an idle, self-indulgent look, which does not accord with my notion of youthful pleasures at any rate. Some of these young men were clad in rough coats, looking like bears – some very elegant with their German Caps, & gay-coloured vests, of various fashions, – how graceful compared to our stiffened Dandies! – Returned, well satisfied, to our Inn & are preparing for Bed.

Friday 27th [28th]. Heidelberg

After we had made an excellent breakfast, our kind attendant Mr P. appeared, & has proved an admirable Conductor to us. He first led us through the town to his own house; – A cottage in a Garden on the banks of the – Wye I was going to say, – the Neckar is so very like that river; – the road & river cover the bottom of the vale, – its woody winding banks afford delicious views, openings into tiny dells & combs; – when we had walked perhaps a mile, (but in spots like these there is no measuring space) we turned to our right, leaving before us on the opposite shore, one of those combs which embraced a most lovely Village, – standing like a crescent following the curve of the river, – & which Mr P. told us was as clean & attractive within, as at that distance. Leaving the road, we were led up one of those tempting dells to a pretty retreat – a sort of Farm, Wolfsbrunnen, with green crofts & orchard-grounds, – fish in pools, – seats, great variety of prospect &c. – Returned along wild lanes, & pathways, through fragrant bean fields & blossoming shrubs, to the Castle: – Such an assemblage of all that Nature can bestow did we there behold! And, with liberty to enjoy – for here are no guides, – no followers, or beggars of any sort, – & what is most liberal in the Grand Duke, he permits a house of refreshment to be kept in the Court of the Castle to accommodate those who find pleasure in lingering out their time there, – & it is common for the Inhabitants with their friends to pass the summer Evenings among those delightful walks & groves. – The tract under the range of hills from the Meuse is called Bergstrasse – those among which we now are, Bergham or Bergstall; & those in the distance beyond the Rhine & which run into Switzerland, Obsgesen (or, as they are called) Odenwald. The wood upon these hills is used chiefly for fuel, Beeches, cut down every 35 years, – the ground is then dressed, & sown with Buckwheat to loosen the soil, when beech-nuts are again planted. – Oil is extracted from the beech nuts & from the Poppies; & some Cyder is made in the Country. – Owing to late rains the River is muddy, but it is generally clear, & of a green colour.

The ground about the Castle is, in all respects the finest pleasure ground I ever saw, so much intricate & close interest with such expanse & profusion! – would that Sarah had been with us! – An additional grace might have been given, had some sequestered area been furnished with one of Thomson's fountains

“That in the middle of the court upthrew
A stream high spouting from its liquid bed,
And falling back again in drizzly dew”. –

– We have been greatly obliged to Mr Pickford: – saw at his pretty Cottage his children – They played to us on the Piano & the Harp – Could we have stayed he would have provided delightful excursions for us with music & festivities, – such as they here are accustomed to partake of. – The very place this for the Lloyds, – Mutton & Beef 3d per lb. – Veal 2d Bread – I do not know how cheap, – then fire must be cheap from the profusion of wood. Lodgings to accommodate a family like their's for about £35 per ann: – no taxes. – [marginal note in MS: “The dearest thing in the place. WW. This might have been the case some 300 Years ago!!”] The passage through the bridge being somewhat dangerous those who accompany the raft, as they approach fall down upon their Knees to pray; then raise their voices – & sing an appropriate anthem till the peril is passed. – Donnerfell (Thunderhill) the name of one of the hills we have to pass. Purchased blank-paper books – good dinner – all in good spirits, tho' poor Mrs M. sadly outdone – weather become fine, and we are ready to depart, highly gratified by our visit to Heidelberg. Set out about 3 oClock – Wm. & Mr Monkhouse changed places in the carriages – as did also Dorothy and Miss Horrocks. When we reached Burchsal Wm bribed the Postilion to drive well, which answered – he the Postilion was musically inclined – the road good & we had a brisk ride to Carlsruhe.

Saturday 28th [29th]. Carlsruhe. Karlsruhe [in another hand]

We travelled yesterday afternoon through the same kind of scenery, & under a continuation of the range of hills on our left, – & a spreading tract of tillage to the right; – but the weather was beautiful, & all was life & bustle; – the business of the harvest begun with great spirit, – & it was amusing to me to observe their practices in the art of husbandry; & to see with how little labour the produce of the earth, here dispensed with such a lavish hand, is gained. Those narrow slips of various crops, seem to belong to different Peasants, judging from the appearance of those employed, & the manner in which the harvest is gathered in. The plough brought a-field in the cart that was to lead home the grain, – (which had, in some instances I have no doubt, only been cut in the morning) – meanwhile it was standing at one end of the ridge, there to have the benefit of the days sun, – while the horse & man were ploughing the land, & afterwards sowing a new crop. This done, the Corn would be carried home in the Evening. In other places, the corn was taken home & manure brought back in the Carts, in large baskets. Thus no time is lost, & no rest given, nor I suppose is it necessary that it should be given, to the soil. Reapers – Gatherers – Gleaners – all busy. Clearing weed, & hoeing among the green crops. – Yet how few Persons employed, compared to what would have been requisite in England. No regular array of Reapers, – one man, one woman, with two or three children perhaps, about one concern. Then, the cocked-hat Peasant looking so grave & solemn at the head of his team (generally a pair of oxen) (cows WW). What a feast for a Yorkshire or a Leicestershire Farmer to see! The younger females looked very pretty in their large flat hats tyed under the chin with a gay ribbon, – or as they were trudging homeward in the evening, with their treasure upon their head, & the hat gracefully slung upon the arm, – like Shepherdesses upon the Stage; – only the charm of reality makes such a difference! Many beautiful young women we saw, though it is painful to observe the prevalence of thick throats. Reached Carlsruhe at 10 oClock – had some difficulty about beds. A new Town – wide streets & large squares, – stately houses, yet they look low from the great width of the streets, & people all appear like dwarfs from the same cause. – The first Town we have seen regularly lighted by lamps. Here the Grand Duke of Baden took up his residence, when offence was given him at Heidelberg – Breakfasted & are now going to see the Town gardens &c. – Such immense Houses, Church &c – &, for what I wonder? a deathlike, genteel stillness reigns here, – the persons you meet what a contrast are they to the bustling Traders & Jew-like merchants that at every turn jostled you in the streets of Frankfort! – The heat almost overcame us in the glaring, stately Streets; & luckily, a very polite Gentleman encouraged Mrs M. & me to enter his garden, through the gates of which he caught us peeping, & where had we been at leisure we might have

enjoyed ourselves; but we had only time to hurry through a cool shade among fragrant shrubs, – Orange-trees in great luxuriance – the ripening fruit very fine. In this place their only employment seems to be to attend their flowers, & smoke; – every window is beautifully arrayed with those of the richest kinds, – & every man you meet has a pipe in his mouth. We looked into the immense Church; through the Bars of an outer gate which was locked – a thing unusual in Catholic churches, – & there we first understood that the Grand Duke was a Catholic. A golden cross stood upon the Altar – it is a fine modern Church, with magnificent pillars, Pictures &c but too much dressed, & fresh-looking, to give a solemn church-like feeling. – Left Carlsruhe about 11 o'clock; – same sort of Country – the Villages unattractive, except for the elaborate open-worked sign boards which are whimsical & very pretty, nothing noticeable in them.

Dined at Radstad – A party of German Officers were seated at Table; but had nearly finished, – we waited till our patience was almost exhausted for a fresh supply, – an old dignified General-like officer soon rose, leaving behind some ingenuous looking young men & one boy – but they were ill employed – dice & the pipe, – two, more steady ones, retired to a corner with a book. A lovely child was brought into the room, by a Shakesperian nurse, with whom the Officers joked, & she talked very freely to them & made the baby pull their hair, – they were as ready to fondle the babe as to joke with its nurse; – She afterwards drew towards us, & was gratified by our notice of the Child. – another Pet was walking about the rooms in the shape of a beautiful deer. Went to look at a stately Palace, belonging to the Grand Duke just by – 36 windows in length of front, besides retiring parts; – Magnificent trees in lines before it. – Parted with our friends a few miles from Radstad; – D. accompanied them by way of Baden – Wm not inclined to go that road. For myself I had a head-ache and was unable to look up during the Afternoon, the sun oppressed me so much that I saw little of the Country till we changed horses at Bruhl – wanting to leave a note to tell our friends at what Hotel we should be if we reached Schaffhausen before them, I discovered that I had left my silver pen at Carlsruhe! a sad neglect. Found ourselves among those beautiful woody, viny hills, – peasants all busy towards evening winning their harvest; – but while the sun continued so bright I could not bear to look up. Casting up my eyes, after it had retired in great glory – beheld the blue aerial Mountains of Switzerland! & was more affected than I wish to record, & we rode in silence, as indeed we had done all the afternoon, to Offenberg. – Wm had been requested by the Post Master at Bruhl to lodge with his daughter, who, he told us, kept a good Guest-house. On entering the town, Wm directed the Postilion, who seemed to understand him, whither he was to drive, – I was somewhat uneasy to see the man pass the good-looking Inns, & turn out of the main street into a shabby lane, but what was my dismay, tired as I was, when he stopped before a dirty desolate house, out of which descended a fat slovenly woman, & a Slatern of a Servant, followed by a decentish dressed young Man! – after some drawling conversation between the Postilion & the Frau, Wm gave the Man a slip of paper upon which the Host at Bruhl had written his daughter's address, – the Woman snatched it out of his hand, – & to my satisfaction we found that this was not the harbour we were in search of, – & so, the Postilion remounted & drove us a back way to the main Street; – again we left the tempting Hotels behind, & stopped after all, not at the house to which we were recommended, but at the Post house – What its outward appearance was I know not, for I at once entered a room which opened immediately from the street. – Such a reckless place! there were long tables, covered with all sorts of vulgar eating & smoking apparatus, – chairs, benches, pots & pans all in confusion, – an earth floor seemingly, but this might not be, for dirt & filth were uppermost; – the Landlady some degrees better, but of the same cast as she at whose door we had before halted, – I sate down upon a chair nearest to the air from the door, (with the weighty Money basket upon my knee, having here a portion of Wm's doubts whether it could possibly be safe out of our own hands) & waited till Wm had seen the Carriage emptied. On enquiring for a Chamber (this should have been done before we alighted, but all went wrong to day) the Poste Master, after much trouble on his part, & patience on our's, procured proper candlesticks – from the

Dame in the Scullery; – or, Sluttery it might be called, – lighted us up through an old, outside staircase & along a gallery – we found our way after him & the woman, who unlocked a door, – I was at a loss to conceive what sort of place such a wild entrance might lead to, when lo! The shabby door was thrown open upon a spacious apartment – but smelling hot, dry & fusty, – when it had before received the fresh air is difficult to say. – However, in this climate I feared not damp, & being completely exhausted set about to arrange while Wm talked to the Host – whom he found to be a complete Knave – but we were in for it, & there was no remedy, – he asked 4 florins for the room. – Wm ordered himself coffee, I wanted but a place to lay my head. – An ungain woman came to make the beds. This room in a large, well-frequented Hotel might have been charged as the Man chose to do, but here it was a gross imposition, for there was every appearance of its not being opened-out more than once or twice in the course of a year, – it is however worth describing. A long Apartment with 3 or 4 windows; – 2 beds stood across one end of it – a door into an ante room between; bed-steads like many we have seen of mahogany, – but none were ever rubbed so bright as these; – upon them, first the usual straw, or leaf mattress, – a feather bed, & uppermost a very thick wool mattress; Sheets, – a beautiful green silk, feather counterpane, quilted, – & above all a green silk feather Bag – each bed was thus supplied, & all perfectly new as if they had never been slept in. Besides, to each, was a a tight cover, made of bright green oil-cloth, like the cover of a Piano that went all over bed & bed-stead when not in use. – Two bright-rubbed chests of drawers, with the same sort of cover – Tables, one large one in the centre, all with gay covers: – Pier glasses between each window, these provided with muslin curtains to preserve them. – How can such strange contradictions as we found here be accounted for? It was visible enough however, that the care taken to protect this luxurious furniture, was not unnecessary to keep it in its freshness – for the exposed surface of every thing was covered with dust. Besides what I have mentioned, all other needments belonging to a bed chamber were equally elegant. We only used one of the beds – & got off with paying 2 instead of 4 florins for sleeping in this stately Apartment.

Sunday 30th.

Left Offenbergh at 6 oClock, without breakfast, – as soon as we were seated in the Carriage Wm required that the money (our perpetual plague) should be arranged; & the money & papers required so much attention, that it was some time before I was conscious what was around us – When at liberty to look beyond these, (to Travellers important) concerns – we found ourselves entering the sweet soft valley of Kensing – mists were rising, & unfolding the woody hills. The Valley by its windings divides itself into different parts; we crossed its brook upon, or soon after our entrance, & kept it on our left all the way. It is a holy thing on a Sabbath morning to travel through one of these vales, – the cottages here very beautiful, their sheds & balconies – ornamented with profusion of the choicest flowers – & frequently with vine-clad roofs. – The Gardens, & all other Cottage appendages had an air of elegance about them; – Under the steps that sometimes led to an outside gallery, you saw the wood for the fire so nicely cut, & fitted to the place where it was piled, that it appeared more like an ornamented part of the building than any thing else, – this attention to order, though the effect produced sometimes injured the beauty of these projections, was interesting as it shewed that the proprietors had leisure. Met groupes of Peasants in their Sunday attire going to Church, telling their beads by the way. – A great change of dress observable here, and much attention seems to be given to it. The Women wear large flat straw hats, elaborately ornamented with a sort of black chenille around the edge on the behind half of the hat, – this trimming is carried up in lines to the low crown, & finished off there, with little black tufts, – the front quite plain. Caps, many like the gold & silver ones we saw at Brussels, – but here, in addition they had a black net border which lay plain upon the forehead. Black caps very common – One woman walking alone, (she seemed to belong to a higher class) with her rosary, wore a very high, coloured cap turban wise – perhaps she was a Bride. The men

all in white stockings, – gay-coloured braces worn on the outside of the waistcoat, – but more often the men were without waistcoats – the morning being so hot; – I thought how proud Willy would once have been of such a pair of braces. Large round flat-hats, as well as cocked ones. Looking back over the carriages, I found a little fellow about Willy's age sitting there, – he was soon aware, from the shadow that followed us, that he was discovered, – & casting up his eyes, a quick change took place in his timid countenance, when he gathered from mine, that he was welcome to his seat. – He wore a nice new cocked hat, & had a beautiful carnation in his hand, and quickly, upon my noticing it, he with a sweet smile presented it to me. This courtesy having passed, he now felt that he held his seat by right, & went with us – untill he turned off to a little church. – Overtook a funeral, not less than 150 Persons in attendance – they followed on each side of the road the Coffin, a clumsy sort of box, borne in the middle, – a man walking after carrying a Cross. – The train was led by little boys – 2 & 2, followed by the men, though sometimes a father had his little son by the hand, – too young to trust to another's care; – hats all off. – Then came the Females, but whether the young and old walked promiscuously or not I do not know, for these we had passed before we knew that it was a funeral, & did not observe farther than that here & there the Mother had her little daughter by the hand. They all joined in a Chant, repeated on one side, & answered from the other. Breakfasted a Poste & ½ from Offenburg. – A large common room with several tables, good coffee, – host civil, – told us that whole communes attended these funerals, & presented their offerings for the poor; – we were told elsewhere that after the interment these congregations continue to meet for some time, to pray for the soul of the departed. The only furniture in the room where we breakfasted – a sort of Scottish Kitchen (not a cooking Kitchen) were tables, benches, & shelves decked with drinking glasses; – 2 Birds in their cages hanging above the window, these, in the way of luxury, almost as necessary as the flower pots. But in one corner was the little Oratory of the family, consisting of a large bracket fixed high against the wall, with a muslin fringed flounce, like a toilet; – here stood the crucifix – a Virgin on one side, & a Saviour on the other; two Parrots by their side. Upon the wall, on each side of the bracket, were hung pictures, – of the Virgin & babe, – & a head of Christ. – Under this arrangement we partook our meal, – Wm listening to the conversation of mine Host, while I brought up my journal. – Wm pleased with a little Girl tending a herd of swine, seated under a shady tree; & he bade me note a sign, not one of the light open kind, but a solid lion, with a glass in its paw. People at work in the corn field – but this not general. Pretty village, & the scattered cottages frequent, – little Girls in a Village with red shoes & bows, such as our children wear; – one, not more than 3 years old with her rosary in her hand. We found the middle part of this Vale the least interesting – latter part picturesque, with its Castle peering upon a rock – certainly the finest part, – but most to my mind was the pensive Character at the entrance. – The numerous Chapels, & groupes of Peasants in their Sabbath attire – with their books & beads at early morning – Fresh flowers in their hands, or in their hats, – or, as we sometimes saw them, stuck behind the ear, resting against the cheek – as if to catch, & convey directly to the sense, a breathing perfume with the stirring of every breeze, – one old Man, with his carnation so placed, would have made an interesting Picture. Then the first introduction to this clear, pebbly, rocky brook, so like in many of its features, our own Duddon, had a charm that we left behind us, as we advanced. The wooden cottages are large – in many instances too large for their situation – this is accounted for, when you observe that their Cattle, fodder, & stores of every kind, are kept underneath the human dwelling; – one roof serves for all, & these roofs project mostly beyond the walls of the building, – & galleries, & even apartments are thus sheltered. – Towards the head of this Vale stands the Town of Hornberg with its gates – those have been defended, when defence was needed, by the Castle upon the rock above, that overhangs this very romantic Town; from which branch various tributary dells: – Passing a narrow crooked street, & under an arch of vines, we reached our Inn at 12 oClock. – Wm so much smitten with the singular beauty of this place, & finding that here, Sunday did not prevent

our having some Linen washed, (much needed) we resolved to stay till nine o'clock next morning; – a civil Host and comfortable Inn, – but all in a bustle, – a grand wedding had just been solemnized in the church close by, – & the festivities were going-on in this house. – The Bride, a pretty young woman of about two & twenty, the Bridegroom, a Widower of thirty-five, – inhabitants among the Mountains above, towards the Black Forest – She was most elaborately dressed, – wore a glittering sort of coronet, of cut glass Beads & foil, upon the front of her head; – her hair drawn tight from the face, & plaited in three long tails behind, – from which hung a profusion of red ribbon that reached to her heels. – Black dress, upper part velvet, with tight long sleeves, – jacket bound & lined with red-woollen cloth, – glittering stomacher: under-lacings, which were of light blue ribbon; – & very brilliant ear-rings; – petticoat very short, & edged with red, – & so prodigiously full that she already looked as if she were in a family way. – The Host told us that he had been applied to by a Lady at Carlsruhe, to procure a model of this Wedding-garment (which is the ordinary costume on such occasions) for herself to appear in the like, at an assembly in that Courtly Place. Our Bride was well satisfied with her appearance & situation, – Wm drank wine with her, I did the same – uniting our glasses, & offering our good wishes. They were a noisy Company. – Went to Church – a crucifix above the Altar, otherwise nothing differing from one of our own country Churches, – bare & meagre after those splendid and decorated ones we have seen. – The Minister too a homely-looking Person, – He was holding forth to his Lutheran congregation, & though he spoke in, to me, an unknown tongue, he strongly reminded me of the Welsh Priest, whom I heard perform service in Radnor Church, & whose english was not a whit more intelligible. – I forget whether he wore a plain Gown or a surplice; – when the singing was ended, which followed the lecture he was giving to a number of young men, he proceeded to catechize them, in an earnest, animated manner, – & great attention was paid to him. Those Youths none of them looked young, their lank uncombed hair, – short black breeches, with loose knees, & ill-coloured white stockings hanging in a slovenly way about the ancles, gave them an uncomfortable appearance. – They practice & study singing in this Church, but no Organ. – After dinner, at our host's suggestion, – took a small Voiture & drove into one of the more sequestered Dales, or rather followed this Valley to its highest recess, a little Borrowdale, not so rocky, as our Cumbrian Vale, but with finer woods; – found ourselves among the Crosses & Crucifixes again, – Old Luther had no influence here; – Oratories scattered over the heights & by the way-sides, & little Chapels lifting their spires from many a rocky knoll. – A very striking one we remarked particularly, – it was standing aloft, an upright single rock rising above it, close to a deep cleft down which a tumbling stream, must often mingle its music with the tinkling bells, calling to Mass, – or send forth its fitful voice in unison with the hallelujas from within. – No Castles, I often kept watch for one. At the head of this sharply winding narrow dale – only wide enough to contain the bright dancing brook & the road, – the steeps retired, making way for the Village of Triburg (so named from 3 hills among which it lies) a very curious place steeply situated, with its two Churches & all its many ornaments – the Galleries & Sheds clad with Catholic representations; – images & paintings, – & here too the living flowers were rich & beautiful. Stopped at the Inn, opposite to the fountain, a grateful object on that hot day! – William there quenched his thirst, & I laved my hands, – until a little guide took upon himself to conduct us to the Waterfall. Dancing & merriment going on within doors. – Found the situation of the Waterfall, which was within hearing of the Village, to be very romantic, – but the fall itself was not much to us, who understand Waterfalls, & wherein their beauty consists; – this formed itself into seven stages of nearly equal heights. – We were soon satisfied here – & Wm left me to follow two Men who crossed the brook: – One, a Swiss Traveller from whom he gained some information, & who led him across the hill to see a Church or Chapel he was in quest of, – the Shrine of some Saint, whither Pilgrims resort from far, with their Gifts. A little Well with a scriptural inscription in Latin proclaiming its healing powers, he found near to the Chapel, which differed not from others in the neighbourhood, save, that it was stuck all over with pictures &

ornaments of various kinds – Offerings brought by the Devotees, in gratitude for blessings received, & probably as bribes for services desired. – Wm had left me, to wait for him by the brook side, – he had before dismissed the little boy with such a generous reward, that his eyes sparkled, & he ventured to shake the Donor by the hand in his joy; – there I sate alone, waiting so much longer than I expected, for I did not know Wm had gone so far, that I almost became frightened, – & I was just pondering – “What would poor Betty & Jonathan think did they at this moment know, where I am seated” – not able to make myself understood to a human being, if any evil should have befallen him, or any one be wicked enough to molest myself, – or should a wolf dash from the thickets! when I spied him below, on the other side of the Brook; – He crossed, & told me he had learned from the Swiss that in this Village of Triberg, retired as the situation was, you might meet with more than one Individual who could furnish you with bills of exchange upon almost any City in Europe. – Here the German Clocks, Barometers, Musical Instruments &c are manufactured. – The Town contains about 150 Houses, – all Catholics, – Why should the Reformation have stopped at Hornberg? there, all are Lutherans.

We walked down, – & through the Village while the Postilion prepared the carriage; – Villagers all gay in their Sunday's attire, – a stiff high black cap, with 4 broad black ribbons hanging almost to the feet behind, – the general head-dress of the women – . Looked into the two Churches & into one tiny Chapel; the gloom of Evening was coming on, & in this very humble place of worship it was an affecting sight to find, a single old woman on her knees before the Image of Christ. – her grandchild, (as I supposed the little girl to be) seated at her feet, with its serious face towards the door. – Soon we got into the Voiture, – but now our Postilion & his well-fed Horses were in too high condition for our comfort: – We however reached the more open part of the vale, towards the outlet, after many perils, in safety, – but there we got out to observe at leisure the Cattle on a green hill, & other interesting objects. – We found in this Valley trees, of all sorts – oak, birch, beech, Ash & Elm; – but the Fir predominated: – no hedgerows or stone walls, – yet where a little stone work in the way of embankments was found, – it was adorned with mosses, stone-fern & all those beautiful productions that prevail in such situations in our own dales. In short, here we were at home, at every step reminded of Westmorland. – Corn growing upon open ground, from which the wood last year had been felled, & which, after the corn is cut, will again be sown with beech-nuts; – the trees, not having been perfectly cleared away, were springing up through the Corn – As we went up the Vale, a herd of beautiful white Goats were browsing among the thickets, & on our return we saw a Herd-boy driving them back, – together with the Cows that had been leaving their Milk at a pretty Cottage over the brook, – one of many with its wooden bridge thrown across, – which often gave to this part of the Valley a Borrowdale look. It was almost dark when we walked into the Town of Hornberg, – Our Voiture following, – the Postilion winding his horn; here, a less un[u]sual sound to the natives, & less incongruous to our feelings, than when he blew it up that gaudy, wild, & sequestered Village. – The festivities at our Inn were still raging, & so many lights shining above stairs, that I guessed our friends were arrived, before we entered, & so in fact they were; as I went up stairs T.M. & D. were seated in the room before me, – glad at our meeting, which to them was an unexpected one, – & they were in astonishment whence we could have sprung – supposing us to be before them. – Grieved to find poor Mrs M. unwell, & gone to bed. – All the Party had been much gratified by their visit to Baden Baden. – The Weddingers did not depart, & the house continued noisy until 12 oClock – after which hour all was at rest. Our observations in the little Valley especially, belied the opinion that there is a lack of industry among the Catholics, – the very reverse was apparent, – a happy mingling of religious ornament, & substantial, wor[l]dly wealth every-where shewed itself – They are, as in the main valley, excellent agriculturalists, – the crops kept perfectly clear of weed, & the lands carefully irrigated. – you never see a set of idle labourers,- & as I have before said, this little Valley sends forth the

products of its ingenuity into all Countries. – No where were more brilliant specimens of the gay metallic signs, & pompous frames to which they were suspended ...

Monday July 31st. Hornberg

Arose at 6 oClock. Wm. Mr M. D. & myself walked up to the Castle, it was a lovely morning & our road lay through a beautiful opening to one of those intricate narrow Vallies, with its nooks, & overwrapping woody hills; – Wm observed to us that we now had a slight hint of Switzerland, – interesting views, down the road which had led us hither, & towards the sweet Dell we visited yesterday. A dwelling house was here among the remains of the Castle, & we went into a little Garden, where were nice crops of Peas, &c &c. Returned to breakfast, but found Mrs M. unable to proceed. – Dearest D. who is the best of all human beings, & most able to assist others, – more especially so on this occasion where her knowledge of the German language is of so much use, – proposed that T.M. should proceed with us, & that she would wait a few hours to escort the Ladies, when able to follow. After much demur, on the part of T.M. this plan was adopted, & about 10 oClock we set forward with 3 horses – Our road was steep, & after leaving the pretty Cottages & their accompaniments that appertained, as it were, to the Vale of Hornberg, it became uninteresting. – It lay over the Black Forest, – a forest it is still called, but very different it must be from what it was when thus designated. – The wood is cleared away, except where, large patches of Pines still remain, – Scattered woods we should call them, rather than forests. The road continued very steep, & led thro' the cleared part, – here & there meagre crops of corn, – but much better than could be expected from the elevation of the ground upon which we were travelling. At length we were satisfied that waste did exist, for in the course of two hours we saw more than we had met with since we crossed from England. For, in the richest tracts, it is remarkable to find every inch of land made the most of, in the little Valley yesterday, every slip by the brook-side, & at every turn in the road, the angular space had its crop. – At the top of the first great climb grew broom in abundance, & such herbage as among our high hills. – At the first Poste parted with our extra Horse, – the Country became very dreary, no house, – no tree on the wide expanse, – save the scattered islands of black pine which bounded the eye in different directions, – until we drew towards the town of Villengen, a foreign-looking place standing in the desert, & lifting up its metallic dome-like spires, without the accompaniment of a single tree. – Catholic representations led us to the Gates; for the place is fortified, indeed, as I afterwards learned, it bears a name in History. Stopped at the Poste house, a dirty spot; eat bread & cheese, the Host entertained us with the music of his German Clock, a cunning piece of workmanship from Triburg, which, as he said, cost about Twelve Guineas! & with much local pride pointed out a large rude crowded print of the “battle of Villengen” hung upon the wall; various religious ornaments & artificial flowers – so ill-according with the filth & discomfort of the room & its mean furniture. – a Peasant came in who had a rose stuck behind his ear, where had he found it? this poor naked soil could not, it should seem, produce one; – not a tree or a garden did we see, not even a plot of potatoe-ground. The street was well supplied with water, – fine Fountains & a channel flowed the whole length of the Town. –The Church with its two-fold spire glittered in the hot sun-shine, like Pewter in a melting state, – it was painful to the eyes to look upon. Our guide had told us that near this place the Danube took its rise – but not so. – W. purchased some fruit here, but it was so bad we could not eat it. Descending with a bright stream found little other variety until we again changed Horses. More corn, but in small patches, & very poor.

At Donaueschingen changed Horses again. Here we laved in the water which flowed from the source of the Majestic Danube, – a little, clear, bright black rill, that, issuing from a capacious stone fountain into which it springs, crosses under the road & glides rapidly along the side of a beautiful pleasure-ground; where we saw Persons enjoying themselves among the walks & groves, & where we should have much liked to saunter away an hour, had we had the command

of it. Wm who was in haste to settle with a suspicious Postmaster about an affair of Kritzers, in addition to his general eagerness to be in Switzerland, left T.M. & myself seated by the side of this interesting stream or rill, – we washed – drank, & luxuriated in its cool & pure waters, – unwilling to quit what we were not again to see. – a reality very different to the stately Danube so long an image to the imagination! – Ascended from this Town; – detachments of the Black Forest, – & scattered naked villages at no great distance from each other now varied the widely-spread Tract, – seemingly level in the main, but with low fantastic hills here & there in the distance, forming an irregular outline; upon one of these hills, a village lifted into the air had a striking effect. – Towards the closing-in of evening, after a fine golden sunset, our situation was most impressive, – such a simplicity of space & a bold wid[e]ly extended horizon. – Finding ourselves too late to reach Schaffhausen, halted for the night at Blomberg, – a large Poste house, charmingly situated in a pastoral bottom. – Good beds; we slept in a large apartment, where we had taken our refreshment. It contained two neat beds with white hangings, – sheets frilled at the top, & spread over the huge cushion, – pillow-cases not frilled, as we have often seen them, – but they were let in, or inlaid with a sort of nun’s lace; – white curtains to the five windows; – the two beds across the foot of the room, – directly opposite, an ornamented crucifix: – a large table in the centre, & five others around; – handsome stove of Dutch tile; – Wardrobe, – Pictures, among which we found what was meant for a representation of Mr Pitt, & a good likeness of the Duke of Wellington. – Mr M.’s chamber opened from ours – comfortable but not a state room. Were well & kindly waited upon by the Host, – & a neat young woman, like an English Girl found in such situations. Before we went to bed Wm walked out & washed himself in the fountain that tinkled so sweetly within my hearing after he had gone to sleep; – we always have been scantily supplied with water in our bedrooms – but here, strange to say, it was brought to us in an elegant large sized cream jug – a sort of japanned vessel! – Basins like what we have often had, of an oval shape, shallow, with flat bottoms. – It was a pleasing sound to me to hear, after all our wants had been dutifully attended to, the family gathered together, & chaunting their evening service, – the like sound came to my ears in the early morning.

Tuesday Aug 1st. Blomberg

Arose at ½ past five o’clock, looked out & found the bright sun shedding shadows all over the glistering meadow-ground. I thought I could have led my life with those quiet, good People, in this undisturbed region. Proceeded on our journey at ½ past six; – clomb a very steep hill, – looking back, the hollow was beautiful, – the Pines on the heights, at various elevations, formed points & retirements to which, & into which, the green meadow-ground flowed – winding away beyond our view in all directions. Having gained the next steep hill, the steepest we had met with in the Forest – we seemed to plunge into its depths, – Here William called me aside (for we were then walking) to an opening

“To behold
There, how the Original of human Art
Heaven prompted Nature, measures & erects
Her Temples”.

In ten minutes we were out of this gloom, & the same sort of scene was before us as we left [as] on entering into it, – Our high situation afforded us an unfailing variety. – at ¼ before 8 o’clock we had before us the Lake of Constance & its mountains; &, but for the morning mist should have seen the Alps, – greatly we regretted not having been at this spot before sunrise. Soon we began to descend, & skirted such lovely dells! – One that was our road-side companion for a long time, I shall never forget, – it was a green, soft slip of meadow ground, which flowed far, far below us; – down this, a ribbon-like sparkling rivulet meandered, with a path by its side; – the

steep boundaries of this verdant cleft were clothed with beech, interspersed with scattered Pine-trees, stragglers from the ancient & extensive Forest: a dwelling was seated at the head of this dell, & a village at its foot, – near to which another rill, from a sister Valley on the opposite side of the road, (but of a very different character to the one I have described) united itself with that we had traced. – a pretty Village, & then a second still more so, with its elegant spire rising through a rich groupe of walnut trees, that overshadowed a copious & refreshing fountain. – No Catholic figures or oratories; – But a living Figure under the shade – an old blind Man, sitting within hearing of the falling water, was an impressive & affecting object; – Wm gave him money. – Nothing particularly attractive in the Persons or dress of the Peasantry. – Led to Schauffhausen by hedgerows, & the reappearance of vines, orchards, Flowers & flower gardens; – happy looking & elegant dwellings; – all things proclaiming the bounty of Providence. – Passed through the gates, over which is inscribed in Latin “In God is our hope” at ½ past 10 oClock. – An old Town, with rude but gay paintings on the front of many of the houses; – alighted at the “Sword”, & here we are, not having yet seen our Chambers, – for I wished to bring up my imperfect notices thus far, before I even looked at Switzerland. The Maitre d’Hotel has just presented me with two beautiful Carnations, which I shall prize as a Welcoming into the Country.

10 oClock P.M. Mr M. Wm & myself had dined & were just setting out to see the falls of the Rhine, when the Ladies arrived in excellent spirits & proud of their travelling performances; – They had needed no Male companion, Dorothy had managed so well; – as soon as they had refreshed themselves they all proceeded to the falls, in the Carriage – Wm & I walked forward before with a guide. – For particular descriptions I must here refer to D’s journal. – but nothing could exceed my own delight when, thro’ an opening between buildings at the skirts of the Town, we unexpectedly hailed our old & side-by-side Companion the Rhine, roaring like a Lion along his rocky channel. Never beheld so soft, & lovely a green as is here given to the waters of this lordly River – & then how they glittered, & heaved to meet the sunshine! – Walked through lanes, with here & there openings – (rather a stifling road) till we came opposite the falls; – crossed a little below, in a boat to the summer-house above, – the Station to which all visitors resort as the best point; – here we joined our friends, the Carriage having lodged them there some time before, – dear Mrs M. not able to leave it, was sitting alone in the court yard. – As I said, D. will describe the fall, – & from this spot, She returned with Wm by the boat, & I took her place in the Carriage, crossed by the bridge, from which is a glorious view. Had Coffee, & are much pleased with our accommodations at the “Sword” – excellent wine – a very respectable attentive Host, who treated us well for our good friend Mr Kenyon’s sake – a nice Mother & some sweet Children – The whole family watchfully assiduous to make us all comfortable.

Wed Aug 2d. Schauffhausen

Departed at about 11 oClock for Zurich, – it rained when we set out, & before we reached the Fall the rain fell heavily; – however, Wm & D. got out & had an imperfect view, I had the same from the Carriage. – A wet ride – what we were able to see reminded us of England; – before we stopped for dinner, at Eglisaw the day became clear. A small Town with a covered wooden Bridge across the Rhine, from which you have two glorious views – up & down the River; – the colour of the river less bright, as if milk had been thrown into the green Water, & sullied that delicious clearness appearing, (as it did at the falls) like melted Emeralds. Looking up the river a little boat was coming round the curve with which the Rhine approaches, – a Mill, & fine woody scars above, – & a beautiful fringed margin; – downwards, he marches forward in a direct course between pleasant Gentlemen’s houses, with elegant hanging Gardens falling down the steep banks. Delightful country, & very like England as we went along. – Lost sight of all the picturesque cottages we admired so much on the other side of the Black forest, – & now English-looking dresses, & no novelty in the Peasantry; – the same industry in the harvest field, – less

rich, & less forward crops in general – yet the standing wheat was too ripe. About 5 or 6 miles before we reached Zurich, first came in sight of the snowy mountains – I had been asleep a little before, & was pondering at the appearance, – when Dorothy, (who had beheld it for some time, but only at that moment had convinced her own mind that what she saw were not clouds, but the Alps) – gave such a scream, we thought something had happened! It was a sublime sight! and though cloud-like, perfectly rememberable – “so much of earth, so much of heaven”, these words will bring back the feeling that was given to me, when I first beheld the distant Mountains among which the Lake of Constance lies bedded. –

Arrived at Zurich about 7 o’clock, a beautiful place with luxurious Gardens, Balconies, Promenades; – pleasant gay Accommodations for Visitors, – A sweet Lake, but considered as a Lake it is not to my mind; – too many embankments & inlets of water lined with stone-work – no natural margin. Very populous Town & neighbourhood: – the whole reach on both sides of the lake dotted – more than dotted, often clustered with white houses – grey or brown roofed. Fountain flowing in the Square, in front of which I now write. – Took Coffee after our walk, upon the Balcony by candle light, – delicious warm air. The town delightfully situated close upon the Lake & river, – & the different Bridges give a novelty & an interest that is quite charming. You may suppose yourself at Venice, – the lights from the Houses upon the Water moving about, or glittering steadily between the little pleasure boats, – the prison, a sort of Tower, which once had a spire, rising out of the Lake has a striking appearance, but one is almost sorry that it was not further removed from other Buildings. – We intend to go upon the Water in the morning. – Begging Children left their work in the fields to follow us to day – we thought we had got rid of this annoyance. Passports asked for at the Gates of the City. – We must rise early to see more of it. – The Watchman is now calling with a fine deep-toned voice, in the German tongue, that it is past eleven o’clock – a Tale already told by two City Clocks.

