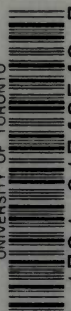


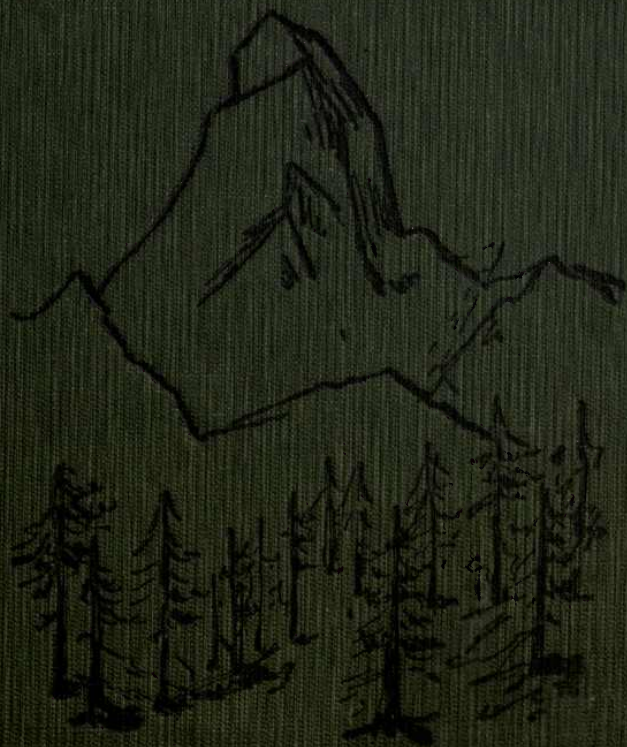
Mountaineering Records.

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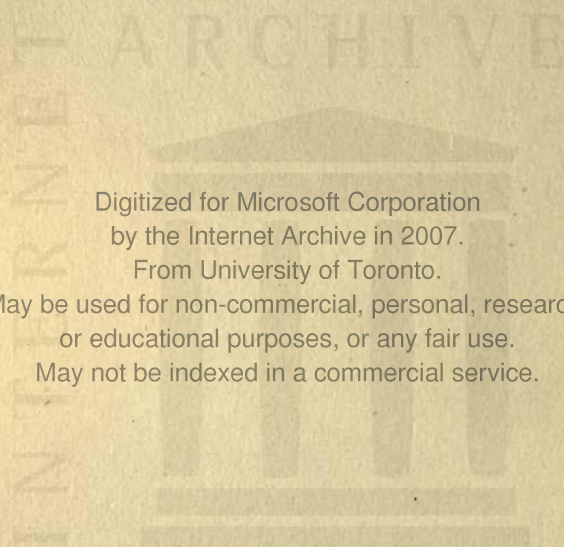
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MOUNTAINEERING RECORDS.

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PREFACE.

When I first planned publishing some record of my sister's principal mountaineering tours, I thought I should have merely to select and copy from closely-kept journals. I was very much disappointed to find that she had not begun to keep a journal during the ten years when she accomplished most. The record in small pocket-books is so closely written (often with bad ink) as to be very difficult to read, and also so abridged that it hardly could be of general interest. The Matterhorn, the Dent Blanche, the Eiger, the Grand Paradis, etc., all belong to this period. Monte Cristallo was accomplished in 1888, but the journal of that year has been lost or mislaid. I have, however, the account of that ascent and some others in letters to a cousin, who has allowed me to take extracts; and I thought it best to begin with these extracts, and some short accounts which my sister wrote herself for a friend. After this come some short extracts from a tour in 1883, when my sister began keeping a journal, but apparently she did not keep one every year. The tour of 1890 appeared to me very interesting, and I have copied the greater part of it. At the end is a list of the peaks and passes she had gone up and over, which my sister made herself.

M. L. H. *unity 1870*
onlague
eyland

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EXTRACTS FROM LETTERS.

EXTRACTS FROM LETTERS.

MOUNTAINEERING RECORDS.

1873.

ASCENT OF THE TITLIS.

[*Letter to M. T. M.*]

ENGELBERG,

August 7th, 1873.

That afternoon I went up to the Trübsee hut to sleep to be ready for Titlis next day, it is eight hours to the top from here, so I thought it better to divide it, and up to the Trübsee it is very steep and stony. It had been such lovely weather hitherto I never thought of rain, but all night long there was an awful thunderstorm with deluges of rain, and next morning a thick fog, so I came down again, thoroughly depressed. After that, Titlis was enveloped in clouds for two or three days, but about Tuesday it began to clear, and I fixed to try again, Hilda* having announced she should like "to go along" we set off together with a guide apiece, and got very successfully to the Trübsee by daylight. It was pitch dark when I got there the time before, and I left it in

*An American lady met at Engelberg. M.L.H.

fog, so I had no idea what it was like—a lovely little grassy basin, the snow close down all round. The first time I had it all to myself, but this time it was very different, Hilda and I had to sleep together in one bed, and a little boy and girl from Basle together in the other, it was very funny. We were roused before twelve, and had to start at half-past with lanterns, and for three hours had to go on stumbling and tumbling in pitch darkness: I could not see at all, Hilda managed much better. I was thankful when it began to dawn, I thought it never would. We had a halt at dawn under a large rock, and some food, and then started again, now we had light, and a splendid sunrise. When we got to the glacier we were roped together, the glacier was most easy to cross, but afterwards we had a steep slope of very slippery snow with no footing at all. We struggled up breathless, and it was fortunately not very long, and afterwards it was not so steep, and there was more footing. It was bliss when we saw the cairn at the top, and we finally got there soon after seven, six hours and a quarter from the Trübsee. I am sure I should have been nearly an hour less about it but for the darkness. Five and a half hours is the time given in Baedeker, so it was only three quarters of an hour more after all. It was a splendid panorama view, but nothing, in my mind, to the one from the Schilthorn. It was awfully cold, but we found a sheltered nook, where we had some food with the little boy and girl from Basle, who, I regret to say, had got up half an hour before us. There is a book in the cairn where we wrote our names, but I could not find any trace in it of F. or O. or E. and P. Coming down over the snow was great

fun, I pulled Hilda down several times, and kept up myself very well, I was glad, as I had tumbled going up more than she did. We got down in five hours, the last hour into Engelberg down what they call the Pfaffenwand is awfully steep, and it was very hot, and poor Hilda quite gave in and fainted. I was on in front, and did not know till she came up to me again, leaning on her guide's arm. I was quite fresh, only boiled and rather footsore. I always get so footsore just the last hour or two down, which are always over rough stones. Hilda retired to bed at once (one o'clock), and did not appear till the same hour next day. I need not say I went about as usual, and was very thankful for Speis. I let H. read this and she thinks I shall have given you the idea that I pulled Hilda down on purpose, because she went up better than I did. It was her own fault letting the rope get tight between us, the guide in front would have pulled me down if I had let him get it tight, but of course I did not.

E. H.

[*Account drawn up for a friend.*]

In 1875 I made the acquaintance of Aloys Pöllinger, and am proud to think I was the means of introducing that now famous guide to general notice. Previously he had only been a local guide on the Matterhorn, which he had been up twenty-three times before his ascent with me in 1875. We had first an abortive attempt to the hut, the old one on the Swiss side, and after a night there we had to come down from bad weather. A day or two afterwards we tried again, and were amply rewarded. Pöllinger was so satisfied with me on the first attempt that for the second he took his old father, (who was dying to go up), as second guide, so that he had two incapable ones to look after. I believe I was the sixth lady to make the ascent, now of course it is a high road. On this occasion the summit was literally a knife edge. We were a party of eleven. I and my guides were first, and Pöllinger had to go very cautiously along, cutting steps for the rest to stand on the summit. In 1881, six years later, I went up again on the Italian side, descending on the Swiss side, and this time a carriage and pair might have been driven along the top. I felt quite an impostor when I thought of the graphic descriptions I had given all these six years.

Aloys Pöllinger was my guide in 1876, 1877, and 1879. In 1876, we accomplished the Dent Blanche.

Jean Petrus, afterwards killed with Mr. Balfour on the Aiguille de Peteret, was my second guide. The weather was perfect, which accounts for my having succeeded where so many, much more competent, have failed. I believe Miss Brevort, Mrs. Jackson, and myself are still the only females who have accomplished the Dent Blanche, the latter has done it twice. The first night was spent on the Stockje hut (much too low). A mountaineer and guides came in for a few minutes very dejected, on their way down from an unsuccessful attempt on the Dent Blanche. When they were gone, Pöllinger remarked that the chief guide was Christian Almer. I then wept, and said it was ridiculous for us to attempt it when Christian Almer had failed. Pöllinger was very angry, and said, "Es giebt noch andere Führer in der Schweiz als der Almer." Mrs. Jackson has told me that Pöllinger was very fond of telling this story. He was quite right, and the next day was a most complete success. The view was something too splendid; it seemed to embrace the whole of Switzerland.

In 1880, I went to Austria, and had local guides. In 1881, I began with Peter Anderegg, and he continued with me till his unfortunate accident in 1894. My last glacier ascent was the Becker in 1895. I was so nearly frost-bitten on that occasion, going very slowly in bad weather, that I have avoided glaciers ever since. I consider I have had two adventures, I may say narrow escapes. On one occasion I was sitting on the summit of the Mont Pourri with Peter Anderegg, and Henri Serafin as second guide, when suddenly an enormous block of rock slowly detached itself close to us, and fell

like thunder into the valley beneath. It might just as well have been the piece on which we were sitting, and I need not say we did not linger. I never saw anything so curious and fascinating as the way it slowly detached itself, following the inequalities of the ground. With the same guides, we were rather rashly glissading down the Swiss side of the Col de Miage, when we were caught in a small avalanche, and went rolling over and over, and finally lodged on the edge of a crevasse, down which the greater part of my luggage, and both the guides' ice-axes disappeared, and were never recovered. I stuck to my alpenstock and felt rather pleased. It was with these same guides that I went up the Reuithor in (I think) 1881, and I consider the view from that mountain quite the finest I ever saw. The whole range of Mont Blanc in front, the Grand Paradis and Grivola (Graian Alps) range quite close, and the Matterhorn range, every peak to be clearly seen. No doubt Monte Viso, but I do not remember. What struck me most was how clearly it made one understand,

“Mont Blanc is the monarch of mountains,” it towered so immeasurably over everything else. No one who has only seen it from Chamounix can have an idea of its splendour.

E. H.

1876.

JUNGFRAU.

[*From letter to M. T. M.*]

EGGISCHHORN,

July 31st, 1876.

I am in excellent spirits, as you may suppose—the Jungfrau and Finster Aarhorn being things of the past. . . I was to have gone on to Zermatt from Zinal last Tuesday by a very nice adventurous route, but the whole of Monday night and Tuesday it poured—the only bad weather there has been—and guides and all agreed it would be impossible to attempt it. I thought it better, therefore, to come here at once. I got here early on Thursday morning, and in the afternoon went to the Faulberg hut—about five hours' walk from here on the Aletsch glacier. Very early next morning we started for the Jungfrau, and were on the top soon after nine. It is quite easy; but when you get to a point called the Rothsattel you see the arête rising like a very thin white bow in the air, curving outwards. It is quite broad when you are on it, but endless; and I was made longer by a very high wind which almost took me off my feet. The precipices looked to me worse than the Matterhorn. . . It was a moment of bliss when

I sat with my legs dangling over, Interlachen (or rather Lauterbrunnen), just at my feet. There was mist in the valleys, but it rolled away and we saw Lauterbrunnen and Interlachen just below us, and where Mürren is, but I could not make out the houses there. Eiger and Mönch looked like two little sentinels on the other side, as we went up. The snow was rather soft the last part coming down, and very tiresome getting back to the Faulberg hut. It would have been as easy again a month later. When I went over the Mönchsjoeh three years ago there was no snow at all on the glacier—it was like a high road. However, we were back at the Faulberg hut by three. It was very hot and a glaring sun, so I thought my best plan after tea was to rest till the sun went down; so I did till about six, then went out and, to my horror, heard a click of alpenstocks, and there was a file of about a dozen winding over the glacier to share this very small hut. There were only six, however—three very nice men and their guides. We combined our portable soups and made a very good strengthening brew. They were also bound for the Finster Aarhorn. Of course, it was rather hard work and against my principles to have two such days together, but as both are done from the same hut, and it was such splendid weather, it seemed a sin not to attempt it. Next morning I got off first, very early. There is quite a col to be crossed before you get to the Finster Aarhorn, and, of course, these brisk young men overtook me before I got to the top of this col, which seemed endless. However, the top was flat and hard, and then there was a good piece to go down, then a more gentle ascent; and I came up to them again at the place where they were

having a meal. After that there was a snow-slope—not very bad—and then some rocks, and then the top looked close to. They said it would be four hours, and I could not believe it. However, very soon I did, for we came to the most awful snow-slope I ever encountered except on Monte Rosa, which was worse, as it was soft, and this was providentially hard, with steps. We kept seeing the others scrambling along the final Grat over our heads, and my one hope was that we should get to the Grat before they got down from it—and we just did. They called out to me that there was fog and it was fearfully cold, and that I had better turn back—as if it was likely, when I had just got through the toil and had come to the interesting part, and we were only about half-an-hour from the top. They were most easy rocks, and never seemed precipitous, and they were interspersed with short easy bits of snow. I never was in the least cold—never even put on my jacket till we were quite at the top; and one of them told me next morning at breakfast his feet were frozen in his boots. You cannot stand at the very top—it is such an overhanging bit of ice. I wanted very much, being so light and held by the rope; but Pöllinger just reached out and chipped a bit off the end with his axe, and it broke away so very easily I ceased to want. Such a view I never saw—nothing but snow, glacier, and desolation; one could not recognise anything except the Jungfrau and the Schreckhorn, everything looked so different. I am very thankful I did not miss it, and there was very little mist, which kept nothing away, and it was quite clear and a bright sun overhead. I put an envelope of H.'s in the bottle, with the date. I must say for myself that I was both up and

c/

down the rocks in about a quarter of the time those young men were; but, of course, three people roped together would get on much quicker than six. That awful snow-slope which had taken more than two hours to get up we were down in about five minutes. I made a sledge of my petticoat and they dragged me down; I hardly walked a step till we were down at the glacier about one o'clock. Little did I think what was then before me. We had decided to go back to the Eggischhorn another way by the Oberau glacier, which the second guide, a local man, said was shorter; and it turned out to be a sort of Col du Géant—I thought we should never get out of the Serais. It was very interesting, and I quite forgot all about the Finster Aarhorn before the end of the afternoon. At half-past seven we got to a most delightful Alp, where I had some exquisite milk, and then they said we were two hours from the hotel. However, with the darkness and a very rough path at night, it was past eleven before we arrived. I really was not at all tired in myself. I was a good deal delayed by one of my eyes watering very much, and I had incessantly to stop to wipe it—the light from the lantern just caught it. This was Saturday night, and I was down at eight o'clock next morning for the early Communion, this being the first Sunday since I left when there had been any service. My eyes were very bad all day. I just managed to scribble that card to H., and sat in my room till dinner-time bathing them with milk, and last night, at the recommendation of my guide, went to bed with a piece of raw meat on each, like a prize-fighter, and it has certainly done them good, as you see I have written all this. This is the nicest

hotel in all Switzerland, I think. I am quite sorry to go. I have given myself an extra day for my eyes and my complexion, greatly to Pöllinger's dismay; but I was firm. It is very provoking for me, as I am quite fresh, and Gullick's boots are so exquisite I have never been in the least footsore. The sun on the snow is truly awful this year. I never got damaged at all last year. I am going to walk down to Viesch in the cool of the evening. To-morrow morning early I shall drive to Visp, and in the evening ride to St. Nicholas; and hope to be able next day to get to the hut on the Weisshorn, but unless my eyes are well I shall not attempt it. I think they will be—they are so much better to-day; but the skin of my face is tingling, which I suppose means it will peel again. I cannot wear both mask and spectacles at once. I soak my face in cold cream, which everyone recommends. I always now take cold tea to drink, and find it so much better than any sort of wine. The flowers have been splendid—large yellow anemones, pansies like garden ones, primula farinosa in heaps, Lyetonia Alpina, which I never found before; also Draba Arzoides and Liottard Gagia, new to me. The latter is a lovely little yellow flower. There was heaps at Arolla—a most exquisite place.

E. H.

1881.

DOM.

[*From letter to M. T. M.*]

HOTEL MONTE ROSA, ZERMATT,

August 6th, 1881.

There has only been one bad day since I left home the 4th July, and that day I was walking down a long valley, and was quite thankful to have rain instead of sun. I have been successful this tour beyond my wildest dreams, till yesterday, when a thing happened to me which has never happened before. I had started on Thursday for the Dom, one of the Mischabel Hörner near here. I knew it to be long and tiresome, but of no particular difficulty, but being the highest mountain in Switzerland I wanted to have done it. I got to the sleeping-place on the rocks all right on Thursday, and yesterday started for the top, and somehow could not get on. The weather was splendid, the glacier in very nice order, but the rocks too dreadful, either all that crumbly stuff, Geröll, or very sharp points cut into layers. I never saw such odd rocks. I toiled and toiled, and never seemed to get on, and I thought of giving in, a thing I never did before. At last the thought of giving in began to be pleasant to me, and I asked them frankly,

going on as I was going then, how long did they think I should be? One said three hours, and the other did not think three hours would do it. I then quite decided to give in, I felt I could not bear three hours more, and I did not even care to go on, I never felt like that before. I should have been wild on either the grand Paradis or the Matterhorn at the thought of turning back, and generally I go plodding on without thinking of time. So we did turn back and I don't much care, even to-day. Anderegg, my own guide, is perfectly miserable, he never ceases saying "Ach, es ist grosse Schade; Es thut mir sehr Leid!" It is a fearful tie having a perpetual guide, and I shall never have one again. It was so delightful last year in the Tyrol being rid of them between times and not having them always loafing about, a tie on one's conscience when one wants to be quiet. It was very well we did turn back yesterday, for, as it was, we only got to our sleeping place by seven o'clock, these horrid rocks took almost as long to come down as to go up, and the glacier was still more crevassed, one had to be going round to get out of the way. This morning we had to come down to Randa, we started at 4.30 and were there before nine, I had some food, drove back here, and was dropped at the baths. . . I propose on Tuesday going over the Mischabel Joch to Saas, and from there to the Eggischhorn. . . The hotel is so full to-day, being Saturday the people come here for church. There is a concert in another hotel this evening at eight. I shall feel obliged to go as the proceeds are to be given to the poor at Zermatt, though I would much rather have gone to bed. I have done the Mont Pourri this

year, which I believe no female has done, and also crossed the Grand Paradis from Cogne to Val Savaranche, which also I don't believe any female has done. . . . On the other hand all the female mountaineers have done the Dom, and I never heard it thought much of, I cannot think what possessed me, but it cannot be helped. Teddy would be much tried if he were here, hundreds of novels, but not one complete.

E.H.

1882.

HIGH-LEVEL ROUTE FROM ZERMATT
TO CHAMOUNIX.

[*From Letter to M. T. M.*]

PENSION COUTTET,

CHAMOUNIX,

July 31st, 1882.

I have at last accomplished one object I have long had in view—getting from Zermatt to Chamounix by the high-level route. I started last Monday, the 24th, from Zermatt, for the Stockje hut, on the Zmutt glacier, a walk which always takes me six hours, though other people seem to do it in four, I cannot think how they manage it. On our way we met three men returning from an ineffectual attempt on the Dent Blanche, a thing which always gives me a fiendish satisfaction. I shall be sorry if the Dent Blanche gets common. A man came up after me to the hut, also to do it, and started before me next morning. I have not been able to find out whether he accomplished it or not, I almost think there was too much wind. We had only three hours up to the top of the Col de Val Pellina, and managed it very comfortably, and got down to Prarayen, a group of chalets at the head of the Val Pellina by 1.30.

It was a cold, dull afternoon, or I should have enjoyed myself very much basking about, but as it was, it was rather miserable, and I retired to rest in a barn, on hay, feeling rather doubtful whether we should not have to go down the valley next day. However, it was tolerably clear, we were rather late in getting off, and at the very last minute, when we were just starting, Anderegg (who, though a worthy man and a very good guide, is sometimes extremely wearing) said, "Es wäre vielleicht besser etwas Fleisch und Wein mit zu nehmen." Just fancy, when they had had the whole of the afternoon before to prepare, and they always take hours to put up provisions. I said, of course, we could not possibly wait any longer, it was their own fault, and we started without; they had some scraps, and I had some. We were going over the Col de la Reuse d'Arolla, they had neither of them ever been over it before, and I was in terror lest we should find ourselves in the wrong valley again; however, after an endless but not unpleasant trudge down the Otemna glacier, we found ourselves at Chaurion, a group of chalets in the Val de Bagnes. There I had expected to stay, but they looked so very uninviting I could not, besides, we all required food, and I felt I could not do another glacier pass without a thorough day's rest, so we had to trudge more than three hours further to Mauvoisin, a very nice little inn, where I passed the next day very comfortably, staying in bed very late, and I had some very decent food. It was thick fog all day, and it would have been quite impossible to cross a pass, so it was well we had come on, it was bitterly cold, but they lighted the stove. I never for a second expected to be

able to cross the Col de Sonadon next day, having gone to bed at 8.30, with thick mist everywhere, but at one, when we had to get up, it was quite clear, and we were off at 2.30. We had to tramp more than two hours back the same road, which was provoking, but the whole way up was nice walking, even the moraine was nice, it is extraordinary how different passes are, and we had exquisite views, seeing all we ought to have seen coming down the Col de la Reuse d'Arolla. Just close to the glacier we came upon a tiny little meadow, quite gemmed with geum montanum and pansies, it was exquisite. The col goes right under the rocks of the Grand Combin, the last pull-up the snow seemed endless, but we got to the top at 12-15. There, to our dismay, the other side was a mass of mist, not a thing to be seen. They neither of them had an idea of the way, and appealed to the porter, a young man from the inn at Mauvoisin, who at once frankly acknowledged he had never been before. We went down the only way there seemed to be, and every now and then sat and waited for the fog to lift a little, and then we saw nothing but enormous gaping "Schlunds" all round us. We knew we ought to make for a red tower of rock, but no rocks were to be seen anywhere. At last the fog lifted a little, and there was that horrid tower miles above us, we had gone down much too low, and had to toil up to it again. When at last we got to it, we knew we had to go down a couloir, and after poking about a little they pitched upon one, the very worst rocks I ever was on, all smooth and slippery, and interspersed with soft wet snow. For two mortal hours we were getting down these rocks, at one place (I never was in a worse) I had to make an

immense stride across a wet, slippery, flat face of rock, facing it without the smallest hold, and only room for the point of my toe on either side. The guides were parallel with me on each side, each on a very awkward place, so that the rope did not seem to do much good, for if I had slipped it must have pulled them down. I am safe here, so we got through somehow, but it was endless, and when we got down, the moraine and path down the valley were just as horrid as they had been nice on the other side. Anderegg has since found out we came down quite a wrong couloir. We got to St. Pierre about 8, and as I felt I could not possibly do another glacier pass without rest, and St. Pierre would have been a dreary place to stop at I resolved to make a push for Chamounix next day. I was up at five, had a carriage to Ossieres, and from there started over the Col de Champey, a green col, and I did enjoy it. It was such a relief to be on green after cold wet glaciers, and also, though very fine where we were, there were clouds on all the higher mountains, so I could enjoy myself with a clear conscience. In about two hours we came to the Lac de Champey, and then I sent them on, and had a most delicious wade, and it was exquisite. We then came to a little inn, where I had some poached eggs and beer, which was like nectar, and fortunately it was flat for a good while after. We had finally a good pull, more than I expected, but eventually got to the Foulaz inn (where the routes over the Tête noire, and Col de Balme divide) by 4.30, and there my toils were over, and I had a carriage, and was in Chamounix by nine, and found my luggage all arrived, and a very comfortable room ready for me.

E. H.

1885.

COL DE BERTOL.

[*From letter to M. T. M.*]

PENSION COUTTET CHAMOUNIX,

August 3rd, 1885.

I arrived here yesterday, after, I may truly say, an arduous week, or rather ten days. I started on Friday the 24th from Zermatt rather in a scurry at the last. I had not meant to start till the Saturday, having had rather a long excursion with the Walkers the day before, but, would you believe it, not a guide could be found at Zermatt who would start on Saturday, because they would miss their mass on Sunday. I did feel ashamed of myself, as a clergyman's daughter, having wanted them to, but I confess I did, and should have had no scruple, once in a way. Ever since I missed the Schreckhorn by waiting for Sunday at Grindelwald I have had a grudge against Sunday. However, I had to scurry off and L. W. helped me very much, she is so very nice. As I started late I took a horse for the three hours to the glacier and got in very good time to the Stockje hut. Next day I was to go over the Col de Bertol to Arolla. I had done each side of the col at separate times, with other things, but never done it straight on end, besides it was much the nearest way to

Arolla. It is a thoroughly well-known pass so I had no qualms. Would you believe it, that idiot Peter and the other man took me the wrong way! I became aware of it as soon as we got to the top and began to descend into a hole which I knew took to the Col de Valpellina and the Col du Mont Brulé, over both of which I had been before. The latter took to Arolla, but a much longer way. The Col de Bertol takes one down close to the hotel, and by this one I had to go miles down a long glacier, I knew exactly where we had gone wrong, but it would have been so far to go back, besides they would argue they were right. However when we did finally arrive at Arolla (at five instead of about two as I had expected), they were at once confuted, and told they had been quite wrong, it was a consolation to me to feel how well I had known the way, besides they took me over a great piece of moraine coming down, which I knew was unnecessary and they were confuted about that too. I did scold them well, I was in a fury, and I told the second man I would have nothing more to do with him, I had engaged him for the whole way to Chamounix. Arolla is a sweet little place, only a hotel and some chalets close on the glacier and very comfortable. It had been enlarged since I was last there, and there were several people in the hotel, among them Canon Lefroy, and we had a service in the salon on Sunday morning, after which I went and sat by the river. Next morning I started about three over the Col du Mont Rouge for Mauvoisin, in the Val de Bagues, with an Arolla man as second, to be sure we went over the right col. I was horribly afraid of being taken over the Col de Cheillon, where I had been before. The original second man begged humbly to go as porter that he might learn

the way, and he was really a very nice man, and so penitent that I let him, and we arrived successfully at Mauvoisin, passing over some very interesting moraine, not unpleasant to walk upon, where I am sure S. would have found most interesting things. I am sure he would revel in moraines. Tuesday I stayed at Mauvoisin to recruit, it is nothing but a hotel, perched high up. Several foreign ladies and one man were staying there, the ladies seemed able to take most enormous walks. Next day I went to a hut just under the Combin on the way over the Col de la Maison Blanche, and the day after got over the col, and down to Bourg St. Reue in the Val d'Entiemont. Having had two hard days I drove down to Orsières, and took a horse as far as it could go on the way to the Cabane d'Orny, six hours from Orsières for my last pass. The path was so dry and slippery, and the horse stumbled about so, I quite expected to break my neck, but it carried me for about three hours, and I walked the rest. I don't think I ever was in such a beautifully situated hut as the Cabane d'Orny. The grand Combin and the Mont Velan were close to, and right on the whole range of the Graian Alps, the Grand Paradis and the Grivola, both of which I had been up, towering above them. Mont Blanc was separated by the col I was to cross next day—the Fenêtre de Salena—it was to burst upon us. It was an exquisite evening and a perfect sunset—all the peaks pink. The weather has been perfect for a whole fortnight and we never gave it a thought. Would you believe it next morning there were thick clouds everywhere, however we started at four, it had been so very fine we could not help thinking it would clear. However it came on high wind, hail and snow, and after much indecision we

turned back, it was nine by the time we were back at the hut, and we at once started by a cut for Champey, from which there is a pass on to the Tête Noire. The cut was very rough, but rather interesting. I got to Champey by 1.30. I had fondly hoped to get a mule there to go to the top of the col, but they had not one, so after having some food I had to start off again, feeling desperate. However I got up better than I could have expected, and we were at the Hotel Glacier de Trient on the Tête Noire soon after eight, and next morning I got up at five, had a carriage and was here by ten, found my luggage and was respectably dressed and in church by eleven. I may be said to have had no solid food since the previous Wednesday at Mauvoisin, neither at Bourg St. Pierre, Orsières, or Glacier de Trient was there either meat or bread that I could swallow, Coffee and soup (poor) and some biscuits and indifferent eggs, sustained me. I did enjoy my meals here yesterday, and shall do the same to-day, the food is excellent, and it is such a nice hotel, directly facing Mont Blanc, and the Aiguille de Dru peers up on one side. We have just had immense excitement watching a party at the top, cannon firing, etc. There is an excellent telescope here, even I can see the people at the top. They are two Frenchmen, it is the fifth ascent, all the others have been English. To-morrow I am going up for luncheon to the new hotel on Montanvert, I want to see it, and on Thursday, if fine, I shall start for the Fenêtre de Salena, which I should have seen coming. It will be the wrong way for the view but I cannot help that. If the weather is doubtful I shall be satisfied with the Col d'Anterne, and then I am going to make my way to Lausanne.

E. H.

1886.

NUVOLAO.

[*From letter to M. T. M.*]

AQUILA NERA, CORTINA,

July 30th, 1886.

The weather is now lovely, and Cortina so very delicious I am staying longer than I intended. I had a hard day yesterday, and am only prowling about. I went up the Nuvolao yesterday. It is a minor Dolomite, in a very central position, and the view was certainly splendid, and most of the more famous Dolomites were quite close. I started at four in the morning, and the sunrise reflected on Monte Grace was quite splendid; it looked scarlet. The Nuvolao has two points—the higher one difficult and the lower one easy. I did the difficult one first; it had only one bad place, but that really was most awkward. I almost thought at one moment I should have had to give in. The guide first scrambled up a sort of flat face of rock where there seemed no footing at all, and then I had to work myself up a sort of chimney to get to the point where he was—I could not possibly have got up the flat face. There was no footing at all in the chimney, and I had to worm myself up till I could get on my knees on a flat stone, and I

kept getting my head under this stone, and could not get beyond it. I lost my hat and the net off my hair, but at last accomplished it. I had previously lost a red shawl, and the skirt of my dress was left intentionally below—so that the Nuvolao was strewed with my property. They were all recovered except the net. When we got to the top we saw another party making their way up—a lady on a mule—and their guide began shouting to mine; they wanted to come up too, but had no rope. They had picked up my red shawl. We were altogether an hour-and-a-half at the top, it was so delightful; then got down, which was rapidly accomplished. My guide ran off to these other people with the rope, and then I went to the lower point—rather grudging the trouble, for it took nearly an hour. Soon after we got there we had the amusement of looking at the other people on the point, and when we had got down they had just got to the bad place coming down, so we sat and watched them. I could just make them out, and I knew they were English, for I distinctly heard the lady call out, “All right.” They did not overtake us on the way down, though I sat half-an-hour at a delicious little inn about an hour above Cortina, having coffee; but at dinner I found I was sitting next them—a very nice man and his niece. They had never thought of going on that point till they saw me, and then they thought they must. . . I forgot to tell you, on the Nuvolao I saw chamois closer than ever I did in my life—quite plain to the naked eye. They were at the top of a wall of rock in front of us; there was absolutely no descent even for chamois on the other side, and they had to come down before our very

eyes and run along the base of rock in front of us. It was too delightful. I just got up to the top of the bad place in time to see them—two of them. . . . How truly delicious it would be to have you going over Jochs with me.

E. H.

1888.

[*From Letter to M. T. M.*]

AQUILA NERA,
CORTINA,

August 4th, 1888.

I found your letter yesterday on my return from Monte Cristallo. It was the great thing I wanted to accomplish this tour. I was baulked of it two years ago by bad weather. . . I almost think I prefer this place to San Martino, there is much more variety in the way of walks. . . We stayed two days at Pieve di Cadore, which is a most exquisite place. I at once began taking steps about a guide, and was very glad to secure the one I had when I was here before, and another very good one. On Friday evening, about six, I started for the little inn at the top of the Tre Croci pass, about an hour-and-a-half from here. It was very cold and they had been scouring all the rooms, and they were sopping wet. I thought I should get rheumatism but have not. I went to bed wrapped in all my out-door clothes, and should have slept very well, only on those occasions I am so nervous about not being called I strike a match about every hour to see what time it is. The Italian guides are much more prompt at starting than

the Swiss, who are ages getting ready. We were off at three next morning, and at the top at 10.30, and never, not even on the Italian side of the Matterhorn, had I such a scramble. I had to be constantly worming myself up chimneys of rocks, the sides all ice, there were the largest icicles I ever saw. At the top all was clouds, but I had beautiful peeps going up and down, and the rocks of Cristallo were a sight to behold, perfectly perpendicular smooth red walls of an immense height. Cristallo itself is most beautifully jagged at the top, I thought we should never get to the real top. There was a visitor's book in a tin box under a rock at the top. I did not see the name of any English female but there were three Germans, one of them Madame Tenschker, with whom I was once in the Concordia hut. We came down the other side to Schleuderbach where I arrived at four. Schleuderbach is a lovely place between here and Toblach. I drove back here.

E. H.

1883.

1883.

STELVIO AND ÖRTLER SPITZE.

WEDNESDAY, JULY 11th. I started in the diligence over the Stelvio at 5-30. The diligence was a carriage, and there was only one other passenger, an Englishman, Colonel Eden. I walked most of the way, it is a most splendid road. There were high walls of snow on each side of the road near the top. I should much have liked to go up the Dreisprachen Spitze, which Ball says only takes ten minutes, but no doubt it would really have been an hour. At the top the Örtler bursts upon you. That was now my goal, so I looked at it with anxious interest. We had some luncheon at Franzenspöck a little way down on the other side. Then, as we approached Trafoi, I asked to be shown the place where the man murdered his wife, pushing her down the precipice. The place they showed us seemed peculiarly ill-suited for the purpose, nothing of a precipice. The day was lovely and Trafoi looked a sweet little place, just under the Örtler, which looked splendid. I had some coffee, and then began enquiring about a guide, and soon secured a very good one, called Matthias Thöni. I found the three fountains (from which Trafoi takes its name) were about an hour's walk off, so, as I had had a good deal of trudging, and it was very hot, I gave them

h h

up. There was a delightful large balcony to the Speise Saal, where I sat contemplating the Örtler.

THURSDAY, JULY 12th. The interest of the tour may now be said to have begun. A lovely day. I had breakfast on the balcony. Then followed the usual discussion about "Proviand"; and at last, at twelve o'clock, the start for the Payer Hütte was made. The first hour was fortunately through a wood, and in shade; and when one gets above the trees I never care about the heat, as the air is always fresh. It was an exquisite walk—not steep all the way. We came upon an Alp where I had some delicious milk, and I had dinner at the hut—a most palatial one—about six o'clock. They had said the walk would be about four hours, but, of course, I knew that meant six for me. The evening had now become quite gloomy, and there was no view. There were already in the hut a German and his guides, who had come up from Sulden on the other side, intending also to make the ascent next day. This was my first experience of an Austrian hut; it was most superior to the ordinary run of Swiss huts. There was a separate room above for guides, quantities of appliances, and even numbers of the Alpine journal to read, and packs of, I must say, very dirty cards to play with. I had some food, and then lay down with a heavy heart, for the weather looked most unpromising.

FRIDAY, JULY 13th. A furious gale. I at once gave up all idea of attempting the Örtler that day. The German hesitated, but finally made a start about seven. Besides the wind it was very misty, so I did not envy

him. The Trafoi guide set off to St. Gertrud, in the Sulden Thal (much nearer than Trafoi), in search of food. I implored Anderegg to go too, but nothing would induce him to leave me alone; so he stayed close by the stove, where I should have liked to be. As it was, I sat outside whenever the wind moderated a little. I read the Alpine journal, and played patience, and had not at all a bad day. The German got back about three, and said the wind was not as bad on the top as in the hut. He then took his departure. Thömi arrived soon after from Sulden with supplies. He had some idea of cooking (Anderegg has none), and he prepared some nondescript pieces of veal so nicely that I quite enjoyed my meal. The evening was lovely, and I had a splendid view from the top of the hut—all the Oetzthal mountains and many more, and the top of the Örtler quite clear, and the moon rising on it; below, the Vintzgau road winding along, and two sweet little lakes just below us.

SATURDAY, JULY 14th. Got off at four o'clock. I felt so fresh after a thorough day's rest that I got on very well, and it is certainly the easiest first-class mountain I ever was up. There is a piece nearly flat at first, then a gentle descent and a few very easy rocks, then snow-slopes; but nothing of a grind. The end was very interesting. One went along an arête for 20 or 30 steps, then it finished abruptly—hanging over the glacier. If it had been clear it would have been splendid. All the way up the sun kept peeping through the clouds, so that we quite hoped for a view; but at the top there was no distant view, though the glacier beneath and all around was clear. It was piercingly cold at the top; I

could hardly write the names on a card to put into a bottle which was there. It was just ten o'clock when we got to the top. I quite forgot to mention that all my enjoyment of the little interlude of rock was marred by the fact that the Austrian Alpine Club had carefully cut steps all over them. I never knew such people for trimming their mountains. At 1-30 we were back in the hut, and stayed there till three, as a pelting hailstorm came on. Then we started in a fair gleam for St. Gertrud, in the Sulden Thal. We had got over the first rocks, which were rather interesting, when again violent rain came on, and continued with little intermission all the way, varied by a thunderstorm; and, as part of the way was through a wood, I felt rather uncomfortable. However, I pelted on as hard as I could, and most of the way was very good walking. It would have been a perfectly exquisite walk in fine weather. I arrived soaked at St. Gertrud at 6-30, but was soon comfortably established (with hot water) in a very nice bedroom in a dear little inn, kept by the sisters of the priest, the Fräulein Eller. I came down and found quite a comfortable table d'hôte, with excellent food, instead of everybody having their portion separately among books and inkstands—the usual plan at Tyrolese mountain inns.

SUNDAY, JULY 15th. I was up in time to go to church at eight o'clock. St. Gertrud is the sweetest little place. It consists of nothing but the church (very tiny), the priest's house and the inn kept by his sisters, a barn, and another inn a little way off. The valley is lovely, the Örtler towering over it, and other lovely

mountains all round. The Örtler was, however, not visible this morning, and the ground was thick with snow—indeed, it was still snowing. I felt truly thankful to be in such good quarters. There were some very nice people—all Germans, of course. A Professor with his wife from Berlin (she was called Alma, and was a most elegant person); a brother-in-law was travelling with them. The food was really excellent. Mittag at 12 and Abendessen at 7-30. Plenty of vegetables, which one rarely sees in the Tyrol. The old priest, Herr Eller, came in for all his meals, and talked in the most interesting way. He had once been to Salzburg—that was the extent of his travels. There were several guides about who had seen me in Switzerland. I went a walk with one of them (Hans something) to the village of Gampenhofen, half-an-hour up the valley. He showed me his house, very comfortably furnished, and a very nice-looking wife.

MONTE CONFINALE.

(JULY 17th and 18th. By the Cevedale Pass to Santa Caterina, sleeping at the Schaubach hut. M.L.H.)

JULY 19th. I made enquiries about a guide for Monte Confinale—a peak just in front of the hotel, from which Ball says there is a very fine view. I found on enquiry I could come down the other side close to Bormio, and as I had meant to drive to Bormio next day to spend Sunday there, I was delighted with the idea. I got a very nice young guide, called Giovanni Compagni. I had left my box at Bormio, so had very little to take.

FRIDAY, JULY 20th. Off at four, with Anderegg and Campagni. I was under the impression Confineale was a very moderate affair, four or five hours at most. It was quite a mistake, it was endless, shoulder after shoulder had to be mounted, one part very steep and crumbly. About eight it began to snow, but I went on considering I should be at the top directly. It was 11.30 before we reached that top in a thick mist, not a yard before us could we see. The descent to Bormio then began, and I soon found it was an ill-omened hour that the idea had struck me. It was a most rough, uninteresting descent, it was impossible to get on fast after the snow was passed, and it rained in torrents. We sheltered for a short time in a chalet, but it seemed better to get on. The last part was through a wood, a very stony path, and finally an hour and a half of road. When we were on the road, and I was thinking how delightful clean clothes and food would be at Bormio, it suddenly struck me I had not got my keys. I felt in all my pockets, and I remembered I had left them in my bag at St. Catarina. I was in despair, and proposed to the stalwart young guide that he should go back to St. Catarina by road, and come early next morning to the Bagni Nuovi with my bag. He agreed at once. I was very sorry for him, for of course he was looking forward to a jovial evening at Bormio. He stopped to speak to some friends in a village we were passing through, and then started back, about three hours walk. Anderegg and I plodded on and got to the Bagni Nuovi by 7.30. They looked delightful, after the glaring bareness of St. Catarina.

SATURDAY, JULY 21st. Up very late, and began to poke among my things. I found my writing case, and it suddenly flashed upon me I had put my keys there not to be a weight in my pocket, and the wretched young man had had his walk for nothing. He arrived before I was dressed, with the bag I had left at St. Catarina. I did indeed feel guilty, but did not reveal that I had them all the time. I had a very pleasant day. Sat with a book in a niche on the Stelvio road.

(MONDAY, JULY 23. Back, driving to St. Catarina.)

JULY 24th—26th. By the Gavia Pass, the Passo del Lago Oscuro, and the Val di Genova to the Corona, "a very decent inn" at Pingolo. M.L.H.)

FRIDAY, JULY 27th I had a quiet day. In the afternoon I strolled up towards the Val di Genova to see the part I had come down in the dark. To my surprise I saw a lovely little church, perched upon a high rock, at the entrance to the valley. I did not feel equal to toiling up to it to-day, but decided I must go before I left. On the way there I passed another church, San Vigilio, covered with some most curious frescoes of the Dance of Death, very old fifteenth century, the priest, the girl, the king, etc. I looked at them thoroughly. Back to the hotel, very comfortable.

SATURDAY, JULY 28th. Off at six for Dosso di Sabbione, only a grass mountain, but a very fine view. Four or five hours going up it was very hot. The most striking point of the view was the Bocca di Brenta, a

most beautiful narrow cleft between the Trenta Alta, and the Cima Tosa, two splendid craggy points. Melting hot in descent. Sat under some cherry trees, and ate some cherries. Felt I must get over the Bocca di Brenta.

SUNDAY, JULY 29th. I went to the church at Pinzolo, a large handsome building, and heard an Italian sermon. Then I went to have another look at the frescoes di San Vigilio, and to look at the church of San Stefano. There was a nice little path up to it, the rocks were covered with lovely pinks. A dear little church, much the same frescoes as at San Vigilio, and a very curious one, inside, of Charlemagne. I stayed there a long time, there is a little village just below. Back to the hotel by 3.30. The weather was not promising, and having much more I wanted to do, I felt Bocca di Brenta must be given up this time, and I must leave by diligence next day.

(JULY 30th—AUGUST 2nd. By Tione, Trent, Botzen, Meran, Naturug to Kurzrad. M.L.H.)

I had meant to try the Weisskügel from Kurzrad, but there was no guide to be had. I decided to go over the Hochjoch next day, and try the Weisskügel from there. The Kurzrad inn is only a pothouse. I had some rather wretched food in an arbour.

(The Hochjoch was accomplished, but the Weisskügel had to be given up owing to bad weather. M.L.H.)

Came over the Kreuzspitze to Fend, a lovely little place in the Oetzthal. Room in the priest's house. No hotel. An English party arrived and a girl was put into

the other bed in my room. I did not mind as I was starting very early for the Wildespitze.

MONDAY, AUGUST 6th. Off at 2.45, a lovely day. Three hours to the Breslauer Hütte. I had a nice elderly guide, Johann Schreiber. A long grind up, easier when it got to the steep part towards the end. At the top at 11.30. Johann wanted to stop short of the final top, he said it was "gefährlich für Damen," but Peter at once went on, so he had to follow muttering. It seemed perfectly simple. There was a splendid view of the Oetzthal mountains and others. The snow was very soft on the way down. There was a very good path after the Breslauer hut. At Fend about five. The Wildespitze is the highest mountain in the Tyrol, so I am much pleased to have done it.

1890.

1890.

(After a very pleasant time at Ober Ammergau, Emily was at Salzburg with my sister Edith and five cousins. One cousin was an invalid, and very kind and unselfish, and she decided to go with her maid to Zell am See, while the others came there by Berchtesgaden and the Steinerne Meer. It was the second time E. crossed the Steinerne Meer. M.L.H.)

FRIDAY, JULY 4th. This morning all came right. A. had made a plan to start off to Zell am See that very day, so as to secure one evening with G. and G. J. She only bargained she was to have nothing at all to do with our luggage. We had never intended she should, and it was all despatched to Zell am See with the aid of the porter, except the modest kit we were to take with us. At eleven o'clock we were all seated in the steam tram in the highest spirits, it starts just opposite the hotel. A. came to look at us, she was to start about one. It was a delightful open tram, and took us right through the town, stopping at different stations, and then on to a place called Drachenhöhle, There we found a very nice sort of open omnibus waiting which conveyed us to the Königsee, a most exquisite drive all the way, by the side of the Alm, the stream issuing from the lake. About half-way we stopped to bait at a little village, and

had some delicious strawberries and cream. We passed through the outskirts of Berchtesgaden and called at the railway station. It was just 2.30 when we arrived at the Königsee, we at once secured rooms, asked the waiter to see about guides, and then started in a boat rowed by two women and a man, to make the tour of the Königsee. It is a lovely little lake, the sides quite perpendicular almost everywhere, and the water the deepest blue. There is a little promontory called San Bartolomeo with a church and an inn, there we halted to have some food. We had most excellent trout, a kind they call Saiblinge, and potatoes. There was a party of Bavarian musicians, they had a zither, a guitar and harmonica among them, and played and sang delightfully. One of the men and one of the women then danced a sort of slow waltz. The man suddenly heaved the woman in the air and swung her round, then slapped his thighs violently. They were all got up in beautiful Jäger costumes, green gaiters and bare knees, feathers in their hats. All the Bavarians and Tyrolese are beautifully dressed, very different from the Swiss. We then rowed on to the end of the lake, and walked across the Salet Alp to the little Abersee, and I showed them the Sagenek Wand up which we expected to start the next day, though we could not tell the exact place. From one point of the Königsee there is a very fine peep of the Watzmann, with the glacier between the two peaks. I had been up it in 1880. We were back about seven, and found our guide ready to settle with us, Michel Brantra, a very nice looking man. He informed us there was now a hut on the Steinerne Meer, and that everybody made two days of it, so that instead

of starting at three in the morning we need not start till nine. We thought for some things it might be better, so agreed, but I was much disappointed to find we were not to start by the Sagenek Wand, but by a new path near the waterfall, just beyond St. Bartolomeo. He then inspected our kit and pronounced it too heavy for even three men, so we fixed to send two bags to Zell by post. We then had our meal and I wrote my journal in M. and P's room, a very nice one with a balcony looking towards the lake.

SATURDAY, JULY 5th. A lovely morning. I got the old hotel book and found my name in July 1880, and above it written in pencil *Steinerne Meer, Moderegger*, which, I conclude, was the name of my guide. When the three appeared one of them turned out to be a brother of Moderegger, who no longer guides. The third was called Georg Prütz, all very nice men. We got off punctually at nine, one of the guides and two other men rowing us. It was very hot and they were more than an hour rowing us to the Schraimbach fall, where we were to start. The head guide gave us our final choice which route we would take, we were to pay a mark more to each guide if we went the steep way (18 marks). We asked which way had most shade and heard the new way, so thought we had better keep to it, as that was evidently what the guide preferred. We accordingly disembarked at the Schraimbach falls, and were fairly started at ten minutes past ten. We had first a great many wooden steps, which soon got one up to a great height, and crossed the fall by a wooden bridge, there is a curious natural bridge of stone just

below. I very soon fell into my usual position of the last of the party, and enjoyed myself very much, I cannot bear to feel anybody close on my heels. The girls, on the contrary, feel depressed if they are not well forward. I occasionally came upon M. straying about after flowers, but she always passed me with the greatest ease when she began to walk again. The walk was lovely, sometimes through a wood, sometimes through lovely open glades with splendid walls of rock, very superior in point of view to my old route, but it seemed to me it must be three times as long, it wound away so much to the right. The guide persisted that it was much shorter. It was very hot, and it was indeed bliss when in about two hours and a half I came upon them all sitting in a little cavern, a crucifix by it, with a stream flowing by, and the wine being produced. We had brought two bottles of Feuerberger, a vintage much recommended by the girl at the Königsee inn, and each had a buttered roll in her pocket, also we had a few hard boiled eggs. After a little food, and wine and water, we felt like giants refreshed. I started off first, as I always do when there is a halt, to get a little start, but they all gradually passed me, G., who professes not to like climbing, now taking the lead in the most powerful way. The path was now up a couloir called the Saugasse, very steep, and it was very hot. The flowers had been lovely all the way, but they now began to be most abundant, one could get bunches of Alpenrosen and forget-me-nots without straying from the path. There was a beautiful lilac flower like an azalia, which M. and P. had never seen before. Looking back there was

a splendid view of the Watzmann. No glacier on this side. The peak which is really the highest looks much the lowest, as the guide says "Es täuscht." At last the top was reached, and we saw the Funtensee hut in a glade below us, with a little lake close to. M. H. and I were the last to arrive, it was then only 4.30, so we had not been so long after all. The rest had been there some time, and had ordered tea, which we had sitting at a table outside the other side of the hut looking over the lake, a beautiful sharp peak called the Schotmar Horn rising just beyond. M. instantly began to sketch it. I felt I must paddle in the lake, went down to it, took off my boots and stockings, put my foot in what seemed to be in a nice place, instantly sank in mud almost up to my knee, toppled over, fell sitting in the lake, and rose up a cake of mud behind. E. and M. H. were just coming up with towels, so warned by my example they looked out for firm stones. I found one and we had a most delicious footbath, paddle it could not be called as we could not stand. All the grass near was gemmed with *Primula Farinosa* and gentians. Near the hut there were masses of *Dryas Octopetata*. Before it was dark we were driven into the hut by rain, which depressed us very much. M. had made a lovely sketch and started with her flowers. The interior of the hut was wonderfully comfortable. There were two rooms, one with a very good stove, several tables and benches, and several bedrooms above, one containing three pallets was assigned to the girls and me, one with two to M. and P., and E. had one to herself. Three gentlemen arrived, two with guides and one alone, so with the man in charge of the hut we were a party of fifteen. One of

the gentlemen was a botanist, but "Leider," he had forgotten his book, so could give P. no assistance in identifying her flowers. We had a really excellent meal of colash (meat cut up into little bits with gravy), buttered eggs, and more tea. The girls' appetites were excellent, it was a great relief to find they were not overdone by their walk. We retired to rest about nine, hoping against hope it would be fine in the morning, the rain was beating upon the roof. The pallets were merely mattresses, with a gray blanket to cover one. Pillows covered with red, I spread a towel over mine, and lay down in most of my clothes. The rooms were only separated from each other by boards with wide chinks between, so we could all converse together. Only one of the German travellers could have a room, what became of the others I do not know. The guides were making a great noise talking down below, when suddenly we heard the German go to the top of the stairs and call out "Teufel! ist es hier Landes Gewohnheit dass die Führer die Herrschaft stören." They did not take any notice, and he swore a little more and went away. Very soon we heard him again tramping along the passage. "Potz Tausend! Donnerwetter! ich werde den Zeitungen schreiben." Still no one took any notice and the poor man had to give in. E. who was in the next room, heard him muttering to himself. We were all in convulsions, but were much afraid of his hearing. It poured without ceasing the whole night.

SUNDAY, JULY 6th. Still pouring this morning. I thought it was no use getting up, it was evidently

hopeless, so I did not get down till past ten o'clock. Up to twelve o'clock we hoped it might clear, but as the rain was then worse than ever all hope of getting away that day was abandoned. Such a Sunday was never spent by any of us before. Our resources were very few—Baedeker the only book, for we had left Salzburg with the idea of doing the walk in one day and getting to Zell-am-See for Sunday. P. and I had each a stocking to knit, but unfortunately very little wool—it came to an end very early. Patience was then declared allowable, and we all played at intervals for the rest of the day. P. and M. H. went out for a walk and came in soaked; drying their clothes took up some time. M. drew flowers the whole day till it was too dark to see, then she too took to patience. We had several meals—colash, coffee, eggs, beer, tea, etc. One form of eggs, an Eierschmarn, turned out a failure. We had ordered six portions, and thought it would be delicious; but it was hard, cold pancake, cut into little bits. The poor man who kept the hut (Georg Schoch) was employed the whole day cooking for us and the guides, who never ceased eating at their table. They consumed quantities of beer, but we noticed that Georg himself only took coffee. In the afternoon they had a visit from some young men and five young women from the Alp. They all sat solemnly round the table, and did not seem to talk very much. The young women did not stay long. Towards evening we began to play games, under the auspices of G., and made a great noise, which amused the guides very much. (I should have mentioned that the other travellers had all departed that morning, before I was down.) The rain had now changed to snow, and

our prospects for the morrow looked very black. G. made preparations by buying a pair of gaiters and a pair of strong woollen stockings from Georg—the latter to draw over her shoes, she being very insufficiently shod for such hard work. We retired to our pallets soon after nine, with heavy hearts.

MONDAY, JULY 7th. No rain was heard in the night, so I hoped for the best, and our joy was great to hear Michael calling us at four o'clock, and saying he thought we could go. At 5-30 we were actually off—G. in her gaiters and stockings, and I lent her my waterproof, having a thick jacket. I soon had to take it off, for it was not at all cold, though snowing; and so lost sight of the others. Of course, there was no red mark to be seen, and I was rather perplexed, when I saw one of the guides, and he stayed behind with me, going my pace the whole time; and I enjoyed the walk thoroughly. (This was, of course, only for the first part to the Riemens Hütte, just below the summit on the other side.) The walk was just what I remembered—undulating, not much continuous mounting, over a plateau of stones. Ten years ago I did it in boiling heat, and can remember no snow at all. Now it was snowing the whole time, and the snow was very thick in places; the Schotmanhorn was white with snow, and all the other peaks were invisible in mist. Schotman soon disappeared. The effect of the Stony Sea was quite lost by its being covered with snow; I was sorry for the sake of the others, but the walking was much pleasanter. The way was all marked by red splashes on the stones, but not half as many as the day before, when the path was

unmistakable. My guide remarked the Austrians were always behindhand in marking the ways. (We passed the Austrian frontier about half-way between the two huts.) The others got on gallantly. I once caught a glimpse of them eating hard-boiled eggs, but did not see them again till the Riemens Hütte, which they reached in four hours; I was about 20 minutes longer. It was a most cosy little hut, also new since my last visit, and kept by a woman with her little girl of twelve. We all had delicious hot coffee in glasses, and then braced ourselves for a fresh start. Coming down I can hold my own, so we all kept together. The snow was still thick and the path pretty steep. It winds round under a beautiful large pillar of red rock, called the Sommerstein, which I remembered very well. Soon the path became really very steep, and slippery with snow. The guides arranged us in order firmly, saying, "Die jungen Damen voraus." I was put last, which I always like. There were railings of iron and handles fixed in the rock in all the awkward places, so there was really no difficulty. The valley was full of mist: it was like descending into a boiling caldron. The Sommerstein was just over our heads all the time. When we got below the difficult part there was no more snow and a very good path, and we put on a good deal of steam. There is a lovely terrace path through a wood; they say it has only been made two years, but I have an impression of much the same kind of route only much longer. I remember it seemed miles to Saalfelden. Now we seemed to get there directly. We found there was a train about two, and we caught it without the least difficulty. The walk from the Funtensee hut took us

almost exactly eight hours, including three-quarters of an hour at the Riemens Hütte. The guides had reckoned it nine hours, so we were much pleased. We were quite sorry to take leave of our guides—they were such very nice men. They went by the same train to Hallein, and meant to walk from there to the Königsee—four hours. We had a very short journey to Zell-am-See.

