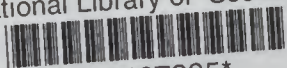


Diary of

A Month's Holiday

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DIARY  
OF  
A MONTH'S HOLIDAY.





DIARY

OF

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*JUNE-JULY* 1881



PRIVATELY PRINTED

1881

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# DIARY OF A MONTH'S HOLIDAY

JUNE—JULY 1881.



Friday, June 10, 1881.

MY husband and I are going to have a holiday, the longest holiday we have ever had, and we have resolved to spend it abroad. We have laid our plans deliberately, and spent many hours during the evenings of the past winter in studying the route and consulting the authority of other travellers, and also in acquainting ourselves with the history of the places we mean to visit. We have dipped into Ruskin's *Stones of Venice* enough to make us perfectly believe in all his delightful, mythical imaginations, and now we are taking it with us to read on the spot.

It is not easy for us to leave home for long, and therefore we value it the more. It could not be easy with four little children between the ages of six and three; but everything has been thought over, and circumstances favour us. We have taken a tiny house for the children at Alnmouth for a month, and on the 1st of June I took them down there, and

stayed a week to establish them, and then, returning to Edinburgh, left them happy and well under 'Dotty's' care. To-day, the 10th of June, we have fairly started. I left Edinburgh at 2.50 P.M., in order to spend the last evening with the children at Alnmouth, which I did, and then joined James at 9.54 in the train at Bilton Junction *en route* for London.

### Saturday, June 11.

AFTER travelling all night, arrived at King's Cross at 6 A.M., having slept very fairly well. Went to the hotel. Had a hasty wash and breakfast, and then drove to Holburn Viaduct. Took return tickets for Paris. Our total luggage weighed 200 lbs.—14s. over-weight. It consisted of James's large portmanteau and new Gladstone, my basket-trunk and black bag. Very quick train to Dover, where the *Calais-Douvres* was waiting. Splendid day; sunny, and slight southerly breeze blowing. Beautiful steady steamer, and for once I was comparatively comfortable during the whole crossing. Arrived at Calais, we went to the buffet for lunch, which we found very good, but the rush and noise were tremendous. The Arniston Dundases crossed same time. Our travelling companions were not remarkable. Uninteresting country through which we now passed, and slept a

little. At Amiens had *café*, very good; country pretty, and woods nearer Paris. Some lovely water-lilies and yellow iris. Arrived at Paris punctually at 6 P.M. Detained of course by examination of luggage, but that was easily got through. Drove in an omnibus to Hôtel Continental, which was crowded, and had we not written for rooms we should not have got in. As it was, an amusing incident occurred. A bride arranging her dress for the evening banquet had been allowed the use of the room destined for us, and we had to stand waiting outside till she appeared in her wedding-dress with her bridegroom, much abashed. After taking off our travelling dresses we went out and walked to Helder's Restaurant, where we dined, afterwards having *café* out of doors, and then returned to the hotel and went early to bed, thoroughly tired. Funny little bed, but comfortable.

### Sunday, June 12.

ROSE shortly before eight, and had *café* in the hotel restaurant. Then walked down Place Vendôme and the Boulevard des Capucines to Rue Scribe, to see about the wagon-lits for to-night. Afterwards we went into the Madeleine; afterwards into St. Roch. At both churches mass was going on, but was perfectly incomprehensible to me. Then we

took one of the little open carriages and drove to M. Loyson's church, 3 Rue Arras. Were disappointed to find he was preaching at Lyons to-day, and no service then going on. There was a practice of singing going on; a most lovely voice. Then drove to St. Germain L'Auxerrois, and then, walking by the new Avenue de L'Opera, we went to the Maison Dorée, where we had *déjeuner*, but thought it rather dear and tricky. Afterwards, being tired, we came in. James wrote to his mother, and then went out again for a walk. I wrote to Gertrude, home, and my diary, and then had a rest. The weather all day was delightful; pleasantly warm without excessive heat—sunshine chiefly, but sometimes shady. We watched immense crowds going in drags, private carriages, etc., to the Bois de Boulogne to see the great French horse-race (Grand Prix de Paris). An American horse won. At five we went out again and dined at Café Riche (Bignon): cheaper; soup not very good, *café* very good. We then came back to the hotel and prepared for our night journey to Turin. Started at nine o'clock in a wagon-lit, and to our amusement found that the only other people in the Pullman were an English couple who had travelled in the carriage with us from Calais. Beds very comfortable. We got two compartments (being empty), instead of being one