Thursday Aug 3d Zurich

Walked before breakfast upon the Ramparts, where we were last night also, – the view very soft & beautiful, this morning. Breakfasted upon the Balcony, then went through the town, & crossed the bridge to an eminence on the opposite side of the Vale, – view here less pleasing. – Shops, – Stalls with merchandize – ornaments for the hair – stomachers &c – vegetable & fruit market upon a bridge, – & there is a business-like bustle about the People; – & some few pleasing dresses – but more in the English style. The Horses are put too – & I have packed the Carriage, & am waiting in it, for the rest. – Gentleman settling the bill, a weary job! – It is 11 o’clock & we are bound to Berne, – O for our letters! Fountain flows deliciously, – Women bearing along water in such nice copper Vessels of all shapes – why do not they bring us such into our bed-rooms, instead of small salad bowls? – I think it was at Zurich where we bought a little drinking can, – & at an excellent Book-shop Wm purchased a plan of the Riga &c. –

Baden a romantic watering Place, here we are going to dine. – The Castle on the rock above, & the spires rising from below, we saw before us, while travelling thro’ the sweet, woody, undulating fertile Vale; but the heat & the pleasure overpowered me, & I was roused from sleep on entering the Town. – A convent of Capuchin Friars – walked to it – one of the Brethren appeared at the Gate, – he wore a brownish-grey Tunic close at the neck, – no appearance of shirt, – a cross & rosary suspended from one side of the leathern belt, – & from the other the large keys of the Convent – shewing him to be the Porter. Long grey beard, & cowl upon his head. He conducted T.M. to the Garden, where another of the Brethren was at work, – but as the entry of females was not allowed, T.M. would not detain us, therefore went no further. – The Chapel door was open, & to the road. We entered & found, a series of Pictures of our Saviour bearing the cross hung round the Walls; – gaudy Altar &c – all gay & tawdry; – benches in this Chapel. – I do not think I have ever mentioned, that the Churches & Chapels throughout the Netherlands are supplied with a multitude of light rush-bottomed Chairs, each person furnishes

himself with one if needed to kneel upon. – If a stranger uses one, a piece of money is expected, & often demanded. When service is over, in the grander sort of Churches, these Chairs are instantly removed to the pile in some retired part of the building. – This Convent & Chapel stands upon the Limmet which flows out of the lake of Zurich, & which we have accompanied this morning: – Meadows falling towards it, the town rising above, Castle above the town, with vine-gardens between. After dinner Wm & I walked to the Castle, not otherwise a fine ruin than that it stands upon a rock inaccessible, & commands a view of the Valley around – which is very interesting & beautiful, but confined. The river after passing the Town makes a bold sweep, skirting two sides of a triangular set of level enclosures, richly gifted with orchards & vineyards; – these climbing up one side to where stands at our left hand (looking from the town) a pretty cottage, & a tiny Chapel with its spire – woods rising above, bound one side of the Vale; – &, on the opposite side across the river, woods climb with the steep banks from the margin, & shut out all beyond. A tempting road led through this sweet plain; along which we had hoped our course lay – & that we should again take up this river, – but did not. We crossed the Reuss (which rises on the Mount St Gothard, & flows through the lake of the four Cantons) – by a covered bridge, & had no reason to complain of disappointment – for we have had a glorious view of the Alps, with their snowy rosy summits, – & are now arrived at Lentzberg, – a beautiful small fortified town, with a commanding Castle rising from an almost perpendicular rock, which I now look up to, close to my chamber window. Wm & T.M. disappeared the instant the carriages stopped; & as soon as I had disposed of the luggage (poor D. unwell) I followed, supposing whither they had gone. – & though I gained almost the last flight of steps that led to the Castle – my heart failed me; – the darkness, among the thick foliage there, seemed coming on; & feeling uncertain of finding them – & above all my inability to make myself understood discouraged me, so descending the numerous steps quickly I resolved to be there early in the morning. W. & T.M. had hurried to catch the last glories of the departed sun, which had sunk behind the Jura Mountains – leaving clouds of the richest purple. These I beheld from the soft, woody lanes at the skirts of the Town, to which I found my way after my descent from the Castle. – I never saw so fine a site for one. – Many finer towers. – & much of the building seems of modern construction – but how it broods, & beetles over the rock & over the Town! –

Friday Aug 4th Lentzburg

Half past six oClock. D. & I just returned from the Castle which is seated upon an abrupt rock close above the Town. – Suppose us standing upon its Tower rising out of a Sea of mist. – Woody hills on the Shore; – beyond & above these, the majestic Alps appearing in sunshine, revealing themselves by degrees. Just before us, upon the same rock with the Castle, a beautiful path leads up a flat green hill to a level with the Tower on which we stand – a pleasure-house or watch tower upon it. – Now, a little Valley at our feet opens out between us & the hill, & shews its Moss-hut summer-house &c &c – and more paths – a sweet slip of pleasure-ground. Turning to the right, the Jura Mountains, quite clear; – more to the right, & opposite to the Alps, promontories & points running into the body of the mist; – real castles & imaginary ones, islands & trees, & ship-like trees all glittering in sun shine; – appearing, encreasing, & changing form continually. Mountains of different heights; woody, overwrapping, & peering above each other, bring me round to the region of the Alps – now brightened, enlarged & multiplied. (These notes I took into my mem: book resting upon one of the Castle turrets). – Here I omit to speak of the Castle itself, – its Courts, pine trees, vineyards &c gathered round it upon the top of the rock; – & of the Inhabitant, who gave us delicious beverage, which we drank from her milking-pail – but D. will make amends for my neglect, I hope.

A Chateau, with its quaint flower Garden, at the foot of the Castle rock, or rather cut out of the face of the almost perpendicular rock, & close I may say to this window, I will describe in the same minute way, as I have done the exhibition from the tower. – At the top of a high wall, that

separates it from the road, is a thick clipped, wall-like lignum-vitae hedge, – within this, a platform of fine gravel, wide enough to admit two beds of rich flowers, – a beautiful stone fountain in the centre, – pyramidal pillars & some cork-screw-wise, cut out of Box-trees, – A flight of stately steps, marble or some fine stone, lead from the middle of this platform, behind the fountain; to the second terrace supported by a flat-topped wall, upon which stand Statues, lions, & Orange-trees in painted Tubs; – but under this wall, on the first platform, I ought to have said, was another gay flower-border, – & fruit trees against it. Steps, as before to a third terrace, which was surmounted by lions, tall spiral shrubs, Holly hocks &c &c. Clipped hedge, & ornamental palisades divide these, from a broad gravelled terrace, screened by cut beech-trees – The Chateau hidden among them behind the Gardens. – We found our way up a flight of steps below the Garden, & had a peep at this Mansion, which stood as in a Cloister.

Left Lentzberg before eight o'clock – passed three of four beautiful fountains; & other pleasure grounds, both within, & without the Gates. The Castle looked well from its height as far as we could see it. – Amusing country, – sweet meadows – rich hedgerows – woods & trees; – Cottages, Orchards, flower gardens. – One girl leading two she-goats by a string – a kid following, cropping the hedge-row by the way side, it could not have been done more neatly had a pair of shears been used by a careful hand. Children by the cottage doors, little ones playing around a Baby, covered up as in a cradle, in its cart, & basking in the hot sunshine. – Further on, one little Boy dragging a cart of the same kind, laden with a basket of bark, two still less children, one just able to trot about, who pushed behind. Women's dresses very picturesque. – At Enfelden met a funeral; – while the Horses were watering followed it into the Church – & sate a little while. – It was not a Catholic Church – of course I could not understand the Minister; 2 elegant looking Women at the Inn door. – Black velvet Bodices with necks, – white Spencers with very full short sleeves, – gold chains suspended behind from the shoulder to the belt; – the woman of the house without a cap, – the other wore a white chip hat, without the least bit of a crown, standing up at the sides, & tied behind to fix it to the head, (these hats general here often with flowers & various colored ribbons) – hair drawn from the face, & hanging in long plaits, with broad black ribbons tied to the ends which reach to the feet, – women, who appear above the class that labour in the fields, very graceful, & even stately in their gait & manners, – but those below them, are piteous to behold, – bow-bent, & many with swollen throats, & parched, shrivelled skins; – Yet they wear gay hats ornamented, with flowers or ribbons! – Two elegant Girls in the house where we are going to dine – perfect models, – lovely faces, fine persons, graceful in their dress & motions, – & so very courteous and modest in their manners; & sweet-voiced! The hair of one, dressed just as I have described with plaits, ribbons & the other after the English mode. – Passed the ruined Castle of Aar, situated like Lentzburg upon a rocky hill, – looking down upon Aarberg – a Castellated Chateau upon the banks of the Aar; – crossed a brook a little above where it joins the river, but our road did not lead us to Aarberg. – Have had dinner, a sort of Table d'hôte, – Excellent fare & very cleanly, – two Germans or Swiss. – & a fine little Boy. – D. & the 2 ladies, talked french; – D. dashed at her German & was highly complimented as usual. – T.M. & I sate like mutes; – Wm uncomfortable & did not dine; – amused himself with bathing in the brook. Waited to rest the horses until 5 o'clock; – Girls of the house & T.M. waltzed. An enormous bill – a direct system of imposition; – Away with the attractions of those beautiful Girls, – nothing but fraud! – About seven or eight, reached Herzogenbuschee. Maitre d'Hotel at this poor place demanded six francs for each Chamber; – a shocking imposition which we resisted. – Took one room with 3 beds at that price for Mrs M. Miss H. & Jane. T.M. drank tea with them at the Hotel, – & we not being able to arrange more to our satisfaction at another Hotel close by, – the Master of which no doubt being in league with his neighbour, went to cater for ourselves elsewhere; – bought bread, enquired for a farm house where we were supplied with warm new milk, – most excellent; – and – under one of those Galleries we have so often looked at with delight, – shaded by orchard & forest trees, did Wm.

D. & I myself sit; – & from one large bowl of Milk & one smaller vessel, made a delicious supper. I now speak of myself, Wm had not dined, – therefore to him it was two meals in one; & D. not being quite well did not enjoy this treat so much as she otherwise would have done. After we were satisfied, we left this humble hospitable shed, & with T.M., who had come to the same determination we had previously made, prepared for our night's lodging in the Voitures. Placed the Carriages properly, & between ten & eleven o'clock we were fairly closed up. The Villagers much amused with our movements – they watched us – & laughed at us; – but as we did not understand them or they us – we were not at all annoyed; – & in due time the street was quiet. Not so the two Inns in the neighbourhood, – the nearer one to us, not that in which our friends rested, kept up its drunken merriment till a late hour: – we were however too sleepy, & too restless to mind this much, – the noise could not have prevented our sleeping, had we not been almost devoured by fleas, – & ourselves too tight packed to be able to dislodge these our enemies. The heat, for it was a stifling evening after one of the hottest afternoons I ever felt, had roused the creatures in great force, – so, for our mutual relief, Wm. quitted our Couch & joined T.M. in his, which stood side by side with ours. – Faint lightening had been gleaming before us during the whole of these proceedings, – it now became more vivid, & soon a determined thunder-storm came on. We were situated in a close part of the Town, – an opening to the Jura in front; – above which the only piece of sky that to us was visible – & hence the lightening flashed! One candle burnt brightly from a window before us, – & from many other windows proceeded lights, moving about, or stationary: – Wild sounds came from an unintelligible Watchman, – A deep toned dog howled, terrified I suppose by the storm, – & then, the wildest thing of all – was the appearance of a Man, in his night cap, with a lantern in his hand, upon a gallery immediately over our heads; – he held up his light above the rail of the Gallery – to look at the storm. – Perhaps the weight of rain, at that time falling, had made him apprehensive of a flood, – & my own mind, was not quite free from the thought that we might be taken from our station by some torrent bursting above, – the situation well justified the thought, if the rain continued much longer. Or, did this man look out being moved by human kindness to us houseless Strangers, unable to rest while the storm raged without shewing himself, to give us an opportunity, should fear urge us, to ask for admittance into his house; – (he from his house had witnessed our parleyings with the Host). – But, looking from the Gallery for some time, & afterwards coming down stairs, opening his door & even walking out of it in the rain – he, seeing us tranquil, & making no appeal to his hospitality, closed his door; – the light repassed the lower window – along the Gallery & disappeared, & the storm went on without respite for some time. When it ceased, or perhaps before it had quite ceased, we all got to sleep, – & the only strong sound after this, was from our own Wm waking out of a Night Mair -The Watchman had called, upon the Clock striking two, before D. & I were unconscious – what was going on; – but from that time, we heard no more until we were roused by the Postilion preparing to depart; – & at ½ past 4 o'clock we moved off from this eventful place: Well pleased with our Adventures in it. T.M. remained in his quarters, after we were gone, – breakfasted with the Ladies & followed us in about 2 hours. We stopped & met with comfortable accommodations at Kirkberg, where we put ourselves into fit order to proceed after breakfast to Berne; – which City, standing upon a tongue of land, washed by the green river Aar (but not the green of the Rhine) we reached at 12 o'clock on

Saturday Aug 5th

Having left the Voiture & walked up a hill that commanded the Town, before our entrance. – rejoined the Carriage at the foot of the hill, & drove up a handsome street, houses fronted with hewn stone, – grey roofs, passed several stately & tempting fountains, – & stopped at the Crown Hotel; – a courteous Hostess shewed us to comfortable rooms. By this time our friends in the rear joined us, & we have had an elegant dinner at Table d'hote. The Gentlemen now gone to the

Banker's. The rain, which lasted great part of this morning, rendered our ride less amusing than usual; – but we saw many sweet cottages – a hilly, woody country & now & then a visionary hint of the distant Alps, – which, had the weather been favourable, we had hoped this day to have seen in great majesty, but were forced to content ourselves with the Jura & less lofty interests. – The costume of the Canton of Berne, very picturesque & curious; – the Butterfly cap general. – Flowers beautiful & manifold; – but yet I regret – I cannot say how much I regret the absence of Cattle in the fields, – rarely do we meet with one, but in the way of drudgery; – & all this nice grass, cut & carried off – again & again! – No letters! Our mortification on this account very great – I cannot say disappointment for we feared a misunderstanding as to the length of time we had allowed Sarah before her letters were to be addressed to us here.

Sunday 6th Berne.

Walked last night upon the l'Enqui – & saw the Alps by sunset. – This handsome town, with its dignified Cathedral illumined – standing, between us & the river above the steep banks & Gardens with their Arbours Statues & Flowers – on that side of the town falls into the river, that as I said winds around a tongue of land upon which the City is built, thrusting itself to the very tip of it. L'Enqui is a walk divided from the river on the opposite side of the City by green pastures. – Afterwards, Wm & I walked forward towards the region of the setting sun, along broad gravel walks, shaded by stately trees – but when we got out of the gloom it had departed. – We were however richly gratified by a different sort of pleasure; – A number of Boys of all ages, dressed in a uniform, shewing them to belong to some public establishment, were amusing themselves in little Companies, according to their different ages, in all parts of this spacious Park-like playground. I seated myself by the side of six who were upon a bench fronting the Jura near the steep bank of the river which ... wrapt itself round a plot of fertile meadow-ground, with its cottage & rural accompaniments on the opposite shore. The Boys with one motion took off their pretty caps, & looked graciously upon me, – & at each other with an enquiring eye; – A larger company of older Boys occupied another bench close by, among whom was one, (not in the uniform) reading aloud – the rest attentively listening; – these, saluted me also as I passed. A younger set were gathering wild berries of some sort – & wherever we turned, (& we wandered long in that extensive pleasure-ground) – groupes of them came bounding out of, or darting into, the thickets like so many deer. Fine handsome Boys they in general were – We saw no building, but supposed the Establishment to be near, and that it was a military one; & here in sight of the Alps, – in such a delightful Country – conscious that they belonged to, & that they were in training to defend it – these Boys excited in us melancholy feelings which they were unconscious of, – for themselves no doubt, – those same objects stimulated them to high endeavours – an ardent love of, & resolve to defend their native soil; – & a thirst after individual fame & national glory. – Returned, & drank tea in our pretty bed room, – D., who had not been able to go so far as we had done, in another, equally pretty & appropriate. – She had sate after we left her watching the lights retiring from the Alps, & listening to the tinkling of the Cattle in the meadows below. – after tea went immediately to bed, slept till past seven o'clock. – It is now twelve, we have been upon the public Walks, – never was town so rich in accommodations for seeing the different views. We have been upon the Ramparts, & upon the terrace near the Cathedral a glorious station! – the Alps, – the river here washing the rocks deep below you, is seen to great advantage; – Sunday too, a gay day – great numbers of Persons walking about, & the variety of dresses exceedingly amusing; – Costumes of different Cantons, – The butterfly cap belongs to Berne, as do the Black dress chains, &c before described, & the long tails – Little Girls exactly like their Mothers, so attired, look very quaint. – The Cathedral, a plain English-like Edifice; wished much to mount the Tower, – the terrace is a sort of Promenade. The town handsome, independant of its magnificent situation, – streets often curved, which now & then reminded us of Oxford – & you walk under cover, with shops like as in the old Town of Chester. Fountains playing in every part;

– One tower has an immense Clock – which as we passed had attracted the notice of a crowd waiting to hear it strike, – upon which a procession of little Figures appear & march round to their own music, & to that from the principal Figure seated above. St Dunstan’s Clock in London is a toy to this. – Saw the two wild Bears – the living Symbols of the state, cruelly placed in a sort of open Vault, convenient for general annoyance from passers-by; – a tall shriv’led pine-tree stood in the centre of their area up which these poor Prisoners clambered for the entertainment of their visitors – who threw to them pieces of bread, fruit &c &c; – we were told that a Man thus amusing himself, lost his balance, & fell over the wall – & was torn to pieces by these ferocious animals; he was dragged into the den in a very short time, & no assistance could possibly reach him. – Deer in a slip of dark-town-green pasturage, between high walls, also in the vicinity of the City. – Wm & I are now come to the opposite side of the River, & are standing between the town & the distant Alps, – we think this view exceeds that in the morning from the Ramparts, or from the Cathedral terrace. Clouds & sunshine – they are magnificent! Mr Barker has taken a Panorama from this very spot, as we are told by a Gentleman whose sweet retirement we have broken in upon, & who with great civility is giving Wm the names of the snowy summits before us – Behind, – the Town with its dignified Cathedral, the chain of the Jura beyond, – running up to Geneva. – Inferior mountains – woods & swelling hills – & meadow grounds unite these on each side. (The names of the summits Wetterhorn, farthest to the left covered with snow – next to the right Schreckhorn, a little snow on the top, sides bare Finster-Aarhorn (the dark source of the Aar), seemingly much lower but in fact the highest of them – ½ way between Shreckhorn & les deux aigres Junkfrau. Going to the extreme right Alt-Els – or Old Elizabeth – then; One without a name – then, an enormous white saddle-back, famous for flowers, called Blumelis Alp, 2d Line Niesen & Stockhorn – Jura – point on the right Hasenmalt, – field of the Hares. None of these form a part of the Granite Barrier which separates us from Italy.[]]

The Gentleman shewed us his room in which Mr Barker had been permitted to work, while taking the different views, – & hence, much gratified, we made our way through a corn field to the river, – were ferried over by pullies; – Mounted a long flight of wooden steps between two of the hanging Gardens that decorate this side of the Town, to the street; – took one look more from the Cathedral terrace, have called upon D. at the Crown, & are now going to take a farewell view from l’Enqui. – Half past ten o’Clock. All nearly packed – and, as this book is to be left in my Trunk, I must first note that we upon the above named terrace, viz T.M., Wm, D. & myself, passed half an hour after sunset; – we have been gratified & impressed beyond my power to express, – & indeed Wm will not suffer me to say one word more. – A letter to day from Mrs Hoare, with good tidings of Chrsr. & Willy – so far satisfactory, but we are obliged to leave this Place without one from home, & what is worse without knowing where one can reach us!

Monday morning Aug 7th. Berne

At about 7 o’Clock this morning we left Berne, – all in one close Carriage which we hired, leaving our own to be forwarded to Geneva; – T.M. & William on the out-side, – five females within. – Wm called D. to him, & sometime afterwards T.M. took the whip, & I joined him upon the coachman’s Box; – Now I could see the Country, I had felt as in a prison before, & a delightful journey of about 20 miles we had, – it was only too short. I began to feel that to see all that my strength would permit, was quite enough now to take upon myself – therefore, as D. is journalist general I shall in future, go on giving our route without comments, for, to describe where there is so much, – at every step something beyond description, is not a work for me. We reached this place

Thun at ½ past 12 o’Clock, – dined at Table d’hote, – walked or sate in the groves at the foot of the Lake near the Chateau de Schude, – then crossed the river by a Boat & wandered in delightful pleasure groves on the other side. – Here, pacing a gravelled path which is carried round a woody hill, we found, among many interesting objects, one that was very impressive – a

plain oval slab raised upon a stone seat directly fronting the setting sun, which at that moment was shedding his latest rays upon it, it bore this inscription, which spoke more than an elaborate panegyric: –

Dem
Andenken
Meines Freundes
Aloys Reding
M.D.C.C.C.X.VIII

From this point, Wm & I returned to our Inn, – D. who had not gone the circuit with us, lingered much later, indeed we had become very uneasy about her before she appeared. – The views from the Castle, & Church yard (in which there are delightful & commodious covered seats, like alcoves) were very fine. – overlooking the Lake, the Town & river, – & those magnificent Mountains! – a flat bottom spread under the hills – this formerly flooded – now under cultivation. Rose trees & other beautiful flowers upon the graves, supported by painted sticks, making this Churchyard like a gay pleasure garden. – There was also a profusion of rich flowers, in borders & pots arranged near the Castle, thither T.M. & I rambled while dinner was preparing, on our first arrival. – A little Boy presented me with a sweet nosegay which I preserved & wore next day. We had excellent Tea in our comfortable, but small room; – with an enspiriting view of the River Aar, seen between the buildings – A long flight of steps led from the street to the Castle & Church Yard – like those at Berne from the River. – I ought to have said that Thoun stands a little below the outlet of the Lake – the river Aar bending with a stately curve thro' the Town – our Inn which we found so agreeable, stood near the Bridge; Castle & Church on their hill opposite.

Tuesday 8th. Thoun

Took boat, having breakfasted at 7 o'clock, & sailed the whole length of the Lake – quite enchanted at every stroke of the Oar, – Mountains like turreted Castles, – Alps, Villages &c &c. Landed at a neat Hotel at the head of the Lake, where Carriages were in waiting to receive Passengers, – Took one, – a Charabanc, that is, a long bodied Car, with benches slung across, – Jane & the Postilion in front, – two & two, upon three other benches, – & then a Man who wished us to engage him as a Guide leapt up behind all, – five Rows! a curious shadow we cast, as we flew through those delicious lanes, – & a joyous drive we had; – T.M. & I, who sate side by side, determined often to employ these nice conveyances. – Cleanly Hotel at the head of the Lake. – Unterseen, what a picturesque spot, its dashing, turbulent river, – its Bridge, then the view from that Bridge!! & all between, to Interlaken. – The snowy Alps above us to the right glorious!

Interlaken, a tempting place to linger out a few summer months among its shady Walnut Trees, – its pleasant roads, grey Cottages & old church Tower. – This sweet picture you have from the Pavillion, a pleasure house on the other side of the River, to which you cross by a covered Bridge from the Inn; the Lake of Thun to your right, – that of Brienz to your left, – river Aar twisting its way between, – but I wish it were clear, & the colour of our own streams; – yet if it were, we should not perhaps have that snowy giant that just now had the bright sunshine upon it glistening before me! – Afterwards, crossed the Valley to see the sun-set from the woody hill Colline d' Gibbet, overlooking the two Lakes, – & behind, into the loveliest of green Vallies deep below, between us & Jung- frau, – Surely William must have had this Paradise in his thoughts when he began his Descriptive Sketches –

“Were there below a spot of holy ground

By Pain & her sad Family unbound

Sure, Nature's God that spot to Man had given" – &c. –

But no habitation was there among these rocky knolls & tiny pastures, – one fragment of something like a ruined Convent, lurked under a steep woody-fringed crag. – what a Refuge for a pious Sisterhood!

Interlacken Wed 9th

I must say one word before I leave my chamber this beautiful morning, merely to record that I am seated before Jungfrau in the green vale of Interlacken, – “green to the very door”, – with rich shade of Walnut trees; – the river behind the house – upon which D's window looks, – we are to pass this one happy day here – & tomorrow morning start at 4 oClock. – 9 oClock. Sitting under the shady walnut trees on the right side is the river, between Unterseen & Interlacken, having walked round by the bridge at the former place. – Colline d' Gibbet in front, what a station that hill is! – the Weir of Unterseen sounding on one side of us, – Peasants beating hemp on the other, – the pleasant breezes stirring the thick foliage above our heads. – Now reached the Pavillion & looking down, from a seat near it, (placed between an old fantastic bulky-trunked beech tree, & a slender graceful one) upon the Village of Interlacken as I have before described, with its old Church Tower, – Church in desolation, part of it converted into a farm house, – all clustered with those stately Walnut Trees, – green crofts at the foot of the steep rocks, bare or woody; – Mountains, – & that majestic Virgin closing up all. – Then the view from the bench that takes in the length of the Vale, – following the snaky river with its Islands, through those croft-like, woody, orchard-meadows, to Unterseen with its Weir, Church, Bridges, Cottages & that Spiral Edifice in the midst; – Lake of Thun beyond, girt by Mountains – Nieson, a pyramidal Giant, predominant. – Turning to the left towards Brientz Ringenberg old Church tower rising from a high woody knoll. – Wm & I come to it (I write on the spot – W. asleep) – no entrance into the ruin – Good view of Brientz Lake & a little Loughrigg Tarn above – close under where we are, seated among groves of Limes, Hazels, Beeches &c. – Clanking hammers, – singing Girl – “Will no one tell me what she sings.” – A little further on, among those sylvan crofts, a scattered groupe of day- or summer-deserted cabins; – plots of hemp spread in the sunshine tell us dwellers sometimes come here. Hence steps of rock led us to a temple of Nature's own framing, roofed with ancient Beech-Trees, – under one, was firmly fixed in the ground a little upright stone, about a span in width & three times that length – upon it was roughly chisselled a cross, not exactly a Christ-cross, but something like this [sketch], three accidental strokes of the chissel might have occasioned the other marks; & I could not but feel that if it was not it might have been, placed there by the Peasants as a point to meet from their scattered sheds, for worship. – Natural seats, mossy or bare (like those in our own sylvan Parlour upon Rydal lake) all around in the rocks, kept up the idea, & a more lovely & silent spot could not have been selected for a holy purpose, the little Tarn too in sight, in time of drought ready to supply their rocky font with fresh water. – Have dined upon the Gallery at one of the Cottages in a Village between the old tower, & the new Church of Ringenberg, – delicious Milk – & bread, which we took with us. – all the neighbours & children looked at us, astonished. Carved wooden houses, – some they were building, very handsome, – the Inhabitants of this Village all seem to be Carpenters, Coopers, or Basket-makers. – Pretty Vessels of wood for Milk, – Ladles, Spoons, Knives &c. – Proceeded to Ringenberg Parsonage, Most picturesque situation, reared high upon a rock above the margin of the lake of Brientz; – no one in the house, – mounted the steps to the door, – descended into the Garden planted upon a ledge that overhangs the lake; – Grapes, Vegetables, Cucumber-bed & flowers. – Church, upon a Sister eminence, to which you also mounted by steps, close by. – It has been repaired lately upon the foundation of an old Castle, the tower of which remains. The Old Church – tower rising beautifully from its rock, ever since we left it – bearing the semblance of a

place of defence, – thus have these buildings exchanged shapes with each other: passed up this populous, & irregularly-clustered Hamlet, that straggles above the shore; & advanced beyond it. William's desires extended to a promontary, whence he hoped to see the termination of the Lake, thither he is gone to look out for the Boat, – our friends being upon the water. – I am left – to rest, under the shade of some Beeches. – A fine walk we have had; – bold, immensely high, limestone rocks above my head – grey hoary steeps; Magnificent Walnut trees the favourite of the Country. – Swiss Figures gliding among the trees – with their deep, bright baskets on their backs. – Pines climbing up to the sky, fringing the rocks. – Scarlet Barberries glittering & tipping the pendant boughs of the Beech or Walnut trees below. – Targets now to be found in, & near all the Villages, where in Catholic districts you would have met with a Crucifix, or a Virgin. – no Cattle to be seen, or Sheep – these I suppose are pasturing upon the heights, beyond our view, & hence all those deserted Cabins

“The far-off Peasant's day-deserted home”.

6 o'clock – Once again near the Pavillion, with Young Frau before us. Here I have had a sleep since our walk, – & Wm is still asleep. – At this Point we shall abide till the Sun goes down, & then retire to rest – and “tomorrow for fresh fields & pastures new”. – but scarcely shall we find more delicious food than we have fared upon this day. It is worth while to note, that the nosegay given to me by the little Boy at Thun is still upon my breast, where I have worn it ever since, – & now it is more fresh than any English flowers would have been, exposed to the heat of one day's sun; of course they were kept in water while I was in bed, – but only at that time. The good woman with whom we dined, way-laid us as we returned through the Village, to shew us her Child, who was out at play when we were at her house, – but we had left a piece of money for her. – Saw two handsome women in different shops at Unterseen, – either of whom might be the “Beautiful Elizabeth.” Wm bought me an Ink bottle of one of them, cost 2 ½ Bashe, Inkas much – this very dear. – I have talked much about the Alps in connection with these lakes Thun & Brientz; – but strictly speaking, they have not much visible connection with the lofty alps, as seen from Berne; they are framed-in by secondary Mountains, & at Unterseen & Interlaken it is only by looking across into a nook at the entrance of the Vale of Laterbrunnen that we have any prospect of the snowy Mountains. – but assuredly from that nook, Jung frau presses forward & seems to preside over, & give a character to, the whole of the Vale that belongs only to this one spot. – Three English Gentlemen dressed like foreigners have just rushed upon us with their mountain staffs, from the thickets – & waked William; – one returned, had lost his Comrades – gone over to Colline d' Gibbet – he will lose the Sunset between the two hills – Genteel young Men. – Beehives standing upon broad shelves against the houses, high up, close to the casements; out of which the dwellers were looking – as we passed by on our walk to day.

Thursday 10th Aug.

Left the enchanting Vale of Interlaken at ½ past 5 o'clock, Breakfasted at Lauterbrunnen. – First walked to the Staubach, the thin, veil-like, mist-besprinkling waterfall, that slips over the edge of an immensely high perpendicular rock – which when we saw it by the morning light was accompanied by a beautiful rainbow; spanning, like the arch of a bridge the vapour at the base of the rock – Singing Girls. – But I must not neglect to speak of the beauty of the early morning, in the magnificent Pass between Interlaken & Lauterbrunnen. The river from Jung Frau bounding down with great force, bringing a very cold air from the snowy regions. Cottages with their green summer plots climbing up in all directions to the very skirts of those icy regions – two that looked so beautiful in the sunshine! Children & women busy with their little lot of hay, – Men mowing – Lauterbrunnen itself a most romantic place. – New handsome Hotel, – pretty flower-garden, & meadows sloping towards the turbulent snow-water brook, – or torrent here it might be

called. Had a comfortable Breakfast, – & at the same table with our Countryman, & Wm's Acquaintance, Mr Wedgewood – & three Ladies. A pretty Church & Parsonage. – Villages above the heights. At this place dear Mrs M. was obliged to separate from us, & go round through the dales, with Jane in the Carriage, – the rest being prepared by the help of Mules to cross the Wengern Alp. – Children presenting us Posies.

8 oClock. Reached Grindlewald – not tired, dined – ½ way over the Pass, close by Junk Frau, (at least separated from it by a deep cleft only) that sent forth to us avalanches – one grand beyond description, it was an awful & a solemn sound, – but we wished for a repetition – were rather too late in the day. Took our grateful meal upon the flowry turf, seated upon rocks or loose stones which are scattered round, – our 3 mules grazing beside us; – it is most remarkable to see, in such nei[gh]bourhood, the multitude of ground flowers that carpet these heights – & give back to the tread an aromatic perfume – besides these, saw many groves of Monk's hood. Were supplied with delicious cream, & a little bread to make out our own, from one of the summer Cabins close by. A Herd-boy served us, & with his best, – happy people! how little sufficeth for their necessities, – those neat wooden bowls & a few ladles, were all they needed. – Grindlewald the descent less impressive on this side, than on the other, – a more wide & circular valley, numerous scattered Cottages, – Glaciers, but these cannot be fine specimens, for to my mind they appear like a heap of rubbish upon a slope from which the winter's snow, as I have seen, was slow to depart – grey & dirty, – I own, I am disappointed – this, instead of a bright glassy mountain of ice! – which was what my imagination had always led me to expect. The snowy Mountains rising above are magnificent, – Peas-pottage river flows from the Glacier, chilling cold in crossing the bridge over it. – A glorious sunset now illumined the Vale – East & West glowing with equal radiance – Mrs M who had arrived long before us – ran out to meet her husband – Another new & comfortable Inn. – Poor Wm tormented by Guides & Muleteers –

Friday 11th Augt. Grindlewald.

Arose between 5 & 6 oClock, to a most lovely morning –

“Here, all the seasons revel hand in hand” –

Dorothy & I are now seated at the top of the hill, looking down into Grindlewald; – it is 10 oClock, & we are so far on our way to Meyringham by the Shidek: Wm & T.M. are to follow with the Cavalry & Guide, – Mrs M. Miss H. & Jane to return in the Charabanc on their way to Berne. – We are resting, after a good pull up the hill, under a friendly sycamore. – A sweet little Girl just now darted into the deep narrow road, which she seemed to measure from side to side, with her outspread arms, each hand holding a pretty posy; – we took the proffered gift, – having no money, I gave her, prompted to such generosity by her innocent looks, a needle book which I chanced to have in my pocket, – her happiness made her quiet – & she walked slowly back up the hill to the cottage above the road with her prize, – which was carefully examined by the Mother, before we left our seat; – No doubt it will be a curiosity in the Cabin, & shewn with pride for many a day. An avalanche above just fallen – the sound not so grand as on that solemn height yesterday. But I hope we shall hear more of them.

Meyringham – 7 oClock, having had a delightful day crossing the Alpine pass, with 2 mules for ourselves & luggage, – &, without much fatigue. Eat Bread, Cheese, Milk, Butter, Honey & Strawberries gathered from the hills, with much glee – under one of our favourite galleries, between Grindlewald & this place, – a humble Auberge it was, but so cleanly all the Wooden Vessels were! – We do not reckon much of Reckenbach as a Waterfal, which we visited in our descent to the Village, – Nor am I yet reconciled (not-withstanding the improvement I have today seen) to the Glaciers. – have made a bad exchange for the image that existed in my own mind.

“For when we’re there, although ‘tis fair,
’Twill be another Yarrow.”

But this Vale of Hasli is a lovely spot, except that the river is suddy which flows copiously through it. Rich in Waterfalls, & nothing could exceed in grandeur the descent; – the solemnity of the Pine forest, – especially where we saw the Trees grouped Temple-wise & stretching themselves up to the mountains, whose snowy summits mingled with the heavens that o’ercanopied all. – It was a sublime scene that must not, cannot be forgotten. Then the tender grassy glades, – the Milk houses & this richly-gifted Vale itself – & we all well & in good spirits! – we have thoroughly enjoyed this day – had a thunder shower while we sate at dinner under the Gallery, – but this did not disconcert us; – all was bright again before we resumed our journey. – Are going to take refreshment & then to bed in a nice cleanly, indeed elegant Inn. – It was a delicious sound to our ears, that alpine tinkling from the Cows, which ascended to us from among the emerald glades as we sate resting high above them upon the flowery aromatic turf – thought of William’s description of the Swiss Peasant when he trod these hills long years ago –

“Thro’ Nature’s vale his homely pleasures glide
Unstained by envy, discontent & pride
The bound of all his vanity to deck
With one bright bell, a favourite Heifer’s neck”;

Saturday Aug. 12th

It is now ¼ past 12 o’clock, & I am sitting upon a sort of myrtle bed under a pine-grove among the rocks down which the “headlong Aar” cleaves its way, –having dined in the cabin at Handeck in close neighbourhood with our Steeds, upon Curds, milk, & cream. – all that we have hitherto seen seems at this moment but a faint preparation for the delights of this day. – The beautiful Vallley we left behind us, – the groves, the forest of oak & pine, – the glades, – the one particularly in which we met that Hoifer as we called him, with his heron’s crest proudly reared upon his head, – a little page carrying his accoutrements; – he with many others, – but none like this Hero, repairing to shoot for a prize at Meyringham. – Then those lovely Vales, that circular one the pride of them all, which led us to the savage Pass & giant Pines, where lurks this King of Waterfalls. – What delicious couches to rest upon, – here to linger out a long summer’s day would be a luxury! – A more sober passage home – our spirits a little, but very little damped by the stretch of enjoyment. – Overtook a young woman with a baby, about to descend a steep & laborious hill; – carried the nice baby upon my lap, – it was not well satisfied, but on a second meeting it readily came to me, & before we parted, I had either taught this infant Swiss to babble – “dad, dad dad,” & “ta, ta,” or it had already learned the rudiments of the English tongue.

In repassing the circular Valley, a thunder-storm gathered round us – & rolled from hill to hill. The rain did not fall until we were all in bed, but we had fine exhibitions of lightening. – We passed the Reckenberg (the voice of the Vale) both as we went to, & as we returned from the Handeck. – Had we pursued our way beyond the Handeck we should soon have been at the Grinsel, & into the Valais, – but we were differently bent, & retraced the rugged, steep, banks of the Aare to spend one night more at Meyringham. Wm tells me that this Vale of Hasli is famed for its pretty women & the elegant manner in which they dress themselves; – We saw nothing particularly beautiful, & the costumes less graceful than common, – without care a handkerchief is tied round the head, just as I have seen one worn by men in our own Vales. – when they had a head-ache. We had 3 mules & a Guide today.

Sunday 13th

At ½ past 6 o'clock we left Meyringham. – down the Vale of Hasli & over the steep pass on our way to Alpnach. – I sauntered some time in the Village before the rest followed; – the Gentlemen were settling bills & providing themselves with Mountain Staffs. – Rising the hill met 3 sweet-looking Girls going to church, – one, prettily presented T.M. with a carnation, – hair nicely braided, tight from the face – each wore a sort of cap ½ the size of the palm of your hand stuck on with the fastening of the hair behind – made of a black material like our men's hats. – Soon reached a sort of Hotel – which Wm pointed out to us with great interest, as being the only spot where he & his Friend Jones were ill used during the course of their adventurous journey, – a wild looking building a little removed from the road; – at that point I believe the Vale of Hasli ends – & now we find ourselves in the Canton of Unterwalden. The road lay through a fine forest of beech & pine & dipped into such lovely vales as never man trod. – Wm & D. were riding when we came to the entrance of a foot road, which T.M. & I took – & what a paradise did it lead to! – no words can give a notion of those lawns, – little woody meadows – sacred to the heavens & the few solitary foot travellers who may chance to pass, – the shadows that fell from single trees, (& there were many such & most stately ones) upon the smooth unbroken velvet meadows – gave one more of the feeling of reflections in a lake than any thing else. – ascending, from these green fields in which, in a retired nook, we saw one deserted dwelling, – up a woody knoll, we came suddenly upon a tiny Chapel: – it was no more than 4 times the length of Mr M's pole, & rather more than twice its length in width, – but what an interesting situation! – from it we looked down upon a Vale which seemed like one of our own, – except that the Waters of the lake of Lungern are green. Three Churches grace its shores, & told us what the little Chapel had intimated, that we were again on Catholic ground; – while we stood looking from this height, heard the hoofs of the mules far below, & shouted a greeting to our Friends, – & hastened down a rocky, but commodious staircase, & screened from the heat by a shady wood – to join them in the Valley. – One of the Churches we passed, – it was neighboured by a cluster of ornamented wooden houses, – in one, a Monk looked from a window & bowed to D. & afterwards to me, – he was a graceful Man with a long beard. – Congregation in the Church, many gaudy Images &c about, – & it being Sunday all looked bright & gay. A little further brought us to Giswyl, a deep Valley, near Sarnen See. Here we dined at a cleanly Auberge – a sort of cottage inn, people very intelligent. – W. & D. talked with the woman; – a Beautiful Church, to which we were led by a path through pretty meadow ground, – some sweet houses, with their flower borders, gravelled paths, & gardens close by the Church, but this stood upon a green knoll of its own, – with the accompaniment of a tiny Chapel. – The houses were of wood finely carved. – Congregation in the Church, – it was highly ornamented, – handsome Altar – I did not enter. – The Chapel or Oratory, contained the figure of our Saviour in his agony, & I think some other Images of Awe, – a few benches across, & at the other end – an array of skulls & other human bones; – a font with holy water, as is usual at the entrance. The Church-yard like a flower garden, – the graves were so decked, – Numbers of stone basins – out of which an old woman was besprinkling the Graves with a branch of pine, – probably those of her own kindred. – Charming view from this Church yard, – fine Waterfall, – woody knolls & Mountains piked, – green, – or naked; – on the other hand, Lake. – lovely meadows with those sweet houses, & spacious paths, – flower-gardens, fountains & shady trees of various sorts: – O it was a place to live & die in, & sorry we were so soon to quit it. – A great change in the dress of the Women, – we have quite lost sight of the graceful costume of the Bernois; – very flat hats are here worn, so flat, that the gay colored bows of ribbon, & flowers with which they are trimmed, might have been pressed with an iron. – Many without either hats or caps, – even old women thus expose their grey-hairs & their sallow, withered, shrivelled skins. – some, have a bit of lace, or such Trifle made into a little oval frill, & stuck with the fastening of the hair behind; – sometimes, a large glittering pin like a skewer fastens the hair, which is always dragged tight from the face. A few tails; – in other respects the dress very slovenly. T.M. & I were together with the Mules,

when a tremendous thunder storm overtook us not near any house, – it burst suddenly upon us; we sheltered a short time under walnut-trees – Then dismounted to protect our luggage, – I sate upon mine; – T.M. stood by the side of his horse, & there were we kept at least ½ an hour, the rain falling in torrents. Wm & D. were behind us when the rain began, – they crossed the meadows by a foot road near the lakes &, after having been drenched; – gained shelter under a shed, – then pursued their way. – When we reached the beautiful town of Sachlem, after some enquiry, our Guide found them at Church, – Wm. without his Coat! I had it over my mule, & great had been my care to keep it dry; – his appearance at Church, he said, was not singular, – upon that sultry day many were there without their Coats. – This was a very handsome building, with fine marble pillars, &c – but the time did not allow Mr M. & myself to go into it, – we had merely peeped as we passed, as we had done into that at Tolman – after the first storm was over. – a second overtook us before we gained the Vestry-house at

Sarnen. – A very interesting Place, the Capital of Overwalden. Here is a court-house &c, & a Convent. – A very beautiful fountain in the Place before us. – Large houses paintings on their fronts; – but these high houses, I think shut out the view of the lake from this window, – Yet fine exhibitions of the clearing away of the storm rise above the roofs, – the mists move away, & the air is no longer sultry. – But I must prepare for bed, which after the exhaustion of a wetting we all need. – To-morrow, I trust we may gain tidings from Rydal Mount – a happiness I had hoped for tonight, if our intentions of reaching Alpnach had not been defeated. – We have parted with our Guide, not without regret, for he was an honest fellow – Wm gave him a written recommendation.