(From Zell the party was reduced to four. M.L.H.)

THURSDAY, JULY 10th. At ten minutes to eleven we four started in a very nice carriage for the Bärenwirth, the furthest point that can be driven to on the way to Ferleiten. We had previously had a parade of our luggage before the porter, to show him which items were to go to Botzen, which to Cortina and Wändisch Matrei. It was a delightful drive to the Bärenwirth, first along the high road to Bruch, passing close by Fisch Horn, a castle of Prince Lichtenstein's, which is a conspicuous object in the views from Zell, and looks as if it were close to the lake, but is really a good way off. Then we turned into the Fuscher Thal, a beautiful valley, and drove by the side of a foaming stream (the Ache), and passed some pretty villages and fine waterfalls. It was about two hours drive to the Bärenwirth, and then we had rather more than an hour's walk to Ferleiten, the driver and another man carrying our luggage. It was very hot, but we all enjoyed the walk, it seemed the real beginning of our mountaineering. We passed the turn to Bad Fusch, and then almost immediately came upon two sign posts directing us to different inns at Ferleiten. The driver

was very bent on our going to the Tauern, but we were resolved to go to the other, which was the one recommended by Baedeker, also I was sure it was the one I was at in 1880. We got our way and walked across a pretty path through hayfields, and were on arriving volubly greeted by a middle-aged female, whom we recognised as the Marie who had been described to us. Scarcely had we arrived when a storm came on, and it poured all the rest of the day. It was too tiresome; we had anticipated such a delightful afternoon, prowling about Ferleiten and getting flowers. However it was lucky we and our luggage had got in dry. We had afternoon tea (our own tea) in a very nice verandah which I well remembered, and then I spent the afternoon in M. and P's room, writing my journal. We arranged for two guides and a porter to take us over the Pfandelscharte to the Glockner House next day if fine. It was still pouring when we went to bed.

FRIDAY, JULY 11th. Called at 3.30, guides saying "Wetter gut." We got off at 4.30; the Pfandel Scharte in clouds, but every now and then breaking through, and finally becoming quite clear. We had first a long way through the valley, the path rather muddy; when we began to mount I soon dropped behind. The Wiesbach Horn appeared on our right, and looking back there was a splendid view of the Steinerne Meer, which remained clear all the time. In about two hours we passed a new hotel which was being built, and after that the path became rather confused, and I was rejoiced to see a guide waiting for me. The path branched off to the right, across a muddy plain; I was

glad when we began to mount again. We came upon M., and I suggested wine, but the guide who had it was far off in advance, so I had a few drops of Cognac. In about another hour I came upon them all sitting under a large rock and refreshing, so I had some wine and bread and butter; after that we did not meet again till the Glockner Hütte. Towards the end the path became very interesting, winding sharply round into the gorge, and the flowers were lovely, Soldanella growing in the most uninviting places, actually in the gritty path. I was delighted when the snow appeared, I can always get on so much better. There was a long stretch of snow, one kept constantly thinking one was at the top, then found it stretching further back in that well-known provoking way. It was soft, but I could tread very well in the guide's steps, and there was a very high wind, very cold, and I could not get at any wraps except my woollen gloves, which were fortunately in my pocket. Still I enjoyed it very much, and got on very well, and was at the top—a little plateau of moraine between two rocks—at 10.30, exactly six hours from the start. No view, the Glockner ought to have burst upon us, but all was thick mist. There was nothing to dally for, the wind was piercing, and we posted down, and were at the Glockner Haus in an hour-and-a-quarter. The slopes just above the Glockner Haus were a perfect sight, gemmed with primulas, pinks, gentians, forget-me-nots, etc. I found them all assembled in a bedroom which we were all four to occupy, all miserable about the weather. We could just catch a glimpse of the icefall of the Pasterze through the mist. We changed our stockings and boots, and had some soup,

and beef and potatoes. They talked of going out, but I really felt I could not get all soaked again, with nothing to see. It was too trying, it has always been lovely and hot when I have been here before. There was a delightful stove, and I had a nap near it, and then went upstairs for pursuits. In the bedroom I found them all assembled, E. on the bed, M. and P. pottering about their flowers, in abject misery. We had afternoon tea (our own tea), and about 7.30 coffee and eggs. A German couple are here, and another German has arrived with whom they have fraternized, and are talking vigorously. The couple walked over from Ferleiten this morning, starting before us. It has poured all afternoon, and is very cold; but the stove makes the room very comfortable.

SATURDAY, JULY 12th. Our beds were reeking with damp, but we wrapped woollen things about us and slept very comfortably. We awoke to rain and mist, and did not get up till past eight. We have passed a miserable day, and are thoroughly depressed. It is too disheartening to lose so much time, and have such a dreary impression of these lovely places. It has poured and blown a gale the whole day, and towards 7.30 a violent thunderstorm began, which we hope may clear the air for to-morrow; but the people of the inn are not at all sanguine. The German couple went to the Franz Josef's Höhe this morning, but saw very little, and they have since gone down to Heiligenblut. Another very dreary couple have arrived from Ferleiten. They have hardly spoken, and no wonder—they must have had a miserable walk. Several men and another female have

dropped in this evening, we suppose from Heiligenblut. The men have been smoking and objected to the window being opened, which annoyed P. very much. When I have been here before the large folding-doors towards the glacier have always been wide open—the others hardly know of their existence. P. and I have knitted assiduously at our stockings. E. has read, and mended her clothes. M. has drawn flowers till she is sick of them, and is now writing a letter. We have also played incessant Patience. To-morrow we must get to Heiligenblut at all hazards. I had had visions of the Hoffmann's hut, and the Füscher Kalu Kopf, but the bare idea makes me shudder.

SUNDAY, JULY 13th. Still prisoners. Thick snow this morning, and such a gale that two gentlemen who started for Heiligenblut had to turn back, one having lost his hat. They made another start later on, and we suppose succeeded, as they have not re-appeared. The men of the two German couples (who both hailed from Magdeburg) played chess. The happy idea struck us of telephoning to Heiligenblut for our letters, and they were brought up about three o'clock—the poor postman two hours late. In the afternoon P., craving for fresh air, sallied forth alone, and returned triumphant, laden with Edelweiss and other flowers. M. and I could not stand this, so got ready ourselves; and P. led us down a most dangerous slope—just the sort of place where one hears of people being killed going after Edelweiss. So many stories of the kind recurred to my mind that I felt rather uncomfortable, and I made a *détour* and got to them an easier way. I should never have seen the

Edelweiss if P. had not pointed it out, but once on the track I found some independently. We came in, our faces quite stiff with the wind. In the evening we played Hilda's game of names of persons and places, which whiled away a great deal of time. Finally, there was a collision between P. and the Germans—she opening a window for a little air, they instantly shutting it. She opened it again, on which they sent her a message by the waitress that there was another room where she could sit. Great indignation on the part of P. To-morrow we really must escape, whether we have seen the Glockner or not.

MONDAY, JULY 14th. Sun shining brilliantly this morning. M. roused us all up soon after five, and by seven we were all off for Franz Josef's Höhe. The path was all snow; generally there is none. I have never gone there from the Glockner Haus before, but I have twice returned along it in the opposite direction, when coming to the Glockner Haus from the Glockner and the Riffel Thor, in 1880 and 1886 respectively. On both occasions it was about five in the afternoon, very hot, and people were sitting about on benches. Franz Josef's Höhe is just opposite the Glockner House, on the other side of a little ravine down which flows the stream from the Pfandel Scharte, and hanging over the glacier. One does not go to the top—one winds round it to the side opposite the Glockner to a point marked by a cross, and a tablet to the memory of Hoffman, an Alpine explorer. An hour further on is the Hoffman's Hütte, where I had thought of going for the Fuschen Kahr Kopf; but these two days' bad weather and all

this extra snow have quite choked me off. The view of the Glockner was splendid, the hut on the Adler's Ruhe quite visible. Our guide (a very nice young man) showed us the exact place where the accident happened in 1886. The Johannisberg—a round snow hill in the middle of the glacier—was quite clear, which he said was very seldom the case. On the way back we identified the Vroschen Kahr Kopf, the Sonnen Wildek, the Gössnitz Spitze, and several others. We could hardly tear ourselves away, and were too thankful we had not taken flight in the bad weather before having this exquisite walk. We were back at the inn by ten o'clock, had some soup, finished our packing, paid our bill, and about eleven were off for Heiligenblut. The flowers were lovely. I soon strayed away from the path on my own account, and actually found Edelweiss at the first attempt. M. and I got a good deal, but it is rather poor; it is still early for it. The first part of the walk is a terrace path above the ravine descending from the Pasterze; high rocks on the other side, at the top of which is the Leiter Thal. The Leiter Falls—about an hour on the way—are lovely. M. insisted on going out of the way to have a nearer view, and they all went but me. I thought we saw them very well from the path, and wanted to get on to the chapel of St. Briccius, close to which we were. St. Briccius brought the holy blood from Constantinople, hence the name Heiligenblut; and the little chapel has a series of pictures of his adventures. I had always been under the impression he was killed by robbers on the Hoch Thor, but it appears he was lost in a snowstorm. I had time to examine all the pictures, and also to have a footbath in a stream, before they

appeared. They gave such an account of the waterfall I was sorry I had not gone, but regrets came too late. We had now lost sight of the Grösse Glockner for a time; it had been beautiful looking back, at last just the point appearing like a sugarloaf. After the chapel of St. Briccius the walk becomes more like a valley road, and we began rather to flag with the heat, and occasionally rested and inspected all the little shrines with pictures of accidents, of which there are a great many. Heiligenblut, with its lovely spire, was in sight for a long time, and never seemed to get any nearer. In all the meadows haymaking was going on; it did not seem as if there had been any bad weather there. The stream, the Möll, becomes quite an imposing river, the path crosses it twice, and then there is rather a steep pull up to the village, which we all felt very trying. It was 3.30 before we were settled in our room at the inn, which looks immensely improved since my last visit in 1886, and we find there is a new Wirth, the old one died last year. Hot water, change of boots and stockings, and tea, soon set us up, and we sallied forth to inspect the church just opposite the inn. Heiligenblut itself only consists of the inn and about four other houses, and this imposing church with a beautiful spire. There is a pretty churchyard on the slope of the hill, with a most splendid view of the Glockner, rising white and imposing behind the green mountains in front, chief of them the three Leiter Köpfe. The high altar is most imposing; a high reredos with scripture scenes in raised gilt work, the Nativity, the Adoration of the Magi, the Resurrection and the Ascension. In the middle the Coronation of the Virgin. All round the church are scenes from the life of St.

Briccius, and his tomb is in the crypt, a little history of him hangs in the church, which we all read with avidity. He was a Dane at Constantinople in the service of the Emperor Leo about 914. Wishing to return to his own country, he begged as a boon from the Emperor a little bottle of our Saviour's blood, which had fallen miraculously from a picture pierced by a Jew. With this he made his way across the Alps, but on the Hoch Thor near here, fearing robbers, he cut a deep wound in his leg and hid the bottle in it. He escaped the robbers, but was carried away by an avalanche to the place where his chapel now stands. His body was discovered by three ears of wheat piercing through the snow, and they tried to convey it to Heiligenblut for burial, but the oxen who were to draw the cart with his body refusing to stir, he was buried where he was. Soon after his foot was seen protruding, and then the bottle was discovered in his leg, and a paper, saying where he had come from. The Archbishop of Salzburg having ascertained the facts from the Patriarch of Constantinople, he was conveyed to Heiligenblut, so named after the precious relic, and in 1483 the present noble church was built over his remains. The bottle is kept in a monstrance, in a beautiful marble pyx, which reminded us of the one at Nuremberg. There are also some splendid vestments, some presented by the Empress Elizabeth, and some by the Marchioness Pallavicini, mother of one of the unfortunate victims in the accident of 1886. We saw all their graves in the churchyard, the two poor guides have a very pretty white marble cross, which we liked better than the more imposing monuments of the Marquis Pallavicini

and M. Crommelin. They were trying to ascend the Glockner by an arête never yet attempted. It was early in the year, and not very good weather, and it is supposed either the snow or the rock gave way with them, they were all found on the glacier; Pallavicini at some distance from the others, and not till some days after them. There is also a tablet to a poor girl, Pauline von Souklar, who was killed gathering Edelweiss on the pass between here and Gastein. It happened the same year, and I remembered hearing of it very well. The funeral of the victims of the Glockner accident had just taken place when I was at Heiligenblut in 1886, and their graves were covered with fresh wreaths. After the church we walked a good way along the carriage road to Lienz, and made plans for an excursion to the Zirmsee to-morrow, we feel we must stay a day here, instead of going off to Kals early by the Bergerthörl as we had intended. Coming back the view of the Glockner was too lovely. The Speise Saal is very much improved from what I remember it. We secured a guide and arranged to start for the Zirmsee at six to-morrow morning.

TUESDAY, JULY 15TH. A lovely morning. E. and I were loth to get up, but by 6.15 we had all started on our walk to the Zirmer See, with a very nice guide called Anton Lackner. He said he remembered me ten years ago, when I went up the Glockner and the Hochnarr with Anton Wallner and Georg Bäuerle. (I quite forgot to mention that yesterday on our way down to Heiligenblut we met Anton Wallner, who first greeted E. with effusion, thinking she was me, and then

apologized to me for not having met me at Werfen, as he had fixed to do, for the Dachstein, as if it had happened last month instead of ten years ago. He said a storm had prevented him going. I was very glad to see him again, he is a good deal aged). The walk begins with a few yards down the high road, crosses a stream, and then you turn to the left, and go along a lovely terrace walk up the Vleiss valley. First the road goes through fields, and then, after passing the village of Vleiss it becomes very wild, the path raised high above the stream, flowing through a ravine, splendid rocks on the other side. After some time the path descends to the level of the stream and crosses it twice. The valley is shut in at the end by some high rocks, under which we were told the Zirmer See was, so we expected to come upon it pretty soon; three hours we were told was the length of the walk. What was our horror to find it was on the other side of these rocks, and this barrier had to be scaled. By this time it was very hot, and I thought I never should get to the top. There was a good path, sometimes rather stony, it mounted in zig-zags, but was not zig-zaggy enough, sometimes it went sprawling round, quite out of the way, and was most tiresome. I made an attempt to go by a sign-post which pointed to a short cut, but the guide called me back, and as the poles marking the way came to an end directly, I could not have found the way by myself. The others got to the top in four hours forty minutes; I took five hours. There is a hut at the top called Seebichl's where we were to have some food. I had discovered at an early stage of the walk that this was the way I had started for the Hochnarr in 1880. I must have been

very differently constituted then to what I am now for the walk to have made no impression on me; I had not the least recollection of this steep pull up to the lake. To be sure, I had no heat to contend with, for I remember it was very cold when we arrived at the hut, about seven o'clock, and I had instantly to put on extra clothing. I went up the Hochnarr next day (after sleeping on hay at Seebichl's), came down the other side, and then went over the Bockhart pass to Gastein, coming down by the Nassfeld, and passing the Schleier Fall, arriving at Gastein about nine o'clock. It was a very long day. I am sure I could not possibly do it now. To return to 1890. We had three eggs each at Seebichl's, at a table outside the door; M. and I had some excellent beer, and the other two some very indifferent tea. We went over the house, which now has bedrooms instead of hay; it is kept by a very nice couple, with a little girl called Lisa. After the meal, we set off to look at the lake; we had dreaded a steep descent, but were relieved to see by a sign post it only took nine minutes to go there, and to find that the path was quite level. The Wirth went with us, and rowed us across in a little boat, quite full of water, we sat all four in a row, our feet on a board. It was a most lovely little lake, embedded in mountains, which were reflected in it, the Hochnarr at one end. I must have gone nearly all round the lake to get to it; it is odd I do not remember it. It was most curious, rowing about on a lake almost on a level with the tops of the mountains, at least it had that effect. Between Seebichl's and the lake we wiled away two hours, and started on the descent at a quarter past one. The descent was a much

quicker affair than the ascent, and would not have taken more than three hours if we had not diverged to the Gasthaus Fleiss, to see the view of the Glockner with the Pasterze glacier, you see the whole with the Johannisberg, there was not a cloud at first, but a little one came hanging on to the top of the Glockner, which rather added to the effect. Later on it was quite clear again. We had excellent coffee at a little table outside in the shade, the splendid view before us. M. took a sketch. A sweet little chapel (with really a very good picture of St. Anthony and the infant Saviour) was close to, we all went to look at it. It was a very hot afternoon, and the hour's descent from the Fleiss inn to Heiligenblut was quite boiling. We were thankful to find ourselves in the hotel. Later on, I went and sat with P. on the wall of the churchyard. She had brought over an inkstand from the hotel, and was writing to H. I wrote my journal. P. is a splendid walker, she has had no stick the whole day, and part of the way was very stony and steep, and rough; indeed, they are both first rate walkers, good, both at mounting and coming down. We have had a very fair dinner, and arranged for two guides to start with us over the Bergerthor to Kals, at 4.30 to-morrow morning.

WEDNESDAY, JULY 16th. Lovely morning. Got off by five o'clock with three guides. Joseph Bernstein came and said to me that three would be necessary to carry our Gepäck. He was one—we were very glad, we like him very much. The walk began by returning about a quarter-of-an-hour on the way towards the Glockner Haus, then struck up sharply to the left, up a

little field path, and soon got into a terrace path through a wood—the opposite side of the valley to that which we had come down from the Glockner Haus. We passed above the Leiter Falls, which looked beautiful, and then descended to the level of the stream, crossed it, and skirted round the side of a ravine called the Untere Katzensteg. (When I went to the Leiter hut for the Grosse Glockner ten years ago, I went by the Obere Katzensteg, which had no path, but one went along the edges of the rock, and there was quantities of Edelweiss.) After the ravine we got into the Leiter Thal proper, which I had expected, from my recollections of it, to be very wet walking; but there was a beautiful raised path, high up along the side, quite dry. (I had had a horse from the hut to the edge of the glacier, and we could not make out how I could have gone, as it seemed quite impossible for a horse to go along the bottom of the ravine where we were, and I know it went all through wet, and I had often to get off and walk over very rough ground. Joseph could not help us much, but I made out at last I must have slept at the Sennhütten at a higher level, and come along a ravine higher up.) At the end of the Leiter Thal there was a little chalet, where we had some milk which refreshed us very much. The Glockner now began to appear in sight, and we had the Hochnarr behind us—it was gratifying to be able to look at the two at once. We came now to a little plateau with cairns scattered about, and M. and I fondly imagined it was the top, and thought it was time—we had been mounting for about five hours, though a good deal of the way was undulating. What was our horror to hear from the guides we had two hours more to mount, and they

showed us a great snow mountain we had to go over. It looked to me just as likely to take four hours. However, we plodded on, and I must say there was not much of it very steep. We came to a lovely little Alp, with cows and sheep; and, just the Glockner and nothing else appearing as in a frame, it was too lovely. We looked at it for a long time, and could see exactly how I had gone along the snow arête to the right, and the hut on the Adler Ruhe. M. sketched the outline. The top was at last reached by me at 12.30; the others had been there some little time. The descent was delightful—at first over green slopes covered with lovely flowers. The other side of the Glockner now began to appear. I do not care for that side nearly so much; it does not look so isolated. Towards the end the heat became intense, and we had to trudge for ages along a terrace path exposed to the full blaze of the sun, and, when we got into the valley, along tiresome little stony paths for some way before we got to the hotel. It was the same inn where I was in 1880, but much enlarged; and we got very nice rooms. It was just 3.30 when we arrived. We had tea and eggs as soon as possible, and then sallied out for a stroll. We inspected the church. There is a tablet in the churchyard to the two poor guides killed on the Glockner in 1886. Then we sat by the river, where I had a footbath. We then started for the other church down the valley, but only P. reached it; the path was so very stony M. and I gave in. P. returned laden with white foxgloves and cornflowers. We had a very good dinner. A very pleasant German couple were there who were going to start over the Bergerthörl at three next morning. We were to be called at four for the Kalseethörl, so retired early.

THURSDAY, JULY 17th. Very loath to get up, but it had to be done. We got off by 5.20, crossed the stream at once, and began to mount almost directly. Luckily for us, it was a much smaller affair than the day before. I was only three hours getting to the top, M. two hours 25 minutes, and the other two, two hours and 40 minutes. It was delightful walking the whole way, and the view splendid—snow peaks on every side, the Glockner towering over all. From the top the Venediger can be seen. There was a little inn at the top—I saw it a long way off, with a cross and a sign-post, and was sure it was the top, but thought I never should get to it. We had coffee and eggs, and then went up a little hill with a pole on it, but the view was not any better. We were very sorry to take leave of the dear Grösse Glockner, which for the last four days has shown itself to the greatest advantage from every point of view. It is certainly an exquisite peak, and I am too thankful to have been up it. The descent to Windisch Matrei took just two hours and a quarter; a good path all the way, lovely Alpenrosen, and most of the way in shade. We met several parties coming up, among them an English couple. We were at Hammel's hotel by 12.15; got very nice rooms on the first floor—a separate one for each. I went off at once to the post with one of the guides, and got our two bags and some letters, and telegraphed for rooms to Cortina. It was a good way off, across the river, and very hot. We had an excellent solid meal; they waited about half-an-hour between each of the courses, so it took a long time. By three o'clock we all set off to look about the place, and in an evil moment started along the Tauern road to try and get to the

waterfall. It was the hottest part of the day, and the sun so overpowering that when we got to some trees we all sank down and went to sleep. We sat for ages till the sun had gone behind the mountains, and then made another attempt for the falls, and actually got to it up a very stony path. It is a splendid fall, the Steinbach, and there is a corner fenced off by a rail by which you get a capital view; it falls straight over a most tremendous precipice. We struggled back to Windisch Matrei by another path, still more stony than the one we had gone by; and were thankful for tea when we got back to the hotel, soon after seven. P. had the energy to go and look at the church, but the rest left it for the next day.

FRIDAY, JULY 18th. Up about eight much refreshed. Breakfast all together except P., who had started off alone very early. She got back before we had finished, and we heard she had been to St. Niklaus, an old church near the entrance of the Viegenthal, with most curious frescoes. After breakfast we went to inspect the church, some nice pictures, roof all over frescoes, well kept churchyard. E. not to be outdone by P. started for St. Niklaus. She got back in time for the diligence, and we all started for Lienz at 12.30. At Hübén we were all turned out to go on in another diligence. We had an hour to wait, and lunched on Forellen and potatoes, and glasses of milk, in a little grove, with tables opposite the inn, the verandah of which was already full. Hübén is a sweet little spot. It was very hot, and we all slept soundly all the way to Lienz, in spite of incessant bumps. We just roused enough to see the

Castle of Brück, on a hill outside the town. We arrived at Lienz about 5.30, the Post hotel looked very tempting in a corner of the square, with a large open courtyard, with swallows flying about. We were not sorry to find there was no train to Toblach that evening; we got two delightful rooms on the first floor, and were soon settled at afternoon tea in a large airy Speise Saal. We then had an exhaustive prowl, stood on the bridge over the river, looked again at Brück Castle, now a brewery, and got back after dark; still very hot. M. went to bed supperless, E. and I had an excellent meal, P. had some very bad tea.

SATURDAY, JULY 19th. A storm, and pouring rain in the night had cleared the air, and it felt much fresher this morning. Toblach about 12.30. Deposited luggage at Hotel Toblach, and started on a walk through the woods. Saw a placard with "Nach Innichen," enquired how far, and heard a "reichliche Stunde." We started off, and got there in an hour and five minutes, a very pretty walk, through woods the whole way. Our object was to see the church on the model of which the Emperor Frederick's mausoleum is built. We found two churches, one had some curious old frescoes, but evidently, neither was what we wanted. We were by this time faint with hunger and heat, so had an excellent luncheon outside the Schwarze Adler, a very nice looking inn. Having now ascertained where the chapel was, we made our way there across the bridge, and ordered a carriage to follow us. It is really a most curious building, circular, with pillars all round, supporting a gallery. In the middle, a tomb with a

low entrance, a marble sarcophagus with a figure of our Saviour in wood inside. Outside, very good frescoes of the Roman soldiers watching, the three Maries, and St. Peter and St. John. Above the gallery are figures of the twelve Apostles, and above them again the four Evangelists, St. Francis and St. Anthony, in a sort of pale blue, like Wedgewood. There is an outer chapel, with figures representing the Agony in the Garden, the Betrayal, and the various incidents of the Passion. The date of the building is 1640. It was a very sweet little place, and it was very touching to think of the poor Crown Prince coming here to see the model of his own future tomb. The carriage got us back to Toblach just in time for the carriage we had ordered to take us to Cortina. It is a most lovely drive. First, the Drei Zinnen burst upon us, we had already seen them from the train. Then Monte Cristallo, which I looked at with the greatest interest, having been up it in 1888. The Cristallo pass with the line of descent is most conspicuous. It has a beautiful jagged summit. We passed two lovely lakes, the Toblacher See, and the Dürren See, and the view in front was soon after blocked by Monte Piano, which I had been up with Mrs. O. in 1888, and which looks most imposing from this side, though really a most easy ascent. E. has also been up it this year. At Schleuderbach we stopped for about half-an-hour, and had some excellent coffee. After Schleuderbach, the Coda Rossa is most splendid, and the whole drive to Cortina is a series of lovely views—Tofana, Pomagagno, Bocca di Mezzodi, Sarepis. Only Pelmo was wrapped in clouds. A final glimpse of Cristallo

again at the end, and we arrived at the Aquila Nera soon after seven. M. did not like the looks of Cortina, she thought it too open (she generally says she does not like shut-in valleys) but she was much pleased with the Aquila Nera. The Ghedinas and old Maria greeted me in a most friendly way. We found our luggage all right, and some letters. Had a prowl about the village, and saw Miss Roxburgh's cripple—just in the same state as two years ago. I spoke to Ghedina about a guide for Antelao. He seemed to think one would be enough, and that it could be done without sleeping out.

SUNDAY, JULY 20th. Awoke to pouring rain; poured the whole day. It is most extraordinary, this happens every Sunday. Service at 10.30 in a room, also at four. Cleared at six. E. and P. went for a walk. M. and I did not, it was so very wet.

MONDAY, JULY 21st. A very cloudy morning. The other three got up early, though very undecided, and finally started with a guide, about 7.30, for the Forca—the pass between Pomagagno and Cristallo, leading down to Ospitale. I had been the walk two years ago, and was saving for Antelao, though without much hope. I spent a very comfortable morning, and strolled with a Tauchnitz in the meadows down by the river. After luncheon I sat in the summer-house to watch for the others returning. A carriage had been sent for them. I fell fast asleep, and was roused by Ghedina coming to tell me the Signore had arrived. I hurried off to find them. They had enjoyed their day very much, and were

much astonished when I asked them if they had found daphne. They had found quantities, and wondered how I guessed. I had told them repeatedly I had found Daphne and Edelweiss on this walk, but they had forgotten. They found no Edelweiss. We all had supper; two American parties at the end of the table next to me talk incessantly, and I am much interested listening to them. Just before supper a young man—a sort of porter—came to me and said it had stopped raining, and would I start for Antelao. I quite declined; I have given up all idea of it.

TUESDAY, JULY 22nd. Still cloudy, but better than yesterday. We went to the School of Art—first to the shop where the wood things are sold, and saw lovely cabinets, chests, and tables in a sort of intarsia work. Then we went to see the school where the pupils are learning. A very nice man showed us round. Afterwards we went to see the filigree school where girls learn, but they were all gone to dinner. Both here and in the wood part the designs are most artistic. It was now about 11.30, and we started for Lake Ghedina. I had been there with Mrs. O. two years ago, and knew the direction—to cross the bridge and bear to the right. We soon found a sign-post, and got into a track marked by constant L.G.'s, and got on very well for nearly an hour, when the marks ceased at a place where the paths forked. It was a steep, stony path through a wood. We plodded on, though very uncertain; and I was sure we had gone much too far. At last we determined to turn back, and soon, to our great joy, spied a man who put us in the right track. We had gone much too high. I

had thought we ought to turn to the right. I remembered going with Mrs. O. through a marshy valley. We trudged through it now, and soon found the little green lake, or rather three—one leading out of the other. I, according to my usual custom, had a foot-bath, and would have waded, but the water was so very cold I could only stay in a very short time. We were beginning to feel famished, so started off for the Belvedere, returning the same way. We hurried down the stony path and made a cut across meadows into the regular road—a driving road, steep and hot, which we all found very trying. M. even went so far as to say she would not go on. I was buoyed up by the hope of getting to rather a tempting cut up steps, and what was my dismay when we got to the place to find it stopped up, and a man in the road told us it was “pericoloso” with “sassi,” and that the road was much more “comodo.” We were very angry; M. was so indignant she sat down on a bench and said she should not go on. E. and P. were in front. I plodded on, and, scrambling up a steep bank, was actually at the top before M. She was soon after me, and we sat in a sweet little summer-house—a splendid view of Antelao, all over snow, before us. I went to look for the others, and found them inside the little Wirthschaft having coffee. We thoroughly enjoyed some coffee and “Gerührte Eier.” Then we went to the end of the ridge, and had a hot dispute about the identity of Pelmo. Two Scotch ladies were firm about its being in one direction; a German gentleman with a map was equally firm about its being in another. I was quite positive the Scotch ladies were right; the rest were inclined to side with the German. To-morrow, if fine, we shall

have quite a near view of Pelmo on the way to Caprile, so I hope they will then be convinced. Doubts had even been thrown out about the identity of the Nuvolao, but that was so very plain before us as we came down that nothing more could be said. We found some lovely lilies on the way down, and many not out yet. Settled about guides for to-morrow. This is my third visit to Cortina. I am very sorry it has come to an end.

WEDNESDAY, JULY 23rd. Got finally off at 5.30. Two Einspännigers, at the suggestion of M., were to take us the piece of road, and it certainly was a great comfort. We had three guides (instead of porters) to carry our luggage, to be ready for the Marmolata, which I hoped to try, and there had been a sort of idea E. and P. might also go; M. was quite decided she would not. One of the guides was the Menardi, who had been with me up Tofano and the Nuvolao, four years ago, in 1886; we had met him the day before, and he had said he would go with us. We were congratulating ourselves on the comfort of the Einspänniger, and had just got to the Belvedere rock, a very steep hill, when the drivers said we must "passeggiare" a little. It seemed very ridiculous when we had engaged them on purpose to save ourselves this hill, and were paying 3.50 a piece for them. However, there seemed no help for it; I turned out, though I was just the one who wanted saving most, and trudged up the hill and sat down on a bench. I thought the rest were never going to turn up, but in time P. appeared, very indignant, and soon after the carriages, the other two having firmly stuck to them. In the end, however, they took us a great deal

further than we had expected, quite half-an-hour beyond the point where the Giau path leaves the Tre Sassi road, it was very rough and wet, and we were very glad to be saved it. The point they took us to was a little cluster of houses, called Pezie di Pala. The guides had had a fine time of it so far, as they had calmly deposited all the luggage in the carriages, and walked on untrammelled. They had now to load, and I broke it to Menardi that only I was going up the Marmolata, and that I should only want two guides, so that one of the other two would not be wanted beyond Caprile, unless he liked to go on as porter. He agreed, and said that Ghedina, a cousin of the landlord's should be the other. We trudged on, I in front for a time with Ghedina, who was very anxious to wait for the others, but I assured him there was no need, that they would soon overtake us, and that I was always "l'ultima," at which he laughed. The path was at first steep, through a wood, but it soon became more open, across meadows, and then we had a very nice piece of narrow terrace path along a ridge, which I did not remember at all when I went on this path in 1888, and the guides said it was new, that the way used to go much nearer the Nuvolao, which was just what I had fancied. The views after the wood were lovely; looking back, we saw first Antelao, then Coda Rossa, looking most beautiful, and later on Cristallo. On our left was Coda di Lago, and other beautiful rocks, and on our right the Nuvolao, nearest us a piece which one does not see at all from Cortina, and further on the Nuvolao Basso, with the hut on it, the point from which poor Guiseppe Ghedina fell, the day the hut was opened. Beyond again is the

Nuvolao Alto, looking like a crescent of rock; how the other side makes the square block one sees from Cortina, I never can understand. A final gentle slope of lovely meadows, with a few chalets brought us to the top of the Giaù pass at ten o'clock, exactly three hours from the time we left the carriages, it had seemed very much shorter than in 1888. At the top the Marmolata bursts suddenly upon one, but only for a moment (it disappears the moment one begins to go down), very different from the other mountains we have seen, a mass of snow and glacier. In the other direction, Cristallo in all his beauty, I was sorry to take the last look of him. There was rather a cold wind at the top, so we went down a little way on the other side, and lunched very comfortably on a bench by the door of a chalet. We were very hungry, not having tasted since a hurried breakfast at five o'clock. The Nuvolao was full before us, we could see the hut quite plainly, and the others could make out some people. We began our descent about 11.30, and got on pretty quickly; at first lovely green slopes, and then a very good path. Soon we came to some slopes with Edelweiss which delayed us, then we crossed a ravine with a very fine waterfall, and after that we seemed to get on rather slowly. There was no hurry, it was very hot, and the path seemed to go as much up as down. However, soon Pelmo burst upon us, and almost at the same moment the Civetta, a splendid mountain at the end of Lake Alleghe, near Caprile. I may here mention that the doubts about Pelmo had been solved in the morning by the driver of M. and P.'s Einspänniger, and the Scotch ladies amply justified. Soon after we came to a

Tafel with Colle of St. Lucia upon it, and decided to stop at the village of that name and have some coffee. I had an impression of a steep hill two years ago, but to my joy we approached it by quite a level path. St. Lucia is a most lovely little village, perched on a spur of the mountain; there was a very nice inn, where we had some excellent coffee, which revived us very much. (We quite longed to stay a night there). We saw a bedroom door open and went in to examine the furniture—two beds, beautiful knitted quilts, the pillows bordered with crochet edging. Then we went to look at the church; there is a very nice picture of St. Lucia over the altar. The view of Pelmo and the Civetta from the churchyard is beautiful. After this interlude we got on pretty briskly, and were in Caprile by four. The guides avoided the horrid "strada militare," all stones, by which I came down in 1888, and brought us by a nice winding path through fields, which finally entered Caprile by the church. The people at the Hotel delle Alpi all remembered me; we got very nice rooms, and had some tea at a table on the landing. The Cordevole rushes close at the back of the house. Soon after five (still rather hot) we started off to walk to Lake Alleghe, a man with us who said he would row us. We crossed the bridge, and walked by the side of the rushing river, full of logs of wood, which he told us floated down to the Brenta, and then to Venice. They all now were lodging on sandbanks, but at certain seasons men work at them, and send them down. I had an impression, and so had E., that it was about a mile to the end of the lake, but it was more than three; we thought we should never get there. At last we arrived,

and had a most delightful row all over the lake—the man and a woman rowing us, a little boy sitting at the end. The lake was caused by a landslip 120 years ago: it blocked up the outlet of the river, so that it had to form a lake before it could escape. Several villages were destroyed, and the ruins can sometimes be seen at the bottom of the lake. The woman said she had seen them, but the water was now too thick, with the bad weather. It was a lovely green, and the Civetta was clearly reflected in it. The boatman was very talkative, and told us a long story about an Italian countess who has bought a piece of land at the end of the lake and is going to build a hotel on it. Some English are going to build one at the village of Alleghe, opposite. Among them they will ruin the lake. We saw workmen building the countess' boundary wall, so that story seemed true. We got out at the end of the lake by the bridge, where the river issues from it, and walked a little along the road. The river dashes along among great rocks, a very narrow passage in places, piles of logs everywhere; how they get through without being smashed to pieces we could not imagine. We were now rowed across to the village of Alleghe, a most lovely little place, where we found, to our great joy, we could have a carriage and drive back to Caprile. The Abendglüh on the Civetta was quite splendid. At Caprile we found supper going on, so sat down at once to partake. There were several men, two Italian officers, a German father and daughter, and another German with red hair who kept talking incessantly to them about his experiences in huts. He had red hair and spectacles. P. called him the Mulligan. E. saw him eat a whole omelette with his knife alone.

They all smoked, but they must have been very good cigars—I did not mind it. We had rather a poor supper, and were a long time getting it. Afterwards we had a very comfortable evening in our delightful landing with a large round table. Had tea, and played patience. The others decided to stay the whole of the next day at Caprile and to meet me at the top of the Fedaja the day after, hoping I should then have accomplished the Marmolata.

THURSDAY, JULY 24th. Another lovely day. I had a horse, and started at 9.30 for the Fedaja with my two guides with ice-axes. It had been a great comfort the day before to see such implements again, but I have not much hope of the Marmolata. I know the weather will change, or I shall not be able to accomplish it. I walked over the Fedaja in 1888, and remembered it very well. First, the way is across a bridge where a douanier is always stationed in a sentry-box, then up to the village of Rocca. Then there is a very good path, gently rising, to the gorges of Sottoguda, where the river rushes through a narrow defile—magnificent walls of rock—and is crossed by 13 wooden bridges. At one place a waterfall drops straight down a perfectly smooth, polished wall of rock; there was not much water in it just now. Though much higher, it was not equal to that lovely waterfall in the Partnach Klamm—all foam. I got off at this point, and walked the rest of the defile, as the horse—a very nice little thing called Pina—showed a strong propensity to walk at the very edge of the bridges, where the planks project a little. After the gorge the rest of the way was mostly over meadows full of flowers,

gently sloping at first, and (after a little Alp with a Crucifix), rather steep. Up the steep part Pina quite tore; the poor boy, who was feeling the heat dreadfully, kept saying, "E furiosa." When it was flat she would stop to eat, and could hardly be got to go on. At the top one has the Marmolata close to, but all rock—not the mass of snow we saw from the Giau. There is a pretty little lake at the other side. The boy drank himself and tried to make Pina drink. She quite declined, but drank with avidity at a running stream a little further on. The Fedaja inn now came in sight; we arrived there in exactly four hours—it was 1.30. A very nice German and his guide had been up the Marmolata this morning. The cook of the establishment accompanied them, and they got up in three hours and three-quarters. If I am up in six I shall be thankful. A German couple from Baiern, also very nice, mean to go up to-morrow. I had a meal of excellent soup, etc. Then I sat outside in the sun (it was very cold in the house) at a table where the German was arranging his flowers, and had some coffee. Then I had a stroll up a hill from which the top of the Marmolata can be seen—looked at it, and had a very comfortable sleep. Afterwards, I wrote my journal at the table till it became too cold to sit out. Went in. Seven men were smoking in the small room. I had coffee and eggs. The German couple retired soon after eight. I copied their example.

FRIDAY, JULY 25th. I had a room out of the sitting room, and a very comfortable bed. I had no matches, and my watch had stopped. I awoke and heard a great deal of talking, and at last I could bear it no longer,

and seeing a light under the sitting room door I went in to look at the clock. It was just 1.30, at which time I was to have been called. The Wirth appeared, and hearing from him the weather was good, I began to get ready. The German couple were already at breakfast when I went in, and we actually got under weigh by 2.30. They had one guide, and I had two, Luigi Menardi and Simone Ghedina, from Cortina. Each party had a lantern. We crossed the valley, and got almost directly (after crossing the stream on a plank) on a little path made by the landlord, which he says shortens the way by quite half-an-hour. We were last, Ghedina in front, then I and Menardi behind, walking very slowly. It is astonishing how much ground one gets over unconsciously in that way, with a lantern, not seeing anything but just the ground before one. I always think of the hymn.

“Lead, kindly light. . . .
I do not ask to see
The distant scene, one step enough for me.”

It exactly describes the sensation. Soon we became aware there were other lights before us, and the guides said two parties had started from the other inn. It looked very pretty seeing the lights winding along. A huge pinnacle of rock is visible from the valley, and I soon saw the lights wound closely round to the left of it. When we got up to that point it was nearly daylight, and my heart sank to see a tremendous perpendicular slope of moraine, which must be scaled before there could be a hope of glacier. At those moments one thinks of nothing further; one only feels if one could see the glacier it would be bliss. I plodded

on, and it was really not so bad as it looked; there were some sharp zig-zags which carried us up the steep part very quickly, then a few patches of snow, which were a great rest, and we were really on the edge of the glacier before I could have believed it possible. The rope was put on at once, and the guides put on their crampons (irons to their boots, a peculiarity of Tyrolese guides, the Swiss scorn them). I thought I would have a little wine, but the first drop turned me, and I was very sick. We then started up the snow, it was in very good order at first, and I got on very well, I always feel much better when I get to the snow. Seeing rather a tempting point before us I ventured to ask if we should soon see the summit, and was too enchanted to hear that was the summit. It looked quite near, but as we mounted it began to recede, and as I saw more what we had to do, my heart sank. I may mention that the other parties had long got beyond my vision, but we occasionally heard shouts of triumph, which rather irritated me. There was a long piece nearly flat to be got over, which always tries me more than steepness; but when that was over we took a bend to the left which seemed to get us on very much, and I saw with joy we were past some crevasses which I had been looking at for a long time. I now had a nip of cognac, which quite got me on for a time. Twice I hoped we were on the last slope, and each time we landed on a little shelf and saw just as much slope before us. I began to flag a good deal, and Menardi let the rope go its full length, then stood, and I walked up to him rather leaning on it; then I stood while he went on again; and so on, and a few bouts of that kind of thing get me on wonderfully.

We now really were on the last slope, and turned to the right along a narrow ledge of snow—good steps in it. We had heard for some little time the first parties beginning to come down, and now met a guide and young man—the latter bent double and crouching against the bank of snow. I was walking quite comfortably, and I must say I felt rather pleased. We now got on to some very nice rocks, and were about half-way up them when we met three more young men and two guides. They all seemed very comfortable. I now had a look at the view, and was very pleased to be able to make out the Glockner and Venediger quite plainly. I had had good views of the Dolomites, Tofana, Cristallo, Antelao, Pelmo, and Civetta before. After the rocks we came to a narrow arête, in which I always delight; and then I thought we really were at the top, but saw, to my horror, a gentle swell before me. It really was only about ten minutes, but I could hardly put one foot before another. Just at this juncture the German couple appeared quite unexpectedly round a corner, and we exchanged cheerful greetings. I struggled on, and in time really was at the top—which is a narrow long ridge of snow. It was, indeed, a blissful moment, and I instantly felt as if I had not taken a step. It was blowing fearfully, and the guides said we must go down a little on the other side; but I insisted on first going as far along the ridge as there were footsteps, and a little beyond; it was not safe to go quite to the end. We hurried down the other side to a little nook under some rocks, where it was quite warm and sheltered, and there I had time to look round me. The sky was quite blue and clear, the valleys all full of mist—nothing to be seen but the top of the Civetta

rising above the mist; it looked beautiful, just like a row of organ pipes. The valley directly under us was the Ombretta, which I knew to be the one in which the Sottoguda gorge is—so I understood our position. It was just 8.30 when we got to the top, so I had been exactly six hours—as I always expected to be. At the top I was able to swallow a few crumbs of bread. Then I had the bottle fetched out of a nook and read all the cards. My German friends, I found, were Feden Regierungs Rath and Frau, aus Baiern. I only saw one Englishman's card—a Mr. Evans, in 1888. I also found a paper with the name of the German of the day before, and Margarete Dolgedo, the cook. I left my card, with the names of my guides on it. We stayed three-quarters of an hour, and then prepared for the descent. I was dreading the little bit of mount up to the top, but found we went round, so understood how the Germans had come upon me unexpectedly. On the arête I had now leisure to look about me, and found we were just overhanging the Fassa Valley. Vigo could be seen, but not Campitello—our destination. On the rocks there were now some streams of water, and I had some with a very little wine in it, which set me up very much. Once on the snow, we got on slowly but steadily. The snow was so soft it was impossible to walk fast. I was over my ankles at almost every step, and the guides generally sank deeper. It is also very tiring to be constantly heaving one's alpenstock out of the soft snow. However, there came a place after the Schrund (the crevasse just at the foot of the final slope, which I had forgotten to mention, was very full of snow, and so very easily passed, both going up and down), when we could have a good

“Rütscheln,” that is, I sit down, holding my petticoat up in front, and the guides rush down, dragging me as on a sledge. It is delightful, but the snow must be at a certain angle and not too soft. After the first “Rütscheln” I had to walk a good piece past all the crevasses, one or two more had opened since morning, but very narrow ones. Then we had some famous “Rütschelns,” all sitting together, and before I could have believed it possible we were at the moraine, and the rope was taken off. Ghedina now went on in advance to announce my arrival, and order me some soup, and I followed more slowly with Menardi. It was very interesting seeing the path by daylight which I had traversed in the dark. I am always amazed to see the immense amount of ground I have gone over almost unconsciously. The flowers were lovely, anemones, gentians, forget-me-nots. I saw nothing new, but no doubt M. and P. would if they had been there. When we got near the bottom, Menardi spied with his telescope, and he said he saw the other signore. It was very hot towards the end, I was down just about 12.30, and they all came to meet me before I got to the inn. It was a joyful meeting, and I did feel too thankful to have accomplished the Marmolata, one of my objects for years. If I had known how very few rocks there were I should have done it two years ago, but my legs were so abraded by Cristallo I was really afraid of risking breaking any more skin. I was rejoiced to find the German couple had only got down three-quarters of an hour before me, so I was not so bad after all. The others had been at the top since ten o'clock, so I had my soup (very cold), settled with my guides (21 gulden each) paid my bill,

and we got off soon after two o'clock. The path first was uphill a little, which I resented very much. M. kindly dallied behind with me, the others having gone on with the mule, which had brought their luggage from Caprile, and which now had mine in addition. When we began to go down, I felt how very empty I was, I had not tasted a mouthful of solid food all day, except a few crumbs of bread, and it was really agony. However, there was no help for it, and my mind was a good deal distracted from my sufferings by investigating the top of the Marmolata. Knowing the arête was on that side I could quite plainly make out the top ridge, but the extreme end just vanished in mist. I could make out the rocks we had gone up. It was very interesting, and the precipices of the Marmolata are quite splendid on that side. They flank the other side of the valley a long way down, and afterwards come some splendid rocky peaks called the Vernel. It is a most lovely walk, and a very good path, which adds to one's enjoyment. Towards the end of the steep part of the descent there are a series of little shrines, the stations of the Cross. The path now becomes more level, and crosses a pretty little Alp through a wood. There were several cows about, which made me think of milk, and by this time I was almost wild with both hunger and thirst. M. had mentioned that the Wirth of the Fedaja had offered them Forellen, and I did think it hard that no one should have told me of them, they were exactly what I could have eaten. The bare thought of those Forellen drove me nearly frantic. We passed two women knitting, evidently connected with the cows, and asked if they could not

milk one, but they quite declined. They said there was a village near, but they did not know its name. We trudged on by a beautiful brawling stream, and in time really did come to a village, with a pretty little church stuck up on a hill, but not any sign of an inn. We met rather a nice man, and asked him if there was an inn, and he said no. Then we asked if milk could be got anywhere, and he said, "Yes, anywhere," he would go back with us to his house, which was the first, and get us some. This sounded too delightful, we hurried after him to a very nice chalèt, sat on some planks outside, and he brought out a large flattish basin full of lovely milk, all cream at the top. We drank eagerly by turns, one at each side, till every drop was gone; it was too delicious, and I felt a new creature. The nice man was very conversational, and admired my Alpenstock very much. He told us we were an hour from Campitello, he had been there himself that morning to a festa (St. James' Day. We had heard the guns firing on the top of the Marmolata, I had thought at first they were avalanches). I gave him 40 kreuzers. He did not want anything. We had only got a very little way beyond the village, which was called Penia, when he came running after us with my opera-glass, which I had actually left on the planks. I felt too thankful he had got the 40 kreuzers, he had amply earned them. We now trudged on full of hope, and in about half-an-hour asked a man with a cart how far we were from Campitello, and he said about an hour. This was very hopeless to have got no forwarder, but we were much amazed by his then addressing me and saying, "Siete stata sulla Marmolata questa mattina." How he knew we could

not imagine. We now passed a little inn, which I remembered quite well in 1888—Gasthof-zum-Alpen, and soon after the road took a decided bend to the right across a stony track, and across the river to a village which the carter had told us was Campitello. It seemed odd that the road, which for some time had been almost a driving road should, just at the approach to Campitello, which we imagined to be a town, have degenerated into a sort of track; but we trudged on, and just at the entrance to the village a pelting shower came on. We had no waterproofs, and I had no umbrella, mine having been broken and left behind; it had been a lovely day—we had never thought of rain. We hurried on, hoping to get in before we were soaked, but saw no signs of an inn. We asked some women if this was Campitello, and they said “No; Canazée.” That was the name of the place where I slept in 1888 to be ready for the Stella Pass, and I knew it was miles from Campitello. We had approached it by a short cut through fields, so I had not recognised it. We asked frantically the way to Campitello, but they would only point and say, “Fuora, fuora;” and as it was quite pelting, we sat down in despair under some eaves. We felt hopeless of ever finding Campitello, independently of the misery of walking there—soaked, through mud and rain. As in our experience this year, rain when it once begins generally lasts three days, I saw no use in waiting, so we buckled to and tried to find our way. We saw a red mark, but were no longer sure they led to Campitello; no one would tell us anything. M. appealed to several people—I left it all to her. I now recognised the inn where I slept two years ago, and two carts passed. M. enquired

if they were going to Campitello. The man said they were. We flew after them, and the good-natured carter let us sit in one of them on sacks ; we were too thankful. They were like flat trays of wood, and the jolting was fearful. I thought certainly something would be displaced in our insides ; but we did not care for anything now we knew we were really on the road to Campitello. The rain soon stopped, and we were in clover. The same man had the two carts in charge ; the horse with the other cart followed by itself in the most intelligent way. The man walked at first, but when he came to a stream he could stand it no longer—got another sack, made me move back to the middle of the cart, and drove. We then got on much faster. It was a very rough road, or rather track, and seemed to be plunging more deeply into the mountains instead of approaching any place with an inn. However, Campitello was really reached, and the inn—Hotel Bunard al Molino—with a large glass balcony, on the brink of a roaring stream, looked most attractive. Our nice man took us to the very door, and was most grateful for sixty kreuzers. The Tyrolese are always satisfied, whatever you give them ; very different to most other nations. We arrived about six. We found the muleteer at the door, and heard all had arrived. The others were in their rooms, and were very sorry they had missed the sight of our arrival in the cart. They could not understand how we had missed the road, but we had been misled by having this other place pointed out as Campitello. M. had had a qualm about a red mark, and it proved she was right. We had a really excellent tea (our own tea), with very good cream. We were parched with thirst, and drank floods. Jug

after jug of hot water had that wretched Kellnerin to bring us; she was a most good-natured girl, but they were a long while bringing things. We had also excellent Forellen and (not very good) buttered eggs. The Fedens appeared in the course of the evening, and were quite astonished to see me playing patience after tea. I really did not feel in the least tired, but still was, I must say, rejoicing in the prospect of a long, undisturbed night. What was my horror to find on enquiry from the Wirth that our only hope of reaching Botzen next day was to start at six, and that we had to go round by Predazzo—the route I went with A. M. in 1888. We were all bent on getting to Botzen for Sunday—to our luggage and our letters; so we ordered the carriage for six o'clock, ourselves to be called at 4.30. I retired gloomily to break the news to E., who had gone to bed some time before in the comfortable expectation of a long night.

(On SATURDAY the 26th, they drove to Botzen, changing at Predazzo, a beautiful drive, but very long, and they much regretted afterwards not having walked over the Seisser Alp from Campitello, and driven only from Kastelrath to Waidbuch, a station very near Botzen. In the course of the 28th, E. went into the Pfarr kirche, and examined the monument to the Archduke Rainier in the chancel. M.L.H.)

It has a most touching inscription, composed by himself.

Mein Glaube darf nicht wanken
O tröstlicher Gedanken!
Ich werde durch Sein Auferstehen
Gleich Ihm aus meinem Grabe gehen.
Die Nacht die mich hier decket
Bis mich der Engel wecket
Ist kurz; dann ruft mein Heiland mich
Dorthin wo Niemand stirbt zu sich.

Wanderer der du an meinem Grabe stehest, bete für
mich und meine Sünden, auf dass mein Glaube
verwirklicht werde.

(Erzherzog Rainier was born at Pisa, 1783.

Died at Botzen, 25th January, 1853).

(TUESDAY 29th, they went by train to Méran, and stayed one night at the Erzherzog Johann. M.L.H.)

After dinner, M. and I went to the reading room. Suddenly we heard shrieks from P., and returning to the dining room, where she was writing, found her coping with a scorpion. It was running about on the floor, and M. implored the waiter not to kill it, but to put it in spirits. He said he had never seen one before, it was most odd that it should just have appeared for people who would so thoroughly appreciate it. The waiter soon appeared with the scorpion in spirits, and it was packed up for Fred. We start to-morrow over the Timblerjoch to Solden.