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over the other. Cushions very dusty, and conductor somewhat lazy.

### Monday, June 13.

AFTER a wonderfully good night we woke up about 6.30, just as the scenery was becoming hilly and interesting, re-dressed and washed, and were quite ready for breakfast when we stopped at Culoz. Here we enjoyed a rest of half an hour and very good breakfast. Beautifully situated little place among the hills, and from this point the scenery became most beautiful. The day was lovely, and as we passed along the margin of Lac du Bourget, nothing could exceed the beauty of its clear, blue waters and background of hills. Then we passed the pretty, clear, rapid-flowing Arc, and came to snow-capped mountains and verdant valleys. The feeling of awaking up at Culoz and walking on the platform with the wonderfully *clear* air, blue sky, and hills was delicious. Aix-les-Bains struck us as a very charming place to stop at. We passed more and more vineyards, with the vines trailing over poles. St. Pierre d'Albigny was a charming little spot, and looked tempting for walks.

At Modena we had half an hour and an examination of luggage, which, however, we got through

quickly and easily. Shortly afterwards we entered the Mont Cenis Tunnel, which took close upon half an hour to go through, and immediately at the end of it, still in darkness, we had to dismount (a landslip having taken place some little time previously) and get porters to carry our traps, and walk 300 yards into another tunnel, where we found a different train awaiting us. It was all very dark and ghostly, but we fared well, and our first experience of Italian porters was good. After Susa the character of the scenery gradually changed, and we left the lovely hills behind, and were very glad to arrive at Turin about 6 P.M. The whole day had been lovely, and yet the heat was not excessive, and we were not over-tired. We had previously engaged a room at the Hôtel de Turin, close to the station, and found it comfortable during our short visit. After a refreshing toilet we went out, and taking an open voiture, drove round the principal places in the city, and had a very good view of the whole. Peeped for an instant into the Church of the Consolata. The whole appearance of the city is singularly regular, being all built at right angles, and *very* clean and handsome. Our driver's patois-French was terribly difficult to understand, and he was very loquacious! Finally, we got out at Cambio's restaurant, and had an excellent light and inexpensive supper ;—curious



thin long round bits of bread like strings of macaroni, very good. This is in Piazza Carignano. Then we walked about ; quite dark, but town lighted up. Went through some of the best arcades, and bought some of the very tempting chocolates for the children. Then took another open voiture, and drove by the banks of the Po, and then back to our hotel, and so to bed.

How much Jamesie would be interested in the bullock-carts and mule-carts, and the mules covered with a sort of fringed net to protect them from the dreadful flies !

### Tuesday, June 14.

**B**REAKFAST at 8.15. Left almost immediately afterwards, and took the train for Venice. The country we passed through was not nearly as interesting as yesterday's, and the day much hotter, and dust decidedly bad. However, we were prepared, and not uncomfortable. There were no strawberries for sale at the stations to-day, but tiny apricots and cherries. A young Italian lady, who travelled to Milan, amused us by her great capabilities in the way of eating and drinking *beer* during the journey. At the Milan station there was quite a crowd, and a very busy scene, and rather confused. We only just had time to buy a chicken, bread, and some cherries.