Sarnen Monday Aug 14th

This Place in the clear morning air looks, as far as the houses go, very tawdry & shabby, (notwithstanding their imposing appearance last night in the thunder-storms & under the brightness of its clearing away) – But nothing can exceed the beauty of its situation, surrounded by high, woody hills, & spiral Mountains, – the mists & vapour curling over them – the silvery lights glancing between, – The bells began to tinkle before 4 o'clock, – to call to prayers; – at 6, I saw the Villagers return. – Interesting groupe at the fountain removing hemp, which had been steeping in its basin during the night, & others bearing away Water. We are going to walk to the Convent, or to what appears to be a convent, hanging over the river which passes close by this Square. – The buildings we have been to visit, are Government Houses – not a Convent. There all business relating to the Canton is transacted, – in the open air the meetings are sometimes held – a green area is set apart, with steps around, for this purpose. – Marks to shoot at, Bowls &c here are ready, – for the days of festival; – the view from this eminence is very interesting. A convent of Capucins, & a Religious House stand in the Valley. A Cathedral & two Chapels, – besides others climbing up the hills making a bright spot, or cresting some rock, in all directions. – A good Picture of a Monk in the Town Hall, or Stad-House, & another interesting one of our Saviour. – We are pleased that the storm detained us here, – though we miss the chance of our letters, – for to-day, we are differently bent, & do not go to Alpnach. – Worthy Boniface has recommended Engelburg to our notice. – A lovely view of the Vale of Sarnen as we depart in a Charaban. – All these soft Vales remind us of our own Country, – only these everlasting meadows – no pasturage, & living things therein. – Obligated to wait at Karnes to despatch a messenger a second time (he had gone before for the pikes which had been left) for D.'s journal which was forgotten. A village with a new Church, handsome marble Pulpit with carved steps – all of beautiful marble – Paintings. – The King of Terrors frightful. – Numerous Head-stones in the Church yard – pictures of the deceased upon those as at Giswyl – often a Man & his wife side by side, – & all represented in their usual garments. Verses – Flowers &c. Baited the Horse at Stantz where we eat bread & cheese. This old & interesting Town is the seat of the Government of Under-walden – beautifully situated on the side of a hill among finely wooded steep rocks. –

Visited the Church to which you ascend from the street by a flight of stately steps, – oratories, places for humiliation &c in the church yard – a lonely penitent in one of these – Often we find single worshippers in the Churches – before the Crucifix, or the figure of some Saint – upon their knees, or in various attitudes – sometimes with a countenance of despair, – sometimes with a look of calm devotion, – but more often you see them gazing around & moving their lips over their beads with as much indifference as if they were counting the loops upon the needles, when knitting a stocking. – Proceeded on our road, which we found very bad, & had a tiresome ride to within two stunds of Engelburg – here we were thankful to be rid of our Charaban – & walked forward – T.M. remained to guard the luggage which after much difficulty the Postilion contrived to fasten upon his back – brought forward the Horse – & in due time they overtook us; – I mounted upon a Man’s Saddle – and on we leisurely advanced. – About sunset we reached this sacred Valley, being somewhat prepared for what we were to find by the numerous Pictures we passed, since we parted from the Carriage, on our road through a solemn & stately forest, that led us along the high banks of a rugged stream: these interesting pictures, (each within its little oratory were reared as in a tall clock-case high above the road,) gave the history of the life and death of Christ – At sunset we reached the edge of the flat green Aare – sublimely guarded; from its head rose Engleberg (whence the Angels sang) – Tittlesberg, the highest of these Alps, (This we were told, but I suppose it was meant to be understood the highest of this chain of mountains). But, between these two, stood another more fantastically shaped, rocky hill with a broken, jagged, crest & without snow, – as was also Engelberg – (nearly so at least) – All around, the Vale is completely enclosed by lofty barriers, piercing, or supporting the clouds. – When we had descended & looked around, no outlet to be seen. From the eminence, whence we first had a sight of the mists curling in the glowing sun upon the heights of Engleburg – the White Convent with its own, & its lesser attendant Chapels, their spires & turrets – the brown dwellings – the green meadows & dimpling streams – the pensive moving figures in their gay attire, that as we approached saluted us: – & before we gained our harbour for the night, – the Convent Bell calling to Vespers, – seemed to summon my ears to listen for the Angels’ voices from that celestial Mount. – All these impressions could not but excite in us thankfulness that we had been led to this Abyssinian Vale (as D. appropriately termed it). We had kind & good entertainment, & I had a restoring night of rest, which I much needed – having felt the heat of the day so oppressive as to render me unable to enjoy the rugged part of our journey in the Charaban. – Before we went to Bed D. & I walked within the gates of the Convent, & overheard that the Monks were not a silent or solemn Company. Our Bed-room looked upon the Convent & Chapel.

Tuesday 15th. Aug. Engelberg

Arose at ½ past five. – sound of business in the house, & gaily dressed Peasants flocking from, & going to Church. – Girl driving a large herd of tinkling Goats towards the heights, they having been milked no doubt; – a most lovely morning. – As soon as we were all dressed, looked into the Church, which was filled with Men & Women – The three Priests as is usual at the Altar – one administering the Bread, – they wore the same gaudy robes as we have often ... & as I dare say D. has described when she was fortunate enough once to be present at high mass – now we had not time to wait for the ceremonies of the incense, the Saviour’s blood &c, being desirous to see as much of the Valley as we could. Walked up, two miles at least, – as far as to a waterfall usually visited by Strangers, – this in itself did not much gratify us, but we had a pleasant walk & gained a knowledge of the Vale; – the upper part very fine, & the promise of things beyond, was still finer. But the approach to Engelberg from the head of the Vale, would be much less interesting than from the foot, as we came. Knots of Peasants going to, & returning from Church, – all in holiday trim. – We now learned the day to be a day [of] a grand Festival, – the feast of the Virgin: & after breakfast the procession streamed out of Church, a beautiful Spectacle as they begirt that, & the Monastery. Men, Women & Children; – Abbot, Monks – Priests & Choristers; –

a thousand Persons or upwards. – The women as gay as glitter & colours could make them. – Flat white hats, with ribbons & flowers, – embroidered stomachers, – red girdles, – & their short black petticoats bordered with red ribbon, – large shining skewers in their hair, & lockets suspended from their necks. The Men too, mostly had some ornament upon their hat, – the young generally a coloured ribbon, Elders black ones, tied with a bow – All well & curiously dressed; – it was a festive scene – & we were fortunate in being present at this fete which is the most important one in the year. – Much Company at the Hotel – 17 Monks belong to the Convent of Engelberg, & the whole Valley contains about 1,700 Inhabitants. Went to see the Convent within, but the Monks all being in church we could not gain permission to look into any of the rooms, – in the Passages were some Pictures. – From a garret looked down upon the Congregation in the Church – music ascended to us sweetly – a theatre upon this Garret! Saw at a gentleman's house, Models of the Mountains & intervening Vales, with all their villages, Chapels &c – more interesting if we had had leisure to study. – Departed by the same road, & had a delightful walk down that sublime pass, – I being in much better plight to enjoy it – than yesterday. Counted the way-side upright oratories, – found no less than 16 before we reached the house where we resumed our Charaban. – A fine Waterfall – curious springs – & tinkling black crags. – Little Boy bore all our luggage – a hard-hearted Postilion. – Glad to see the Town of Stantz again, embosomed in its perpendicular woody crags – Skirted a part of the Town we had not seen before, – greeted Mount Pilates or Pilot on our way to Stantz-Stad. Postilion!!! A Rascal, demanded pay for 3 days – locked up our Great Coats &c Wm resisted, could gain no redress in that lawless place; Wm left the Coats against our judgement, vowing if there was law in Switzerland to bring it down upon the fellow. – Took Boat & crossed to Vinkel; – procured a Boy to carry the luggage & walked about 3 miles across a point of land to Lucerne. A Beautiful region. – but how grievous that our pleasure should here be interrupted by the villainous Conduct of that Postilion, – & we shall be so perplexed, – our movements so dependant, as W. is resolved to carry his threats into execution. We followed W. into the town, he went directly to the Post office, & found one letter, but to our great sorrow it was not from home, – brought good tidings from Miss Horrocks of herself & Mrs M, – this was a comfort to us. Found the White Horse without difficulty; in our way thither, passed the bridge, whence a beautiful prospect – but all my thoughts at that time dwelt upon the hope of a Rydal letter, – therefore I but half enjoyed it – & did not halt. – Met Strangers on the walks before we entered the town, & in the streets; – Dresses of all kinds, – Many like what we saw at Engelberg, & on the road (for the festival was a general one) – English – French & all sorts. – Well received by the Maitre d'Hotel – attentive to Wm's complaint of the Postilion, & will use means to have redress. – Tea in the large common Room. – Comfortable bed rooms but the House being full we can only have 2 chambers therefore D. & I are obliged to occupy one & Wm & T.M. the other – The way sides between this place & Vinkel swarmed with Grasshoppers. Lizards, (one beautiful green Lizard D. saw) & innumerable brilliant coloured Insects.

Lucerne Aug 16th

My own & my dear Daughter's birthday – May the Almighty bless her, & grant that good tidings may soon reach us from home. – – – – 3 oClock Just risen from Table-d'hote a good dinner, but a dirty table cloth – while we sate – 20 Boys who had come in to breakfast, departed with intent to mount the Rigi; – A pretty sight with their two Tutors, – they belong to an Academy, a sort of quack concern Wm says, but the Boys were nice lads with their Knapsacks & piked staffs, all dressed in green, with leather caps & plain shirts. Thus accoutered they had come 80 miles on this Mountain expedition. – Although we have had a Lacquais d'Place – our morning, for want of a plan, has been an unprofitable one, sauntering about the Town. – Attempted to visit the Maison d' Ville – could not be admitted at that hour. – Crossed at the outlet of the Lake, the long covered bridge – along the roof of which are 240 Paintings from the

Scriptures – Subjects from the Old Testament face you as you walk one way. – & from the New as you return. 2 other Bridges of the same kind – the Chapel bridge with paintings from Swiss history – D. bought a Leghorn Hat for 12/-. – Fine views from the Cathedral Bridge, of the Lake & Mountains &c. – Learned from the Charge d’Affairs that we should here be detained for want of Passports. – Passports & Great Coats! well that these causes for detention come together. Saw with great interest the very model of the Mountains &c Wm had seen 30 years ago; – & which he speaks of at the beginning of his acct. of the Lakes of the North of England; – a delightful thing it is, only we wished it had included more of the Country we have already visited. Here met 2 English Gentlemen, whom Wm recommended to go to Engelberg. Bought a panorama view from the Rigi & a statistical chart relating to the Cantons. Our St Goar Friend Blacky ran after us in the Street rejoiced to meet us again, – his “Lady gone to the Mountains”. The Gentlemen Wm has sent to Engelberg, will have the advantage of us – inasmuch as the scenes will have effect going from Lucerne. – T.M. opened a German periodical publication in the shop where D. bought her Bonnet, & found honourable mention of Wordsworth’s “River Duddon” – 9 o’Clock. Just as we were finishing our Tea in the public room – in bounded Henry Robinson! never Man arrived so opportunely – A Lawyer at our need! We were all rejoiced to see him, & I am sure our meeting afforded entertainment to the whole Company at Supper, – which Party he (with two young Men he has picked up on the road) has joined – Only left England 10 days since, – by Geneva, Berne &c. – he passed Mrs M. & Miss H. upon the road – but was asleep, – heard of them from Mr Wedgewood. D. & I have retired leaving Wm & T.M. with Mr R. &c at supper. – Walked to the Ridge, on the opposite side of the river, & saw the sun go down shedding his glories upon the Alps – soft luminous clouds hanging above. Green meadows, – undulating, comparatively speaking, flat stretch of Country on our left: through which flowed in gentleness, the River Reuss (the same we had crossed upon after we left Baden) looked down upon the Town, – the Lake, with its river flowing irregularly among the Buildings: – Towers & spires sparkling above; – to the right the smooth Lake gleaming under the hills which push themselves forward, forming spacious bays, with hamlets or scattered houses on the shores; – the still breast of the water only disturbed by the Boats moving in all directions, leaving their silvery track behind. – Evening very sultry – especially, in the woody parts of that commanding hill, we felt it so – Pretty Garden on its summit & a Gardener’s hut. Astudious young Man there with his book – &, on a lower station, a School-boy with his – very intently occupied. –

Lucerne Thursday Aug. 17th

This morning at ½ past 3 o’Clock, as was agreed upon last night, H. Robinson & Wm set off in company with the Chief Magistrate of Sarnen, (who, as good luck would have it chanced to be here) to look after the affair with the Postilion, leaving us to amuse ourselves. They walk to Vinkel, cross by boat to Alpnach, thence on foot to Sarnen. The two young Gentlemen Mr R’s Companions called upon us to walk at 7 o’Clock, and very pleasing Youths we found them – One an American the other a Scotsman by birth – Students from Geneva come out on foot for a Month’s excursion. Went first to the Allewinde – a hill on this side of the river, & directly opposite the Ridge upon which we were last night. – But the glaring sun met us, & we could see nothing, – this is a station for the Evening. The Cathedral – a shabby building & a thin congregation, though we were there during Mass – D. & I had been at early Prayers yesterday morning also – but were sorry we did not hear the Organ, which is said to be a very fine one; – more mummery than usual, such a dressing & undressing – exhibiting the holy relics, – the real blood, which all kissed. – The ascending of the incense from the silver censor, which a Priest tosses to & fro by a silver chain, till it rises in clouds enveloping the gaudy Minister; & the Altar – from which the glittering Candlesticks & their bedimmed tapers gleam through the smoke, producing an effect really fine, – but here we did not witness this – what we did see put us out of patience. – And religion here must be upon the decline, the people all seem so indifferent about

it. Quaint & ludicrous Monuments, – ludicrous to us, but no doubt they have all been executed in sober seriousness. – Round the cloisters Death exhibited in various Characters. In a cocked hat – with a fiddle &c &c. – Breakfasted on the Balcony. – Went upon the Lake for an hour before dinner, – landed upon a peninsula where stood a Gentleman's empty house, – a lovely prospect – the view, towards the illumined mountains we saw last night, Glaris & Engelberg, very stately. A beautiful image upon the Lake – a Waterfowl – the pretty creature had found a Vessel of its own, – a root or some such substance on which it was floating away alone. – Persons of distinction dined with us at Table d'hote, – the Ambassador of Bavaria, & the Landaman of Solare; – they were extremely polite, – D. sate next to them, & she talked with them in German – they ordered a Bottle of Champagne for us. – Mr & Mrs Grey an agreeable pair. Before dinner was ended, Mr R. & Wm entered in triumphant spirits. – overpowering spirits Mr R's were. – Great coats &c followed them an hour afterwards. – the business settled beyond their expectations, the culprit was to be punished, & Wm had received the thanks of the principal Magistrates of the Canton for his spirited resistance, at the cost of much personal trouble, against an attempt of gross imposition. From 6 to 9 o'clock, walked in the Allwinde, – delightful gardens – Temple – Orchard – &c, Gardener brought D. & myself each a luxuriant nosegay, – composed of geraniums & other fragrant flowers. – The civility, & hospitable admittance into pleasure grounds we meet with, might well be imitated in England. Hence, a magnificent prospect. – Mountains very grand, – outspread lake, – boats buoyantly lifting themselves upon the water, – Their silvery trail, following. Again to the Cathedral, – sate upon the Bridges looking at the sweet views, in the late twilight, & watching the lights upon the water. – You cannot step upon the grass about the Town without unsettling, myriads of Grasshoppers – the meadows are alive with these creatures making a sound like a cottage hearth swarming with crickets. – Lizards –

Friday 18th. Aug.

Left Lucerne, having first breakfasted upon the Balcony in company with our Country-folk Mr & Mrs Grey, Took boat about 11 o'clock. – Lucerne looked beautiful as we sailed away from it, – and the last gleam as we watched it fading on our sight in the distance, was a fair vision that we should like to be able to remember. – The Lake exquisitely bright, lovely shores & islands. St Nicholas' Island, rocky island, with its cross, opposite. – Exchanged boats with a Party going to Lucerne. – Landed at Kusnach at 2 o'clock; – dined & set out to ascend the Rigi, which rises immediately from the Hotel: – reached the summit, a little too late, but before the sun had quite gone down, – not a very splendid sunset – but D's journal will describe it. As we returned to our lodgings, at the lower house, met a Party going to the upper one; – an elderly Lady was carried in a Chair. – House full of Company – Table d'hote supper. Tremendous night of thunder & lightening – More wild Company came in after we were in bed, – & who, not having Beds, kept up a riot great part of the night, & assisted the storm in hindering us from sleep. – Wonder why such people should be there? Under those awful circumstances, & among those sublime scenes giving themselves up to vulgar merriment! One Woman in particular made the rafters ring with incessant laughter; – they seemed to be playing at hunt the slipper – (but the slipper had been a lusty sabot by the thumping it made) or some other boisterous game, which sounded throughout the wooden tenement; – our bedrooms, – except that Dorothy's was on the opposite side of the passage, were all in a line, – divided only by a thin partition – so ill joined to the wall, or rather not joined at all, – for we might have shook hands, & actually did light our candle through the vacancy. Mr R. & T.M.'s beds were so near mine that we were able to carry on a conversation without disturbing Wm who rested tolerably, considering the circumstances, – D. slept well all night in spite of every thing, though her room was the most uncomfortable, swimming with water that beat in at the window; – Our's was dry, but the casements shook, & the room which was a corner one, with windows on two sides, was illumined by the lightening for hours after we were in bed. Magnificent Goats upon the Rigi – they appeared quite gigantic by the evening light –

herbage to the very top of the hill. – A Boy brought us fine bunches of the “Alp rose” – a beautiful pink flowering ground shrub that grows here in great luxuriance: – rather too late in the year to see it in its pride.

Augt. Saturday 19th. Top of the Rigi.

Arose at ½ past 3 oClock having to walk ½ a stunde to see the sun rise from the summit, – the air very chill & ground wet after the storm, – were well rewarded for our pains, although we were told we should have been much more gratified had we been here yesterday. – Eastern sky rich with golden streaks – clouds floating around, in all directions below us. – then driving eastward, we expecting momentarily to be enveloped in the condensing mist; – but the breezes again & again took it away, through the Channel between the Rigi & the opposite Mountains. At length the bright sun just shewed itself, – lighted up the tips of the Alps with a rosy splendour, silvered the edges of, & gave angel’s wings to the neighbouring clouds for a moment, – then shrouded himself up, & the glory faded away. We returned through the misty rain, cold & cheerless to breakfast. – Again the sun broke out, but now at 8 oClock, the weather is unpromising. The young ... Our pleasant, ingenuous Companions gone – we parted immediately after breakfast. A tall cross is finely placed upon the top of this hill, which is spacious, – quite a country to range over; – Pinegroves & hills. Then for the objects to look forth upon, I must refer to the Panorama Wm bought at Lucerne. The Hostess’ Butterfly Cap worthy of remembrance, a white one. – The Lucerne costume is very pretty, & Shepherdess-like, if the petticoat, which is short – scarcely coming below the knee – was not so full, – which prevents the sprightly air that the light, gay, flat hat would produce. A German “New Testament” left this morning here, by an Englishman, – a friend to the Bible Society. Set forward on our descent from this remarkable place a little after eight oClock. Pleasant green mountain track led us soon to the Parish Church of Rigiberg – dedicated to “Our Lady of the Snow”; – it was crammed with pictures of the Virgin & Child in various situations, – setting forth her miraculous powers, & how they had been exercised; – small Convent of Capucins close by, – saw one of the Brethren at a window. – Easy & beautiful road down, for some time, – high Crosses with pictures all the way, – Chapels with frightful figures, – enough to terrify the Religious on their way to our “Lady of the Snow,” – met several Peasants before we reached the foot of the hill; – Houses of accommodation for them to rest on their way. Beautiful steep thin waterfalls, – lofty, woody – & pine clad crags (pudding-stone) accompanied us all the way on our descent, road became difficult, or rather fatiguing long before we arrived at the bottom. Steps at length led us to the meadows, an old & a young Man engaged in repairing these – I was before the rest, & coming to a part where a step was wanted, the old man with a kind look proffered me his hand, nor would he suffer mine to be withdrawn until he had led me to the bottom of that flight; – I was much affected by this instance of natural gallantry, & the benevolent countenance of the old Man – & sorry that I could only express by my looks a sense of the attention. – A little singing-girl, her innocent looks, & sweet voice drew some pence afterwards, from Wm. – Pictures with inscriptions upon a deserted house, – near which we rested. – Guide-post directing to Einseidlin. – Valley of Stones. Dined at Goldau – were much tired when we entered the Cottage-inn at this most interesting place; – they gave us water to wash our feet, & a comfortable dinner. – After we had finished, all rested upon the beds or benches which stood round the room, & the 3 Gentlemen went to sleep. – This Inn is built, as several other houses are, on the side of the road surrounded by masses of fallen rock; – Chapel close by. – All walked to the ruins – sate for a long time upon an immense mass of the fallen Mountain, – it is an awful & an affecting place. – D. picked up a little Guide who was very eloquent; – we were surprized at the extent of the desolation – especially when we looked up to the Mountain whence it had proceeded, – the rent, – high above us, appeared so trifling that we could not but wonder – how all those mighty blocks had ever been piled upon so narrow a space. – Huge rocks, & masses of rock on every side of us! – & one might judge of the extreme height

whence they had come, from the situation in which many of them were lying, high up on the opposite side. – It is aptly called “the Valley of Stones”. – From our seat we overlooked the Lake of Zug: the comely little Church of Art, & a tiny Spire rising from a small Cloister close by, graced the Shore. – A River had thriddled this once lovely, & still interesting Valley, – but this, with the green meadows which it fertilized, is buried. – & the Lake of Lauritz below, driven into narrower compass. – A Swiss woman whom we overtook as we were quitting this pensive place, & with whom D. fell into conversation, told us, that it was formerly one of the most “level & beautiful vales to be found”. – Three Villages with their inhabitants had been completely destroyed, – travellers upon the road, – one Gentleman we were told, whose wife & servant were a short space before him, escaped, – but he had the misery to see those companions swallowed up before his eyes. – After such a visitation – it is impossible not to honour these Peasants, who trusting in, & submitting themselves to the protecting hand of Providence, have had the courage to rebuild & fearlessly dwell in this awful Place.

Took boat upon Lauritz Zee. – Rain had begun before we had reached the Lake, but we proceeded & gained the Inn at Seewen, just in time to save ourselves from a complete drenching. Before we left the Boat, the Rigi had been wrapped in darkness, & thunder & lightening, with the lightening’s red glare upon the water, followed – large drops fell before we entered our comfortable quarters for which we are thankful, as it has rained ever since; & for the Coffee, Bread Butter, & honey all excellent, that we have partaken of with travellers appetites. A graceful matron-like woman, dressed in a Butterfly cap, & a glittering coronet, supped at a table alone, in the same eating room with us; – & is going to lodge here, on her way to some festival: – those caps are general in this part, mostly white, – this woman also wears powder in her hair; – I wish D. had fallen into conversation with her, for she appears to be a dignified Person. A pretty little Boy, belonging to the house brought, and presented to me with a polite bow, a small pumpkin; – told a long story about it which of course I could not understand. The Father is almost troublesome with his politeness – but very obliging.

Sunday 20th Aug. Seewen.

Walked before breakfast to the Church standing in a green croft-like area embosomed in walnut-trees – a stately shade of Walnut trees led us to it, – through which we had views all the way across the pretty little Grasmorian lake Lawritz, to the melancholy tract passed over yesterday; – more particular accounts of the devastation, or rather of what the devastation removed, D. will relate. She had much conversation with our Swiss Companion whom we overtook in the pensive valley, & who accompanied us in the boat to this pretty Village. Our Hostess, this morning in her Sabbath garments, is very gay – she is powdered, & wears a white butterfly cap, – a large wreath of artificial flowers running through it. The wings of this, that I call the Schwitz cap, not so far expanded as the Cap of Berne, but brought more to a point upon the forehead & into the nape of the neck; consequently rising with a higher arch &, between the double arch the flowers, – or glittering ornaments are sometimes substituted. – The weather beautiful, & as soon as we had breakfasted departed from this neat cleanly, happy looking place; – The Children, who had been sweet companions to me, kissed their hands when I took leave of them, – but when I in return, shook theirs, they appeared dissatisfied, – & looking to the Mother for an explanation – she signified that they wished me to kiss my hand as they had done. This I did, & we parted good friends. – Wm & I walked, with the Man who carried our luggage in a wooden frame upon his back, the direct way to Brunnen; – the rest, viz Mr R. – T.M. & Dorothy by way of Schwitz. – Our course lay along the brook, that runs through, & I believe gives name to the Village of Seewen, – that by Schwitz, forms two sides of the triangle, & carried them considerably above us, on our left. – We had a fine view all the way of the Town of Schwitz, which is beautifully situated, & looked stately under its protecting screen of mountains – green & woody to the very top; – they bend around, & tower above it; – one, rising higher than the rest in

the very centre of the crescent, & directly above the Church-spire, has a fine effect. – I was sorry to pass without going into this important town, – important as it gives name to the delightful Country of which it is the Capital, – & its station is well worthy of that honour. The pastoral, sylvan character of Switzerland is happily exemplified here, & the mountains & lakes lead you gently into the more solemn & awful scenes. – Our path led through soft verdant meadows, where we met, & were overtaken by, the Peasants with their books & nosegays in their hands; – our attention still directed to the higher interests on our left where the crags often exhibited rugged clefts, & caverns that made me hope Wm might be induced, in the evening to return & explore them. Passed the Village of Ingelbol with its pretty Church upon a commanding eminence – that looked tempting, but we did not turn aside, not wishing to detain our Trager, [but] walked on to Brunnen, – and now am seated in a large, not over cleanly, bed-room – but what matter, I look “down on Uri’s Lake”. – the other reaches of the Lake of the four Cantons stretching from my right hand. Sorry to see an E.O. Table under the window, upon the edge of the lake; a crowd of young Men at play – Aye & young Women also! It is festival to day at Ingelbol, probably the sports extend hither, & this not a regular Sunday’s amusement. As we came along, we heard several round of Cannon fired from that Village, announcing the fete; – the report traversed the surrounding mountains & was very grand. Bowls a favourite amusement among the Peasantry; & shooting at the Target an indispensable part of their education. –

Before dinner Wm & I sauntered upon a terrace above the Inn, and sate under a lovely fruit tree shade, near a cottage that looked down upon the lake. – Afterwards, we have all had delightful rambles; – first, back to Ingelbol – from the Church yard a sweet view of the Vale of Schwytz &c; – thence a long round (by luxuriant lanes from which we had a great variety of interesting prospect) carried us to a station overlooking the Lake – & the opposite steep verdant-capped barrier, which pushes itself forward separating Uri from the other reaches of the lake, – & upon which is seated a stately Church. – Proceeded, & dipped into lovely green Vales. Village of Moorshot beautiful – Church, Cottages – one hung with vines, – garden with glorious sunflowers &c. – second Chapel, St Francis – Mountains rising through vapour into the sky in front, – & looking back, the two Metas towering in great majesty. The Peasants, inhabitants of those paradisaical retreats, very civil & seemed gratified by our eagerness in quest of the interests they live among. Young men seated in one of those spacious sheds, making merry after having ended their diversions; – the target seen every where. In one of the sheds as we ascended, found four Goats, chewing the cud, – a little Boy attending all on the bench; – he looked so pensive that we became much interested about him, but D. could not make him understand a single word, – T.M. gave him ½ a batz, for which unexpected, & unsolicited gift the Boy thanked him “a hundred thousand times”. I afterwards gave him a second piece, & the same expression of thanks was repeated, – the longer we looked at the subdued countenance of this little Boy, the more we felt for his solitary condition – here, with those four mute Companions he had passed his day, – the beauty of the scenes he was among was nothing to him, – & no doubt he knew of, & had heard the sound of the merriment in the vales below. When we repassed the shed it was empty. –

Wm. & I returned later than the rest having gone further. – on reaching a knoll before we descended into Brunnen, a pretty short-faced bright-eyed girl of 18 or 19 met us – we enquired the way, she answered, & we bid her good night, & turned from her – presently she whistled very softly – then sent forth an uncouth sound, more as from the voice of a Man than a Maiden – it was not a deep sound – but one that might be heard in the Vale & across the Lake & made the hills about us ring: – this was followed by a series of Swiss airs, which she warbled without pause, one after the other, in an impassioned manner – hurrying through as if she wished to reach the utmost limits of her power before we were out of hearing: Yet I cannot but think these modulated notes meant more than we could understand, – they were probably addressed to some one at a distance. – There she stood upon the naked rock, – and as a waterfall the sound grew as we listened, so that I even fancied she was following us, – in sight of the villages below &

around, & her voice must have been known to those nearer dwellings in one of which she probably found her home. Mr R. had gone in a different direction, & was equally delighted with his adventures, & all he had seen. – He had been along the road the Russians had traversed. – The Host at this house as he told us, fought against the French in the pay of the English; – D. will report his anecdotes connected with those times. Lightening in the evening – the lake very solemn, – boats from the elevation appeared exactly like shuttlecocks upon the water – the Boat the Cock, & the track the plumage. These Lakes not to be compared to our own in colour, nor clearness – Therefore do not give back vivid reflections, – but merely the outline & a dead image of the mountain, – nothing like the inverted landscapes with all their bright & lovely hues & forms as upon the lakes of Grasmere Rydal &c – the water of the Swiss lakes is green, but not the brilliant green of the Rhine at Shauffhausen. –

Waked at 12 oClock by the angry dashing of the Lake upon the shore, what a change! when we went to sleep it was quietly glittering in the moon-shine. – I got out of bed to look at it, – Waves were breaking on the shore, as if a tide were coming in, & would soon reach the walls of the house: – No other appearance of a wind. – The mountains at that hour looked very sublime, – O it is a solemn spot! A boat going out at the closing-in of night, the moon not then bright, gave me wild, adventurous feelings of solitude & danger.

Monday Aug 21st. Brunnen 6 oClock

A beautiful morning – Chapel-bells have rung to prayers twice. – No noise of waves this morning. A Boat come in with packages. – Stone-masons, Carpenters at work, – this village seems an improving place; all are busy, & the Children do not beg here, – but we have been pestered by beggars lately. – The Landlord tells us that the turbulence of the lake is very common, we understood him, that it was caused by a bottom wind – but such agitations only happen in the night. Visited again this morning our favourite Cottage, the Children with whom I played yesterday, & to whom D. gave money, flocked around – indeed Father, Mother all greeted us, – gave us plumbs & brought us seats. – The pretty household spout we did not notice yesterday; – a skiff in the bay was still wanted to complete the picture, – but it is a rememberable spot. – Come to a green knoll nearer home, – all the children have followed from the cottages; – one old fashioned thing, a little stump with her long hair hanging down, has brought her spinning-wheel, – & she is buzzing away as notably as any old woman, – the Child cannot be above 6 years old. Another, begging – so I was premature in my observations on this subject, – for the little spinner is but a beggar in a different way. – Wandered down green fields, & among fruit trees, to the pastoral bottom through which a perfectly pellucid Brook finds its way to the lake. – cottages near, women dressing hemp, why cannot they employ those little beggars? – the work seems easy enough. Here William sate down by the brook & washed his feet, – I lent him my scissors which he stuck in the ground & left, – went back to seek them, but they were gone, – a great loss, in this Country, but not equal to that of the silver pen.

Departed by Boat for Altorf – Passed on our right the beautiful Church of Salisberg, that tempting spot lifted high up, on the angle between this & the other reaches of the Lake. – Building on the woody green slope where the three Chiefs swore to defend their liberty, – the Chapel in the wood (Marie Underberg) high above. Sailing on, the Chapel of Sissiga close to the shore on the opposite side of the lake, & high, high above it the pikes of Rockstock pushing themselves out of the glen. – On our right again, we come to the village & Chapel of Power, – what a lovely glen! a few Cottages – woods behind in the cradle, woody mountains above – then the naked steeps piercing the sky! Bloomlis Alp also on the right before us, which this morning I saw steeped in crimson light – Fallen rock to the left. – Tell's Chapel – here we landed, & by some rugged steps reached the edifice – a sort of alcove open to the lake on the rough precipitous shore; – rude, & some modern, paintings descriptive of the Patriot's heroic actions, covered the wall. Leaving this interesting spot – sailed under a stupendous beetling rock, with one little

crucifix upon its front – an impressive view before us, Fluellen in front at the termination of the Lake, – Valley; & Pass, no one knows whither apparently, beyond. – Walked immediately to Altorf with a beating heart, expecting letters; hurried up this gaudy & most picturesquely – situated Town, one half in ruins, – hoping, & fearing to meet William who had gone before us to the Post-office, – he came not, & we reached the Ox, our destination, but found no letters. – nor passport, which also was to have followed us; – nor our Youthful Companions with whom we parted upon the Rigi, when they indulged the hope that they might join us again at this place. Well, these are travellers' disappointments, & we must bear them; but the non-arrival of letters is a serious thing, – perhaps none can now reach us before we get to Geneva. – four or five weeks, hence! The want of Passports must detain us. – 9 o'clock – having returned from a walk which led us to a romantic & interesting Village situated in an opening of the mountain down which a riotous brook tumbles – a sylvan cleft, & more interesting for having been the birth-place of William Tell – whom the Swiss honor as a God. – In one little Chapel in this Village of Burglen, a large Figure of their Hero is placed above a very small Crucifix. Visited a Painter who follows his Art & instructs Pupils, in "Tell's Tower", – fine prospect from the Tower; & from the Church, beautiful almost beyond conception. The towers of Altorf – the Vale beyond, & Fluellen on the margin of the Lake – The pine-clad barriers, with here & there a fantastic naked rock, or a snowy forehead reared above all! Yet the removal of much wood would be a great improvement. Too many high stone walls led to this spot – & indeed those immense walls of rock, clothed with Pine that so closely embrace the whole Vale render it quite stifling, we could scarcely breathe.

Our next walk was towards the Convent of Capucins on the steep side of the barrier on our right, looking to the outlet by which we entered. – view over, & into the Town, – its striking situation & appearance; – Church, – Painted Tower, – Fountains; – Arsenal & Platform which we passed in a spacious green Court or Area as we returned from Tell's Village. A ruffling hot wind came suddenly on, before we drew homewards from that sequestered spot – it well accorded with the turbulent spirit that seems to have been at work when those immense objects were formed, & gathered round that little verdant & ornamented nook in which so lively a remembrance is cherished of the Swiss Patriot. – The wind is become more tempestuous, & the moon shines brightly, – D. gone into the Village to enjoy the grandeur which under those accidents she will be sure to find. We are thankful that such a wind did not arise when we were upon "Uri's Lake" – little harbour for those in distress on that "unpathwayed margin". I have called this place a Village, but I insult the Capital of the Canton of Uri by so doing; – neither is it like a Village. A small Town with stately houses – Fountains – Tell's fountain – Church – a large painted Tower, that gives Tell's story, is built upon the very spot where the famous tree grew: – The tree is here represented & under it, the pretty little Boy with the Apple upon his head; – The painting, which covers all the tower gaudy & rude of course, I have in view from my window. – Before so much of it was burnt down 20 years ago, this must have been a very fine Town, – but never large, the situation precludes the possibility of that ever having been the case. People much better looking, than in the Canton of Schwitz, – but Beggars numerous, & miserable in appearance, the full throat being almost general among them; – that Beggars are allowed thus to pester you does not say much for order or the excellence of the free Government of Switzerland. – Upon our enquiry for newly-baked bread, the Young Woman in attendance told us, none was to be had, for the Magistrates prohibited all ovens from being heated in a high wind. Perhaps the great fire might proceed from a bakehouse at such a time? &, in cases of fire, much danger must be the consequence when the winds are busy; & rushing in as they do from between those high hills.

Tuesday Aug 22d. Altorf

Before breakfast, walked as Mr Sharpe directed us, to a Gentleman's Garden, near the Cloister; – A youth, whom we supposed to be the Proprietor's Son, an elegant boy, dressed in a religious habit, attended us; – he gave us Fruit, but after we parted from him, a sort of Guide

made us understand that the youth expected his reward, – this surprized us, as we had (all but D.) before come to the conclusion that it would be affronting to offer money to him: D. was right, it was not from courtesy only, that he so graciously conducted us to the summer house, threw open the windows &c &c – Hence we had a view of the rich green Vale, which I should have called spacious – only the extreme height of the rocks & mountains steep as Walls, & surmounted by the Pines with which their sides are clothed, – make it appear a very close one. Great simplicity in the tract between the Town & the lake, – a white Convent seems to repose there undisturbed; but the Reuss, which traverses the Vale, must often chaunt an ungentle lullaby to its pious Inmates. Went into Church, two portly looking Men in Gowns, one half from top to bottom yellow, the other ½ black, – they were not officiating, but seated in a Pew (Magistrates perhaps). – Returned to breakfast well pleased with the romantic Town of Altorf; – & at ½ past 10 oClock T.M. & I set out on foot, – the rest, to follow in a Charaban when all business was settled, & arrangements made at the Post Off. to forward the Passport &c.