WEDNESDAY, JULY 30th. A thunderstorm the night before had cleared the air, and it felt much fresher. Off at 5.20 with our three guides. Crossed the Tappeiner

bridge, mounted the walks on the other side, and soon got on to a very pretty level terrace path high above the foaming river, which they justly call the "wilde Passeier." The path was first through vineyards, and then through very pretty woods. In about an hour we passed the castle of Schöna, high above us on the right. The path now became almost a driving road, and we rather grudged expending our strength upon it. However, in some places it was a good deal broken away by the rains of yesterday evening, and gangs of workmen were mending it. Innumerable little shrines with pictures of accidents were along the road—one finds them everywhere in the Tyrol, but here more than we had seen anywhere. About nine o'clock we passed a very pretty little village called St. Martin, with frescoes of St. Martin and other saints, with pious inscriptions which P. copied. Looking back we saw the Mendel ridge and a fine peak called the Langen Spitze. We crossed and re-crossed the Passeier about four times, and at a quarter to ten arrived at Sand—Hofer's house—where we were to refresh. It is a picturesque old house, with balconies. We had coffee and eggs in the lower one, and then went upstairs to see some relics of Hofer—his clothes, a green waistcoat with red revers (such as they wear), a very broad belt, his spurs, knife, etc. Also a very touching letter he wrote to his brother at five o'clock the morning of his execution; he was shot at seven o'clock. The girl who showed them said her name was Hofer, and that she was his great-grand-daughter, and that no one thought anything of Hofer in the valley now. The guides denied this afterwards, and said her name was certainly not Hofer; so we did not know how much to

believe. We had hoped to see the place where Hofer was taken prisoner (betrayed by a friend), but it is high up among the rocks, so we only saw about where it was. Close to the house is a little chapel, built as a memorial to Hofer, but we could not get in; the guides told us it was unfinished inside. At eleven we started on our pilgrimage again. It was now very hot, but the valley had become wilder, and the walk was very interesting. We passed some lovely waterfalls; the rocks were very fine on each side. Moos was to be our next halting-place. Just before we got there I was, as often happens, behind by myself when I came to a place where the road forked. One way went decidedly down and up again to some houses which I had long hoped were Moos, the other fork went decidedly up. I had seen M.'s white hat a moment before, but, of course, at this critical moment she had disappeared. I thought if the lower road was the right one I should soon see her on it, but she did not appear. It was now very hot, and I was quite determined not to go a great piece out of my way, so sat down at the fork, resolved to wait till some one came after me if I sat there all day. A village and church were on the very top of the hills on the opposite side of the valley, which they had told us was Platt—a place with baths, but not very well “*engerichtet*.” In about a quarter-of-an-hour a guide appeared on the upper path; he said the “*damen*” were very uneasy about me. I said some one ought to have waited to show the way; and followed him up the hill, and, to my astonishment, came almost directly upon a church and quite a little village. The others were all sitting in front of a little inn, drinking red wine. I thankfully drank some too.

I was rather angry with them for not leaving a guide at such a critical point, but it appeared the guides were far in front, and they had all gone up the hill without noticing the lower road. We had some soup, mutton, and potatoes, and at 3.30 set off again to Seehaus, our next stage. The road was now very picturesque—splendid rocks, the path sometimes a gallery cut in the rock. We crossed the river again (altogether we crossed it, I think, seven times in the course of the day), and at five o'clock arrived at Seehaus—not a very inviting-looking inn. The guides had previously broken to us they would like us to go a stage further—to Schönnau—so as to shorten the next day, and we were quite ready, as it was now cool and pleasant. They stopped to have a meal, and we went on by ourselves, but soon got bewildered about the path. A little girl came running after us and put us right once on some marshy ground near the river, which had once been a lake; but we soon got wrong again, and wasted a precious quarter of an hour waiting for the guides. Just before they appeared a woman had shown us the right path through a gate, and we mounted a steep path to the village of Rabenstein. A very pretty new church was being built here, and we heard the old one had been destroyed by an avalanche the year before, and they were building this new one higher, where it would not be in danger. A house was destroyed at the same time, and several people killed, they seem to have built it again just at the same place. There was a good deal of stiff mounting before Schönnau, and I was not sorry to arrive there, but we were all thankful to have done this piece to-day. At Schönnau, we were lodged

in a dependance, E. in a room by herself on the ground floor, we three in a room upstairs, outside. Very primitive, but not at all uncomfortable. After tidying, we went across to the inn, and made frantic struggles to get a meal. The girl was very good-natured, but both deaf and stupid. We made our own tea, and got hot water, etc., but nothing would induce her to bring us anything to eat. I got no food at all; she brought some pancakes when we had all finished our tea, fortunately, there was plenty of milk, so I drank a good deal. Two Swiss were there with a guide, whom they were chaffing a good deal; he was rather tipsy, and came and stood over P. and me, while we played patience. Our own three retired early; one of them, a tall dark one, was a very nice man, another with a yellow moustache we did not much like. We were thankful to hear we need not start till six in the morning.

THURSDAY, JULY 31st. We had a most comfortable night on our straw beds. Pogratten, M. calls them in remembrance of the Glockner Haus, but they do not seem to know that term here. We secured coffee, and bread and butter, with some difficulty, and were off punctually at six. It was a lovely morning; there had been a little rain last night, after we got in. We crossed a meadow, and then mounted a steep path by some chalets, and then had a long flat piece with a descent to the bridge. We saw the top of the path to our left, it looked an immense way off. There was a well-defined path, steep in places, and then crossing a long meadow, with some pretty white sheep about. The nice guide

stayed behind with me, and at one point, catching sight of the others, I sent him on for my little flask of cognac, feeling sure I should never get to the top without some support. I got over a good deal of ground while he was away, and when he joined me again we got soon on some rocky steps, and the change, with the drop of cognac, made me get on much better. I heard the guides in front shouting to one of them who seemed to have gone wrong. At one time there was a very fine view looking back, and the guide said one distant point was the Venediger. A very fine snow mountain near was the Moos Felner, and another the Schneeberg, which, he said, had mines of silver and lead. I was just three hours and three-quarters getting to the top, the others only three hours. I think having no food the night before had something to do with my slowness. The top ridge was a mass of soldanellas and auriculas. The view was most wild. We saw into the Oetzthal at the end of a long valley, and a high shoulder separated us from the Grgl Valley. We started down about 10.30, walking along the ridge, first past a cross and a sign-post. The descent was very pleasant at first, but afterwards became very stony. When we came to a nice stream we stopped and had some wine and water ; I could not drink the wine alone. It was very refreshing. The path ran down the side of a narrow glen, the Trimbler Bach at the bottom. We crossed it low down and then mounted the other side for a little, then followed a path rounding the shoulder which divided us from the Ober Grgl Valley. At the very point there was a chalet, and we had some delicious milk—a nice girl brought it up to us as we sat on the hill-side. We then

went on. I was horrified to find how far up the Ober Grgl Valley we had to go. The guide said we were actually only within half-an-hour of Ober Grgl when we began to descend. The descent was rapid at first. Then we passed an Alp, to which the chalet where we had the milk belonged; and then we had a walk of about an hour through a wood, passing a beautiful waterfall on the other side of the valley. This brought us, gently descending, to Zwieselstein—a sweet little place in a meadow, just where the Ober Grgl Valley and Vend Valley branch off, and the two streams join. It was about 2.30, and very hot. There was a nice little inn. The guides went in to refresh, and I felt I must have some beer, as we had now only three-quarters of an hour's walk to Slden. M. and I shared a bottle, and it was most delicious. It was three o'clock before we started on the last stage of the pilgrimage—first by the river, but very soon mounting steeply, and going along a lovely path cut in the rock high over the river foaming below through a narrow gorge. I had been this walk twice before, and yet had quite forgotten this lovely bit; it was very extraordinary. A guide overtook us, and we entered into conversation, and ended by engaging him to take us over the Pitzthaler Joch to Mittelberg, to return over the Taufkamm Joch to Trend. He quite declined travelling on Sunday, so as we did not want two days at Mittelburg, we decided not to go till Saturday, and I, for one, was enchanted with the prospect of a good long night. The lovely spire of Slden church, and the little village itself appeared in sight, the path descended, crossed the river, ran a little way beside it, and we

turned up through the village, past the priest's house, he was walking up and down in front of it, conning his breviary, and saluted us, and in a moment we were at Grimer's pretty little inn. A foaming waterfall rushes down between it and the church just in front of it, a bridge across it. The walk from Zwieselstein took us an hour-and-a-quarter, it was 4.15 when we arrived. The landlady received us very hospitably, we got nice rooms. Very soon we were all seated at tea in a most delightful verandah, and felt thoroughly refreshed. About 5.30, when it was cool, we went into the church, and round the churchyard, the other side opens on the bare mountain. There is a monument to an English clergyman in the churchyard (a Mr. Watson) with a Latin inscription to the effect that he fell into a crevasse, on one of the glaciers near, in 1860. We were surprised that any Englishman should have been here so long ago, very few come now. The driving road through the Oetzthal ends here. We had a very good dinner, and went to bed, thankful that we were not to be called at three.

FRIDAY, AUGUST 1st. I had a most excellent night. I was up about eight, and secured a round wooden tub, with hot water, which was a great boon. We all had coffee separately. M. did not appear till about eleven. She declined going out in the heat. P., E. and I turned out for an exploration about twelve. First we looked at the church again, then we strolled down the road, hoping to find a bridge to cross the river. As none appeared, I sat down with a book, and let the others go on alone. We spent the rest of the day in a desultory

sort of way. The others all took their boots to have some nails put in them in preparation for the Pitzthaler. This is a very nice inn, the landlady comes in every evening to talk, and there are about a dozen nice looking servant girls about; we have identified Petronelle, Philomène, Luisa, and Thérèse. Bed early, to be called at three.

SATURDAY, AUGUST 2nd. Our two guides—Oswald Schopf and Zaccheus Gstrein—arrived. The Fend portion of our luggage was confided to Madame Grüner, who promised faithfully we should find it at Fend on Monday. Oswald and Zaccheus seemed to consider what was left rather heavy. We were off at 4.20. A lovely morning, fresh and cool, and we got over a good deal of steep mounting (following the course of the waterfall, which we find is called the Rettenbach) without minding it in the least. In two hours we crossed it and got to the Rettenbach Alp, where we had some excellent milk. The view was very fine, looking back. Among the peaks was the Wilde Pfaff—a name which always interests me. After the Alp the path was almost flat for a long time following the side of a glen leading straight up to the Rettenbach glacier, then it mounted the moraine by the side of the icfall; and in about two hours more we halted for food on a lovely green knoll covered with Soldanella, just below the snow. I was delighted to feel myself on snow again, and at first it was very interesting—mounting in a ladder of steps, just the right degree of softness, varied by little transverse passages. Soon we got to a gentle slope, where one always seems to make no progress at all. The whole

affair, however, was very short—very little more than an hour—and then we had the final pull, up some shaly rocks, and landed at the top at 12.20—almost exactly six hours from our start. I, for once, was close behind the others. The Wildspitze had been visible just before the top, but could not be seen at the very top. Beautiful mountains all round, and a lovely little lake called the Riffel See, lying high up on a plateau among the rocks. Two Germans followed closely upon us, and we were glad to find they only started 40 minutes after us. We thought it very creditable to us. They were very much astonished with our prowess. We stayed about half-an-hour at the top, and then started for the descent. Hardly any snow on the other side; a shaly zig-zag path, varied by stony bits. We had not gone far when we heard the Germans following, and waited for them to pass. When they did pass, however, they got on in such a dithering way we rather regretted we had waited. The shaly path led down to a sort of shoulder of grass, then more shaly path and another shoulder. The Wildspitze looked beautiful all the way down. We also saw the exact line of the Taufkai Joch, which we hoped to cross on Monday, and the whole of the fine Mittelberg glacier. M. took a sketch of the outline of the Wildspitze from one of the grassy shoulders. It was very hot, and I was not sorry when we found ourselves at the edge of the glacier—nice clean ice, without snow, and the guides had told us we were to cross it. There we found the Germans waiting. We had already met their guide returning, and they evidently intended to make use of ours for the passage of the glacier. It was delightfully cool and pleasant walking over the glacier—

little streams playing all over it in the way they do in the afternoon. It soon became rather steep, and the guides cut steps. The stream to our right was brawling from under a snow bridge. The Germans, of course, had the advantage of our steps; I hope they tipped the guides. After the glacier we had a stony path through moraine, and then mounted a little to the left and got on a nice path along the grassy hill-side, which soon brought us down into meadows full of people making hay, in the middle of which Mittelberg was situated. The Germans pottered and drank at every stream, so we contrived to get past them, made a spurt and kept ahead, and got in before them—wild with thirst and heat. It was 3.20, so we had been just eleven hours on the tramp. We had certainly dawdled a good deal on the way down, it was so hot. Our first demand was for beer, and great was the blow to hear there was none. The landlady was a very nice girl; she received us with outstretched hands and “Grüss Gott”—the very nice Tyrolese greeting. We were shown a room with five beds, and congratulated ourselves there was a spare one in which to deposit some of our scanty possessions. E., however, contrived to secure another room—or rather a closet—so we had two spare beds. We had our own tea, but had great difficulty in inducing Fräulein Kirschner to give us boiling water—the first supply was hardly lukewarm. After tea, much refreshed, we turned out to inspect Mittelberg, which consists merely of the modest little inn with a pretty motto over the door, bidding wanderers welcome to the “Höhe Spitzen, Gletscher, steile Felsen,” etc.; a few chalets, and a little chapel. I looked for the road, and followed a path through the

meadows sprinkled with rocks a little way, but no road appeared. P. then came out and tried another path, and disappeared up a mountain, where I did not follow her. M. then came out, and hearing where P. had gone, set off after her. It was now very cold, so I went in. The two came back in about an hour, saying they had been up a very pretty valley, which I found from Baedeker must be the Taschach Valley. The Germans, after a little rest and some food, had gone on to Plangerös, a place about an hour off; so we had the little sitting-room entirely to ourselves.

SUNDAY, AUGUST 3rd. It had been arranged the night before that we should not want breakfast till the family returned from church at Plangerös. The first sounds we were conscious of were their voices, coming back; and it was past ten when we turned out. Alas! what a sight greeted our eyes. The valley full of mist. We were dressed by eleven; had breakfast—tepid coffee and very hard bread: they have it brought from a distance. Towards one we turned out to explore. First we followed the green path a good way down the valley, crossing a stream (the one from the Taschach Valley) by a bridge. We had been told carriages could come up to Mittelberg, but we could not think how, as it appeared to be on one side of the main stream, and what a man pointed out to us as the road, was on the other; and we could see no bridge, and we understood him to say there was none. We then turned back and went up the Taschach Valley. After a little mounting there was a delightful undulating terrace-path. M. and I went as far as a very fine waterfall, and then sat down with our books; and

strolled back, sitting and reading at intervals. P. and E. went further, and did not get back to the hotel till some time after us, when we were beginning to prepare tea without them. P. had actually been as far as the glacier. The rest of the day was spent in agonizing indecision about the weather, which looked worse and worse. We had two interviews with Oswald, and it was arranged we were to be called at 2.30 the next morning, as we must get on somehow. We retired to bed with heavy hearts.

MONDAY, AUGUST 4th. A wretched night, expecting every minute to be called. The fatal rap came punctually at two; we were down ready by three, and there was no doubt about the weather—mist down to the ground, and pouring. It was too disappointing, the Taufkar Joch is a thing I had been longing for for years, it would have been quite splendid, we should have been at Fend in about ten hours, time was of the greatest consequence to us, and now we had to trudge down one long valley and up another, losing a day, besides the disappointment about the pass. There was no help for it; at four we were off, it was almost dark, and pouring. To our astonishment, we turned to the right, and crossed the main stream by a bridge close to, which we had never discovered, found ourselves on a good bridle path, we had expected to walk a good way through wet grass. We tramped gloomily on, fortunately downhill, passed Plangerös, where the church was, and Trenkwald, where several children joined us, going to school at St. Leonhard. We ascertained they were preparing for confirmation, and had to go fourteen days for instruction.

They went every other day, it must have been a walk of nearly two hours for them. At the end of three hours we reached St. Leonhard, and went into a nice little inn and had coffee and eggs, and devoured a Mittelberg chicken, which we had brought with us, to the last atom. We then resumed our weary trudge. It would have been a lovely walk in fine weather, but of course the mountains were all wrapped in mist. It was still very interesting; we crossed the river two or three times, sometimes it rushed through beautiful ravines. We passed several fine waterfalls, sometimes we walked through very pretty woods, where M. and P. found quantities of wild strawberries. We passed two or three pretty villages, Kitzenried and Gounhof, etc. At one place, the path was high above the river, and the opposite bank very steep, was covered with burnt trees, the fragments lying about. The guide told us a "Hirt" had set fire to them by accident, two years ago. We now began to long for Wennis, where we hoped to find a trap, it had cleared for a little, but just before we arrived it began to pour again. We had a little steep mounting just before Wennis, and began to feel hot, being laden with waterproofs. Wennis is a most picturesque little village, the houses covered with frescoes, the Post a very nice inn, we had an excellent luncheon. They had told us we could have a carriage to take us to Imst station, and we were quite happy (E. was changing her wet boots and stockings, and I was preparing to do the same) when they came and said we could not have it, the driver had to go somewhere to a festa. We were in despair, and were girding ourselves up for a further tramp of more than two hours, when

the driver himself appeared and said he would take us. We were too enchanted, it was a funny little carriage, two seats across, we sat two and two behind each other, a hole between for the luggage, the driver on another seat in front. It was an awful road, but we had two very good horses, and got on somehow, and were at Imst station about ten minutes before the train arrived—4.15. It was quite odd to feel ourselves in a train again. It was a very short journey to Oetzthal. There we found a large hotel, omnibuses, carriages, and all the accessories of civilisation. We ordered a carriage, and had coffee while it was being got ready, and were soon started on our long weary drive up the Oetzthal. We started with the carriage shut, but it soon cleared and we had it opened. This end of the Oetzthal is tame in comparison with the Pitzthal—a driving road, and large flourishing villages. Oetz was the first we passed, with a very nice-looking hotel. Part of the way was through pine woods, and we passed several fields of Indian corn, showing we were in a very different climate to what we had lately experienced. Quantities of large bundles of flax were drying in the fields. We crossed the river twice, and then the driver stopped to refresh the horses at Umhausen. We had meant to get on to Längenfeld, but it was now nearly seven, and M. suggested we should stay here instead. The driver objected at first, but we overruled him, and were thankful to bundle out. It looked a large barrack kind of hotel, with rather an uninviting entrance; but upstairs things looked much brighter. They gave us two palatial bedrooms, and we had an excellent little dinner of soup and “Schnitzel.” A great deal of singing was going on down-

stairs; we were told it was the Wirth's sister-in-law come to stay for "Sommerfrische." There were names over the doors in the dining-room. It had the appearance of belonging to an old family house.

TUESDAY, AUGUST 5th. An excellent night. I was very loath to get up at five. We had a very good breakfast—the best bread we had tasted in our tour. At 6.45 we started in our carriage. It was still misty and raining, which was a great consolation to us, as it would have been no use waiting a day for the Taufkar Pass. After Umhausen the road winds through a wild defile, very fine rocks on each side; the river dashes along quite frantically. At Längenfeldt the carriage was shut on account of rain, so we could not see it properly; but we made out two curious frescoes of Alexander the Great and Julius Cæsar on one of the hotels, with mottoes to each. We only caught a hasty glimpse of the hotel I lunched at in 1886. Soon after Längenfeld it cleared, and we had the carriage open. The wreaths of mist floating about on the mountains were lovely. The road became very bad, and we were all turned out to walk up a steep hill. At last, after crossing the river three times, we arrived at Sölden, which we had left on Saturday never expecting to see it again. Madame Grüner and all the servant girls received us with the greatest effusion. The weather had been dreadful there. We had a most excellent luncheon—"Saiblinge" (a kind of trout) and salad—and, soon after twelve, started for Fend in pouring rain. An old friend greeted me at Sölden—my second guide for the Weisskügel in 1886; and it was settled he was to be one to go

over the Hoch Joch with us next day. The beginning of the walk to Fend was retracing our steps through the Kührtreien as far as Zwieselstein, but just short of that place the path to Fend crosses the river. It is a delightful undulating path. In about an hour a church appears conspicuously in the distance—Heiligenkreuz—but it is quite another hour before one gets to it; a good stiff pull at the last. We looked in at the church and churchyard, and then had coffee in an inn close to, which turned out to be the priest's house. The priest, quite a young man, looked in upon us. I asked him if he ever went on the mountains, and he said "No;" so I should think he must have a dreary time of it. A German couple were also having coffee, and the man resented very much the door of the room, which was very warm, being left open for a moment. Soon after Heiligenkreuz the path re-crosses the river. There is a very fine ravine just there—red polished rocks. The road soon returns again to the left side. About an hour before Fend, the Thalleit Spitze—which divides the valleys of the Hoch and Nieder Jochs—appears very conspicuously. P. and E. were in front, and M. and I purposely dawdled that they might have secured rooms and got letters and luggage from the post before we arrived. We looked into the church, which had a fresco on the roof of St. James being beheaded, also the picture of the Virgin and Child, with the shoe hanging, which we see everywhere. Outside the church we found one of the guides waiting to tell us we could not get in at the priest's house, where I have always been before, but had to go to Jappeimer's, another inn at the other end of the village. We found that P. and E. had transacted all the needful business,

and that Jappeimer's was very comfortable. There was a most capable Kellnerin, who brought us really boiling water for tea. There were several men smoking, but they were fortunately going up the Kreuz Spitze next morning and retired early, and we had a most comfortable evening, the nice Kellnerin going to bed herself and trusting us to put out the light. She demurred at first, but when she heard they had let us do it at Sölden she consented. I forgot to mention the walk to Fend took us nearly six hours—pouring most of the time.

WEDNESDAY, AUGUST 6th. A good long night was bliss, we had settled to start for the Hoch Joch Hospice about one, so we had a nice lazy morning. Just before we started we heard the Kellnerin exclaim that a whole mass of people were coming down from the Rancol Joch, the pass from Ober Gürgl. We looked, and more than twenty people were coming down connected with a rope, it was most amusing. They came trooping through the village to the priest's house, but some had to overflow into Jappeimer's. We heard afterwards they had been snowed up for two days in the hut at the top of the Rancol Joch, and were obliged to get down somehow, the provisions having given out. It was another wet morning, so it would have been impossible to do the Taufkar Joch to-day either. At one we started for the Hoch Joch Hospice in pouring rain, four guides carrying our luggage this time, as we had the two extra bags which had been sent to Fend from Botzen. Oswald had refused to go further with us, but we had still Zaccheus, my Weisskugel man, and another, who had been my second guide over the Müttcoberger Joch in

1886. The path to the Hoch Joch wound round the right side of the Thalleit Spitze, in about half-an-hour it crosses the stream by a bridge high over a deep ravine. About half way we had a very unexpected excitement. We found the path stopped, and the guides told us we must turn down a very stony new path, the old one being now dangerous with falling stones. We soon heard stones clattering down, and they told us we must hurry. We did hurry frantically, and when we got to a safe place found P. and E. who were in front, standing, stones had dashed down just in front of them. It was most interesting watching them, great masses detaching themselves from the mountain side, and falling down like thunder. Of course the incessant rain of the last few days had made it worse. When we had gone a little further there was a most tremendous fall, and the stones went right over the path into the stream, the dust from them rose high up into the air. It certainly looks as if the path for the future would be very unsafe. We got to the Hospice under the four hours, it looked rather dreary and cold. All the latter part of the valley going up, had been filled as lately as 1832 with the Hohe Vunagt Glacier, which has now completely retired, leaving nothing but moraine and rocks, very much marked by ice action. To the right, in front of the Hospice, are the Hintereis and Kesselwand glaciers, and to the left the Hoch Joch, all very much shrunk. It was too cold to sit out, so we had tea inside. Several Germans dropped in, a girl with two brothers amongst others, all going over the Hoch Joch next day. We had a meal of coffee and "Gemsbraten" about 7.30, and retired early, to be called at three.

THURSDAY, AUGUST 7th. It poured most of the night. I never for a moment expected we should be able to go. However, at 3.30 we were called by the cook, she did not pretend that it was fine, but said the guides said we could go. We got up very much disheartened, thinking it was most likely for nothing, however we did get off. There was thick fog, but it was not raining. We had first to mount steeply, and then the road is a gentle incline upwards. We passed a sledge, which is used sometimes, but they said the snow was now too soft, also there was no horse, which one reason would have been conclusive. I walked what I considered a good pace for me, but the others got on at a most tremendous rate. About half-way, the fog suddenly lifted, the sun came out, and we had a beautiful view, the Wild Spitze behind us, and the Kreuz Spitze, Finail Spitze, and Salurn Spitze all round us. After this I never saw the others till Kurzras, about two hours down on the other side. A string of men passed me near the top, and the girl with her brothers, a little way down the other side, below the snow. She also contrived to pass the others, except P., who, I am glad to say, got to Kurzras first. It was a capital path down, and I hurried as much as I could, the Matscher Thal guide having waited for me. At Kurzras, they had ordered coffee, I was thankful for some food. All the Germans were refreshing in the little arbour opposite the hotel, which I well remembered. A new hotel has been built in the last two years, and looks very nice. They were ages bringing the coffee, but we got it at last, and then started on the way down the Schnalser Thal. A very nice path, mainly across meadows, and

in two hours we reached *Unsere Frau*, a lovely little village. Just before it is the point where the path from the *Nieder Joch* descends into the valley. We ought to have seen the *Weisskugel* looking back, but soon after *Kurzras* it was invisible in mist. At *Unsere Frau*, M. and I had a glass of milk. After *Unsere Frau*, the path ran by the side of the river for a good way, then crossed it and mounted sharply the other side to *Karthus*. There we found E. having a glass of milk, P. having pushed on to *Ratteis*, being afraid the carriages might all be engaged. M. and I paused here to have a glass of beer; a stout German, one of the party at the *Hospice*, was also having beer, and we were rather glad to see him start, looking very stiff and jaded. We were still more glad when we were starting, quite fresh, to see the German girl and her brothers (we had thought they were in front of us) arrive, looking very hot and tired. They had evidently refreshed copiously at *Unsere Frau*, and now sank into seats, prepared to do the same at *Karthus*. We hurried on, we had only an hour more, and all descent. *Zaccheus* now lingered behind with us and made himself very agreeable; he was particularly anxious to explain to us about a church, perched up high on a rock, on the opposite side of the valley, called *St. Caterina*. We got to *Neu Ratten* in an hour, and there saw a carriage preparing, which P. had secured. We had omelette and ham, paid our guides (9 gulden 10 kreutzers each), wrote in their books, changed our boots and stockings, which was a great refreshment, and drove off to *Naturns*, a steep descent down the end of the *Schnalser Thal*, a brisk little horse dragging us four, the driver, and two guides. We were to pay 2.50 each to

Méran, changing carriages at Naturns. The road was high above the stream, which was down in a deep ravine, very fine rocks on each side, a ruined castle on the right. Two or three times we were bathed in the spray of waterfalls. Naturns was reached in about an hour, and then we had a carriage with two horses to take us on to Méran, an hour-and-a-half more. We were now in a good road, in the Vontzigau, or valley of the Adige. Soon after Naturns we came upon a scene of desolation, there had been a land slip caused by the bad weather, and all the fields were covered with masses of stones, gangs of men were at work clearing the road. The approach to Méran is lovely, we entered the town by an old archway, and were not sorry to find ourselves again at the delightful Erzherzog Johann. We had the same rooms as the last time, and they all seemed quite pleased to see us again. We saw one of our guides to Sölden about in the street, and eventually settled with him to meet us next morning, at Tchences, the entrance of the Ultenthal with two others next morning. We had quite thought we should get to the Baths of Rabbi in one day, but Peter assured us it would take two, which rather disheartened us.

FRIDAY, AUGUST 8th. A blissful night, very loath to get up at five. Got off in a nice carriage at 6.20. At Ischennes at seven o'clock, we found our three guides waiting, and started on our hot tramp up the Ultenthal. We were to trudge three hours to St. Pankraz, and then hopes of a horse for the baggage, and another for E. were held out to us, it had been impossible to get any at Méran. At first the path was between walls of

vineyards and very close, it improved afterwards. We had a fine view of the Adige valley leading to Botzen, and some Dolomite looking mountains which we thought must be the Rosengarten, but the guides did not know. We thought we were close to St. Pankraz, ages before we got to it, it was beautifully situated on the other side of a ravine. We got there in exactly three hours. There is a very fine church and well-kept church-yard, and a nice little inn where we had some indifferent bread and cheese. We waited ages for the promised horses, at last they appeared, but had still to feed. M., P. and I now thought we had better start, leaving E. to get on one horse, and the three guides (with whom we had now finished, as they said it was no profit to them to go a longer distance) promised to superintend the lading of the baggage on the other. We were assured it was five hours to St. Gertrud, where we were to sleep, but hopes were held out to us that we might get some more horses at St. Walburg, a village two hours off. It was now 11.30 and very hot. A nice man on a mule showed us a short cut across meadows, which saved us a sharp descent and ascent, and at first the walk was very interesting, but it gradually deteriorated into a dull, gritty road, and was very trying. I got on in front, and walked on in desperation. In about two hours I came upon a man who told me it was quite two hours to St. Gertrud, but only a quarter of an hour to St. Walburg, so I mounted a stony steep ascent, full of hope. Then the path became hopelessly confused, one led across a hollow to some houses, another mounted to the right, and another, after a gap, descended through a wood to the left. I tried the one

mounting to the right, but it seemed to bend away in such a totally wrong direction, that I came down again, after trying in vain to make someone hear me at a house. Then I tried the path across the hollow, and saw plainly that the first house was an inn, but there seemed no possible way of getting to it. At last I managed by crossing a stream and some stones, and scrambling up a very steep bank, and breaking a fence to get to it. I had a glass of milk, and enquired the way to St. Walburg, the woman waved her hand and pointed vigorously up the hill, and put me on the right path. I then toiled a long way uphill and came to another inn, where I quite expected to find the others. Nothing had been seen of them. The woman said this was St. Walburg, so I supposed they would come in time. Then she looked down the valley and said she saw a mule going round the corner, and I said, "Is not it coming here?" and she said, "Ich glaube kaum." I then enquired was not this the way to St. Gertrud, and she said "No." I was now quite desperate, and set off down again. Suddenly I heard shrieks of "Emily!" but could not see them anywhere. I was obliged to go down to a bridge, but kept calling to them. I got back to my original inn, but still could not see them, though their voices sounded quite near. I asked the woman if she had seen anybody, and she pointed to another house just above. They were actually in another inn close to—a very nice one, called the Eck Inn, from a very picturesque bow-window. M. and P. had only just been saved from going astray by E. and the horses appearing. They had seen me in the distance scrambling up the bank, but did not know where I had

disappeared to. We had some excellent coffee, but such very hard bread I could not eat it. There was a most interesting room—the roof and walls all oak, and proverbs and mottoes all over the walls. M. now mounted the horse, and we had the promise of two more in about half-an-hour; P. quite declined having one, and walked on resolutely. E. and I were thankful to mount at the end of the half-hour, and all jogged on astride to St. Gertrud, quite three hours further, and a very steep pull at the end. We saw a very nice white house by the church, high up on a hill, for a long time, and fondly hoped it was the inn; but it turned out to be the parsonage. The inn was a most wretched affair, a degree worse than Schönnau; the bedrooms in two separate chalets some way off. However, the people were most good-natured, and the beds seemed clean. There was a very nice man there—the forester of the district and brother of the landlord—who quite undertook us, and got hot water boiled for tea. I had really very good coffee, and we had a large supply of eggs, the bread still, to me, uneatable. I sadly wanted some solid food, but it was evident there was none. The forester explained to us all about his work—how he had to fix which trees were to be cut every year; none are cut till they are 80 or 100 years old. The Ultenthal is full of splendid tall pines. I quite forgot to mention that a little before St. Pankraz we passed a most picturesque ruin on a detached rock called Eschenlöt, which the guides told us had been a Räuberhöhle.

SATURDAY, AUGUST 9th. A fine morning. I had a most excellent night. We got off at 5.40, with two guides. The Kirchberger Joch turned out to be a most

easy pass, short pieces of mounting, and then long flat bits, a very good path all the way. At an Alp half-way, I had some goat's milk, the man quite declining any payment. The latter part was very interesting, winding round a hollow, with a little apology for a lake. Mist unfortunately came on near the top, and we had very little view. There was a sign-post with Bezirk of Mèran on one side, and Cles on the other, and actually the word "Rabbi" besides, it really seemed as if we were to get to Rabbi at last. It had taken me just four hours and ten minutes to get to the top, the others just four hours. They had told us we should be five hours, so we were much pleased. The descent was really very short, first a winding shady path, then across a lovely Alp. We could now see the valley with some little villages, but they told us we could not see Rabbi. Then we descended through a wood, and across some fields, and through a little village called Piazzola di Rabbi. Finally, a quarter-of-an-hour of valley road, and we really did not see Rabbi till we saw a large hotel just under our feet. Rabbi consists of two large hotels forming two sides of a square, and a very short street each way, it is beautifully situated in a very narrow valley, a roaring stream dashing through the hills, crowned with woods, through which there seemed endless walks. We got a room each in the Hotel di Roma, that, and the Hotel Rabbi both belong to the same landlord. I soon found out that a table d'hôte was going on at the hotel Rabbi, and proposed to E. that we should go at once, without any dressing, being almost wild with hunger. It was just 12.30 when we arrived. She agreed, and we at once went, we could

not find the others, who were on a different story, but they arrived before we got through our soup. The landlord, after dinner, proposed coffee, which we accepted. We ordered baths for 4.30, and then prowled about. We went first to look at the "Antica Fonte," where crowds of people were drinking, a man ladling out glasses. Nothing to pay apparently. M. drank a glassful, a mouthful was enough for me. The process of bottling and packing the water was also going on, and one man turned the filled bottles upside down in another spring to fill them with air, we could not understand how the water did not run out, but it did not. Four women were putting in the corks and trimming them. Hundreds of cases of bottles are sent off to Trent every day. M. and I then went and sat on a bench in the shade, sharing it with two peasant women, who told us they had already had seven glasses, and were going to drink some more. They left us to go into the church, into which we also looked, but it was so full of people we could not go round. At 4.30 we had our baths, very pleasant after the scanty washing accommodation we have had lately. The water was so buoyant it required quite an effort to keep under it. When we had all accumulated again we strolled up the valley, looked in at another spring, and saw how we should have come down if we had come by the Sällent Joch from the Martell Thal as I had planned first. We got back to "Abendessen" at 7.30, and had another excellent meal. The row at both meals was something indescribable, most of the company were Italians, with a sprinkling of Germans, ourselves the only English, and we were evidently looked upon as

something very extraordinary. After supper there was nowhere to go, we had searched vainly for a reading room; there was a large ballroom, with two pianos, but only some children were playing in it. We therefore retired early to bed, which was perhaps a good thing. We had previously got the landlady to telegraph to Malé, for a carriage to be ready at nine next morning.

SUNDAY, AUGUST 10th. The first fine Sunday we have had on our tour. We should much have liked to spend it quietly at Rabbi, but were obliged to get on. We started at 8.40 and drove to Dinazzo, passing Malé, a very picturesque town. At Dinaro we were to engage a mule for our luggage, and to have what we fondly hoped would be an easy walk of four hours through a wood to Campiglio. We had some soup, and then waited ages for the mule. As it did not come, and I walk so much slower than the others, I thought I had better start. It was past eleven, and getting hotter every minute. A nice old man started me on the road, and showed me it was marked with blue splashes; and I set off. A fork came almost directly, and, of course, no blue splash. I sat down and waited in despair for the others, but as they did not come I tried the most beaten-looking path, and after some time, to my great relief, came to a blue splash. The path was very steep and stony, and no shade, for a long way. I gathered from Baedekar the river had to be crossed twice, and was glad when those two stages were passed. I passed a little shrine (a little bridge leading up to it) with a picture of the Virgin and these lines—

“ Qui passeggiaro la testa inclina
A del cielo l'alma Regina,”

or something very like them. When I got back to the original side of the river, I hoped the mounting would soon end. I met a man who begged from me, and, to my horror, said it was "due buone ora" to Campiglio. I did not at all like getting out my purse—he might so easily have robbed me; but he accepted a few kreuzers meekly. Then I came to a little restaurant, where I had some wine and water, and the woman told me it was only an "ora e mezza" to Campiglio, and only a "pochettino" to mount. Here there were some very fine rocky peaks—one, she told me, was called the Monte di Frate. There had been quantities of ferns and strawberry plants all the way, but I could find no strawberries, and it made me so hot stooping I left off trying. I felt sure the others would find heaps, and they did. After the restaurant I mounted for miles, and then met two young men with guns and asked them how far to Campiglio? An "Ora e mezza," said one; a "buona ora e mezza" commented the other. I was in despair, but went doggedly on. I very nearly missed my way two or three times. Once a sign-post, with an arrow pointing to Campiglio in quite a wrong direction, entirely misled me. Fortunately, there was another name on a tree a little further on, and I turned back; and a long way further on found a blue mark. At last I got to an Alp, and the path turned decidedly down; and a little boy said a "mezz' ora." It really was not so much. I was just thinking I would let my dress down when I saw the hotel below me, and came suddenly on several people sitting on a bench. I arranged myself, and ran down over the grass and found myself in front of the hotel—quantities of people under an awning, drinking tea and

coffee at little tables. I went to the bureau, announced our names, and hoped there were rooms. The man said two, but he would wait to show them till the others arrived. I saw heaps of letters in the box, so had it opened; and then ordered tea for four at a little table in front, thinking how glad the others would be and that they could not be long. It was some time coming, but was the most delicious tea I ever tasted, scalding hot, and cream so thick one had to ladle it with a spoon, and excellent bread and butter. I drank three cups and still the others did not come. At last P. suddenly appeared, from quite a different direction, they had been sitting ages on the other side of the hotel, and never found the front door. They were thankful for their tea. Our rooms were in a *dépendance* close to, called Dante Alighieri. The main hotel was once a monastery, and is a large rambling reddish building with wings, a church with a tower in the middle. It stands all by itself on the hillside, an apology for a little lake in front. I had an idea there was quite a large one. There were some fine rocky peaks to the left, but the Bocca di Brenta is hidden by the shoulder of a hill. A green mountain down the valley I think must be the Dosso di Sabbione, which I went up in 1883. We got our luggage which had been sent from Botzen, and were just ready for Abendessen at 7.30. There were crowds of people, some English, mostly foreigners. We were put at a little table by ourselves, there was a most tempting *ménu*, and it was a great blow when, after the soup, only a dish of cold meat was handed round, the *ménu* had been one for the mid-day meal. After supper everybody walked through a long gallery

into a very nice large airy drawing room. Some females walked up and down the gallery, smoking cigarettes. P. and I had a great hunt for an inkstand, and at last went down and stole the secretary's from the bureau. We wrote letters till the company had all dispersed, and the servants evidently wished to put out the lights, then wandered back to Dante Alighieri. It was a lovely starlight night, and I sat for some time in M's room. Very melancholy to think we were to part next day. Our delightful tour come to an end. I should think such perfect concord never existed in a travelling party before.

MONDAY, AUGUST 11th. A lovely morning. At ten o'clock M., P. and E. started in a very nice carriage for Pinzolo where they were to meet the diligence for Trent. I was left feeling very forlorn, but having been barked of the Bocca di Brenta in 1883, I was quite resolved to accomplish it this time. I spent the morning reading a Tauchnitz of Miss Braddon's "Just as I am," and had time for a stroll to the other dépendance, the Hotel Romeo, before dinner. Most of the afternoon I wrote journal, and then had tea, trying at intervals to see my guide for the next day, but never succeeded in doing so till after supper. He seemed very nice, and said I had better be called at three. There was thunder and rain in the course of the evening.

TUESDAY, AUGUST 12th. Awoke in broad daylight, no one had called me. I got up in a great hurry, and when I was nearly dressed the girl came and said it was 3.30, which, of course, was a glaring fib, as it is now

dark at four o'clock. It was 5.45 before I was off—a lovely morning. The guide's name, Giovanni Nicolussi, is mentioned in Baedeker, but he said that one was Matteo, his uncle. The path turns off at the Hotel Romeo, and goes through the wood, nearly level, for some time, and then emerges upon a plateau called the Victoria Platz, where the view of the Bocca di Brenta bursts upon one, a splendid mass of craggy points, the Bocca a little cleft between the Brenta Alta on one side, and the Brenta Bassa on the other, the Cima Tosa, a very high pointed peak, just beyond the Brenta Bassa. I had seen it in 1883, both from the Val di Genova and the Dosso di Sabbione, and felt I must go through that cleft some time. Baedeker describes the walk as most laborious, his description had quite daunted E. from attempting it. It really turned out to be one of the easiest walks I ever took, and most lovely throughout. We soon came to an Alp, or, as they call them about here, a Malga, called the Malga of the Brenta Bassa, where Giovanni stopped to have a little conversation with the people of a chalet. Then, we came to a very pretty waterfall, crossed a stream, mounted a little, and seemed to be marching straight upon a wall of rock, then the path turned to the right, and mounted steeply right under the rock, a good path, and shade almost all the way, not many flowers, but a few red lilies. After a period of steep mounting we came to another Malga, the Malga of the Brenta Alta, and here I had some wine, there was excellent water. We could now see the snow on the Bocca, and it did not look much. A nice piece of flat walking across the Malga, and then about an hour's steep mounting, rather stony, but

very interesting. The guide rooted a lilac flower out of the rock, which he said was much liked by Signori, I did not know it, and preserved it carefully for M. and P. In process of time we got to the snow, and there I had some more wine. The snow was in excellent order, and got steeper towards the top, which is what I like; it is so much easier mounting as if in a ladder instead of toiling along a gentle slope where one never seems to make any progress. The snow lasted just an hour-and-a-half, and I was at the top in the cleft at 11.30. A splendid theatre of rocks all round, but not much distant view—rather misty. Another splendid peak was by the Cima Tosa, called the Cruzzon di Brenta. A very good descent down the other side: a little snow, and then a good path in rock, and in about a quarter-of-an-hour we came to the hut, the Rifugio della Tosa. It was a delightful hut, with wine and beer. Two guides were there—one, Matteo Nicolussi, the uncle of my guide. They all strongly recommended *Vino Santo* as very good for the “stomaco,” so I had a bottle, costing two gulden. It was most delicious. I never felt so comfortable on a mountain. I drank a great deal, and was actually able to eat some cold meat. We stayed there half-an-hour, and then started on the descent. A good path. We soon came to an Alp, with several calves grazing, called the *Malga dei Vitelli*. Some more fine rocky peaks, called the *Daine*, now appeared behind. The path was rather stony, but good on the whole. Soon we came to a wood; the shade was very pleasant. Then it began to descend rapidly, took a sudden turn to the right, and the lovely little lake of *Malveno* appeared in view. We

passed some saw-mills—this valley is called the Valle delle Seghe—and came down into a good road leading straight to the lake. The little village of Malveno is a little above, to the left. I now sent the guide on, kept my hold-all, and went on to the lake. I managed to have a delightfully-refreshing, though very cold, bathe. I put on other boots and stockings, and then lugged my hold-all up to the village. The guide met me before I got to the inn—Ai Dolomiti della Brenta. A very comfortable little inn; bedroom and sitting-room all on the same floor. I had passed the church, and meant to go and look at it when I had had some coffee. By that time, however, a thunderstorm had set in, and it was pouring, so I did not go out again. I had a rather indifferent meal, but the unexpected treat of a plate of mingled strawberries and raspberries at the end. Some men arrived in the course of the evening. I heard they had come up from Mezzo Lombardo, and meant to go over the Brenta next day.

WEDNESDAY, AUGUST 13th. Again not called till very late. Pouring with rain. The guide said we could not do what had been planned—to cross Monte Guzza to Vezzano, a walk of about four hours, and there get the diligence for Trent, but must instead walk four hours by road to Mezzo Lombardo, from where there was an omnibus to the station at San Michele. I ascertained from one of the men that there was a train for Trent at 1.18, and said we must start at once. Nicolussi did not seem at all to relish starting in pelting rain, but we did finally get off about 6.30. First the road wound up-hill, with a very pretty view of the lake,

and then was nearly flat, a pretty road, trees on each side. The Bocca could not be seen from here, but there is a beautiful view of it from the edge of the lake. In about an hour we passed through a village called Andalo, and soon after came upon a little cart with wood, drawn by two strong mules. The guide told me it was going to Mezzo Lombardo, and proposed I should mount upon it, he said "Signori" often did. I was quite agreeable, trudging along a road in pouring rain is not pleasant, and, the owner of the cart consenting, I dismissed the guide, who was too thankful to go back, and scrambled on the cart, and sat on a heap of sacks. The jolting was awful at first, the road very rough. In about an hour we came to a village called Vai, where the wood was to be left, so I got off and walked on. Just before Vai there would have been a good view of the Cima Tosa looking back, if it had been clear. The cart overtook me about a mile from Vai, and very soon the road began to descend in large windings (the valley of the Adige lying below), and the mules went at a very good pace. The road descends into the main road of the Val di Sole, turning to the left we should have come to Cles and Malé, but we turned to the right, and arrived almost directly at Mezzo Lombardo. My carter declined taking me to the inn, I gave him two gulden, and lugged my hold-all through the town, quite an important place. They had told me to go to the Hotel Corona, but the Martinelli looked a very nice one, and quantities of diligencies and omnibuses were standing about, so I stopped there. I found I had just an hour to spare, and had time to change my boots and stockings, which were soaked, and to have some

luncheon. There were quantities of people about, Mezzo Lombardo is evidently a very thriving place. At 12.30 I was bundled into a crowded omnibus, and we drove off down a long straight road, bordered by poplars, to the station at San Michele. In less than half-an-hour I was at Trent, went to the Hotel Trento close to the station, found all my luggage accumulated from Botzen, Fend, and Campiglio, and a letter from M., giving an exhaustive account of all they had done the day before at Campiglio. As usual, they had seen everything more thoroughly than anyone else could have done in the time. I then got a room, and re-packed for the journey. Then I had some tea, and sallied out for a cursory inspection, but it was very dreary all alone, I hate going about in a town by myself. I strolled about till I came to the Cathedral, but it was too dark to see anything inside. There is a very fine porch, with pillars resting on lions. There is a very fine building in the same square, with a very curious tower, and another tower with fish tail machicolations. Trent is a very picturesque town. I went into the Church of St. Maria del Consiglio, but it was too dark to see the picture of the council, and it now began to pour and I had no umbrella, and was not at all sure of the nearest way back to the hotel. I waited in hopes it might clear, but it got worse and worse, and at last I sheltered in a shop and got a boy to go back with me with an umbrella. I had now about five hours to wile away till the train at eleven, and was glad I had a German story book. I had a very good dinner, and fortunately it did not rain for one to get across to the station. When I paid my bill, the secretary enquired with great interest how I had liked

Campiglio, the Hotel there and the Hotel Trento belong to the same proprietor. I could only take my ticket to Innsbrück; I got into a very nice carriage, but two Germans and two English ladies were in it already, I had fortunately very little luggage.

THURSDAY, AUGUST 14th. The two English ladies got out at Botzen, which was a blessing. The two Germans were quite gentlemen, and had come all the way from Naples, and were in the last stage of exhaustion. I was very sorry for them. They were going to Munich. It was daylight for the last part of the Brenner, but I was too sleepy to look out. We arrived at Innsbrück punctually at five minutes to seven. I had a wash and breakfast. At 9.50 the train for the Arlberg started. I could only take my ticket to Basle. I got into a carriage with a very nice American family—father, mother, son and daughter. They had been to Ammergau the Sunday before, and were very much delighted. They were now going to Chur, and, by the Ober Alp, to Andermatt; and the poor father, who could not understand a word of German, was in agonies lest they should not change at the right places, or find a diligence, or be able to get on. I was very much interested looking out for the crossing of the Oetzthal and Pelzthal streams—the latter looked the larger of the two. Again it rained for the crossing of the Arlberg, but the mountains looked very fine with wreaths of mist circling about them. At Buchs, the frontier (the line crosses the Rhine just before getting there), we changed carriages. There was half-an-hour to wait, and, after the luggage had been inspected, I had some coffee and

a sandwich. Here I lost sight of my Americans, and hope they got on all right. They were going on afterwards to Zermatt. The line to Zurich passes all along Lake Wallenstadt, then the long dreary lake of Zurich is passed. At Zurich there were 40 minutes to spare, and I had dinner. Basle was the next stage. It was now dark, and I slept most of the way there. I had just time to register my luggage and take my ticket to London. The ticket was less than it had been the other way. The luggage, on the contrary, which had cost nothing coming, was 16 francs, which seemed most extraordinary. A party before me, who had also paid nothing coming out, had to pay eleven, and were so long expostulating I thought I should miss the train. I knew expostulating was vain, so paid at once. We started very punctually. I had only one old man in the carriage with me—in slippers and very sleepy. We seemed almost directly to be turned out at Delle for the douane.

FRIDAY, AUGUST 15th. The night was very cold, and I was thankful I had put my plaid shawl into the hold-all. Coffee at Laon was very welcome about six. My poor old fellow traveller was very much dismayed at having missed Béthény, the station where they change for Rheims, where he wanted to go. He said he had begged them to tell him. I wished I had known, for I had seen Béthény, and knew it was the station for Rheims. However he said he should get out at Amiens instead. There was an hour-and-a-half to wait at Calais, so I had soup and chicken in the palatial new station. There was a good deal of wind, and I was dismayed to hear the boat was the Petrel, a very small

one, the Empress was to go at 4 o'clock. I settled myself comfortably, but I draw a veil over the horrors of that passage. It lasted nearly two hours. I was indeed thankful to find myself on terra firma. I had some tea at the station, and a carriage to myself to Charing Cross.

1891.

1801

1891.

THURSDAY, JULY 9th. The view of Landeck from the line is very pretty, we were there about 4.30, and I bundled out and was standing in the station by my small Gepäck, when a gentleman ran out of the carriage after me with my handbag, containing all my most precious possessions, and a good deal of money, and I had never missed it. I was too grateful, and hope it is a good omen for the tour. The Post is a very nice hotel. Landeck is just at the corner of three main roads, the Arlberg, the Finstermunze, and the road to Innsbruck, which, of course, is a continuation of the Inn valley. The Sanna from the Arlberg flows into the Inn just behind the village. I went to look at the place when I was here in 1886, before starting for Mals and the Weisskügel. I had just finished dinner, when I was told somebody wished to speak to me, and there was Peter, who had come by a slow train. I was very glad to see him, and he looked quite spruce. It was too late now to get ready to start the next day, so I told him he could sleep in peace.

FRIDAY, JULY 10th. I sent my black bag to Fend, my basket to Rabbi, and my box to Botzen. The man at the post-office got interested in my plans, and when the box arrived supposed I was going "leicht" to the

Gepatsch Haus. When I went again to take two places in the diligence he asked was I really going from Prütz over to Fend, and remarked it would be a "herrliche partie." I asked if he had ever been in the Oetzthal, but he had not.

SATURDAY, JULY 11th. (Diligence to Prütz, starting 4.30, and arriving at six at Prütz. Nine hours walk (including halt for food at Feuchten) through the Kaunser Thal to the Gepatsch Haus. M.L.H.)

I consider it the most uninteresting walk through a valley I ever took, except, perhaps, the Ulten Thal. The end is filled up by a very fine snow mountain and glacier, the Gepatsch Haus is perched on a hill all over pines just over the glacier, I never saw such large pines close to a glacier, so high up. The Gepatsch Haus is an inferior edition of the Glockner Haus, but has a stove, of which I was thankful, for it was bitterly cold. There are a Tyrolese couple here, the husband, a painter, and two other Germans. Anderegg sits in the kitchen with the very nice girl who has charge of the place. She has a most lovely cooking range with two blazing openings. I stayed there some time, it was much more cheerful than the stove, which has only a very small opening at the bottom. The Wirth at Feuchten is also the landlord here. He is coming up to-morrow, and will bring a guide. He was anxious I should go to the hut to-morrow, but I think I shall wait for Monday.

SUNDAY, JULY 12th. There is a fresco in the hall of a festive party round a table, and this legend attached—

“Hier setz dich fröhlich nieder
Und wärme deine Glieder.”

In the sitting-room there is quite a nice little collection of books, mostly German but some French ; and below, the following touching appeal written on a card pinned to the wall :—

“ Ich bitte dich, mein lieber Gast,
Wenn du ein Buch entnommen hast
Und trägst es aus dem Zimmer fort
Zu lesen es am anderen Ort,
So lass es sein dein ernst Bestreben
Es wiederum zurück zu geben
Frau Wirth—noch besser dürft es sein
Du stellst es selber in den Schrein.”

One of the Germans is going over the Gepatsch Joch to Fend as soon as weather permits, and had seen his two guides coming up the valley, so supposed they considered it would do. The sun was now shining brightly. The next incident was the arrival of the two guides—both very nice men. They said the Wirth and my guide were coming up later. All their names were in Baedeker—these were Auer and Lentoch, and mine was to be Punz. The girl in charge had some friends with her from the Alp, and they all had a good deal of fun before the start. Before they got to the moraine it began to rain. I was sorry for the poor man ; he had said to Peter he did not want to start in bad weather, and it is so horrid arriving wet at a hut. The best peaks here are the Glockthurm and the Weisse Spitze, but neither can be seen from the inn. The landlord and my guide arrived about seven. I liked his looks. The landlord sat with us a good while. The Tyrolese lady talked most volubly to him—her poor husband hardly got in a word.

MONDAY, JULY 13th. Lovely morning. We got off at 1.20 ; it was quite hot. The walk began by a winding path up moraine covered with Alpenrosen and forget-me-nots—very steep at first, and it was very hot. A very pretty peep at the Gepatsch Haus looking back, and a lovely peak—the Glockthurm—just like a tower, came into view. After some time the path wound round the corner over the glacier, and it was delightful. The glacier looked beautiful in its upper part. The hut came into view, perched at the top of some very high rocks ; and my heart rather sank at the prospect of the steep piece there would be at the end. The glacier had to be crossed. At first it was quite straightforward, bare ice ; but soon it became very crevassed, and we put on the rope, and I was really glad of it. We had some very pretty bits of work—snow bridges, steps cut up steep places, jumping over wide crevasses, and walking under seracs which looked as if they would tumble on our heads. It was the route the Prussian had gone the day before ; they saw his traces. The Tyrolese hinted at going round, but Anderegg—who is often rather fond of going rounds—on this occasion, I am glad to say, declined, and said I could do it quite well. If I had had two Tyrolese I daresay they would have gone a great round without saying anything to me. We went round quite to the back of the rocks, and I found there was only a winding path over flat slaty Geröll—very nice to walk on, and a few steps near the end. I was at the top in exactly four hours—three being the orthodox time—so I was rather pleased with myself. Peter went on in front to boil water and light the stove, and I soon had a cup of really very decent hot coffee. The Rauhe

Kopf hut is a most neat little erection—a nice sitting-room with a large table and separate stove, besides the room for the guides with the cooking-stove. Till the sitting-room stove was hot I covered over the other with the guides. It had begun to hail, and there was a thick fog, and it was very cold. Later on I had a meal of pea-soup, sardines, and toasted cheese, which Peter prepares in a way he says Herr Walker likes. They put two mattresses on one bed for me. There were quantities of beautiful blankets, and I was quite warm and slept most comfortably.

TUESDAY, JULY 14th. Struck a match—it was ten minutes to two. Soon I heard the guides stumbling about. I heard the weather was very good. I had a cup of hot milk, I could not eat anything. Off at 3.20. Quite intensely cold. The way was straight up over the moraine, soon we got on snow in beautiful order, a steep piece, then undulating, and a steep piece at the end. A glimpse of Wilde Spitze and a fine view of Weisse Spitze. Top at 6.40, though I went very slowly, rope only on for a very short time, I can always get on much better without it. At the top the sun burst upon us, it was most delightful, a fine glacier view, but no known peaks. A little way down (to be out of the wind) we sat down, and the guides had a meal. I could eat nothing, but was very comfortable. The going down was quite delightful, beautiful glittering snow, just the right degree of hardness. At the bottom of the first steep slope we saw two forms approaching, they turned out to be the Prussian's two guides going back, he had got very successfully over the Wilde Spitze.