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Being now one o'clock we were hungry, and enjoyed a very good pic-nic lunch with our travelling knives and forks, etc. At Milan an old lady got in. She was seen off by twelve friends (demonstrative). The Italian gentlemen were very quiet. We passed numbers of mulberry trees stripped of their leaves for feeding silk-worms; also we passed many fields of maize and irrigated rice-fields, and vines festooned now from one tree to another. In the afternoon we passed Brescia, and about four reached Verona, where we had *café*. On getting into the train again a thunderstorm commenced with heavy rain, which lasted more or less all the rest of the evening. Passing Vicenza and Padua, we at last came to swampy ground, and leaving the mainland, the train crossed over a long bridge, and we got out at Venice. A porter immediately guided us out of the station to the gondolas, and I was put into one, while James saw about the luggage. It was a scene not to be forgotten, the first landing at Venice; the curious sensation of going from the station, luggage and all, in a gondola, and the shouting of the gondoliers as they skilfully steered about to get the baggage belonging to each party. It still rained, and we had to go into the little black cabin.

We had previously engaged a room at the Grand Hotel, and were pleased to find it was a very nice

big room, high up, in the part which is said to have been Desdemona's Palazzo, looking on to the Grand Canal, but the intricate passages made it difficult to find our way. We had a little light dinner, and then, as it still rained, and I was tired, I only wrote a little to May and went to bed ; but James had a walk in the very narrow streets at the back of the hotel, and his first look (in the dark) at St. Mark's. Our windows look right on Santa Maria della Salute. It is so lovely ! The silence of the city is so striking at first ; full of life, yet no wheels or horses' hoofs ; only late into the night an occasional shout from a gondolier, and a faint splashing of the oars, and a fragment of a boat-song. No moon to-night—too cloudy.

### Wednesday, June 15.

A WOKE to a lovely bright morning—air so clear, it seemed like a different world, and yet the heat was not excessive. Breakfasted at eight, and then we walked together to the Piazza of St. Mark, and presently entered St. Mark's. We did not attempt to go into the details to-day, but only enjoyed the whole—the *wonderful* mosaics, and the whole inexpressible warmth of colouring ; but I could not, and shall not, attempt any description of details. After a while we got a Sacristan to take us round the galleries,

which gave us a near view of many of the mosaics, also outside to see the celebrated huge horses in gilded bronze, and then with a dreadfully talkative Italian guide, who insisted on going with us, went up the Campanile. Being so clear, the view was splendid, showing us the lagoons all round, etc. We then had *café* at a restaurant, and went into the Ducal Palace (Doges). We did not spend very long here, only noticing the splendour of the rooms and the best known of the pictures (Tintoretto's 'Paradise,' etc.). We then returned to the hotel for a little rest and to write letters, and we found one telling good news of our chickies.

About three we went out in a gondola with a nice, thoroughly Italian gondolier. We first visited the Church of the Frari, which is more Gothic than most of them. Here are Titian's Madonna (over the altar in a chapel beside a huge ungraceful monument to a member of the Pesaro family), and also a Madonna of John Bellini's in the sacristy, in three compartments, *very* lovely. Next we went to the Scuola di San Rocco, which is filled with pictures by Tintoretto, and up-stairs is a Crucifixion said to be his masterpiece—certainly powerful, but I am not yet cultivated enough to appreciate most of his. The bronze gates before the altar very fine.

We then went to the Church of the Scalzi, but

did not stay long—a most wonderfully ornamented church. There were many women at confession here. Returning by the Grand Canal, we enjoyed immensely the sight of the grand old Palazzos coming down to the water's edge, and the gentle gliding of the gondola. It seemed like Fairyland. Dressed for *table-d'hôte* at 6.30, after which we went out into the Piazza St. Mark. Bought one or two little glass trifles for the children, and had *café*. The moon did not get up till late, and it was cloudy, but we stood long on the steps of the hotel watching the fairy scene and listening to some singers in a gondola; and there we again met our travelling acquaintances, the Lows.

This morning, looking at the big bell on the clock tower beside St. Mark's, and watching the two Vulcans striking the hour with their mallets, we thought how the children would be amused with it. And they would like to see it at night, when in some curious way the exact hour is illuminated below, and the figures slowly change every five minutes.