Our road, till we reached the Arsnal, – the same we had trod last night, – the same ruffling hot breeze still in motion, – here we kept to the right – Stately Walnut-trees & other fruit trees above our heads, – & the high wind had plentifully strewn the road with their produce. – I never saw such a profusion of fruit as those trees were laden with, but we did not find the quality equal to the quantity. Soon came to a pretty Chapel upon which, among other ornaments were the words, “Per Italia” surmounted by a rudely painted Lion. I cannot express the rush of feeling that came over me at the sight of those words, recalling suddenly to my mind where I was, & whither going! We soon became side by side Companions with the Reuss, & through those sublime objects “Immeasurable woods decaying, never to be decayed” we passed, till we reached this romantic & wild Village – that is, wildly situated, for to accommodate travellers modern conveniences are found at Amstag; – the river dashing by, swoln with Alpine snows. After we were overtaken by the Charaban we all proceeded in it, – very merry & full of hope; as if those hot Italian gales that met, & seemed to give us welcome, were charged rather with a refreshing than a relaxing influence. – Dined, – afterwards D. retired to write letters, & I have had a long rest. The Gentlemen went out engaging to return, at least W. did, in time to walk with us by moonlight.

6 oClock Wm come in, & is changing his stockings; it has been heavy rain, & is now raining; – a thunder shower, enwrapping the jagged rocks & mountains in mist, – now, it passes away & they appear stupendous. Wm calls me to the window to see a large herd of goats crossing an Alpine bridge, over the high swoln torrent. A woman with a scarlet handkerchief tied round her head – her milk pail in one hand, a sieve-like vessel in the other. A boy with his dog follows; – & now the train of tinkling Kine, with the herd-boy, comes last. Dorothy also has been wandering out in her grey cloak with the hood up – the rain came on; & an amusing scene, could any one have witnessed it, passed within doors in consequence of the Lady being thus caught by the storm. First entered to me an old Swiss woman in distress, – then a second, with their strange jargon, talking as fast as their tongues could go, & both at once; – I thought my efforts had succeeded to satisfy them that the Lady would either find shelter, or not mind being wetted, but they only left me to send up a Man, who finding me ignorant of the German asked if I could speak Italian, failing here also, off he goes, & presently up comes the Host with his barbarous French but all in vain! My simple Mother tongue could not parley with any of them; – however, at length I had dexterity enough to make them understand, in the way of a fortune-teller, that their anxieties were unnecessary; – & presently D. appeared, & proved herself to have taken no harm. – She had proceeded up the Ravine whence issues the mountain-torrent that here falls into the Reuss, until the sublimity of the scenes awe-struck her, & she turned back. – Rain, thunder & lightening till bed-time.

Wed 23d. Aug. Amstag – ½ past 4 oClock –

The drum has beaten its round twice, for what purpose unless to call the Peasants to their labour I cannot divine, – it would be an incongruous signal to summons them to Prayers! – But here they are, trooping one after the other, single or in companies; across that Alpine bridge – which Wm tells me Jones & himself must have crossed on their adventurous journey 30 years ago. Still these men are going, – & women too, with their wooden saddles upon their backs; – except one red handkerchief there is nothing gay among the women, – bow-bent & haggard from hard labour. The Men, some have their coat slung over the shoulder, but this is their only burden. – The weather looks well, & if it continues fine we shall think ourselves fortunate in having been here when the wind & the torrents raved as they did last night. – Golden clouds are now floating above the mountain tops, – Wm says he was awake, & looked out some time ago when the moon was in great glory. – The tinklings have begun – &, the sound tells me that it is time to prepare for our adventures.

The last sight I had at Amstag was the quiet herd of Goats re-crossing the bridge as they had advanced last night. – we set off on foot at about 6 oClock, – After climbing a little way, & looking back, the Village fresh & beautiful, lay below at the sharp turn of the mountains – the junction of three clefts, – the Reuss driving round the angle, forcing its course through two of these, – & the turbulent torrent that had rocked me to sleep – rushing out of that third cleft, – up which D. went last night, – &, losing itself in the Reuss a little below the dwelling. – Going on, we discovered where all the labourers I had seen go out at early morning, were employed; – a new road is making on the opposite side of the river, – Men & women all at work, with their wooden sandals on their feet – A stone bridge is also building over the Reuss – this will be ornamental. – Our road now high above the rocky channel – Now the steep meadowy banks between. – A Man & a woman mowing on these precipitous banks, so steep that it seems more difficult for them to stand, than to cut the grass, which they do apparently with as much ease as a weaver throws his shuttle; – they use a very short & light implement, not much like a scythe, with which they strike rapidly, – this must be very sharp, & the grass likewise tender (yet it does not appear so), or they could not possibly work as they do. Farther up, on a more level part, mowers at work in the ordinary way. – Turning hay too, this after such a wet night seems odd to us, – but in this climate the rain is no sooner over than all is dry again. Haycocks pinned down by a pole with cross spikes, on which the hay is twisted & hangs to dry, – a frame something resembling those we hang hats upon. – we never knew the use of these before – we have often seen them but not in use.

Wassen – reached this place at 10 oClock; – a groupe of houses with a fountain in the midst, – a handsome – I will use that word, for in such a situation, it is a handsome Church, rises from a green knoll above: to leave space for these, & a few fertile fields, the mountains have here receded. – we all ate a good breakfast, which after a walk of nine steep miles we met with sharp appetites. The Church, under the walls of which I now write seated on the cool green turf (T.M. sleeping on one side of me – Mr R. spying through his glass on the other – the usual train of begging children attending) is less pleasing within, than to look at; – it is very gaudy, & the quaintest thing I have met with is here, – a virgin with her rosy child – a little Saviour in his tightly-curl'd & powdered wig! – The Winkel, a pyramidal Mountain closes the view before us; (we are fronting the pass whence we have come) – the roaring stream far, far below at my right hand. – Wm summons us to face it, & the burning steep road! –

Hospital

Well! Praise to the lack of Passports, for affording this sauntering day that has brought us so far up the Alps, – without the least fatigue, heat, or any other feeling but that of pleasure – for when we got into the level plain of the Vale of Urseren, I swung my staff, & trod the nice path through the field with perfectly untired steps. – We have indeed had a pleasant walk, & a glorious day! Leaving Wassen at near 12 oClock, we passed under the same sort of immense steeps, waterfalls, & Shower-baths, & above every variety of fantasticaly shaped rock in the bed

of the furious River (but without any variety in its course, I mean in the motion of the river itself, for it was always in a passion). The little Church we had left upon the green hill, & its swelling green fields sloping down to the river – looked very elegant, – the windings of our road often brought us back in view of it. Rouer-beck, the finest waterfal we saw, a little above where a new bridge is building (we crossed by the old one) – & below, a pretty Chapel stands close to the river. Before we reached Gascheneu, a curious & romantic spot, we had made a long rest under the Devil's Stone, & had seen the largest body of snow we had met with on the mountains. In such a wild & sequestered glen who could have expected a town, – & a town with a stately arched gateway! a bridge & a Chapel. – We lay in its little inclosure for some time deeply impressed by the sublimity of the scene; – no where had we seen a more awful display of snow-clad mountains. We left D. there waiting for Wm who had struck up into the hollow through which rolls a turbulent torrent, that just below, enters the Reuss – a rude & stony region. – The rest crossed the Bridge, & sauntered on till they overtook us – first D. – & afterwards Wm, long before we reached the Devil's bridge. – Passed hereabout Architectural rocks, looking like the foundations of buildings – Ruins of Rome, for instance. – Among the rocks here, & higher up to the end of our day's journey, variety of beautiful flowers, – hare-bells, grass of parnassus, – Monks- hood, very fine – Columbine, – also a flower, the only one of the kind I ever saw, the colour of a Michaelmas Daisy, but in all other points like camomile, grew almost close to the Devil's-bridge – making, with the rich orange lichens on the rocks, of that savage, a gay place. – Near the Devil's bridge, which as every one knows, need not be described – (only I may say I was rither disappointed – except in the turbulence of the torrent that moistened us with its clouds of vapour) & before we enter the cavern through which the road leads, stands the Chapel of St Anthony, by the way side, – the Patron saint above the door, and an inscription invoking his protection for the Traveller through the dangers of this awful Pass. – At the end of the rock-dripping gloomy Passage the Vale of Urseren opens before you, – But Mr R had called me aside soon after we enter'd the Cavern, to look through a niche immediately above the raving stream, & there I had the first view of the plain – but D. said the natural way of coming upon it, without preparation, through the arch of the Cavern, was best. – I cannot give a better idea of the character of this place than Wm has done, – he descended from the Grisons to the village of Andermach, crossed the bottom of the vale & went down, – instead of coming up the River, as we have done – his road thridded the pass between some of the lofty peaks that peer above the soft green hills that gently rise from the area,

“Now passing Urseren's open Vale serene,
Her quiet streams, & hills of downy green,
Plunge with the Reuss embrowned by terror's breath,
Where Danger roofs the narrow walks of Death”

Nothing can be conceived more striking or more delightful than, when issuing from the Cavern, the composure with which the Reuss meets you, – rapidly gliding smoothly without noise between its low green banks; – having so long accompanied it in tumult – the transition summoned us at once to be in sympathy with the Spirit that presides over the Vale of Urseren. The Village of Andermach, with its white church & buildings, present themselves immediately before you in a corner under the hills, & to the left above these, the road from the Grisons. – our's to the village of Hospital right up the Valley; & here we are in readiness to ascend the Pass of St Gothard in the morning. – A very comfortable Inn, nice Beds & all in spirits. – The willow herb in great abundance on the margin of the River. The air sharp here, & we were very cold in bed.

Thursday Aug 24th.

D. & I taking a last look of the Vale of Urseren, from the top of the hill. – Before leaving Hospital we walked to the bridge we had crossed on entering the Village last night, – view more beautiful this morning, – clear water dashing over the richly colored rocks – the same fine bright orange lichens that adorned those at the Devil’s bridge; – profusion of Willow-flower, & other beautiful Plants. Sweet view from the Church-yard, over the soft green vale – that in many respects reminded us of Engelburg. – A tower at the top of the Village, & a second Church, which workmen were repairing. Fountains, – Spouts &c.

Wound with the rapid brook thus far – not having yet rejoined the Reuss, & our Male Companions not overtaken us. – Going on with the brook still on our left – came to an area, so like that at the top of Easedale – only the snow mountain which enclosed it would not accord with greenness in our Vale, as it does here – else we might have fancied we were there. A wooden bridge crossed the stream at the entrance, – two beautiful Goats standing on a flat rock near it; – O how pleasant was the green, level elastic turf to our tread, after the paved road! – Resting again – by a genuine delightful Waterfall, – the white & sparkling foam, contrasting with the bright water coloured Water, – pure & unsullied as our own. – Glad now to find that this clear stream is a branch of the Reuss, & that it is to be our companion to the top; – the snowy feeder we left on our right, where this united itself with the main River, below the bridge on entering the Village. – Gained the top of a steep pull, – snow before & behind. – A crucifix; – & Oratories thicken upon our course as we draw near to the Hospice – “Gales from Italy” blow fresh around. – Snow on the road-side, further on, a little cross under a rock, with this inscription

“Qui fu morto Cipriano Beffa 1820” –

Wm here observed, that probably the very snow upon which we had just regaled ourselves, might be the remains of the Avalanche by which this Person & 3 others had perished; – we yesterday noticed five of these crosses, – two placed under one rock, & three under another. The Fruda, a pointed hill 9,400 feet high, to the right of us – the Lacontra See, peeping from behind another high point which bears the same name. – And now we reach another tarn-like Water, & find ourselves at the top!!! – here, upon the Alps! – & without having met danger or difficulty. – The level area overspread with flat rocks, large & smaller, not unlike those above our own house at Rydal, – little verdure, but not from poverty of soil, short grass shews itself between the stones wherever it can find room. Several small lakes between this point & the Hospice, where we fared merrily, for Wm laughed much, upon bread cheese & wine – but it was a comfortless place, – & D & I went out to warm ourselves in the sun after our cold meal; – &, on the banks of the infant Tecino, which has its source in those pools above, – within a few hundred yards of that which gives birth to the Reuss, – there D. & I resolved to reject all political boundaries & thenceforth consider ourselves in Italy. – With the pure stream we descended, – but first were joined by Mr R. T.M. & Wm, with a Young German whom Mr R. had picked up in the morning; – A Heidelberg Student travelling on foot to Rome, – he sung & played to us upon the flute, – Airs from Rosina – the Swiss Cow Song &c. – Then, on we went, winding our way over the grass, between the paved road & the brook wherever we could. The Brook dashing down its stony channel, now over rocks – now under shelving snow, & soon was its banks clothed with underwood & Pines: – Passed by its first wooden bridge leading to two Cottages, not unmindful of our own Duddon; – & presently did it grace such an assemblage of rocks, dells, & woods, – forming waterfalls, pools & all the various charms that a Mountain stream can shew. Wandering on, turning to the right or the left as temptation led, we came to the bottom of this Pass, which from the rise of the Tessino is called the Trembling Valley, the river here joined another branch flowing from the Bedretta Vale – the upper part of the Levantina Valley, as this in which Airola stands is called. A beautiful Vale – but of a different character from Urseren – that was a simple spacious solemn green area; this lengthy, the stream more clear, yet less so since it received the

snowy tribute from Bedretta, – the fields here are more embrowned by the summer suns than on the Swiss side, – though higher up it was very green among the rocks; – Houses dot the sides of the hills – Three villages, – Airola the first, with their church towers, – & below these, several in the vista which stretches between the hills, as far as we can see. Square patches of corn, & some green crops – Hemp & flax spread out to dry. – Spade husbandry; – high frames like linen-horses upon which the corn is hung after it is cut – tied up by the ears – (three lengths) & slung over the rails, packed close to protect it from the thunder-showers, – one row roofing the other.

Descending into one of the fields – found Wm & T.M. observing a pretty Woman who with a lovely child were rising from sleep, – screened from the sun by her deep basket, – the shade extended by means of some of her garments with which she had formed a sort of canopy. – Wm said it was very characteristic of the country – & in truth it was a pretty Picture; – They were by the edge of one of those yellow patches of corn – other crops near, – the Mother had been at work, before the heat had overpowered them. – Muleteers whom we met very civil, – many on the other side of the pass laden with Italian Silk which they carry in casks upon Pack-saddles. – No appearance of Italian ferocity – & in this Village the women all seem to be at work – Children also, & no beggars since we left Wasen. – I cannot say much, indeed nothing of the beauty of Airola, for it is itself an ugly place, – & in the whole vale no trees or shrubs ornament the Towns, tho' the hill-sides are clothed with them. – Alpine plants of all sorts upon the rocks, & river's banks. – I was glad to find, as I did in large quantities, the bright glossy myrtle-like plant, with its scarlet berry which grew so profusely in Scotland, especially at the Fell of Foyers. – We have had dinner, – thunder & lightning, – a beautiful shower with sunshine (one of those of undescrivable loveliness) at this moment gilds the soft downy mountain sides & I must cease to write. –

Airola Friday 25th Augt – 6 oClock

The People under my window (or rather above it, for the village stands on the steep hill-side) collected for a morning's gossip; – a little knot, & others talking from door to door, – one from a casement. – All gabbling Italian; some of the men have pipes in their mouths – others folding their arms. – Men wear red or blue waistcoats, blue caps, or dirty-looking white ones. – Women coloured handkerchiefs or cotton caps on the back of their head, – some without caps, – the hair of all tight gathered from the face & fastened behind. No bodices – merely stays & handkerchiefs – very short petticoats, & printed cotton aprons. – Now they move off, – afield I suppose, with Spades, Baskets &c. – D. & I walked after the rain last night, saw Peasants at work digging, & as if preparing for a second crop, yet this can scarcely be – cold as it is here a second crop cannot ripen. The beauty of the evening had passed away before we went out, & we were not much pleased with our adventures, – Children rude, & an old witch looking Woman D. talked with, – very ungracious, – but we were amused with the Labourers & their occupations. – William went in another direction & had turned into the Church, where he found the People, without a Priest, chanting their Vespers, in the Italian language, – the Girls began, & the responses were made by the rest of the congregation; – we were sorry we had not been with him. – A pleasant Pair are now passing, a young Man with a tall white milking-pail upon his back, leading a tiny Calf with its bright bell; – the Woman following, driving the Cow – with its bell also, carrying the spade & fork over her shoulder, – these may be brother & sister, – or a young married couple, or may-be a Pair of Lovers, they seem well pleased with each other & both look gay. – Now comes a Woman with a Baby, it wears a Mans shaped Night cap, with the tassel from the top hanging on the shoulder. Comely People very, they all are – nothing of the dark suspicious character do I find, that H.R. & T.M. talk so much of, – but I wish they would keep the Town a little neater – never did I walk in so filthy, & ugly a Place, – & to be in such a sweet Vale! This house is abominable, the floors do not seem as if they had been washed since it was built, – the mire perfectly baked upon them, & the dampness of the evening has made them look as if the dirt would come off, so

that I have been in fear to let any of my things, even that were not clean, drop. Our bed, such as it was, clean at least the sheets were, but not dry, & I have been cold all night & glad to get within sight of the sunshine; – it falls on the pavement, & into a sort of a garden which I just see up a narrow flight of steps, & through a little gate; – & again, over the meeting roofs of two Cottages & playing & casting shadows on the Pine-clad mountain which confines my view. – But I was speaking of the bed which is worth describing, – the stock, an invention of the Patriarchal age I should think, is merely three broad, substantial benches, placed lengthways; – a thick, stiff board-like straw Mattrass; – then, an unimpressible wool Mattrass; – sheets, – hard wool pillows, & a green & yellow linen Counterpane. But to have a notion of the hardness, & consequent coldness, of this inclined plain, for such it was, the like must be tried. The Host, how he came into the situation I know not, is a Scholar was educated at Padua – for the law, & W says speaks French well; from this cause perhaps it is, that in this dirty house, we have had the largest wash basins, & the most plentiful supply of fresh water in our bed rooms since we left our own. – ¼ to 7 oClock – Mr R. has called to breakfast, & W for the first time unwilling to get up, having rested so ill. – I must go however – D. T.M. & I set off at ½ past seven oClock from Airola, keeping our way down the left bank of the Tessina; – a new road making nearer to its margin than the one we took considerably above. A magnificent Work! it is carried through a cleft between the rocks – a passage cloven by the river – issuing from the cleft, a circular white Chapel to the left, a Castle-tower rises high from the bank on the right. – A beautiful Waterfal; from one point like a Geyser, rebounding upwards – among the Pines. – Piato a beautiful Village, (having crossed the river & pursued our way along a nice green path by the side of the new road), with its own Church; – and, on the green woody steep, besprinkled with Huts & frames of Corn, on the left bank of the river, high above all these, and under the pine-clad, cloud-supporting Steeps, upon a prominent rock, stands a fair White Church with its tall Tower “Like a throned Lady, sending forth a gracious look over the Vale below”. – Further on, Waterfalls on both sides of the River, very fine ones. – A Peasant walking with a large fan in her hand, serving as a Parasol. – Groupes of Peasants, Male & female, & Children, threshing & dressing Corn in the open air, – Afterwards, as we supposed the straw is to be repacked upon the frames, whence they take the corn, for use; – A gay scene, the White threshing-sheet spread upon the green meadow, & the labourers in their party-coloured garments, – reminding us of the olden time. Women on this side of the Pass wear sensible, large straw hats with crowns that will stay upon the head. – While resting, upon the threshold of an out-house near Piato, Mr R. & Wm came up with the expected Passports, for which they had awaited the Post’s arrival, – together with the most delightful letter from dear Mrs Clarkson, & my beloved Willy. This was joy to us all – to me, I know not what it brought, – I felt as if I should no more be tired, & as if I should not be able to notice any thing before me for this one day at least: – News too of a letter having been forwarded to us which must be from dearest Sarah, was also a cause for rejoicing though it was somewhat tantalizing that weeks might pass before we should receive it. A merry peal of bells from a Church-tower on a high green knoll to the right, at the end of the Vale, or rather what appeared to be the end, roused me, – & looking back & around, the way we had trod was enchanting. – Villages, – with their Churches climbing up the hills, & looking below on the River’s side, – Passports examined here, on entering the Canton of Tessina. – Passing through an arch at the Dazio Grande, & what a transition! – yet not altogether an unexpected one, for D. had observed, “something grand was coming”. The River, that hitherto had pursued its course with regular rapidity, now rushed over rocks, – the huge precipices (towering & beetling masses of granite) rose, & closed above our heads, leaving scarcely a slip of sky at an immense height. The river far below, cleaving its deep narrow passage, for a very long way through blocks of granite: – & here also Man had done his part. – This magnificent road, with prodigious danger has been carried under the rocks, – & over the side of the river, raised upon high arched walls; – & stately bridges crossing & re-crossing again & again. – The road, & bridges, & walls glittering & sparkling in the sunshine like

diamonds. It is indeed a stupendous Work, & of exquisite materials; – yet dissatisfied Mortals, D & I both said we would rather have seen it, in its simple state with a paved causeway sufficient for a mule to crawl along – carrying on its pad a burden to administer to the necessities of the Valleys, – than with this stately Carriage road. But such it is – & it is impossible not to pass it with admiration & awe. – Leaving these more sublime scenes, – Trees of all kinds graced the banks of the now rioting Tessina, – alders, beeches, willows – & birches climbing up to the horizon with the Pines – & are dipping their tresses into, & sporting with the foaming stream below. – Farther on, & we have Walnut-trees – & chesnuts – chesnuts with their clusters of bearded fruit, become more & more abundant, – massy large trees, climbing now like the walnut as far as we can see among the rocks, & grouping themselves into luxuriant groves where the lower grounds offer space to admit them. The Valley becomes more & more rich. – Vineyards, India corn, – Hops – but the flower gardens we have not yet met with. Such Blocks & Masses of rock, with all these products of a prolific soil give a Novelty to the Levantina Valley beyond every other we have seen; – & such a display of Waterfals of every description; – Villages & Churches! a Church standing upon the pinnacle of what appeared to be one of the highest & most pointed rocks, had a wonderfully fine effect; – its tower reared to the Skies; – we were told there was a plain & village beyond. – Through such a region, but which I have very tamely described, have we this day travelled, twelve leagues; the first four as far as Fiedo, the more sublime part, on foot – where we dined upon Bread, cheese, eggs, butter & wine; – then proceeded in a Voiture hired at that place. – Dismissed our painful Trager who had borne our burdens for about 12 or 13 shillings from Hospital! He was a civil worthy Creature, & we did not part with him, unregretted. We found the new road delightful in the carriage, & from the Dazio Grande it was finished, – Only sad to tell, the thunder storm of last Tuesday had torn it up, & in many places was this work of toil impassable, – great slices of mountain sides having been brought down by the floods – and heartless labour! the task of building up was in several parts to begin again – & year after year will it be so. – Upwards of three hundred trees at the foot of the Trembling Valley were cut down as with the Axe lately, by an Avalanche, – at the very spot where we had turned aside to look into the lovely basin of a waterfall among rocks & beautiful foliage. – It was curious to see in one part of our road, where the devastation was greatest the water having swept all before it, – that, upon a fragment of the old road a little Oratory stood unhurt, all was scowered away on both sides – leaving a firm foundation for this tiny heaven-protected building. This no doubt will be accounted a miracle. Similar Edifices rise by the side of the new road. Women & Children were at work in the rich parts of the Vale Spinning on the wheel, or with the rock & spindle under shady walnut trees – near the cottages. – Making baskets – saw one old Man assisting. Two leagues before we reach Bellinzona the Valley loses its name, the hills retire, & it becomes somewhat less imposing, – the river more quiet, glides between flat shores to the Town. As we turned a point at our approach, a fine view of the Mountains we were leaving. And also up the Missox another opening to the left which in the gloom of Evening looked very solemn; – up this Vale Wm & Jones went to the Grisons – a White Church with a few surrounding Cottages at its entrance, a tempting nook, with savage Mountains frowning over it. We had before passed a similar opening into another of those grand Mountain Vallies, on the same side. – About two miles from Bellinzona, a grey Convent & glittering White Church perched upon an apparently inaccessible rock, – Twenty Ladies belong to it; our Voiturier told us that the French visited them – they gave victuals to these unwelcome Guests, & were not molested.

Bellinzona. Passed under the Castle-towers, & reached the gates of this odd, romantic-looking City about 8 o'clock, we had to wait at the outside, for some time, to leave way for a “Gross Voiture” – after halting at least five minutes – out came a heavily- laden, ponderous Waggon & we were admitted; – drove up narrow streets to the Serf, – too dark to judge of the Town. The Inn – spacious, – iron-grated windows – brick floors, – Large lofty apartments all on the ground floor, & opening into the eating-room, – that was like a hall in some public building. Indeed the

house within altogether is like some Palace or Castle stripped of its honours – but we are told that it is not so, but was built purposely for an Hotel.

Bellinzona Saturday 26th. 7 oClock

What sweet names they have in Italy, I do wish I could speak the language! – This said without the least thought of the knowledge I should thereby gain, or from the feeling of what I have lost while travelling on the Continent with no other than Mother-tongue in my head – but from the pure wish to be able to understand & utter similar sounds for their own sake. It was delightful to my ears to hear the Peasants in the fields, & the labourers upon the road yesterday, greet our Companion – a youth of the neighbourhood who volunteered us his company for a little while. –

Bellinzona contains 1500 souls; the three Castles that rise from their several eminences, perhaps at not more than ½ a mile apart from each other, were built by the several Cantons of Schwitz, Uri & Underwalden for mutual protection, & to protect each from the Other. Just returned from one of these Castles, whence interesting views – back into the Valley we have measured with so much admiration, it spreads itself into a wide sandy marshy tract before we reach Bellinzona; – up into the entrance of the Pass to the Grisons, the situation of the Ladies Convent looked less inhospitable from this side; – towards the Lake Maggiore & the Plain between; – the road we are to pursue this morning, – a fertile & luxurious region, through which the Tessina, swollen to a large (but it has long ceased to be a pure) river makes its way to the Lake. Vineyards up to the Castle, Grapes nearly ripe we tasted, & they were delicious, & most grateful to me over-powered with heat as I was, climbing through those close lanes, high buildings & thickly shaded paths, in a hot stifling damp air, – the forerunner of a thunder-shower, that just suffered us to gain our Inn, & is now falling in torrents. A good thing for us, it will refresh all things, & we shall breathe more freely. – Yet the rain is so heavy I almost dread the effects of it, thinking of those huge loose blocks of granite which we saw impending over the new road in the Levantine Valley, – but its ravages are the greatest in the more retiring parts, where the waters bring masses of soil along with the rocks down the beds of the torrents. – Breakfast. – Locarno. Left Bellinzona at a little before 8 oClock, & arrived here about two – Before we entered the Town, looked up into a long narrow nichy Valley Val Verzasca through which an impetuous brook forces its way – a most beautiful mountain stream, almost the soft emerald colour of the Rhine, & equal in clearness; – we rested some time looking into the rocky bed of this stream, & William scrambled up to try to peep into its higher recesses. Crossed a new bridge on the new road, & intended to go immediately upon the Lake. – We had walked from Bellinzona – 4 leagues in a burning sun, through close vineyards, & orchards, – grapes &c hanging in the most tempting manner, & I must own we had not the virtue to resist the temptation; but picked a grape now & then when one was to be had within reach: – for my own part I was sadly tired and foot sore when we reached the Inn, indeed long before, but the paved streets, quite “knocked me up” – a nail in the heel of my boot sorely galled me. – Not wishing to wait for a regular dinner, we desired to have some trifle by way of luncheon, &, 4 Eggs, Bread, Cheese, Butter – a little piece of cold meat, three small dry, baked fish, & a cheese soup, which even D. who never before refused any of their messes, could not eat, – were by piece meal brought before us. The Bill presented, & we were charged four francs each!! This demand rejected, – the Justice was talked of, & the Host took one half, which was too much. – Having dismissed our Trager, & being determined not to subject ourselves to farther imposition, we each took a portion of the luggage in our own hand – & indignantly quitted the house – vowing to expose the rapacity of its Master. A threatening storm prevented our going forward by Water; but we repaired to the lake side – D & I seated ourselves on our sacks under a Balcony, while the Gentlemen were in discussion with the Watermen; – one of these conducted us to the Swiss Hotel where we find ourselves most comfortably accommodated. – Recovering from my heat & fatigue & all quite well – D. does not

in the least suffer from the heat. – This adventure has given a fillip to the whole party, & we are in excellent heart, & all intend to bathe if we can, in the Lake Maggiore before we go to Bed. – With the exception of the Host at the Crown, the People of Locarno all civil. – Boatmen Shopkeepers – at one Shop especially so, into which we went, Wm wishing to procure me a lighter dress, as I suffered so much from being too warmly clad, – & the whole family pleased us much. W. had employed the little Boy to fetch him a glass of water, & upon being offered a piece of money, small enough I dare say, the little fellow was unwilling to accept it, & the father said the service did not deserve a reward. – We wanted pins, & the boy rejoiced in the opportunity to procure them for us from another shop as they were not kept at his father's. Afterwards, on our walk I met the Boy twice, & he looked at, & accosted me like an old friend. – Setting out on this walk, – after the thunder storm, which detained us at Locarno, had passed away, – we took an injudicious course, & were bewildered among the Vines, & saw nothing of the Country, – the Clouds were wandering & resting on the mountain sides above the Lake, & were very lovely. We ought to have clomb up to the Convents that overlook the Town, & lake. The town stands deliciously upon the steep bank of the Lake, & is in itself a romantic place, – the upper part, streets very narrow & high houses, – that open to the lake, airy & spacious; shops under the Balconies. Upon the roads met women carrying their fruit baskets on their back, & spinning upon the distaff. Our Hoste brought us luxuriant grapes this afternoon. – Sorry we must depart without going in to a Church, or seeing more into the recesses that look so very tempting. The beauty of the situation & the disinterested courtesy of the inhabitants especially of the shopkeeper's family spoken of, will often bring delightful recollections to our minds when thinking of the Town of Locarno.

Sunday Aug. 27th. Upon the Lake Maggiore

The Town of Locarno, from which we took boat at ½ past five o'clock, & all its elegant accompaniments is beautiful standing before us like a bright Crescent. – So many Convents & towers rising up from the vine-clad hills, openings into tempting Vallies, then the different reaches of the Lake itself, – those three Convents that peer above the town are exquisite; especially that one upon the out-standing rock – “the Lady of the rock” – is its name, the two others “Sante Marie” & the “Holy Trinity” – We look up into the rich vineyards that lurk between these. – Now we are about to pass a bold promontory which pushes its grey church-tower & neighbouring dwellings before us; – &, peeping from beyond, a white Town with its sun-smitten spire. – Upon the opposite shore the first Austrian Town. – Canobia, another of considerable size standing on the shore at the entrance of Val Falmenta, is coming in sight beyond the Promontory. – We have made an agreeable Breakfast from our Basket, which was supplied with excellent grapes, Bread and good wine, by the kind Host & Hostess at the Swiss Inn; – where we had comfortable beds – & bill reasonable. This house shall have our praises wherever we go. A Peasant on board, partook with us, he is an Inhabitant of that interesting Valley or cleft into which we looked yesterday; – he tells us that the hills there are so steep, – & so close, that the houses are placed as it were upon each other, – you look down upon, nay, you may walk upon the roofs of your neighbour's dwelling from the door of your own. These dalesmen always wear a stiletto, & are notorious for their jealousy towards their Wives, whom they deliver to the care & superintendance of the Curate when obliged to leave home. Our boatmen were very facetious on this peculiarity of their neighbours, & indeed their comrade took all in good part & joined in their railery – we saw nothing of the stiletto. – We have now entered the States of Austria; – Towers, Spires & Villages rising from all elevations out of the fertile steeps; – the retiring bays, soft green plains gleaming in their repose between. But hitherto no Streams, either in torrents or ribbon-like falls. The waters of this lake more pure than those of Lucerne. Two Castles standing in the Lake like guardians to that reach which we leave on our right, the town of Canera on the shore – These Castles had a fine effect, as also a fantastic church

raised upon Arches out of the lake on our left. Luvina before us, our landing place – a pure spotless elegant Villa-like Town with flat roofs & gay towers close upon the pebbly shore: – & very cleanly when we got into it. Were met by the Officers from the Custom house, & all repaired thither – a Trager was soon procured, to go on with the luggage, & D. & I accompanied him leaving the rest to settle all business. Stopped before the Portico of a Church, where a Preacher was haranguing to an overflowing Congregation; could not gain the door, but over the heads of the Crowd had a view of the youthful Clergyman & heard his voice, which was clear & harmonious, & in a very animated & graceful manner he was delivering his discourse in Italian, – moving to & fro in the spacious Pulpit, with much gesticulation. I was sorry to be obliged to go on, for it was a striking spectacle, & interested me greatly. It was a festival, – Garlands of flowers decorated the portals of the Church, – & Garments spread, or hanging from the roofs & windows in different parts of the town, which we found much larger than from the lake it had appeared. – Fruit & cakes &c for sale. – Fine race of People, & gracefully dressed; – Most of the Women, young & old, had handkerchiefs cast carelessly over their head that looked quite elegant; – Others without any covering, had their hair fastened with bright ornaments behind, but none wore it tight from the face. – Here we saw a great variety in the dress, – no peculiar costume seemed predominant, – Gowns, – Petticoats with Boddices of different colours, – or printed Aprons & handkerchiefs, without Boddices; – English dresses not unfrequent; – Many with fans in their hands. – An extraordinarily grand-looking Gentleman, sitting in a wheeled chair, at his door, in gouty shoes, – a nobleman from his dignified appearance, – he was reading a newspaper aloud to one standing by, within a stones-throw of the eloquent Preacher. I was glad to find that Wm & T.M. had also stopped at the Church, & heard the conclusion of the Discourse. – Custom-house Officers in soldier's uniform had stationed themselves on the hill to beg money to drink. – Day not so hot, & I walked without fatigue to Ponte Trista, – three leagues on the banks of the beautiful clear river bearing that name which flows from the Lake of Lugana to Lake Maggiore. An english looking tract – few very few Vines; – resting in one spot under a tall Oak I heard, an unusual sound, a bird warbling from the woods behind, – it was a sweet greeting – but it foretold the approach of Autumn. Near Locarna there were many lizards, – D. saw a beautiful green one. Frogs also there quite green called the leaf-frog, & in the water they looked exactly like floating leaves. Abundance of Grasshoppers, but not as at Lucerne where the ground was audible with them. – Mr R. & Wm reached Ponte Trista before us, having hastened on to provide a Boat & procure refreshment, – Our Guide also before, – I, forgetful of my useless tongue, had turned a different way to look from the Bridge – lost T.M. & D. – &, as our Caterers were housed, it was not without difficulty that in this queer place I rejoined them, – I was first accosted by a boy who led me into a little hot room filled with a crew of loose looking Persons; I supposed they were waiting for boats, & that my leader took me to be a straggler in a like situation & wished me to take my station among them. – The sight of such a company was enough – I saw not my “Comrades” & turned from these – in a way that amused them. – Luckily I found D. & T.M. – & a woman undertook to conduct us – She led to the Place I had escaped from, – & looking beyond the Company there appeared Mr R. at the foot of a filthy flight of stairs such as might lead to a Belfrey, – he bid us follow – “What the Ladies to such a place as this?” exclaimed T.M. who was foremost & as Mr R. said, “seemed terror stricken” – The Ladies however followed, – & found one Table filled with Guests, – another, at the head of which sate Wm quite at home, with bread, cheese & wine before him; – we took our seats – & the Banditti looking company disappeared. A tureen of boiled milk (to which they give the name of milk soup) was brought, – a fresh supply of bread & cheese, very good, & a plate of unripe apricots, another of Plumbs. When satisfied, D. & I went to the Boat, leaving the Purseholders to settle – & for this treat they were charged twelve francs. Wm struck something off, but we were not a little amused to find, that two francs had been added as a remuneration for the inconvenience (“molto incommodo”) our entre had occasioned, “the guests gave way for the Ladies”. – They

had been taken to this strange place (more like a market-room, & such I dare say it was, for there was no furniture but two filthy tables & benches, than an Auberge) by one whom they fell into company with, on the way. We took the remains of our two Bottles of wine to the Boat, & shall remember our Adventures at Ponte Trieste.

This was at about two o'clock, the weather delightful, the Lake interesting, beyond all description, so I will not attempt to speak of its peculiarities – each reach furnished new delights. Beautiful as Locarna was, the Lake of Lugana gratified me far more. The lofty steepes with their bold, jagged or massy outlines rise directly from the smooth plain of water, the surfaces of the mountains which are generally clothed with wood might have been more interesting, had naked ones here & there intervened to receive wandering lights & shadows – yet such was the variety in their form that new combinations evermore kept us on the look out. Flat-roofed Villages, Villas Towers, & Pleasure- houses, gleaming every where. Our Boatmen would gladly have prevailed upon us to land for the night upon a tongue of land, that on our left, pushed itself far into the lake, and where lurked among some shady trees, a Village that, as they said, afforded good accommodations; – tempting as this harbour appeared with the San Salvador rising behind in single Majesty, we preferred proceeding to the Town of Lugana that lay before us, forming a crescent on the very margin of the Lake, – & sent forth its streams of light to meet us; – these would have attracted more attention as we neared the shore, but for the very remarkable flashes of lightening that were shooting from a cloud opposite, – & which at short intervals illumined the Buildings. Our Inn, a splendid one, & odd enough, when afterwards we referred to Mr Sharpe's notes, the very one he warned us to avoid. Slept in the Queen's bed, most soundly; in a room that opened to the Town with a view of the lake beyond. This apartment however her Majesty, for especial reasons, rejected, – and retired to one we should have thought objectionable, nay, offensive, – but which better suited her purposes. Master of the Hotel & others of the Town were on their way to England, as witnesses at the Queen's trial – but are now on their return, not daring to face an English Mob. The short distance we had to travel from Luvina, in the Milanese territory, the road was wretched (to be sure it had been damaged by the late torrents) but we soon got upon the new Swiss road, & tripped away by the side of that sweet brook – delightfully. It will be provoking if the spirit and industry of the Swiss, are rendered comparatively useless by the supineness of their Neighbours.

Monday Aug. 28th. Lugana

At ½ past 4 o'clock, wishing it had been earlier, we started to see the sun rise from the top of San Salvador; found at that dewy hour the Peasants busy in their Vineyards as we passed on our ascent. Wm. & T.M. reached the top in an hour & 20 minutes. – Mr R. kindly lingered with us – we ascended in about two hours – and much were we delighted! The Alps, how glorious! – the Rosa – the Semplon – and (as the Guide told us) Mont Blanc! & I believe he was right – however, Mont Blanc nor no other Mount, could surpass the exquisite appearance of what belonged to earth, gleaming high up in the skies; – this was the glory of our view; – the Majesty lay to the left of these, – there, by the naked eye, we saw the river Po, drawn out in silver line along the horizon, – & with the telescope, Towns & Villages gleaming on its banks! – Mountains, Glens, & Plains, – the Lake stretching at our feet this way & that, cutting off the portion of land upon which this favoured & favouring Hill rises. – a Church & house upon the summit, – three years ago the sacred edifice was struck by lightening, & every part destroyed or greatly injured, except the Altar, – the holy Place containing the Image of San Salvador was left untouched. In that lofty Chapel, now under repair, service is performed four times a year, & at these festivals the same merriment goes forward upon the Mountain, as in the Villages & Towns, upon like occasions. Offerings are then brought to the Patron Saint – William went into the room where the feasts are held, in which was nothing remarkable but a well; the water not of a very good quality. The weather became less favourable for the prospects, before we descended;

however we returned highly delighted with this adventure, – for which we are indebted to Mr R's book that determined us to climb St Salvador, – one of the grandest feats we have performed! – Reached the Inn, after looking into two Churches where were some interesting Pictures, by eight o'clock – Breakfasted – & have had no reason to find fault with this house – Charges not unreasonable.