My guide, being alone, will have to go down the valley, and round by Landeck. Then followed a piece of flat glacier interspersed with snow, the guides occasionally sank in, but I never did, and in less than an hour we were on the moraine, and the rope was taken off. I was astonished. I had been told there were eight hours of glacier, and there had been barely five, even at my pace, including the bit yesterday. I was now able to drink some wine occasionally, and a very little water now and then does me great good. Now followed a piece of moraine, not at all bad, and then we got on to a little path which mounted for a time, and then, turning to a corner, we saw all the range of the Hoch Joch mountains, Kreuz Spitze, Finail Spitze, etc., and the familiar Kofen just below us, the farm where the Emperor Frederick Leere Tasche took refuge in 1425, and which they have always had rent free till within the last few years. It looked as if we should have been there in ten minutes, but I think it must have been nearer two hours, but very pleasant, down a steep green slope interspersed with stones, every now and then a piece of winding path, and red splashes, or little mounds of stone the whole way, marking the track. Of course going up it would be very necessary, going down one had only to steer for the Kofen. At the end came a delightful piece of green terrace-path through meadows, at first full of flowers, the latter part the hay was being cut. The familiar Hoch Joch path was winding along the opposite side of the ravine, and we finally joined it where there is a sign post saying "Über die Brücke zum Hoch Joch." We were now at the Kofen, and there I had a glass of milk from a nice-looking woman with

whom I had some talk. She seemed to think it a great shame they should have to pay rent, and showed me the exact part of the buildings where the Emperor Frederick took refuge. A crucifix defends the Kofen domain on each side, there has not been a single Unglück on this route. Almost directly afterwards the dear little church and village of Fend came in sight, and we soon found ourselves at the Pfarr Haus, exactly nine hours from the time we left the hut, it was now 12.20. They at once recognised me, and remembered I had been here last year with three other ladies, and could not get in. There was now plenty of room, the young priest also was at the door and shook hands with me. There used to be a nice elderly one but he is dead. I had some tea (weak and tepid but very refreshing) and eggs, which I thought the best sort of food to begin with. This is the fourth time I have been at Fend. It was delightfully warm and sunny. I walked a little way along the road to Sölden, and had a nap on some hay. About 4.30 I had coffee on a bench outside. I talked to the young priest who is always about, and seemed to enjoy the company very much, a good many men are here now (all smoking) and two little boys. Dinner at seven, very good.

WEDNESDAY, JULY 15th. My bag arrived safely, a great comfort. There seems about a dozen female domestics here, all homely, except the Kellnerin, a very tall, good-looking young woman. Down to breakfast at 10.30. The two little boys were going away, so I asked where? They said to Sölden, and I heard to my astonishment that they had come over

the Taufkar Joch, a tall good-looking man with them remarked the view was "herrlich." I was always sure from its position the Taufkar must be a lovely Joch, but one cannot do everything, and it would have been a pity not to see the Gepatsch glacier (the largest in the Tyrol) properly. It does not appear to me anything like as large as the Pasterze, but perhaps that is in Carinthia, not in the Tyrol. One little boy was 13, the other only 11. I see from the Fremdenbuch their names are Rudolf and Theodor, not brothers, they are with their schoolmaster from Frankfort. It is certainly maddening to think of our missing the Taufkar last year. I settled with my guide yesterday. 9.50 was the tariff for the Gepatsch Joch, and he was to have something extra for going round. I give him five gulden, and he was so pleased—it is a long round, and he had come up all the way from Feuchten on Sunday evening. His name is Johann Touf Panz. I consider him a very good guide. The guide I am to have for the Nieder Joch is obliged to be at Karthaus to-morrow evening, so as I have a dismal impression of the Samoar hut I have fixed a start early and do it all in the day. I had quite a good dinner, and a good deal of talk with a German lady, who has walked about a great deal in a mild way, and with rather a nice man, who is interested in the Dolomites, and was much astonished to hear I had been up Monte Cristallo. I think the German lady's husband was one of a party who had been up the Wild Spitze, and were supposed to be weather-bound in the Breslauer hut.

THURSDAY, JULY 16th. Fine morning—got off at 4.20. We started from the bottom of the Pfarr Haus

garden, right down the village, across the bridge, and then up a steep path. It soon became undulating, a nice terrace path above the stream. The Muthmail Spitze and glacier came in sight, a lauwine bridge, such an exact arch, I thought it was a real bridge. A fine view of Similann, a lovely peak—I longed to do it, but feel it would be madness to attempt it. Very few flowers, but masses of *Silene Arealis*. Reached the hut about 7.40. It looks improved. I had some very good coffee and eggs at the table outside. The sun was now quite hot. When we were ready to start it was eight o'clock. I asked how long it would be to the top, and he said three hours. I felt that the snow would be fearfully soft, and he said, "Yes, it would be," so I decided to stay the day at the Samoar hut, and go on next morning. It was a pity to miss a fine day, but it would have been such fearful toil. The Kalt Haus guide went on alone, taking the bulk of the luggage, which was to be left at Kalt Haus for us. No sooner was he gone than I remembered the waterproof cloak was in the hold-all, and what was to become of me if it rained next day I could not think. However, at present it was lovely, so I dismissed care from my mind. I procured a blanket, spread it on the grass, and having been called at three, had no difficulty in sleeping soundly till nearly one. Peter went with the Kalt Haus guide a little way, to be sure of the place to take to the glacier. At one, I had a very nice little luncheon. . .

FRIDAY, JULY 17th. Pelting rain all night—kept me awake. At last I fell sound asleep, and was roused at four, hearing it was a very fine morning. Got off at

five. A German couple, and another gentleman with them, had meant to do the Similann, but gave it up, as the snow would be so soft after the rain. It was a relief to me to know it would have been impracticable in any case. We got off first, but they passed us long before we got to the glacier. There was a very long piece of moraine with beautiful smooth glacier by the side; at last I could bear it no longer, and went on the glacier, which was just right, and interspersed with stones, and I got on much better. When at last we got to the snow, it was very soft, and I got on very slowly. There was a fine view of the Kreuz Spitze looking back, and the Similann, very fine in front, but on the whole, I much prefer the Hoch Joch view. It was a very gentle slope all the way, and towards the top the snow was quite good, and it took me exactly three-hours-and-a-half; we were at the top at 8.30. I am sure if the snow had been good I could have done it in an hour less. I never felt in the least ill all day.

(E. often suffered a good deal from mountain sickness. M.L.H.)

We sat on some nice rocks at the top, and I drank some wine and ate some bread. It was a most lovely morning. There was no distant view. I call it a stupid pass, but am glad to have done it. There was no snow or glacier at all on the other side. We at once started down a winding path among the rocks. We soon met three guides making their way to Fend, where they said there was more to "verdienen." The priest's house always swarms with guides; it is quite a crack mountaineering centre, but an English person is hardly ever seen. The descent was very pleasant—a well-

defined path all the way, hardly ever stony. After the rocks there was a nice Alp with some sheep, where I divested myself of some superfluous clothing, as it was beginning to be rather hot. Lower down another Alp with cows, and then the well-known tower of the church of *Unsere Frau* came in sight. It was soon lost again. The path now went through hayfields, high over the stream; a little village with a pretty little church was left to our right. We passed through one village, and asked a man (with a beautiful large hound) the way. A steep little path down fields, and the church of *Unsere Frau* appeared again quite near. We were soon in the regular road of the *Schnalm Thal*. We ought to have had a good back view of the *Similann*, but it was all in clouds, and the weather began to look rather threatening. Just as the church clock struck twelve we reached the pretty little *Adler inn*. The German lady and her husband had been there a long time; no doubt they had torn down. At a quarter to one I got off; it is a great mistake to dally too long. We got to *Karthaus* in exactly an hour-and-a-half. Peter was much interested looking at some shrines by the way, and we made out all the saints. There is a steep mount up to *Karthaus*, but mostly in shade. Peter and I had each an excellent glass of "*Fass Bier*." I never drink beer when mounting, but now there was only an hour of descent before us. The luggage the guide had brought the day before all turned up safely, and I got out my waterproof. The guide also turned up and carried part of the luggage down to *Ratteis* for a gulden. The walk down to *Ratteis* takes very nearly an hour. It rained part of the way. There I changed my boots, ordered a carriage,

and had some excellent ham and white Terlauer wine, on a balcony outside. It was about 3.45; there would have been a diligence at a quarter-to-seven, but I had seen an advertisement of the hotel at Naturns with "Bäder im Hause," and I thought a bath before dinner would be too delightful. The last bit of the valley from Ratteis to the Vintschgau road is splendid, a narrow ravine, beautiful rocks on each side, just room for the narrow road high over the stream, dashing over boulders down below. The Magdeburg lady had said she should be afraid to drive down it, and would rather walk. I had seen nothing more of them since Unsere Frau. At one place, a narrow wooden trough ran by the side of the road for some way (water rushing down it), then it crossed the stream high up in the air, and disappeared in the bare rocks. The driver said it was to water the vineyards on the other side. (The carriage was 3.40). The hotel at Naturns is really very imposing, and I had a delightful room, but to my great disappointment heard the baths were only cold or douche, not even a Sitzbad had they in the house, so I fell back on the familiar wooden tub, and a really large one was brought me. Later on, at the bottom of the stairs, I encountered the Magdeburg couple. They had walked all the way from Ratteis, and there are quite two miles of dusty road after emerging from the valley. They looked fresher than at Unsere Frau. The dining room was a large open verandah, separate from the house, walls of trellis work, vines climbing over them, and little tables dispersed about. Great was my joy when the waitress proposed "Forellen," I had literally tasted nothing but veal since leaving England, at least since

Tréguier. I took tickets in the diligence for Latsch, at 1.15 to-morrow. The Magdeburg couple are going to Méran, so we shall meet no more, and wished each other "Glückliche Reise."

SATURDAY, JULY 18th. Had not as good a night as I expected, in spite of the delicious bed, pillows with embroidery over red, but woven, not hand-done like that at the Gepatsch Haus, which was really lovely, I wish I had remembered to ask them about it. However, I did not get up till past nine—down to breakfast at 10.30. I sent my box to Botzen, finished my packing, and was only just ready when they came to say the carriage was "eingespannt." The diligence again was a nice open carriage, with two horses, for Anderegg and me. Soon after the entrance to the Schnalser Thal we saw the water conduit emerging from the other side of the rock, it must have been great labour cutting through it. The Vintschgau looks lovely in the sunshine. The Wirth had advised me to go on to Goldrau, about two miles beyond Latsch, as the best place for entering the Martell Thal. The road crosses the Adige just before Latsch, and we made a halt before the door of the Hirsch, which looked a very nice inn, Latsch a very picturesque village. The Wirth standing at the door, said he was sure he had seen me in the Schnalser Thal, which was very possible, as I have now been there four times. At Goldrau, I enquired for some one to carry our luggage to Salt, about two hours off. A very nice landlady said she would find some one, and soon a young woman appeared, looked at my bag and hold-all, said she could easily carry them, but must first

change her dress. I had some white wine and bread, and talked to the landlady, who looked quite a girl, but said she had three children. There was a very nice collie, which she said they had bought from an Englishman. The female re-appeared. I could not make out whether she had put on a worse or a better dress. She put the baggage into a large basket, which she slung on her shoulders, and trotted off as if it was nothing. Peter was much amused, and said we had never had a "Dame" to carry for us before. The walk to Bad Salt took two-hours-and-a-half. There is a very nice little "Gasthaus zum Bad Salt," with two frescoes—one of the Virgin and child—the other of the Assumption of the Virgin. The poor Trägerin humbly asked should I think one gulden fifty too much, I gave her two, and thought she had well earned it. A very nice landlady gave me a room with two beds out of the sitting room. She knew all about the Säillent Joch, and said she would see about a guide. I prowled about in different directions, and soon heard voices, and saw a party coming up a different way, a priest followed by four or five young men, making for the hotel. My heart rather sank, and when I was called in to dinner I found them all established round the table, the priest blocking up the door of my room, I had to squeeze past him. A female came in, who, I thought, belonged to the priest and young men, and also had a meal. Suddenly the landlady whispered to the priest "Es schellt," and they all jumped up, stood, and faced a crucifix at the end of the room, and murmured some prayers. The female and I jumped up too, and the landlady stood still. It lasted a very short time, and

they all said, "Guten Abend," and sat down again. They all jabbered incessantly. The priest told stories, and went into convulsions at his own wit, but I could not make out a word they said. The landlady told me they were come for some ceremony, and would be entertained at the Pffarrerei to-morrow, after mass. I went to bed about nine.

SUNDAY, JULY 19th. Excellent night. Soon after eight called for some hot water. The landlady brought me a large teapot full and said was it for "Thee," or "Kaffee," when I said "Zu waschen" it seemed quite a new light to her. I am rather dismayed to find that for the Sällent Joch one does not go to the Zufall hut and the head of the valley, which I particularly wanted to see, it is considered so very fine. I think I must go there first, and then there is the risk of the weather breaking, so I am rather undecided. At the 11.30 meal, however, appeared a very nice German from Leipsic who had been a great deal about in these parts. He was much astonished at seeing an English female alone "in diesem einsamen Thale." The young female of last night had her meal with us. She has nothing to do with the priest, but is from Schlanders, here for her health. The Leipsic gentleman advised me strongly instead of the Sällent Joch (from which he says there is no view) to go over the Fürkele Scharte to Pijo, there was a magnificent view of the Ortler from it, and from Pijo over the Circena pass (from which also there was a very fine view) to Rabbi. It seems very feasible, and I should still get to Rabbi by Thursday, stopping a day at Pijo. After the meal I inspected the baths, which

are very primitive, like wooden coffins as the Leipsic Herr remarked, with a bed by each for the victim to lie on when the immersion was over. I left the Leipsic Herr having a good talk with Peter whom I had known in Switzerland, and strolled down the valley, but was turned back by loud thunder, and sat on a nice stone near home and read the Psalms and Lessons. The Leipsic gentleman soon passed me in high spirits with his guide (an Italian one) on his way to the Zufall hut. He was going up the Venezia Spitze next day. When I got back I found my guide had arrived, he was quite a youth, and when I mentioned my change of plan seemed quite dismayed, though he said he knew the Fürkele Scharte quite well. I left him to have a little private talk with Peter, and Rose the Kellnerin (the one whom I have hitherto called the landlady) and when I got back found the reason of his hesitation was that he had not yet got his book as a regular guide, and was afraid the other guides would be angry with him for going over Fürkele Scharte (the Sällent seemed looked upon as a high road, he had often been over to bring Rabbi water back) but he would not mind going as a Gepäck Trager. That was easily settled, and it was decided we were to start next morning at four for the Zufall Hütte, which I felt I must see in any case, and if it was fine next day go over the Fürkele Scharte and if it was bad or doubtful, over the Sällent. I felt resigned to either, as all was new ground to me.

MONDAY, JULY 20th. A lovely morning—I am really favoured by weather. I saw the real landlady before starting, a most respectable-looking elderly little

female. She does all the cooking. Her husband—Holzknecht—is one of the guides mentioned by Baedeker, but guides no longer, being too old. Everything has been excellent at this sweet little place; it was a most happy thought to come here for Sunday. Got off at 4.30. Very soon we got to places where the road had been carried away, and we had either to climb over stones or go up into the wood; but, on the whole, it was not as bad as I expected—I had been told the way was so very rough. At the first bridge the local guide showed me where the inn of the village of Grand had stood; it and three other houses had been swept away by the flood—not a vestige left. No one was drowned, but they saved nothing in the way of property, as they would not believe till the last minute that the glacier really would burst. I forget how many thousand litres of wine the guide told me they had in the cellar. Further on we passed a picturesque little chapel under the shadow of a very high rock, the doorway all adorned with green boughs. It would have been a lovely subject for a sketch. (I saw the name of Reginald Jones, the artist, in the visitors' book at Salt.) At the end of about three hours' tramp we halted by a bridge where there was a good spring, and had a meal. I ate a hard-boiled egg and drank some wine and water. So far there had been nothing very particular to see, but now, after crossing the bridge and walking a little way through lovely meadows to the lower Martell Alp, the head of the valley suddenly burst upon us, filled by the Monte Cevedale—a splendid cone of snow, with two peaks. I had meant to go up it when we crossed the Cevedale Pass in 1883, from the Shaubach Hütte to Santa Catarina, but when the

day for crossing arrived, Monte Cevedale was invisible in clouds. I had some milk at this Alp. The view of the Cevedale is lost soon after leaving it. The Plinia rushes out of the rocks and plunges down a chasm with a furious noise. The last hour of the walk is a steady climb, but not very steep, and lovely—partly through wood. The Zufall Hütte appears in sight a full hour before getting to it, perched on the edge of a grassy hill just below the glacier, which now appeared in full view; indeed, the guides saw the hut from the lower Alp. At a corner, a little before getting to it, there is a lovely spring with a bench by it, and a sign-post with the inscription—"Jäger Brunnen, zur Zufall Hütte 20 Minuten." (There had been another bench at a good point of view about half-an-hour before.) It took me more than half-an-hour to get to the Zufall Hütte from the Jäger Brunnen; it kept disappearing round corners and then re-appearing. Just before the end the path to the Madritsch Joch turns off. Both that and the Sällent can be done from the lower Alp. It was about 12.15 when the Zufall Hütte was finally reached. It had taken me nearly eight hours, including halts for food; but, having started so early to avoid the heat, we had taken it very easily. It is a most neat little building, with a crucifix on the grass in front, cows and goats about; the other side is on the edge of a steep cliff. The splendid white glacier fills up the space in front, on each side of the Mont Cevedale; the Fürkele Scharte—the pass we wanted to go over—to the left of it. The appointments of the Zufall hut are better in some respects than the Samoar hut—a large ladies' room upstairs, plenty of jugs and basins; but the cooking is very inferior. A middle-

aged woman did the cooking, and an old bent man (though still quite active) was about, who I found had been the landlord of the wretched inn at Gand. I asked him if he had been a guide, and he said "No; in his young days there were no Touristen, but he knew the mountains very well as a chamois-hunter." Four of his sons are guides (they are all mentioned in Baedeker), the middle-aged female was the sister of the wife of one of them. It was decided that if fine I was to be called at two next morning, and we were to get off at three if possible, to get early to the glacier, as the Fürkele Scharte was subject to snow avalanches when the sun was on it. No one else came, though they had thought they had seen a party coming up the valley. Rather disheartened. Weather doubtful.

TUESDAY, JULY 21st. A most unpropitious morning; cloudy and drizzling. The Fürkele Scharte was clearly out of the question. We did not get off till 4.30, and then had first to go down a long rough way to get to a bridge. It was now actually raining, so we halted in a little shed for hay to consider whether we should wait a day in the Zufall Hütte. It would be so dreary doing a long pass in the rain, even if not dangerous. In about half-an-hour, however, it looked better, and I thought it might be worse next day, so we went on; got down to the bridge. It was very steep on the other side. Then it began to be undulating, but still very rough; and then we got to a steep piece of moraine, having first to cross a rather deep brawling stream. They threw in large stones to make steps for me. Just before this we lost sight of the Fürkele Scharte round a corner.

It had been a consolation to me to see it all in clouds, looking very cold and repelling; while we had now bright sunshine over our heads. After the moraine we had a long steep piece, mostly turfy steps, but interspersed with bits of real rock, quite interesting, which lasted till we got to the glacier. In the middle of it we had a halt for a meal. The glacier was very short—barely an hour—and in very good order. We only had the rope on for a very short time, that we might go straight, Anderegg said, instead of making “Umwege” to avoid “Spalten.” Towards the top I begged to have it taken off, and he consented, as there were evidently no “Spalten.” It is odd that I never can manage on a nearly flat glacier with the rope. I want sometimes to walk in one way, sometimes in another, and it is so tiresome to have to stop them every minute. It was just 11.20 when we got to the top. There was a very fine view of the Schöntauf Spitze and some others, but nothing else of eminence. I call it a very satisfactory Joch. The other side looks sheer down the Rabbi Valley. We went a little way down the other side, to be out of the wind, and had a meal. At twelve we started down. At first there was very steep “Geröll”—almost rock in places. The young Führer was very anxious (and had been on the way up) to lay down the luggage at places and come back to help, but Peter assured him it was quite unnecessary. I had done much worse places. At last we got down to a comparatively level part, but still very stony; and then came to a heavenly piece of smooth meadow. The Sällent Joch is the first of my passes this year where there have been any flowers. On the Nieder Joch there was a good deal of *Silene Arealis* (?)

on both sides, but nothing else. Here there had been a quantity of *Linaria Alpina* and *Ranunculus Glacialis* on the way up, and on this side gentians, primulas, and, lower down, lovely *ranunculus*, golden ball mixed with forget-me-not; lots of *Alpen Rosen* on both sides, but they are getting over. It was now two o'clock, and very hot; the young man said we should not get to Rabbi before dark. It was quite impossible for me to hurry, it was so very stony, almost everywhere. We got on to a terrace path, a few steps very nice and then stones again, it wound round a ravine, down which dashed a beautiful waterfall. There was *Edelweiss* on some rocks at the bottom, which the young man was very anxious to get, but I begged him not, as I do not care for *Edelweiss* which I have not gathered myself. We went down some grass rather free from stones, and then got on a very stony winding path, which brought us to an Alp. We crossed a bridge, it was on the other side of the stream. I had hoped for milk, but no one was there. There was a herd of very fine donkeys, young ones among them; the young man had been telling us about them for some time, and shown us some more on a meadow high up from the other side of the valley. He said there was another Alp further on, so we trudged on, first up a steep path, and then came two bouts of steep stony descent, with a level tract between. Now we saw people making hay, and directly after came upon a chalet with more people. I asked if we could have some milk, and a man said, Yes, I could have it there, but they could not sell any outside, as they had a "*vacca ammalata*," here they all spoke Italian. We went in, and sat round a fire of branches

on a flat hearth. I would much rather have been outside, but felt I would do anything to get milk, I was parched with thirst. They all stood round staring, and I kept saying in a cheerful voice, "E il latte, dov'é!" At last one brought a large basin of delicious milk, I drank heaps, but not a quarter of it, and on asking which was the Padrone, they pointed out quite a youth, with a laugh, so I suppose it was a joke. I gave him 20 kr., with which he seemed quite satisfied. I now wanted to start, but they were all talking together, and the guides would not stir, though I called to them several times. At last the young Tyrolese came to me and said they would not let us go because of the cows; that no one was allowed to pass beyond a boundary; and that I had better speak in Italian to the gendarme (pointing out one of the men, who had nothing official in his costume), and I at once asked him what it meant. "Yes," he said, "it was the law; no one was to pass the confine." I asked for how long? He said, "A month." "A month," I said. "Am I to stay here a month?" (picturing all my letters at Botzen, and all my future plans). On this he burst out laughing, and said "No, signora;" and added "that I might go on, as I had clothes to change; but the guides might not, as they had not any." He also said he should go with us himself to the boundary. I could not think what was to be done, but thought surely some means of escape must be devised, and that we should succeed in getting to Rabbi, which, one of the men had told me, was only an "oretina" off. We set off, and fortunately the path was comparatively good. I had now entirely forgotten the Sällent Joch and all its stones, and quite

tore along, feeling myself for the first time in my life under police surveillance. The path soon crossed a bridge. Peter made me cross, but did not seem at all certain whether the gendarmes and the other had gone over. I thought if we now lost our way in addition to everything else, when close to Rabbi, it would be very like Peter. It was now a terrace path, really good, and then through a wood, and we soon came upon the others—greatly to my relief. We all hurried on, and very soon came to the boundary—two rails across the path, and a superior official sitting by them. I appealed to him to consider the nature of the case, that Peter was a Swiss and a stranger, and where were they to go. He said that they might go back and sleep at the infected Alp, but that they must not go on; it was the law. I said could not he wash his clothes there and go to bed till they were dry (he had said there was a casino near)? He took no notice, and I really thought there was no help for it, so I began explaining to Peter how he was to get round to me to Botzen; and I paid the young man, adding a handsome tip, and gave him all the eatables and wine that were left. His disappointment was intense, but poor Peter was almost wild with agony. He abused the Italians soundly in German, and then began tearing off his clothes, saying “*Sieh Msieu,*” and showing them he had a clean shirt and stockings, and seemed going to tear off his trousers too, but I begged him to stop; and then it seemed suddenly to dawn on them all that he might do what I had been struggling in vain to make them understand—go down and wash all his clothes in the river below. So he set off with the gendarmes. While he was away I did the settling

with the young man, Johann Gamper, and wrote his testimonial in his book, about which he was very anxious—it was only the second he had had. Peter re-appeared wonderfully soon, soaking but radiant, and seized my bottle of Schnaps, but I had poured all the contents into Johann's bottle. However, he produced it, and Peter had a good drink; and then, as poor Johann seemed more miserable than ever, I said why should not he do the same—go down and wash in the river. He joyfully agreed, and also hurried off with the gendarmes. There remained only myself to be purified. I really felt I could not toil down this steep bank down to the little hut which he said was at the bottom. The chief official had already suggested that when it was night I could change up there, and no one could see. It was not quite night, but I felt I must risk it; so I made Peter carry my bag and hold-all a few yards back, round a corner where there were trees. I got everything out ready. Fortunately, there was a chemise at the very top of my bag. I wished to avoid the hut for another reason. I was so afraid some one would be put to watch me and insist on retaining my stays, inside which all my money was carefully packed; and, of course, I had no others. In an incredibly short time the change was effected, and I returned bearing the holocaust of my nice black skirt, grey petticoat, grey flannel blouse, etc. I handed them over to the chief official, and he assured me the greatest care should be taken of them. I pointed to the grey flannel blouse, and said I should probably never be able to wear it again—it would be too tight; but he was relentless. I had forgotten my boots and stockings, and, most fortunately, they

were satisfied with plunging my boots (on my feet) into the stream and carefully washing the soles. My outdoor jacket—which Peter had been carrying—also escaped their notice. Johann had now re-appeared, also soaking but radiant. It was settled that Peter was to fetch my clothes next day, and at last we got off. It was now eight o'clock, and they said we had about three-quarters of an hour more to go. When we got a little away Peter told me that when they got down to the river the gendarme was very friendly—he (Peter) had given him ten kreutzer, and been excused washing his coat. I wished I could have given him something and begged him not to wash my grey flannel blouse. Just as it got dark we saw the lights of the hotel far below, and turned down a rough winding little path—the latter part pitch dark, among trees. I went stumbling down, clinging to Anderegg, and the bottom was reached at last. We crossed a wooden bridge, and were close to the Hotel Rabbi—the opposite side from where we came down last year from the Kirchberger Joch. The nice-looking young landlady knew me again, and seemed quite pleased to see me. Peter and the young man were rather daunted by the appearance of the hotel, and said they would rather go somewhere else. Johann knew a good place, so I told Peter to pay for his supper and lodging as well, and they were both to have the best they could get. The padrona took me to a delightful room, and in a very few minutes I was settled with tea and a cutlet and galantine and jelly, in the dining-room, a waiter hanging officiously about and insisting on putting the cream in for me before I could stop him—both cups. This has been the hardest day I

have had for a long time, but I am wonderfully little tired. I forgot to say that just before we got to Rabbi Johann pointed out to me the entrance of the Circena Pass from Pijo, and told me there was also an Alp with diseased cattle there, so we should have had just the same work if we had come that way. He is returning to-morrow by the Ulten Thal.

WEDNESDAY, JULY 22nd. I had a blissful night. Down at 9.30. I ordered a bath, and thoroughly enjoyed it. When I was ready to get out, the bath woman brought me a large scalding-hot sheet; I do not remember that being done last year. I enjoyed the table d'hôte at twelve, after having had to order my meals for a fortnight. I saw Peter in the morning; he had been very comfortable. The young man had gone off. I despatched Peter for my clothes. He brought them back all tied up in the white silk handkerchief. They did not look to me as if they had been touched by water, but were very much crushed. The diligence from Malé to Botzen starts at two. I wrote a card to the landlord of the Corona to ask him to reserve two places for me on Friday. Malé is an hour's drive from here.

THURSDAY, JULY 23rd.—A gloomy day, raining at intervals. I am most lucky to have had such good weather for my expeditions. I went into the woods on the other side, where there are endless walks. An Italian gentleman and I have had a great deal of conversation. He much regrets Rabbi being Italia Irridenta, it used to belong to Venice. We have exchanged cards, his name is Luigi Luchini. He agrees with me it is a

great want here not having something of a reading-room. We are to be off at eleven to-morrow. I now quite pine for Botzen and heat and letters and literature.

FRIDAY, JULY 24th.—Started at eleven o'clock in a little open carriage, in pouring rain, for Malé. The drive, all down-hill, takes about an hour. Carriage three gulden. At Malé found the diligence only went to Fondo, and we could not get farther that day. Had lunch and started at two in a nice open post for Fondo. The rain had now stopped but it was dull and cold. Went through the village to Bressano, Cagno, and Revó, walked part of the way, up-hill. The sides of the hills were covered with vineyards. Arrived at Fondo about seven, Alberg della Posta, a very nice hotel. I had slept at Fondo in 1886 before walking over the Gampen pass to Méran. I had an excellent supper and retired early to bed to be called at four, in time for the diligence at five. The tickets for the diligence from Malé to Botzen were five gulden each.

SATURDAY, JULY 25th.—Slept soundly, much startled at being called at four. Off at five in diligence, very fine but cold, moon still shining. Beautiful view of Presenella. Mendelhof at 6.30. Coffee and very good roll and butter warmed me. Steep descent from Mendel, splendid winding road, sometimes I saw five windings at once. Stopped twenty minutes at Kaltern, splendid view of Schlern and Rosengarten. Entered Botzen by the Talfe Brücke. Stopped at the Alte Greif. Peter carried all my things to the Victoria. Found heaps of letters and papers, also my box and black bag.

K

They gave me a very nice room on the first floor and I sat and read my letters comfortably. All well at home. I decided to start for Veldes on Monday, and to keep Peter another week. . . . It has been blissful having something to read and somewhere to sit, not a bedroom.

SUNDAY, JULY 26th. Lovely day. Went twice to the Pfarr Kirche. Several parties dining, but no English. I hampered the lock of my box, and was afraid I should have to stay another day as the chambermaid said no locksmith could be found to do it to-day, however, in time, it came right of itself.

MONDAY, JULY 27th. Off at 8.37, by train for Villach. Two tickets, a first and second-class came to 24'65. Delightful saloon carriage, no benches, canvas arm chairs scattered about. The line to Frazensfeste lovely through the ravine of Eisach. Changed there, had time to eat some strawberries. From Eisach, ordinary first-class carriage, all to myself, very hot. The line pretty, but monotonous, except about Toblach and Lienz, where some lovely Dolomites came in sight, Drei Schwester Spitzen, and others. At Innichen, saw the little church, the model of the Emperor Frederick's tomb (which we had such work to find) close to the line. At Lienz, there was 40 minutes halt; I had some excellent Rehbraten and potatoes, treated Peter to the same, and some red wine. We were now in the valley of the Drave. We arrived at Villach at nine, it was quite dark. Omnibus to Post Hotel, rather of the commercial traveller order, but I had a very nice

bedroom opening on a balcony round a quadrangle. I was sorry I had to start by a very early train, as with the next I should have had to wait several hours at Tarvis.

TUESDAY, JULY 28th. Train at 7.30. Very pretty line, changed at Tarvis, the next train came directly. Reached Veldes station. Little open carriage to Veldes (I had only small luggage with me, my large box was sent from Botzen to Riva). Veldes in half-an-hour. Müllner's Hotel on the lake looked very attractive, a castle high up on a rock just opposite, the lake below. I got a very nice room, and asked the landlord about the Triglav, and heard Moistrina was the best place for doing it from and getting a guide. I should have to go back to Lenzenfeld, a station about half-way to Tarvis. The landlord seemed to doubt my powers, and remarked that the Triglav was "ein sehr grosser Berg." Table d'hôte at one, a great many Germans, some evidently rather important, as a courier and page are always hanging about before the door. There is a garden going down to the lake, and a round covered balcony with seats and tables just at the edge. The water swarms with fish. I threw them some bread, which I found lying about, they do not look like trout. I walked round the lake, a good way past the castle, and saw the island, and the church upon it beautifully reflected in the water. I had sent a telegram to the innkeeper at Lenzenfeld to ask him to have a guide ready for me at nine to-morrow morning, for it will be full late to start for the hut, the first train not going till 8.21. Very good dinner at 7.30. The people here all speak a dialect

called Krain. There are quantities of hotels and villas round the lake, and baths for every sort of disorder.

WEDNESDAY, JULY 29th. Off by 8.21 train for Lenzenfeld. The guide was waiting at the station, he looked very nice, and could speak German quite well. He said we must first go to Moistrina and get provisions, also, that was the place to start from. There was no inn at Lenzenfeld now; the telegram had been sent to him, he was the landlord at Moistrina. We crossed the Save on a wooden bridge close to the station, and were at Moistrina in about ten minutes. It is a nice little village, with a primitive little inn, but they seemed to have food. I had some very good eggs done up, and some wine, and we amassed food for the journey—coffee, salame, bread, cheese, wine, and milk, and I had brought a cold chicken with me from Veldes. Two or three parties were about, making starts, and it now appeared that, for some reason, we were to have another guide. He looked even nicer, and had a book full of testimonials, so I did not mind at all, his name was Franz Skumans. A very nice girl called Nina, with a dead gold handkerchief over her head, managed all about the provisions. It was eleven before we finally got off, and rather hot. A sign post showed the way up a nice bridle path, rather steep at first, and then almost level through a wood, for nearly two hours. We passed a charcoal-burning place, and at the end crossed two open stony places, like beds of streams. Then a steep stony mount through a wood began, and it lasted a long time, varied sometimes with bits of rocky climbing. There were quantities of cyclamen, some quite high up,

one bunch actually growing on the stony path, looking so sweet. I also saw green spleenwort for the first time; there have been heaps of lovely ferns on all my walks, principally oak, beech, and fragilis. At the end of the wood we seemed to be at the end of a narrow valley, tremendous high rocks all round, and I could not think how we were going, but as we got higher I found we were rounding the side, and approaching a gap at the end. The guide now remarked we had still four hours to the hut, my heart rather sank, but I said nothing. A heavy shower came on, and the guide suggested taking refuge in a cave, he ran there with the luggage, but Peter and I thought we would not go out of the way, unless it were quite necessary, and the rain went off. We now had a piece of steep mounting, a little winding path of "Geröll," I had on my Carter boots, and slipped a good deal, as they have no nails. After great toil we got to the top of this piece, and, to my great joy, a long stretch of undulating path appeared in view, and the guide said we had only an hour. The path was now diversified with patches of snow, rather slippery, and I still more regretted not having on my Gullick boots. We had, all through the day, heard voices below us. I had thought they were only people after the sheep, but now it appeared it was a German and a guide, also bound for the hut—the German very tired. It was a consolation to see a man walking almost as slowly as I do. I was not in the least tired, but I must have time. As they had at last got close to, I dawdled for them to pass; I cannot bear to feel people on my heels. I thought, too, the guide might be lighting the stove. In a very few minutes

more the hut appeared in sight, but, alas! no Triglav. We ought to have seen both peaks; they were in mist. The hut stands at the edge of a desolate snowy rocky bason, fine rocky peaks all round. It is a very nice hut—not, of course, equal to the Zufall and Samoar, but very comfortable; a row of beds at the far end, the stove near the door, a table opposite. It was just seven when we got there. We met the German's guide going for water. The German was sitting at the table looking very much finished. He said he admired my Ausdauer." I said I had plenty of "Ausdauer," but required time. He seemed a very nice man, and said it was such a pleasure to him to get away from the pressure of his business and to be among this "herrliche Natur." He was not going up the Triglav, as he was "schwindlich," only over to the Wocheiner Lake. He had some coffee, and, after some time, so had I. Very soon his guide put a ladder to the opening in the roof, and he scrambled up. I retired to the bed nearest the wall at the further end. The mattress felt very damp, so I made Peter spread one of the coverlets on it, and lay down on it in all my clothes, having changed my stockings and put on my black velvet slippers, which are invaluable at such times. In about an hour I had some Glühwein, but it was not nearly so good as that at the Zufall and Samoar huts, as we had brought white wine; the girl at Moistrina said it was much the best. A dreadful night—thunder, lightning, and pouring rain. Not much hope for next day.

THURSDAY, JULY 30th. Thick fog this morning; impossible to think of starting, so I stayed in bed. I had slept a good deal in spite of the weather. I felt a

sort of sullen despair at the prospect of the day before me. I stayed in bed till nearly ten, when the German had got off. I had some hot milk, but it was unfortunately spoiled by the thunder, or it would have lasted all day. I went out at intervals to look at the weather. At one time a little sun tried to pierce through the mist, but it never lifted, and about the middle of the day it began to rain. The local guide went for a walk, and I saw him close to the top of a rocky peak called the Urbanova, which Baedeker says can be ascended from the hut in half-an-hour. I knitted a large piece of stocking, and used up all my wool. About one o'clock I had a meal—a wing of my chicken and some wine; and then I took to patience. My misery was much increased by the guides spitting. Peter is inveterate, but the other one beat him hollow. About seven I had a leg of my chicken and some Valentine. I arranged my things for leaving the Deschmann Hütte next day—I felt I must, at all hazards—and went to bed about eight.

FRIDAY, JULY 31st.—A very high wind all night but not much rain. About one the guides went out and said there was still mist and it was too early. Soon after two they got up and said it was clear. I waited till they had lighted the stove and got on a little, and was dressed by about three and went out to look, and there were the two peaks of the Triglav quite clear and looking close to. It was 3.45 when we finally got off, and then, to our horror, they were all clouded over again. The local guide said what would I do? I said he must decide if it was not fit to go. He did not seem to know, so I said could not we do as the German had done, go

down to the Wocheiner See. He said yes, and that was the same route as to the little Triglav, so I told him to tell me when the routes diverged, and we set off along a very stony but not very steep path, and across steep pieces of snow, where they made steps which it was very difficult to see in the dark. Peter made me hold the rope hanging on his back. At last the sun rose behind us quite red, but it did not seem to have power to disperse the mist. Peter made me admire it, and said I had never seen anything so "herrlich" before, but I said I had often, without mist. I remembered particularly the splendid sunrise on the Dent Blanche in 1876, with the moon shining at the same time. We now came to a piece of glacier, first they made steps which I could not see, and then it was quite easy to go without. It was very short and led up to a pass, and the guide said here was the point to go up the little Triglav, and he thought we might try it. I thought to have the toil of getting up the little Triglav, and not the great, would be worse than anything, but at last we decided to try, it really did look better. It was a very steep climb, but perfectly easy, steps cut in the rock, and iron bars to hold by, which were generally out of my reach. When we got to the top the guide said the bags might be left here, we should have to come back to this point, and it would only take an hour, even for me, to get to the highest point. I really now did feel hopeful, the view I of course gave up as hopeless. We saw some rocky peaks around us, and into the Urata valley, the other valleys were all full of mist. A long arête leads from the little to the great Triglav, and then it is much the same, steps and bars,

with the addition of a rope bannister, which was rather nice to heave oneself up by, but quite unnecessary to hold by. I had seen the real top behind another, and thought we had still miles of mounting, when the guide said we had only five minutes, and there was only a bit of gentle sloping path to the man at the top. I climbed it, and stood on the top, a staff sticks out from it. Not a thing to be seen, and the view is splendid! all down the Adriatic coast, besides everything inland. We had been just three hours and a half getting there from the hut. The guide brought out a most elaborate visitors' book, from somewhere below, and I wrote our names. There was not a single English name, but the book was new last year. I confided to Peter how much I had disliked the idea of going back to the hotel without having got up the Triglav. Of course, they would not have believed I could do it, and I felt I had the credit of England to uphold. Peter said he had felt just the same; it would have been so different in Switzerland, where everybody would have known it could only have been the weather which would have stopped us. I did, indeed, feel truly thankful, also, still to have the power to do such a fine thing; and I did not feel in the least tired. I had had a few drops of Cognac on the way up. We stayed at the top nearly half-an-hour (it was not at all cold, and there was no wind), and then started down the same way—back over the arête, to the Little Triglav. We were just half-an-hour getting to the place where the bags were left. We now took another line down the Little Triglav—no steps or bars, but every now and then two or three wooden steps like the rungs of a ladder.

About half-way down we came to a narrow fissure in the rock, called the Pforte der Triglav. Then a good way down a winding path of Geröll, and soon we saw the Maria Theresia Hütte, which used to be the regular place to mount from. The guide had thought it would be full of snow and not fit to sleep in, but we found it quite tidy, and a store of wood arranged; a separate room to eat in, away from the cooking department. We sat there very comfortably for some time. The guides had some food; I could not eat anything, but had some wine. I wrote our names in the visitors' book, with a record of the time—it was just nine when we got there. I saw that all the visitors complained of the damp, also that the stove would not burn. If it was damper than the Deschmann, we had indeed had an escape. I had very much wished to see the three Triglav lakes on the way down—the Gross, the Doppel, and the Schwarz Sees—but the guide said it would be fourteen hours (I daresay he meant my pace) and we should have to sleep at the Franz Ferdinand Schütz Haus after the second lake, and we had no more provisions left, owing to our extra day at Deschmann's. Of course, if I had understood thoroughly beforehand I would have provided for contingencies, but on the whole I was not sorry to escape another night in a hut, and I felt I should enjoy the lakes much more as a distinct excursion when fresh; sometime or other I must see them, for they sound lovely. We were now to go down to the Wocheiner lake, which he said would be about five hours. We started from Maria Theresia (which is situated in a sort of a stony hollow) about 9.45, along a stony undulating path (not unpleasant). Soon we

came to a place where they said they would cut down a bank, and it was thick with Edelweiss, rather poor and not fully out, but still it was delightful to gather some oneself, also some large gentians. After this there was a winding path down, and to my delight, I heard the bells of some cows, and we arrived at the Belopolje Alp in exactly an hour-and-a-half from the hut, a lovely grassy basin, surrounded by beautiful rocky peaks. We went into a chalet, and I had a large bowl of most delicious milk, which did me a great deal of good, it was the only thing I could have taken, I drank it very slowly. They had also very good butter, and I managed to gulp down some bread and butter. I now asked how many hours to the Wocheiner lake, and to my horror heard it was still five, the hour-and-a-half we had steadily trudged had made no impression. It now began to pour, so I donned my waterproof, and we started first across grass, and by a little green tarn with no name, and by a stony path through a passage between two rocks, into another grassy basin surrounded by fine peaks. Then up a steep slope of stones interspersed with herbage, and then for ages down the most stony path it ever was my lot to traverse, coasting close under the rocks and rounding ravines. We at last got down to trees, and it became a little better, interspersed with soft places with dead leaves. This lasted for hours, and when at last we emerged into open valley, it was a quarter to four. I don't think I ever experienced such stones considering that there was a path all the way, they seemed artfully arranged in every way so as to act as pitfalls. The valley was truly blissful, a beautiful grassy track across meadows just mown, by

the side of a stream, well-built little chalets scattered about. I thought it was a village, but the guide said it was only for hay. The poor guides were now reduced to famine, they had hardly had any wine all day, there was only a very little which was nobly left for me to have a few drops of at intervals. I felt this lovely grassy track was too good to last, and we soon got upon a stony path, almost a road, a mass of loose macadam. I plodded stolidly on, and told the guides to consume the rest of my chicken. At last a village appeared to our left, which the guide said was Althammer, and we saw a gleam of the Wocheiner Lake below to the right. We left the stony road, went down a slope of grass, past through the outskirts of Althammer, and then got on quite a good road which took a sweep round to the right, and in about half-a-mile we were by the side of the Wocheiner Lake, crossed a bridge over its outlet, close by a very pretty church, and came upon the picturesque little Touristen-Haus, close to the lake, not another building near, it was lovely. Steep grassy banks opposite, but perpendicular rocks further down. It was just six o'clock, and I quite pined to stay the night here, it seemed a sin to go away directly from such a lovely spot. The landlord from Mallneis had fixed to send a carriage here to meet me, but when I enquired I found none had come. I suppose he had thought better of it, seeing the weather so uncertain. I now at once decided to stay the night here, there was a delightful dining-room, with large doors opening on a terrace looking over the lake, and I was taken up to a very nice bedroom by a pretty girl called Johanna, who greeted

me saying "Ich küss die Hand." I had a wooden tub with hot water, and then came down and had tea and eggs. They were anxious I should have rum with my tea. Several people were about, and the landlord brought me a Laibach paper, which had really some news in it. (I need not say that my first act had been to order the two poor guides a good meal.) I had a stroll by the lake and then came in and ordered some supper. It was ages coming, there seemed rather a pressure on the resources of the establishment. At last I got it, soup with vermicelli and beef and potatoes, and a most delicious glass of beer so cold and refreshing. I had visions of not starting till eleven next morning, and making an effort to get to the waterfall at the head of the lake (the source of the Save) but the landlord insisted on my starting at eight, to avoid the heat.

I felt the waterfall was hopeless, and was rather relieved. To undress and be in a nice clean bed was truly exquisite after three days in my clothes.

SATURDAY, AUGUST 1st. A pouring morning. The landlord need not have feared heat. The waterfall also would have been out of the question. I was very loath to get up at seven. Franz Skumans wanted me to write a testimonial in his book, and it was 8.30 before I got off in a decent little carriage with one horse and a hood; it was to cost five gulden. I found Peter and Franz were to follow in an open carriage, so I lent Peter my umbrella. It would have been a lovely drive in fine weather, following the course of the Save, which we crossed four or five times. All the villages have a curious kind of round pump, spreading

out like a balloon at the bottom. The last mile is by the side of the lake of Veldes, and I was not sorry to arrive at Mallneis. It was just twelve o'clock when I arrived, so I thought there would be time to have a bath before the table d'hôte. I asked the friendly courier to tell the guides I should be back directly, and hurried off to the baths, which are close to. I had a most delicious bath—not like at Rabbi, fixed in the ground, but a large tin sarcophagus rather raised; you had to mount on a step to get into it. It was truly exquisite. I got back in plenty of time for the table d'hôte. I was famished, having only had a cup of coffee that morning. I met the landlord, who made many enquiries after my doings. He had not sent the carriage, seeing the weather so doubtful. I thoroughly enjoyed the one o'clock meal. I sat next a very nice little girl, evidently the sister of two little boys I sat by on Tuesday. I think they are the people with the courier and page. They have a governess, and the mother sits opposite; I cannot make out the father. They have a very nice large dog. After the table d'hôte I found the guides had only just arrived. They had had a carriage given them with a most wretched horse, which broke down, and they had had to walk a great part of the way. Peter was very indignant. I settled with Franz, who only charged twelve gulden; it is incredibly little when I have had him nearly four days. I gave him fifteen, and he seemed delighted. I told Peter to see he had a good meal, and he departed quite happy, to go back to Lenzenfeld by train later on. . . . I was looking at an advertisement this afternoon and heard a little piping voice, and found it was the little girl saying, "Ist die Partie auf die Triglav

schön gewesen?" I asked her if she had ever been up a Berg, and she said "Nur auf den Schloss Berg." It never ceased pouring all day. A Hungarian band played at supper quite beautifully, without any music. Afterwards I sat in the reading-room and talked a little to a lady who asked me about the Triglav, and wished she could go up mountains. She was astonished I was so fresh. Bed about ten; quite late for these parts.

SUNDAY, AUGUST 2nd. Had an excellent night. Gloomy morning but not raining. Down at 9.30. While having coffee I saw all the people going to church, so I hurried off and got ready. I found the church was up quite a little hill. It had a large open porch, a fresco of St. Martin of Tours dividing his cloak, over the door. There was some very nice singing. The church was crammed, the women all looking very nice, with white sleeves and coloured skirts, and handkerchiefs on their heads. When it came to the sermon they all squatted down, sitting on the floor—a thing I never saw done before. The sermon was in some unknown tongue—I suppose Krain. The young priest had such a sweet voice I wished I could have understood. I had time to read the Psalms and Lessons, the Epistle and Gospel, and a good deal besides. At the end of the sermon the women all tore out with such a rush they nearly knocked me down. They had waited for the men to go out first. There is quite a little village on the hill with the church. I went a little round, and somehow lost my way, so had to ask. I eventually got back to the hotel, met Peter and settled with him. I paid him altogether 360 francs—310 due to him, 40 a present, and 10 for his

journey in Switzerland. The Austrian part I shall give him in gulden to-morrow, when I shall have some idea what it will be. Table d'hôte at one. I sat next the little boys again, find they are 11 and 14. I should have said 8 and 10. On my other side I had a very nice old gentleman, who told me his daughter had been three times up the Triglav, and never had a view. He also told me it was visible from here when clear, and that he had seen it at six o'clock this morning. Franz had told me I was the fifth lady, I wonder if he counts the daughter as three. In the evening I went to the Louisenbad Hotel, where there was a fête. Quantities of boats decorated with branches and flowers, and long grasses, one with rakes and baskets and sieves hung about it, all full of gaily dressed peasants; on one they were dancing, I quite expected to see them topple over. They rowed off, quite to the end of the lake, and after some time came back, all in a line, looking so pretty; with sunshine it would have been lovely. The dining room of the hotel is a very large balcony, with glass sides, projecting over the lake, it was crammed. I got a place near a window, and opposite the door, or I should have been choked with smoke. I had coffee at a table with a very common family, who had masses of solid food, and poked their knives half-way down their throats, but they seemed thoroughly happy and united. The two girls must be exactly like Emmy and Betty. (Buchholz). After the procession of boats, crowds of gaily dressed girls came in, selling things—flowers, balls, and toys. I was wedged behind a table, so providentially none came to me. They had broad gold bands on their heads, and high white crowns rising flat up behind, not

dead white. They had mostly red skirts, dark bodices, and large white sleeves, they looked so very nice. A band playing all the time. It was nearly nine when I got back here. I found Peter having his supper, and brought his book up to write in it, or else, he says, no one will believe he has been to all these places. I got to bed before ten, having to be up early for the 8.21 train. A lady and very nice little girl met me at the top of the stairs as I came in, talking very nice English. I think the lady was her governess. The little girl was delighted, showing me all the presents her papa had bought her from the girls—a purse, a little doll, a photo under glass, which I providentially at once recognised as Mullner's garden, having got one myself. She was such a nice little thing, with such pretty light hair, and talked so prettily. I am quite sorry to leave Veldes, but still am now ready for something new.

MONDAY, AUGUST 3rd.—Lovely morning. Down soon after seven and saw the two rocky peaks of the Triglav quite clear, as the old gentleman had said, to the left of the castle. I showed them to Peter, who was having his breakfast, he was delighted. Another peak, more to the left, we found was called the Rjovina. We got off by the 8.21 train. All along the line we saw beautiful Dolomite mountains, which were invisible last Tuesday when it was raining. At Tarvis there was a splendid chain, which I have since found out is the Mannhart group. At Tarvis I got out and Peter had to change. I had taken his ticket to Villach, and given him 25 gulden for the rest of his journey, which I hope will be enough. His train went on in

about a quarter of an hour, I was very sorry to take leave of him, and so I think was he. I saw him safely off, and then secured a very nice room in the Railway Hotel, and had some luncheon. When I had finished the waiter proposed to put up what was left, and I accepted thinking it might come in handy next day, when I wanted to go over a pass to Raibl. No guides were to be had at the Railway Hotel, which is quite detached from either Ober or Unter Tarvis, and the waiter advised me strongly to go at once to Ober Tarvis. It was now about 11.30. I was at Ober Tarvis in about a quarter of an hour, and went to the Schnablegger Hotel, where a most unpleasant woman said they knew nothing about guides. I was in despair and went on to the post, where a very nice girl also said there were no guides in Tarvis, there might be in Zaitnitz. I said "or Wolfsbach" where Baedeker gives the names of two, and she thought that very likely. I hurried back to the Bahnhof Hotel, prepared my bag, told the chambermaid I should keep the room, and be back the day but one after, and, leaving the rest of my luggage there, set off in a nice little Einspänner for Wolfsbach, passed a stone angel which marks the place for going up the Zuschauberg, and the driver pointed out the church at the top. It was about an hour's drive to Wolfsbach, a wretched little village, and my heart sank when we drew up at the inn, a wretched little pothouse. A very nice woman, however, was the landlady, and when I asked if I could have a room she said she was only afraid things would not be "anständig" enough for me. A nice old man was standing near, and when I asked about guides seemed as if he would go,

but I was quite sure he could not carry my bag. The carriage had now driven off and I was in for it, and I must say felt rather sick. I now told the old man the names of the two guides, Kandutsch and Kiel, he said he knew Kandutsch, and would take me to his house. There a woman—who I understood to be Mrs. Kandutsch—told a very long story about his being away after his “Vieh,” and that he would not be back till very late. I was in despair, and asked where the other guide, Keil, lived. I was told half-an-hour off, so I asked the old man to conduct me to his house. On our way he stopped to speak to a rather nice-looking man sitting on a bench, and informed me he was Kandutsch! I then told Kandutsch what I wanted—to go through the Seisera Valley (which Baedeker describes as most grand) and then over the Bärenbahnscharte to Raibl. K. began making great difficulties, saying it was very far; and at last I discovered he thought I wanted to start at once (it was about three). When I assured him I never dreamt of starting till next morning he was quite satisfied, and it was decided we were to be off at five. I was much relieved, and gave my old man thirty kreutzer, with which he was quite delighted. I then went back to my pothouse. The landlady was sweeping it out; crowds of children about. I wound a skein of wool, at which process they all stared; and asked for some coffee. Before I got it an inspector arrived, and questioned the poor landlady very much about her license. She was a widow, and there was some informality about one of her papers. She said she had been several times before the “Gemeinde” about the “documente.” He said he would get it put right.

He was very civil to me, asked many questions as to what I was doing, and particularly noticed my gloves. He asked if it was the fashion to have so many buttons. When he was gone and I had had my coffee (which was quite decent), I set off with my knitting and the first volume of a Tauchnitz novel (which I had reserved for an emergency such as the present) and walked some way beyond the outskirts of Wolfsbach, along a nice path through the fields. There were beautiful mountains all round. I sat down and read, and was thoroughly comfortable for the rest of the afternoon; it was very fine and warm. About seven I went back. It had been settled the widow was to make me an "Eierspeise," and I thought I would eat some of the waiter's ham with it. With "Patience" and the "Eierspeise" I wiled away the evening. About nine she led me up to bed through a very large room into a very little one with two beds, but they looked perfectly clean. She said she herself was going to sleep in the large room with a child. I thought I might venture to undress, and I never had a more comfortable bed.

TUESDAY, AUGUST 4th. Slept most soundly; awoke, broad daylight; close upon five. I jumped up and dressed in a frantic hurry. Got down, found the guide ready, had some coffee, and ordered a bottle of wine to take with us. The poor landlady's bill was 1.50. It was too touching. I gave her two. We got off at 5.30. The morning was rather gloomy, and Kandutsch kept saying if it rained we should have to turn back. We started in the direction of a fine row of jagged rocks, which I had thought must be the Seisera Valley. First

there was an undulating path through brushwood, then across some meadows, and then turned to the left up a steep path through wood, which soon interposed between us and the line of rocks. In about three hours we got to a summit, and the line of rocks re-appeared. The Kalt Wasser Thal was below, and we had now to descend to it, and then climb up again the opposite side. The descent was very long and steep, but not at all unpleasant. It took just an hour-and-a-half. At the bottom a broad stream had to be crossed with no stepping-stones. The guide took off his shoes and stockings and insisted on carrying me across. Now followed a steep climb, but it was not so bad as I expected. We were at the top in less than hour, and Raibl lay just below our feet, but no lake. I had for some time been becoming aware of the fact that this could not possibly be the pass I had wanted to go over—that was a much more important affair. I did not much care, as it was evidently going to pour, and all was new ground; and this had been an interesting walk, though I should never have thought of going through the probation of Wolfsbach for such a foolish little pottering pass. The descent took just an hour; the Raibl clocks struck twelve as we began to start. The guide was much distraught whether to go an easy but longer path round, or straight down. I left him to himself, but was very glad when he decided for the latter, and nothing could have been easier. When we got to the bottom, I asked the name of a very striking mountain with five distinct peaks which appeared in sight, and he did not know, but I saw directly after from Baedeker it was called the Fünf Spitzen, and no name could be more appropriate. We crossed the stream coming from the lake, which

was still quite out of sight, passed the church, and came upon Schnabligger's Touristen Häuser. (I was sorry it was the same name as that of the horrid woman at Ober Tarvis). They were two clean looking inns opposite each other. I was given a room just at the top of a long flight of outside steps in one. I had to come across for food. I changed my boots, came across, had some tea and eggs, paid the guide (three gulden), and started off in search of the Raibl lake, which I thought was about ten minutes off. It began to pour almost directly, but I put on my waterproof and persevered. I crossed a bridge with a Tafel directing to the lake, and trudged on for miles. I was almost on the point of turning back, when I met a soldier, who said "Es kommt bald," and soon after I came to a sign post, one arm pointing to a side road with "Ins See," and the other up the high road to the Predil, and the Fischer Insel, and the Schnee Gallerie, only three minutes to the two last. I turned up the side road, and very soon found myself walking by the side of a lovely little green tarn, high mountains all round. The sign post had also named innumerable excursions, among others, the pass I had meant to come down by, so I hope some time to do it from this side; there are guides at Raibl. I walked to the fortress, and then turned back, knowing I should not be allowed to pass. I had passed a placard announcing that anyone who tried to draw, paint, or photograph the fortress, or any of its surroundings, would be prosecuted. When I got back to the road, I hesitated whether I should go on to the Fischer Insel (three minutes), and as it was still pouring, decided not, but had not gone far before I repented and turned back,

and I was very glad I did, as it was really only three minutes, and the road descended to the level of the lake, and gave a very pretty new view. The Fischer Insel was connected by a bridge with the mainland. I went over it, and in fine weather it would be lovely to sit there, and there are boats. The Schnee Gallerie was merely a conduit with a sloping roof, intended to lead the snow off the road. I had now had enough, so trudged back in the rain, going a little out of my way to look at the route we had come down. About seven, I went across for supper, and actually found a newspaper. I ordered an Einspänniger for ten next morning.

WEDNESDAY, AUGUST 5th.—I did not sleep nearly as soundly as in the widow's bed at Wolfsbach, though it was a most comfortable room. I tried to buy some photos at a shop opposite. There were some very nice ones in the dining-room which they would not sell, and which they had not got at the shop, it was rather provoking. At ten I got off in a very nice Einspänniger. It is about an hour's drive to Tarvis mainly downhill. You pass the Könisberg which is full of lead mines. At the end Untere Tarvis is passed, and from there it is a slight ascent to the Railway Hotel. I found my room and belongings all right, and soon came down and had an excellent luncheon in the Hotel Restaurant, a very superior place to where I had been before, a verandah with little tables open to the station, the pillars entwined with green, and a mass of plants in the middle. It was a lovely day, and about one o'clock I started for a walk to the Karl Steig, a ravine near

described by Baedeker, and I had seen the sign post close to. It was a lovely ravine, with wooden paths arranged, a bridge, and another overhead, which I discovered was a railway bridge. The path leads by a monument erected to a Count (who appears to have met with some accident out hunting), and then goes on round the ravine, and through a wood full of cyclamen, and I followed it expecting to emerge somewhere, but it ended on the bank of the stream. I turned back and saw another path through the wood leading higher, and soon emerged under the railway bridge upon a high road. A woman told me I should be at Ober Tarvis in about an hour, so I went on rather depressed. I could not imagine how I could have got so far away. At last I passed a sign post with "Roman Steg to Tarvis Bahnhof on it" so I thought I would try it. The Roman Steg turned out most satisfactory, and I was at the Tarvis Bahnhof in an incredibly short time. Altogether I had been more than three hours on this expedition, and I thoroughly enjoyed afternoon tea. I read the second volume of my Tauchnitz ("Misadventure" by Norris) arranged my things, had an excellent supper and went to bed with the prospect of an early start.

THURSDAY, AUGUST 6th.—Off at 8.24. A lady in the train was astonished I had not been to the highest point of the Prédil road for the view. That appears to be the thing to do. She and her husband got out at Pontafel to drive the next piece of the road. The fine part is between Pontafel and Pontebba, and a little beyond. I was rather disappointed, but it was raining most of the time. At Pontebba we changed carriages,

and there was a douane, but they opened nothing. The same train goes on to Treviso. Between Udine and Treviso there is a great deal of flat sandy plain, quite like the seaside, one feels one is near Venice. At Treviso we changed, there was half-an-hour. I was famished, and had some salame and an excellent glass of beer. It began to be rather hot, but I had the carriage to myself. I could only take my ticket to Verona, and the carriage was very full before then, so I resolved to go no further that night, and was thankful to find myself in the omnibus for the Albergo di Londra. The dear old Due Torri no longer exists, this is its successor, and seems very comfortable. I have to be off at four to-morrow morning.

FRIDAY, AUGUST 7th. Called at 3.30; already up. Off in omnibus at four. Excellent coffee at the station; nice little kitten about. I took my ticket for Mori, which I found was the place for Riva. At Ala, douane and change of carriages. The new one was a saloon, with arm-chairs like the one from Botzen to Franzensfeste. From Mori (where there is a sign-post pointing to the way up Monte Balbo) I took an Einspänniger (three gulden) to Riva. The road passes a very pretty little lake called Lago di Loppio. The tram lines go perilously near its edge, then through some fortifications and the village of Kago, from which there is a lovely peep of the Lake of Garda. After Trebole it crosses the Sacra, and almost directly we came upon the Hotel du Lac, quite outside Riva, which looked very nice. I had a room on the second floor looking on the garden, which was so large and full of trees it quite shut out the lake.

I found there was a table d'hôte at one o'clock, and said I would come to it. The landlord said would I not have a "Thé" first, and I found it was still only nine, so I ordered a "thé complet" in my room, also a hot hip-bath, and was thoroughly comfortable, and gave myself up to my letters. I went down in time to have a stroll down to the lake before luncheon. It took quite five minutes to get there—first down a walk under a trellis of vines, and large trees at the end by the lake with seats under them. The town of Riva is quite at the end of the lake, nestled under some very high rocks, and they shut out the view of the rest of the lake. An excellent meal at one. An American family is here; I sat by one of the girls, but we did not talk. After luncheon I went into the town. There is a picturesque piazza looking on the harbour, with an old square tower. The other chief hotel, the Sole, is close to the tower, by the lake. It is entered by a courtyard, a gallery running round. I went up the steps and found a very comfortable reading-room, and sat in it for some time, no one being about. It had a balcony looking on the lake and a small garden. I rather wished I had gone there, as I was only going to stay a day or two, as it was more in the midst of things and close to both steamer and station. The Hotel du Lac is, of course, very preferable for a lengthened stay. However, when I got back I was very glad I had chosen the Lac, for I found a large stock of Tauchnitzes in the reading-room. At once secured a few, and had tea in the garden. It really was great enjoyment having something to read, though rubbish. There was a table d'hôte supper at seven, and afterwards I played patience in the reading-room. The American lady—the mother of the

family—came and looked on, addressing me in French, but was much relieved to find I was English. They had come from Rome in July; she had been very ill there, and could not move before. They had been in Europe seven years; her daughters were at school in Paris, and were now having their holidays. There were two very nice-looking, tall girls, and a little one about twelve.

SATURDAY, AUGUST 7th. I felt I must have an expedition of some sort to-day, I could not stand two tables d'hôte every day. The most feasible seemed the waterfall of Vacone, and according to Baedeker I could get from there to Arco, which I had a curiosity to see, and I ascertained there was a train back from there about 3.30. I got off soon after ten, the waiter told me I was to turn to the right before reaching the town, and then anyone would tell me the way. I did so, and enquired whenever there was a choice of roads, but twice I got wrong, and had to turn back a great piece. I got to a village called San Giacomo, where I ought not to have gone at all. I went for miles before I got to the village of Vacone, quite an imposing place, and after that there was "Alla Cascata" at every corner. At the top of a steep hill there was a little house, and to my joy I saw "Stanze pei Forestieri," and photographs and refreshments. A very nice girl came, we went up some steps, she unlocked a gate, and I went into a cool cavern. There was a path on planks, and a cascade rushing down a ravine in the rocks through a hole high up. It was very imposing, but very short (I mean a very short way on planks). We then went up a winding path outside, through another gate, and saw the waterfall

from above, and more of it. It was very prettily planted all about, quantities of fine oleanders growing in the ground, generally they are in tubs. The cascata was now finished, so I bought some photographs, and enquired the way to Arco, a large new Hotel called the Arciduca Alberto, not open yet, which reminded me of Gries, near Botzen, quantities of suburban villas, and finally Arco. There was a very imposing Curhaus, where I expected to get a good luncheon; it was now about two o'clock, but to my dismay I found it did not open till October. However, a man directed me to the Krone, a very nice inn near the church where I had a meal of hot veal and potatoes and a viertel of red wine for 60 kr. and sat in the garden reading a Tauchnitz I had brought with me till it was time to go to the station. The little tram, the rails of which only look half a yard apart, got me back to Riva in about ten minutes, and I thoroughly enjoyed afternoon tea in the garden. The niece of the American lady came and talked to me. I had thought she was a foreigner, she speaks with a most peculiar accent, she comes from Louisville in Kentucky. She joined her relations in Rome last December, and does not know a word of any language but her own. Owing to her aunt's illness she is seeing nothing, and thinks Riva very dull. At supper I sat next a French gentleman, he spoke of the garden as "un parc immense." I had investigated a good deal more of the "parc" that evening, and found there were two large tennis grounds.

SATURDAY, AUGUST 9th.—The American lady had not appeared since Friday. I had enquired after her and heard she was too ill to come down. She had sent

the little girl to borrow my Baedeker. In the evening she sent to ask would I come to her room, so I went. She had a very nice room on the first floor, opening on to a very large balcony. She wanted me to find all sorts of trains in Bradshaw, and somehow whatever she wanted I could not find. She also wanted to know what I paid at every hotel I had been to, and I never knew. Altogether I am afraid I did not give her much satisfaction.

MONDAY, AUGUST 10th. Steamer to Desenzano. Started at 7.30. A very pleasant sail. I had expected it to be rough. There was a road running high up along the face of the rock, it must have a very fine view. All along the banks there are rows and rows of posts, which I found are for putting awning over the lemons in the winter. It was about five hours to Desenzano. An omnibus meets the steamer, and it is some way to the station. I had just time to have a hasty luncheon. I was sound asleep when the train stopped at Milan. I had a delightful bedroom given me on the first floor of the Hotel de la Ville, and found a card saying they were at home, and would be very glad to see me at Pallanza. I turned out for a stroll before the table d'hôte, at 6.30. I went into the cathedral. I did not remember how lovely the windows are. There are some very interesting ones in the Ambulatory behind the high altar, with scenes from the Apocalypse. Dinner was at separate little tables, and very good. The tram passes the door, so after dinner I went a drive in it to its farthest point. It passes the cathedral, but no other point of interest. There is a very nice reading-room.

TUESDAY, AUGUST 11th. Started by 7.46 train for Arona. Steamer to Pallanza.

(The tour ended with a very pleasant visit to cousins at Pallanza, and a journey straight home).

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In 1892, my sister went a very pleasant tour (starting July 19), but on more usual lines, with two cousins. Occasionally E. broke away for a separate excursion. They went by Zurich and Chur. At Chur they visited the cathedral, which, "as the old sacristan remarked, is very ugly, but very old. The high altar has some very curious figures of saints carved in wood—St. Gabl, St. Lucian, St. Emerita, St. Siegbert, and others whom we could not identify; and there is a most curious gateway outside." (Carriage to Chiavenna, over the Splugen, passing Andee.) "It was from there I started over the Forcellina Pass to Casaccia in 1883 with Anderegg and a local guide." (They regretted not having fixed to stay Sunday (July 24) at the Splugen hotel, where the accommodation would have been very good.) "At Pianozza we stopped to look at the waterfall, which a waiter had told us we must on no account miss. We had only a few steps to walk to the end of a projection with a low wall round it, and the waterfall was certainly exquisite—not like water, but a mass of billowy foam springing out in a bow, an Iris playing amongst it. H. and I naturally at once remarked, 'An Iris sits amid the infernal surge.' We could hardly tear ourselves away; we kept getting peeps of it from the corners of the windings for some time." (By rail from

Chiavenna to Sondrio—stop a night at Colie.) “Jacob (our coachman) was most anxious to take us round by the Maloggia and Bernina to Bormio, but it would have involved two extra days’ driving, and we preferred getting on; but he hoped to the last minute to persuade us.” “Sondrio is beautifully situated at the entrance of the Val Malenco, where I came down from the Muretto Pass in 1883.” (From Sondrio they drove over the Stelvio.) “Just before Tirano we stopped to see a very fine church, ‘La Madonna di Tirano,’ which Ball says is rich with marbles, but we were more struck with the wood-carving; there is a wooden gallery, supported on marble pillars, beautifully carved.” . . . The regular Stelvio may be said to begin at Bormio (where they made a short stay).

THURSDAY, JULY 28th. At 10.30 we started in a carriage for St. Caterina. Changed at Bormio to a carriage with two horses. While it was getting ready I went with H. to look at the church. Large and imposing, but nothing particular. The organ is painted with figures of angels with musical instruments, and St. Cecilia with her organ. It is a lovely drive to St. Caterina, up the Val Furva, all along the corner of the Frodolfo—the latter part through a beautiful gorge full of pines, waterfalls gleaming through them, and the peak Piz Tresico towering high in front. We passed through two villages—San Niccolo and San Antonio—and I think it was close by the first I came down from Monte Confinale in 1883 and walked on to Bromio, Bagni Nuovi, my pocket-books says in an hour-and-a-half. I

must have walked very quickly. We were just two hours driving from the town of Bormio to St. Caterina. The road crosses the Frodolfo close to the hotel. Quantities of gaily-dressed people were sitting about outside, but we were very nicely got up ourselves, so did not mind. We made some purchases at a booth outside. I got a very nice little mother-of-pearl drinking-shell with a chain and hook to fix in my belt, which I expect to be a great comfort to me. After luncheon we went out for a walk. St. Caterina is beautifully situated at the very end of the Val Furva, the Piz Tresico, a lovely white summit, at the end, and it branches off to the left in the Val Forno, and to the right in the valley which leads to the Gavia and Sforzella passes. We walked across meadows being mown, the latter part under pines, to the stream, where I bathed my feet, while H. took a sketch of the Val Forno, and M. drew a pyrola. On our way back we met troops of people making for the shelter of the pines. There is a little kiosk in front of the hotel, under which is the spring, and several people were drinking. The water is nauseous. We left at 3.30. Back at Bagni Nuovi soon after five, and we at once started down the path below the hotel to find a gentian which we had noticed yesterday. H. spied it first, it was a Verna, but not fully out. I also gathered a lilac flower, which M. says is corn-cockle and very common. I never heard of it or saw it before, nor yet another flower, a yellow one, very common here, which she says is called Mellinlot, and also very common.

FRIDAY, JULY 29th. Off at 8.20 for Trafoi in a carriage with three horses, to cost 80 francs. Decided

to take our boxes to Trafoi and despatch them from there, to avoid having to send keys with them. About half-an-hour after starting our nice coachman, Peter Midrigger, stopped and said Edelweiss grew just above, so we all scrambled up the bank, H. of course ahead, and gathered some rather wretched specimens, but it was a satisfaction to gather them with our own hands. Soon after this M. stopped the carriage again and got out for some flowers, and I walked on. I got on a good deal, and took a short cut. Just as I was getting to the road I saw the carriage close behind, and struggled to the top to meet it, thinking of course it would wait for me. What was my dismay to find it had gone on. I felt very indignant for I had walked quite as much as I wanted, and I thought they must have seen me as I had on a red flannel shirt. I resolved to walk very slowly, as I supposed I should have to walk the whole Stelvio, and I passed a place where they were mending the road, and through a very long gallery. Not far beyond I heard a carriage behind me, and looking back saw, to my amazement, M. walking along in front of it, it was not our carriage which had passed me before, they would never have thought of leaving me behind, and had seen me all the time. We all got in, and went on for some time, as there were no interesting flowers. It rained before we got to the top, but cleared before we were actually there, and we all went up the Drei Sprachen Spitze at the top of which there is a stone partly in each of the three countries, Italy, Austria, and Switzerland. H. of course led the way. There is a good path, and it took us about a quarter of an hour to get up, I of course, the last. A very fine view of the

Ortler and all the surrounding peaks, and several distant ones, which we wished we had someone to identify for us. A young Italian came up, whom we questioned, but he did not seem to know much about it. Some nice flowers, a very pretty *Servico* and *Vanunculus Glacialis* among others. At Franzenshöhe, the Austrian douane, they did not take the large boxes down, only looked at the little things. H. and I walked along a path to look at the Madatsch glacier, and M. followed when she had superintended the douaniers. It is very crevassed. We saw a sign post with "to the Payer Hütte" on it, and I was surprised to hear from the girl at the Franzenshöhe Hotel, that people go that route to the Payer Hütte, crossing the Madatsch, and the Trafoi glaciers. The Payer Hütte can be plainly seen by good eyes from Franzenshöhe. On the further way down we had fine views of the Madatsch and Trafoi glaciers; the first ends most abruptly, with a very large moraine below, the other stretches down like a long tongue. M. got out to gather a new blue flower, and the driver got us some Turk's head lilies, growing high up, we found them at Cortina in 1890. The next sight was where Madame de Tourville was murdered by her husband in 1876. Our driver gave us some graphic details. It appears he tried to murder her higher up (where they found her watch and parasol); she ran away to this point, where he caught her, and finished her off, and dragged her body down to the stream. His umbrella was broken, and the handle of it was found by her body, which proved he had been down there, and she could not possibly have fallen naturally at this point, the top part of the bank is not at all steep. A marble

tablet marks the place, but it was now lying under a tree, the inscription quite effaced. They had been altering the road, and it had to be taken down, but was to be put up again. At Trafoi we went to the new Post, which is much grander than the old one, where I was in 1883, but not nearly so nice, not nearly such a good view of the Ortler, and if there had been, one could hardly have seen it, the Speisesaal has such very small windows, the other had a large modern balcony, where one could breakfast in full view of the Ortler. We could only have one room, with three beds for all three, but did very well. There was an elderly landlady and her son, very civil, they at once saw about a guide for me for the Hochleiten Spitze next day, and it was settled we were to start at four. He said it would take about three-hours-and-a-half, which I consider would mean for me five or six. Before this we despatched our large luggage to Botzen—a civil young man made out the tickets, but a young woman who was telegraphing was very rude. I was looking at some shelves, thinking of nothing particular, when she suddenly jumped up from her telegraphing, said “Fräulein dass ist nicht erlaubt,” and gave me a great push away. Then when we went out she jumped up again, slammed the door, and turned the key with a vicious twist. She had to open it again, as M. returned with a label for one of the boxes, tapped at the window, and said with a calm dignity which becomes her well, “Wollen Sie die Güte haben die Thür zu öffnen,” and she did not resist. Next morning they had a similar tussle about stamps, but I was then far away. We settled with the coachman, 80 francs and a trinkgeld of

8, and took a friendly leave of him. M. and H. had thought of taking the carriage on to Sulden, but he asked 50 francs, and they found they could get a smaller one at the Hotel, quite enough for two, for 30. He did not seem to bear any malice, the guide I was going to have was his brother.

SATURDAY, JULY 30th. A lovely morning. I awoke at four and was well on with my dressing when they knocked. Off at ten minutes to five. There was very little to carry as they took everything round for me, except slippers and clean stockings, from which I never separate myself. The Hochleiten Spitze is exactly opposite the hotel, but the top cannot be seen on that side. We at once went down to a bridge across the stream, and then up the other side, a very good path, made for the Payer Hütte. For a good hour through wood, and then across a nearly level plateau, then winding up again through wood. Very pretty views of Trafoi below, with its three hotels (there is another new one called the Schöne Aussicht) and then of the Stelvio road and the glaciers. At the end of two hours-and-a-half we were above the trees, and on a sort of Grat, and stopped to have some food. I had salame, and bread and butter, and some red wine. My little Caterina drinking-cup turned out very handy. Then the path turned to the right, nearly level, and soon we left it and began to go straight up the grass, it was very steep, and then we had bits of Geröll, also very steep, now and then crossing pieces where he made some steps, which I always enjoy very much. We stopped again to have a little more food, bread and cheese this time. It was

now 10.30. I had hoped to be at the top by eleven, but I now mentally considered it would be twelve. Several times the guide before me got to points which I hoped would be the top, and there was always just as much stretching before me when I got there, but at last to my joy, when I was not in the least expecting it, I saw a Stange, and it was really the top. It was five minutes past eleven, so I had just been under six hours. It was hot, but not unpleasantly so, and the view was quite perfect. The Ortler so close one felt as if one could throw a stone on it, a range of rocks called the Bärenklüfte just hide the Payer Hütte, and the two stone men which mark the place of descent to the Sulden Thal. All the peaks by the Stelvio road—the guide told me all their names—the conspicuous one at the end is Monte Scorluzzo, and the white level range next it Monte Cristallo, Piz Tackett is a very pointed white cone, and he told me some other names, which I forget. The Weisskügel looks most imposing, and a fine range of snow were the Engadine mountains. Range after range of rocky mountains in the direction of Italy. I had forgotten a card, so the guide tore a leaf out of his guide book, and I wrote my name and his (Franz Niédrigger) and the date, and hid it in a sheltered hole of the little cairn. I secured two stones, and then espied a most lovely yellow flower (Papaver Alpinum) quite perfect, all by itself. I got it up very carefully, leaving a portion of the root, and two dead ones which I hoped would seed, and got Franz to let me put it in his book. At twenty minutes to twelve we began the descent. (I forgot to say St. Gertrud and the Sulden Thal were looking sweet just at our feet, the Schöntauf Spitze very fine.) We

began going down quite perpendicular walls of Geröll. Franz had a rope, but he said he saw I was not "schwindlich" so would not put it on. I was very glad, as a rope is always getting under one's feet going down. He held my hand, and we went slithering down, planting our feet very carefully, and the whole mountain-side seemed to come down with us. This went on a long time, and then we had to go sideways for a good way, crossing gullies where Franz said we must make haste, as stones were coming down. The weather now began to look threatening, distant thunder was heard, and soon it began to pour and then to hail. Fortunately I had my waterproof jacket with me, and we had got past the places with falling stones, and Franz said we were coming to a hut, so we hurried on over some grass full of stones, and got to a very dilapidated hut, through which the rain soon began to come at every pore. I was, however, thankful to sit down for a little. It soon cleared enough for us to start off again, and I expected to be soon down (it was now a quarter to two), but we got into a most horrid part, all among trees and stones, and alpine rhododendrons without any flowers. There was no footing and we made very little progress. At last Franz frankly owned he had missed the way. I had long been looking at an open green slope which seemed to go down to the road, and longing to be upon it, but he would cross it and get involved in some more rhododendrons. At last he said he would go down and look, and soon came back and said we had better go down to the road. I was truly thankful, for now we got on slowly but surely. It was very rough, but at

last we got to the bottom. Franz was before me, and I found him waiting for me with a bottle of water. There had not been a drop all the way down, except one very muddy stream, and I was parched with thirst. We now made a little cut through a wood, and then found ourselves in the driving road to St. Gertrud, about half-an-hour below that place. There used to be such an exquisite path with masses of Alpenrosen. The road mounted in windings, and was not very steep, and at last became quite flat, for which I was very thankful. When Eller's hotel appeared in sight I asked Franz if he was going back to Trafoi that night, and he said he was, so I proposed to him he should turn back at once, as there was so little to carry I could manage it quite well. He caught at the idea with avidity, so I paid him seven gulden (the tariff $5\frac{1}{2}$ and the rest trinkgeld) and wrote a Zeugniß in his book. I also extracted the two flowers I had found (a lovely little pink thing as well as the yellow one) and arranged them carefully in my pocket-handkerchief, and he went off joyfully. He was only 28, had been married two years and had two children, and his wife kept a little "Wirthschaft" by the Heiligen drei Brunnen. I now walked sharply on to Eller's, and was all but there when a carriage passed me going back, and directly after I heard a voice calling "Madame," and it was the landlady's son from Trafoi, who told me the "Damen" were gone to Angerei's hotel, the Ortler—there was no room for them at Eller's. It was a great blow, as Angerei's is a good bit further on. I had to go down a piece of road turning to the left after passing Eller's (which has been increased by a large gloomy-looking square building),

and then to cross the bridge and mount a very steep rough path up to the Hotel Ortler. I was struggling up this path laden with my belongings (which now felt like lead, though nothing on the flat) when first M. and then H. appeared, relieved me of some of them, and we got to the top in time. It had now begun to pour again. They had just got a room with two beds, but I did not care—my one longing was for tea, I was so parched with thirst. I had a “*thé complet*,” and then felt much better, though it was some herb—certainly not tea. In process of time a room was found for me in the *dépendance*. The landlord took me there in the pouring rain. He climbed up a sort of ladder, and showed me a very decent room with two beds, looking quite clean. There were two pie-dishes and two bottles and glasses. I thought I could manage very well, went back and got my luggage and changed my things (for I was very damp after all the pouring rain I had been in), and got back to the hotel in time for the 7.30 *Abendessen*. It was a great comfort to find it was so late; it was so tiresome at Bormio having dinner at 6.30. It was a very decent meal, though rather scanty—even H. could have done with more; but they always have the best meal in the middle of the day, which is rather trying, as one is generally out. They have a curious plan of handing the dishes down one from another, instead of the waitress taking them round; it saves a good dealing of waiting. There was not much smoking. Several English are here, but all retired to their rooms except two gentlemen—one bald, and a great talker. The chambermaid took me with a lantern to the *dépendance*, and I was very comfortable.

SUNDAY, JULY 31st. I awoke of myself before eight, and heard the bell just beginning. The sun was shining, so I thought I would make a rush for it. I had quite meant to go early to church from Eller's, but when I found we were to be located here (nearly ten minutes off) I gave up the idea. I dressed with incredible rapidity, and got to the church in time to meet the whole congregation pouring out. The men were all collected in the open space before Eller's, and the women were all coming out in procession, two and two, looking so neat—nothing on their heads, but some of the older ones a sort of cap. However, I went in, thinking I would read a little there, and found a few people still at their prayers. Soon there were evident preparations for another service; a banner was brought, and very soon a fresh congregation poured in—children in front—and the whole church was crammed. An old priest in gorgeous vestments came in and began the service, read the Gospel (the one for the ninth Sunday after Trinity, with us it is the eighth, but they do not have Trinity Sunday, so count from Whit Sunday) in German, part of his vestments were then taken off, and he appeared in only a chasuble. He read some more, and gave out some notices, and then went away, and was replaced by a much younger one in a chasuble, who finished the mass, which lasted quite an hour. I began to feel quite faint, but it is really delightful to see the people so devout, and the way that they join in the service. When I got out, I found H. outside, she had not been able to get in, and she said the whole churchyard was full of men kneeling, some in puddles, and some in the road outside, who could not even get into the churchyard.

I was very glad H. and I had redeemed the character of the British, it seems so dreadful to think of them being the only people in the valley not going to church. The people had come from miles round. I find the old priest is still Herr Eller, and the younger one is here for "Sommerfrische," and helped him. H. went into the church, and I went back to the Ortler, but had not toiled to the top of the steep path (M. talking to me out of the window) when she came tripping up behind me. After breakfast I went to the post, where there was a most civil girl, very different to the one at Trafoi. I told her how rude that one had been, and she said she had heard complaints of her before, and she was a Bürger's daughter from Innsbrück, so that it was worse of her, she ought to know how to behave. After dinner we went out for a stroll. The new road goes half-a-mile further, to a point where they are building a large new hotel, which will have an excellent view of the glacier and the König Spitze. We walked on a little past Gampenhofer, and then sat on some logs and studied the peaks. The Sulden glacier has retired enormously, masses of black moraine come down into the valley. Above are a splendid range of peaks, Sulden Spitze, Schotten Spitze, Kreil Spitze, and last but not least, the König Spitze, a splendid peak, we were not quite far enough to see it properly. Then comes the Ortler, not nearly as imposing as at Trafoi, and then the Hochleiten Spitze, which looks quite respectable, one sees the top. M. and H. then walked further, and I, still feeling some effects from yesterday, stayed where I was. Several gentlemen, with guides, passed us on their way to the Schaubach Hütte, one told us the

peaks, as we could not quite make them out from Baedeker. I sat a little longer, and then went back, and settled myself in the arbour, and ordered some coffee. At 7.30, I became seriously alarmed about M. and H. I went into the Hotel, and heard the "Damen" had been back some time. My relief was immense, I had thought I could not help seeing them pass. They had been back more than half-an-hour, and been nearly up the glacier. A violent thunderstorm came on at supper, we pitied the people in the Hütte. It cleared for me to get back to the dependance, soon after ten, it is a nuisance being out of the hotel.

MONDAY, AUGUST 1st. I tried to get a horse or mule for H. to go to the Rosienboden. Angerei was very doubtful. We said we would wait till two. Greatly to my dismay a German female appeared and asked if she could have the second bed in my room—she had been sent here from Eller's, and there was nowhere else for her to go. I felt I could not say no, but my heart sank as I consented, and I thought I must go to the Schaubach Hütte next day. When I said so to the others, dear M. said she would go and cope with the German female—she did not mind at all. I could not have allowed that, so decided to bear it with fortitude. At two—no horse having appeared—we started walking for the Kanzel and Rosienboden, by the track just behind the house marked with red. It was a very good path. Crossed the brook by the saw-mill, and then mounted through wood. H. signalized herself by discovering a pyrola—the Formby kind. She gathered it without a leaf, and was severely scolded. She soon

spied another, which M. gathered carefully with some leaves. In two hours-and-a-half, going very leisurely, we got to a point where the red marks stopped in a round—evidently a point. A shepherd was lying there with his dog, and told us this was the Kanzelberg, the Rosienboden just half-an-hour further on. The view was splendid—the König Spitze and the Leben Spitze, next the Ortler, looking much finer than we had seen them from Gampenhofen the day before; and M. and H. were sure they saw the Payer Hütte. We also made out the Hochleiten Spitze and my route down. We saw the Schöneegg to our right (the shepherd told us)—the point to which Baedeker says a horse can go. At five we started down, as it began to look like rain. We were down in less than an hour-and-a-half. The botanist presented M. with some *Linnea Borealis* which he had found in the woods near; it is lovely. We sat opposite an English lady and three girls at dinner. They conversed with M. about flowers, and her book was handed round. I found the German female in bed; quite inoffensive. She had walked from Prad, and meant to get up at five and walk to Trafoi next day, and then go in the diligence over the Stelvio to Bormio. I also had arranged to get up at five. M. and I had engaged a guide, and meant to start at six for the Hintergrat and Ende der Welt glacier.

TUESDAY, AUGUST 2nd. Awoke of myself at five and was nearly dressed before the German female got up. She was ready directly; went out and came back saying it was raining. Finding it was so, I went back to bed again, and so did the G.F. She left before I did. I

got to the hotel about nine, and found M. had also got up at five, and had stayed up and been working at her flowers all that time. It rained all morning. An English couple came down from the Payer Hütte, having had rather an awful time; the Hütte very full. After luncheon we set off to look in the woods for *Linnea Borealis* in the direction of the Gomagoi road. We soon separated, and, after scrambling about a little in the woods above the road, I thought I would try those below. For a long time I found nothing. It began to rain, and I quite gave it up, and was going home, when I saw, as I thought, a patch of some of those uninteresting little white things, and stooped to see what it was. It was actually *Linnea Borealis* itself, a large patch of it, a lovely little thing, like a pink soldanella, but growing quite differently—a creeping sort. I was too enchanted, and gathered some flowers very carefully without the root, and put them in my handkerchief. I then made my way to the road, and waited for the others a long time, at the place where a path branches out from the road, with a sign post from Ortler. As they did not come I went back the way across the meadows, and then a steep descent to a bridge, and a steep mount the other side, and through a farmyard. They had been in some time, and had also found L.B. close to the road, lower down. At dinner we heard the English lady and her daughters had also found it, I hope it won't be eradicated. The botanist had some treasures for M. His wife draws most beautifully, some of her drawings were exhibited this morning. She is a most unpretending little Swiss, from Canton Aargau, very deaf, the botanist seemed devoted to her. Poor H. has

to spend her evenings solitary in the bedroom, because of smoke. She plays patience there very contentedly.

WEDNESDAY, AUGUST 3rd. Again up at five, and it was fine. Off soon after six, with a guide called Johann Josef Zischg, not the one we were to have had before. First to Gampenhofen, then across the stream, and then we began to mount the opposite bank, winding round the corner. When we got round, which was not for more than two hours, we had a most splendid view of the König Spitze and Zebru. They seemed almost touching us, the Ortler beyond them. In time we got to the Hintergrat See, a lovely little green tarn, quite clear, and just above, workmen were building a new Hütte, to be called the Pechmann Hütte, being built entirely at the expense of a Russian from St. Petersburg, for the convenience of people who want to go up the Ortler from this side, where it is very difficult. There was a good path most of the way, in a few places we had to scramble up grass. Lovely flowers, I found Daphne. It was quite an hour from the Hintergrat to the top, we passed another little lake on the way. It was ten when we got to the top. Without me, M. would have been up long before. The view was splendid, the Cevedale, with its two peaks, and all the other peaks round the Sulden glacier, besides the three giants, close to us; the Veitain Spitze, Schöntauf Spitze, and others on the other side of the valley, and numbers in the distance, the Weisskugel was quite easy to identify. We had a little food at the top, and began to get down about (?) . It was all Geröll, not as bad as that on the Hochleiten Spitze, but still pretty bad. M. flew

down like a goat, the guide was quite amazed with her. I toiled after her as quickly as I could, and we had had some little bits of snow, which I enjoyed very much. All these stones were part of the moraine of the Ende der Welt glacier, which hangs on to this side of the Ortler. After miles of these stones we got to a nice level meadow, gemmed with flowers, but nothing particular except some Alpenrosen, but they are very nearly over. Then we got to a good path, and began to go down pretty quickly. We saw the new hotel just opposite to us; it looks much more imposing than from below. Still a good way from the end we met H. coming to meet us, so we all returned together. We liked our guide very much, and he settled to bring a mule at ten next morning to take H. to the Schaubach Hütte, where we shall all stay the night. Then he will take M. up the Schöntauf Spitze that same afternoon. He says she could go up "Alle Gipfel," which of course she could. The botanist loaded her with fresh treasures at dinner; she is now quite overdone, and does not know where to put them. It has been a perfectly lovely day.

THURSDAY, AUGUST 4th. All packed and had breakfast before ten. I delight in the Sulden Thal, but am not sorry to have done with that room—it is so cold and dreary turning out at night. The mule had not come, so we left H. in charge of John Joseph (who is the nicest man), and M. and I walked on to get a little start. We soon saw her behind, and M. waited for her at the point called the "Schöne Aussicht," but I went on, to get as much start as possible, and was a good way up the moraine before H. overtook me—looking very

comfortable. After that I saw no more of them, and I had a most delightful walk up, going very slowly. I found the glacier flower (an *Epilopium* with short stalks) directly, but nothing else remarkable. An excellent path, sometimes winding and sometimes along arêtes of moraine. I met the botanist, who said he had just met my friends, "one to horse and one to foot." He had his hands full of flowers—said it was *Geum Montanum* (or *repens*?) and we should find quantities higher up. It was a little before two when I got to the Hütte; it had taken me just three hours-and-a-half. The others had, of course, been there ages, had a meal, and M. was just going to start for the Schöntauf Spitze with John Joseph. I had some soup and some Glühwein at the table outside. An elderly couple came there too—the man quite finished, the lady very sprightly. He seemed unable to touch his beer. She tapped him on the back and said, "Trinke doch deine Bier, hier ist ein frisches Brödlein." H. was sketching the Hütte and Königs Spitze a little above. When she had finished we strolled up the path by which M. had started, and tried to see them, but could make out nothing. We sat in the sun whenever there was any, and when we could find a spot sheltered from the wind. About four it became so very cold we came in and had some coffee, which was really very good and hot; and, fortunately, no one was smoking. At six we were to go and meet M. H. went to see a brook coming out of the snow. I stayed in, it was so very cold. Before six a man came rushing in, saying the road was "wimmelnd" with people, so I went to look, and it was quite a sight seeing it covered with black dots. I then looked for H. and could see her nowhere,

and was very uneasy; she is so very venturesome. At last I spied her across a ravine, under a waterfall. She soon came back, and we went to meet M. It was not long before we saw their heads appearing above a ridge of moraine, and in an incredibly short time they were down, M. having accomplished the whole affair in four hours-and-a-half; she had had a splendid view. We hurried back to get ready for the Abendessen, and to see that our beds were safe, as there are only four and we heard three more ladies were coming. We just managed to secure seats for supper—we were fourteen, and as many more were waiting. It was really a fair meal. Only one other lady was at our table d'hôte. She was going up the Cevedale next day with two brothers, a cousin, and another young man. She seemed a very nice girl; she had the fourth bed in our room. The servants gave up their beds to the other two ladies, whom I never saw. We soon retired, for there was nowhere to go and the room was wanted for another relay of people. I was to be called at 3.30 for the Madratsch and Schöntauf Spitze, the German girl at 2.30 for the Cevedale.

FRIDAY, AUGUST 5th. Slept soundly and awoke to daylight, and we had not been called, so it was evident something was wrong with the weather. I got up and looked, and all was mist, so I went to bed again in despair. The German girl got up soon after, dressed and went down, and soon came back saying they were all going down—the Cevedale was impossible, a "leichtere Tour" might be done. I stayed in bed a good while, for I did not know where to go—the room

below was all crowded with disappointed men ; but at last I got up and went down, and found we were to start in the fog as soon as possible. I paid my bill and wrote in the book (where I found my name in 1883), had breakfast, took leave of dear M. and H., and was off by 8.30 with John Joseph and Matthias Eberhöfer, a Martell guide, son of the old landlord of Gand, whom I had seen at the Zufall Hütte last year. It was very depressing starting in fog, but when I was once off I did not mind. An excellent path over moraine. When we had got to a good height I looked back, and could plainly see M. and H. on the glacier. I waved my handkerchief and saw theirs waving in reply. We soon got to snow, in very good condition, and got on very well, slowly but steadily. I got to the Joch sooner than I could have believed possible. They gave hints about its being no use going up the Schöntauf Spitze, but I said it was my only chance of a peak, and go I must. They yielded at once, and after a little food we went on. The way up the peak was easy, an arête with flat pieces of detritus, very nice to walk on, and only steep in places. On the way up, the fog lifted, and I had a peep of the Cevedale, and of the Zufall Hütte below. Of course, the top receded several times, but not as badly as usual, and I was at the top in just under an hour from the Joch. Just before getting to the top it began to rain again, and the fog finally closed in ; still I was there, and the peak was accomplished. I came down pretty quickly to the Joch, and had another little repast. I had seen a man struggling upon the Martell side, which is much steeper, he arrived just as we finished eating. He was a guide ; a great deal of talk of course ensued. At 2.45

I began to go down. The descent begins to the right of the Joch, over snow at once. I should have liked to "rutscheln" at once, but Eberhöfer said it was too steep. However, later down, I insisted, and managed very well. The Madratsch Spitze is to the right, and the Platter Spitze to the left, high walls of rock. The snow soon came to an end, and then there was a very nice path over meadows, not many stones. I should have enjoyed it very much but for constant showers of rain and hail, which made us hurry a good deal. The last half-hour it began to pelt in good earnest. Towards the end there is a winding path of steep descent, then it mounts a little, goes under a wall of rock where there is a cord to hold by, and then lands on the plateau of the Zufall Hütte. The path from the valley mounts just to the same corner, I remembered the place quite well. It was just 4.30 when we arrived at the Zufall Hütte, the woman at once remembered me from last year. There is only one large room for cooking and everything, but it is a very nice one, and I was very glad to sit near the stove. There was a very nice Damenzimmer upstairs, with four beds, and a large table in the middle with washing apparatus. I put on dry things, brought the wet ones down to dry, and had some excellent coffee. Later on, I had dinner. It rained all evening; I went to bed very faint-hearted about the Fürkele Scharte.

SATURDAY, AUGUST 6th. An excellent night, got up at 8.30. All in fog—felt still more hopeless about the Fürkele. After coffee, I announced that I should give it up, and go down the valley that day. I was sorry for

John Joseph, who had never been to Pijo, and was pining to go there at my expense, but I really felt a large glacier pass was more than I was equal to in doubtful weather; if it had been settled and fine I am sure I should have felt quite differently. Also, the guides had said it could not be done before Monday, and I shrank from two days of the Zufall Hütte, and on Monday it would probably be bad again. Accordingly, soon after eleven we started down, I and Eberhöfer. John Joseph parted from us at the corner for the Madratsch, I was quite sorry to take leave of him. I enjoyed the walk down in spite of occasional showers, it was quite warm and pleasant when we had got a little way down. They have made part of the way new, and it appears to miss a very interesting point where the river dashes down from the rocks—at least, I never saw it. It is now entirely on the left bank, still quite low down. We stopped in about two hours at the Martell Alp, and had some excellent milk and ate some of our provisions. They were making cheese in two immense brass caldrons. From here there is a lovely view of the Cevedale, but of course, to-day it was invisible. I had a fright above here. I put on my waterproof, and in so doing laid down my string bag which I was carrying, containing my opera-glass and other precious possessions. I should never have noticed it if I had not wanted to look at something through my opera-glass. I shrieked to Eberhöfer, who was far in front, and at last made him hear. He went back and providentially found it. After the Alp there is a nice path over meadows. Eberhöfer showed me the Sällent Joch, which I went over last year.

Soon after, the stream is crossed, and the path keeps on the right bank all the rest of the way. Then comes the chapel of Marie Schmelz nestled in the rocks. A huge rock on each side (Ebenhöfer told me) came down in 1814, and landed one on each side of the chapel without injuring it. The mark can be plainly seen of the place where they came down. I had meant to go to Salt for Sunday, but, finding that the inn at Gand is rebuilt (it was destroyed in the glacier outburst last year), decided to go there for a change; also, it was nearer—only just an hour beyond the chapel. The last half-hour it began to pelt. It was a most comfortable little inn, on the right bank of the stream; the old one was on the other side. Eberhöfer's father was the landlord. His brother keeps this one, and his father, who is very old, lives with him. He came to speak to me, and remembered seeing me at the Zufall Hütte last year. I had a very nice bedroom, with three beds and three windows, very light and airy. I had some coffee and ordered dinner. Mrs. Eberhöfer (a very nice woman) seemed amazed at my extravagance in having both potatoes and salad. It rained a great deal, and I felt very glad to have escaped from the Zufall Hütte.

SUNDAY, AUGUST 7th. Church on the other side of the valley was too far to think of. At eleven I started for a walk. Eberhöfer had told me Edelweiss grew everywhere above the fields. I did not find any, though, going slowly, I got up far above the fields and a good way under trees—not a likely place for Edelweiss. When I had gone a good way under the pine trees, I mounted to the right and came upon a very picturesque

little chapel (locked) which I had noticed. From there I came down straight, till I was stopped by an old man, who insisted on my following a stony path; but as soon as I got beyond his clutches I began going straight down again, and was at the church directly, but from there I lost my way in the most extraordinary manner. I kept struggling among trees in what I knew must be the right direction. I asked several people the way, but they none of them seemed to know what I meant by the "Gasthaus," and kept saying "Wo wollen Sie hin?" till I got quite irritated. At last, to my great relief, I struck the path, and also met Eberhöfer, and got to the inn after wandering about for an hour from the bridge instead of ten minutes. It was five o'clock, and I had started at eleven. It is astonishing how well I walked to-day—I think I must do better away from a glacier. I had some coffee, and, later on, dinner. A German turned up who had come from the Schaubach Hütte to-day, and said it was very fine up there. Eberhöfer is going with me to Latsch to-morrow. I am to start at six, so as to catch the diligence for Méran at ten. I found lovely flowers to-day, of the field kind—eyebright, large daisies, campanulas like garden ones, one pink, and a good deal of heath (which one does not often see abroad), also quantities of yellow pansies.

MONDAY, AUGUST 8th. Got off soon after six to walk down the valley to Latsch; passed Salt, where I was last year, no one was about, the frescoes looked very pretty. After Salt, the path was different to last year. Masses of stone still fill up the stream, brought down by the glacier last year. There is a marble

quarry near the mouth of the valley, from which the marble has been quarried for the statue of Eberhard the—? at Stuttgart. It was very hot, I was glad to get to the Hirsch at Latsch, and have some coffee. A carriage full of mountaineers, with plumes in their hats, arrived, with whom Eberhöfer had a great deal of talk about the Cevedale, but they appeared to quail. E. said (after they were gone) that they were going to Trafoi, and he was to meet them at Sulden. The diligence was very punctual, and I was put in a separate carriage with a girl going to Kochelmoos, a bath, about half-way between Latsch and Naturns. The Plima, the stream from the Martell Thal, is crossed soon after Latsch. The castle of Annenburg is on the hillside, just opposite the opening of the valley. At Naturns (about eleven) I had to wait half-an-hour and change to another carriage. I had some luncheon; the waitress conducted me to the green arbour behind, remarking I had "speised" there last year, which I had, I slept at Naturns on my way down from the Nieder Joch. The waitress at the Hirsch at Latsch also recognized me, though I only stopped at the door in a carriage. I had a very good luncheon, and revelled in the vegetables, after the scarcity of the valleys. After this I had a nice open carriage with four people, one man on the box. The whole cost was 2.50. At Méran, the carriage stopped at another hotel, but took me on to the Erzherzog Johann for a small tip. It was delightful and cool inside, I secured the same rooms we had two years ago. My first act was to have a hot bath in my room, the washing accommodation in the Sulden and Martell Thals being of the scantiest, and then I had a delicious

tea, it was still very hot. Later on I had a stroll, went in again melted, and read Galignani till I heard the other "Damen" had arrived. We had a rapturous meeting, and recounted our adventures . . .

TUESDAY, AUGUST 9th. Carriage at ten for Schloss Tirol. The road begins just outside the gate just beyond the Cathedral, and mounts above the Gisela promenade, with fine views of the Papeir Thal, Schloss Schönnau on the opposite bank, high up. It takes nearly an hour to get up, vineyards all the way, and the road stops at Dorf Tirol. A little steep mounting at the end. A high flight of steps leads into a courtyard, and to a very fine portal with figures of animals curiously carved, and two figures, who, the custode told us, were Abraham and Sarah. Inside was the Ritter Saal, a chapel with another very fine porch, dating we were told, from the tenth century. Here we saw the "Betstuhl" of Margaret Maultasche, to whom this castle belonged, and through whom the Tyrol came into the possession of the house of Austria. The whole country takes its name from this castle. We then went up a flight of stairs to another Saal, from the windows of which, (divided by lovely pillars) there is a beautiful view of the Vintschgau and of the Valley of the Adige down to Botzen. On our way down, M. and H. each began a little sketch, but were stopped by rain. At Hotel Rimbler, Dorf Tirol, where the carriage had put up, there is a large terrace, with the same view we had above. Our driver showed us where the meadows are flooded for skating in the winter. M. and I had a little refecton on this terrace; H. disdained food, and went to look at

the church instead. We then set off to drive down, hoping to catch the 2.15 train to Botzen; but we had all sorts of impediments. First we met several carts dragged by oxen, carrying stones up the hill—why, we could not imagine, for there were heaps of stones everywhere—and for each we had to draw up and wait to let it pass. Then it was discovered that H.'s canvas bag, with all her drawing implements, had disappeared. Great dismay! The horses were taken out and the carriage turned round to go up again in search of it, when an old man with a cart appeared with it in his hand; he had picked it up. H. joyfully gave him 60 kr. We walked past the Meraner Hof, and saw the place where I arrived from Fond over the Gampen Pass. We were too late for the 2.15 train, and got off by the five o'clock train for Botzen. Got nice rooms at the Victoria.

WEDNESDAY, AUGUST 10th. Poured, and a thunderstorm made it rather cooler. At four we had tea, and went out for a walk over the Eisack bridge and to the Calvarienberg. Schlern rather cloudy. We found an "Orientirung Tafel" on the wall of the Calvarienberg, and made out many points, particularly the place where the Eisack flows into the Adige. The head waiter had told us there was no room at Ratzes, and telegraphed to the Seisser Hof. In the evening he told us that was full, so we said we would take our chance, inwardly resolving to go to Ratzes.

THURSDAY, AUGUST 11th. Train to Waidbrück at eleven; only three-quarters of an hour. The hotel is close to the station. We ordered a carriage for Ratzes.

A carriage with two horses was soon ready (8 gulden 2 kr.) The first part of the road was lovely, winding above the Eisak; and soon the Schlern was full in front of us, and we were winding round it. Kastelruth, with a church with a pretty green top, was about half-way. We got to Bad Ratzes soon after three. The last quarter-of-an-hour I walked up a very pretty short cut. Ratzes is nothing but a hotel in the middle of lovely woods, just under the Schlern. The Touristen Steg, up the Schlern, starts from behind the hotel. We got very good rooms, and were thankful not to be at Seis. After Kastelruth the road wound through fields, with beautiful views of the Schlern, and across the valley the Castle of Hauenstein—a very pretty point. The church of St. Verena had also been a very striking object at starting—high up on the opposite bank of the Eisak.

FRIDAY, AUGUST 12th. All up late. We prowled about the woods, full of lovely paths, and large rocks covered with moss and ferns. The rocky pinnacles of the Schlern tower right over the hotel. At twelve, there was Mittagessen, and soon afterwards we turned out for a walk. First we sat on some benches just below the hotel, and M. and H. each took a sketch. Then we followed a path marked "Mayenwasser," which turned out to be a pool with a spring called the "Genoveva Quelle." Then followed another path leading to Schloss Hauenstein, which we had seen across the valley on our way to Ratzes. At first we never thought of getting there, but the path led straight round the ravine, with hardly any mounting, and suddenly we found ourselves close to it. A tablet on it said it belonged to Odwald

von Volkenstein, the Minnesänger. We went up some steps and sat on a bench, from which there was a beautiful view all over the valley through which we came yesterday. It was a most lovely day, and in these delightful woods not at all hot, the paths quite soft with the pine needles. The path led on to the Schlern Klamm, but not knowing how far it would be, we did not risk going further. We got back soon after five, and had tea on the balcony. M. fixed to go up the Schlern next day, and to meet H. and me on the Sassen Alp. We are to start at nine.

SATURDAY, AUGUST 13th. Lovely day, but clouds on the top of the Schlern. We got off as arranged; a very nice horse was brought from Seis for H. They were rather helpless about packing the luggage. We got off at 9.10, and began by going a long way down the road, past the place where I had taken the short cut. At last we turned off through a gate to the right, and began to mount a steep paved path, first across fields, and then a terrace path. It was very hot, and I could not attempt to keep up with the horse, but they waited for me every now and then. Beautiful views over the valley of the Eisak, Bad Ratzes far below us. In about two hours we got upon the Seissen, a large pasture basin, bordered all round by splendid Dolomites, the Schlern to our right, the Langkofel, and others in front. We passed one Senn Hütte, which the guide said was not the right one, and turned to the left, over lovely soft grass, a great relief from the paved path. Soon we heard a cry, and saw M. and her guide coming down to us from a ridge to our right. We soon had a

joyful meeting, she was quite fresh, and had enjoyed the Schlern very much, she had a good view on the whole, but most in the valley on one side. Her guide now took us down a short cut, over lovely grassy slopes to the Senn Hütte ; we had not been there long before H. appeared on her horse, quite fresh. We were all dying for food, it was now more than 12.30, we had been told they had everything at this Senn Hütte. They had nothing but coffee and wine, no meat, no eggs, no bread, nothing. We ordered coffee, which was ages coming, but when it did come it was excellent, and very hot ; it had always been cold at Ratzes. There were several people about who, we afterwards found, had come up from St. Ulrich. We started about two to go down, Paul Scherer, M.'s guide, carrying everything. H.'s horse went back, she preferred walking down, indeed they did not seem to think she could ride down. It was an immense load for Paul, but he preferred not having another man, as he would earn more, and it was only two hours, and down-hill. Just where the path leaves the Alp and joins the (so-called) road, there is a very touching inscription about a little boy of 13 who died on the road, and a picture of him with his father supporting him. It was an awfully stony descent, down a most beautiful ravine, the Pafla Joch to our left at first. At one place we had a delightful cut across some grass, but it soon came to an end. We were very glad to see St. Ulrich below us—its church with a steeple like a red smelling-bottle ; but it never seemed to get any nearer. However, the whole affair, including a quarter-of-an-hour of very hot road, was only two hours ; and, to our great joy, we found rooms at the Weisse Rossli, on the ground-

floor of a part separate from the main body, but connected with it by a terrace on which were tables and chairs. (I do not remember this connection when I was here with A. and M. in 1888; I wonder if it was built then). H. and I had tea on the terrace, and M. a bottle of beer; she was wild with thirst. We all provided ourselves with Tauchnitzes, and sat peacefully for some time, till H. was seized with a desire to see the toy-warehouse. We went, and were rather disappointed; we only saw one room, and, I thought, very stupid toys. We each bought a box, as we had to buy something, and H. had hers filled with small animals. Abendessen at 7.30—to my great relief cheese and butter instead of “Mehlspeise,” which I detest.

SUNDAY, AUGUST 14th. I got up when I heard the church bells, and got to church in time for most of the service. It was quite full; I could only just get inside the door. Good singing, pretty costumes, white collars, arrows through hair, and some had little hats. I went back, and had coffee with H. on the terrace. M. did not appear till much later. H. found me some texts in my Bible-searching Almanack. She had never seen one before. H. and I then thoroughly examined the church. The windows (very nice heads of the Apostles) were all given by one person; there was an inscription to his memory (the name was Sendhaus) over the door. It is a very handsome church. There is a picture of the Magi over the altar. Then we went on to the little church of St. Anthony. There is a beautiful picture of the Virgin holding the Child, standing on a book, St.

Anthony kneeling before Him. Round the archway was inscribed—

“Wer Wunder Zeichen sehen will
Der eile zu Antonius hin.”