Took Boat for Porlezza, – charming sail notwithstanding one heavy thunder shower. Bread, cheese & wine at Porlezza – were told that a Voiture was on the return to Managgio, Wm went & bargained for it; a sort of engagement had already been under discussion with a rough looking Trager, (we having intended to walk,) who when our purpose was changed, was in a terrible passion, – but the poor fellow's fierce looks were instantly dispersed by two sours & a Glass of Wine – he went off smiling & muttering his good wishes, – & again, as we passed him standing at a door as we drove out of Town his looks gave us thanks. Our Voiture proved to be a Miller's Waggon, & merrily we went, drawn by three Mules at a brisk pace, & through a beautiful Valley. – Gained much by our conveyance, which lifted us above the high walls that at first enclosed the narrow lanes, – which would have been very stifling had we travelled on foot. – Sweet lawns, – rocky thickets, – a small Lake (Piana) with that of Lugana beyond, looking back. – Sublime mountains, to the right & left. A grand storm came on, & wrapped up the view of Como which we should otherwise have seen through a magnificent vista. – But we were repaid for this by the coming-on of the Storm; the effect produced on our right – the thick vapours were descending upon two aerial dwellings backed by a solemn grove of pines, – A deep craggy dell to our left, between precipitous steeps. Lightning followed by thunder, growling along, & re-echoing from this immense cavern; – then came the heavy drops, but we contrived to protect ourselves, – & had fair weather, though not clear, to descend the hill that curiously leads into the town through the Gates of

Menaggio. The consciousness of being near the Lake of Como would have been enough – but now the weather permitted us to see enough & more than enough to satisfy us. Our postilion took out his Mules, – D. & I remained seated upon sacks in the waggon, at the door of the Inn, until Mr R. & Wm prepared the way for admittance. – Our rooms were large & looked upon the Lake – a splendid view. – D's Bed & our's were not to be found fault with, but every thing else about the place was wretchedness & filth. Mr R. & T.M. looked quite miserable after they had visited their Bed-room. D's Chamber was the eating room, our's adjoining it – & both fronted the lake, which was illumined by flashes of lightning that continued all the evening. I watched, & listened to the waves beating upon the shore long after I was in bed – & Wm asleep in another side by side with mine.

Tuesday Aug. 29th. Menaggio.

A bright cheerful morning, – a line of Washerwomen upon their knees on the margin of the lake, – each with a board, like a baking-board, but with a deep ledge behind, to rest against & keep them dry – upon this frame they soap the linen & work it as if they were making bread – a party-coloured gay company! – At 8 o'clock we found ourselves upon the Lake of Como, the miserable report from our friends who lodged above stairs having been listened to, & our bad breakfast got over. The weather after I first looked out became unpromising – but it improved, & glad to quit our odious Quarters we have ventured out. – This is the King of Lakes undoubtedly. We have passed the promontory upon which Bellagio stands – what glorious rocks! the Como-reach we leave to the last. Tomorrow, if the weather will permit we are to measure the Gravidonia, or upper-reach. Lago de Lecco we are now enjoying, coasting under the rocks of Bellagio – this branch is rarely visited by Strangers. – Took in provender at Limonte a beautiful hamlet, – Grapes, Figs, Bread, Cheese & Wine – proceeded down the Lake as far as a rocky point, leaving before us two flat-roofed Villages with their spires; – these only – a quiet range of simple grandeur contrasted with what (having turned, & crossed the Lake towards Olecco) is now

before us, & not the less pleasing for reminding us of the simplicity of our own dear Lakes & Mountains. – The solitude of it somewhat broken in upon, to my far-seeing eyes, by an appearance of Sails in the distance, which on our return proved to be a Fleet from Lecco, laden with merchandise for the Mountains; & a blithe sight it was, upwards of twenty little vessels, each with a single white sail spread to the brisk gale which brought them swiftly up the Lake, while our willing Boatmen were tugging at their two Oars against it, – the waves proudly heaving under us. We landed, & clomb to the Fiume di Latte, through Vineyards laden with grapes, – Indian Corn &c – women gathering the lusty grain. This water issues out of a beautiful rocky cavern – a Marble-fountain, – perfectly pellucid, & rushes boldly down the glen to the Lake over rocks & through vineyards. –

Bellagio, – passed about an hour there & must return to it – The several views of the different reaches of the Lake from that promontory – to the Mountains with their dells – Towns – Churches – Castles & Towers in all directions: – the Place itself, – its walks, – seats – that little Cell, where we added our names to Mr Sharpe's – the whole concern (as Wm would say) was beyond conception beautiful. Then William's profound bow to the old Duke Serbellionia who, with his Chaplain after their dinner, sate under the trelliced arcade – but whom I had not the luck to see. – All these things claim attention beyond my limits, but they will find it in the Journal.

Left this Paradise with regret. – agreed with the Boatmen to attend us tomorrow, – upon the same terms we have had them to day, viz. about 1/- from each, for a day's pleasure – & such a day of pleasure! Crossed from Bellagio to this delightful Inn at Cadenabbia. Here we have a perfect contrast to our last night's lodgings, every thing the perfection of cleanliness. Sweet Apartments looking upon this most beautiful of all lakes – & then the feeling that we are to pass a second night here, makes the present enjoyment double. The buildings upon this Lake look more substantial than those upon Lugana, – wanting the Balconies & arcades – but here is not that appearance of decay which we often observed among the Villas of Lugana. Wm. Mr R. & T.M. bathed in the Lake this Evening – D. & I intended to attempt the like, after darkness came on, – but a Storm prevents us. Lightening upon the gleaming water, very fine – Thunder among those sublime Mountains – and the Natives seem not to dread danger. – The rain is now falling which is comfortable to our feelings. No Travellers were ever more favoured than we have been, – no interruption to our wishes, or intentions; & the Thunder Storms have come on when it was gratifying to us to watch their effect upon the mountains & lakes. Wm. wishes to retire as we have engaged with the Boatmen to be with them at 6 oClock in the morning. – The rain is falling in torrents – hope the poor Men are housed – they purposed to sleep in the Boat!

Cadenabbia Aug 30th. – ¼ before 8 oClock Wed.

After a night of such storm as, according to T.M., rendered it impossible for any one to sleep – but through which all the rest of us slept most delightfully in our nice clean beds, – here we are, for the first time at this hour, uncertain how to proceed on account of the weather, – it is fair, but sullen. – Breakfast – The morning is improving, & we are going to venture upon the water. – A silver stream near the opposite shore stretches along, & the clouds are rising from the hills, – the prospect is beautiful; – the Boatmen are uncovering the Boat in the little bay. I trust it has not been their resting-place through the rain, thunder & lightening of last night. Contrary to the experience of the Natives I would fain hope the air has been rarified, & we shall have a fine day & be favoured with a golden Evening upon the lake of Como. – The wind high & against us, so could not attempt to go towards Gravidonia. – Crossed to Bellagio. – walked between high stone walls & vineyards, to the Villa belonging to the Duke of Melze, who was second in command under Bouanaparte, in the Cisalpine Republic, & opposite, that grand Mountain with its oblique belt of Marble, under which Cadenabbia stands. – Crossed the Point by Casa de Vaneni, – went into some of the stately apartments. Here Eugene Beauharnois used occasionally to reside, & there Bounaparte himself had been a Visitant; thence, by the shore of the Lecco, to the Duke of

Serbelliona's grounds, where we again luxuriated among those delightful scenes under a different sky; – last night the storm was gathering – this morning clearing away. The wind fell, & we returned to our boat at 1 o'clock. – Sent the Boatmen to dine at the Auberge & in the little bay by the Shore of Belaggio, we sate round our Basket of Provisions, & enjoyed a hearty meal. – Afterwards, steered up the Lake, intending to go as far as time would now admit; Rejoicing in the pleasures we had secured to ourselves, in spite of "purposes betrayed". The Promontory of Belaggio we have completely brought away with us, & D. & I had the honour of a Bow from the old Duke this morning, to whom we of course dropped our Courtesy – his Grace was busy pruning his flowers. In those favoured regions the storms seem to do no injury to the Vineyards & Gardens, –no vestige of one having been, – nor on the mountain sides: after such a night our own hills would have been tinkling with streams, – here no sooner is the storm abated than all is still. – Choice plants not reared without great care in our Green-houses, we have seen to day luxuriate in the free air untended. The Alaternus we yesterday found adorning the rocks & fountain of the Fiume de Latte, & it grows wild every where, & in such situations is a very cheerful shrub. – We are now passing a Marble rock, – the material very fine, blocks of it lying on the margin, whence we pick up a specimen. Down a shelving ledge of this Marble Mountain, our Boatmen tell us, (one of them in a very lively & animated way) that, in the pressure of Winter, Bears come from the high Mountains beyond, take the water here, & cross the Lake to feed upon the Cattle on the other side. Wolves too venture very low down; & last winter a little Child who had straggled up from one of those Villages, was devoured, the head only being left to tell the sad Story. In very severe seasons these Animals are not afraid to attack Men. All this was told with apparent sincerity – the Bears they had seen with their own eyes. – Threatenings of storm prevented our farther advance towards Gravidona than we went yesterday, – turned, & passed Cadenabbia, & coasted by the shore opposite the promontory Belaggio, – Noblemen's & Gentlemen's Villas. – The Olive an ugly tree – The Caper hangs upon the walls & bears a very beautiful flower.

Returned to our Quarters about 6 o'clock, – afterwards D. & I sauntered in the Count of Somerive's Garden (the nearest of those gay Villas we noticed from the Lake) Oranges growing in Tubs in the green house, & in the Ground also. – Sate near the Shore looking at the mountains. – Wm. had a glorious walk in the storm higher up, & he came home in such a state of youthful excitement, as was delightful to see, – & we longed to ramble among the Chesnut groves & sylvan Combs he had there discovered. The evening has been most favourable, – Mountain tops all visible, every crag revealed in its nakedness; the lake bright & serene. The Storm appeared first in one reach, then in another, enclosing them by turns. Now the rain is tumbling in heavy drops, – sullen copper-coloured clouds up the lake fling a solemn radiance upon that part of it, streaming downwards; – silvery clouds moving along the mountains. – Never surely was seen such an array of grandeur as the Lake of Como now presents. – The Majesty of the mountains, – their varied forms, – their substance everlasting, seeming to be composed of granite & marble, – with their tremendous ravines; – then all their soft & lovely islands of verdure & their sweet recesses. The Churches with their towers, – the Chapels, – & Oratories rising from some eminence, or nestled in a sheltering nook; – way-side pictures, – Orchards, vineyards, – Pleasure-grounds with all their elegances of Masonry & Gardening, – All in all, & each according with the other, & the sweet climate to which they belong! – I do not say that Como is a place I should wish to lead the remainder of my life near, – but I do say that on this earth I never expect again to fix my eyes upon so lovely a spot. It is not likely that we shall any of us, ever re-visit it – but I have pleasure in thinking, that some of us may live to hear of the delight that dear John, Dorothy, or William, may hereafter enjoy upon the Lake of Como.

Cadenabbia Thursday Aug 31st

A beautiful morning, – yet time is going on, & we must give up Gravidona, for the wind is contrary & we are about to leave this sweet point on the banks of Como. – A misunderstanding detains us, or we should now have been off – it is about 7 oClock – & we are to leave unseen the upper reach! –

Como ½ past five oClock. Landed at this City within the last two hours – The Como reach, or rather the three reaches of that part of the Lake so designated, – we found beautiful; the weather very favourable; & saw something of the reflections in the Water which we have invariably complained of the want of, – not that here, these were to be compared with the vivid images, which in our own Lakes are sometimes given back even more distinct, & in more brilliant colours than the objects themselves; – but enough to call forth our admiration. – Stopped at Nesso, a most beautiful waterfall within a deep cleft of rocks, between which we rowed, passing under a high arched bridge, – buildings rising immediately above our heads from the very edge of the rocks – the walls beautifully hung with wild plants, & gay with weather & water stains. – Landed at Pliny's Villa – a stately Pleasure-house, which fronts you at the termination of the second reach, – built upon the naked rock – its foundation rising out of the lake, without foreground – terrace over terrace mounts above. – a fine water-fall behind the house – & a pleasant garden runs towards the point that leads to Como – some very fine Cypress trees – & Cedars – a curious spring that periodically ebbs & flows: – whose waters from behind rush under the house – the old Man who shewed the place, opened a window in one of the vault-like passages, where you see it rave & pass under your feet, sending forth a deafening noise. – Met a Boat laden with Peasants returning from Church, – chaunting a religious service, – a Priest was among them; his voice heard singly – then the crew gave the responses, – it was a soothing, & a beautiful image moving on the calm plain of water. – Our gracious Queen's residence pointed out to us on the right, – a large house without any attraction, which, with its gardens & pleasure-walks seemed to be planted upon the parched rock. – Pleasant villas, with flower-gardens on our left, as we drew towards Como – which at a little distance is less pleasing than either Luvina or Lugana, similarly situated – this, owing to the tamer back-ground, the hills here falling towards the flat country – The bay upon the margin of which the town stands, opens prettily into a circular basin after passing between 2 buildings that project from each shore & narrow the entrance. – The shore, studded round with boats – some gaily covered with awnings coming into harbour, & others preparing to go out – a festive scene! – & our accustomed good fortune had brought us hither upon the grand Fete in honour of the Patron Saint of the City. Went immediately to the Cathedral, High Mass performing. – Music very grand, we seemed to be entering a magnificent Theatre, rather than into a holy Temple; – between the Pillars were hung Crimson Damask Curtains with gold lace; – Beautiful tapestry & Pictures, – but the light unfavourable for us to see them. – The Altars gorgeous – immensely tall silver candlesticks with thick tapers lighted on all the Altars, but at the High Altar they were not to be numbered; – these, mingled with the glitter of the other decorations & relics, produced a dazzling effect, – the more so, seen through the gloom of the Painted Glass, & the Drapery. Many Priests of different orders, in their variously ornamented garments were officiating, – one flinging the incense which rose in clouds from the beautiful censer sending forth a spicy perfume, & at intervals veiling the Holy of holies – through which veil the burning tapers gleamed. – The little, (indeed they were of various sizes) white-vested attendants all busy – moving a book, or a lamp – bringing-in their little silver cruises to renew the incense, – bearing tapers before a train of Priests entering or retiring, – dropping the knee to this or that image – wiping the breath from some salver that had been touched by the lips of the devotees. – & so they went on – the tinkling bell summoning each to their respective duties: – The full toned organ accompanying the whole ceremony. Elegant looking Women among the crowded congregation, with white veils thrown over the head, looked very graceful. – The whole an imposing sight as we entered the Cathedral, – but one that did not in the least degree excite a feeling of being in a place of Worship; – nor did you seem to recollect that you

were, except by contrast; – for only by chance did you see a person whose countenance had any appearance of devotion; – most of them were ready to look after us with an air of curiosity, – not the least as if they considered us Intruders. – The Town filled with well-dressed Persons; – Ladies in white, their hair prettily braided seated on the Balconies. – Peasant-women in the streets & the lower orders of the Town's-women, with a large star of bright skewers fastening the hair behind. We could not have been more lucky in our day for visiting Como, which in itself must be a dull City, & furthermore we are happy that our Hotel looks upon the Bay. On the other hand, the festivities rage so high that I fear we shall not have quiet rest. Mr R. & T.M. talk of going to the Opera. Charming fruit in the Market. – Shops all shut. – Market Place – Cathedral-Place long narrow streets. Cathedral fronted with Marble finely wrought, but the minute ornaments in Sculpture have been more attended to than the Architecture which is meagre & flimsy. Pliny's Statue on one side of the great door, that of the younger Pliny on the other, – an inscription under the elder, expressing that it was erected by the Citizens of Como in honour of their Townsman. – Tapestry, Garments & flowers decked on this day the entrance, – together with a notification that Pardons & Indulgences were dispensed. – A young Woman carrying a Babe awkwardly, as if it were a senseless burden, struck me; – looking nearer saw that the poor Innocent was swathed; – does this account for the many Dwarfs seen in this Town? – the streets swarm with them, it is not uncommon to meet 3 or 4 at any turning, & once we were amused to witness a cordial greeting between a pair of these little creatures. Human Skulls meet your eyes in different parts of the Town, – from open buildings, or upon shelves in a sort of cupboard fixed to the walls, – an injudicious practice we thought.

Como Friday Sepr. 1st

Walked out & looked into the Cathedral, not light enough, it being a gloomy morning, to see the Pictures, – the Church very handsome. Entered another Church by a dark Aisle or passage, lighted only by two dim tapers that shewed a pair of wretched looking women on their knees before a Shrine, where no doubt was an Image, or Picture (but this I could not see); they were leaning their heads over an oblong font, as the tapers shewed gleaming on the water, round which skulls were arranged. – A melancholy exhibition, no doubt they were Penitents, probably the temptation of yesterday had been too great for them & their fears had driven them hither to atone for their excesses!

Left Como in a Voiture, at ½ past 8 o'clock; the weather improved, – a dull Country, till on looking back to the left we gained a sight of the Mountains of Lecco – there the sun was shining upon the Crags, & made some of us long to retrace our way. – Poor trees of stunted growth, with very scanty foliage, – To our left, Wm pointed out where the City of Bergami lay – hence, I presume, springs the notorious Baron.

Milan a very large City! drove through many streets, at first dull ones – then bustling with shops. – whole streets of dealers in the same kind of ware. Saw no very striking buildings, but the narrowness of Italian streets prevent the fine ones, if they exist, from shewing themselves. – Stopped at the German Hotel recommended to us, could not be lodged there, but were conducted to the Albergo Impereale where we are seated in elegant Apartments & are going to Table d'hôte at the other Hotel. – At dinner met seven English Gentlemen – three of whom, the same who roused Wm & me near the Pavilion at Interlaken.

Saturday Sepr. 2d. Milan

Walked last night about the Town, conducted by Mr Graham one of the Gentlemen we met at dinner, – curious introduction to him; – he was seated next Wm & was ranting upon the unrivalled genius of The Germans, & making some extravagant assertion as being indisputable, – when Wm observed, that Persons might be found to contest that point with him; – upon which Graham promptly replied, that there assuredly was no English Man that could any way come into

competition with them “unless indeed it were Wordsworth” – An observation in German from Mr R. intimated to Graham in whose company he was – whether or not he was before aware of it we were of different opinions, I believed he was he pretended otherwise – but being a Man of the World I yet believe he knew perfectly well. We found him both a pleasant, & a useful Companion. – Town very handsome in parts; – paved streets, two lines of flags upon which the carriage wheels glide smoothly & quietly along, & which are very pleasant to the foot passenger, – only they separate you awkwardly from your Companion, – but we preferred following, or keeping each other at a respectful distance, to the annoyance of the pavement. Elegant Ladies driving round the Strade which surrounds the City. – Archduke & his daughters, or sisters on horsback; – all flock hither with the declining Sun. – Mr G. drank Tea with us at our own Apartments. Saloon hung with Crimson damask Gilded Mirrors – Sofas, Chairs, with crimson damask cushions – Our several bed rooms open from this Saloon, into which you enter from a Balcony above the Court Yard, – a silent place; – & here we are as much retired as in the Country. No Inn-like Bustle, – an attendant always in waiting to open the door when we return from our walks, & minister to our needs. The Cathedral, we have thoroughly seen this morning – it is a grand & imposing Edifice – we have been delighted both with the building & with the material, especially. – All Marble of the finest kind – 3,000 Statues of beautiful polished white Marble, – exquisite in form, are stationed upon this elegant Pile; – we were upon the very top, – a giddy height – so light the pinnacle, yet notwithstanding the height & its slender appearance, feeling yourself perfectly secure! not a fine day for the views, no Alps visible; nor any tempting architecture apparent in this large Town to make you desire to see more of the Buildings, – but the view of the Cathedral itself from this station is extraordinary; the pure, graceful figures streaming far before you, have a most interesting & curious effect, – & from the lower roofs also you have many fine combinations – Tomorrow is festival, & we are to stay over it. – Been to the Brera, & the Bibliotheca Ambrosia; – looked at the Pictures & statues till my neck & eyes ached, some very sweet ones, – especially the Dancing-Children, – & Abraham driving from him Hagar & her Son, – & some larger ones; – but there were all sorts, too many to be seen with profit at once. Petrarch’s Virgil delighted us more than all, it had been clawed by Bounaparte, & he had had the audacity to new bind this book & place four odious N-s upon its back. When he visited this Library, as the animated old Librarian related to us, he had this Volume under his arm, saying “this is mine” & walked off with it himself; – Tis well it did not remain in the possession of so unholy a Master! On a blank leaf in this interesting Book was a Memorandum, – in Petrarch’s own hand-writing, of the when & where he first saw his beloved Laura, – the penmanship beautiful; – As was that in another most interesting & ponderous Volume – The M.S. of Leonardo da Vinci. – Dined at Table d’hote, – as yesterday an excellent & well-conducted dinner, – good company; – Went in the Evening to the Opera. Dancing Girls beautiful; – Handsome Theatre but ill-lighted, – it being too late to procure seats we were weary, & soon retired, though we sate some time to listen to the music upon a bench in the lobby – & regaled ourselves with ice in the bar, which was a grateful treat to us. – Melancholy number of Cripples & Dwarfs. – Many pretty Women – Nothing national in the dress of the people here, except that veils are universal among the Women: – ill-mannered to Foreigners in the streets. D. bought shoes.

Sunday Sept. 3d. Milan

A strange Sabbath this has been! – In the morning went to the Place d’Arms – Soldiers at Mass – 4000 Italian & Hungarians, fine looking Men & had we fortunately been present when this glittering army dropped down upon their knees on the open field, at the tinkling of the soft-toned bell we should have seen an impressive spectacle; – but our time & situation did not allow this – A temporary Altar was placed, with its usual decorations within the lobby or hall of the Building, & there the Mass was administered; – the soldiers then paraded about, performed some

evolutions, & marched off the ground. – The music was delightful. – Every thing here speaks of their late “Great Emperor”; – the Arena, the unfinished Triumphal Arch – &c &c. – Thence we went again to the Cathedral, & to I know not how many different Churches; – St Ambrose, very old & interesting – fine frescoes. – St Marie de Grace, – where in the Refectory the exquisite Picture of Leonardo da Vinci, – but how grievous that it should have been so injured by the brutality of the French Soldiers; – Yet in its state of decay, what a treasure, & how little any thing that we have seen of Pictures is to be compared to the truth, the chasteness, & composure that you see, & not only see, but feel when seated before that sublime work of human Art. – the countenance of our Saviour sinks into your Soul; – happily this is uninjured, as are also the heads of several of the Apostles, but some are quite extinguished. – Went to the Monastery Maggiore – Chapel built by Brabante & painted by Luina, – some of these pictures very beautiful, & the Chapel curious. Ancient Roman Pillars, before the old Church St Maurice, with knobs all the way up, like stately pine-trees with their branches lopped off. We sate upon a threshold looking at these sturdy monuments, till we attracted more notice than we liked so departed.

Near these a glittering Church in which an Old Priest was preaching – his manner impassioned, & his body moving about in a roomy box more like a Pew than a Pulpit – we were present at the conclusion, when he bowed to his audience & slipped from his station more abruptly than an Actor quits the stage, or a Candidate at an Election, the Hustings. The Catholic ceremonies seem more farcical here than at any other Place. Just home in time to save our dinner; – since, have been at the Siege of Troy! – a performance in the Arena, – Grand fire-works; – the gay Company seated around that immense level area, which is enclosed by two stages of seats, cut out of the green bank, & screened behind by trees; the closing-in of a beautiful golden evening, before the exhibitions began; was altogether an imposing, & a spirit-stirring spectacle – & the best of all, at like public amusements, we were not detained too long. – The sunset was the most magnificent I ever saw; – as we went to the arena, the golden shield was gleaming through the trees, and the effect produced upon the dust that was rising in clouds, from carriages & Horses hurrying along those avenues, was more brilliant than can be imagined – it was literally a golden vapour veiling every thing in that direction. – I have written a hasty letter to Sarah & I am now too much tired to write more – the Clock strikes eleven & William is not come home!

Milan Monday Mornng Sepr. 4th.

We are about to leave this City, but whether we bend our course direct to Varesse or back to Como is uncertain; – the promise of fine weather inclines some of us to the Como scheme – a little time & we shall know. – Our determination to return to Como being taken, we have been again Church hunting & have seen more interesting pictures, especially some relating to Our Saviour’s Passion. – Connected with one Church was a Chapel beautifully & curiously lined with human Bones – arranged within arched recesses – uniformly inlaid, & looking like Mosaic – the ground work of joints, upon which was traced with Skulls, the Cross & other figures – a cornice of Skulls carried round. – The effect to the eye if you could divest yourself of melancholy or painful associations, was pleasing – the colour a rich shading of Browns – bright & clean. It was a small Chapel merely containing an Altar with the Crucifix &c – it is called the Chapel of Bones. – An immense assemblage of singing-birds, in cages, exposed for sale upon the steps that surround the Cathedral. – A well-dressed Man asked Charity of Wm to day in the Cathedral; – no system of begging in this City. – Purchased in the street as many fine Grapes as we could all eat for five sous. – Wm lost his spectacles yesterday, he thinks they have been stolen from his pocket, – but more likely they slipped out when he was lounging upon the grassy seat at the Arena. He will feel the want of them in those hot dusty winds! Mr M. & Mr R. do not return with us to Como, but will, when they cease to be amused here, proceed the direct way & meet us at Bavana. – Mr Graham & Mr Sparkes (a lame Englishman) are to be our Companions tomorrow.

Tuesday Sept. 5th.

Left Milan at 6 o'clock after breakfasting with our intended fellow-travellers at Richman's – T.M. & Mr R. in bed at the Auberge Imperiale – Travelled in a Voiture, – reached Como at twelve o'clock – thence, forward in a Boat to Cadanabbia – the first reach of the Lake much more beautiful than on Thursday; as we got higher up, the light less favourable for the different views than before, but we had a pleasant day, notwithstanding I myself was unwell & could not partake of the fruit & other provisions prepared for us in the Boat. – Arrived at Cadanabbia at seven o'clock, have been walking in the Count of Somerive's Gardens & are now going to Tea. Tomorrow we attempt the Gravadona-reach once more. The comfortable Apartments we before enjoyed so much, preoccupied, & are obliged to mount a story higher to inferior ones. – The three young Smiths out upon the Lake, they left Milan yesterday. – Before we had finished Tea they joined us – in great Spirits, much pleased with their excursion, but had had a laborious voyage pulling against the winds; – the best way to navigate the upper Reach of the Lake of Como is, to go up after twelve o'clock & return next morning, – by this plan the wind would generally serve, as we were told – but our's did not admit this arrangement.

Cadanabbia Wed Sepr. 6th.

Arose at ½ past four o'clock – Breakfasted & with four Oars set out, together with Mr Sparkes & Mr Graham, – crossed to Bellagio, – the morning gloomy & threatening, & before we landed upon the promontory, a misty rain fell, & all we saw was through gloom. Went hastily round to the different points, then bent our course up the lake, – separating here with the Boat that had brought the Smiths over before us, & who were about to leave Como. Rain gathering round the hill tops, & we soon lost sight of every object but the shore on our right, up which we coasted. Soon the rain began to fall, & forced us to close the awning, – we were however much gratified now & then by snatches of the grandeur which surrounded us: – Our Companions very entertaining & chearful, & we enjoyed ourselves. – Between eleven & twelve o'clock, the rain became so heavy that we were induced to land, & await some improvement; – Therefore, by way of a pleasant amusement, took our Viands into an old delapidated Chateau occupied by Peasants, – & in a very large, gloomy, almost dark Apartment, a fire was kindled, – a bench (the only furniture in the room, except a long table down the centre) placed before it, & thus seated, our feet upon the hearth; damp handkerchiefs hung about the Chimney, faces brightened by the blazing fire, we eat our Fowls &c, like a merry groupe of Gypsies – or rather Banditti, with our dark visaged attendants. – Wandered about the ruined Chambers, – women & children dressing Indian Corn & beans upon one of those nice covered Galleries, – such picturesque baskets &c about them, & all things within these walls gave you the idea of Romance. – In about an hour, quitting this den-like Apartment where we had dined, & looking out at a back door, upon the steep woody rocky croft – saw the gleaming sunshine. – D. exulted in her gift of prophesy, for her wishes made her all but confident that ultimately, the day would prove fine. – Leaving this once festive spot, which is still interesting from its exquisitely beautiful situation – with its Balconies – stone table & seats, now all in desolation, we pursued our course; – fine appearances among the Mountains of mist & sunshine, – the White Churches with their spires, – the little summer habitations with their bright green patches of lawn, gleaming out of, or above the woods; – the towns in the clefts, – or upon the Shore, perhaps with a Tower reflected in the lake. – Very high mountain upon our right, snow upon it, seemingly half-way down. Rocks pinnacled the clouds from a high mountain before us, when we landed at Port Colico; – A busy little harbour. Unlading Boats, trafficking from Lecco, – Simple wains with tiny Oxen, two in each, patiently waiting to convey merchandise into the Vallies. – Crossed the Plain of Colico to Fuentes, a ruined Fort on the summit of a groupe of Rocks abruptly rising on the Plain, & overlooking the head of the Lake towards Chiavenna; – up the nearer & large Valley whence comes the Adda, a river bearing the same name as that which flows out of the Lake at Lecco; – &, into the cleft: &

recesses among the savage rocks; – over the plain & upon the lake. Wm had gone on, before D. & myself & had gained the top of this picturesque eminence, by a rough & difficult way. We had determined to be satisfied with what we had seen below, when two civil Peasants joined us & kindly led us by an easy path to Wm on the summit. – He pointed out to us where he had been lost, & separated from Jones; – we were enchanted by the mountain scenery, – the whole spot excited the deepest interest; – & from the very point where we were, this rocky station, with its ruined fort, Church, – Dwellings all desolated by those barbarians, the French, – it was very affecting to see Vines, which no doubt had heretofore been carefully supported by trellices upon these terraces, now running wild, & gadding about among the under-wood that clothed the banks. – Lumps, & Masses of Marble – architectural ravages, strewn about. Apart from the path, & at a considerable distance from the grassy glade where the Church had stood, lay the beautiful Statue of a Child in pure white Marble, – it seemed strange that this should not have been removed, yet scarcely less strange than that, among the grass should be left an Inscription upon Marble, together with richly carved ornaments, expressing that the Fort had been erected by a Spanish Count Fuentes in the time of Philip the third. We were loth to quit this place, but our Companions being unable to follow & as we dreaded an adverse wind, we made haste to regain the boats. – Spied our Friends as we descended. – Recrossed the low, flat, hot Plain; – we had been cautioned not to drink its waters, which are said to be pestilential, – this we could well believe from the nature of the ground which sent forth unwholesome vapours, – the air was hot & stifling, – & we were glad when again seated in our boat upon the pure element. – The Boatmen unwilling to cross – but at length our will was gratified, & we homeward coasted the right shore – Abundance of interest all the way. The bays – the Town of Gravidona – the Villages – Churches each in its appropriate situation. – Trees exquisite, those Chesnut groves with the velvet green turf gleaming through their light clustering & clustered branches as they wave in the breeze were a delight to look upon, & to remember – “Dark-eyed maids” tending their vines this expression brings Wm’s passage descriptive of the scene, to my mind & I cannot do better than here transcribe it.

“More pleased my foot the hidden margin roves
 Of Como bosomed deep in Chesnut groves;
 No meadows thrown between, the giddy steeps
 Tower, bare or sylvan, from the narrow deeps.
 To towns, whose shades of no rude sound complain,
 To ringing team unknown & grating wain;
 To flat-roofed towns, that touch the water’s bound,
 Or lurk in woody sunless glens profound”,

and so on for two pages & a half, which if I had turned to, when I began to speak of the lake of Como, I might of spared myself the trouble of writing a single line. We have however been as much entranced in our way as the youthful Poet when he made his adventurous pilgrimage; & our’s too has completely answered our expectations, – our purpose accomplished – altho to me the whole of the Lake of Como in itself as a lake was not, owing to the unfavourable state of the weather, raised in my estimation by our second visit. The rain came on before we reached Managgia, & fell heavily all the way to Cadanabbia. – Had tea, & went to bed, much doubting if the weather would favour our departure in the morning.

Thursday Sepr. 7th Cadanabbia

A glorious morning! Mists belting the Mountains & casting silvery garments of all shapes over, & around them; – now veiling & now unveiling the rocks, – the Lake dancing below. – All that this paradise had lost yesterday, restored, & more than restored. At about 7 o’clock D. & I set

forward to walk towards Managgio; – Wm. soon overtook us – & we were joined by an interesting Man an inhabitant of the neighbourhood, who walked by our side, & spoke in commendation of our Countrymen in opposition to his own, whom he did not scruple to say had no honesty about them in their dealings with Foreigners; nor indeed in the way of bargaining with each other; – for he said, if he had a Cow to purchase, the Vendor would ask three times as much as he meant to take for it. He gave us advice as to our dealings with Boatmen, Voitureurs &c. He spoke English very well, – had passed twenty years, at different times, in England in the course of 25 years; – his journeys thither cost him about 3 guineas each; – had there realized £2000 by selling Telescopes & Weather-Glasses &c. – He struck up a narrow lane a near way to his Farm & said he should see us again as our road led close by, where he was going to attend his Labourers. – The Church of St Martino from the high rock above our heads between Cadanabbia & Managgio very striking. – D. & I walked through the town delighted by our walk along the shore which had afforded us sweet views – Wm went to the Inn to enquire for the Gentlemen who were to procure a Carriage to help the lame – & the tired ones, to Porlezza – We had almost clomb the hill from Managgio before Mr G. & Wm overtook us – went forward, – & as he had promised Our Travelling Merchant joined us again; he pointed out his Farm with much glee, – told the price he had paid for it, & its real value &c – then walked with us as far as some ground which had been purchased by his Cousin, who also had made his fortune, which he said was very large by shopkeeping in America. These Men both Natives of Cadanabbia – Our friend had a wife, but no Children. We all shook hands like old friends, at parting. – Before we were overtaken by the Gentlemen D. & I had turned aside to the Church of St Martino which looked so well when we were below it, – thence we had a last look towards Bellaggio, & all the interest we had left; – a Cottage near & some Children at play on the grassy pavement leading to the little forlorn Chapel, as it now appeared. Mr Sparkes & the Voiture not coming up, D. sate down to rest, & wait for him; & after some time when they overtook us, I exchanged with D. & so we reached Porletzza – Interesting road, – yet the grander parts not so sublime as when we before passed them, threatened by, & in the thunder-storm, – but nothing could be more lovely than the milder scenes this morning; – the little lake Piano, – the sunny glades, enlivened by groupes of Peasants gathering-in their various harvests, – or seated under the shade of some tree taking refreshment – their simple breakfast, a piece of bread & a little fruit; then the shadows of those trees upon green emerald lawns, between the little lake, & that of Lugano, lay more softly I think, than ever shadows rested before – cradled under those stupendous perpendicular barriers.

Took boat at Porlezza – Eclipse of the Sun, could bear to look at the Orb shorn of his beams with the naked eye – The effect produced upon the scenery very fine, – such a sombre greenness. Like the effect of bright moonlight; only under a bright moon that very green colour generally diffused (as if you had on a pair of green spectacles) cannot be. Right bank of the lake, the woods were of a rich golden green, gloomy on the left shore, & looking back among the towering rocks & black cover, the region was very solemn. The Water unilluminated by sunshine was of a, what I should call, sad green; – the air cooler – indeed a coolish air gently agitated the Lake while the Eclipse lasted. We congratulated ourselves in being undesignedly, & indeed unexpectedly in so grand a situation to witness this phenomenon. – About four miles from Lugana tempted by a path leading through Vineyards on the shore we landed, leaving our lame companion in the boat alone, – but we none of us had virtue to resist the cool shade of the vine-roofed road – which also afforded a luxurious feast. – Escaping from this screen, had a view, that was quite new to us, of the Valley at the foot of which Lugana stands, forming a crescent embracing the capacious Bay; looking towards which, & taking in the whole reach of the Lake – Mr G. (from one highpoint on which he had afterwards been) declared this scene to be more beautiful than the Bay of Naples. The Valley rich & beautiful. A nice Girl with her hair prettily braided, & with a basket of fruit upon her arm, walked with us from one of the Gardens, where two old sun-burnt women were at work gathering beans – & looking very uncomfortable knitting their wrinkled foreheads without

either hat or cap to cover their thin grey locks, which were fastened behind by a bright skewer – This light-footed fruit Girl shewed us the nearest way to our Hotel at the door of which we parted. – Boys playing with Walnuts, as English Boys do with marbles – & young Men in the Town at a pitched Game at Foot-ball. – Bells ringing as if for a Fete. I have again taken possession of the Queen’s bed-room. – All but myself gone to walk. – Now, I am returned from a solitary ramble by the lake side, – a glorious sunset made me lament that we were not still upon the Water, or that we had been here in time to have re-mounted St Salvador, i.e. some of us might have done so – for my part, this Evening I should have declined the fatigue. – The Ringing of bells is a preparation for the “Grand Festival of the Virgin” which is to be kept tomorrow. – Again among the Swiss costume, – the graceful handkerchief cast lightly over the head; – Women dressing hemp, aided by a simple sort of implement that expedites the operation greatly, – we have hitherto seen it merely teased out by the fingers. Knitting a common employment with the women, & Spinning upon the distaff, both which they industriously practice as they walk upon the road with their picturesque basket laden or unladen at their back. – The Party returned, charmed with their wanderings up into the Vale &c.