There were some very good shops in that part of the village, and good houses, evidently let as lodgings; indeed, the whole place looks very prosperous. It was very difficult (near) to find anywhere shady to sit. After the mid-day table d'hôte we went to a service in the church—a sort of Litany, the people all singing the responses. We did not stay till the end, it was so very hot, but took advantage of the school-children going out to escape. We went up a little path near, and sat on a bench in a shady place; but there was no view of the church, which M. and H. wanted to sketch. We intended to make our way to the woods across the stream behind the hotel, but just as we were going down to the bridge they called to us to stop, and we found we were walking right up to some targets they were firing at. H. was very angry, as those woods were exactly where she wanted to go. Thus baffled, we retired to the terrace and had tea. The landlord—a very nice man—came and talked to us about our route to Cortina. It will take two days. We are to sleep the first night at a place called Pieve (of which I never heard). We are to take the horse for the two days, and to have an extra man as well. We are to drive the two first hours to St. Maria. H. has been very undecided whether to take this route or to go down to Waidbruck and the railway, but she has now made up her mind to have the horse; and I am sure it will be much better for her than going back to the heat of the valley. About five we set off again to

try to find a good place for sketching the church. We crossed a wooden bridge beyond the church, mounted a stony path through fields, and found an excellent point—the church, with the peak of the Langkofel (which towers over St. Ulrich) behind it. They each made a very pretty sketch and I read. In to Abendessen at 7.30. The landlord prophesied a good day—the landlady a bad one.

MONDAY, AUGUST 15th. A lovely day. We were off soon after seven, in two Einspännigers. A beautiful drive through the valley, the Langkofel to our right. We passed two paths leading to the Seissen Alp, and the pretty church of St. Christine. It was most fortunate that I knew there was this long piece of road (having walked it when I came down the Sella pass in 1888, in boiling heat), and suggested driving, for I do not believe the landlord would have thought of it, and it was an immense saving to us all. It took quite two hours to drive to St. Maria. There the path to the Grödner Joch branches off to the left. I started off at once. The horse had to be taken out of one of the carriages and have the saddle put on it for H. The "Gepäck" had to be arranged, and some provisions accumulated, all of which took time. It was a very nice path, rather stony, but not bad, only steep in places, and a good deal of shade. In about an hour, it took a sharp turn to the right, towards the Mesules range, and soon began to go over grass. Here they overtook me, just as I was looking at a memorial of a very interesting accident—a poor man who was lost in the snow only two years ago, and not found for five months. From

that point there are high posts with red at the top, marking the path. The Mesules range is very fine, sharp crags at the top; to the left, another fine range, called the Pütz. It took me just two hours to get to the top, the others less, as they did not start till quite half-an-hour after me. We had a little refecation of bread and cheese, and white wine, at the top, which revived us very much. The descent was very nice, almost entirely over grass, H. walked down and quite enjoyed it. We passed through a village called Colfono, where there was a very nice looking inn, with a tempting balcony, full of people, and some soldiers manoeuvring near. Not long after we crossed a bridge, and the path became quite level, almost a road. H. firmly refused to mount her horse again, we were still a quarter-of-an-hour from Corvara, our halting place, and it was very hot, so I got on and enjoyed the lift very much. It was a great pity H. would not get on, for I believe that last flat bit tired her more than all the rest, and the horse was like an arm chair. Arrived at Corvara we found more soldiers about, and a quantity in the Speisesaal smoking. The larder, with a large tray of raw meat, was the only place where we could take refuge. I carried my food (when it came) to the Speisesaal, as I preferred the soldiers and smoke to the raw meat. It was rather a sorry meal. H. retired after the soup to one of the servants' rooms (all the others being occupied) to lie down. She re-appeared in about an hour, quite fresh, and at 3.30 we were off again. There was a little church on a mound near, I went up to it and found it full of people, a service going on, and the soldiers crowding round the door, and joining

in singing a hymn to the Virgin—it was the Assumption. There was a tent near, and a quantity of soldiers about. The people at the hotel seemed distracted—the cook said they had consumed two whole calves the day before. The guide (who carried the luggage) and I came up with the others at a bridge, and here it appeared there were two ways—one three-quarters of an hour longer, the other steeper and shorter. We decided for the shortest, and I soon lost sight of the others, and did not see them again till evening at Pieve. The path soon crossed a stony ravine, and then mounted such a very steep crumbly place that I wondered how in the world H. and the horse had got up it; I had seen them on it in the distance. The guide with the luggage annoyed me a good deal by sitting at the top, and staring at me, all the time I was toiling up. The whole affair of the Trocisa Sattel was very short, and the rest not steep. At the top there was a beautiful peep of the Marmolata. A very quick, nice descent over grass. I expected to catch the others, but never did. In about half-an-hour we came upon a terrace-path, and a splendid pass loomed in sight, which it gradually dawned upon me was the Civetta. It was lovely, and I now dallied a good deal, as there was no hurry. The rest of the way was an undulating terrace-path, high over a lovely ravine. There were little villages perched on hillocks—we passed through two. At the last, there was a beautiful square covered tank—women washing at it; I had a delicious drink from the spout. In about half-an-hour more the church of Pieve loomed in sight. Pieve is quite a little town, perched on a shelf of the mountain-side. It was just seven when I arrived. M. and H. had been there

half-an-hour. A very nice inn. We found we could drive all the way from here to Cortina, so decided to take two Einspännigers, and dismiss the St. Ulrich horse and man. We sent for the guides to tell them so, but they were gone to bed.

TUESDAY, AUGUST 16th. An excellent night. M. settled with the St. Ulrich guides, who were very angry. There is a beautiful balcony—a view of Civetta from one end, of the Boe range from the other. The inn hangs over the Cordevole ravine. Out to look at the church. There is a curious picture—our Saviour on the Cross, supported by the Father, the dove on His breast; emblematic figures of the Christian and Jewish Churches on each side: Ecclesia, Synagoga. H. discovered them. M. and I had been satisfied to consider them the Virgin and St. John, though we thought it odd the Virgin should be blindfolded and St. John have a mitre. There is a fine view from the churchyard. I was delighted to identify Sasso di Rouch just above Caprile. Off at 10.30 in our two Einspännigers—haycarts with a seat across them—H. and I in one, M. and the luggage in the other. The road was only a mule-track, undulating at first above the valley of the Cordevole, a view of the Marmolata looking back, and at one place we got a glimpse of the Lago d'Alleghe, nestled at the foot of the Civetta. After Andraz, the road began to mount and was very rough. The Castle of Andraz is very fine: it looked like a piece of the rock. Soon after, I got out and walked the rest of the way to the top—nearly two hours; grand rocky points on each side, Sasso di Stria, Lagozuoi, etc. The pass looked like a

02/ cleft, but widened out as we approached. At the top we had the last peep of the Marmolata. Drive down in half-an-hour to the Falzange Hospice, got there about two. We had a very good refection in the harbour, we were very hungry. I walked on a good way before they overtook me. Swapis was in front; for a long time I thought it was Tofana, but Tofana gradually developed on our left. The Cinque Torri, Croda di Lago and Nuvolao to our left. We passed the turn to the Nuvolao with the sign-post. We stopped at the Belvedere to show H. the view. Cortina with its campanile just below us, the valley with all its little villages which M. does not like, Swapis and Antilao in front, and Pomagagnon, Tofana to our left, Nuvolao, etc., behind. We had some coffee in the little harbour. From here we changed, M. and I went in one Einspänniger, H. in the other with the luggage, she thought it looked more comfortable. We had got close to the bridge just before Cortina, when our drivers turned round and said the other Einspänniger was not coming, and he set off back, M. after him, thinking of course something had happened to H. I held the horse, I must say I thought it was most likely the harness. H. had seemed all right at the Belvedere. They were a long time, and I was beginning to get a little uneasy, when they appeared; M. and H. walking in front, so she was evidently all right. The wheel had come off, but the driver had tools with him, and had mended it. We arrived at last without further impediment at the Aquila Nera, and were greeted warmly by old Ghedina. We found very nice rooms though on the third floor, and our luggage from Botzen all right. Old Maria came up to greet

me. A plentiful supply of hot water was a blessing. Dinner at seven. A conjurer in the dining room did some very good things, he produced several bowls of water from under a piece of paper, and then showered quantities of scraps of paper about, ending with a large banner from nowhere.

AUGUST 17th and 18th were spent at Cortina, where they met a friend.

FRIDAY, AUGUST 19th. Off at 8.30, in a carriage with two horses for Toblach via Misurina (the luggage to be sent straight to Toblach—carriage, 18 gulden). Misurina about 12—we put up for an hour-and-a-half. M. and H. took a sketch from the harbour of Serapis, with a bed of snow quite low down. Luncheon. Could not wade in the lake. I sank in the mud. Off about two. Lovely drive to Toblach—the other side of the Cristallo glacier down from the pass. At Hotel Toblach, they said they had no rooms, but when we said some luggage would come, they said it had already come, and gave us one large garret with three beds, and a little window, to which we had to mount by steps. It was now about 2.40. We had tea in the verandah, then went out and sat in the wood. At 7.30 Abendessen, very good. Then we sat in the reading room till a large red sofa was brought in, and evident preparations made for turning it into a bedroom. Venetian concert outside.

SATURDAY, AUGUST 20th. Most comfortable bed, it was misery to get up at 5.30. Poor H. was so sound asleep it seemed cruel to wake her. At the station

(close to the hotel) in time for train at 9.5. The ticket man refused to give us tickets further than Villach. Very hot journey; I hardly looked out, but remember the line is lovely. Late at Villach. We could have caught the train for Veldes if we had had tickets through. As it was we were stranded for three hours. We had taken the tickets, and thought H. and M. had got off while I was registering the luggage, but they appeared when I was at the buffet. We sat in the waiting room; H. would have liked to go to some gardens she had noticed, but it was too hot to think of stirring. At 3.15 we got off in a nice carriage. The line passes Dobratsch—there are marks of the landslide five hundred years ago. Then through the Gail Thal—very pretty, fine rocky peaks. At Tarvis in about an hour, had to change. It is a delightful station, beautiful view. We had excellent tea at a little table outside, each a teapot and milk jug. We asked for hot water and they brought each a jug, so we had six little jugs on the table. We had to wait nearly two hours but we were very comfortable, not quite so hot. Off at six and this was really the last stage of our journey. Beautiful valleys opening in each side with fine rocky peaks at their heads. It was nearly eight when we arrived at Lees-Veldes, and it took some time to get a conveyance. At length we were off, feeling quite happy in the prospect of comfortable rooms at Mullner's after our long weary day. What was our dismay to hear he had no rooms, we must go to what he called a "Luft Hütte" in the garden, or to a house a little way off. They chose the latter and we went what seemed an endless

way. I thought I should prefer the Luft Hütte, even with strangers, and went back, but it was already taken. There was a fête next day to celebrate the Emperor's birthday, so Mullner had given away our rooms as we were so late. But for that stupid man at Toblach not giving us the tickets through we should have been at Veldes about three. I was boiling with rage, but restrained myself, and only said we should certainly leave on Monday, when Mullner said he could give us rooms then. I knew it was futile saying so, as we had come prepared for a good long stay. I went back to our house, and we all had a meal, at a pothouse near, of coffee and ham. We had it outside where a quantity of people were sitting at a table, enjoying themselves very much. We had planned a good supper at Mullner's. We went back to our rooms, which were really very clean, and went disconsolately to bed.

SUNDAY, AUGUST 21st. I had an excellent night. H. came to my room, dressed, before I was up, there was such a smell of stable in their room they could not sleep. I went to Mullner's for breakfast, the way through an orchard seemed quite short by daylight, and things altogether looked brighter. I set off to church and met M. and H. coming back. I went on and found the church quite full; I could only just get inside. I stayed till it was over, and then clung to a pillar, as I remembered how I had been nearly knocked down by the congregation last year. They rushed out in just the same tempestuous way. I came back very hot, and found M. and H. writing under the trees, both delighted with Veldes. It is a lovely lake—the castle on a rock—

and the little church on an island, so picturesque. The fête had begun with a service in the church on the island, of which we did not know till it was over. We spent the morning under the trees, and at 4.30 went to a concert at the Louisenbad. However, wherever we sat down they said, "Bitte Frau, es ist bestellt," and the music sounded rather dull, so we came away, had tea and changed our rooms, Mullner, to our great joy, having found beautiful rooms for us in the hotel looking over the lake. At 7.30 the illuminations began. Mullner's bower in the garden was all decorated with little lamps and large red lanterns, all the houses about were illuminated, also the castle on the rock, and boats began to go about, decked with lanterns in different patterns, one like a pyramid, another a sort of pagoda. Mullner suggested we should go in a boat, and we caught at the idea, and were rowed up to quite the other end of the lake, where the boats were all accumulated. Louisienbad was very prettily illuminated, all the windows in different patterns, and a villa belonging to Prince Windischgratz at the other end was very effective, with a large illuminated cross on the garden wall. A house below the castle had F. J. I. on it. Then the boats began to come back, looking so pretty, all the different coloured lanterns reflected like streamers on the water, and people on board singing "God preserve the Emperor" very sweetly. It was past nine when we landed. Everybody was having supper at tables outside, and the dining room was cleared for a ball. We had some food, and when the dancing began, tried to see it, but all the doors and windows were so crowded we could only get a glimpse. We thought the men did not

seem keen about dancing, a good many nice girls were left partnerless. There was a general rush for the station at twelve, numbers having come for the day from Laibach and other places. A little Austrian girl who speaks English beautifully, and who was here last year, spoke to me to-day. I think she is with her governess.

MONDAY, AUGUST 22nd. I had written to my guide of last year (Franz Skumann of Moistrana) from Cortina, and this morning they came to tell me he had arrived. I hurried down, and had a conference with him about the Terglou lakes. He wanted me to go up from the Wocheiner See and come down the same way, but that I felt I could not do, so after some discussion it was decided I must go up to the Maria Theresia Hütte, upon which we came down from the Terglou last year. It was quite 10.30 before I could get off. At last we were off in an Einspänniger for Ober-Rothwain, starting in quite a new direction, past the church away from the lake, a very pretty road bordered by fruit trees. We passed two very prosperous looking villages, at the latter, Gorja, a good deal of trafficking went on, I thought about a Träger, as we were to pick one up by the way. Franz was very much distressed that he had not told a friend of his from Moistrana to meet us at the Kerma Hütte. At Rothwein I found we were to change into a hay-cart which had followed us from Gorja, the carriage could go no further. I had a scanty meal and then we started off in the hay-cart. We had a most capital little grey horse, the road was now nothing but a mountain track, and it trotted along as if it was a Macadam road, every now and then we drove

over the grass. We went through a most lovely valley, a wide grassy tract with trees and beautiful rocks on each side. We passed some nice cottages, and at one picked up a girl who wanted to go to the furthest Hütte, the little horse did not mind the additional weight in the least. Soon after she got in we passed through a farm-yard, and directly after, I missed my precious Alpenstock, which had the names of two years upon it; it had somehow dropped out. Franz was inclined to make light of it, and said I could get another, but I at once said I would rather give up the whole affair, I must have it. I knew I had constantly had my hand on it, the stupid girl could not remember whether it was there when she got in. Franz went back, and I very soon got out and went back after him. I had got through the farmyard, when I met him coming, the precious Alpenstock in his hand. My relief was immense. We were soon off again, the little horse brisker than ever. It dashed down into water-courses, and up the opposite side, without ever slackening. It was quite 3.30 when we got to the furthest Hütten. The man asked 5 gulden. I did not think it much, considering the road. I put on my boots, a Träger turned up, and we got off, Franz saying it was very late, which I knew it was. We seemed close to the head of the valley, and saw a beautiful cleft between two rocks to our right, which I foreboded was to be our fate. The path began through wood, a very good one, and not steep at first, I found Cyclamen and other flowers. In about an hour, we got over a rocky piece into a lovely green basin, then up another steep piece and another green basin. Franz now said it was hopeless to think of getting to the

Maria Theresia Hütte that night, and that we must stop at a shepherd's Hütte just above. I, of course, agreed, and we were at the shepherd's soon after six. It was a very tiny Hütte, but there was a blazing fire on a hearth in the middle, and it looked much more comfortable than my impression of Maria Theresia. I had hoped there would be milk, but there was only some very sour, which I was afraid to drink. I could not have Glühwein, as there was no vessel in which it could be heated. I had some black coffee, very full of grounds, and tried to swallow a little salame. There were every signs of a storm, and a few drops of rain, but it went off. I felt very glad to be housed. There was a shelf with some straw, and a coverlet over it, on which I lay down, and had not at all a bad night. Two more men came in; I believe they are working at a new Hütte rather higher up. They must all have had a wretched night.

TUESDAY, AUGUST 23rd. Off soon after five; a lovely morning. A steep ascent. In about an hour I found Edelweiss, but very poor. We looked down upon the Belopolje Alp, by which I came down last year. We got up to the cleft we had seen all the time, but mounted higher and higher above the rocks. I thought we should never get up, but at nine o'clock I found myself at the Maria Theresia Hütte, at the foot of the little Terglou, the great Terglou just beyond. I found the last part was the way I had started down last year, turning off at the point where we look down upon the Belopolje Alp. I lay down for about ten minutes on one of the beds in Maria Theresia, and then it began to strike

damp through all my clothes. I don't know what would have happened if I had slept there. I think I had an escape. I got up and sat in the sun, and had some wine and bread. In about an hour we started off in a completely new direction, and quite down hill. A very fair path at first, but it soon became very stony—a wilderness of grey rocks rising in every direction. Lovely flowers—Poppies white and yellow, pink Thrift very fine, geum, forget-me-not, ranunculus, glacialis, etc. Franz had told me there would be two ascents, and then all the rest down-hill. The ascents were neither of them as bad as I expected, and a good deal over snow slopes, now in very good order. There was a large ravine to go round before the second, and they were both got over before two o'clock. I then felt the worst was over. At the top of the second there was a large plateau of stone, quite a stony sea, and very soon I looked down on a little tarn, which Franz said was the first of the lakes. A very long, rough descent took down to it, a sweet little green lake with a pointed cone over it. I drank out of it, it was very hot, and I was devoured by thirst all day. We had had a halt on the plateau on the edge of a snow-slope, where one could get a little water, I filled up my bottle of wine. The guides had no wine, and nobly refused to touch mine. I could not think why Franz had not brought some. From the lake, Franz said it would be about three hours to the Franz Ferdinand Schutzhaus, it was then a little after four, so I quite expected to get there by daylight. I hoped now the path would improve, but it was still very stony, no longer steep, but undulating, going down into hollows and out of them again. We came in time to

another lake, the Gross See: rather uninteresting, I thought, banks not of rock but of earth, and a straight oblong shape. The rocks above the path to the left were most curious about here, like a wall, in layers of stone exactly as if they had been built. The Träger was now sent on in front to make the fire, and I had quite hopes of getting to Franz Ferdinand by daylight, but we kept mounting and descending into hollow after hollow, and there was no sign of it; the path became worse and worse, and it was getting quite dark. At last I said I could go no further over such a path in the dark. I knew I should break my leg, and anything would be better than that. The guide objected strongly, and said it could not be, but at last we were in a grassy hollow which I thought very suitable, and I refused to stir any further. Franz was in despair, and kept saying "O Maria!" but I was firm. At last he went off to the Hütte for my bag, which unfortunately the Träger had carried off with all my wraps, and I sat on a stone waiting for him. I was rather cold before they both re-appeared, with not only my bag, but a pile of coverlets from the Hütte. I put on all my wraps, had some cognac and water, lay down on one coverlet with my bag under my head, and the others were piled upon me. I was very anxious they should go back and fetch me in the morning, when it was light, but they would stay by me. I never had a better night. When I had been asleep some time I opened my eyes, expecting pitch darkness, and it was almost as light as day, the stars and one splendid planet so brilliant. I almost thought of saying I would go to the Hütte, but I was so comfortable under all my coverlets. Before five I awoke, and

started off by myself, while they put things together. The path was quite distinct, but very rough, and it took me just three-quarters-of-an-hour to get to the Hütte; it would have taken twice as long in the dark. Franz Ferdinand is on the Doppelt See, before getting to it you come to a little pond which they say is the Quelle, but which I suppose must count as one of the lakes, and even then I can only make out six. The Doppelt See is divided into two, which, I believe, are sometimes joined. Trees had begun a little before getting to the hollow where I slept. I forgot to say I had views of very fine peaks, but such odd Slavonic names I never could remember them.

WEDNESDAY, AUGUST 24th. I arrived at the Franz Ferdinand Hütte about 5.30. A nice clean Hütte, an inner room with nice clean beds, quite dry. Franz made me some quite decent hot tea (of course no milk), which did me a great deal of good. I then lay down on one of the beds for an hour. I had meant to wait till about nine o'clock, M. having fixed to come up and meet me from the Wocheiner See; but Franz said it was quite impossible anybody could get there before twelve, and if I waited till then I should not get down by dark. He said the path down was even rougher than the one of the day before. Accordingly, at 7.30 we started. The path was *not* as bad as the one of the day before, but certainly ran it hard. We had some blissful stretches of grass—only too short; and at one place found sheets of strawberries and bilberries. The heat was intense, and I was too delighted when Franz proposed the Träger should go in front and order a

carriage to take us over the Holzbahn. I did not at all know what the Holzbahn would be, but I welcomed anything in the shape of a lift. In about half-an-hour we came to a place where they were making charcoal—a large kiln, emitting a frightful smoke, and a sort of tramway on tressels stretching across the valley—and here we were to wait for the “Wagen,” which soon appeared in the shape of a truck pushed by two men, who ran each along the narrow ridge on which the wheels ran. Franz, the Träger, and I mounted on this truck. I sat on the root of a tree facing the way we went, so could not see the men pushing behind; but we quite flew along. Sometimes the tramway crossed ravines at a great height, and sometimes it was level with the ground. It was really rather formidable when we were at a great height, but I supposed the men were in the habit of pushing loads of wood, and that they must know what they were about. In this way we passed the Schwarz See—the last of the lakes, and quite the prettiest, with high rocky sides. All this time I had been expecting to meet M., but now I quite gave her up. The tramway brought us to the top of the Komarza Wand, and had saved us, Franz said, quite two hours’ rough walking. I gave each of the men a gulden, with which they seemed quite satisfied; I was truly grateful to them. We were now at the top of a precipice, looking down upon a lovely valley, the Wocheiner See (not visible yet) round a corner to the left. There was a good but very rough path; steps in places. It was very hot and glaring most of the way; parts were in shade. About half-way down we came upon what Franz called a Drahtseil, and I understood we were to have another

lift. My disappointment was great when we passed the place, and I found it was only for coal and wood. The lower part was through wood, and not steep. We came to the other end of the Drahtseil, and I got some water at a Hütte near, which was most grateful, I was so parched. This last descent had taken about two hours. We were now on the road, greatly to my amazement ; I had expected to come right down on the waterfall and the end of the lake. I asked no questions about the waterfall, as it evidently was not there, and I found it was rather more than half-an-hour's walk to the head of the lake. We got there in time, and then I heard the two English ladies had just gone up to the waterfall, their boat was waiting for them. I had a paddle in the lake, and put on other shoes and stockings, which was very refreshing ; then I lay down calmly on the grass, in the shade, and waited for them. They soon appeared, having had an awful pull up to the waterfall, I was glad I had not attempted to go. I might have turned off for it at the point where I came upon the road, at the end of the Drahtseil. They had had some milk at a cottage near, and sent their guide to see if there was any more, and an old woman soon appeared with a large basin of buttermilk, which was most reviving. I had had hardly any nourishment for three days, and felt very empty. We now all got into their boat, and were rowed back by their Sclavonian boatman, who could not speak a word of German. I had not seen that end of the Wocheiner lake before, it is lovely. There is a solitary little church to the right hand, before getting to the inn, called the church of the Heiligen Geist, a large fresco of St. Christopher on it. They said in the

morning it had all been reflected in the water, there was now too much of a ripple. The road took more than an hour, we were glad to get in as it was very hot. I at once ordered a good meal for Franz and the Träger, and then we all three had tea in the verandah looking over the lake. A very nice English girl came and talked to us, she was staying with some Austrian friends from Laibach, and they had been there since the 15th of July. The children were all running about in petticoat bodies and bare arms. They had been up the Czerna Prit (?), a mountain near, which sounds a very nice expedition, I must bear it in mind. H. and I went to look at the church of St. Johann, just across the bridge over the Savonitza. The chancel is all covered with most curious Byzantine frescoes of angels holding curtains. About 4.30 we got off in the carriage in which they had come from Veldes the day before, and had kept. It was an Einspänniger, with a most capital horse; M. sat on the box, as she thought both H. and I would go to sleep, but we did not. We left most of the luggage (only small) to come with the guides, for whom I understood I had ordered a carriage. I had come this drive last year, but in pouring rain, so I had no idea how pretty it was. The first part of the road was all bordered by fruit trees; we passed through some prosperous looking villages, quantities of little shrines by the way. Then it began to get wilder, beautiful basins of green, embowered in walls of rock. Nearly all the way the road followed the course of the Savonitza, a lovely green river, the water is so clear that every stone is seen, and it looks as if you could wade across anywhere, but no doubt it is quite deep,

the road crosses it several times. On the right, at one point, there is a mountain with a curious projection called Babzi Zob, the woman's tooth, it is just like a tooth. There is a cavern near which can be got at in two hours, but no doubt that means four. We got in a little after seven, and expected the luggage soon to follow, but there was no sign of it or the guides for hours; we could not get at brush or comb, soap, or anything. We had supper. I ate very little, as I always think it prudent to do after a period of starvation; and I found I could hardly swallow anything solid. Quite late the guides and luggage appeared, and said I had not ordered a carriage for them—they had had to get one at Feistritz. Franz (the factotum here) looked at my bill and said there was certainly no carriage on it—the guides had "gut gegessen und getrunken." I was very glad they had, poor things, after their two nights—one sitting up in the shepherd's hut, and the other out-of-doors. I was not sorry to go to bed after two nights in my clothes.

THURSDAY, AUGUST 25th. Up rather late, but not inordinately so. Baths in the morning, H. at the public swimming-bath. I shall go there some day and try to swim in fresh water. At luncheon my throat was all right. After tea, when it was cool, we started for a stroll round the lake. We got a long way round to a point where we took a short cut—a very pretty path close under the rock. At last we came to a Tafel with "Landing from boats forbidden" on it; but we had gone too far to go back, so hurried on and found we were in the grounds of the Windischgratz Villa—just in

front of the house. The balcony was full of people, and we thought they were calling to us to stop; but we rushed on, unheeding. We passed a lodge, where we also expected to be turned back; and finally got to a sort of restaurant, with boats and people about—manifestly a place of public resort. Our relief was great. It was quite dark, so we got a boat and were rowed back to Mullner's by another speechless Slavonian.

FRIDAY, AUGUST 26th. We had a boat and M. and I rowed to the island. It took us 25 minutes, and it was very hot. We landed at a path—not at the wide steps. We went up some flights of steps to the church. Very interesting. Statues of a king and queen on each side of the high altar; I do not know who they were. Some nice pictures—one of events out of the life of St. Anthony of Padua. We walked to the top of the high steps, and then all round the island with H. Cyclamen everywhere.

SATURDAY, AUGUST 27th. Directly after luncheon we all started for the point where M. and H. had begun their sketch of the island—about a mile off, beyond the castle. They sat on the bank and sketched. I read "Goldmensch." Some ladies came and said, "Would the Damen be so 'liebenswertig' as to show their sketches?" I said I was sure they would, and we went down to them, and M. was most civil, and showed them all her book, extending to Palestine and Egypt. Afterwards we went up into the wood, and came round by the back of the Schloss and through the village. Found quantities of cyclamen, and a curious lilac and yellow flower. Nut trees full of fruit.

SUNDAY, AUGUST 28th. Late in the afternoon M. and I had a row on the lake. Some tiresome people turned us out of a very nice boat we had taken, saying it was theirs; we did not believe it was. The next boat we got was rather dirty, and H. would not go. We rowed to the end of the lake beyond Villa Windischgratz, where we had been told a river flowed out into the Save, which joins the Danube, and so, fish peculiar to the Danube are found in this lake. A lovely evening. New moon.

MONDAY, AUGUST 29th. We have had a good deal of talk with the little Baroness and her governess. At 2.30 we had a long and very pretty drive to Assling and Janerburg. We crossed the Rothwein river, and then went down a long, very steep hill, quite a gorge; we walked down. At Assling we put up for half-an-hour, and I had some coffee in a nice little Touristenhaus. We drove back quite a different way, crossed the railway four times, followed the course of the Wurzense Save, which we find joins the Wocheiner Save beyond the Veldes station. We came in by the road to the station, a beautiful sunset, but it began to be quite cold. H. was on the box the latter part. We passed through the village of Moste, and spoke to a guide about Stol, the mountain behind Veldes. I had meant to go to Tarvis and do the Windischberg from Raibl, but Stol will be much less trouble and sounds interesting. The Baron's party were at the next table at supper; the little Baroness says Stol is not considered worth the trouble, still I think I shall keep to it. I find no one shoots on it. They all strongly recommend the Polacha Schlucht,

we wanted to go there to-day, but could not make the man at the shop understand. (Carriages are ordered at the shop near the Hotel). A most lovely evening.

TUESDAY, AUGUST 30th. Doubt at first whether I could have a carriage for Moste, finally I secured one for two o'clock. M. ordered one to take her and H. to the Polacha Schlucht. At two I got off for Moste in an Einspänniger. A very hot drive, but interesting. The road was bordered by fruit trees—apples, pears, walnuts—no one seemed to touch them. Moste is a very pretty village. I found Gotzlach, the guide, quite prepared. He said he would follow me to the inn. I had coffee in the arbour. We got off about five for the Hütte. It was not so hot, and after about five minutes path and some grass, the way was all under trees, a winding terrace mule-path through a ravine. Towards the end we came upon a plateau with some ruined cottages. I could not understand the guide's explanation of what they had been. I was at the Valvason Hütte in exactly two hours. It is quite palatial, three rooms, the bed I was to sleep in was in the sitting-room. The Hütte joins on to a farm-house. A woman there warmed up my coffee. I had taken a bottle of coffee, all ready mixed with milk, so it only wanted warming up and was very good. I sat outside, looking at the view, the lake of Veldes at our feet, the moon up. The guide retired to the farmhouse to sleep. I went to bed about nine, and was most comfortable.

WEDNESDAY, AUGUST 31st. Off at 4.45. Lovely morning. It was not quite light, but there was quite a good path. In a little while we got on a shoulder, and

I looked back and saw the Triglav bathed in red light, most lovely. It stands quite alone, and towers over everything. The light lasted a long time, I was so sorry when it went, and all was cold grey again. In two hours we got to a shepherd's Hütte, the guide said it was half-way. I had some wine and set off again, a very good path, every now and then steps of wood. Then we came to a very stony piece, the peak to our left, we wound forward and came back to it. The last part was very easy, not steep. I was at the top at nine, it had taken four hours and twenty minutes from the Hütte. The view was most extensive, Carinthia on one side, Carniola on the other; Stol is the boundary. Laibach can be seen on one side, Klagenfurt on the other, but I could only see their positions by a sort of smoke. It was very interesting to see the whole valley in one direction to Laibach, and in the other to Tarvis on the Krain side, and the Pustel Thal on the Kärnthen side. The Gross Glockner could be quite clearly made out, and I thought I saw the Leiter Köpfe near it. I also saw what I was sure was the Ankogel, near Gastein. The guide told me several names, but I could not make them out. It was a most interesting view, Triglav towering over all the near ones; Veldes is the only lake to be seen, which is odd, as there are so many about. I stayed an hour at the top, had some wine, and tried to swallow a little ham and bread. I got a very nice stone, and wrote the date on a card, and left it in a bottle which was there, with the card of a Professor from Klagenfurt. I had seen him arrive at the inn at Moste, very hot, just before I started. It had been quite cool all the way up, but it was now very

hot, and I dreaded the descent. However, it had to be done, so I put a handkerchief over my head, and at ten we started. The path felt very stony going down, but I was at the shepherd's Hütte in two hours and ten minutes, just half what it had taken to go up. Here, the guide (Johann Gotzlach) said he would go and get some Edelweiss, it was too "gefährlich" for me. If it had not been so hot I should have insisted on going, but I could not have gone out of the way. I went on, and lost my way twice. I always took the most beaten track, and it was always wrong. The first time Johann called out to me "links," and I soon got right; the second time I thought it was much rougher than I had fancied, but did not know I was wrong till I saw him below me, however, I soon got back again. While I was by myself I tripped on a perfectly level place, and banged my cheek against my Alpenstock, it was agony, and I felt as if a large lump rose in the place. I expected Johann to remark on it at once, and was much relieved when he did not. I now said I should have some milk in the Hütte (I thought the woman would have some, some cows near had made me think of it), but he said she would not have any at this time, but there was a chalet near where I could get some. We went to it, and I had a large bowl of delicious milk which did me great good. I no longer had that empty feeling which is so uncomfortable going down. We were now back on the right track and were soon at the Hütte. I had one gulden 30 kr. to pay. The rest of the descent took just an hour, it was much more stony than my impression of it going up. When we got to the path close to Moste, I stopped at a wooden channel full of

water, and sent the guide on, keeping my bag. I thought it would be so delicious to bathe my feet, and put on other boots and stockings. I stood in the channel, and was much disappointed to find it choked up with pebbles and leaves, so that it only moistened the soles of my feet. However, that was better than nothing. I walked the whole length of it, and parts were a little better. When I got to the inn it was just three, and the carriage I had ordered from Veldes was there. I ordered some coffee, which did not come for nearly half-an-hour, but was very refreshing. The guide only charged $3\frac{1}{2}$ gulden. The drive back to Veldes took rather over an hour. The road takes two sharp turns to the right. Babzi Zob is plainly to be seen, and the Castle is a conspicuous object for a long time. H. met me at the door, she and M. were sitting under the trees. I went to them, and found Hélène established at their table, knitting. Her nurse was hovering about, very anxious to take her away, but she quite refused to go. H. presented her with a little yard-measure, which delighted her. We had tea, and then tried to have baths but could not. I had to content myself with a jug of hot water in my room. I had soup with an egg and chicken for my evening meal. The little baroness, aunt, and governess, all enquired very much how I had got on.

THURSDAY, SEPT. 1st. Swimming bath with H. at eleven; very refreshing. I swam the length of the bath twice. The little Baroness, etc., have so harped to us about St. Peter's, and what a beautiful view there is from it, that we ordered a carriage for 2.30. It was

very hot and we rather dreaded it. The carriage did not come till past three. We started again in the direction of the station, but turned to the left, and drove to Polnic, a cheerful little place, which seemed to be a summer resort, people were sitting about under trees. St. Peter's is perched on a very high hill. We started at once up a rough path, at first we were able to walk on grass, but afterwards could not. The path did not mount much, and seemed endless. At last it turned to the left and mounted steeply, then we came to a shoulder from which we had a lovely view of the lake of Veldes, Triglav unfortunately in clouds, and we now ascertained to our horror that H. had never identified Triglav. From here there was a very nice path winding through wood, steps in places; then we emerged on a sloping meadow at a shrine, and were soon at the church, a most conspicuous object from all the country round. All one side is covered with most curious frescoes of the Passion, beginning with the raising of Lazarus, and the entry into Jerusalem. The high altar has some gilt figures, which we could not identify. There is a picture of St. Leonard ministering to prisoners at a side altar. We went to the end of the hill to see the view, which is most extensive. Stol, just over our heads behind, and beautiful hills across the valley (a castle on one), and Veldes at our feet. After the little path through the wood we came down almost entirely over grass—very slippery—and it seemed nothing, and was now quite cool. We had a delightful drive home. We met a troop of female prisoners returning from working in the fields—a man with them. A quantity of beehives in one place, piles

of fruit trees everywhere. Our driver said it was a good year for apples but not for pears. There appeared to be heaps of both. We were quite pleased to be able to tell the little baroness, etc., that we had accomplished St. Peter's. The governess wants a situation in England in the autumn. I have given her my card; she is really very nice.

FRIDAY, SEPTEMBER 2nd. Our last morning at Veldes; very sorry. Separate bills. The rooms are 2.50 each a day, but are very nice. Off at 12.30. We had ages to wait at the station for the 1.37 train to Tarvis. Tarvis soon after three. Nice rooms at the Bahnhof Hotel. After a meal—which was rather a failure—we set off for the Carl Steig and Schlize waterfall—the same walk I took last year. There was so little water in the waterfall that there were only two falls instead of three.

SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 3rd. Off by 8.24 train to Verone. We could only take tickets to Portebba. A very pretty line. At Portebba took tickets to Verona. Line very fine to La Carnia; afterwards the country became flat and dull. Two hours to wait at Mestre. Verona soon after six. Hotel de Londres.

(SUNDAY was spent at Verona, and then three days with cousins near Pallanza, sleeping at the hotel.)

THURSDAY, SEPTEMBER 8th. Called before five; off in hotel omnibus at six. We found the omnibus at Pallanza had seats across the top like a char-à-banc, so we had plenty of room. We very soon had a most

splendid view of snow-mountains. The man in front said it was Monte Rosa. I did not believe him at first, but afterwards thought it must be—nothing else could be so splendid. I had never been this piece of road before; I had always started for the Simplon from Baveno, on the opposite side. The road goes round the end of the lake and crosses the Ticino. We got to Gravelloni in about an hour. Train from there to Domo d'Ossola. Vogagna, the place for turning off to Macugnaga, was one of the stations. That had evidently been the direction where our splendid view had been. At Domo d'Ossola we secured two carriages—one for ourselves, the other for the luggage—both return, for which we were to pay 72 francs. We thought it a very good bargain. We had some breakfast, our last having been at 5.30; and got off about 9.30. The road was quite level at first, and then only mounted very gradually. Very fine rocks on each side. At Iselle we stopped for the horses to have some water, and walked on—H. and I in front. No flowers, but the road was very interesting. We passed a tunnel, but walked along a path outside it. We walked for quite an hour before the carriage overtook us, then we got in and it began to be very cold, and the weather looked gloomy. We got to the village of Simplon about three, and were to wait there an hour-and-a-half. We were very cold, and, to our great joy, when we got into the dining-room we found a blazing wood fire. It was bliss, and still greater when we found a little salon beyond, with another delightful fire, and some Tauchnitzes. It was now pouring with rain, and the coachman sent up to ask if we would not rather stay the night there and go on in

the morning. We were rather dismayed, as we wanted to get to Geneva next day, but we went to speak to him, and found we could get to Brieg in time for the 12.48 train. It would be two hours more to the top, and it really would have been dreadful going a foot's pace all that time in pouring rain and intense cold, and then going down all the way in the dark, so we decided to stay, as it was so very comfortable with these nice fires. We had an excellent table d'hôte luncheon, and then settled ourselves in the salon with Tauchnitzes. The bedrooms were like wells, and it was misery leaving the nice fire to go to them, but they put hot water bottles in our beds, and I had an excellent night, the wind howling furiously.

FRIDAY, SEPTEMBER 9th. Up soon after six, no fire in the dining-room, but it was soon lighted, and we got warm before starting. It was quite fine, but very cold and a high wind. We had the carriage closed. In a little while, the driver got down to walk, and I thought I would walk too, and got out. I had no idea the wind was so awful, it almost took me off my feet, and stones from the road blew in my face, cutting me. Both carriages had gone on, and I supposed I had to struggle through this for two hours, when to my relief, I saw them stopping, and bundled in again. Thick icicles were hanging from the rocks all the way, it looked so curious to see them mixed with the grass. We got a glimpse of the Fletsch through the clouds, but Monte Leone behind the Hospice was quite invisible. I recognized the place near the old Hospice where I came down from the Simili Pass in 1879. We

were less than two hours getting to the Hospice, there was some snow on the road near the top, and quantities of fresh snow on the mountains. It became rather warmer as we went down, and we had the carriage half-opened. Brieg took us quite by surprise. The drivers took us straight to the station. After their tip they both retired bowing, looking much pleased. We had more than an hour to spare, so had plenty of time for luncheon, tickets, and registering, and then were actually allowed to get comfortably into the train. It was still very cold. I never before went along the Rhone valley in anything but boiling heat. At Visp, we saw the railway to Zermatt starting up the hill, it filled my blood with horror. Three English ladies got in at Tourtemagne, who had been staying at Ried in the Lôtschenthal. I was asleep when we passed Chillon. At Lausanne we had to change carriages, and had a small dinner; and got off in the train for Geneva at 7.45. It was now dark and very cold, and we were thankful to find ourselves in the omnibus of the Hotel de la Paix. At the hotel at first they said they had no rooms, then said they had two on the fifth floor; so we mounted there in the lift, and found two little dens. M. and I had tea and biscuits in my room. H. firmly declined any, and was two hours getting to bed.

SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 10th. Geneva very full of people coming down from the mountains. Mont Blanc not visible. . . Off in train for Chambéry at 11.40; a very fine morning, and much warmer. The line runs by the Rhone, flowing through a ravine at the foot of rocks. After Bellegarde, the train goes back a little way

and then crosses the Rhone on a long bridge. At Culoz we changed trains, and M. had just time to buy some sandwiches. The line soon passes the Lac de Bourget and Aix les Bains, and we were at Chambéry soon after three. Omnibus to Challes. All the town was decorated with wreaths and flags. We found Carnot had been there a week ago, and they had not yet taken them down. Crossing a square, M. suddenly spied C., and we made the driver stop and she got in. We had quite a cheerful meeting. . . . It is quite four miles to Challes, along a very straight road, bordered by poplars. The Chateau is up a steep hill. We walked up it and the omnibus brought our luggage. F. L. was in a ground-floor room, as she was in 1889. I stayed with her while the others saw to rooms and luggage. Then we had tea in the garden. A pointed hill with a church on it, called St. Michel, is just behind the hotel; and another very pointed hill with a cross on it is called the Croix de Nivolet. F. was out sketching, and had not appeared when we went to get ready for dinner. We had an excellent dinner, and very cheerful; but it was bitterly cold. The custom here is to have coffee in your bedroom, luncheon at eleven, and dinner at six. We went to bed rather early, feeling it colder than the Simplon.

SUNDAY, SEPTEMBER 11th. A lovely warm day. It was bliss to bask in the sun after the intense cold of the day before. We spent the whole day sitting on the terrace with books and writing, F. L. with us, revelling in the sunshine, after having been shut up for three days of bad weather. There is a splendid view of Mont Cenis and the Dauphiné Alps. About 3.30 we paid a short visit to

the Etablissement for F. L. to drink the Challes water. She was in her chair. Poor H. pined for a long walk but no one responded.

MONDAY, SEPTEMBER 12th. A lovely day. We had ordered a carriage yesterday to take us to St. Michel, the church on the point overhanging the hotel. On the other side a carriage can go within half-an-hour of the top. L. and I decided to walk up this side; they all meant to walk down. We got off at 12.15, a little boy called Jean to show us the way; it was considered to be about two hours' walk. We started above the hotel, and at a fountain turned off to the right, and had a good path for about a quarter-of-an-hour. Heaps of blackberries. After one or two windings we struck off to the left across the grass, and went up some Geröll round a point of rock, where Jean told us an eagle's nest had been found, and we actually saw an eagle over our heads and heard it shriek. After the stones we had an awfully steep path through brushwood. L. went on first most nimbly with Jean, talking all the time. I toiled after them in silence, pulling myself up each step with the branches. There was also a fear of serpents, and as we could not possibly have seen them to avoid them, I was thankful when we at last emerged upon some open grass, and made our way to a farmhouse where Jean said he would enquire the best way. I felt sure he must have brought us wrong, it seemed incredible there should not be a better path to a pilgrimage church. After the farm there was a path some way through wood. L. amassed quantities of flowers and plants for the villa garden, she had a

basket which must have been an immense weight, but she refused to entrust it to Jean. We now struck again up the grass, as the path made a great round. It was very slippery and steep, but we toiled on, hoping to see St. Michel at the top, but no, not a sign of it. We saw a point where we thought it must be, and made our way to it across a plateau where some people were working in a field, and they directed us to a path. We now began to have hopes, and soon saw a cross, but still no church. I was now in front with Jean, and suddenly heard Lizzie talking to someone behind, it was the other party coming up. The church now at last appeared, Jean and I stopped to look at a little shed in which was a picture of St. Michael, and just as we got to the church the rest all appeared, they had just arrived from the carriage. It was really curious we should have hit it off so well; we had been just three hours walking up, but it had been very hot. The church was closed, but through a grating in the door we saw a picture of St. Michael over the altar. The view was lovely, the Mont Cenis Alps looking much nearer than from below, and I thought more of them, but F. said not. We saw the Granier and all the chain ending with the Dent du Chat, and a pointed detached mountain closing the valley, which we thought must be Mont Revard, up which they have just made a railway. The Isère was winding through the valley towards Grénoble, and a little lake called St. André, and the long straight white road in the other direction towards Chambéry, but Chambéry itself was not visible. We dallied a good while at the top, F. going after butterflies and flowers, and then we all went up to the cross, which

is rather higher than the church. We now began the descent by the same way we had come up. On the plateau F. got hold of an old woman who put us on rather a better track; we went down over some grass, not nearly so slippery as where we had come up. At the farmhouse we sent Jean to enquire if they had milk. They had, and H., Jean, and I partook; the others declined. It was most delicious. F. was most anxious to try a route down to the right, but the woman at the farm assured us there was none but the way we had come up—the very steep part through brushwood. (I forgot to mention that above, on the grass, we really did see a serpent—a very long one—wriggling along, and watched it with great interest.) The steep part was not nearly as bad to go down as it had been to come up, but the others, who saw it for the first time, thought it dreadful; H. refused to believe we had come up there. H. and I got to the bottom first, and sat on the grass waiting for the rest, who arrived much heated and rather angry. After a rest we went on to the hotel. All was now plain-sailing. L. went on first, and when we arrived she had already made tea, and handed us each a cup through the window—which was bliss. The only misfortune was F. losing a tin box, which he has had for years for his butterflies and plants. He promised Jean five francs if he found it, so no doubt he will manage to discover it. F. retired to bed before nine.

WEDNESDAY, SEPTEMBER 14th. Ordered a carriage to take us to Col de Fresne at twelve—a landau with three horses, 35 francs. Soon after twelve we got off—F. on the box. First to Chambéry, then up Les

Chaumettes, which we found was the way to Rousseau's house, and which led to the back of the Granier. Soon we began to have views of the Lac de Bourget, and mounted in zig-zags till we came to a short tunnel, the mouth of which had been visible for some time. When we were through it we found ourselves on the other side of the mountain—Challes and its valley at our feet, the Croix de Nivolet before us, with points behind showing how it is joined to another range (though from Challes it looks quite detached), and St. Michel looking like a little cob in the valley. From here it was an hour-and-a-half to the top, the road winding round a beautiful wooded ravine—Granier, a splendid block of rock close in front, showing exactly where the landslip came from, which destroyed 14 villages. An hour from the top there is a little house where milk and wine can be had. Very soon after, the driver said Mont Blanc could be seen, and we saw a splendid white mass behind the Nivolet, the top piercing through the clouds. At the top the driver left us and went back to the house at once, to have more time to rest the horses—one had lost a shoe—and I rather wondered how we were going to get down; going up slowly was all very well. A cross is at the top, and the road crosses the Col to Grenoble. A pointed mountain shuts up the view on that side. We hope to ascertain its name at Grenoble. The top was all lovely short grass, full of colchicum, of which there are also heaps down at Challes. Near the top F. had jumped off the box to get a flower, and it turned out to be the yellow and lilac one, of which there was such quantities at Veldes—its name is *Melanpirum*; we did not know it. We could hardly tear ourselves away to

go down to the carriage, but it was nearly five o'clock. H. and I had some milk, and the rest some lemonade gazeuse. H. and I walked on, expecting the carriage to overtake us directly, but we got to the mouth of the tunnel, and I felt sure the shoe was causing some difficulties. We waited there, for there was a path down to the valley, and I thought if we had to walk we had better do it all together. There had been a lovely glow on the Mont Cenis range, but by this time it had died away and was getting dark. In a little while the carriage appeared at a foot's pace, the luckless horse dead lame. The driver had been trying to leave it somewhere, and now there fortunately happened to be a man here with a cart and two oxen, and after some parleying he agreed for six francs to lead it down to Chambéry, while we went on with two horses. The driver swathed its foot up very carefully. All this, and arranging the harness, took some time, and C. was rather nervous, as it was nearly dark, and the steepest part of the road before us. However, she bore it heroically, and we got down quite safely, and were back at Challes soon after eight. The stars were lovely, and there was a beautiful planet, which F. says is Mars, very near this year; it must have been the one which looked so brilliant the night I slept out. The last half-hour was rather cold.

FRIDAY, SEPT. 16th. Off at 7 with F. and M. in a Victoria with two horses for the Nivolet. After crossing the Seisse we turned up to the right, saw the Chateau de la Baune on a hill, crossed the ravine of Bout du Monde waterfall, then up, winding all round Chaffardun, the mountain to the right of the Nivolet, so as to come to

the back of the latter. In two-hours-and-a-quarter we got to Les Descets, a village with a large church on a plateau. We found a guide almost directly, and set off across a field, having refused to go round by the road, to a bridge. Almost directly I found I had left the string bag with my opera-glass, and went back for it. I found the carriage, and the bag was not in it, so I knew exactly where it must be, where I had taken off my jacket. I went in the wrong direction first, but at last hit the spot, and there it was. I met the guide coming back to meet me. The brook was most easy to cross, then we began to mount through fields, a good path, the cross on the Nivolet looking quite close. After nearly an hour (by some strange chance I being in front with the guide), we heard shrieks for us to stop. M. had left her jacket on a wall where we had been sitting, and the poor guide had to go back for it. F. said he had never walked with two such stupid women in his life. We now to our amazement came to a high road, and found we could have driven to this point. If H. had been with us we should have been wild at her having walked all this unnecessary piece. The cross was now out of sight, we had been working up to the ridge, and now turned in the direction of the cross up a stony path through brushwood, no view. This lasted a long time. We found some green spleenwort, and secured some roots for L. for the villa. At last we met three men coming down, they had come up from Chambéry, and been to visit the hermit on the way. (The hermit, we find, is a doctor from Chambéry, who is making excavations in the case, and has a little house there. He lives there two months

in the summer. They told us it was only a quarter-of-an-hour. "Courage, Monsieur," they said, "un bon quart d'heure, et vous êtes au sommet." We toiled on, and very soon the path became less stony. We emerged from the trees, and saw the cross at the end of a beautiful green slope, but a ravine apparently between us and it. However, it was less than it looked, and we were very soon at the top. We were a little over three hours going up. I found F. and M. stretched on the grass, the luncheon basket at their side. The cross is enormous, gilt, a railing round it, and long supports; and another railing round the steep part of the cliff, the Lac de Bourget and the town of Aix at our feet. Before anything else we discussed the luncheon, which was excellent. I was quite able to eat. We now gave our minds to the view. The Lac de Bourget and Aix on one side, Chambéry, Challes, and St. Michel and the valley of the Isère. The ridge from the Nivolet ends with Mont Revard at Aix, up which they have just made a railway; and we could see the hotel and a flag waving. Mont Blanc was hidden by an intervening rock, but we saw some new sunny peaks, which I thought must be the Tarentaise Mountains, the Grand Paradis, etc. The cross itself has a long inscription on it, to the effect that Pio Nono gave an indulgence for 100 days to any one who, seeing it from a distance, repeated five Paters, Aves and Glorias, and a year to any one who did the same on the spot; it was erected in 1861. F. could not tear himself away from the view. If we had not suggested going down we should have stayed there all night. The guide wanted to take us down by the hermit. I should have liked, but I do not know how we should have got

back to the carriage. We started down at 3.30 ; rather a different route. Grassy at first, but we soon got into a very stony path through a beech wood, crossed one or two nice glades, and then plunged into beech wood and stones again. We could not understand how there could be so much—there seemed so little wood on the mountain. At last we emerged on fields and were very thankful, and we crossed one or two roads, passed the church, and went in. It is a fine large church—a window with St. Michael and two other saints. From there, down steps to the bridge, and up on the other side to the inn where the carriage was. It was kept by the guide's brother, and was only a pothouse ; but we had delicious beer at a table outside, which revived us very much. We got off at six, and were only an hour-and-a-quarter getting back—all down-hill. The windings overlook a valley, in which is a village called Thoiry ; a winding road all through it, the end of the valley quite shut in, the Col d'Alvune at one corner. C. and H. were at the gate to meet us.

SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 17th. Excursion to Annécý.

TUESDAY, SEPTEMBER 20th. F. L. started for Turin at 9.6. With her to the station. Very sorry to say good-bye. At 1.30 all the rest of us set off in a carriage for Allevard. We crossed the Isère near Montmelain, and stopped on the bridge to see a beautiful peep of Mont Blanc. At Pont Charra we crossed the Breda, and went up the gorge to Allevard—quite among mountains, but more of a town than I expected. The Hotel du Louvre is very nice. The season is nearly over. We got good rooms.

WEDNESDAY, SEPTEMBER 21st. Gloomy, drizzling day. Brame Farine put off.

THURSDAY, SEPTEMBER 22nd. A fine day. We started up Brame Farine at 9.30; H. and I on horses. The path begins just opposite the Hotel. We had two little boys with us, Jean and Charles. A good path. We went slowly up, stopping often, the rest picking walnuts. Soon we had a pretty view of Allevard looking back, fine peaks round, Collet, Grand Charnier, later on the glaciers of Belledone and Glezzins. We passed two little villages. The umbrellas were forgotten by Jean, he had to go back a long way for them. About half-way, the rest took a short cut, Jean with them; we were left to Charles, who was about ten. We got on some way, then H.'s saddle turned round; she had to get off, and refused to mount again. I stuck to mine (La Biche) till close to the top, when she refused to stir, and Charles, who was calmly riding H.'s horse, remarked, "la Biche n'en peut plus," so I got off. Jean now appeared and got on poor Biche and trotted to the top, H. and I toiling behind, but the top was really close to. There was a lovely glade with a chalet and tables, the view was from the ridge just behind. We went up and saw all the Isère valley, but waited for the others to inspect thoroughly. I had two glass jugs of beer ready on the table for F., and ordered coffee. M. soon appeared, F. and C. a little after, all very hot; the beer was thoroughly appreciated by F. and M., some Chasseurs had been there in the morning, and devoured almost everything. They had two boxes of sardines, coffee and bread, and we did very well. An old man

then took us to see the best point for the view on the other side, it was a pretty path through wood, and we found a new gentian. Beautiful view of the Isère valley, Nivolet and Chat, and all our old friends beyond. I would have liked to stay longer, but we had to be down at the Hotel before five for the omnibus for the train to Grenoble. We were to descend in a peculiar way in sledges, we found them ready waiting for us near the chalet. They were little open trucks with sides full of branches, two to go in each, a man to drag it. H. and I were put into one, M. and C. in another, and F. as the heaviest had one to himself. We had expected to go down grass slopes, but instead the men flew down rough paths, H. and I leading. It was wonderful how little it jolted, sometimes it paused for a second on the brink of a little precipice, and was down without one feeling anything. It must have been a frightful exertion for the poor men, we perfectly flew down these rough slopes. We only stopped twice for them to rest a little, and were down in less than half-an-hour, what had taken us three to come up. What can ever have made them invent such a thing we could not imagine. We were glad to find they also use the *traineaux* to bring down their hay and corn. The *traineaux* cost four francs each, and we tipped the men each a franc. It was about ten minutes walk to the hotel from the place where they deposited us. We packed hurriedly, and were quite ready for the omnibus at five. We stood at the gate waiting for it, the master and mistress of the hotel with us, the latter very stout and genial, she had been up Brame Farine a day or two before, and came down in a

traineaux, laughing all the time. The omnibus was crammed, we could see nothing of the view, only F. could get a seat outside. Crowds at the station (Goncelin) and the ticket man would not open the office, we thought we should never get them. The train was also very full, M. and H. got into one carriage; F., C. and I were put into a first-class (we had second-class tickets) and were very comfortable. Only three-quarters-of-an-hour to Grenoble; we found the town all lighted up with coloured lanterns and illuminations, a fête going on. There had also been a fête at Allevard, we found afterwards it was the Centenary of the Proclamation of the Republic. We got very nice rooms on the entresol at Monnet's, and found the luggage arrived.