Lugana Sep. 8th. Friday

Contrary to our intention to be off at an early hour did not leave Lugana till ½ past seven o’clock. – Walked a short way with Wm & D – afterwards alone – they halting for D. to be taken up by the Gig. The road most beautiful – woody rocks & hills, with buildings gracefully stationed – passed a clear pool or lake on my right, – lawny ground – now & then. Knotts of Children on a piece of park-like lawn tending a flock of tinkling Sheep was a pretty sight, – Peasants trooping to the festival, with their Peach or Nectarine & a crust of bread making their morning’s meal as they walked along, – this is the habit of the country arising no doubt from fruit being a principle part of their food, & being convenient to gather by the way. You meet the Labourer thus going afield frequently. The morning was uncommonly fine, – the road shady, – bells ringing from the neighbouring chapels, that crested many a steep rock – birds too here, fitfully warbling from the groves, – waters gushing through some rocky cleft among the thickets, – & I, at my own pace & will, enjoyed a quiet & most refreshing walk. At every step, up & down the well made road, meeting something new, – a different shaped mountain, or the same, seen under different combinations – a tempting path winding to a Village in a dell below, or to a nest of Cottages gathered round a spire above, – a tinkling stream or a green glade without one; – & all the way through a region of stately trees, – These we have wanted lately, but here the Walnut & Chesnut with their weight of clustering nuts are magnificent; – & these, in companionship with forest trees of giant stature of kinds more familiar to me! – Come in sight of the gleaming arm of the Lake that stretches as it were to unite with the waters at Lugana, & embrace the proud Mount of St Salvador – along the inland base of which my pleasant way has led. Vineyards & orchards now brought me to a village through which I walked & gained the side of the Lake. Looking back a fine view of the delicious Country – the Church on the hill, – & the Mountains. Here an elegant looking Peasant Girl was putting on her gay ornaments before she entered the Town – where also was a festival; – her dress was so very pretty, I could not help noting it upon the spot. A scarlet chintz frock with a deep figured border, – a wide muslin apron, nearly wrapping her round, also with a deep richly-wrought border, slung by white straps over the shoulders, – a gold chain round the neck, – ear-rings, – her hair, something like dora’s, nicely braided, – her Companions were assisting to put a very beautiful silk handkerchief upon her neck. One of these, who had relieved her back from its burden a basket standing by, & from the interest she seemed to take in the arrangements might be the Mother of the Maiden, – the other a younger Sister perhaps, who lent her aid more slackly, – & would I dare say rather have been in the wild fields gathering flowers to deck a May-day garland – or to wreath a coronal for our Lady’s head on this her day of Festival. – The Gig now overtook me, & D. got out of it. I do not

remember ever to have felt more sorry to separate myself from my own thoughts & enjoyments than, when as duty called, I took her place by the side of Mr Sparkes, – who by the bye was as little likely as any one I ever met with, to annoy me by conversation; – or by his observations. After some time the road (which crossed the Point of land), to Ponte Tresa, became less interesting, – drove through the Town, whence means to convey the Luggage beyond the good road, was to follow. – Glad to greet the sweet clear stream that delighted us so much a fortnight ago, as we tracked its course from Luvina. Mount St Bernard & the neighbouring Alps with their snowy summits, looked very grand before us. – The bad road, & difficulties now beset us, & continued so to do till we were overtaken by the Pedestrians – when Mr S., D, & I walked forward, leaving all incumbrances – the roguish & enraged Postilion – & the cruelly-treated, patient Ass, to be managed by our two able-bodied Men. Deliberately as we had advanced, we had to wait above an hour before our Friends with the luggage joined us at Luvina. They had had a great deal of trouble – but had born it patiently, & were in good spirits. – After taking refreshment, we were in the Boat at about four o’clock; &, after four hours hard rowing, & being somewhat weary of the water, – the indistinct & unsteady lights from the town of Bavana twinkling or gleaming upon the water, were a welcome sight to us. The Lake of Maggiore seemed flat, & somewhat dreary after Como & Lugana. – Passed thro’ or near the Islands, – but it was so dark, & I was too much tired to look after them. Found “All the English” at supper, joined them at Table – told our adventures & listened to theirs – then retired to rest, which we needed.

Bavana Sat Sepr. 9th

The first sound I heard this morning, was from the voice of a female in the adjoining Apartment, – the Mother, or a friend teaching a little child its prayers – patter, patter, patter, echoed by a slender note. Have since visited two of the Borromean Islands, Isola Madre & Isola Bella, – mere masonry – the most scorching places in the world, – it is well to have seen them however though our pleasure has not been great. – Except for the rock-hewn cloister & the paved rooms at Isola Bella which were a novelty (but one of these would have been better than so many, five or six more than enough) – & the curious Plants, – the view of the Sempion was all that was worth the trouble of landing for. Isola Madre had something more to recommend it – the terraces with their lemon trees &c more pleasing when upon them, ugly as they are to look at from the Lake – some interesting trees – particularly a very tall Cypress & an Ilex – so tall that we could not possibly reach a leaf to bring away. – Pheasants running about our feet in all directions, – Turtle doves, Chinese Pheasants, & Canaries in an Aviary: – a little Cow pasturing upon a grass plot – child watching. The views fine & varied – & on this rock you may find plenty of shade; – a theatre here. – The Count when in the Country makes his abode at Isola Bella, this therefore is merely a pleasure-house – few pictures, but we had no time for pictures. Those at Isola Bella, we only glanced at in passing through the gaudy apartments. This part of the lake much more pleasing than any thing we saw of it yesterday, – though before the darkness came on we had some fine appearances of abrupt rocks & precipices, richly coloured by clouds, remnants of the departed sun; – & by earthly lights from lime-works or huts below. – It is now ten o’clock & we are waiting to be summoned to proceed to Domo d’ Ossolo; – Mr R. & T.M. already off. – Our cordial friend Blacky just darted in upon us, – on his way to Milan with his Lady. – He saw Mrs M. well at Geneva, – was so rejoiced to see us that he ventured to kiss both our hands, what a joyous animated Creature he is! –

Finding we had to wait for horses, we have been strolling towards the Church, – an old shabby building, went onward into the depths of the vineyards, pleasant fruitful skreens, but the grapes not ripe. Large spreading Chesnut trees leading up towards the Mountains, – but durst not venture into the tempting openings. – With leisure a thousand sweet glades & sylvan recesses, might here be found among the rocks to wander in; – we did stop to dabble in a cool purling

stream that brought its green margin out of those deep shades, & crossed our path. – Returned by a different course to the inn: – Vineyards led to Cottages & narrow streets, these to the lake above the Inn, – affording by the way various interesting views. Nearer Bavana nothing very promising made us wish for delay. –

About noon we departed, – dined at a romantic Village; – Castle, upon a high rocky knoll overhanging the rough bed of a mountain torrent, the Church & picturesque Cottages, close to its margin below, a rustic bridge across. – The river Tussa flowing at a little distance, beautiful cottage-like orchards, & vineyards clustering about the houses with green Crofts between. A more striking place could not be seen. – Thence D. & I walked all the way to Domo d’ Ossolo, – we had advanced nearly four pleasant miles, before we were overtaken by Mr Graham, – afterwards by Wm & Mr S. in a charaban; – we enjoyed our walk upon the new road at leisure to observe the goings-on of the Peasantry, so both rejected a seat in the Carriage, – & W. kept his station. Flat meadows, green as emerald, bounded the road; – groupes of Haymakers in fields besprinkled with chesnut & walnut trees. – Little vineyard still creeping round the Cottages, under, or on the sides, of the Mountains; – these gradually disappeared. – Beeches, & Birches still remained our Companions, – but before we reached Domo d’ Ossolo, Pines only were left; – but, the darkness coming on, that there were black masses, was all we could distinguish long before we gained our resting-place. This was a walk of about 9 or 10 English miles; &, without fatigue & in excellent spirits we joined our Friends at the Castle-like Hotel, passing through gates & court yards, – but an uncomfortable place – No attendance, & we were glad that we were not to have a second meal there. The Court-yard galleried round, by which gallery we went to our bed-rooms, one of the young Smiths led us thither, on our first arrival. A wild sight the lights glancing in the open air, on that dark night around the Balcony, – & also to look down into the black area upon the business going on there; – the Voiturers & their Horses indistinctly seen by help of a dim lamp; – A Diligence too came in, bringing to mind Collins’ picture. – The cold here was piercing, & we went soon to bed intending to rise by break of day – Most of the Party bent upon climbing Mount Calvary – we, to set our faces direct to the Semplon. (The fine column Bouanaparte’s seen to day – arrested here by the news of his overthrow on its way to form a part of the Triumphal arch at Milan!!)

Sunday Sepr. 10th.

It was near six o’clock before we got off this morning; – the air so sharp that D. walked two miles in her Cloak, – we kept a good pace & reached the Inn where had a sorry breakfast – (D. could take some boiled meat which she met with on the kitchen fire so she was better off) at 9 o’clock. One of the Smiths whom the fleas had driven from his bed at three o’clock, there before us; – he had been sketching by the way, – & shewed us his work; – one view he had from a point where we had halted, – & longed to have been able to carry it away with us for Doro. It was a sweet Groupe of Cottages upon a green Knoll, glittering in sunshine; – a Chapel on the heights above – Mountain rising over Mountain beyond, – the whole framed-in by wall-like precipices above & below the bending road, – the road itself guarded from the cleft by low stone pillars at regular distances, & these topped by a rail, formed an elegant balustrade, – in the fore-ground. While we were resting after our breakfast, most of the Party came up & departed. Wm. D. & I leisurely followed, climbing with the gently-rising road; – gladly would we have dispensed with this accommodation to have wound our way on the more difficult ascent, (traces of which we had great pleasure in discovering, & in one instance with the remains of an oratory) down which William & Jones came thirty years ago. – But we had a fine walk; – I felt no heat that annoyed me, which could not have been so, had we been labouring up the old road. Wm pointed out to us an ancient, high, many-windowed Edifice, by the road side, as the Hospital, where they had lodged – a wild & solemn harbour! On the opposite side of the road a neat little Church, in which were some pretty pictures, & as clean as any English Chapel, was a pleasant object standing in its

tiny enclosure of burial ground; – below the Tusa, but its murmur or rather raving could not be heard for the riotous din of a torrent tumbling from the stupendous Mountain above, – a tumultuous sound distinctly remembered by Wm, – an unchangeable Object! Bouanaparte’s words be thou fettered would have been of no avail here. A Cabbage garden upon a flat rock, made by carrying soil, shews the value of the least secure space for cultivation, in this stony & turbulent region. We rested a long time upon the steps of the church-yard. – As we advance Pines climbing up to the skies, in some places clothing the very pinnacles of the highest rocks. The road cut & carried through masses of solid rock. – Wm & I both fell asleep in the shade of a rock, above the river as we lay looking up through blasted pine-trees at the clear blue sky. – a second rest, & D. & I walked forward leaving W. to his slumbers; – we were resting higher up at the entrance of one of the Caverns, when a Carriage (the rattling we had not heard for the sound of the waterfall from whose vapours we were inhaling refreshment at every pore) issued out of it – the Passengers seemed astonished to see two ladies seated there alone. – Symptoms of desolation as we advance, – Mountains crumbling gradually, or brought down by force of Waters; Blasted Pines standing, or torn up & lying in a decaying state, in the torrent’s bed. In the midst of such scenes to come in view of one of those lovely green Prairies, is an enlivening sight – with its little cottage &c yet how often from these, dart forth poor squalid, half-naked children – or at best, filthy – wildly looking at you from between the trees, or meeting you with outstretched hand, offering for sale specimens of spar or a few Crystals. Watching as we did all the way snatches of the old road, we traced it as we at one place supposed, across the river & up the ascent on the other side; – & afterwards Wm told us that there was the very point where he & Jones had committed the same mistake, had taken that road, as recorded in his poem, & had to retrace their steps & bend downwards with the stream under a sort of depression of spirits from the feeling that, “he had crossed the Alps”. Here the new road made a prodigious sweep into the corner among the Mountains where we lost sight of the Tusa, not far I apprehend from its source; & were brought back with the road opposite the bewildering point. Were met by Mr R. the Smiths & Wm, – they had taken the “Bull by the horns” & toiled up the steep, while D. & I measured, & re-measured Bounaparte’s long circuit. – We had met a nice Girl of whom D. enquired the distance to Semplon, – & was answered, in part by the Girl, helped out by her intelligent looking brother, in German – it was a shock of pleasure even to my ears, to find that we were once again where that language was spoken; – & D. said “now we shall get on famously”. The Girl wore one of the little round hats which we afterwards found to be a part of the costume of the Valais – but this having an ornamented band round the crown, was smarter than they generally are. – Shaped exactly like, & not larger than a Barber’s basin, – made mostly of silk or stuff – but sometimes, as this was, of the same material as men’s hats. Mr M. Mr G. & Mr S. who had arrived in their charaban, now met us – having sauntered so far from the Inn. It was about four o’clock when we reached Semplon a mountain Town with its Church & Castle-like Tower, standing on the road at a league & ½ from the top of the Pass. I felt sorry to rest under the feeling that my morning’s walk was to commence with climbing, – having understood that the halting-place was on the very summit, & this day’s labour had been so easily performed that I was sorry to leave any thing like toil remaining. The air here nipping cold, – D. dined in her grey cloak – & we all agreed to go to bed to keep ourselves warm, as soon as dinner was over; & I believe Wm was actually there at seven o’clock, – by this he missed seeing an elegant gentle looking Animal something like a deer, which we were told was a Chamois, – but there seemed to be a difference of opinion about it. The People led it to the door for us to look at.

Semplon Monday Sepr. 11th

Breakfasted with all the English at about 6 o’clock – being first done, walked forward alone – a cold air with a grateful fresh breeze – the road delightfully cooled by the refreshing dews that so plenteously fall upon the scanty plots of verdure, among these mighty rocks. – Looking back

from the end of the town, I had a grand view of the road we yesterday trod; the mists were rising, – the sun just peeping from behind, & gilding the mountains. Crossed a stream, – a feeder perhaps of the brook we parted with last night. – Cottages with their little cabbage gardens, & potatoe beds in full flower – no other cultivated produce – One cottage immediately under a Glacier looking very chilly! Bells calling to Matins, from a white tower in the midst of a clustering grey village above the road, to the right. – In about an hour reached the top, – passed beds of the Scotch plant & some remarkably fine Barberries. The Spital at the highest point of the Pass, is a striking Feature – with its Tower; & magnificently situated, in a spacious, circular green hollow – a few clustered Dwellings wide apart from the Spital – Cattle & Goats gathered round them; – a flock of Sheep, & a very large herd of goats speckled the opposite mountain side, at some distance from the cottages, my attention was called to these by their tinklings, – a sound now familiar, for the Cattle are brought down to the lower Alps, – this gives a life to, & will shew us more of the pastoral character of the Swiss Peasantry. There was an unusual repose here, these simple objects belted round, as it were, by a range of mighty spires, – namely a black Peak to the right, called Skellern-horn – Caldwasser Gletchen – Hips horn (beautiful) Fleteshorn – Ainahorn & a Grand Snow Mountain in front. These names I took from the mouth of a Man, who led us, & the youngest Smith down by the old road; – (he with the whole Party overtook me at the top) – A much nearer, more shady & as we expected to find it, a much more interesting descent than by the Stately Semplon. Soon we came to the bed of the river, – & without the least fatigue reached Brigg before 1 oClock; – where we had intended to have rested for the night.

I think the sentiment of this Pass speaking comparingly, was most grateful to us of all, – but so much depends upon our associations that it is hard to say how far our delight was heightened by the flashes that now & then told us “this is certainly the very road William came” – but surely those sublime steps, & that rocky woody recess, wanted no attractions out of themselves, to bias our judgement in thinking this Pass the finest we had crossed: – yet when I look back upon our walk up & down the St Gothard, – the Urigern Alp, & the Handec – but why make comparisons? it is idle to ask which is best, – under different accidents & aspects each & all have their individual pre-eminence! Met Mr R. precisely where we joined the new road, – quitted it a second time, to benefit by a Village path through green meadows, bespangled with the Autumnal Crocus, & carefully irrigated. – Mr M. came up soon after – the rest on before. – They also had been delighted. In one part we had to descend a considerable way & rise again. – a bridge having fallen, – this near a most lovely Hamlet, in the greenest & softest of all Valleys, – it was an affectingly beautiful spot, & I hope D. will do justice to it. – From the great road, which at this point we saw far, far above us, they looked down into this dell with admiration, & from that distance it must have seemed perfect fairy land. A marvellous prospect downwards after our first junction with the new road, into a gigantic cauldron of naked rocks. – green meadows, or rather slips of green lawn that join upon these near the road, are watered, the water being conveyed across the ravines by wooden spouts thrown from rock to rock, – a striking instance of the industry of the Husbandmen & their daring & patient perseverance, struggling among those crumbling & overwhelming materials. We had a pleasant adventure – with a Gentleman, whom I at first took for a guide, as we were coming down the Pass – his coat upon his umberella slung over his shoulder. – after I, who was foremost, had passed – he stopped saying “pray Ladies are you English?” Finding we were, he continued, “Indeed I am very glad to see you” – then told us all about himself – that he was a ½ pay Capitain in the English Swiss regiment, & now enjoyed a Pension; – that he had married a wife from the neighbourhood of St Paul’s, when he was stationed in England; – of his regard for that Country. He spoke with rapture of these Mountains, of his wife’s love of them, & of his present abode among their recesses, – “a handsome place with three grand Alps above & beautiful fields & woods around”; – but that they were about to quit that sweet spot, for the convenience of Domo d’Ossola; whither he was then going to make arrangements. He was a handsome Man – his address gentlemanly & excellent. – Proud of his

English, which was barbarous, & we could not have understood much of what he said, after he became animated, – if we had not had so good an interpreter in Mr Smith, who was an excellent German scholar, & who explained with our Soldier in his own tongue. We shook hands affectionately at parting, & I am sure I never shall forget the interview.

Dined at Brigg &, to our own surprize went forward in a charaban down the Valais as far as Turtman. Our old Alpine Party – Mr R. T.M. Wm, D, & myself, – we felt a comfort in our reunion, & a pleasure in being left to ourselves, though we had exceedingly enjoyed the society of our late agreeable Companions. The Town of Brigg, is remarkable for sending up 17 or 18 glittering Spires, or towers, & to us a very interesting Place. The Rhone, here we first saw, a narrow, but a strong stream – it soon received a considerable Feeder, & before we had travelled five leagues, it had become a large River. We had a most beautiful ride, no fields were ever greener than those that were cleared, or were clearing off their second crop of short grass; – the same common trees here as on the other side of the Pass, – only walnut trees were rare – & I think no chesnuts; – a very few vines, & those poor. The Hemp & other crops poorer & later. Two stout horses took fright & run off with a boy & a long cart before us, – which was overturned in a ditch by the road side, – the Horses plunged in the deep stagnant water for some time in great danger, – & we were a good deal alarmed; – the Boy happily was not hurt, he was near a village & procured help, – the traces were cut & we saw all in safety before we left the spot. The Peasants working very hard in the fields, – dirty-looking – the little black hat worn both by men & women – The women in brown petticoats & waistcoats, which, with their ill-coloured sallow withered skins, look very dull. The Valais certainly must be a direful residence; – stagnant & unwholesome water, & Goitres Cretins & deformed Persons very frequent. – The very Children give you pain to look at. They seem to be a civil & harmless race, & I trust are not sufferers to the extent, we casual Observers suppose them to be. Passed several romantic Villages on both sides of the River. A glorious sunset made the Vale look so beautiful it was scarcely possible to connect the specimen we had seen of its Inhabitants, or the bad reports we had heard, with it, now under such an exquisite sky as was before us; behind the Mountains glorious, & when these lights passed away, the western sky remained steeped in radiance, like the radiance of the dawning east.

After we alighted – went through the Village of Turtman & crossed some pretty shady crofts that led to a huge cove in the rocks; down which, from a great height tumbled a perpendicular waterfal. – D. & I not willing long to scramble in this rough & watery glade, left the rest – but unluckily lost our way; – after wandering some time in a close pleasant lane, we were brought to a remote part of the Village & fell in with a Woman, with whom D. had some conversation, & who shewed us our way to the Inn, – There found the Gentlemen arrived before us. – Had Coffee – Our Companions who remained behind us at Brigg drove up to the grand hotel (for there are two at that little place) – some of them looked in upon us. Afterwards we went to bed, having spent a never-to-be-forgotten day.

Tuesday Sept. 12th.

Wm. D. & I set out from Turtman about 6 oClock, & walked a league farther down the Valais, – a continuation of the same character of scenery as yesterday afternoon, as far as the framing-in of the Vale, by fine woody steeps, grand clefts, islands of verdure, among the woods, with beautiful cottages; – & seen up the openings higher Mountains towering above all. The bottom or trough of the Vale not so agreeable as it is higher up. – much stagnant water; – in one Place the Peasants were standing in a pool knee-deep, working among hemp that had been steeped there; – this, always caused a noisome smell, – but here it is not to be endured, – & must necessarily be a sad unwholesome employment. At this season most of the Labourers here are so busied, which shews how much later they are than at Brunnen – there People were dressing it – & it must be some days before this can be ready for that process. – In the neighbourhood of

Milan too, they were dressing hemp. All the sheets we have lately slept in are spun from this home-manufactured material – & truly they are not much to be commended, for their sharpness has often annoyed me. – at the end of about a league we left the centre of the Vale, & turning to the right crossed the Rhone, & began to climb: – turned aside to a Church finely seated on a high knoll; commanding the Valais upwards & downwards along the bed of the raving & widely-spreading Rhone, as far as Sion, the romantic Capital of the Valais. We here saw how accurate was an observation of Wm's that the swelling tongue of fertile land stretching from a fractured craggy Mountain, had once been a part of that mountain which had fallen, – & buried perhaps Villages as in the desolated Valley of Goldau; – threatenings of similar disasters remained, – for the whole Mountain-side was in a crumbling state; – & ravages of its torrent were evident across the Valais to the Rhone, & in its bed. Overlooking this scene stands the little Church, with its pretty paintings & smart Organ. – I could not but think of the peaceful congregation gathered there in a season of storm, chaunting their vespers when the sound of the Organ was lost in that of the furious River, which regardless of all restraint, as I said, rolls down in many channels, covering half the Vale, – the scene of havoc & devastation! Yet nothing can be more lovely than the green & fertile fields, – Cottages, & Churches that look out in all directions, as if confident in their own security. – And so it is with the Inhabitants, – they speak of Dangers by which they are environed, yet always say their own individual spot is not dangerous; – happy that this is so! From this Church a few minutes walk brought us to the Town of Leuk, – looked into the Church, & passed on; – wound up the steep sides of a Valley, that appeared to us, of unrivalled beauty; – but it is one among many which branch off from the cradle of the Rhone, & run up into the very heart of the highest Mountains. This was indeed a divine walk, we followed the deep bed of the brook high above it; first on one side & then on the other, crossing by a rustic bridge, thrown from bank to bank – & looking down into, & up to, deep groves of Pines that clothed the rocky crags upon whose sloping summits were the loveliest green lawns, groves & villages that were ever dreamt of; – each little village, with its white Chapel, or Church. – or perhaps both, according to the size of the place, standing in the midst of the brown dwellings, – or upon some Elegant Knoll at a little distance. These Villages huddled up into as narrow a space as possible. – How to effect this, the Natives are obliged to consider when they construct them – pitching upon some secure point to avoid the avalanches. Met Peasants bringing down nice cheeses for sale upon Mules. The Baths of Leuk, – whither we were bound i.e. the Village so named – from its hot & cold springs, – stands at the head of this nitchy Valley – in a beautiful green wide bottom, – embraced by high craggy, naked rocks, in many parts overhanging their base – & seemingly accessible only by the long winding opening through which the brook led us from the bed of the Rhone.

Baths of Leuk. Here we arrived untired at four o'clock – Dined – I was afterwards confined to the house, being obliged to have my shoes mended. The rest went to see the ladders of communication between the Vale & one of the Villages on the heights, – an approach of great difficulty, to Strangers at least, – as D. will describe. Most grateful was I to Mr R: & here I will record it, for the pains he took about my shoes, – &, but for his good German, I might have yet been galled with them. The Cottages along the road were generally empty, the families not having yet crept down from their summer habitations, – the fields therefore unbroken, & hence the extreme greenness; some of them studded all over with the autumnal crocus, like those pretty irrigated meadows near Brigg. – Went to look at the Bath, but were not tempted to go into it. A fountain of hot water before the Inn, & flowing in a channel – where all the washing-up & scouring of the Town seems to be carried on. – Knives, Candlesticks &c all cleaned there. What a convenience, & a saving of fire & labour! we profited by it, had large quantities brought to wash ourselves, – almost as good as a warm bath in our bed-rooms!

Wed Sepr. 13th Baths of Leuk

This morning did not rise so early as we ought to have done, but in time to see the crags gilded & struggling through the mists shaping themselves into palaces & towers which Angels might be proud to dwell in. We breakfasted at 6 o'clock, & set out with a guide (the worthy Shoemaker, who had put all our shoes in order) to cross the Gemmi, or rather to climb that beetling rock which Mr Wilkinson so strongly recommended us not to miss. What a contrast this road, & how much more striking to the imagination & feelings, than to Bouanaparte's over the Sempion! – I cannot pretend to describe it, only one of its simplest attractions I will mention, it pleased me so much, & may be forgotten – Having passed a sort of marble stair-case, scooped out of the beetling rock, – came directly upon a green Alp, on which grew a large bed of beautiful Monks-hood – a perfect flower garden – A verdant flowery spot, where we ought to have started a Chamois – but no Chamois did we see all that day. – Getting free from the ledge upon which we clomb our zig zag course, bounded on one side by the rock that in some parts roofed the road, & on the other, the precipice – we crossed a green slope to the edge of that huge rock, & looked down into the length of the Valley. Before us in the distance (the Vale of the Rhone between) a sublime Alpine Chain – the floating mists veiling & unveiling the Mountains' snowy Summits. – silvery clouds intermingled. – heavier clouds which had continued to sail about all the morning, had now collected in a mass below. – Proceeding onward, (having first disturbed some timid sheep grazing upon the grassy eminence where we rested) we at length safely reached the top of the giddy height, crossed its rocky summit which reminded us of our own Mountain's heads, especially when we afterwards came in sight of a tarn; – but this, when we got up to it, found to be muddy, coming from a Glacier hard by. Three men engaged somewhat curiously, – gathering up, close to the shore, Bees & putting them into a wooden hive! A swarm that had been lost four days; How far they had flown I could not learn; but it was an ungenial resting-place which they had chosen – scarcely could they recover their starvation. A little farther on, met two Women, one with a Child in her arms; the other had a Baby cradled in a basket & slung upon her back, – thus was it sleeping, rocked by its Mother's steps. A rosy-faced chubby lump – of Mountain-breed, that never could have breathed the air of the Valais! Came to the House of refreshment – Eleven Military Students from Thoun, eating bread & cheese & drinking wine, – a noisy company in that lonely spot. – They departed by the way we had come, & we, following their example, took refreshment from the table in front of the Cottage. As they tracked each other's steps along the rocky path the gay train had a wild appearance under the solemn steeps – like something in romance. – Descending with an intent to look into Gastern-thal – & Kandor Valley, that sends its streams into the lake of Thun, we saw a cavalcade wind up the road, – which proved to be a Party of English, – two ladies & two gentlemen upon Mules, – D. spoke to them, & learned that one pair were going to Descend the Gemmi, the other to return after seeing the snowy Mountains; – Monte Rosa having attracted them thither. Found here a great variety of beautiful flowers – forests of Monk's hood, of the richest purple, – beds such as we should be proud of in our gardens. Two Herds of Cattle with their bells, & one a straggler, upon the very summit of the highest peak looking into the Leuk Valley, the rest in a sunshiny green hollow; – these animals seem to lead a happy life. – they are so tame & sociable, that one may conclude they are the Darlings of those human beings, to whom they belong, & to whom they are of so much importance. No Crosses, or Oratories in any part of this savage Pass, – where at every turn one was naturally expected. – The protecting influence of some guardian Saint surely might have been efficacious here! – But a tall, simple Cross reared from one of the most conspicuous rocks would have had a fine effect upon the imagination & feelings; – & a little way-side Oratory would have been a soothing resting-place to any of us. Walked perhaps a mile along the level heights. – a large space spread over, as with hay-cocks, with little heaps of stones, – Collected, to clear & make way for a scanty supply of herbage – year by year: – An affecting instance of the patient industry of the Owners of the herds we had passed. – A great variety of ground flowers still besprinkled the elastic turf. Mounted some rocky ground clothed with shrubs

flowers & a few straggling Pines; – a beautiful promontory it was, & separates the Gastern-tal, from the Kandor valley. – Here we were disappointed, not with what we saw, – but that we did not find the Waterfalls to which Mr Ws notes directed us. Our labour was not lost however, – on our right we looked down from an immense height into Gastern-tal, a huge cleft between the snowy Giants Altel & Bloomlis Alp. – the Kandor rises out of this rocky recess, makes a bend at the foot of our high station, & takes a direct course down the Valley before us – & to which it gives name; passes the Village of Kandor Steg & ere long enters the Lake of Thoun. Its termination, – in that lake well accords with its origin, for, the fine cleft out of which the Kandor issues, is one of the grand features on the Lake of Thoun. We were very loth to return without measuring the tempting Vale through which this River flows, as indeed were we to quit our beautiful resting place, & those lofty Mountains, with their pure summits towering above! – Returned by the same path, – on drawing towards the little Mountain Inn the Mastiff hearing our footsteps, before we could see him or hear his voice, raised such a tumult in the Mountains as produced the effect of a large pack of well-toned hounds in full cry, it was a grand sound; – & this reminds me of the fine echoes called forth by a Traveller or his guide in the Morning, – they were before us as we clomb the Gemmi. – The voice was a musical one & the prolonged, & re-echoed notes, could not have been more harmonious had they proceeded from the sweetest instrument. Came in sight of that celestial range, just in time to see the going down of the sun before us as we descended, – Wm & I crossed the swelling head of the green Alp, whence we had the sublime exhibition in the morning, – to look forth into the Valais, – less beautiful to the imagination now; – the floating mists were not among the mountains, & the deep black shade had passed away leaving the green vista, in all its loveliness, nakedly spread out before us. – We sauntered on our way, & watched the last rosy light depart from that interesting central point Matter-horn, where it lingered long after Monte Rosa (or what we were told was Monte Rosa) had been hidden from us. – The dark craggy rocks on our left now shewed an after radiance which we did not understand; & when we were drawing near home we were smitten by the pure brightness of the snowy Mountain which from behind peered into the Vale above all the rest. A Man of whom Wm. asked the cause of this appearance, could only say that it always became bright after the sun had gone down, & that it remained so all night. I ought not have forgotten to mention, the remains of a sort of Sentry-box perched from the perpendicular face of a rock supported upon an iron pole that rested in a slightly-projecting point below; – this, was on a level with us when we were about ½ way up the Pass of the Gemmi; – its situation commanded the length of the Vale, & our guide told us that long ago watch was there kept, to give notice of the approach of an Enemy. – We also had the remains of the old road pointed out to us, more like the tumultuous bed of a perpendicular torrent than any thing else; yet down this, before a more comodious outlet was made, Peasants laden, & I believe Mules also, used to travel; so strongly do Man's necessities prompt him to face difficulty & dangers. In the morning, restless Daws were hovering around those craggy walls, & small Birds invisibly twittering; but our descent was attended only by the sound of a ruffling wind, & one solitary tinkling Waterfal. Black mists were gathering-in between the tips of the two highest points when we looked back before we reached the bottom, – but this did not disturb the general brightness in other quarters. – A little congregation were chaunting their Vespers, without a Priest, as we passed the Chapel in the Village. – Found the Gentleman & Lady we had met, also the eleven Students at Table d'hote –. Soon after retired to bed.

Thursday Sep. 14th. Baths of Leuk

In descending this interesting Valley we followed the road which carried us up it as far as the beautiful Church that rises from a Village & presents itself in so many sweet views both from above, & below it. – Then striking off to the right, a shady lane led us along the side of the cleft opposite to, & looking down upon, the Town of Leuk, upon the pretty Church on the Knoll above

the Rhone into which we had entered after our first crossing that River, – and commanding the whole road by which we had ascended the Valley we are now leaving. Turned round a craggy mountain into the Valais, along a road hewn from the side of the rock, an upright wall – the path guarded by a wooden railing. Round the same rock, below us, a watercourse was also conducted, to irrigate the pleasant green crofts which were scattered among the vineyards on the high bank of the Rhone. – In the shady lane, we overtook a girl with whom D. had some conversation, & when we came opposite to one of those dwellings with their little lot of green fields, gathered around them above the banks of the brook, she sent forth a long shrill greeting to her Mother, whom she told us lived there, & that she herself was in service higher up the Vale. – Our road now led us on the right bank of the Rhone, – through pleasant lanes & Vineyards but still at some height above the river; & through two or three Villages, – at the first of these we fell in with a Cavalcade of Sledges, accompanied by a whole host of Peasants, bringing cheeses from the Mountain-farms; – these, were met at the foot of the hill by the Villagers with Mules, that were then yoked to the sledges & taken forward, – attended by the whole Company; – this in all likeliness is an important annual event. – What an enormous cloud of dust & heat was brought down that steep mountain road – & they came at a famous pace. We sauntered leisurely on, making many halts to rest & cool ourselves whenever we found a shady seat that afforded us prospect, still keeping a look out for the romantic heights of Sion – where, by some Means we had heard, our long-looked-for letter was lodged. – At Sitters, – another beautiful Village, about 12 miles from the Baths of Leuk, we stopped to eat, & wait for a Charaban, that had been engaged in the course of our walk, since we reached the Valais. Here eat bread, cheese – & excellent Muschat wine, so pleasant to my taste, & so much stronger than what we had lately drank, that a glass & a half, quite upset me; – &, while we waited in that pretty cool room, gaily ornamented with its crucifix, family portraits – & some other bright pieces, that would have been appropriate furniture in Mr Gee’s cottage-hall; I was glad to rest upon two handsome cross-stitch easy chairs, & compose myself, – And truly when the Charabanc was ready, I was in such a state of happy powerlessness that without the help of Mr R’s arm I could not steadily have reached it. – Wm received & supported me there.

We proceeded to Sion big with expectation of letters from home, & the state of excitation in which I then was, served me in good stead – sparing me from anxious forebodings which I otherwise on this occasion might have felt. – I had no doubt of a letter, – & a letter from dearest Sarah we received, full of all satisfactory news, without drawback! Only poor Wm. suffered from fatigue before he got possession of it, at the Post office. I was “sobered by this time” – we dined & went on in another charaban at a brisk rate, reaching Martigny after dark, too late to see the town; but were much impressed by the gloomy grandeur of its situation as it appeared to us, on our approach. The town of Sion is a strikingly picturesque & romantic Place, – with its towers rising from detached rocks among sand banks, – upon the Rhone; – we had no leisure to visit the heights, or to look much into the Town – what we did see was not attractive – dirty, confined streets, & most melancholy-looking Inhabitants. So many Goitres & Idiots – & those of the most painful description: the children appear so stupid, & carry in their countenance something of dwarfishness, decrepitude or idiotcy that I began to shrink from looking at them, fearing to meet with something more piteous than I had seen before. – The same cast of face, short flat nose, wide mouth, sunken eyes continued through the Valais; – yet we now & then met with well-looking Men, & many pretty women. Had excellent tea, – arranged to be off by six o’clock for this celebrated place Chamouny, where, in a nice clean bed, in an elegant Apartment, & in front of Mont Blanc! William in another bed near me fast asleep, I have now the privilege to bring up my notices. But to return to

Martigny, Friday 15th. Sept.

Having engaged last night two returning Mules & a guide, Wm & I set off on foot at 6 o'clock to face the Col d' Balm, leaving the rest to follow.

After quitting the sandy bottom on which Martigny stands (an unintelligible tract to us) with Orchards, & stately walnut, chesnut & fruit trees gathering round it, – & presided over by a Rhine-like tower from one of the heights; – our way led up through rough, close luxuriant lanes, – the same magnificent trees accompanied us for some time – a grateful shade; & we gathered in climbing the first ascent, some of the finest apples I have seen on the Continent: – I know not that I have before noticed, that we rarely have tasted fruit of this kind so good as in England. – Looked into a Cyder-Shed, – the first Wine-press I have seen, – a picturesque Machine; – the Men laughed at my curiosity. Peasants all following their out-door occupations; industrious People always at work early & late, – & very civil. – As we rose above the thick shade, interesting views up the Rhone looking back. – In about an hour & half, – D. & T.M. overtook us with the Mules; – Mr R. had joined us before, – & now, when a foot path had brought us into pleasant green crofts, – above the wild brook that tumbled along in its course on our left, I was called upon to take D's seat, who thankfully dismounted, heartily tired of her situation – but one of us was to ride! T.M. & I then advanced, our Mules one after the other, – the guide on foot, leading the way generally – up the stony road & over a bare tract at the head of the grassy dell. When suddenly we found ourselves on the edge of a precipitous steep, looking down into a narrow, long, green Valley, – we exclaimed to each other that now we had “got into fairy land” – a white church, a tiny one with a belfrey, stood upon a knoll at its foot, a few grey cottages near it – a little stream babbled through the long apparently level area – a neat little Chalet towards the head, where we afterwards halted. – When W. & D. rejoined us, they told me that this self-same spot, was the “Aboriginal Vale, that green recess” which had given an equal shock of delight to Wm – when Jones & he, two youthful travellers, came upon it, & entered from Martigny exactly as we did, – & this paradise was the first that impressed upon his mind the extreme beauty of the Swiss Vallies! – the road was too steep to descend upon the mules – we had therefore dismounted, & walked down, pleasantly screened by trees above – & a light fringe of wood between us & the bank below; – & it was a happy sight to see our friends wind after us down that beautiful path when we had gained the peaceful bottom. – a few tinkling Kine were returning from being milked attended by a boy, as we crossed to the Challet where the Mules were fed & rested; & in a neat wooden apartment we fared excellently upon good bread, cheese, eggs, luxuriant butter & honey, & tolerable wine – What could we desire! – we half-resolved to lodge in this pastoral hut on our return; – A little garden with herbs & flowers – & the neatest accommodations I have seen on the Continent. – The whole Vale enclosed by majestic mountains, no visible outlet but, for the brook – & the winding path by which we had entered. After our repast, we lingered & made notes in the shade.

Leaving this delightful retreat I again Mounted, & proceeded up the vale, & kept my seat until the road became so very steep that it was dangerous to ride. – The Guide told us how an English girl had been much hurt, & the Mule killed either going up or down (I know not which) the Col d' Balm, that bounds, at its head, this favourite Valley of Trient. I readily obeyed his summons, & clomb on my feet with the rest; – but the morning was so hot & the road so rough & steep, that notwithstanding it was yet shaded by lofty pines, I was quite exhausted, & glad to remount, as soon as I could safely do so, – as did T.M: – D. continuing stoutly to walk. – The mountain rose, as we rose, – & after we had left the forest part, a right ugly one it was – but at length it was conquered; – (Wm had taken T.M.'s mule a little way) & Monte Blanc & the Vale of Chamouny lay before us! We all felt disappointed, with the magnificent objects. – T.M. & I walked down the Valley with the guide to the Town that bears its name, – found more to admire as we went along than at the first view we could see, & afterwards perhaps more than at once we could allow. The Glaciers are grand Objects in themselves, but not what I had prepared myself for, – & surely they disturb & injure the general scenery. But I shall be better reconciled, & perhaps

retract my opinion tomorrow. D. & Wm saw more of the detailed beauty, than we did coming merely down the main road a dree straight walk (for we left the horses to pick up the saunterers behind) by the side of the muddy river, – the trees stunted, – except one single lovely grove of birch, gilded by the autumnal colouring; – & the pointed out-line of one Glacier I must allow was exquisite, silvered by the setting sun; as was the sparkling breast of another. – In the course of one day, never was there such a sudden change as we have observed in the human countenance. The children in this Vale are delightful to look upon, – so fresh, healthy & intelligent; – clean & well dressed, & happy-looking. All busy in their fields or gardens; Corn standing in sheaves. Until the very day before yesterday, that I saw a little plot of corn in the sheaf in the Valais, it is long since we have seen any other than the Indian wheat. No Vines in the Vale of Chamouny: – a cold, & it looks like a cold & late-producing Soil; But this poverty, if it really exists, does not accord with the appearance of the Inhabitants. – The Union is a large, new, & excellent Inn, charmingly situated. Had a good supper & now want sleep.

Chamouny Saturday Sep. 16th.

Did not rise till half past 6 o'clock this morning. “The sullen Arve” sent me to sleep in a moment after I had laid down my pen; – The rocky peaks of Monte Blanc are yet wrapped up in silver mist, but this will soon clear off. A large English Party are in this house, the Gentlemen had not risen from their wine & dessert, when we sate down to supper, at the other end of the long table, last night; – & they were soon joined at Tea, by three or four tall Ladies, who sailed one after the other into the Salle, – dressed as fine as thin muslins – flounces, frills, rings, & ribbons – with the best skill of their waiting Maid, could make them. She, a nice elegant looking Girl, whom I met in the Passage, – & not being able to find my way to the dining room I asked her to shew me, using, as well as I could, the french phrase; – to which she very sweetly replied, “Ma-am I cannot speak french”. Glad was I to explain in our own tongue, – & I amused myself with the thought how this anecdote would entertain Doro; – & Wm & Dorothy laughed heartily when I told them what impression my french had made. –

Seven o'clock – & we have spent nine glorious hours, in ascending & descending Montanvert, – walked as far as we thought worth while upon the Glacier, – it is a grand accumulation of ages, – the forms most beautiful, & the depths profound. If the Glaciers were of ice – (i.e. pure water frozen – but to my eyes they certainly appear like frozen snow, polished by the influence of the sun) & rising from the top of the Mountains – instead of filling the chasm between two mountains, – then would they come up to my preconception of a Glacier fully. However I have been more than sufficiently gratified. It was a turbulent sea of snow-water frozen, – & what Mountains & Vallies were on its bosom! We ate our refreshment upon this icy region: The green shrubby mount that rises from its shore, & upon which we rested, must, a few weeks ago, have been beautiful, covered with the Alp rose, then in full blow; – we brought away some seeds of this lovely plant, but I fear it will not flourish in our climate. A Party of Swiss, with three guides to attend the Ladies, visited the Glacier at the same time; – one Guide served us, contrary to the judgment & experience of all advisers; – we found him sufficient, indeed another would have been useless. The river issuing from an arch of ice at the foot of the Glacier is very striking. – The weather has been most favourable, & the climb up the Montanvert is so delightfully screened by Pine trees, – not fine ones, – that, though the path is rough, & certainly laborious, we were not fatigued. – The Swiss Party had Mules, which they were obliged to dismiss, when the road became very steep. – The Vale of Chamouny as we walked homeward, infinitely more interesting than when we came down on the other side of the river, & at a later hour last night. The picturesque Cottages, with their pretty flower gardens & little enclosures gathered about them, – & that happy feature of a hamlet the open Goose-Green where a few dwellings are clustered, is here seen – then the tinkling Kine, & all the evening goings-on of the Peasantry made our return delightful. Pretty looking, neatly dressed Children with baskets furnished with milk, Fruit & c

attend the Tourists up the Mountain; – there are too many of these to make it worth their while to spend so much time, – & they were rather too importunate, – else one would like to encourage them. – & indeed I was sorry not to be able to lessen the weight of their baskets. As I observed last night they are a well-looking race of people, & the Village of Chamouny is a thriving place; comfortable houses, & these increasing – & plenty of employment. The numerous visitors must occasion much of this, – but they are industrious Agriculturalists. – The season seems here to be far advanced, & the character of the Place is very pensive. The lights upon the Mountains since our return to the Hotel have been most splendid, – as we sate at Table we saw the illuminations that were carried on upon Monte Blanc, all the time we were at dinner. – Those celestial Peaks communing with the Sky

“Alone ascends that mountain named of white
That holds no commerce with the summer night.
From age to age, amid his lonely bounds
The crash of ruin awfully resounds,
Mysterious havoc! but serene his brow,
Where day-light lingers with perpetual snow.
Glitter the stars above, & all is black below.”

(The Mountain le Flegere is a fine station to look from into the recesses of Monte Blanc – we did not climb it.)

Sunday Sepr. 17th. Chamouny

Arose at five oClock; & immediately set out to the Glacier d' Boisson; our yesterday's guide met us as we went down the Vale; – his Master, the same who, with his Mules, attended us over the Col d' Balm, also joined us, as we approached the Glacier; – & thus attended, with each a pike in our hand – we ascended one side of the stream of Ice, – crossed it above the pyramids, as we had been directed, & not without difficulty & some danger. – Our Guide with an axe cut steps for our feet, or it would have been impossible for us to have landed on the shore; as it was frightful to look back into the precipice down which, at one part, we should have slipped, had we not been able to keep upon our feet, – & had we gone, it must have been for ever. From the lower side, looking up to the pyramids, I was quite enchanted, – those fantastic shapes of the purest white, – had the sun but just touched them, a Glacier would have equalled my highest expectation. As it was they were delightful, for as we now stood, those spires & turrets formed a glorious outline between us & the unclouded heavens. – Our descent through a Pine forest, with glades, leading us past the Cottages into green fields was very beautiful. The morning was lovely, the mists rising from the Valley & creeping up the mountain-sides, – The Sabbath bells ringing, – the Peasants in their best attire: – One elderly woman particularly struck us, by her cleanly & quaint dress; She wore a brown Petticoat; – a waist with a little jacket tab, made of white calico; – Sleeves half way down between the elbow & wrist; – a red handkerchief, & a Swiss Chintz Apron (which on grand occasions seems common) a neat bordered cap, as white as the pyramids. Children all look healthy – so great a change in this respect, I conceive to be owing to their diet – which in this pastoral Vale is chiefly the produce of the dairy; – whereas in wine countries Children drink that pernicious stuff. Early as we were, Attendants with their baskets of refreshments beset us. Our walk back to the Inn very pleasant. Wm engaged a Charabanc to take us up the Valley as far as the road would permit; – & having despatched our breakfast & made our preparations in the space of 3/4 of an hour, from the time of our return from morning's excursion, we left Chamouny at a quarter past nine oClock. The Congregation being gathered about the door of the Hotel, close by the Church (which by the bye we were sorry we never had a moment's leisure to look into) when we seated ourselves in the Charaban, – a curious Vehicle,

like one side of our Irish jaunting Carr, only not so smart, – & hung so near to the ground that we were not raised above the crowd which surrounded us; & who seemed as much amused at the sight of us, as we were pleased by their respectable appearance. We travelled briskly, – every one of us contriving to cling to this conveyance, nearly three leagues, which brought us to the foot of the Mountain, Tete Noire – (but truly I never found out that we had crossed a mountain for our road wound through the most delightful Valley, or set of Vallies, that ever were seen) – As we passed, one of the little clustering Villages in the Vale of Chamouny, standing at the foot of one of the five Glaciers (the Argentere I believe) its pretty White Church at that moment was encircled by a most interesting procession, – bare-headed men first carried the symbols or banners, who were followed by a train of Females; two, & two winding round the building – White garments thrown over their heads & covering their shoulders, like so many Nuns – but in that romantic place, the situation of the Church, & the costume so peculiar, it was quite impossible not to connect the moving belt of white pyramids, with the snowy ones immediately above them. We were afterwards told by a young Priest as we passed along the green Meadows of Orsina, whither he was going to do duty, – & with whom D. fell into conversation, – that it was Sacrament day; & that the ceremony we had seen occurs once a month in all the Vallies; & that those pure Vestments do not belong to the Church – but to the Individuals who wear them. Our Clerical companion told D., that he lived upon the Triant, in a Village high above its banks, & where, had he been at home, he would have been glad to have received us as his guests. Near the Chapel where D. picked up this young Priest, I fell in with a nice clean Baby, whom the Grandfather was teaching to walk, – it was such a sweet little Darling that I could not help taking it into my arms, – it had bracelets made of several strings of beads round its little wrists – & wore a pretty cap – Mr R. & T.M. pushed on before us, not to be too late to reach Martigny, – we had made up our minds for a treat, – viz. to sleep in the Chalet, where we had dined on our road to Chamouny – that dear delicious Vale of William's – therefore we walked at leisure & thoroughly enjoyed the beautiful road. – As we followed them we picked up Notes they had dropped, telling us how much they were delighted. – A clear sparkling stream trotted by our side for some time; & in connection with this, where it fell into the snowy brook that proceeds from a Glacier – was one sweet picture, which ought to be remembered. – A Cottage upon a lawny, woody plot, cut off from the other meadows by this clear rill; – behind, a fine ridge of jagged, & one snowy mountain; – & to its left the Glacier – the Cottage was a lovely one & this valley shewed us many such before we reached its termination – Indeed all the Cottages in Chamouny were pretty ones – but there they had not such sweet nooks to creep into, nor such favoured spots shaped out by Nature to plant their little vegetable gardens in, as were found in this sequestered & ever varying Valley. – Exquisite views near a bridge, – & one that I see yet through a window place in a deserted & half-decayed Cottage close to the River; – then again from a sort of ruined Fortress upon the top of a steep rising in the road, – but it is needless to innumerate what our whole day's journey teemed with. The character of the mountains, when we lost sight of the Vale of Chamouny – very much like our own in Cumbd, & Westd. – Afterwards, an inter-mixture of Pine forests, & woody lawn swelling below, with hay-grounds & little plots of tillage; – then, long before we left it, the River's banks became high, & an immeasurable Forest high above, & deep below, – some of the very finest pine-trees we had seen, & sublime Rocks! & thus it was, till we turned round a rocky pass far above the river, – at the point where it is joined by the Trient; – & together they drove, cleaving their way through those immense Craggs to lose themselves in the Rhone. Just at this point we met a very savage looken man in a cocked hat, and – a little before were presented with wild currants from the basket of a girl who had gathered them on the heights – a sharp & pleasant fruit. We were loth to turn from this magnificent assemblage even to enter that simple Vale where we were to rest. – A continuation of Pine forest with glades carried us to the bottom of the Valley. – We Had Met several pretty women & Children as we passed thro the Val Orsina. One woman with three fine Goats following her – a little Lass & her two Pigs – thus

with those dumb Companions whom they tenderly cherish the simple Dwellers in these beautiful but unsafe regions are a happy & contented race. Before we reached the Church, we parted with a Peasant who had been a pleasant Companion to us, greatest part of the way. – He was going with his basket to fetch necessaries for his family from Martigny. – Wm & D. had much information from him relating to these dales, & the ravages made every year by the Floods & Avalanches; – & all these particulars she will relate. – He had himself served, a Conscript, under Bouanaparte in Russia – told us that forty of the Youth of the Vale had gone, & that ten only had come back, & that the parents of many of those who had not appeared, still looked for the return of their sons, not having heard of their death. – He shewed me the excellent thread stockings that he wore, grown upon his own land, – the flax dressed & spun, – & the Stockings knit, by his good wife. They seemed as if they might last for ever. – He told us he should not return by the same road, but strike over the mountains for privacy, as some of the articles he should bring were contraband. – At about half past seven o’clock, we gained our resting place. – Supped as we had before dined, – Indeed I may say, I have fared daintily of late – at Chamouny our food was dressed much in the plain English style. Found the wooden house this Evening somewhat cold, & we went to bed soon – these huts are only Summer residences.

Monday Sepr. 18th. Trient

At five o’clock rose from our uncouth beds in the little Cabin, having had an entertaining night, but very little sleep. Our bed-room was over the Stable & Cow house, where was not only a stamping of the Mules – but one perpetual tinkling – Heifer, or Cow. We, for we were all in the same Apartment, thought the Animal would have no rest; & indeed very little sleep must have served it, – for tinkle, tinkle it went throughout the night. – Then the hubbub of the good woman’s husband returning very late from Mass, – the consequent business of the stable, & the lights within & without the house, flashing through the Chinks from all directions: – & even the Men opening the door & peeping in upon us! Then, the continuous murmur of the brook, seemingly more loud than if we had been seated upon its margin; – as if the wooden walls which separated us from it, acted like a sounding-board; – this was a lulling sound, but the intermingled din was too perplexing to suffer us to sleep, – but we were well satisfied to be there, – in spite of other annoyances that are not mentioned, – & left our little Valley with regret. – Took some new milk, & walked pensively up the steep road, – All the peasants at or going about their business. Men mowing – Women busy with the Dairy concerns – Flocks of Goats with their swoln udders, coming to be Milked, – boys & girls leading them. The Cattle now all in the lower grounds. – Soon will this spot be comparatively deserted, for towards October the Challets, those within reach of expected danger, are all shut up – & their Inhabitants betake themselves to more secure quarters. – The Valley of the Rhone was indescribably beautiful before we descended to Martigny – the morning mists curling below, & hanging over the Mountains, & the bright River lifted up as it were in its direct course, to meet us; – a silvery light brought forth every glistening cottage, from among the trees. The Orchards with their fruits, & the shady Chesnuts seemed to us more stately than before. – Met our Orsina friend on his return; – & some travellers, who told us our friends were waiting breakfast for us. – Crossed the sandy bottom – breakfasted, & set off again from Martigny at eleven o’clock; – but before I quit this place, I will here give an extract which I have since transcribed from the “Diary of an Invalid” – giving an account of the direful events which produced this sterility of soil, – so ill according with the luxuriant trees, that rise out of it. We were told, that it was occasioned by the bursting of a Lake, that had been formed by a tremendous rush of water from the mountains, which agrees exactly with the following particulars.

“June 18th. 1818 – Went to Martigny; – to witness the dreadful effects of the late “inundation. The cause of this calamity is as follows. Some months ago a glacier had “fallen down in the Valley of Bagne, choking up the course of a small river, & forming the

“head of what in time became a very extensive Lake. The inhabitants, fearing that as the
“warm weather advanced this dam might give way, had cut a gallery through the ice to
“let off the water; by which if the dam had remained firm a few weeks longer, the whole
“lake would have been emptied without causing any damage. But on Tuesday the 16th
“the head of the lake gave way – and down came the waters with a prodigious rush,
“sweeping all before them. – If it had happened in the night, all Martigny must have
“perished. Four hundred houses were washed away in a moment, as you knock down a
“building of cards. The poor Host of the Swan Inn, who presided at table d’hote where I
“dined on Sunday the 14th was on Tuesday swallowed up in his own garden; – & away
“went stables, carriages & horses in all directions. Perhaps it was my good genius that
“whispered me so constantly, to hasten to Lausanne, & who prevented my halting at
“Martigny, as I once thought of doing, in order to go to Chamouny. If it were, I fear I am
“not so grateful to him as I ought to be; for I would willingly have been a spectator of this
“dreadful visitation, even at the risk of being its victim. A poor Painter was in the Valley
“of Bagne, sketching this lake, at the time the dam gave way, & his escape was little
“less than a miracle. He has made a drawing of the perils that surrounded him. – The
“scene at Martigny begs description; – ruin & havoc are every where – water seems to
“be a more destructive agent than fire. – The operation of fire is at least gradual, &
“affords some chance of escape; but water is a radical destroyer, & jumps at once to the
“conclusion. A single fact will be sufficient to shew the rapidity with which this work of
“demolition was effected. The water travelled at the rate of 20 miles an hour. The loss of
“lives is great, & the loss of property greater. Those who have escaped with life – & only
“life – are perhaps most to be pitied. They have not only lost their all; but the very
“ground upon which their houses & crops stood is a desert covered with a coat of gravel
“& rubbish & rendered utterly unfit for future cultivation. The despair of the poor
“Creatures is very affecting.”

Overwhelming as this inundation has been, & astounding to those who witnessed it – the
remains of the desolation are by no means so awful, as in the pensive “Valley of Stones”; – here
you see a magnificent shade, & fruit-bearing trees rising out of the most sterile places – but there,
those tremendous rocks that cover the bottom & are strewn up the sides of the cradle, fill your
mind with awe; which can only be subdued by hopes that look beyond this earthly tabernacle:
this tract no one now alive, can see renovated.

Left Martigny, as I said at eleven o’clock. – & pursued our journey down the Rhone. – A fine
opening between the rocks to admit a passage for the Trient, which we crossed just before it
enters the Rhone. – Stopped at Pessevashe a glorious waterfall! We had a charming ride to St
Maurice, – a most interesting & grand situation! – the mountains approach, & rise as they
approach, until they stretch forth on each side enclosing the town, leaving space only for the
River, & the road; the bridge which here crosses the Rhone, fills the opening. – Dined at Bex
another delightful Place but of a very different character. – Walked to the Chesnut Groves, grand
view upwards of the river woods & mountains & those magnificent rocks above St Maurice. –
Downward, of the varied fertile valley through which the Rhone now glides in stately march to
the Lake of Geneva, lying before us like a sheet of silver. The mountains on our left, retiring &
gradually falling to the size of ordinary hills. The day was so hot that we were discouraged from
attempting the salt mines, – but lingered long among the rich park-like ground, & those delightful
Chesnut Groves: – Very sublime the views were to which Mr R. & I clomb, (leaving D. resting
upon the velvet bank), we looked in among the rocky coves, & green bottoms to our left, as we
faced the river from St Maurice, – & here we met with the largest & most luxuriant Chesnut &
Walnut trees we had ever seen; – it was a rich elevation – & I think altogether a more interesting
view than that which commands the lake of Geneva, from Mr Sharpe’s Chesnut groves.
Vineyards, & little crofts between these heights & the town. – Large quantities of wine made in

this neighbourhood. – We had an excellent dinner at this very neat Hotel, & were treated with salt-spoons – a solitary instance. One of the St Bernard's Dogs was here. – the finest Animal I ever saw – as large as a good sized Calf – he stood by us at dinner & ate beef from my fork, – A gentle Creature! An english Gentleman & Lady with their Son were halting here – going up the Valais. –

At five o'clock we left Bex, & are now ready for Bed (indeed Wm. is already there) at Villeneuve, upon the Lake of Geneva! Two most delicious days have we passed, & feel somewhat sad at the thought that we have in all probability taken our last leave of the Alps. – Yesterday we walked about seven leagues – this morning before breakfast about three. In two days we hope to join our friends at Geneva. – The women of this lower part of the Valais wear the most curious of all the hats we have seen. Made of straw, quite round – the crown a little raised & with a knob at the top of it, as if to lift it by – like a wooden lid for a Kettle – Mr M. – thought that the hat altogether, resembled an ancient shield – Large vineyards accompanied us on our way this evening.

Villeneuve Tuesday Sept 19th

A very rainy morning – Town's clock striking seven – we have had comfortable beds in nice old fashioned warm-looking, papered rooms: from my window I see a fine Fountain shaded by a Chesnut tree, which stands in a sort of triangular space at the junction of three narrow streets, – people fetching water, are obliged to catch it, & away – no time this for gossip. – Not being able to agree with the Voiturier to take us forward upon reasonable terms, we left Villeneuve on foot at nine this morning, before there appeared much hope of a fine day. – But we were more fortunate upon the whole than we expected; while we were looking at Chillon Castle it became fair. Were much pleased with this old Castle which is interestingly situated, close upon the shore of the Lake: – went into the Arched Vaults, impressive places, admitting streaming lights, from the slips which serve to make darkness visible, but which produce fine effects upon the weather stained roof & pillars. The large Kitchen – Entertaining rooms, & Balconies all venerable, – but nothing magnificent, or sumptuous. – Set forth again, & had a chearful, breezy walk along the margin of the sea-like Lake of Geneva. Turned up from the road, & through the Village of Montrieux, – delightful view from the Church-yard. But D. & I missed the Caves, below the Village, – Wm much pleased with them, & brought away some petrifications for Doro. The weather did not quite clear off to our wishes, & the heat, but for the fitful breeze, would have been oppressive to us foot-travellers – now pacing under a steep hill side, & between close Vineyards, which rose above us & on one side often separated the road from the Lake – but on the other the mists rolled along the lower mountains – the Alps entirely wrapped up, – the pyramidal Mountain of Martigny very fine with its girdle of vapour. The country up to St Maurice, marked out by the Gate-way between the rocks, looked very rich – but all beyond, except that one peak at Martigny, seemed to be enclosed from our sight for ever! –

Reached Vevay about 1 o'clock, & are resting in a comfortable hotel, & only regret that we are not to stay all night especially as the afternoon seems set-in for rain. We have had a good dinner, & the Gentlemen gone to the Coffee house – we, waiting for a chance of fair weather to visit the Cathedral before we depart for Lausanne, – the Voiture is ordered at four o'clock. The hotel d'London where we are, stands in the market Square, a cleanly open space fronting the Lake, in view of which I write – Good-looking houses, shaded by Horse-chesnut trees & Acacias. – A handsome square Cross, with Corinthian pillars & a tower with its clock. – A more considerable Town than we expected. – streets narrow, & shutting up all view of the Lake, till we reached this Square. –

The rain continued violent, & D. & I left Vevay without seeing the Cathedral. – Wm told us it was merely a neat Church & interesting, as containing Ludlow's tomb. The inscription that rendered the House noticeable wherein he had lived, was removed by the bad taste of some of his

descendants – thus separated, both Inscription & House have lost their appropriate Interest. Rain all the way to Lausanne, saw little but the lashing of the waves of Geneva, & the Vineyards upon its banks, & on the steeps above the road. The swingle-tree of the Voiture broke & detained us some time, – a trifling accident, & the only one I think that has befallen us on our long journey; – highly favoured Travellers we have been! Our Voiturier, at Vevay made an attempt to introduce a sixth to our party in the Carriage; he had the modesty to expect us to admit, without any previous arrangement, a bulky, dirty, wet-coated, fierce-looking fellow, to take his seat among us. This was resisted indignantly, – & the rejected Passenger mounted by the side of his friend on the box, – exposed to the rain – this we were good-natured enough to permit – though “it was not in the bond” – & made ourselves merry at the Voiturier’s presumption, & rejoiced in the comparative comfort of our situation to what it would have been, had the wet-coated Gentleman been within. – Climbing a very high steep we reached Lausanne by twilight, –

Stopped at the Falcon, could not have beds, – drove to the Balance & were received, but we are not all well lodged, but well attended. Views in the eating-room of the Vale & Lake of Lauritz, before & after the fall of the mountain, these records, though feeble representations, were interesting to us. – It is past nine o’clock, Wm. in bed – rain somewhat abated – hope for a fine morning.

Lausanne Wed: Sepr. 20th

Beyond our hopes we have been fortunate to day. – Breakfast being over, we all sallied forth to see the town. Mr Robinson who had been before at Lausanne was our Leader; he first conducted us to the terrace whence Mr Barker took, the Panorama – & there we met a Gentleman, who was charged with letters for us by Mrs Monkhouse from Geneva! – Our introduction was quite dramatic; overhearing the name of Robinson, he accosted us; – & explained; – saying, he was entrusted with letters to Mr R, to Mr M. & to Miss W. – he was presented by turns to each; – & the letters were gone for. What a delightful one was mine (that D’s enclosed). All well & comfortable at Rydal & good tidings of dearest John & Doro. Yet our joy was afterwards damped by hearing from Mr Muloch (the same Gentleman) of the melancholy fate of that very interesting youth Mr Goddard, with whom we parted upon the top of the Rigi – he, with Mr Trotter descended to pursue their way to Zurich, in which Lake he was unfortunately drowned; – two days afterwards, – We, towards Lauritz – but all in the hope of meeting again at Altorf – they appeared not there, – we had no misgivings, for the engagement had been conditional; – but alas poor Goddard was then no more. – And yet we had hoped to meet again at Geneva! Now if we meet with Mr T. what a painful interview it will be! Mr G’s Mother is in America, – sad tidings she has to receive. – Seldom have I seen so promising a Youth!

We have spent this morning in looking about the Town, which is beautifully situated above the Lake, & well accommodated with convenient stations to command the best views. The Town itself is very pleasing, – but we have not yet seen any of the prominent buildings, if such there be, except the outside of the Cathedral, which is ornamental & gives promise of fine Sculpture.

Eight o’clock, dined at Table d’hote in company with seven English Gentlemen, one very agreeable. – The Lecturer, for such we have discovered our Courier from Geneva to be, & a most curious character; – thinks himself an omnipotent judge in Poetry &c &c: – Mr Robinson’s discussion with him – William’s – His advice to, & censure of Mr M., all prove him a most intolerable Coxcomb. – Evening view from the hill above a sweet Glen we walked down into, & through, in the morning. – The glorious colouring westward, & solemn lights to the east this evening were magnificent. Moonlight upon the Terrace – Stormy light upon the Lake &c. –

Mr R. gone to finish the day at a shew of some sort. – We have not seen the Cathedral, being a Protestant Church they tell us it is not worth looking after, as the Guides say nothing remarkable about it. The town crowded with English. – Mr Kemble is residing here in a state of bad health. No characteristic costumes. – Bells in the eating-rooms, but no salt-spoons. This

morning a German, or a Swiss I know not which, not being aware that so unusual a thing as a bell was in the room, opened the door, & clapped his hands violently. This practice had we known it sooner, would have been very useful to us. –

Mr R. returned from the Conjuror, – he had slept during the performance, very comfortably. We have had a merry conversation on the subject of our officious acquaintance. It is a curious coincidence, that my Rydal letter contains a notice that a Gentleman, a Stranger to us, had called at Rydal on his return from a pilgrimage to the “River Duddon” – & who, from his admiration of Wms poetry has given the name of Wm Wordsworth to his just born son, as a mark of respect: & that this letter, should be brought to us by one, who in the course of the day expressed his own opinion to Mr Robinson, uncalled for, “that never was such a heap of trash gathered together as appeared in the last published four Volumes”. Where lies the truth? Posterity will decide. –

Great as has been my delight during this tour, & sorry as I have often been to feel that I was looking for the last time upon those grand objects that have excited our delight, to rapture even, sometimes – Yet, how light is my heart at the thought that this, (what seemed to be) great undertaking is accomplished, & that we are drawing towards home; – without intention to deviate from the direct road to our own dear Country, & to our Darlings there. – The weather is intensely cold – fresh-fallen snow upon the mountains, & the lower ones covered.

Lausanne Thursday 21st.

A dull cold morning, about to depart for Geneva. – –

Geneva, seven oClock P.M. – We have had a sleepy sort of a ride in a commodious Berlin, well fitted for repose; – it formerly belonged to Lucien Bouanaparte. Dined at Nyon, & walked upon the terrace above the road. If the weather had been favourable we should have enjoyed coasting the margin of this lake, – & indeed we were comfortable enough; but this sort of getting through a Country on a rainy day produces nothing worth noting. The Lake narrows as we approach Geneva, – & the shores are besprinkled with neat & elegant looking houses, & villas. The Town, handsome, as it is approached, & of a good colour. Drove through several streets to the Crown, where we have excellent Bed-rooms, & are very near the lake. Mr M. left us at the door of the Carriage, & we have not heard of the Ladies yet. Drank tea, by a nice hearth-fire of wood in the Salle – talked with two Englishmen. A large Party of English in the room adjoining mine – with Children – the noise of the Children having ceased – the grown People are playing Cards! – We crossed, in the town, two furious branches of the Rhone, – but so perplexed was the River, by rails, mills, & I know not what impediments, that in spite of its brilliance, where you so little expected it could be pure, I have no pleasure of speaking of it until tomorrow, when I hope to see it flow in its own natural state escaped from all vulgar interruptions.

Geneva Friday Septr 22d.

Miss Horrocks came to us after breakfast, & Jane, – both well; – Wm gone to Secheron for the Carriage, & the Trunks, – soon returned with all our necessaries to the Crown. Walked out with Miss H – & met Mrs M. with her husband, well & happy; – is much improved by her long rest, & all in good spirits. Went to see the junction of the Arve & the Rhone, which we simply effected, – but had gone wrong & did not see them flowing side by side in the same channel without mingling their waters – which by going above the rocks & further down, we hope to do to-morrow. The walk, through pleasant gardens, on the margin of the majestic Rhone was beautiful, but a cold showery uncomfortable day; – & since dinner at one oClock we have not been able to go farther than to a shop where we bought each a ribbon for our Bonnets, – & there were caught in heavy rain. – Our Town's adventures I leave altogether to D. – not being able to relate conversations I should spoil every thing.

Sat 23d. Geneva

Fine weather, walked towards the rivers in the morning; – but we were separated from Wm who made a visit by the way, – & our attempts to get up the river were again baffled. – In the afternoon sauntered about the pleasant open plain near to the fortifications; – view of the Lake & the Mountains very interesting, – & the Town stately; – beautiful woody Lanes. – One elegant Chateau, we entered its quaint Gardens. – After the sun went down, proceeded thence to Mrs Monkhouse's lodgings to tea, – glad of a warm fire. Met Mr Trotter, – The loss of poor Goddart was occasioned by a sudden squall, which upset one of the worthless boats made of three planks, – flat bottomed. – Mr T. being a good swimmer, & on the side nearest the shore, reached land, – when, looking for his Companion he had disappeared; – had been sucked under the boat, & was never seen from the first moment! – Great humanity was shewn by the People in the neighbourhood on this melancholy occasion – the Body was found, & afterwards buried in the Church-yard at Kusnatch; – a Village on the east shore of the Lake of Zurich. – A very affecting Discourse in German, was delivered by an old Priest after the interment – a copy of which Mr T. shewed us; & which Mr R. & W. were much pleased with, for the pathetic simplicity of the expression; – it was intended to be sent to the poor Mother of the Deceased.

Sunday 24th. Sepr. Geneva

Mr Robinson's friend, Mrs Reeves came to us while we sate at breakfast this morning, – she is the daughter of Mr Taylor of Norwich – & a very agreeable woman; – had a pleasant walk with her above Secheron – weather most beautiful, light clear air – Lake bright & clear, view of the Mountains very grand; – but beyond all, the Rhone is the pride of Geneva magnificent as the range of the Mountains is; – for this you have elsewhere. – The principal streets of Geneva have covered walks as at Berne, but they are here very strangely constructed, – long thick poles rise up above the roof of the shed which they support as high as the houses; – & produce an extremely awkward effect. – went into a shabby street, near the suburbs to look at the house in which Rousseau was born – an inscription above the door points it out. – A glorious walk in the Evening guided by Mr Trotter – the Sunset upon the snowy Mountains exquisite – they were literally steeped in rosy light, – we sate upon a bench under the shade of Walnut trees in front of them, till all faded away. – Passed afterwards Voltaires Theatre – a dilapidated building covered with gaudy paintings.

Monday Sepr. 25th. – 7 oClock

A most delightful morning & all packed & ready to depart. – Leaving Geneva we had chearful views of the Lake & Plain; stopped at Ferney, but did not enter Voltaire's house, only looked at the view from a Garden on the breast of a hill close by, – a sweet situation! – At Cex the first French Town detained 3 hours for horses. Thick black mist wrapped up every thing before we got to the top of the Jura; – but the gusty wind drove it along, & we had frequently beautiful gleams of the lake, – the gilded & rainbow-coloured Valley, opening & closing, more interesting than had it been a fine bright day. – Passed one patch of snow close to the top. – Bought soft cheese at a dirty Poste house – Wm joked with Madame – Rain & wind very uncomfortable: – Mr R, in his usual way run on before, – overtook him sitting by the road side, – had been comforting himself with a nap in spite of the misty rain, & his cold seat. – Rain continued to prevent enjoyment all the way to Russe where our trunks were roughly examined – By the surly Servants of his Majesty the King of France – then all turned out & left upon the floor of a nasty carrier's-warehouse, – which we had to collect, & repack by the light of a miserable lamp, – We deliberated about lodging here, but found it impracticable, – such a filthy place. Went forward to Morez by moonlight; – had a good supper & comfortable accommodations. – A noisy brook washed the walls of the house & soon lulled me to sleep. Sorry not to have seen the latter part of the tract of the Jura over which we have travelled; – the road very steep, now rising – then descending.

Morez Sepr. 26th Tuesday

This is an interesting hollow among the heights of the Jura, a wild brook brawling through it; – departed at 6 oClock & have breakfasted at St Laurent, a small Town, cleanly inn & excellent Coffee, Tea, cream & honey – Clean Table cloth & napkins, a good fire – & kind neat women in attendance. – We have come a poste & half from Moretz. –

Champagnole – here we must wait for horses, – Still in the Jura & have had some fine views. Pine-clad bank, – under bare limestone Rocks, – a river below. – little water falls – & leaps – &c. – Some Scottish or Stanemore-like Country – cattle in the green Hollows – But a very cold, & wet ride generally, with bright gleams. Wm on the Box with his umberella – Mr R. closed up with us in the Carriage, – Same sort of Country. – Came to the shell of a lonely house where had been a fire last Friday; – The poor family – a pensive-looking young Man; his Wife, with a Baby in her arms – & five or six Children standing round them, near the ruins; – their all gone! A melancholy sight, neither the Man nor his wife could speak without tears. We gave them money, – & as the sad case spoke for itself – I hope other Travellers who had anything to spare, would do the like. The house stood close to the road. – Approach to Poligny, at the foot of the Jura, which terminates abruptly, very interesting – a fine extensive view into the Plain below – the descent rapid – the steeps beautifully fringed with wood, embracing a flat green area – leading to the town & at the opening into this area from that place stands a Convent & a ruined Abbey-like Chapel. – Vines & flowers, – a perfect little paradise; & we were fortunate in having here bright weather, – hope the Monkhouses may be still more so – for they will arrive about sunset. Leaving Poligny & looking back upon the Town, into the Area, & up to the Jura, the whole view was delightful. – And we could not but think that the French nation might be well contented if their dominion had been bounded by that Chain of Mountains.

Wed Sepr. 27th Mont sans Vedrus

We reached this place about seven oClock last night. Our Friends did not join us, – stopped for want of Horses, we suppose. Set out at ½ past six, & had a very pleasant ride in the early morning; – Cottages looking chearful, with their bright wood-fires, & all busy with their harvest within doors, & without; – dressing beans, &c &c. Crossed the river Daub, at the entrance into the Town of Dole about nine oClock – rather an interesting Valley; numerous workmen making embankments against the river: – a fine bridge had been carried away by a flood. – Breakfasted, & proceeded to Auxonne – crossed the Soane. Genlis, here detained for want of horses, – a little rain, but generally to day the air is clear. –

Reached Dijon at four oClock, – had a debate with the Host who wanted to charge 6 franks for a Chamber, – threatened to leave the house, & he took three. Dined about ½ past five at Table d'hote with a party of French Officers, – an inconvenient time for us as it prevented our being at liberty to walk. – Sauntered upon the City Walls, – saw little, went into a large Church, not the Cathedral, very grand arched porches with Sculpture; but an incongruous hodge-podge above. Obligated to hurry without seeing more of the Town on account of dinner, – & now that that important business is over, it is too late. The Monkhouses arrived just as we sate down. – We have observed upon the roads & in the fields to day, the People very well dressed & cleanly; – a gay sight to see large companies of women – in their party-colours washing by the river side, – but a sad mode for destroying the linen; – rubbing it upon fluted boards. Saw for the first time in my life a woman holding the plough, – a Man driving. Cold-looking Country, – very few, & those stunted, trees; – soil generally poor. No sort of manufacture that we could see, except a marble cutter in one Village. – & Sabot – or wooden-shoe makers, we passed two waggon loads of this commodity – one drawn by four oxen & the other by three horses. Large crops of Maize, – & Vines but only here & there, – & poor crops of Potatoes. – A plant, which we have often seen, & which we take to be millet, very common. Herds of Cattle upon a beautiful green Plain. – &

Goats & Pigs grazing together. Horses ordered, at six in the Morning. So we shall see no more of the Town than our way out of it affords.

Thursday Sept. 28th –

Set out from Dijon at $\frac{1}{4}$ past six oClock. – A finer old Town than we imagined, & were sorry not to have visited the Cathedral &c. A beautiful morning, & silvery lights fell upon the towers as we moved away; – afterwards a dreary ride, until we approached a deep dell, a very romantic spot, that enlivened us. Grey fantastic rocks & woods, – the Village of Val de Suzon in the bottom. – Cutting down copses as we ascended the hill, – & packing & leading wood, – employment that reminded us of Westd. – the bank-sides clothed with Travellers-joy – gadding from bush to tree. – Again long dreary road, through high uninclosed lands, – naked of wood & dwellings. – All the population clustered in Villages. – Large herd of Cattle & another of Goats – & sheep, attended by an old woman, seated on a low bank with uplifted hands, as if in prayer; – She wore a white cap, – a black dog by her side, – an impressive sight on that wide expanse! – not a house in sight, or any living thing, but those two collected bodies of animals, & a single horse grazing at a distance, near a boy who was burning weeds. – Further on, same sort of country, but under tillage; – numerous ploughs at work, – with oxen & horses – gathering-in harvest – In other parts only cutting the Hemp & Flax, – very late: they pile it up very prettily in the field to dry, – women & children so employed – almost the whole of this district arable land. – Breakfasted at St Seine, –

Montbar seated among gardens on a hill – a sweet spot at the termination of this wide unlovely tract. Stopped here to see, or enquire after some friends, – Walked in Buffon's Gardens – interesting shady walks, – a Tower, – & beds of flowers; – houses ornamented with flowers. – Beautiful sunset. – Figures on the horizon; – the sluggish river Armancon now our Companion. – Bridges, – Villages prettily situated, but those we went through ugly within, – yet the People cleanly; – few Gentlemen's houses. Our horse fell in one Village, – a crowd gathered round – quite an event in that dull place. Reached our Quarters for the night at seven oClock, having travelled twelve postes; by a different route than we intended, Mr M. gone the other way, we think. Had a good supper, – Excellent Dessert & strong wine, – Burgundy no doubt. – One fine Sycamore shaded an interesting Cross by the way side, – & another stood between two, – in another part – but we see little to give us an idea that religion has much influence here. – No Oratories, except a shabby small thing stuck up here & there at the dirty corners of the streets, & no attention to ornament; – not a flower to be seen, since we left Montbar. – How often do I think of those prettily decked Cottages with their Gardens & flower pots, which delighted us so much in the Netherlands. – Wm observed a whole Family attending their plough – Father holding – Mother driving, their little Son goading, & daughter with a stick clearing soil from the Share.

Ancy le Franc Friday 29th Sept.

Misty, cold morning, could scarcely see beyond the dull straight road (which by the bye was excellent all the way great pains being taken & preparations making to keep it in repair – but this is not the main high road[]). Arable land on each side & ploughing going on every where. One man sowing seed upon rough ground where the last crop had been merely taken off, & the plough was following him. I do not understand the agriculture of this country at all, – pease & vetches cover the land & how these young crops are to stand the winter I do not know – (& judging from the present coldness, winter will soon be here[]) – Wheat, or something like it very forward also, – Approaching Tonnerre, the Country improved in interest, but the mist would not allow us to see beyond our horses heads. – Gardens & Vineyards, – road crowded with Peasants going to the fair, – very amusing to observe their dresses, – Women gaily dressed, no bonnets, white caps, & hoods & tippetts, – or handkerchiefs cast over their heads. Old men in cocked hats – & pigtails –

but in general the Men dressed just as in England. – Came in sight of the Armancon (which we had left before we reached the Town[]) – perhaps we might have seen it before, but for the mist.