FRIDAY, SEPTEMBER 23rd. M., H. and I went out shopping by ourselves, also to the square with Bayard's statue, and to the river, and back through the garden. About one we had a carriage for Uriage; left Grenoble by the gate of Trois Cloîtres, passed the village of Guères, and up the gorge of Sonnant; Hotel du Louvre at Uriage, a nice verandah with tables. We ordered tea, and strolled about. There was a castle on a hill, we felt we ought to go up to it, but could not, it was so very hot, we only sat about. At four we started back by another way. We saw a good deal more of Uriage, a fine view of the castle. We passed under a tunnel close to the château of Vézille, and stopped to look at it. Very picturesque, but mostly restored, some ruins on a rock of the old château. A large statue of the Republic outside the gate. We went back a little of the same way, and were soon following the course

of the Romanche, the road by which I have twice been to Bourg d'Oisans. We passed the Pont de Claix, where the Drac joins the Romanche, and went a little out of the way to look at the bridge with one very tall arch, a lower one has been built near it. After Claix, a very long straight road, planted with avenues of trees, stretches all the way to Grenoble. Back about 6.30.

SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 24th. Off at 6.15, in a carriage with three horses, for La Grande Chartreuse. We crossed the Isère, the road was flat for some time. At Fontanil, we met an Alpine regiment marching down towards Grenoble; all the men had Alpenstocks with hooks, and dark blue Tam o'Shanters, very practical, and the men looked very active and not under-sized, some were very nice looking. Mountain artillery on very strong looking mules. Some guns, six horses to each. Several mounted officers and a few men on bicycles, it was most interesting. At Vaceppe, the horses rested ten minutes, and we walked on. At St. Laurent du Pont, there is a handsome new church, built by the Carthusians, a bas-relief of St. Lawrence over the door, a colossal statue of St. Bruno at the top. The pulpit is coloured glass mosaics and stone. Soon after we passed the manufactory where Chartreuse is now made—they no longer make it at the convent. The road became very interesting—the gorge of Guiers Mort, ironworks, several bridges, beautiful beech woods, fine rocks. The horses now refused to stir. We got out and walked a piece through a tunnel. Some more tunnels were not so bad. We got in and progressed a little more. The horses

again refused to stir, so we got out again, and this time H. and I walked on to the top by a different road to the carriage one—the driver said it was shorter. At last we came in sight of the monastery. A quantity of carriages were there at a sort of stable, and several people, but no signs of our party. We walked on and sat down near the convent, enquired, and found there was no other way they could have come; so waited calmly, and in time they appeared. We went with F. to the door of the convent, where he was to dine; we were not to be admitted. F., delighted to triumph over us, said “Vade Retro” to us. The priest who opened the door laughed. We peeped in and saw some flowerbeds. We were allowed to go and look at the chapel outside, but there was nothing much to see. We were all famished, having breakfasted before six, and it was now nearly twelve; so we made our way to the nuns’ quarters. A cheerful sister with a large frilled cap received us, and said dinner would be ready in a quarter-of-an-hour. We found another, older sister, selling little memorials of St. Bruno, photographs, and Chartreuse, and we all bought some. We were summoned to the meal. There were about a dozen other people, a child of three talking incessantly. An engraving of the Queen was at the end of the room. Some French people did not know she had been allowed to enter, and were much interested. The nun waited on us. A very good “maigre” luncheon—omelette, carp, fried potatoes, custard pudding, figs and almonds, and very good vin ordinaire. At last I said, “Mais, ma mère, est-ce qu’on ne va pas nous donner un petit verre de Chartreuse?” and she said, “O oui, ça va venir, patience, patience;” and

all laughed, including herself. She put a little basket of liqueur glasses on the table and a bottle of yellow Chartreuse—there are three qualities, green, yellow, and white, green the strongest (F. had green with the monks)—but the yellow was excellent. Everybody but C. and H. had a “petit verre,” including the child, who gulped and choked, but seemed to like it. We each paid 2·50, and then went out and met F., who had had just the same meal, soup in addition. He had seen no monks; plain servants had waited on them. The proper thing to do was to go up to the chapel of St. Bruno, but it would have taken two hours, and there was no time. Another delightful thing would be to go up the Grand Som—a fine range of crags with a cross at the top. It takes four hours to go up, but is quite easy. We strolled first to a cross on the same side as the monastery, and then up a road through the wood at the opposite side as far as another cross, from which some ladies (who were at the dinner) had told us there was a very good general view. They were quite right. We had the white mass of the monastery like a map at our feet, one has no idea from below what an extensive range of buildings it is—one large straight building and a mass of little turrets with enclosures, gardens for herbs. A man who was working near told us there were forty monks and three Heads. The three Heads only go out once a week, the monks two or three times; they have nine services in the day. I had always thought the Chartreuse monks led a healthy, out-door life, but all the out-door work is done by servants, only a few monks superintend. Their time is entirely taken up by services. They never go beyond the confines of the

Desert, which begins with the defile of the Guier Mort, formerly it was closed by a gate. At 2.30 we had to start on the return drive, by quite another road. To our astonishment, in about half-an-hour we passed two hotels, les Déserts and Victoria. We had now quite a Col to cross, and again the horses refused to stir, so F., H., and I walked to the top. We then got on rather better, and arrived at the village of Sappey, where quite a collection of carriages were waiting, and the horses rested a little. I had some café noir in a glass, quite cold. A fine peak near, called Chaîne Chaude, is said to be the highest point of the Chartreuse Massif, but does not look nearly so high as the Grand Som. We now had a rapid descent down the valley of the Vence, round the base of Saint Eynard, a very fine peak, close to Grenoble, on which they are building another fort, so no one now can go on the top. All the valley of the Isère was spread before us, with Grenoble in the middle, but the distant view was hazy. We arrived about 6.30, crossing the Isère by a different bridge.

SUNDAY, SEPTEMBER 25th. Protestant service at the Temple, in the Rue Malakoff—Church of St. André, in which is Bayard's tomb. All very depressed at the idea of parting to-morrow.

MONDAY, SEPTEMBER 26th. H. and M. drove to St. Laurent, across the river, to see the crypt, after which H. had long been hankering. It is very old, with marble pillars. We could not buy a Joanne guide to the Causses, and are in great dismay.

(At five, three of the party left to return straight to England. M. had long wished to visit Les Causses, a most interesting part of Southern France, which had been described to her by a very agreeable French family whom we met in Egypt. Mons. Jean, the son, had drawn up a short plan, which was all the more valuable as they failed to get a Joanne guide. E. was delighted to join her in this little addition to the journey, on thoroughly new ground. M.L.H.)

F., C., and H. started at 5.20. We went with them in the omnibus to the station. It was very depressing taking leave and parting from dear H., after more than two months of unclouded bliss together.

LES CAUSSES.

TUESDAY, SEPTEMBER 27th. Up rather late; it was a hurry to be ready for the 10.45 train to Valence. It was about three hours to Valence. The train crosses the Isère, and runs at first parallel to the road by which we went to the Chartreuse. We saw two very pointed rocks, which we thought were the Casque de Néron and Pinea. The Isère joins the Rhone just before Valence. The Hotel du Louvre did not impress us much. We got two rooms opening on a balcony in a courtyard; had some very good tea, and went out. We had expected to find Valence a picturesque old town, full of Roman remains; it seems a staring, prosperous place, full of cafés. The Hotel Croix d'Or in the square looks much nicer than ours. We found an excellent book-shop, and actually succeeded in getting a "Joanne" of the Cevennes, with all about Les Causses; but still we cannot discover how to get to Mende. We went in and changed our rooms—got one with two beds, much lighter and more cheerful. We went out again and sat under trees on a broad terrace. Ruins of a castle on the hill beyond, the Rhone flowing beneath. We think we must go by Nismes to Mende.

WEDNESDAY, SEPTEMBER 28th. After breakfast we went first to the book-shop, and M. got a map of France. Then we went to the cathedral close to. A new tower has been built; handsome pillars; a bust of Pius VI., by

Canova (he died here). Outside is a curious little square mortuary chapel, called the Pendentif, the sides open, key-pattern on the arches. The dust was dreadful, and a hot wind blowing. We went in the omnibus to Le Peray, but did not go up to the castle, it was so very hot. There is a fine view of the cathedral from the bridge. After dinner there was a thunderstorm and pouring rain.

THURSDAY, SEPTEMBER 29th. The storm went on nearly all night. I never heard such loud thunder. We got off for Nismes by the 12.29 train. Glad to have done with Valence. An interesting line. We passed Orange and Avignon. We bought nougät at Montélimar. A little French boy showed us how to break it, but would not have any. At Tarascon we changed carriages. From Tarascon to Nismes not quite an hour. Mont Ventoux was in clouds, so we could not see it. We crossed the Rhone directly after leaving Tarascon. It had been gloomy all day, and now began to pour. The rain came in at all the corners of the carriage, and when we got to Nismes the station was flooded, and full of a seething mass of people, who, in their hurry to escape, rushed into the carriages from both sides before we could get out. We had the greatest work to get our things out, and had to lay them down in the wet. No porters at first. We staggered laden through the crowd, but at last a porter took my things, and we had to go down quantities of steps to the place for getting out. I had lost M. and sent the man back for her, but she appeared in time with the man of the Luxembourg omnibus, who said the omnibus could not get up to the station because

of the water, and we must wait. It seemed hopeless, as it was still pouring, and the street was only about ankle-deep in water, so we could not see that there would have been any difficulty for the omnibus to drive through it—indeed, several carriages came; but the omnibus man was obdurate, and kept saying, “Et je suis tout mouillé moi-même.” My box did not turn up for some time, so we bore it patiently, and after about an hour we got off, the rain having stopped and the water nearly all run off. We got very nice rooms at the Hotel du Luxembourg—on the first floor. We dined at the table d’hôte, then enquired about our journey next day. No one knew, but there seemed an idea people generally went from Villefort. We ordered ourselves to be called in time for the five o’clock train next morning, but a most sensible Boots—to whom I shall for ever feel grateful—assured us the diligence from Villefort always met the 7.40 train, and if we went by the earlier one we should only have to wait. I was too thankful for the respite. This same Boots had also decided us to go to Villefort.

FRIDAY, SEPTEMBER 30th. To-day we may be said to really start for Les Causses. We got off by the 7.40 train; it was raining a little. We had a glimpse of the Tour Magne at starting—the line went quite round it. It is a pretty line, following the windings of the Gardon; quantities of tunnels and viaducts. The sides of the hills were very rough and stony, but covered with chestnut trees laden with fruit. Two soldiers were in the carriage with us. They behaved very well, only one lay with his head on M.’s hold-all and she dared not take

it away. We arrived at Villefort before twelve, and found a very nice diligence waiting, with a banquette, which we immediately secured. The day had become lovely, and we felt that fortune was smiling on us. We got off almost directly, and stopped at a little pothouse, where we had a very good luncheon. The road followed the course of the Allier, crossed a viaduct of two courses; near it was an immensely high one for the railway. Masses of chestnut trees everywhere—always growing on this very stony soil—some very fine ones. The ravine down to the river was full of them. We passed the village of Altier, and a very pretty château on a promontory surrounded by the river. We had a view of Mont Lozère, the highest point of the Cevennes; it looks very smooth and uninteresting, and we find there is a driving road up to the top, so we have no craving for it. We changed horses at La Rochette, and then mounted a Col—the Col de Tribes—and descended into the valley of the Lot; it rose in a field to our right, and we crossed it—quite a tiny little streamlet. At Bleynard we changed horses again. I got out and walked on. I walked three kilométres before they overtook me. At every tenth-of-a-kilomètre there is a little milestone, numbered, and a large one at the kilomètre. I found it took me just ten minutes to walk a kilomètre on a flat road, so I supposed it must be about half-a-mile. We passed an interesting old church with a priory near it, and some fine rocks by the Lot. After I had got into the diligence again we passed a very imposing ruined castle on a rock, and the road went through a tunnel under it. We passed the baths of Bagnol (the season is evidently over), and very soon after it became dark, and

we could see nothing of the approach to Mende; we had hoped to see a Causse. The last piece was downhill. We drew up close to the Hotel Manse—rather squalid, but not bad. We got each a very nice room. The factotum was a young man called Henri, who quite took us in hand. A very good dinner almost directly. It was about seven when we arrived. Henri fetched a voiturier, who arranged to take us to St. Etienne to-morrow. Very dear—35 francs. We miss H. very much. There was room for three on the banquette to-day. Lovely sunset and moon.

SATURDAY, OCTOBER 1st. Lovely morning. There is a very fine cathedral—two lovely spires, one with pinnacles round it, connected by very high flying buttresses. Fine rose window over the west door. A statue of Urban V. in the open space before the cathedral. A market was going on. M. bought quantities of grapes, walnuts, and figs, for twopence. We looked at the Hotel de Paris, in a street, and were glad we had gone to the Manse Hotel, which is in a sort of open square, with a view of the hills, and all the diligences go to it. We got off a little before eleven, for St. Etienne, in a small carriage with two horses. We only took bags and hold-alls, we left the boxes at the hotel. Henri was most anxious to “expédier” them at once to Millau, which he said he did for everybody; from Millau you could “filer” where you liked. The landlady (a very nice person) gave us an excellent luncheon to take with us. We first drove through the town, and got entangled among bullock carts, laden with wood, in the space in front of the

cathedral. We crossed the Lot very soon (still very narrow) and in about a quarter-of-an-hour began to mount in "lacets" (windings) to the Causse Choisal. We walked a good deal of the way up, curious rocks across the valley to the left. At the top we were at last on a Causse—which means a large bare plateau—very stony ground. There were a few detached villages and separate houses, and some miserable looking patches of corn. No water, the inhabitants have only rain water, stored in cisterns. It is traversed by excellent roads, with little shelters at intervals for the men who work on them, as a keen wind is always blowing. I thought it must be rather miserable living there, and remarked so to our driver, a very nice man, who replied "there were worse places than 'Les Causses,' " in which, after all, I agreed; I should prefer them to a slum. We ate our luncheon while crossing the Causse—partridge, ham, bread and butter—all excellent, and beautifully done up in clean paper; also wine, which we could not manage while driving in a gale of wind. The descent on the other side was very steep, the driver had a most curious drag. We saw a lovely valley below us, looking doubly fertile from the contrast with the barren Causse, the Tarn flowing through it, with a bridge, which, however, we did not cross, but turned to the right, following the course of the river. Quantities of almond and walnut trees, and some vines. We passed a castle with a very curious rock behind it, very tall and thin. We stopped a few minutes at Molines. We hoped the poor horses were to have something to eat, but it was only for the driver to buy a cigar, the horses were to go the whole way with

nothing. The driver also had nothing, we gave him some wine, and the remnants of our bread and cheese, we had eaten all the rest. Opposite us now was the Causse Méjean, and above us in a gorge, the Causse Sauveterre, the Tarn flows in a deep gorge between the two. The Causse Sauveterre was a continuation of the Causse Choisal, which we had just crossed, indeed we subsequently discovered it was properly all Sauveterre, Choisal was only the name of a farmhouse we passed on it. We passed a most curious little village at the opposite side, Castlebone, quite nailed against the rocks. A castle in ruins on a detached rock overhanging it. The steep hill-side is all cultivated in terraces (mainly with cabbages), till the rocks become quite perpendicular. We got out, and went on to a little projection to have a better view of it. We arrived at St. Etienne a little before five, we drove through a very narrow street, and were in terror lest the hotel should be in it. To our great relief we emerged from the street, crossed the bridge, and stopped at a very decent little inn, Hotel Malaval and Café du Nord, the very same at which Monsieur Jean had stopped, so we were quite happy. (I have never explained that our tour in these regions is based on an itinéraire, given to M. by a charming young Frenchman they met in Egypt, M. Jean Fabre, attached to the Embassy, Foreign Office?). We got two very tidy rooms, and went out for a walk. We went first along the road in the opposite direction to which we had come, then down to a spring under the bridge, which the landlord told us was the one where St. Etienne was cured of his leprosy. Two women, however, who were

drawing water there, said this was not the one, it was much higher up on the hill. It was too late to go to it, so we went to the church, up a high flight of steps. We went in, and found ourselves in the gallery, we had to go down some steps into the body of the church. It was however, too dark to see anything. We came down a different way into the street, and back to the hotel. We had ordered coffee and eggs; there was a very nice little dining room, but four officers had unfortunately arrived, and we thought we should interfere so much with their enjoyment that we had our meal in M.'s bedroom. Everything was very good, the bread indifferent, but that it is everywhere, except at Mende, where it was excellent. At Grenoble and Valence it was as hard as a board. We mounted to our rooms by a flight of stairs straight out of the kitchen, where there was a cheerful fire, which looked very comfortable. It was very cold, and later on there was a thunderstorm, and pouring rain. We trembled when we thought of the boat to-morrow.

SUNDAY, OCTOBER 2nd. Up before six; gloomy but not raining. We got off in the boat before seven. It was a flat-bottomed boat, very wet with the rain of last night; but we had a seat with a back and cushions put across for us. We paid the St. Etienne landlord 42 francs for the boat to Les Rosiers all the way, including all charges. Most beautiful rocks on each side coming straight down into the water, and bulging out into most curious shapes, full of grottoes. In about an hour-and-a-half we got to St. Chély, and found we were to change to another boat. (The Signal de Chély is a point of the

Causse Mejrán, from which there is a very fine view ; it would be a delightful expedition from St. Etienne, and very easy, not more than four hours there and back.) One of our boatmen—who had never ceased talking—made us go into the village to look at a tree and go into a grotto. A woman led us into the grotto—it was very gloomy and damp ; and she showed us a little precipice at the foot of which there was a boat, and asked us if we would like to go 80 mètres in it. We declined—we both hate grottoes and caverns, and also we wanted to get on. We had to change twice more before Malènes, the place where we were to lunch. The second time, one of the boatmen took the boat straight down a weir, we and the luggage having been first turned out. I should have mentioned that the boatmen did not row us, but punted with long poles. We passed a little village called Pougnaoires. Over it hangs a rock with a deep fissure, which seems as if it might fall any minute, and would inevitably smash the village. The inhabitants do not mind. There are grottoes inhabited near a curious pointed rock they call the Eiffel. The officers in their boat were ahead of us all the time—we encountered them at every change. About 10.30 we got to Malènes. It was ten minutes' walk to the Hotel Mongiroux. We walked about while luncheon was preparing—first to the bridge and then to the church. A very good luncheon, I thought. Monsieur Jean had said he had lunched “*médiocrement*,” so M. thought she must abuse it. The partridge was certainly rather high. We had it at a little table in the same room with the officers, who were very cheerful, and every now and then burst into snatches of song. Two dogs and a kitten were about. We got

off before the officers. After Malènes comes the finest part, called the Déroit. The rocks were quite perpendicular, generally overhanging; the gorge very narrow (always between Sauveterre on the right and Méjean on the left). The rocks have most fantastic shapes, arches, holes, etc. Some have names—Les Moines, Tête d'Homme, La Dame avec l'ombrelle, La Quille. Several caverns, one, where our boatman (a very nice man) told us Madame de Montesquien was hidden for three months at the time of the Revolution. She was blind, and ninety, and died next year in consequence of the hardships she endured; no wonder. After the Déroit comes the Pas de Souci, where the river entirely disappears under an enormous mass of stone—the result of an “*éboulement*” in bygone ages. Here it is necessary to get out and walk about a mile, the luggage being carried. The path passes between two very curious rocks—La Sourde and l'Aiguille, the latter very pointed. Here we lost our nice boatman. He had told us a great deal about M. Martel, a great explorer in these regions, he had been four days going through a cavern, this man with him, and he has also been down several holes. The other boatman carried all our things. All these separate boatmen had to be tipped, ten francs altogether. A boat again at Les Vignes. After this there are several rapids, and only the Les Vignes boatmen are supposed to know them. They took us through most cleverly, one was always poised in such graceful attitudes with his long pole. At one rapid they asked us if we would like to get out, we declined, and it was nothing at all. We should have felt so foolish if we had got out of our boat, and the officers behind stayed in theirs. Two

little villages at the right quite glued against the rocks, very high up. One was called Les Eglasines. One village is only inhabited by two brothers, married, but no children. A high point of rock had long been visible to the left, the Pie de l'Aigle Gros, and, quite near to Les Rosiers, Cap Luc, which M. Jean had been up, and which of course we felt we must also achieve. It has a cross at the top, and looks very pointed and tempting. At 4.30 we arrived at the bridge of Les Rosiers, and all disembarked, the officers followed us to the inn, nearly a mile off. Here, the Jonte joins the Tarn. Les Rosiers is on one side on the level road, Peyreleau across the bridge, built on a hill, a church, and the little town at the top, the Causse Noire rising behind, very picturesque. We had meant to go to the Hotel Dieudonné, at Peyreleau, M. Jean having done so, but all our boatmen exhorted us to go to Rascalou at Les Rosiers. They were rather mysterious, and we thought there must be really some reason for avoiding Dieudonné. We got a very nice double-bedded room at Hotel Rascalou, and found everything very comfortable. Dieudonné looked very nice, and may have been equally good inside. One great advantage in Les Rosiers is the view of Peyreleau, which is most picturesque. As it would soon be dark we at once started for a stroll. We passed the path up to Cap Luc. After going a little way we turned back, crossed the bridge, and went up some steps leading into Peyreleau, and mounted through narrow alleys, hardly to be called streets, to the church, and then to the tower, from which, by daylight, there would be a very fine view; it was now quite dark, and I had great work to get down again. Back to Rascalou,

where we had coffee and excellent trout in a very fair salle à manger. The officers are all gone to Millau, to our great joy.

MONDAY, OCTOBER 3rd. We decided to have a quiet day at Les Rosiers, as we had been travelling incessantly for four days. We went up to Peyreleau to look at the church, then back over the bridge and up the path to Cap Luc; very stony. M. was soon ahead. I got to the village and thought I must be wrong, but a man told me I was right. I met M. coming back—she had missed her way. Steps cut in the rock brought us to a plateau surrounding the final peak, up which there was a ladder. M. would not go, so after trying in vain to persuade her I went alone. There were four ladders—one was only clamps in the rock—all quite easy. I had a beautiful view of the gorges of the Tarn by which we had come, and, going on to Millau, Peyreleau with its tower, and road winding up the Causse Noire to Montpecher le Vieux. There was a second cross on a lower point, separated from the one where I was by a little chasm—nothing to hold by. I could not step across. Back to M.; found a woman with her demanding “sous” as the guardian of the ladder. I went round the plateau, from which there was almost as good a view as from the top. Down to the village again. The woman showed us a grotto. The man I met before said the cross had been put up a year ago; it had brought a blessing to the land; they had had no hail this year. He also said the woman had no right to demand “sous.” M. gave him a franc. We found we were fifty minutes going up. We found quantities of shells going down, a great many

clausifias. There was a great deal of a sort of yellow Jessamine, and quite a new pink flower. As a rule, the flowers are quite over in this region—May and June would be the best months. At the hotel we achieved afternoon tea with some difficulty (our own tea), but it was very good when we did get it. Old Madame Rascalou evidently thought it was not a profitable meal for her. The Rascalous consist of an old couple, their son and his wife. Madame the elder evidently rules the roost. After tea we started for a walk on the other side of the Jonte, past the church and a pretty château belonging to the Mayor. We crossed the Jonte by a “passerelle” to which old Rascalou directed us, with some doubts whether we should like to cross it. I crossed it; the beginning was a round plank, but there was a cord to hold by. M. preferred some stepping-stones which we discovered, and we walked a good way on the other side. We soon passed the junction of the Jonte and Tarn, and then followed the Tarn. We saw a village on the other side with a very imposing château—a man gathering walnuts told us it was called Mostuéjolic. The Marquis was lately dead; his widow was left there with five daughters; the eldest had married a Count, and had just had a baby. M. asked innumerable questions. We came back another way, and crossed the Jonte at the regular bridge.

TUESDAY, OCTOBER 4th. To-day we were to see the grand sight of Les Causses, Montpélier le Vieux. We were off soon after seven, in a carriage with one horse, driven by Rascalou père. We took a bag with things for the night, that we might stay if we liked.

We crossed the bridge, and at once began to wind in "lacets" up the side of the Causse Noire. At the top we turned into a cross road, and in about two hours the carriage could go no further, and we got out and walked up a narrow path through rocks to the Ferme Robert, in a little village close to Montpélier le Vieux. Old Rascalou followed with our bag, and said we walked like "lapins." The Ferme was a very solid building, with high steps up to the door, and a very large dining-room, or rather hall. Madame Robert seemed very nice. Her husband was away at Millau. We decided to stay all night, and old Rascalou and the carriage went back (15 francs). We had a very good luncheon. A large book was on the table, by M. Martel, on "Les Cevennes," with illustrations; it looked most interesting. Madame Robert then brought an old man to be our guide, and we sallied forth. We walked about five minutes across the flat Causse, a little brushwood the only break, and then suddenly found ourselves on the brink of a large hollow, full of rocks of the most fantastic shapes. We went down along a passage called "Le Corridor," and had a scramble up to the highest point, called "La Citadelle," from which we had a survey of the whole. It is a most wonderful sight. Next the Citadelle is another high rock, called "Le Dominal." They are separated by a ravine called Brèche de Roland. The whole is divided into four Cirques—Le Lac, Les Roquettes, Les Amats, and La Millière. They are traversed by endless passages, and it would take days to know it thoroughly. We roamed about for five hours, and did not see half. In Le Lac a man, who we heard was one of the proprietors, was getting up potatoes—the

only sign of cultivation or human life ; but there were a good many trees and much brushwood (flowers, of course, all over). Rocks more and more extraordinary, most with names—l'Amphore, Le Moine Bossu, l'Echiquier, Le Sphinx, (which I never could make out—M. said it was most strikingly like), La Porte Double (a rock with two openings), and, most extraordinary of all, in the Cirque des Amat, La Porte de Nycène—exactly like a Cyclopean gate. With all this, we owned timidly to each other, we could not detect the faintest resemblance to a town. The man who first discovered this place (only in 1883) thought he had come upon a ruined city. To us, the more we looked the more impossible it was to imagine we saw anything but rocks—most extraordinary rocks certainly, but still rocks, and not a town. At one point, M. took a sketch, including the Citadelle and the Dominal, and another rock with a round hole called “La Lune,” which we saw from everywhere. We sadly wanted sunshine, which would have thrown the rocks out more, and perhaps help the illusion of a town, now, those which ought to have been quite separate looked one solid mass from the absence of shadow. Even our old man said, “Il faut de l'ombre.” At one place there is a cave with a supply of beer. We had not the key, and did not want any beer as it was very cold, but I could fancy what bliss it would be to come upon it when perambulating about in boiling heat. There were some rocks called “Les cinq Fissures,” there were five ways of getting through them, we came through one. We finished up with “La Rue des Tombeaux,” and “La Chapelle,” in which we were a long time trying in vain to detect any resemblance to a church.

Back to Robert, having been investigating for about five-hours-and-a-half. The old man's *tariffe* was three francs, we gave him five, as we had been rather long, and he had a cough. He was so grateful that he asked Madame Robert to make us a fire, and said he would bring in some wood. It was not quite dark, so I went out by myself for a little further stroll, and found some more rocks, one nearly like a castle, and a broad path traversing the Causse in the opposite direction to Montpellier le Vieux, which I fancied would be the one by which we should go to the Cirque of Madasse to-morrow. We had a very comfortable evening. There was an enormous fireplace, in which Madame Robert made a fire, which required constant attention, but still it looked cheerful. She brought a table close to it, and we had a very good dinner. Afterwards I read "*Les Cévennes*." Madame Robert brought in Angéle, their only child, a year old. Her mother, his father, and our old guide, the uncle of Mons. Robert, all live with them. Robert himself came in, and arranged to take us to the Cirque de Madasse to-morrow, and back to Les Rosiers by the *Sentier Corniche*.

WEDNESDAY, OCTOBER 5th. We had shuddered at leaving our fire last night, but once in bed we were very comfortable. We awoke to pouring rain and howling wind, some stayed in bed till eight. We had very hot coffee, and excellent brown bread. We tried to devise plans for getting to Millau, in case the rain continued, but none seemed feasible. I went to the kitchen to find Madame Robert, and found the whole family, the two grand-parents, and the old man of

yesterday, very comfortable, with an excellent fire, I envied them. However, about eleven it cleared, and we got off with Robert. We did not go in the direction I had expected, but back to the point where we left the carriage yesterday, by a different path, and the point where the carriage left the road ; M. had always said that we should, but I did not believe her, she is unerring about roads. Then we had a long trudge across the Causse, sometimes cutting across stony fields, sometimes along the road, but nice walking, not hard, and undulating. Looking back we got a view of the Citadelle and Dominal, and some rocks in another direction called Les Roques Altas. In about two hours, we came upon St. Jean des Balmes, a ruined church ; in one part there are some very fine arches, seven springing from one vault, and some remains of frescoes. The last curé was murdered by his clerk at the end of the last century, and there has not been a priest since. Robert was very talkative, and told us the Causse Noire used to be all cultivated, but now they find sheep more profitable, and Roquefort cheese is made from their milk. They make the green cheese by putting pieces of mouldy bread in the curds. We now got to the edge of the Cirque de Madasse, and looked down upon another wilderness of curious rocks, with very fine trees among them. We walked along the edge, looking down, Robert being uncertain of the path, and saw the Hermitage and Rédoute of St. Michel, perched upon a detached rock ; we were to go up to it. At last Robert found a path down ; it began to pour, so we found a cave, where we had a most excellent luncheon, which Madame Robert had packed up for us. When we had done we explored the Cirque ; there are

some very curious rocks called "Les Odaliques," along the top, then we turned back, and made for the Hermitage of St. Michel. When we got there we found there was a ladder, which M. declined, having an unreasonable objection to that mode of progression, so I went up with the guide. At the top I found the Rédoute was on quite a separate rock, one had to go down and mount again, so I said I would give it up, not liking to keep M. waiting so long. However, when we got down she said she would go and look at it, and when we got to the other rock, though it appeared to me much more formidable than the ladder (having to scramble up the bare rock), she said she liked it very much, and that it was like the pyramids. There was an iron rail to hold by, and we had a nice scramble up to the Rédoute; after all, it was not quite at the top, but that was quite inaccessible, no doubt the Alpine Club will soon put another ladder. There was an interesting view of the Cirque, and the valley of the Jonte, with a very curious rock called the Vase de Sèvres, exactly like a vase on a slender stem. Then back to the bottom of the first rock, where our impedimenta had been left, and as it was now pouring again we set off on the return to Les Rosiers. We began steadily to descend to the valley of the Jonte, and it soon dawned upon us that we could not be going by the Sentier Corniche, which Mons. Robert had said was so fine. The guide was evidently determined not to go by it, he said there were "broussailles." There could not have been more than by the path we were going—sopping trees dropping upon us. However, as it was raining we did not persevere, and the path we were going was a delightful

one, down to the level of the road on the other side of the river, and then undulating. After all we began to think this might be the right path, as we could not see how there could be one above, the rocks were so divided by chasms. We saw the Vase de Sèvres again; it looks still better from below. There were several wires from the top of the rocks across the ravine to the road, down which they slide wood. I had seen the same thing at Amalfi, and there I actually saw the bundles of wood whizzing down. We found wild lavender, but it was nearly over and very dry. In Montpélier le Vieux we found *Potentilla Caulescens*—our old friend of Bormio and Cortina. The old guide said botanists were always delighted to get it. Also a shrub with red berries, called *Uva Ursi*, or *Arbutus Officinalis*—I do not know which. I found it mentioned in "Les Cévennes." The path was close to the river towards the end, then up to the bridge, and we arrived at Les Rosiers soon after four. Robert's tariffe was five francs—we gave him six, as he had carried our bag and it was raining. Tea was most grateful. Excellent dinner; very good trout. We talked to old Rascalou about Millau, Meyrueis, and the Argilau Cavern. Yesterday, M. thought she was going to have a grand long evening to write up her journal, and found she had brought the wrong book. She was nearly distracted.

THURSDAY, OCTOBER 6th. We started for Millau at nine, in a one-horse carriage, old Rascalou driving. We passed the ruins of the château of Peyrelade, which was destroyed by Richelieu; it used to dominate the whole valley. In about two hours we arrived at Millau—

Hotel de Commerce; very imposing. The table d'hôte was just beginning, so we partook, reading our letters at the same time. Then we went out and inspected a church—Notre Dame. A fine clocher, nothing particular inside. The Hotel de Ville is in the same square—ancient galleries all round, a large crucifix on one side of the square. Then we strolled down the Rue Droite; children followed us in crowds down to the bridge—there we shook them off. The view of the valley of the Dourbie from the bridge is very pretty. We now made our way to the photographer, Casimir Julien, in the Rue Peyrollerie. We found him at the top of a very high house in a studio, not a shop. We were there more than an hour, and had a great deal of talk with him. He is taking a house at Peyredeau, and next year he will be there and take people walks; none of the guides know any of the best points. We have missed the Sentier Corniche; he says it is lovely, and quite easy. Of course, Robert did not know it; but still, we should not have enjoyed it in the rain. Then we searched for a bookseller, and at last found one, where I bought Miriam's Guide and M. Martel's "Cevennes." Each cost five francs—the latter we thought very cheap. Then we went in search of an old tower we had seen in the distance. We found we had passed close to it in the Rue Droite without noticing it. Carriage at four, and drove back. It was very cold. Old Rascalou was very talkative. He told us about his son having had a very bad illness; his mother nursed him, and had never been the same since; she used to be very handsome—she is still very good-looking. She evidently lords it over the poor wife, who, she told us, was "douce comme un agneau."

It was so cold I asked for a fire, and we had an excellent one, and dined sitting on each side of it, very cosy. We had the guide, Emil Foulguier, to talk to us about the grotto. He discovered it with M. Martel—or rather explored it with him. He is an imposing, solemn man. His portrait is in the Cevennes book and in Miriam's Guide. We are to start at seven, and to have costumes to wear over our clothes.

FRIDAY, OCTOBER 7th. Left Les Rosiers at 7.30, in a carriage with two horses driven by "le domestique," Emile on the box. The bill was very moderate—46.50. We drove along the valley of the Jonte, and saw the Vase de Sèvres and the Hermitage of St. Michel again. Two very imposing rocks were called Fabié and Curvélié. Several "fils de fer" crossing the road for the wood to come down. In two hours we got to the place where we were to get out for the Grotte d'Aiglan. The carriage went back a little way to put up, and was ordered to be at the same point at five o'clock. We crossed the Jonte on a "passerelle," and mounted the other side nearly to the top of the Causse Noire. In three-quarters of an hour we came to a door in the rock. The guide unlocked it and showed a gloomy recess, in which we were to begin by putting on our costumes—blue cotton pants and blouses. We looked most extraordinary. M. was exulting at her blouse being longer than mine, when the guide came in, contemplated her solemnly, and desired her to tuck it up—he said it was too long. We now set off, each with a candle; Emile generally carried mine, and clutched my hand. I am very helpless in the dark. M. followed alone. We went over rough stones,

up ladders, over crampons of iron, sometimes crawling through rough low passages on red clay. Every now and then we halted in a *salle*. Emile lighted magnesian wire, and we saw the most splendid stalactites—quite transparent, and all sorts of wonderful shapes. One *salle*, “*l’Eglise*,” was just like a church—the altar, candle, and organ-pipes. The *Quenouille* was a lovely group of stalactites. Sometimes they hung like strings of *maccaroni*. The *mosquée* was a beautiful hall, with a tall, tapering minaret. In about two hours-and-a-half we found ourselves back at the entrance, and Emile now considered it was time for luncheon. (We had come back by a different route.) We had not half done, and should much have preferred finishing before having our meal; but Emile was firm. We sat outside, and had a very good *déjeuner*. Then back to the grotto, and we at once descended several ladders, deep in the bowels of the earth. Some lovely *salles*, the *Grande* and *Petite Cascades*, the stalactites looking like lace. *Le Lac*, quite transparent water, stalactites like sentinels round it, through a very narrow passage called *Les Boyaux*, and then, most beautiful of all, *Le Clocher*—just like a Gothic temple, 25 mètres high. This was to be our limit. Emile said there was an hour’s walking more, but it was not arranged with ladders yet. I should have liked to go, but M. had had enough. She said she would wait, but I could not have left her sitting among dripping stalactites for two hours; and perhaps it was enough. We had to go back the same way, and had been more than two hours when we got back to the opening, and it was a relief to feel the air of heaven again. This grotto was only discovered three years ago, a shepherd boy saw a fox

run in, and so found the opening, and then M. Martel and our guide explored it thoroughly. He was a very solemn man, but could not resist a chuckle when we emerged, looking such objects by daylight, our blue pants covered with red clay. We dressed, and got down to the road a few minutes before the carriage appeared. We drove on to Meyrueis; it is quite a town, and very picturesque; the river, an affluent of the Jonte, running through the middle, crossed by several bridges. We saw M. Jean's Hotel Levizac, which he had said was "abominable," and were very glad we were going to the Hotel de l'Europe, kept by Rey, which looked very tidy, it is not mentioned in the guide book. We got a very decent double-bedded room, had a good dinner, with tea afterwards, and a plentiful supply of wood. Madame Rey seemed a very superior person. We had the guide in, and settled he was to go with us to Bramabiau and the Aigoual to-morrow, quite unnecessary we thought, but he was such a nice man. Fixed to be off at seven. After all, he was necessary for Bramabiau.

SATURDAY, OCTOBER 8th. Soon after seven we started in Rascalou's carriage for Bramabiau and Aigoual, Emile on the box. A bitterly cold, cutting wind. It was a dreary drive, up-hill, over the Causse Noire, we saw two or three chateaux. They are re-planting some of the hills. It was very misty, and we did not feel hopeful about Aigoual. In about three hours, we got to the point where we were to get out for Bramabiau. We had never been able to understand exactly what Bramabiau was, it was not a cavern, and not a waterfall. We now saw a great wall of rock, a

cascade springing out of it, but the point was to follow the stream under the rock, and then to go to another place, and see where it entered. It was a very pretty walk down a winding path, mostly under trees, then over a wooden bridge, and we were close to the cascade. They have cut a path along the rock above the stream for a good way with an iron rail to hold by, and we followed it some way past the second cascade. The stream flows through a tunnel in the rock, and there are seven cascades. M. Martel and our guide were the first to explore it all the way. We then came back up the path again, and across fields, to the point where the stream enters the tunnel, and scrambled over stones and rocks to look down a chasm. It is now a favourite exploit with men to follow the stream the whole way, in some places they have to swim. No doubt it will soon be arranged with bridges, and everybody will do it. We now made our way above the tunnel to Campeyre, where the carriage had put up. Here we found a nice little inn, Marie Bertrand, with a fire, and some decent food. It was now 2.30, and we quite gave up the Aigoual, a high point with a very fine view, and an observatory at the top, nearly finished. It was very misty, and there would have been no view, and it was very cold. Also, as there was a driving road to the top one felt it might be done any time. I went out and explored the village, and looked at the church, there are quite large schools. About three, we set off on the return drive, which was shorter as it was mainly downhill. There are several chateaux near Meyrueis. There is also a Protestant Temple, a round building. Near Meyrueis we saw a chapel on a hill overhanging

the town, with a very large statue of the Virgin, Emile said it was called Notre Dame de Lourdes. M. said she should go up to it, I said I should certainly not, but when we got back to the hotel we found a man dining, so after all we both went up, it only took us about ten minutes and the walk warmed us. We could not get into the chapel but the statue is most imposing, and we had a good view of the town and neighbourhood. There is a pilgrimage there in May. We found a nice fire when we got down, and had a good dinner and a comfortable evening. We paid the guide 15 francs. We had the coachman in and had a great argument about our drive to-morrow. He is only to take us to Floral, we shall take another carriage from there to Mende, and he wants 25 francs.

SUNDAY, OCTOBER 9th. Off at 7.30, a very cheap bill. When we left, M. tipped the man who had brought in the wood for our fire, he looked rather odd, and we asked the driver what he was, he said he was the landlord. It had never entered our heads he was the husband of Mme. Rey, who was so very imposing and superior. It was a most interesting drive to Floral, first winding up Causse Méjean, then across the Col to Perjuret, the only point where Méjean joins the mainland, from here there is a route up the Aigoual (walking) which would be much more interesting. We got a glimpse of the Aigoual. At the other side of the Col is the valley of the Tarnon, the Cevennes to the right. We passed very pretty villages, Viblou and Sargas where there is a very pretty old chateau still inhabited. We got to Floral at 11.30, stopped at the

Hotel Melguion and enquired the way to the source, which we read rushed out of the Rock Roquefort, and supplied the town with water. A boy got in the box to show us the way, we drove a little further, then got out and walked about ten minutes through an orchard, and across a bridge close to where the water rushes out of a very imposing rock. It is crossed by three bridges in the town and runs right through it. Back to the Hotel Melguion, where we had a very decent déjeuner in a private room, pictures of Mazepa all round it. To our horror they brought a large close carriage round, we had telegraphed from Meyrueis for a carriage "a deux places," so insisted on having one and at last succeeded. We got off at one o'clock. The Tarnon flows into the Tarn by the bridge just outside the town. We followed the Tarn to Ispagnac, quite a large town full of people, men in blouses no doubt come from the Causses for Sunday; crowds before the church. On to Molines, and from there found we were to cross Causses Sauveterre by the same route we had come to St. Etienne a week ago, we had fancied we should go by a different route. We walked all the way up, it was very steep and it warmed us, nice horses, very fond of each other. On the other side of the Causse, going down, there are some curious rocks one called the Lion de Balsieges, we thought it much more like a bull. We had a lovely view of the Cathedral as we approached Mende. We stopped at the Post; M. got out and had to come back to me for my passport before they would give her a card. We got very nice rooms at Hotel Manse. Henri soon made us an excellent fire. We neither of us felt up to

dinner, and had coffee in my room, very good and hot, and were very comfortable. It was nearly seven when we arrived, it had been a very cold drive. We are to start for Rodez to-morrow, at 9.37.

MONDAY, OCTOBER 10th. Left Mende by 9.37 train. We regretted we had not had time to go up to a Hermitage half-way up the Causse de Mende, which overlooks the town. The line followed the Lot to Le Monastier, where we changed, the train was there ready. We passed through several tunnels, still following Causse Sauveterre, and crossed the Lot several times. At Severac we changed again; the line followed the Aveyron, quite a small stream. It was rather a dull line to Rodez. We had a long drive in an omnibus up the hill to the town; we went to the Hotel de France, Place de la Cité, recommended by Baedeker. There is a statue of Archbishop Affré in the square, and a view of the tower of the Cathedral at one end, the tower is detached. It was about two, so we went out at once to explore. We looked at the tower and the statue, then went down the Rue Neuve to the old Maison Armagnac, covered with medallions, and a bas-relief of the Annunciation. Round to the Cathedral, most curious gargoyles all along the sides. We went in at the south porch—three beautiful arches. There is no west door, the west end is taken up by what they call a "jube," a beautiful carved gallery or tribune. In the third chapel, to the right, there is a sarcophagus representing the Sepulchre, with most curious figures of the three Maries, Joseph of Arimathea, Nicodemus, and St. John. Above, there are bas-reliefs of our

Saviour and Mary Magdalene, Adam and Eve, and the Agony in the Garden. Over the entrance to the chapel there are figures of Sibyls. A party of priests came in, but were satisfied with a most cursory view, we examined most thoroughly. The fourth chapel has a bas-relief of the Agony in the Garden. There are most beautiful carved stalls. Out again by the lovely south porch, and round to the west front. No door, two square towers, flying buttresses—the detached tower or campanile is most beautiful. We could not find the Custode to take us up the tower, and were rather glad. There is a statue of Samson in a little garden before the west end. We walked all round the Boulevard d'Enceinte; there are open spaces here and there with benches, and views over the surrounding country—rather flat. We passed the Barracks and Palais de Justice, and finished up with the church of St. Amant. There are fine pillars, but it was too dark to see much. Back to the hotel by the Rue Neuve. Table d'hôte dinner. We had a delightful fire in our room, and very good tea. They brought us rum with it. We got milk with some difficulty.

TUESDAY, OCTOBER 11th. Off at 8.30 for Cahors. Changed at Cap de Nac, where we waited an hour, and had déjeuner. It is a pretty line after Cap de Nac, the Lot quite broad, we crossed it several times—towards the end there are rocks and tunnels. A fine view of Cahors—we saw the ruins of the Abbey, the Cathedral, and the bridge of Valentré with towers, the train crossed the Lot into the station. There was no omnibus, we walked to the Hotel Gambetta, a man

carrying our small luggage. It is a poor hotel in a broad boulevard, we got two dull rooms looking to the back, no fireplaces, but it was fortunately not cold. Cahors looks prosperous with very nice shops, there were hardly any at Rodez. We went out to find the post in the Rue de Lycée close to, and walked down to the bridge de Valentré without finding it, so crossed the bridge—mediæval, with three towers, most imposing. We walked a little way on the other side, the bridge was beautifully reflected in the water. Back to the Rue de Lycée and at last we found the post. Then to the Cathedral. It has a curious west end, flat towers and no doors, like Rodez, frescoes inside—the death and burial of Stephen, St. Barbara, and some of which we could not make out the subject. We had bought a guide book, but it told us nothing. There is a beautiful porch on the north side, much defaced, and the entrance blocked up. Then we walked down to the river passing through the fruit market. Along the river to Pont Louis Philippe and back to the hotel. We passed the statue of Gambetta, (who was born at Cahors) with dying soldiers all round him, very horrid. We dined before the table d'hôte. Heard the band playing and were much provoked we had not rooms looking to the front.

WEDNESDAY, OCTOBER 12th. . Lovely day, quite warm again. Went out to find 11, Rue Lycée where Gambetta was born. They showed us two different houses. We had a carriage with two horses, a tipsy driver but we rather liked him. First across the river by Pont Neuf, saw the ruins of the Dominican church,

then through the town to the Palais de Pape Jean, and the Tour de la Barre on a rock overhanging the river, one side of it open, then the Barbican, with the Tour Poudrière on the wall. We got out and looked down on the railway, for which they have made a gap in the wall, but not spoiled it much. Then we drove along a suburban road to a garden, and got out to see the Portail de Diane, a Roman archway, supposed to be a fragment of baths. Then across the Pont de Valentrè, where we got out to see the spring which supplies the town coming from the rock, which we had missed yesterday. Back across Pont Louis Philippe, saw the Maison de Henri IV. a picturesque old house, and went into the church of St. Narcisse, very massive pillars. We went to the cathedral again to look at the frescoes on the cupola by a better light. The figures have the names in Greek letters, I could not make them out, except David and Daniel. Then we drove through several old streets with most picturesque houses, beautiful windows. Back to the hotel, we had had the carriage two hours, we paid 5 francs. We had time to go and look at the garden behind Gambetta's statue, where there is a statue of Fénélon. We were nearly run over by a man on a bicycle, racing round and round the alleys. Train to Périgueux at 12.50. Changed at Libos. It seemed an endless journey to Périgueux, though apparently it was quite near. The line followed the Lot at first, and then the Dordogne. We were quite sorry to lose the Lot, which we have followed from its source. We were five hours getting to Périgueux; it was quite dark when we arrived. We went to the Hotel de France, in the Place Francheville. We got a large

double-bedded room to the front. Dined in the restaurant and had tea in our room.

THURSDAY, OCT. 13th. It poured; very depressing; cleared a little about eleven, and we went out. On account of the rain I could not take out a volume of "Freeman's Essays" which I had with me. The essay on Cahors and Périgueux had been a great help to us at Cahors. We found St. Etienne (l'Eglise de la Cité) quite near. It is the old cathedral, built before St. Front. It has two domes; the west end is very plain. There are frescoes of the Apostles round the chancel, very massive pillars with curious capitols, one of the Crucifixion with angels round it, and a large wooden reredos, the Assumption, with disciples below; statues of the Annunciation on each side. No trace of St. Etienne anywhere. We thought we were perhaps mistaken, but an old verger assured us it was l'Eglise de la Cité. Then on to Les Arènes—quite near. It is a Roman Amphitheatre, the area in the middle filled up by a garden. The shrubs rather encumber the ruins, but still a good deal is visible; several arches. Then back into the streets. We found a very good confectioner. We enquired the way to St. Front, and came upon it—glaringly restored. The tower must have been lovely when there was the old open "clocher" at the top. The scaffolding is still all round it. We found we must have seen it from everywhere, but never thought it was St. Front, it looked so new. There are five cupolas, with little turrets upon them; three large porches at the west end. The inside is very bare—in the form of a cross, huge pillars. The east window has the angels of the

Seven Churches of Asia, the names above ; emblems and names of a virtue below. At the west end there is a window with Old Testament subjects. Our guide-book mentioned the crypt, but we found it impossible to get to it on account of repairs. We went down steps to the river—the Lisle. There are two bridges—a fine view of St. Front from both. It is most unique with its five cupolas and tower. Then up by another route to the Public Gardens ; a man near, sweeping, showed us a picturesque old house near. We went along the Boulevard and saw the Tour de Vesme just before us—an old Roman ruin, an immense tower, open in front. Then we enquired the way to Château Barrère, an old house much extolled by Freeman, and from his description one would suppose it to be close to the Tour de Vesme, but it was some way off. It is built on the walls of the town ; the railway is just underneath ; part of the house is still inhabited. We went back to the hotel and ordered a carriage for a drive, then, as both Freeman and the local guide describes Brantôme Abbey as very fine, we went to a little station belonging to the steam tram to enquire about the hours of trains. We found they were at six and eleven. Very awkward—one too early, the other too late. Soldiers were drilling in the square. On my way back I found to my horror that I had lost my opera-glass—a very expensive one. I knew I had it at tea. I went back twice to the station, feeling sure I must have laid it down when I went to enquire about trains. They said they had not seen it. I offered a reward. We went a drive in a brougham (no open carriage was to be had) down by the river and up and down streets with old houses. We were dropped at a

glove shop. Getting out I felt my umbrella rather heavy, and there was my opera-glass, inside! How it got there I cannot imagine. I must have been carrying it about all the time I was going up and down to the station. Of course, it was bliss to find it again. I went back to the station to say the opera-glass was found. The waiter at the hotel was much interested. We dined in the restaurant. It was very cold, so we had a fire in our room. We decided to go to Brantôme by the eleven train if fine; if not, to Limoges at ten.

FRIDAY, OCTOBER 14th. Rainy and cold. We decided for Limoges. Train at ten; a very comfortable carriage. The line was dull at first, but pretty near Limoges; a good deal of heath, and peeps of the Vienne. The Hotel de la Paix in Place Jourdan is quite a superior hotel. There was a very nice *femme de chambre*—a sight we had not seen since *Hélène* at Les Rosiers, having always had men. We went out at once, and were quite taken by surprise by a most lovely cathedral. We had not expected anything particular. A beautiful tower, and a very fine porch at the west end. It is lovely inside—beautiful pillars, the choir enclosed by the same pillars open all round, which had a very light effect. Very interesting windows. Jubé at the west end with winding staircases, and bas-reliefs of the labours of Hercules. The old sacristan told us the Jubé used to be a screen, and had lately been moved to the west end; the tower used to be separated by an open space, which has lately been enclosed, so as to make another bay to the nave. The tower has had to be repaired near the bottom, but they have managed it so as not to spoil it

at all. The évêché is quite near. Back to the Place Jourdan, where we got a carriage and drove to St. Pierre Queray; very massive pillars, curious windows. Then to St. Michel, a church with a gilt ball at the top of the spire, which can be seen from an immense distance; beautiful slender pillars, the choir enclosed by them as it was in the cathedral. Then to the Hotel de Ville, which has medallions of celebrities on the façade. From the bridge over the Vienne there is a very fine view of the cathedral. The banks of the river on each side were lined by women washing; as far as one could see, the ground was covered with clothes drying, and lines with more clothes waving in the air. We thought an annual wash must be going on, but the driver said it was always so, we could not understand why there should be so much more washing at Limoges than anywhere else. Back to Place Jourdan, as the driver said he had to be in by four. We took another carriage and drove to St. Aurelien, a little chapel in Quartier des Bouchers, a granite cross in front. A window with St. Martial and St. Aurelien. Then to the China Museum—china of all ages and countries. We had been astonished to see no china shops, and now told the driver to drop us at the best. We saw nothing we cared for. M. bought a cup. We walked back to the hotel, it was now quite dark and very cold. We had a fire lighted at once in M.'s room. Dined at the table d'hôte at a separate table.

SATURDAY, OCTOBER 15th. Got off by 8.20 train, and in three hours were at Chateauroux. We lodged our small luggage at the Consigne (the left luggage

office), and then sallied forth, and came at once upon a very fine cathedral close to the station. Two spires, very new-looking, we could not discover whether new or only restored. Beautiful clustered pillars inside, and beautiful painted windows, mostly unknown saints, with their names on them, which was a great comfort. At the end of one transept were three angels, Michael, Raphael, and Gabriel, and on the opposite one the three Kings. A statue of St. Luke outside. We walked through the town; it was market-day, and three squares were full of merchandise of different kinds. Up high steps to another church, which was closed. I had a fall coming down. Up-hill we came upon another very handsome church—Notre Dame, with a cupola and spire. More painted windows—quite a new set of saints. In one window, three shepherdess saints, one called Solange. When we came out it was pouring, which was provoking, as we had still a long while to wait, also, we had to keep on the same clothes till the next evening. We went on—found an old archway, then got into a road quite outside the town, and came round to the station. We had some coffee at once, and decided to dine at 6.30, when we found there was a table d'hôte for the passengers by the express. We meant to go by a later train, as the express arrived in Paris too early. We sat and read in the waiting room. It was fortunate there was such a good station. It was very cold; an official said he would light the fire, but did not. At 6.30 we dined at a little table; the long table was kept for the passengers by the express, which was half-an-hour late. At length our train came, and we settled ourselves comfortably in a first-class carriage,

not to stir till Paris. We put on slippers, and made ourselves quite comfortable. What was our horror in about two hours—to be turned out at Vierzon, and to have to wait half-an-hour for another train. I very nearly left my boots in the net, everything was scattered about. Vierzon was where we should have changed if we had gone to Bourges. After Vierzon, there was no further change. We arrived in Paris about four o'clock on the morning of the 16th.