Breakfasted – house filled with Company. – Mr R. hurried out to provide for dinner – Crowded streets, saw no particular market, but Mr R. found himself in a sort of Covent Garden throno – he brought a basket laden, with Cheese hard & soft, – Cakes, – Pears, for all which, he paid 1 fr 3 sous. As we left the Town, crossed the Bridge over the river. – Mist cleared away & we found ourselves in a pleasing Valley; – Alders – Willows, but still no way-side, or scattered Cottages. – Children gathering dung into baskets upon the road. Avenues, & softer road. – Vineyards & various other crops, – pretty groupes of Peasantry with children among them. One figure beautiful, – a bough thrown across a dry ditch by the road-side, under a poplar – upon which was seated a little girl, in a red turban – her dog by her side. Herds of Cattle with their attendants grazing upon the slips of pasturage, scantily scattered among the tillage. Single Cows led where pickings only could be had near the edges of the crops. An old woman with her cow slung by a band over her arm, was spinning on the distaff. Villages more frequent as the productive interest of the Country encreased. Passing the last of these dull Villages, before we reached the town of Joigny, came to the river Yonne; – a stately stream – & which had received the sleepy Armancon.

[At] Joigny, an interesting place, we met Mr M., their Carriage just arrived before us. – Left them to dine, & pursued our road along the banks of the Yonne, – less entertainment in the fields – more vines, – indeed the vineyards were now our greatest amusement, all other crops off the ground; – the river inlays the wide flat vale, & ornaments it, but otherwise it is unattractive; – so much tilth scarifies the face of the Country, – & you find no repose for the eye. – A low range of chalky hills on the west side, & on the opposite, vineyards rise above the plain to about the same unvaried height; – the road through the middle between lines of Elms. – no other trees except Poplars & Willows. – Villeneuve-sur-Yonne – an elegant Inn with large & beautiful Flower Gardens, into which we walked & gathered some seeds from the largest french Marigolds I ever saw; almost like Sun flowers. Passed through gates into a pretty Town, where is a fine Gothic Church, – this, broke in upon the country I have described, – & the same sort, accompanied us without much variety about eight or nine miles further, to Sens, where we rest for the night. Pleasant walks about this town, – Bridge, – Cathedral, very handsome; – bad supper. Deep – fine toned Bell from the Cathedral tower. – As we drew near Sens, the river which had not been visible to us for some time, appeared with a greener margin – One field with new-cut grass was a novelty, – for in the course of the day I had only noticed a single grassy field – & that was a piece of hay-ground, with a solitary Man at work in it. Saw four fine Asses at plough – Gardens with luxuriant vegetables near this town. The french as far as we have seen, a well-looking race of Men – not at all inferior to the English. – The women generally plain & unattractive. Much begging, & blind People numerous. – Mr R. tells us we have not yet seen a genuine French Postilion – though we have had the Jack-boots – & pig-tails thick enough to satisfy any reasonable Man.

Sens, Saturday Sepr. 30th.

Arose at six oClock, & went to see the interior of the Cathedral a simple Gothic Building, & very impressive, – one of the most so we have seen, but the simplicity disturbed by a beautiful tomb of white marble raised in memory of the Dauphin & Dauphiness, the Parents of Louis the 18th. – The west front of the Cathedral, & the Bishop's Palace, occupy one side of an open Square, in which our Hotel stands. A Court house opposite the Church – Soldiers walking about – an elegant looking place, but dull. – Departed at seven oClock, & are now waiting for breakfast at Pont-sur-Yonne, a poste & ½ from Sens, & as dull a tract as ever River travelled through. Mr M. breakfasted at Sens – & they have just reached this place. – Stopped, as are our friends before us, upon the bridge, by an overturned Waggon. – Same everlasting ploughed land, the eye is

wearry of it! Before reaching the next Stage, upon the rising ground to our left, passed two Chateaux with their neighbouring Churches, & a few Cottages gathered round each, – a promise of a more pleasing state of society, than upon enquiry we found existed there. The Owner of one, was a “Luminaire” at Paris, who had purchased the place at the Revolution, & it was now upon sale. – A rather better Town I know not its name, – A few flower pots at the windows, – Women all a work, sitting in groupes at the doors, – not one within I think; some knitting, others sewing, dressing beans &c – Walnuts in baskets, or spread upon trays standing in the sun-shine, to dry. – Women all cleanly & gay, but not a bonnet to shade their brown faces, – very white caps. – Country improved, but paved roads disagreeable, – flocks of Turkeys, one consisting of about seventy, – all black – D. observed they “looked like a funeral”; – or perhaps like a train of Oxford Scholars with their scarlet hoods. The first Stock of this kind I have seen, with a boy & a dog in attendance. – Further on, a tall pillar raised for a memorial that there Louis 16th first met Maria Antoinette. Arrived at Fontainbleau at two o’clock, – ordered dinner & walked to the Palace. – Large Edifice, – built in Squares, – ugly brick chimneys & high roofs. No good taste in the architecture, either in detail, – or as a whole; – but a sumptuous Pile. Within, the Apartments are Princely. – Tapestry beautiful; – room after room, – one more splendid than the former. We have nothing like it! Chapel – Theatre – Gallery, with its incongruous array of Busts. – The Bed of State, in which Bounaparte slept, – The table upon which he signed his Abdication. – his beautiful China Table – Apartments occupied by the poor Old Pope – &c. Spent an hour in looking at these things, – returned to our comfortable Inn, had a good dinner; then went back to the Palace to see the Gardens. Were received, & conducted by an Old Solder with a deep scar upon his cheek; – he told us, with great glee, that the widowed Duchess of Berry had born a Son, – an Heir to the Crown of France! – Were led through the new garden, – remodelled under the superintendance of Josephine somewhat in the style of modern English gardening – much pleased with it; it is stately & pensive, – nothing gaudy. – A Sheet of Water, in which the Palace was happily reflected, – the setting sun upon it, – the walks formal, but well-conducted. Some Statues giving a point to the views. Rich flower-beds – All in the greatest order; as if the mild & dignified Spirit of Josephine still presided over it. Marie Antoinette took much delight in this place, – Our Guide lived here in her day, & told us she used to spend three months in every year at Fontainbleau. He led us to a fountain & related to us, how that Francis the first being a hunting, – a favourite dog named Bleau, discovered this Spring, hence the name, Fontainbleau. A pretty Story, & probably a true one. Seeing the forest rise at the end of a long vista of trees, our guide said, that from that point we should have a fine view. – We were sorry not to have known this sooner, yet the evening continued beautiful, & off we went. Passed through the old-fashioned formal flower garden, with its large sheet of water, swans & spouting fountain; – clipped arcades & rich flower-borders; – but could not stop, – so determined in the morning to re-visit it, for the sake of its original Designers & Proprietors. – Surprized by the View from the hill: – first towards the Palace & the expanse beyond, – & immediately opposite this, what we so little expected to see, a rocky dell in that sandy region – most curious the bank before us scattered thickly with rocks, – by that dim light appearing like a large Village. – Glorious crimson light in the west, – all the rest of the sky a clear, cloudless blue; – the Evening-star very large, & alone. – An impressive silence in the air, so that we heard the sounds from the distant town distinctly. – Since the clearing away of the mist yesterday morning the weather has been delightful. – Mules or Asses are generally used in carts or Sledges upon the roads, much trapping about them, & often the asses, when yoked, or laden, have a pretty little basket slung at their mouth.

Fontainbleau Sunday Octr. 1st.

Six o’clock – Firing of Cannon from the Castle – whether this is a regular morning salutation, or a rejoicing for the birth of the Prince I do not know. Poor Darling, his high birth-right is no enviable state in this wayward Nation! A lovely morning again, but quite as cold as an English

October morning. – Returned from a delightful walk. – though the sun is overcast & the sky lowering. The old garden with its pools & fountains, – rich flower-borders, – broad gravel walks – stately steps & fantastically-cut trees, – is very interesting – then those peaceful Creatures the Swans, give a grace & a spirit to the whole. Immense the range of buildings & courts that we passed through, – towards the Town – looked into a Church, a mean place, but a crowded Congregation, – the streets stretch a long way, but present nothing remarkable, – except the pompous sign-boards, & not being able to understand these, I lose the best of them. – At one Hotel we are told that a Diligence goes in six hours & ½ to the Hotel of the Universe at Paris. An instance, with that inscribed upon a little shabby pot-house “At the beautiful Idea, entertainment for Man & Horse” give a good notion of French vanity. Of a more interesting cast are the little barber’s basins, & symbols of the different trades, – & these are common every where. Saw in the street two walking Corn-stacks – two Asses shrowded under such a burden! – consisting of five sheaves of corn slung on each side, skirting the very ground; – four laid across the back, covering the whole animal – except the head. A most curious appearance the moving corn made. – The Cow-man with his increasing charge, winding his horn through the streets – on his way to the Pasture – He will conduct them back, with the sound of his horn, to be milked again in the Evening. – We are told that a grand fete is to be held at Paris to day in honor of the new-born Prince. – At ½ past 8 o’clock we left Fontainebleau; & in order to see the romantic part of the Forest were taken a Poste out of our way. This was an interesting ride – Drove between pine trees, & came to a rocky region, like what we had seen the night before. Fantastic rocks, almost covering the whole ground in some parts. – Near to a Cottage – & a ruined Chapel, upon which was a kneeling Figure of an Old Saint rudely painted we came to an open space free from stones, comparatively – sandy soil, in which rabbits burrowed (saw none) but found, what I at first thought were sheaves of corn, – a colony of bee hives, standing flat upon the ground, – such a multitude! upwards of 2,000, as the woman, who accompanied us from the cottage, told us, – & that they belonged to many proprietors – not more than 50 being her own. A singular appearance this was. She led us through that sandy wilderness of rocks & trees, to a very large rock under which a rude stone basin received water that perpetually dripped out of the solid block above, – Hither Pilgrims resort, to fetch this consecrated water for the sick! – It was a wild & romantic spot, the rocks scattered high, & low, – shaping circular apartments, or little vallies of different forms – Cells, or caverns – you might indulge your fancies in any sort of retirement you pleased. – Majestic trees & graceful ones in all directions, – the finest Junipers ever seen. When about to leave the Forest, we found ourselves driving in the midst of a large circular wood, bounded by a high wall-like embankment of the grey rocks, – there so closely jammed together as only to leave space for the trees to thrust their stems between. These trees, chiefly birch, hanging their graceful twigs over the rocks, & giving a monumental sort of spirit to the place, – An immense Mausoleum. – Then, for a while we kept parallel with the high road, there the traffic that was going on, connected with the seclusion we were about to leave, was very interesting; & had a picturesque effect, as we glided on the soft smooth track, between the stems of the stately trees. There were waggons laden with Casks, & Baskets of all shapes, – drawn often, indeed mostly, by mules; – decorated, (in addition to those deep fringes which we have before seen, hanging round the body, & which by the bye are an excellent protection from the flies) with handsome blue collar cloths, made of a Sheeps-skin, dyed a very rich blue, – & generally a continuation of blue cloth covers the back. Often out of the front of a covered Waggon, peeped a nice clean-looking female, with a Baby, – or a brood of young ones; – the girls always in caps, & some graceful or quaint Dress. – Girls riding Asses with their pretty white baskets, or panniers, between which they sit, their feet in one of them, – very picturesque, especially when the Ass happened to be a dark colored one. – Except that we were sorry to see nothing external to remind us that it was the sabbath, we should have had a delightful morning; but the salutary Observances which in Switzerland were so grateful, are here wholly neglected, – this made me melancholy. Mr R.

threw a cast-off pair of Trowsers to an old Man who asked Charity, & who the Postilion afterwards told us was a Priest. – He picked them up without notice, until he had begged at Mr M's Carriage, that followed our's, then looked at his prize, – & the expression of his aged Figure, testifying his gratitude & pleasure, as long as we could see him was truly affecting. This could not have been in England! Soon afterwards saw a Man & a Woman yoked side by side, in a harrow at work, – & all the way the Sabbath utterly disregarded. – Women sewing &c &c. And to satisfy us that the neglect was a[n] authorized one, a body of Men were at work upon the road, – with spades & hoes: the Servants of the Government. – Came in sight of the Seine.

Rain forced us to close up the Carriage, & all our entertainment was at an end; – &, in heavy rain we drove into, & through the dirty streets of Paris, – thus were we robbed of the first burst of Effect. – The Monkhouses stopped at Maurice's a fashionable Hotel – We, guided to a less expensive Place fixed upon by Mr R. for his residence; – both near to the Palais Royale – Wm immediately went & brought us Sarah's letters from the Post office containing tidings that called forth mixed feelings of sorrow & thankfulness. – Dined at a Restaurateur in the Palais Royale – were less impressed by what we have seen, than if the weather had been fine, – but at best, Paris must be a nasty place to walk in.

Monday Octr. 2d Paris

Made ourselves as neat as our several wardrobes would allow, – Mr R & myself went to breakfast at a Caffee – where we had Chocolate & Tea, for which we paid three francs, one sou – W & D went to Mons. Baudouin's. – I wished to write, in my own room, so Mr R. left me to pay his visits, we are all to meet at the Louvre at 1 oClock. – I must now write to Sarah, – & believe I shall here close these my imperfect notices, – commenced at D's request; & with a notion, on my part, that they might be useful when she wrote her Journal, – but soon finding that with such a view, mine was a superfluous labour, I should not have had the resolution to go on, except at Wm's desire; – & from the feeling that my Daughter, & perhaps her Brothers might one day find pleasure, should they ever have the good fortune to trace our steps, in recognizing objects their Mother had seen. – At any rate this thought has been a powerful, & a heart-cheering stimulant often, when without it, I should have sought repose.

Paris Octr 2d.

Memoranda – Paris

Monday Octr 2d. Palais Royal – Rue Charlot, went into lodgings there.

Tuesday 3d. Festival to celebrate the birth of the Duke de Bourdeaux – went to the Champs Elysees to see bread & wine &c distributed to the populace. Fire works in the evening &c. Louvre – Churches &c –

Wed 4th. Visited the Repository of Arts – Town Hall – Madame Sachi Eveng.

Thurs 5th. Gardens of the Luxemburg – of the Thuilleries – Churches &c with M: B

Friday 6th. Louvre – all the morning

Satur 7th. Jardin du Plantes

Sunday 8th Went to Versailles – palace – gardens – fountains. – Town, a fair holden

Monday 9th La Pere Chaise, Cemeteries.

Tuesday 10th Manufactory of Medals &c – Theatre Varieties –

Wed: 11th Mont Piete – Louvre – Paul Veronese's bewitching picture is a study for a day.

Thurs 12th Shopping – Printing Beaureau &c – Wm at the Palais of Justice

Friday 13th. Louvre – Courts of Justice &c. Drank tea with Miss Williams

Sat: 14th. Mont Martyr – Abbey – Dome of Invalids &c.

Sunday 15th Home all the morning – Tea at Maurice's with the Monkhouses.

Monday 16th Home – D & Wm &c Shopping – bought Silk, Cambric &c
Tuesday 17th At Notre Dame. Ann^{ty} of the death of Marie Antoinette.
Wed 18th Louvre – The Pictures of Raphael, Titian & Poussin are my delight – cannot like
Rubens's fleshy Ladies – His children very sweet.
Thurs. 19th Catacombs – Vincennes – Glass Manufactory, Mirrors.
Friday 20th Louvre – Evening Miss Williams'.
Sat: 21st Jardin du Plantes.

Sunday 22 Disappointed of gaining admittance to the King's Private Chapel. Called upon Lady
F. Bentick – Lady Davy & Mrs Grey. Wm & D. gone to Miss Williams' – not returned near
12 o'clock – my cold kept me at home.
Mon. 23d Gallery of the Luxemburg – the Judgment of Brutus, pleased me as well as in London
– though it was in so much worse a light – had little pleasure in any other Picture there –
modern, gaudy, teaboard-like! Theatre – 50 Daughters &c.
Tuesday 24th Mr Moore called – at home all day. Madsle. Marsin the Eveng. – delighted with
her.
Wed: 25th Busy at home – Wm dined with Mr Canning
Thurs: 26th Goblins – dined at Mr Grey's
Friday 27 Wm gone to breakfast with Mr Moore – Packing up &c all day
Saturday Oct 28
Left Paris by the Diligence 20 minutes past eight o'clock – & arrived at Boulogne at half past
eight on

Sunday 29th – Dreadfully wet evening – winds contrary, Town filled with travellers waiting to
cross – to England – with difficulty, & by the Help of Sir Jere Humfrey got beds at a hotel.
Monday 30th Went to Miss Barker's – found her better than, from her Uncle's report we had
expected.
Tuesday 31st Walked upon the heights – Pillar of the Legend of honor &c. – dined at Sir Jere
Homfrey's – Miss B. able to go with us.
Wed Novr 1st Waited in the rain for an hour at the Port – no Vessels could go out; nor was there
room for us had the wind become fair –
Thursday 2d Embarked in a small vessel – wind contrary – By the mercy of God escaped from
great danger – the vessel struck upon a sand-bank – then was driven with violence upon a
rocky road in the harbour – Tide was ebbing very fast, &, blessed be God for our
preservation!
Friday 3d. Beautiful weather – Two Packets sailed, but no Places for us Delightful walk, above
the sea looking upon the Town, saw Dover Castle, & the beloved Cliffs of England – The sea
calm.
Sat 4th. Fine day, wind fair; but no Vessels come in. Walked to Bouanaparte's Pillar –
Caligula's Tower – saw a Pacquet approach the haven – Sweet walk.

Sunday 5th. Boulogne A beautiful morning – Calm Sea – fair wind, but no Packets going out!
Monday 6th Wind contrary – Cannot leave Boulogne to day.
Tuesday 7th Left dear Miss Barker very unwell in bed – Embarked, and were safely out of the
harbour of Boulogne at eleven o'clock – reached Dover at six in the Evening – the middle part
of the passage very tedious & sickening – we were becalmed for perhaps two hours – beautiful
sky & lights upon the Sea about sun set. – With thankful hearts we set foot on our dear Native
Land!
Dover Wed 8th. Novr –

At 11 o'clock we took Coach, & thoroughly enjoyed our journey between the green pastures of Kent – besprinkled with groups of trees – & bounded by hedgerows. The scattered Cattle quietly selecting their own food, was a cheering, & a home-feeling sight. – All we saw brought to us thoughts that we love best.

London Thursday 9th. – Having reached Charing Cross at three o'clock in the Morning, went to bed there – At eight, took a Hackney Coach & after some delay & disappointment – found ourselves comfortably housed at No 76 Oxford St – Mr Kenyon's late Lodgings.

Friday 10th. Breakfasted with the Monkhouses in Gloucester Place – Shopping the remainder of the morning – Wm dined with Mr Rogers. D & I at home –

Sat: 11th Haydon at Breakfast – Called for Willy at the Charter House – went with him & his Father into the City – Met D, & dined at Mr Johnson's – Illumination for the Queen – D. forced to say, "Queen for ever", as we walked home.

Sun: 12th Church St Giles'. Called in Gloster Place – dined with Mr Rogers, St James Pl.

Mon 13th Home, receiving visitors all the mornng – At the Lambs' in the Eveng.

Tues 14th Wm & I walked to, & dined at Kensington with the Lloyds – rainy – The Lambs &c came to us in the Evening.

Wed 15th Willy – Mr Sharpe at Tea with us.

Thurs 16th Breakfasted with Mr S. – Wm dined at Ld Hollands – we at the Lambs.

Fri. 17th At Hampstead – Wm breakfasted previously in St James' Place.

Sat 18th Walked round by Highgate, to see Coleridge, from Hampstead – met Mr Kenyon, the Lambs & Mr Robinson at dinner, in Gloster Place –

Sunday 19th. At Church Wm dined with Ld Lowther – Anne Hutchinson spent the day in Oxford St – The Lambs & R. Jameson in the Eveng.

Mon. 20th At Breakfast Talford & Mr Kenyon – Mr Prince & Miss R. Lockyer called – Lady Davy &c

Tuesday – Called in Charles St &c &c – Dined in Gloster Place – W & D with the Lambs – where Mr & Mrs M. Miss H. & myself joined them – went with Talford into the Theatre to see Munden.

Wed 22d. Breakfasted in St James' Place – D. remained at home – Lambs &c came to us in the Evening.

Thurs 23d – Left Oxford St at ¼ before 9 o'clock – Willy, who had lodged with us, accompanied us to the Coach & saw us off from Fetter Lane – he in good heart, anticipating the holidays – Mr Kenyon, & we 3 filled the Coach & had a delightful journey to Cambridge where we arrived at three o'clock. Went directly to Trinity Lodge – Dr W's Servant waiting to attend us thither.

Cambridge Friday 24 Novr.

Senate House – the Address to the King – Mr Kenyon & Mr Tillbrook dined with us at the Lodge – Pleasant day we have spent – Dr W – & the Lodge fitted for each other. – Trinity Chapel

Saturday 25th – Walked to the Castle hill. W. dined with Mr T. in the Hall at St Peter's. Chapel in the Eveng

Sun 26 – Attended two Sermons in St Mary's Church – full congregation & a very striking one – Vice Chancellor's dinner – D. & I dined in Library.

Mon 27 King's Coll Chapel – Wm dined with Townsend – the Vice Ch. out. D & I alone. Mr Tillbrook drank tea with us – Derwent called in the mornng.

Tues: 28th Trinity Library – University Do – Dined all at home without Company

Wed Thursday, & Friday walked in the mornings – one of those days Wm dined with a Party at Tillbrook’s rooms – Visited Fitzwilliam Gallery a second time. Chapel in the Evenings
 Sat Decr 2d – Dorothy set off in the Coach for Playford-hall at 10 oClock – W. & I walked with Mr Kenyon & Mr Townsend to Granchester &c – W. dined with T.

Sunday 3d. St Mary’s Church twice – one good Preacher. Called upon Tillbrook. Derwent – & Dr Green before dinner – Vice Ch’s dinner – I alone in the study. Townsend called to go with me to the Chapel in the Evening – “Comfort ye”

Mon 4th A day of great business in the Coll: – the Two Brothers dining in the Hall – & I have been peeping.

Tues 5th. Wm dined at St John’s with Mr Calvert – Dr W. in Trinity Hall. Derwent drank Tea at the Lodge – Mr Kenyon & Mr Tillbrook called to take leave.

Wed 6th. Left Cambridge, after a delightful sojourn, by the Leicester Coach at six oClock in the morning – Slept at Leicester – & on

Thurs: 7th Reached Coleorton at two oClock, found our Friends Sir George & Lady Beaumont quite well – Gardens &c looking beautiful only the Winter Garden sadly impoverished by removing too many Shrubs – & some our favourite haunts in the Groves likewise injured in the same manner – A letter with good news from home, – And we enjoyed our stay at Coleorton until the 20th – when we departed at 7 oClock in the mornng to meet the Coach – A heavy snow had fallen in the night of the 17th. – Thaw on the 18th – Beautiful day on the 19th – The Snow still lay heavy upon the hills, & in the deep Valleys of Derbysh. – Slept at Manchester, – & on the Evening of the 21st were greeted at the coach door at Kendal by our own Son John – & some of the Cooksons. – On the 22d John walked home with the tidings of our arrival, & next day at eleven oClock, viz on Saturday Decr 23d – we had the happiness to reach our own home – finding our beloved Sister, Daughter – dear Edith Southey – & all our good friends & neighbours rejoiced to see us.

Page	Postes	18 Andernach.....	3
1	From Calais to Gravelines.....	19 *Coblentz.....	2
3	Dunkirk.....	20 Boppart.....	2½
4	Furnes.....	20 St Goar.....	1¾
4	Ghistelles.....	21 *Bingheim.....	2
5	*Bruges.....	21 Mayance.....	3
	Ecloo.....	21 Wisbaden.....	1½
6	*Ghent.....	22 *Frankfort.....	3½
	Quadrache.....	23 *Darmstad.....	stations 1½
7	**Bruxselles.....	24 *Heidelberg.....	3½
8	Genappe.....	27 *Carlsrue.....	4
	Sombriffe.....	28 Radstad.....	4½
9	*Namur.....	29 Bruhl.....	
9	Huy.....	29 *Offenburg.....	
10	*Leige.....	33 *Hornberg.....	3½
11	Battiste.....	37 Villengen.....	3½
12	*Aix la Chapelle.....	38 Donaueschingen.....	½
13	Juliers.....	38 *Blomberg.....	1
14	Bergheim.....	39 *Shauffhausen.....	1½
15	*Colonge.....	42 *Zurich.....)
18	Bonne.....	44 *Lentzberg) 24
18	Romagern.....		

45	Herzengobushee.....)	118	*Cadenabbia.....15
	Leagues	123	*Lugana.....8
47	**Berne)	127	*Bavan on Lake Maggiore
51	*Thoun.....7	128	*Domo D'Ossola.....6
52	**Interlachen.....7	131	*Semplon.....6
55	Latterbrunnen.....7	134	*Turtman.....13
56	*Grindelwald.....8	135	Baths of Leuk.....4
57	*Meyringham.....8	136	**Gemmi – back to Baths of Leuk...8
61	*Sarnem.....6	141/146	*Martigny.....13
63	Stantz to Engelburg by	142	**Chamouny.....9
66	Stantz-stad.....7	141/146	*Trient.....7
67	***Lucerne.....6	149	*Villeneuve.....10½
71	*Rigaberg by Kusunach.....7	151	Vevey.....2
74	*Seewen.....5	152	*Lausanne
76	*Brunnen.....1½	153	****Geneva.....10
80	Fluellen-on-the-Lake.....3	156	*Moritz.....4¾
81	*Altorf.....½	156	Mont sans Vedrus
83	*Amstag.....3	157	*Dijon 17½
87	*Unseren.....6	158	*Ancy-le-Franc 11½
90	*Airolo.....5	159	*Sens 11½
94	Fiedo.....4	160	Fontainbleau 9
95	*Bellinzona.....8	164	Paris 7¼
96	*Locarna.....4		Boulogne 28
99	Luvina by water.....4		Dover
101	Ponte Tresa.....3		London
102	*Lugana, by water.....3		Cambridge
104	Porlezza Do.....3		Leicester
105	Menaggio.....2½		Coleorton
106	*Cadenabbia		Manchester
110	*Como		Kendal
113	***Milan.....8½		Rydal Mount – Decr 23d. 1820

Appendix

Places mentioned by Mary Wordsworth are listed below, followed by their latitude and longitude (if applicable), and then the modern and/or actual spellings of each name. Where Mary Wordsworth's spelling does not differ from the modern spelling, the place is not listed.

Aare, R. (50.23 N. 8.00 E.), Aar, R. (Sw)
Aarberg (47.19 N. 7.54 E.), Aarburg (Sw)
Airolo (46.32 N. 8.37 E.), Airolo (Sw)
Aix la Chapelle (50.47 N. 6.05 E.), Aix-la-Chapelle, Aachen (Ger)
Aldenberg (50.53 N. 6.16 E.), Aldenhoven ? (Ger)
Alost (50.56 N.4.02 E.), Alost, Aalst (Belg)

Alpnach (46.57 N. 8.17 E.), Alpnachstad (Sw)
Alt-Els, Altel (46.27 N. 7.41 E.), Altels (Sw)
Altorf (46.53 N. 8.39 E.), Altdorf (Sw)
Amstag (46.46 N. 8.41 E.), Amsteg (Sw)
Ancy le Franc (47.46 N. 4.10 E.), Ancy-le-Franc (Fr)
Andermach (46.38 N. 8.36 E.), Andermatt (Sw)
Argentere Glacier (45.59 N. 6.56 E.), Argentièrre Glacier (Fr)

Aronbrightstein (50.21 N. 7.37 E.), Ehrenbreitstein (Ger)
 Art (47.04 N. 8.31 E.), Arth (Sw)

Baden (48.46 N. 8.14 E.), Baden-Baden (Ger)
 Bashernach (50.04 N. 7.46 E.), Bacharach (Ger)
 Bagne, Valley of (46.03 N. 7.18 E.), Bagnes, Vallée de (Sw)
 Balm, Col d' (46.02 N. 6.58 E.), Balme, Col de (Sw)
 Battiste (50.39 N. 5.49 E.), Battice (Belg)
 Bavana (45.55 N. 8.30 E.), Baveno (It)
 Bedretta Vale (46.31 N. 8.31 E.), Bedretto (Sw)
 Be(l)laggio (45.59 N. 9.15 E.), Bellagio (It)
 Bergami (45.41 N. 9.43 E.), Bergamo (It)
 Bergham (50.55 N. 6.38 E.), Bergheim (Ger)
 Berne/Canton of Berne (46.57 N. 7.26 E.), Bern, Berne (Sw)
 Blomberg (47.50 N. 8.31 E.), Blumberg (Ger)
 Blumelis Alp/Bloomlis Alp (46.30 N. 7.47 E.), Blumlisalp (Sw)
 Bonne (50.44 N. 7.05 E.), Bonn (Ger)
 Boppard (50.14 N. 7.35 E.), Boppard (Ger)
 Brientz (46.46 N. 8.03 E.), Brienz (Sw)
 Brientz, Lake of (46.43 N. 7.57 E.), Brienzensee (Sw)
 Brigg (46.19 N. 8.00 E.), Brig (Sw)

Cadanabbia/Cadenabia (45.59 N. 9.13 E.), Cadenabbia (It)
 Caldwasser Gletchen (46.34 N. 8.22 E.), Gletscherhorn (Sw)
 Canera (46.01 N. 8.41 E.), Cannero-Riviera (It)
 Canobia (46.04 N. 8.42 E.), Cannobio (It)
 Carlsru(h)e (49.03 N. 8.24 E.), Karlsruhe (Ger)
 Chamouny (45.55 N. 6.52 E.) Chamonix-Mont-Blanc (Fr)
 Chiavenna (46.19 N. 9.24 E.), Chiavenna (It)
 Coblenz (50.21 N. 7.35 E.), Koblenz, Koblenz (Ger)
 Colonge (50.56 N. 6.59 E.), Cologne, Köln (Ger)

Darmstad (49.53 N. 8.40 E.), Darmstadt (Ger)
 Daub, R., Doubs, R. (Fr)
 Domo d'Ossola/d'Ossolo (46.07 N. 8.17 E.), Domodossola (It)
 Dusseldorf (51.12 N. 6.47 E.), Düsseldorf (Ger)

Ecloo (51.12 N. 3.26 E.), Eeklo (Belg)
 Eglisaw (47.34 N. 8.32 E.), Eglisau (Sw)
 Einseidlin (47.08 N. 8.45 E.), Einsiedeln (Sw)
 Entfelden (47.22 N. 8.03 E.), Entfelden (Sw)
 Engleberg/Engleburg (46.49 N. 8.25 E.), Engelberg (Sw)

Fiedo (46.29 N. 8.48 E.), Faido (Sw)
 Finster-Aarhorn (46.32 N. 8.08 E.), Finsteraarhorn (Sw)
 Fiume di/de Latte (46.02 N. 9.16 E.), Fiumelatte (It)
 Fleteshorn (46.11 N. 8.00 E.), Fletschhorn (Sw)
 Fluellen (46.54 N. 8.38 E.), Fluelen (Sw)
 Fontainbleau (48.24 N. 2.42 E.), Fontainebleau (Fr)
 Frankfort (50.07 N. 8.40 E.), Frankfurt am Main (Ger)
 Furnes (51.04 N. 2.40 E.), Furnes, Veurne (Belg)

Gaschenen (46.40 N. 8.35 E.), Goschenen (Sw)
 Gastern-tal (nr Gemmi Pass), Gastern-thal (Sw)
 G[h]isteltes (51.10 N. 2.57 E.), Gistel (Belg)
 Giswyl, Valley of (46.50 N. 8.11 E.), Giswil (Sw)
 Glaris, Mount (47.02 N. 9.04 E.), Glarus, Glaris (Sw)
 Gletchen, Caldwasser (46.34 N. 8.22 E.), Gletscherhorn (Sw)
 Gravesl(i)ines (50.59 N. 2.07 E.), Gravelines (Fr)
 Gravidon(i)a (reach) (46.09 N. 9.18 E.), Gravedona (It)
 Grindlewald (46.37 N. 8.02 E.), Grindelwald (Sw)
 Grinsel, the (46.34 N. 8.21 E.), Grimselpass (Sw)
 Grisons, the (46.45 N. 9.30 E.), Grisons, Graubunden (Canton) (Sw)

Handec (46.37 N. 8.18 E.), Handeck, Handegg (Sw)
 Happeshein (49.39 N. 8.38 E.), Heppenheim (Ger)
 Hasli, Vale of (46.42 N. 8.10 E.), Haslital (Sw)
 Heidelberg (49.25 N. 8.43 E.), Heidelberg (Ger)
 Herzogenbushee (47.12 N. 7.41 E.), Herzogenbuchsee (Ger)
 Hospital (46.37 N. 8.34 E.), Hospental (Sw)

Ingelbol (47.01 N. 8.38 E.), Ingenbohl (Sw)
 Interlacken (46.41 N. 7.51 E.), Interlaken (Sw)

Juliers (50.55 N. 6.21 E.), Jülich (Ger)
 Junk Frau/Jung Frau (46.32 N. 7.58 E.), Jungfrau (Sw)

Kandor (46.43 N. 7.38 E.), Kander, R. (Sw)
 Kandor-steg (46.30 N. 7.40 E.), Kandersteg (Sw)
 Kandor Valley, Kander Valley (Sw)
 Karnes (46.54 N. 8.17 E.), Kerns (Sw)
 Kirkberg (47.05 N. 7.35 E.), Kirchberg (Sw)

Kusnach (47.05 N. 8.27 E.), Kussnacht am Rigi (Sw)

Lawritz/Lauritz Lake/Zee (47.02 N. 8.36 E.), Lauerzer See (Sw)

Lauterbrunnen (46.36 N. 7.55 E.), Lauterbrunnen (Sw)

Leige (50.38 N. 5.34 E.), Liège (Belg)

Lentzburg/Lentzberg (47.23 N. 8.11 E.), Lenzburg (Sw)

Leuk, Baths of (46.23 N. 7.38 E.), Leukerbad (Sw)

Levantine Valley (46.25 N. 8.52 E.), Leventina Valley (Sw)

Limmet, R., Limmat or Linth, R. (Sw)

Limonte (45.57 N. 9.16 E.), Limonta (It)

Locarna (46.10 N. 8.48 E.), Locarno (Sw)

Lugana (46.01 N. 8.58 E.), Lugano (It)

Lugana/Lugano, Lake (46.00 N. 9.00 E.), Lugano, Lake (It)

Luvina (46.00 N. 8.44 E.), Luino (It)

Maggiora, Lake (46.00 N. 8.40 E.), Maggiore, Lake (It)

Maine, R. (50.00 N. 8.18 E.), Main, R. (Ger)

Managgio/Managgia (46.01 N. 9.14 E.), Menaggio (It)

Mayance (50.01 N. 8.16 E.), Mayence, Mainz (Ger)

Meyringham (46.43 N. 8.12 E.), Meiringen (Sw)

Montanvert (45.55 E. 6.55 E.), Montenvers, le (Fr)

Montbar (47.37 N.4.20 E.), Montbard (Fr)

Monte Blanc (45.50 N. 6.52 E.), Mont Blanc (Fr-Sw)

Mont Pilates or Pilot (46.59 N. 8.15 E.), Mt Pilatus (Sw)

Montrieux (46.26 N. 6.55 E.), Montreux (Sw)

Mont sans Vedrus (46.58 N. 5.36 E.), Mont-sur-Vaudrey (Fr)

Moorshot (46.58 N. 8.38 E.), Morschach (Sw)

Moretz (46.31 N. 6.02 E.), Morez (Fr)

Offenberg/Offtenburg (48.28 N. 7.57 E.), Offenburg (Ger)

Oleco (45.57 N. 9.20 E.), Olcio (It)

Pessevasche (46.08 N. 7.02 E.), Pissevache, R. (Sw)

Piana, Lake (46.03 N. 9.10 E.), Piano, Lago del (It)

Piato (46.31 N. 8.40 E.), Piotta (Sw)

Ponte Trista (45.58 N. 8.52 E), Ponte Tresa (It)

Porletzza (46.03 N. 9.07 E.), Porlezza (It)

Quadrache (50.98 N, 3.83 E), Kwatrecht (Belg)

Radstad (48.51 N. 8.12 E.), Rastatt (Ger)

Ratzburg (53.42 N. 10.46 E.), Ratzeburg (Ger)

Remengen (50.34 N. 7.13 E.), Remagen (Ger)

Ringenberg (46.43 N. 7.53 E.), Ringgenberg (Sw)

Rouer-beck (47.8 N, 7.49 E.) Rohrbach, R. (Sw)

Russe (46.29 N. 6.04 E.), les Rousses (Fr)

Sachlem (46.52 N. 8.15 E.), Sachseln (Sw)

Saint Gothard (46.34 N. 8.31 E.), St Gotthard Pass (Sw)

St Seine (47.26 N. 4.47 E.), Saint-Seine-l'Abbaye (Fr)

Salisberg (46.58 N. 8.36 E.), Seelisberg (Sw)

San Salvador (45.58 N. 8.57 E.), San Salvatore, mt. (Sw)

Sarnen See (46.52 N. 8.13 E.), Sarner See (Sw)

Sazon, Val de (47.25 N. 4.54 E.), Val-Suzon (Fr)

S(c)ha(u)ffhausen (47.42 N. 8.38 E.), Schaffhausen (Sw)

Schwitz (47.02 N. 8.40 E.), Schwyz (Sw)

Sempion (46. 15 N. 8.02 E.), Simplon (Sw)

Shidek (46.39 N. 8.07 E.), Scheidegg (Gr) (Sw)

Sissiga (46.57. N. 8.42 E.), Sisikon (Sw)

Sitters (46.14 N. 7.21 E.), Sitten (Sw)

Soigny, Forest of (nr Waterloo) Soignies, Forest of (Belg)

Sombre, R. (50.28 N. 4.52 E.), Sambre, R. (Fr)

Sombrieffe (50.52 N. 4.6 E.), Sombrefe (Belg)

Stantz (46.57 N. 8.22 E.), Stans (Sw)

Stantz-stad (46.59 N. 8.20 E.), Stansstad (Sw)

Staubach (46.35 N. 7.55 E.), Staubbachfall (Sw)

Tessina, Canton of (46.20 N. 8.45 E.), Ticino, Canton of (Sw)

Tessino/Tessina, R. (45.09 N. 9.14 E.), Ticino, R. (Sw, It)

Th(o)un, Lake (46.40 N. 7.45 E.), Thunersee (Sw)

Tittleberg (46.47 N. 8.25 E.), Titlis, mt. (Sw)

Triant (46.3 N. 7.0 E), Trient (Sw)

Turtman (46.18 N. 7.41 E.), Turtmann (Sw)

Tus(s)a, R., (45.56 N. 8.29 E.), Toce, R. (It)

Underwalden, Unterwalden, Canton of (Sw)

Urseren, Vale of (nr Hospenthal) Urseren Thal (Sw)

Varesse (45.48 N. 8.48 E.), Varese (It)

Verzasca, Val (46.09 N. 8.52 E.), Verzasca, val, (Sw)

Vevay (46.28 N. 6.51 E.), Vevey (Sw)

Villingen (48.04 N. 8.28 E.), Villingen-
Schwenningen (Ger)
Vinkel (47.01 N. 8.18 E.), Winkel (Sw)

Weinham (49.33 N. 8.39 E.), Weinheim (Ger)
Wisbaden (50.05 N. 8.14 E.), Wiesbaden (Ger)

Zurich, Lake (47.13 N. 8.45 E.), Zürichsee (Sw)