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FROM OETZ TO INNSBRÜCK, BY
THE DAUN JOCH, ETC.

SATURDAY, JULY 20th. At Basle I could not take my ticket to Oetzthal, only to Landeck. There I got out in a great hurry and was preparing for a struggle to get my ticket to Oetzthal and my box registered, when the guard came up and he might have been English. He at once understood and put me back in the carriage, and said he would arrange. After we had gone on a little he came to me with my ticket, and said I could pay for my box at Oetzthal. I was too grateful and of course gave him a gulden. All went right, I and all my belongings turned out at Oetzthal, I had only to pay 20 kreutzer for my box. At first I intended to stay till Monday at the Sterzinger Hotel close to the station, but it looked very uninviting, and the people did not seem at all anxious for me to stay, so I ordered an einspänniger and drove to Oetz—about an hour's drive, the first village, a sweet little place. There is a church on a hill with a small red spire, and a very nice hotel. The landlord at once said he knew me, that I was a "berühmte Bergsteigerin" and that I had often been there on my way down the valley, which I had. I got

a very nice room, in a separate wing. The table d'hôte was a sort of supper, very good and soon over. They brought me such a gigantic goblet of beer I could not finish it. Two ladies and a little girl opposite me got through theirs quite comfortably, the little girl had a smaller one, but wanted more. After supper I went out to look at the church, a good pull up-hill. I passed a house with a large fresco of St. Christopher. It was too dark to go inside, the churchyard was well-kept, and there was a good view from it. Two women were seeing after their graves. I came back a different way.

SUNDAY, JULY 21st. The church bells mingled with my dreams. I felt very guilty, but could not get up. . . I consulted the Wirth about guides, and he was most helpful. I told him I thought of the Dresden and Nuremberg Hütten, and he recommended the Amberg to begin with, starting from Lengenfeld, and said he would send a message to a guide there to be ready for me. I am to start by a diligence at 8.30 to-morrow morning. This was all settled before the table d'hôte, which was quite a Sunday dinner, with ices—the usual Sunday treat. As it was rather hot, I sat in the dining-room afterwards with a book, had some coffee, and about four started for a walk to the Pibourger See, which the Wirth said was about half-an-hour off. This I considered to mean an hour, which it did. I turned off the road at a Tafel, and crossed the Ache at a covered bridge. Then came a very pretty winding path, quite shady; a good stiff pull, till I saw the little lake shining through the trees, and went down to it. To my surprise, there was a little bathing-house with an attendant, and

two ladies bathing. I could not resist. I waited about ten minutes, as it was rather hot, and then had a most delightful bath. It was boarded, and one went down steps. The attendant was very much afraid I should slip off them into the open lake, but there did not seem the least danger, as there was a rail to hold by. A curtain shielded me from the lake. I only stayed a short time, and came back a different route, from the other side of the lake. It was a prettier route and more view—rather longer, but as it was down-hill it did not matter. Both ways there were numerous “Tafels” pointing to other places, so there would be a great number of excursions. Quantities of raspberries (not ripe), and I found a few strawberries. Plenty of flowers, but nothing new. The fields all round Oetz are full of beautiful lilac poppies. Got back just in time for Abendessen. Thunder and rain in the night.

MONDAY, JULY 22nd. Not raining, but very dull. I despatched my box and black bag to Sterzing, and sent the ticket to the landlord of the Hotel Rose, hoping he would have them and a room ready for me in about a week. I got off soon after eight in an omnibus (the post being full) with five other ladies, and a man on the box. Three were girls, and they talked and laughed incessantly; it was quite pleasant to see them. The road was a mass of stones in places from torrents; I don't know whether it all happened last night. Soon there came a long hill, and every one was asked to turn out. I was following, when the driver said I could stay, and I meanly did, for I did not know what might be before me at Lengenfeld, and the road was very muddy.

Still, I felt ashamed, as one of the others was quite an old lady. However, she and her daughters got in again pretty soon; the rest trudged to the top. Soon after they got in, it began to rain, and before we got to Umhausen it poured, coming in at all the windows, which would not shut. The river was a foaming torrent—much wider than I have ever seen it; we crossed it about five times. The scenery was very grand, the mountains looming through mist. At Umhausen the three girls met two young men, Franz and August, who brought them sausages, bread, and white wine, to eat in the carriage. They had expected to get out there, but it was fixed they were all to go on to Lengenfeld. It seemed an endless way. The rain came in worse and worse, and even the girls' spirits were damped. At last we got to Lengenfeld—the nice hotel with Cæsar and Alexander on it. A seething, moist crowd got out from three omnibuses. I secured my luggage, carried it upstairs, and, finding a meal going on, had some food. Then I enquired from the Kellnerin about my guide. She knew all about him—he was her brother, Franz Karlinger. He was summoned, and it was settled it would be madness to start to-day in this pouring rain; but we are to start to-morrow morning at six (if fine) for the Amberger Hütte, which they call three-and-a-half hours off—no doubt, for me that means five or six. However, that will leave me a long afternoon to rest; and I hope to get the next day to the Dresdener Hütte, which is over a pass—the Daun Joch—and will be more of an undertaking. Then I secured a room in a dépendance just opposite. Franz, who looks like a gentleman, carried my things there, and I put on a

warm jacket. I spent the rest of the afternoon in a very nice balcony, writing up my journal and playing Patience. The three girls and Franz and August were at another table. Rain continues unremittingly ; it does not look hopeful for to-morrow. It became very cold on the balcony, but when I went in for supper the room was quite warm, not to say stuffy ; but I was very glad of it.

TUESDAY, JULY 23rd. My little Dachzimmer was very comfortable. A very fine morning. I was called at five, but did not get off till 7.10—the bill and “proviand” took so long arranging. I also found a shop where I bought a green veil, a pair of scarlet woollen stockings with blue stripes, and some photos. The way led through the village, past the church and parsonage, a very imposing building, then turned to the right and mounted steeply, winding round into the Salz Thal. Soon, however, the path became almost level, and was delightful ; undulating, along the side of a deep ravine, which, however, was unfortunately full of mist. Further on the mist cleared away. In about an hour the path descended steeply to a bridge, and, on the other side, a very fine peak—the Schraukogel—came into view. The path was now pretty level. The little church of Gries, with a round red bulb, appeared in sight, and we were in the parsonage, which serves as an inn, in exactly an hour and fifty minutes—the allotted time being an hour-and-a-half. Here I had some coffee and eggs ; very good. Then I found my name in the visitors’ book ; I was there in 1886, before crossing the Mutterberger Joch, and slept there. The priest who was here then is now dead ; I did not see the present

one. I went into the church: it is very clean and well kept, and there are some nice pictures, but not the Madonna with the shoe. We started off again at 10.5, after an hour's rest. The path was level at first, through meadows; then it mounted, but not very steeply, level bits intervening, the path rather stony. We re-crossed the stream, and the guide, to my amazement, volunteered the information that we were more than half-way. Then came a level piece, through "Wiesen," after which the path mounted, turning into an opening to the left. (We had previously passed the entrance to the Selrau valley, which leads to near Innsbrück). Then an Alp, and close to it a bridge, a short steep mount, and then we crossed a deep ravine, the stream from the Salzbach glacier which filled up the head of the valley (a fine peak behind) flows down it. The Amberger Hütte now appeared, close to the other side of the stream, which we re-crossed higher up, passing a Tafel with "Zum Schwarzberger Joch" upon it. The walk took just under three hours from Gries, two being the time allotted. The Hütte looked very clean and comfortable, and the sleeping room was divided into compartments, not a separate room for ladies. I think there were five compartments. I sat on a bench outside in the sun, and began by trying on the red stockings, and was relieved to find I could wear them under my boots. (There were some sharp showers on the way up, but they were soon over, and the sun came out and dried us). I had a very pleasant afternoon in the Hütte; had some wine and salame, and was to have coffee later on when the cows came back to the Alp to be milked. They were all scattered about the mountain side, looking

so pretty. About four, a German couple arrived, the lady in trousers, and a short skirt down to her knees, and a large hood, a very sensible costume I thought. She put on a longer skirt for the Hütte. It began to rain again, rather disheartening for the next day. I watched the cows gradually coming down, but they were very slow about it, and Franz, my guide, said they were not milked till 6.30. I felt I could not wait for coffee till then, so asked him to fetch some at once, which he did, and I had some excellent coffee, quite hot, with boiling milk. It was very pretty to see the cows when at last they all came down, and trooped past, under the guardianship of two herds, in large, light, great coats, with a great many capes, there must have been fifty or sixty cows. I retired about eight, to have a long night, also to have the room to myself to undress in. The German couple were very inoffensive. They were going over the Schwarzberger Joch to the Franz Seen Hütte, of which I had never heard.

WEDNESDAY, JULY 24th. I slept very well, and was not at all cold. I was to be called at four, but I had not much hopes of getting off, the weather looked so very unpromising. I heard an alarum, and then a stir among the guides, but as no one came I took it for granted the weather was bad. By and bye Franz came, and said all was in mist, but it might clear later. I got up and went to look myself, there were no signs of peaks or glaciers, all was in mist. I went back to bed prepared for a long day in the Hütte, and had gone soundly to sleep, when the other people's guide appeared, and shouted "Auf stehen! Wetter ganz

klar." All was now hurry, and we finally got off at 6.30, the weather quite fine, and it turned out a lovely day. The German couple got off first; they had to cross the stream for their path, I watched them going along very briskly. Our path was on this side of the stream; I started first with the Träger, Franz remained behind to tidy up. I had written my name in a most beautiful visitors' book, in a case, and there was another book in which to put what one paid—my expenses were one gulden. The path was level at first by the side of the stream, rather wet in places, and then mounted steeply up moraine, but by a very good path, and some level pieces interspersed, for quite two hours; then we turned round a great rock, and to my joy we were on the edge of a glacier. I had some wine, after which I felt better. The sun was very hot, so I put on my green veil and spectacles. The former answered very well, but the spectacles were too wide apart, and did not fit my eyes. It was a delightful, nearly level glacier, with no snow; then came some more steep path, and then some steep snow, which I mounted very comfortably in the guides' steps. Then more stones, and another piece of snow, and more stones. By this time I had almost had enough, but the pass was not yet visible, however, I heard it was not visible till it was close to. The rope was now put on; it is always trying not to be able to stop when one likes, but they were most patient and good-natured, and said I was to stop whenever I felt inclined. With frequent stoppages, and nips of cognac (which I had safe in my own pocket), I got to the point from which the pass was visible to the right of the Daunkopf, a very fine peak. I finally got there

at 2.30, exactly eight hours from the time I left the Hütte. I had been feeling so sleepy for the latter part of the way, I said I would lie down and have half-an-hour's sleep, and settled myself very comfortably on my wraps, but perversely enough, now that I could sleep, I did not feel a bit inclined. However, I lay still for half-an-hour, and then looked at the view—a splendid panorama of peaks, the Wilder Pfaff (a peak I have always wished to see), the Wilder Freiger, the upper and lower Weiperstein, and several more. I found a very nice stone, and left a card in a secure corner. At 3.30 we started down. I felt quite revived. The rope was still on and the snow very soft, but I trod in Franz's steps and got on pretty well. In two or three places it was better, and I ran a little by his side; but it was too wet and soft to "rutschen." In process of time the snow was got over, then some moraine, and then a very nice glacier with very little snow. Here, I shall always think Franz lost his way, for we wandered about in the most extraordinary manner—first down, then across, then up again, till I was in despair and ready to drop. The rope was now off, and they were a good way in front of me, when I saw a third guide coming briskly to them, and whether he showed them the way or whether they had just found it, I do not know; but they did now get on a path on the moraine, and I was there very soon too. This meandering on the glacier had made me feel very sick. I sat down, and was better. Now all was plain sailing—a very nice path; and we very soon saw the Dresdener Hütte in the valley below us, and were there in less than half-an-hour. The descent had taken a little more than three hours.

It is a very well-built Hütte, close to a stream, in a lovely green Alp, a fine peak—the Schaufel Spitze—hanging over it. Quantities of people; a separate ladies' room, but only four beds, all in a row, with no divisions. I was very anxious about my food—I was so afraid of being sick as soon as I swallowed anything. I first had some tea, fearfully weak but drinkable. That answered, so I had some really excellent soup with an egg in it about an hour afterwards. Finally, I had some Glühwein, also excellent, but I dared not drink it all, so I gave the rest to Franz and the Träger, who were delighted. All evening quantities of men came dropping in. The gentlemen's room was already full, so they were all taken to some unknown region upstairs—no doubt to hay. There was a regular establishment here—a cook and housemaid, and a man who did the accounts; a separate dining-room, with several tables. I went to bed about nine, hoping to have the room to myself to undress; but two were already settled in bed, and another was coming. When I had put out the light, one of the ladies screamed—I seemed to be getting upon her. I asked what I was doing, but she only laughed immoderately. We all laughed. I said I had better light the candle again—she thought so, too; but none of the matches would strike. At last I called the chambermaid, a very nice girl. She also laughed very much, and said she would hold the candle till I was settled—an excellent plan, for it really was very difficult to lie in just the right spot with no divisions. They were very nice—quite ladies. I think they came from Vienna, and they are always the nicest. The fourth lady came very soon, and found her place all right.

They were all three going over the Bildstöckl Joch to Sölden. One was to be called at 2.30; the other two at four.

THURSDAY, JULY 25th. I slept very well, and never heard the first lady go. I heard the other two, but they were very quiet. Some one came to tell them "Thée" was "fertig." Now I had the room to myself, and slept comfortably till nine. Then I awoke with my throat so dry I felt as if I must have something at once, so called very loud, and at last made myself heard. I had two excellent cups of coffee in bed, and a piece of brown bread and butter, which I swallowed with difficulty (my throat always seems closed after a long walk, but it improves with every meal). I now got up and dressed very leisurely, and had quite a large basin of hot water to wash in. Before I was nearly ready the chambermaid came rushing in to say ladies were coming—I had better secure my bed. So I at once secured No. 1, next the wall; I had No. 2 last night. I emerged at eleven, and there seemed quantities of people—certainly three ladies. They had told me people did not generally arrive till about six. I went out with some wraps, and a pillow and a French book, and I made myself a most comfortable couch in the sun, but whenever I dropped off to sleep my umbrella blew out of my hand, so I made an arrangement with my green veil and a pocket handkerchief. About one, I began to feel famished, so I came in for a meal I had ordered, and had it in the dining room. The room was very close, so I opened a window, but one of the German females instantly asked to have it closed. The food was very good, but it hurt

me to swallow. Then I got some ink, and retired to write in my own room where I could have the window open. Later on I had some afternoon tea, very feeble, but refreshing. I had a little stroll, and an evening meal of Spiegeleier and Glühwein. Early to bed, only two ladies to-night, both going over the Bildstöckl Joch.

FRIDAY, JULY 26th. Got off about 6.30; another lovely day. Crossed the stream by a bridge, and then began to mount steeply up an almost perpendicular wall, nearly all stones, but an excellent path, and sometimes steps, which get one on very easily. I felt quite fresh. The path wound round a point and mounted again, and finally landed us on a ledge—the Peil Joch—with a most lovely view over the other side. The Salzenau glacier, very white and clean, with beautiful seracs, was just below, and splendid peaks all round. The Wilder Plaff—a mountain I have always hankered after—close to, on our right; the Zuckerschütz, a lovely white cone, close to it. A German gentleman and two guides had passed us early, and were still sitting here, but soon went on. Now there was a very nice piece of descent. a good winding path, and then a long arête of moraine, reminding me very much of the one leading to the Stockje on the Zmutt glacier at Zermatt. It was delightful walking. Then a corner of rock to go round, quite easy, with a wire to hold by, and down on to the glacier, which we crossed. No snow, and nearly level. Then some alternate grass and moraine, and the stream from another glacier, the Tereiger, the first one was the Salzenau. This stream was so wide that Franz

carried me across on his back. He then went back, and carried the Träger across (he had trousers on, Franz breeches, which he turned up high above his knees), and finally went back again and fetched all the "Gepäck." Now there was a long piece of mounting, over grass, without any path, like the lake mountains, and several little tarns appeared, we passed close to one. A perpendicular wall of rock was just in front; we heard yells, and the German and his guide appeared at the top, so I knew what was before me. However, it was not really as bad as it looked, there were some very steep bits, but a good deal was stone steps, which get one up very quickly; also, we went round a corner, and came partly up the other side. At the top there was a path leading to the left, which Franz said took to a peak, the Maier Spitze, only a quarter-of-an-hour further. I said, "Did he mean a quarter-of-an-hour for me, or for himself?" and he said, "for me;" so I went, and it really was nothing, and there was a bench and a cairn at the top. The real peak, however, was a huge, detached rock close to. Franz said it had never been ascended. It did not look to me as if it would be impossible; no doubt they will soon have spikes and chains on it. A splendid view; the Weigler—the principal peak—close to, and ranges and ranges of mountains. Now, there was nothing to do but to go down. There was a very good path the whole way till just the end, which was very stony—very trying to one at the end of a long day. I think the walk would be easier in the reverse direction. It certainly was a lovely walk, and there were actually a few flowers, which, as a rule, are disappointing in the Tyrol. I

found *Phyteuma Ranunculus Glacialis*, *Linaria Alpina*, *geum*, etc. The Nürnberg Hütte is not nearly as beautifully situated as the Dresdener; it is on a bare, stony tract, mountains all round, but no particular peak. Only one room for cooking, eating, and sleeping. My bed was curtained off in front, so I could stand up and arrange myself; I did not attempt to undress. I had Glühwein, soup, and tea in succession—the latter in a glass. Several men; no other lady. Two women-servants.

SATURDAY, JULY 27th. I did not sleep at first, but was quite comfortable. Finally, I went sound asleep and awoke in broad daylight, and heard it was nearly six. I was to have been called at five, and I asked why they had not called me, and Franz said he had knocked very often and I had answered. I had a confused idea of hearing some knocking in my dreams, but never thought it had anything to do with me. My bill here was two gulden 25 kreutzer. A lady and gentleman arrived before I got off; it was prudent of them to come up early, it would have been frightfully hot mounting later. There was a lovely winding path to descend by. We seemed to go down a narrow funnel, and at last got to an Alp, where I had some delicious milk. The path gets into the Stubai Valley just above Ranalt. The main valley goes up to the Dresdener Hütte. Ranalt is a sweet little place; I slept there in 1886, on my way down from the Mutterberger Joch. I remembered the look of the dining-room quite well, and that there were several books which I never saw in any other Tyrolese hotel. I had some coffee and eggs, and looked at an

illustrated history of the Stubai Thal; it looked most interesting. It had taken me about three hours to get to Ranalt, and it was about as much more to Neustift, where the driving road begins. The valley was now nearly flat, and for more than an hour the path was close to the stream—crossing it four times, the valley only just the breadth of the stream and path. After that it widened out, and the latter part was very hot. Franz went on in front to order a carriage, as he said Saturday was often a bad day for getting one. There is a large church with a tower with two red bulbs at Neustift; it appears hanging over the stream a good way off. The stream is crossed by a substantial bridge at Neustift; the driving road might easily be carried a few miles further. We met several parties starting for the Hütten. I thought what a hot grind they had before them. There is a very nice hotel at Neustift, "Zum Salzburgsche," Franz had not been able to get a carriage, and proposed telegraphing to Vulpmes, (the next village) for me. However in time one was unearthed. I was glad to get away, for the dining-room was full of men smoking over their food. I had some very good "Forellen," potatoes and beer, very refreshing after my long walk. I now settled accounts with Franz. He had made out a bill for the food of himself and the Träger for these five days. It amounted to 12.80 which I did not think much. (He had told me it would be better for him to pay, and for me to pay him afterwards, as they would charge him less than me. Pollinger used always to say the same.) His own charge was six gulden a day, so it came to 42.80 altogether, and I gave him 45 with which he was

delighted. He certainly deserved the two extra, he had been so very patient with my dawdling. The porter had four gulden a day, and I gave him one extra, with which he also was much pleased. He wished to go on to Innsbrück with me. Franz had already secured a client, and was going next day to the Dresdener Hütte and over the Bildstöckl to Sölden, which would bring him back to his own valley. It was about three o'clock when I got off in a very nice Einspänniger with a sturdy little roan horse. I was now looking forward with bliss to comfort and repose at Innsbrück, for two days, and had given up any idea of catching a train to Sterzing. It was a lovely drive, past Telfs, Medraz (a little "Bad" which looked very hot and unattractive in a hole) and Mieders, where there is a large new hotel with balconies, called the Lerchen Post. I suppose people go there for "Sommer Frische." A path to the right leads to Waldrast, where there is a pilgrim chapel, also the Waldrast Spitze which one sees from Innsbrück. The Patischerkofel with a hotel on it is a conspicuous object. The valley is nearly level for some time, then there is a steep descent into the Brenner road just by the Stephan Brücke, a very wide arch over the stream issuing from the Stubai valley. A little further Innsbrück appears in sight like a map below. The road enters past a cemetery, and through the arch in the Maria Theresien Strasse. I was at Goldene Sonne before six. The drive had taken about three hours, the carriage cost 8 gulden. It was delightful to find myself in a proper bedroom and to have tea there. Still more delightful was it to go up to it in a lift, which has just been added to the establishment.

STERZING TO BECHER HAUS AND BACK.

MONDAY, JULY 30th. STERZING. Sterzing is very picturesque, all the houses with oriel windows full of flowers, and arcades like Botzen or Mèran on a small scale. A tall tower in the middle of the street with an archway under it. . . . Got off soon after 3 in the omnibus for Gilfenklamm, I had the seat by the driver. It was a very nice char-à-banc, covered, with open sides. A good flat road across fields, lovely green hills all round dotted with churches, with red spires and bulbs. The road was up the Ridnann valley, soon it ran alongside the stream. Several omnibuses and carriages were waiting at the Gilfenklamm inn, it is evidently the crack excursion. My vehicle went on to a place called Mareith, so I thought I would go on with it, and see the Klamm on my way back. It was interesting to see a little more of the valley. Mareith has a large imposing castle, a pretty church, and a very nice little inn, where I had some delicious coffee. The omnibus waited three-quarters-of-an-hour, and then I went back in it to Gilfenklamm, and hearing it would only take half-an-hour to see the Klamm, I set off by myself, along a path marked with broad claret stripes—a white one in the middle. The woman gave me a key, so I supposed there would be something to open. I met two or three parties coming down. I crossed a bridge with a door, but it was open. The path became pretty steep, and there was such a long piece without a mark I began to think I ought not to go any further. However, just then I met another party, and they said I should be there directly, and in another minute I came to a "Tafel"

with "Eine minute zur Klamm" upon it. Now it began to be very interesting, the stream dashing down, going between very narrow walls of rock, under archways of rock, round corners, the path going up flights of steps, along boards, and across bridges, in the usual manner of Klamm. At last I came to two flights of steps without anything to hold by, and at the top the trunk of a tree, with boards, like a railway, laid across at intervals, evidently not finished, so I went no further. I was soon down again, and locked the door by the bridge, as I seemed to be the last visitor. When I got down to the inn I ordered a little carriage to take me to Sterzing—it was now past seven. The landlord drove me, a very nice man, he always goes chamois-hunting in November. He has thirty beds at the Gilfenklamm Hotel; people come there for "Sommer Frische," and I could fancy it would be very pleasant. He told me the path was to be carried on to Tuéran, I suppose to fall into the Jaufen Pass, I had seen a "Tafel" showing this was the way to it. He also told me about the Kaiserin Elisabeth Hütte, which was opened last year on the Becher, and has 42 beds, and explained to me how to get to it, by Ridnann, further up the valley, then to the Grossmann's Hütte, then to the Teplitz Hütte, and finally to the Kaiserin Elisabeth Hütte. The last day he called four hours, and it would be glacier, which rather damped me, as my face is just well, and I had not intended to endanger it again, but it did sound rather tempting. He came into the Rose with me, and put down the names of some Ridnann guides. However, I must wait another day for my parcel, and shall then see.

THURSDAY, AUGUST 1st. Quite fine, so I determined to make a start to-day for the Kaiserin Elisabeth Hütte, on the Becher. It really seems something remarkable—a hotel on a mountain 1,100 feet high; and I may never have another opportunity. I ordered a little carriage to go to Ridnann, and heard the driving-road only went as far as Mareith, where I went the other day. I got off at eleven. I mean to come back for my box and black bag, and hope to find my parcel as well. I enjoyed the drive to Mareith very much, and saw the view much better from a quite open carriage. I found a porter directly, and it was a very pleasant walk. First we went by a winding path close round the castle, which is called Wolfthurm, and is most imposing. I was glad to see it quite near. The Baron is unmarried, and only lives there in the summer. Then a very nice path through meadows; later on, rather stony and steep in places; past several cottages, and at last across a bridge by a mill. Then it mounted very pleasantly through cornfields to a point from which I could see the whole valley, and Mareith with its castle. Sterzing itself was round a corner, but I could see a little church with a red spire on the mountain side which I saw from my window there. Now it was all descent, past a very imposing church, high up on the right, called St. Maria Magdalena, and then through some wood. Ridnann now appeared. There is very little more than an hotel—the Sonklar Höhe. The walk took about an hour-and-a-quarter. On the way I met a party coming down, and one of the guides stopped and said he had seen me before. He came from the Fitzthal, and his brother had gone with Anderegg and me to the Braunschweiger Hütte, and

afterwards over the Seiten Joch to Fend. After some conversation it was fixed he should go with me as guide, as it seemed very doubtful whether I should find one free at Ridnann, and he said he would be back there at four. As it was very fine, I hoped to get to one of the Hütten that day. There were two—the Grossmann and the Teplitzer. The Sonklar looked a very nice hotel—a large wooden verandah in front, with a table, and several people sitting about. I ordered a meal at once, and when I had done, found it was pouring. The guide—Alois Dobler—arrived, and it was decided the start must be put off till next morning, and it was rather late. There was a table d'hôte, but a very unpleasant Kellnerin would not allow me to dine at it—she said it was full, though I saw afterwards there was plenty of room. I cannot think what she meant. I had my meal first—at the table outside, in the rain. Very good soup, and then she proposed “Bifteck,” but instead came a mound of mince, which I could not touch; so I came off rather badly. Afterwards I sat in the dining-room with a book (there were actually some books). I found “Great Porter Square”—which I have always wished to read—translated into German. I was quite interested. They have built an enormous new dining-room. Ridnann is evidently coming into repute. I had a room up in the third story, evidently also newly built; but I was quite comfortable.

FRIDAY, AUGUST 2nd. A fine morning. I got off about 6.30 with Alois Dobler (the Pitzthaler guide) and a Träger. The path was level for nearly an hour, across fields, and past very good-looking châteaux. Then

some imposing buildings appeared, and I heard it was a mining establishment called Mayrn. Zinc and lead were the products. There was a perpendicular tram for the wagons to go up and down. Here the path crossed the stream and began to mount pretty steeply, it was a very good path and I found wild strawberries. Later on it became stony, we came upon the stream and crossed it just below a very massive dam which has been built across it to preserve the valley from inundations. There were three holes in it, through which the water poured, and they told me a great deal about a tunnel, which I could not understand, as the stream all appeared to be there. After this there was a rather steep mount, up a bare mountain side, and we came to the edge of a very deep ravine, what they call a klamm. Alois held my hand firmly while I looked down, the stream dashed down a succession of falls between narrow walls of perpendicular rock. I see Baedeker says it is to be approached "nur mit vorsicht, mit Führern." Soon, no doubt, it will be arranged for visitors, I was glad to see it in its natural state. Then we mounted a shoulder, and I was shown the Grossmann Hütte in the dim distance, on a high peak. It was a toilsome stony path to get to it, but I arrived there at last. From several points there had been lovely views back the whole length of the valley, and the Grobman Hütte was perched just above the icefall of the Ublenthal glacier, which Alois thought very like the Mittelberg one. Here I had a good rest, and they made me some very decent coffee, we had brought milk with us. I could have gone to sleep, but would not, as there was still an hour's work before us to get to the

Teplitzer Hütte higher up. A most cheerful boy appeared with a pot of red paint, he was marking the way to the Teplitzer Hütte. I saw such a tempting piece of rock at the beginning of the path (as I thought) that I asked him to let me make a splash on it, he cheerfully consented, and when I had done, said (equally cheerfully) it was the wrong path but he could rub it out with earth. There was an equally suitable rock at the beginning of the proper path, he might have told me instead of wasting the paint. It was a delightful path to the Teplitzer Hütte, the first part overhanging the glacier. The boy started some time after me, but soon passed me, flying up the steep path, making dashes at the rock as he went along, it was quite interesting seeing them appear in front. The Teplitzer Hütte came in sight long before I expected it, and I was only an hour and forty minutes getting there, the allotted time being an hour. It consists of a large square room with a bed in each corner, and a stove in the middle, windows on three sides and the door on the fourth. It is built on a rocky knoll, just over the glacier, and the view is splendid. It was about three when I got there and I had a very pleasant afternoon. I had a Glühwein as soon as I got there, which I find quite the best for me, later on I had some very good pea-soup, which they made for themselves, and at night some hot milk. I sat out till the wind became very cold, and then came in and played Patience. The guides nobly offered to go upstairs, to hay I suppose, and I infinitely preferred having the room to myself. The mattress was much softer than they usually are, but the pillows were awfully hard, like pieces of wood. I threw one away, and managed to sleep very well.

SATURDAY, AUGUST 3rd. I had really had no qualms about the weather, and we had fixed to start about six. I got up about five and went out to look, and what was my horror to see pouring rain and thick fog. I went back to bed hoping it would improve, like the morning at the Amberger Hütte, but it did not, it went on worse and worse and turned to snow. It was quite warm and comfortable in the Hütte, but a doleful prospect was before me. Alois Dobler was very particular about not missing church, as indeed are all the Tyrolese guides, and it had been arranged he was to go down to the valley after landing me at the Becher Haus, and come up again on Sunday afternoon. Now it was perfectly impossible to get to the Becher Haus (they call it the Becher Haus and the Kaiserin Elizabeth Hotel indifferently) to-day, so I had to resign myself to stay Sunday too. Fortunately I had resources, my Patience-cards, my knitting, my Bible and a French book (*Mon franc parler*, François Coppée, quite proper). In the afternoon it became quite fine, and I sat out in the sun. Alois explained thoroughly to me about the stove, showed me the candles, matches, pans, sugar, wine, milk and everything, and about 5.30 they started off for their valley, leaving me alone in my glory. I must say, as it had to be, I infinitely preferred being left to myself, it was quite a new experience. I sat out till the sun went down, then came in and wrestled with the stove, which I managed to light very soon. They had left piles of wood, and Alois had cut up a good deal into shavings, to make it easier to light. I then prepared myself a *Glühwein*, boiling it in a pan with a little water, putting in sugar and some bits of cinnamon

and lemon peel he had left me in a paper. It was not quite as good as when they make it, I think I did not put in enough sugar. Then I retired to rest about nine, quite late for a Hütte. I put away the hard pillow, and rolled up one of the blankets off the other bed, spreading my nightgown over it that my face might not touch it, I never thoroughly undress in these sort of Hütten. I went to bed with a nice light from the stove, and was most comfortable. In about an hour I heard a sort of rustling, and thought could it be a wolf or bear prowling about outside, and wondered whether I should get up, and light the stove again, and prepare burning brands, but I heard nothing more, and went sound asleep again.

SUNDAY, AUGUST 4th. No further disturbance. I awoke about eight with the sun shining, went out to look, and found there had been thick snow in the night. I think now, the rustling must have been snow dropping off the Hütte, but afterwards, Alois said he saw traces of a hare. I had great work with the stove this morning, I could not get it to light, and I was terrified lest I should use up all the matches; however, at last I achieved it, and boiled some milk, and drank two cups. It was delightful dressing entirely free, and then I settled myself by the fire, which required replenishing every ten minutes, read the Psalms and Lessons, did some mending, and then settled down to Patience in spite of the day; I cannot read in a Hütte and when I am anxious about the weather. I went out every now and then to look, (each time taking off my stockings), with my bare feet in a pair of walking shoes (all round

was in such a sop), and when I came in I instantly put the shoes on some pieces of wood on the top of the stove to dry, it was quite an amusement. About twelve, I began to expect my retainers, but before they came, first a gentleman and his guide appeared, then a couple and their guide, all intending to go on to the Becher Haus, but by this time the weather had quite changed, and it had begun to rain, and then snow, and the fog was very thick. I was glad to see that the man was thoroughly exhausted when he got here, no doubt he had come at a great pace. I thought it best to look steadily at my Patience-cards and take no notice, after making a remark or two. The lady (who was very nice looking, with very pretty light hair) lay down and slept till their pea-soup was prepared, then ate it with great appetite, and drank a good deal of wine. They all got off, the man and his guide first, and the couple afterwards, in spite of the weather; I went out and watched them, so now I know the route. It became worse after they left, and the wind was very high, they must have undergone a good deal. After they were all gone I had some pea-soup, nothing could be cooked for me while they were here, it was quite three o'clock, and I was famished. Afterwards the weather became very bad. I had some Glühwein at night, which I find very reviving.

MONDAY, AUGUST 5th. I got up about five to look at the weather, and found fresh snow up to my knees, and a fearful wind blowing. I was fearfully depressed, another day here would be really too much. It had been fixed we should

start at seven, which was manifestly impossible, as one could not stand, even close to the Hütte. It was quite fine and clear overhead, which made it the more provoking. However, about eleven the wind moderated, and, to my great joy, we got off. At first it was very easy, down hill, a good path to the glacier, where the rope was put on and we crossed it—all snow, but it was quite easy, walking in their steps. Then a short but steep mount over rocks, but there were steps in a good many places, which made it easier. Splendid peaks all round—the Botzner the principal, the Dolomites in the distance. Then came some steep mounting over snow, which I always find easy—treading in their steps like a ladder. Then a long bout of steep rocks, steps in places, a good deal of snow everywhere. We halted at one place, and had some wine and bread. We had brought the rest of a Glühwein which I had had just before starting in a bottle, and I found it suited me very well. Indeed, the whole day I never felt in the least ill. The three days at the Teplitzer Hütte must have acclimatized me to glacier air. I have no doubt it was very good for me.

The expenses at the Teplitzer Hütte were exactly ten gulden, (which were put into a box there)—for the food and wine, and 1.60 a night for lodging and firing, of which we consumed a good deal. I forgot to say Alois had said he should like another guide, as the weather was so doubtful; and, on looking at his book, I saw the party with whom I had met him had got no further than the Grobman Hütte on account of the weather, and, of course, he had never been to the Becher, so I quite agreed. He wanted to send the Träger back, but

the poor Träger had seemed so delighted to come, and had given me such histories of his poverty, that I had not the heart; so I said I would have all three, and they all arrived about one o'clock on Sunday. The other guide was a very nice man—Joseph Parriger, of Ridnann. I must now resume the walk.

After the rocks there was a long piece of snow, not steep; and now the Becher Haus appeared in sight—on the very top of a high rocky peak. I ventured to ask if we had done half, and what was my joy to hear that “viel mehr als die Hälfte liegt hinter uns.” I was relieved that there was no fear of our having to turn back for the weather, which was not improving. There had been light snow at intervals all the way, but the sun was shining all the time, and it was quite warm. Now the snow was becoming thicker. We had now a steep piece of rock, and seemed to wind round to the other side of the Becher pinnacle. A Herr and his guide passed us, the Herr looking very finished; but still they got on at a good pace. I had expected rocks now to the end: some little time before, the guides had told me that they could get to the top in half-an-hour, so I felt there could not now be so very much, however slow I was. To my surprise and horror, a huge perpendicular wall of snow rose up before me. The wind had now begun again, it snowed thickly and my right hand felt quite numb, though I had on my thick woollen gloves. There was nothing for it but to toil slowly on, and in time all things come to an end. The Träger was sent on in front at the beginning of this snow, I was very glad, as it seemed too bad to keep three men freezing with me. The Becher Haus had

long disappeared, and now, when at last it re-appeared we were almost touching it. I was truly thankful, I had given myself six hours, and had only been five and three quarters, the allotted time is four. If the weather had only held up another hour it would have been nothing, and a splendid walk. I was now seriously uneasy about my fingers, both hands were quite numb, and I felt I must not go near a stove before I got them right. The Träger appeared, and I made him rub them with snow and brandy, he could not rub them both at once so I clamoured for one of the guides. It appeared they were both in a bad way, however Alois appeared and rubbed the other, and now they began to springe, and then I got my feeling. They took me to a bedroom upstairs, and there all my luggage was already deposited. There were two beds, and two more above them like cabins in a ship, but so high I cannot imagine how, without a ladder, any one could get into them. I changed everything; I was soaked, (the skirt of my dress was fortunately quite dry, I had tucked it up). Now I went into the Gast-zimmer, close to, on the same floor, delightfully warm with a stove, several men were there, and the lady with the light hair, we exchanged cheerful greetings. I ordered some tea, they had no milk, so I asked for rum, but they had only cognac, so I had it with the tea and it was really very good. Then there was a rush to the window, the fog had cleared away and all was clear, a splendid panorama of peaks and all down the Ridnann valley. I went down to the door and outside, but it was so intensely cold I could not stay long, however lovely the view was. In almost an hour I had a meal of soup with an egg in it,

and Glühwein. Of the latter I only drank one glass, and took the rest to the guides. There was a stove in my room which I had lighted, and to my great joy, heard I was to have it myself. I regularly undressed, the pillow had a pillow-case, and I took an extra blanket from the other bed and was very comfortable. I knocked my head about a dozen times against the upper bed, but did not hurt myself seriously.

TUESDAY, AUGUST 6th. There was a fearful noise about five, people clattering about and talking at the top of their voices, but it seemed to send me sounder to sleep. I got up about eight and was frozen before I was dressed, I wish I had had the stove lighted. I gave up all thoughts of the Wilden Steiger, which Baedeker says can be reached in an hour from here with a good path. If it was so cold inside, what would it be outside, and however fine when one starts, one can never be sure fog and wind will not come on, and I could not run the risk of having my hands frozen again. Thick icicles were hanging from my window, also from the sitting-room window. All was clear this morning, and the sun shining. I ordered some tea—I had heard there was preserved milk—and it was really very good and hot; also sardines, but they were quite bad, and I could not touch them. After a good warm at the stove I went out; I found a man cutting wood, and he told me the names of all the peaks—Sonklar Spitze, Wilder Pfaff, Zückerhutt (not looking nearly so much like a sugar-cone as it did from the Peiljoch), and, finally, the Wilden Freiger—a steep snow-slope up to the very top; no signs of a path. I was thankful I had

given up all idea of it. Then I went and sat on a little mound by the flag-staff, and watched Alois start with a Herr for the Wilden Freiger, and very toilsome it seemed—the snow very soft. Also another party of four for the Wilder Pfaff; they got on very slowly. The tiresome Träger came and sat with me just as I was going to sleep comfortably, and told me stories of his poverty. I could not understand half, as he speaks a fearful patois. I saw a party of three arrive from the Wilden Freiger; and now fog began to come over the summits. It was past twelve o'clock, and I began to be very hungry. I came in and had an excellent meal of beef (quite tender) and potatoes, and red wine. What I left was taken to the guides. Then I wrote my journal. In the afternoon I went out again with a book, but it had become cold and foggy. There was nothing to be seen, and I soon came in. The dining-room became very close, but no window could be opened. I fixed to start down at seven next morning, if fine.

WEDNESDAY, AUGUST 7th. I got up pretty early, was frozen while dressing, and hurried off to the dining-room to warm. What was my horror to find the stove not lighted, and a miserable young man standing by it saying, "Wirklich es ist sehr kalt." I flew to the kitchen to beg them to light it, and stayed there till it began to give a little warmth. There are two female servants and a man. I rather think he is married to the cook, and he plays the guitar and they sing Tyrolese songs together really beautifully. My bill here was 8 gulden 36 kreutzer. It was fortunately a lovely morning, and we got off soon after seven. The steep snow-slope was

got down in no time; the snow was in excellent condition. I was very glad to have a last good view of all the peaks, but they clouded over before we had got very far. I remembered all the stages of the walk so well, but traversed them now with very different feelings. After crossing the glacier I remembered there was a pretty steep ascent up to the Teplitzer Hütte, which I rather dreaded. We had decided not to refresh till the lower Hütte, the Grobman; and what was my delight to find that a cut across could be made, without mounting all the way. Parriger, the Ridnann guide, went alone to the Teplitzer to get some "Erbwurst" and some wine, as they were not sure whether there was any at the Grobman Hütte; and Alois, the Träger, and I took the short way. The whole way across, the rocks and moraine was very different to what it had been on Monday—a mass of wet snow. Now there was a good dry path, the snow almost melted away. It took me just four hours to get down to the Grobman Hütte, it had taken seven-hours-and-a-half to get up. Here I had pea-soup and Glühwein, and felt thoroughly refreshed. I left the guides to clear up, and went on by myself, as snow and glacier were all done with, and the path was thoroughly well defined. It was awfully stony at first, and more or less stony the whole way down. There is a narrow ravine all the way down from the Grobman Hütte to the place where the stream rushes between the two walls of rock, and there is one point where one can look up and see how it rushes down in a succession of falls. Then the path went across a little marshy valley, round a corner and the dam came in sight, and now I got to understand about the tunnel.

We went down to the bank and I saw how it came under the rock by the side of the masonry. It only rushes through the holes when the stream is very full after the rain, as it was last week—to-day, none came through the holes. Now the path was all through wood, still stony, but a shade better; there were quantities of ferns, among them Parsley fern, which I do not think I ever saw abroad before. No flowers but harebells, plenty of Preisselbeeren. I finally got to the valley in three hours from the Grobman Hütte, and another hour brought us to Ridnann, including a stoppage at the Träger's for milk. My great wish was to get to Mareith in time for the Stellwagen to Sterzing, so, as I had had the milk, I determined not to stop at Ridnann. I went in at the hotel to settle with Parigger, as there was no need for three to come on to Mareith, and of course I had to write in his book. Then I left the other two to refresh, and walked on by myself, as I knew there were red splashes. It had threatened rain pretty often, and now thundered, but did not come to anything, and I had my tweed cape. It was rather a puzzling route, but a red splash always turned up just as I was in despair. I was very nervous soon after starting, and called to a man, when the church of St. Maria Magdalena, (which I knew we had passed), appeared on a high hill. Another time, I really was in despair, the path forked, and there was not a sign. I looked all round with my opera-glass, and saw a splash on a gate, across some grass quite a long way off. I remembered the part across the cornfields very well, from the highest point of which there was a good view of the Castle of Mareith; the corn had all got fearfully battered in the

interim. The guides did not overtake me till quite near Mareith, I thought it was much more stony than I remembered, and I found we were approaching it by the road instead of the nice path by the castle hill. I had gone steadily on from splash to splash, and did not in the least remember where I came out on the path with the old man. Neither Alois nor the Träger knew of the path by the castle. Just before we got to Mareith it began to pour. Of course the Stellwagen was gone. I asked if they had a carriage and they seemed doubtful, and said I had better stay the night. I did not at all want, and at first thought of walking on to Gilfenklamm, but they said it would take an hour so at last I made up my mind to stay. I asked for my things to be taken to a room, but now it appeared there was no room, all were full, but they would get me a bed out. That I felt I could not stand in this pouring rain, and just at this juncture some people came in all soaked, and the maid said there was a carriage, so I joyfully accepted and was soon off in an Einspänniger, Alois with me as he meant to return by train to the Pitz Thal, not having got another engagement. It poured the whole way and at the Rose (Sterzing) what was my horror to hear they were full too. They also said they would get me a bed out, but I thought I would make a little further struggle and I told the driver to go on to the Alte Post. They said they knew the Alte Post was full too, but I said I would try. At first they said they were full, then the landlord, a very nice man, said he had one room, but he was afraid it would not do for the Gnädige Frau, it was on the parterre. I said I did not care

where it was, and got out, too thankful. I went along a long dark passage, and then there was a great search for a key, and at last a most lovely room was displayed. The landlord proudly exhibited the sheets, which really looked most tempting, as indeed any sheets would after five nights without any. I changed my boots and stockings, and with some difficulty found the dining room and had a very decent meal. Several people were there, an old gentleman came to speak to me who had been up at the Becher Haus. I remembered him as the one who had told me that there was condensed milk, for which I was truly grateful. I got to bed early and was most comfortable. Settled with Alois Döbler before retiring.

THURSDAY, AUGUST 8th. As soon as I was dressed I went off to the Post-office, it was actually open, and I at last got possession of my parcel. An omnibus was at the door of the hotel when I got back, and Alois, who had gone with me to the post went off in it. I waited for the next. I had breakfast, it is really a very nice hotel, the dining-room by daylight most cheerful, large windows opening on to the street. Got off by the 10:47 express train to Innsbrück.

MEIRINGEN. VISIT TO ANDEREGG.

SUNDAY, AUGUST 11th. Meiringen. Up very late. There is a nice little English church close to the hotel. I have come here for the sake of seeing Peter Anderegg, my old guide, who lost his leg by an accident in the winter, and lives at Zaun about two hours from here.

After tea I was summoned to speak to someone, it was Peter the younger, Peter Anderegg's eldest son, he is a saddler in Meiringen. He gave rather a gloomy account of his father. It was settled we were to start at nine o'clock next morning, he was to go with me, we were to drive the first half-hour, and walk the rest. Evening service at six. No sermon.

MONDAY, AUGUST 12th. Pouring with rain. I met young Peter at nine, and determined to wait till to-morrow to give the weather a chance—it would be dreary going in the rain. After luncheon I started in pouring rain in search of the Aarschlucht. Of course, it was in the direction of the Grimsel, but there were innumerable roads and paths, and no red splashes. I crossed the Aar, and just at the point where a woman had told me I was to turn to the left, an old man accosted me and said, "Would I like a guide to the Aarschlucht?" and I said I should. He bargained for a franc, to which I agreed; and we turned to the left and soon saw a wall of rock in front. I met heaps of carriages; I was sorry I had not driven to the entrance. It really was a splendid gorge—very long, a wooden path fixed to the rock the whole way; sometimes it was so narrow the path filled the whole space. The rocks were tremendously high, the water dashing through; at one place a fine waterfall. The old man told me one could come out on the road at the other end, and I thought it would be more amusing than coming back the same way. He intimated that he should then want two or three francs. It was a good pull to the top—steps most of the way. There was a shop at the top, with

woodwork and photos. I bought some (they were not very satisfactory) and had a glass of milk. We were now a good way on the road to Imhof—very near to the turn to the Reichenbach, of which I had a capital view. The old man was very anxious I should go up to it, but on that I was quite firm. I left him at the same place where I found him, and gave him three francs. I got in about six. It rained all evening.

TUESDAY, AUGUST 13th. It was quite fine, and I got off with young Peter punctually at nine o'clock. First he took me into his house, and exhibited with pride his wife and two children—a little boy called Adolf, fifteen months old, running about in the road, and a girl baby, really a very nice little thing. The wife seemed very inoffensive. Then we had a carriage to take us as far as the road went—a good two miles along the road to Brienz, across the railway and across the river. I got out at a path up the hill to the left, and had a pretty stiff mount for an hour; a good broad path, though stony, and mostly through wood. Then we emerged upon a grassy plateau, a fine pointed peak in front, called the Ochsenhorn. This was the beginning of Zaun. There were several good-looking houses; among them Peter showed me his uncle Melchior's, some distance from the path to the left. Peter's house was quite an hour further on, and on a higher level. It was a very nice house, and poor old Peter came to meet me, hobbling on two sticks. Still, he got about better than I could have hoped, and his leg is taken off some distance below the knee. He has a leather leg and foot. It is most unfortunate, after guiding all these years, to

have had such an accident close to his own home. Two daughters were at home—one, Catherine, his second daughter, keeps the house, the other is a little girl of twelve, Rosina. She was ill in bed—something the matter with her leg, but I hope nothing to last long. They had a very nice kitchen, and a large inner room with two beds, which was the sitting room, and another bedroom through it. I don't know what there was upstairs. Catherine made me some very good coffee. Peter told me all about his accident, and all about his family; he is rather distressed at young Peter having married so soon. He has two sons and six daughters, one married, three in situations, and two at home. The other son, Hans, came up a little after me, and I went with them both up to a little point to see a view of the lake of Brienz, and also to look down upon a waterfall, the Ochsenbach. We came down another way to look at a house an Englishman has built near. He lives there all the year round, he has married a Swiss. They also took me to see a sawmill, which the Ochsenbach turns, close to the cottage. The situation is really exquisite; they all think a hotel there would be sure to pay, and no doubt it would. The Ochsenhorn overhangs it. It was fixed I was to go down another way, shorter and steeper, to see the place where Peter met his accident, and young Peter set off an hour before me that he might go to Meiringen, and bring the carriage to meet me much further along the road. I left with young Hans, at about three o'clock. Rain was threatening, so I thought it better to get off. I gave poor old Peter a fiver, and wished I had thought of taking him some cigars or tobacco. I wish some employment could be thought of

for Peter, for he seems in quite good health, indeed, he says he is better than before his accident. We went down the same way at first, as far as the school, which young Peter had pointed out on the way up, I went into the school, it was holiday time, but I was amused to see black-boards and a time-table, just like ours. In the time-table (I cannot recollect the German word) after "Religion" each morning appeared, "Ernst Unterricht;" Hans could not tell me what it was. The path from here was pretty steep, but a good broad path, with most lovely ferns, I got some lovely roots of black Spleenwort and *Fragilis*, and was lucky enough in one place to light on a piece of *Viride*. The place where poor Peter tumbled is the steepest part of the whole way, he thinks his leg caught against a tree. I cannot myself think how he managed it, even in the dark, one would think on such a broad path it would have been easy to keep close to the bank, quite away from the precipice, but things seem so different in the dark, it is impossible to judge. At the bottom the path crosses the waterfall on a bridge, the fall was quite splendid, it was wonderful to think it was the same stream I had seen turning the saw-mill. We now walked across meadows to a nice little inn, and sat on the bench outside till the carriage came, which it did in about half-an-hour. The horse had some bread and then we drove back. Young Peter was going to sit on the box with the driver and his brother but I invited him to sit by me and he was quite apologetic. We stopped near the station at the Hotel Anderegg, kept by young Melchior, the son of Melchior, also an old friend of mine. He also has a wife and four children, I saw

two of them. I ordered some tea to give him some custom, but he would not let me pay. From here I walked back to the hotel and took leave of the Anderegg family. The rain had gone off. I enjoyed the day very much, and am quite glad to have seen Zaun. I dined at the table d'hôte, and again was very cold all evening. I made preparations for the start to-morrow at 8:55.

THE END.

LIST OF THE PEAKS AND PASSES ASCENDED
AND CROSSED BY E. H.

Drawn up by herself at the request of a cousin.

SWISS PEAKS.

Adler	1882	Matterhorn	1875
Aletshorn		Matterhorn from	
Alphubel		Italian to Swiss	
Altels	1877	side	1881
Pic d'Arolla		Mittelhorn	1882
Becca di Nona		Mettenberg	
Mont Blanc		Monte Moro	1882
Breithorn	1877	Mont Pourri	1881
Brevent		Monte Rosa	1874
Brunegghorn	1879	Riffelhorn	
Buet	1874	Rothorn	1879
Dent Blanche	1876	Ruitor from Zinal	
Dent du Midi	1885	to Zermatt	1881
Dosso di Sabbione	1883	Sentis	
Eiger	1877	Taneda	
Finsteraarhorn	1876	Titlis	1873
Galenstock	1882	Tyndall	1887
Grand Paradis	1877	Weisshorn	
Grivola		Weissmuss	
Jungfrau	1876	Wetterhorn	1877
		Wildstrubel	

PEAKS IN AUSTRIA, BAVARIA, ETC.

Ahorn Spitze . . .	Marmolata . . . 1886
Becher	Nuvolao 1886
Monte Confinale . 1883	Örtler 1883
Monte Cristallo . . 1888	Schlern
Dachstein 1880	Schöntauf Spitze .
Gross Glockner . .	Terglou 1891
Gross Venediger .	Tofana 1886
Hochnarr (or	Watzmann 1880
Hohenaar) . 1880	Weisskugel 1886
Kreuz Spitze . . . 1883	Wild Spitze . . .
Kriwan 1896	Zug Spitze

P A S S E S .

Beith Grat . . .	Col de la Maison
Belle Furke . . .	Blanche . . . 1885
Bies Joch 1879	Col de Miage. . . 1879
Bocca di Brenta . 1890	Col de Mont Brulé (2) 1877
Brèche de la Neige. 1887	Col de Mont Rouge 1885
Cevedale 1883	Col de Moretto . .
Col de Bertol. . . 1885	Col d'Ollon
Col de Gavia . . . 1883	Col de la Reuse
Col du Géant . . . 1874	d'Arolla . . . 1882
Col de Gailletta .	Col de la Fenêtre de
Col de Graverne .	Salona 1885
Col de Gransson . 1879	Col de Sageoux . . 1874
Col d'Hérens . . .	Col de Sonadon . . 1882
Col delle Loirie . .	Col de Tigues . . .
Col de Lauzan . . 1877	Col de Tour 1885
Col del Lago Oscuro 1883	Col de Tormarri (?)

Col du Temple . . .	Mütterberger Joch . . .
Col de Bonhomme . 1879	Nieder Joch . . .
Col de Cheillon . . 1877	Oberaar Joch . . . 1882
Col de Colon . . . 1887	Oberetten Joch . . .
Col de Chardonnet . 1885	Oelgruben Joch . . .
Col de la Croix de Nivolet . . .	Panixer Joch . . .
Col Durand . . . 1877	Pelzthaler Joch . . .
Col de Galese . . 1881	Petersgrat . . .
Col de Garen . . .	Poule di legno to Pinzolo . . .
Col de Tonnerre . .	Pfandelscharte . . 1880
Col de Valpellina . 1882	Ramel Joch . . .
Daun Joch . . . 1895	Reichgrat
Finsteraar Joch . .	Riffelthor
Friedens Joch . . .	Ried Pass
Gepatsch Joch . . .	Sällent Joch
Goldscharte	Schwarzthor
Hoch Joch (3 times)	Strahleck
Jungfrau Joch . . . 1879	Taniser Joch
Lauteraar Joch . . .	Taufkar Joch
Lötschenlücke . . .	Théodule 1877
Lys Joch	Trift Joch 1887
Madritzer Joch . . .	Tschingel Pass . . 1877
Mischabel Joch . . .	Velgruben Joch . . .
Morningor (Moming Pass)	Weissthor 1876
Mönchs Joch (four times) 1882/1884	Weissthor and Melhaus

(The dates have been added, but could not be put to all, as no journals appear to have been kept in some years. M. L. H.)

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Hornby, Emily
Mountaineering records

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