### Thursday, June 16.

THIS being Corpus Christi Day, is a great *fête*, and there was a procession at St. Mark's at nine o'clock, which we went to see, and entered the

church after it. A most curious sight. Paltry out of doors, but impressive in the church, when the whole crowd knelt down. After this we took a gondola, and went a little way out to have a good view of the Ducal Palace, etc., from the sea, and then went in it to the Academy. Here we came across a party of 'personally conducted' Americans!! O the wealth of pictures! One gets almost sorry for it, it seems such a shame to hurry past them. I shall only put down the names of a *very few* which struck us most. Of course there was the whole of Carpaccio's series of St. Ursula, of which George had spoken so often, especially the dream of St. Ursula, and also his *wonderful* Presentation of Christ in the Temple, of which Ruskin speaks so much. The Martyrdom of St. Ursula was away being repaired.

Then also of John Bellini's:—

- 94. A Madonna and Child.
- 424. Madonna with Saints Paul and George.
- 436. Madonna with St. Catherine and St. Madeleine.

Of course Titian's *beautiful* and wonderful Assumption, and there is also his famous Presentation, with the old woman and basket of eggs, and the Virgin as a little girl, but I don't much care for this last. Then, Christ and the Widow of Nain, by Palma Vecchio. And here (as everywhere) there are several



representations of St. Sebastian, some with beautiful countenances. Then there is a Madonna with Saints Paul and John, and others by Cima, and a *very lovely* Madonna, with St. Catherine, St. Rose, St. Peter, and John the Baptist, by Boccaccino. Two pretty heads of boys, one awake, one asleep, by Vandyck. St. George, by Mantegna, I did not fully appreciate. Christ with S. Thomas, by Cima, 456. Then a 'Procession in the Piazza St. Mark,' so like what we had seen in the morning, and very good, by Gentile Bellini; and also by him, 'The Miracle of the Cross,' the saving of a piece of 'the true cross' which fell into the Grand Canal. *Extremely* clever and life-like, but there is also a ludicrous side to it, and I shall not forget the reverent fathers swimming!

We now came in for lunch and letters, and later took a gondola and started to go over the Palazzo Pesaro—one of the old palaces to which they admit visitors. Unfortunately a shower came on, and, as our gondola was uncovered, we had to take refuge under a bridge. However, it cleared, and we went through the Palazzo. Grand old places they must have been. The handsome, queer old beds still there. We then went to the church directly opposite our windows, Santa Maria della Salute. Plain inside, outside beautiful and effective. Over the altar figure of the Virgin driving away the Plague. It was after

a visitation of the Plague this church was built. It was now lovely and bright again, and we went on to S. Giorgio Maggiore. Here a very civil Benedictine showed us over. Lovely carved stalls, and two large pictures each side of the altar by Tintoretto, 'Fall of the Manna' and 'Last Supper.' Had not long here.

Returned for *table-d'hôte*, where we sat *vis-à-vis* with the Lows, and afterwards went to their sitting-room and had *café*, and went out with them to the Piazza, where we parted, and I bought some more little glass and bead keepsakes for the children, etc. We then had an ice, and got into a gondola and went out seawards, and were rewarded by seeing the moon rise and lighten up the whole city—a sight never to be forgotten. The blue tints wonderful. Very late in getting to bed, but who would not stay up to see 'Venice by moonlight'? The silvery light and the blue hues, with the reflections in the water, I cannot describe it. We were far out, and seemed quite alone in that wondrous scene.

### Friday, June 17.

**I**MMEDIATELY after breakfast we went to Naya's, and looked over photographs for our collection. Then to St. Mark's, to examine it carefully, going with Ruskin's book minutely over the mosaic pictures



in the cupolas, etc. Also saw the baptistery, with tomb of Andrea Dandolo he speaks of, etc.—treasury also, and the famous *Pala d'Oro* seldom exhibited. Then we went through the ghastly dungeons, and afterwards took a gondola to SS. Giovanni and Paolo. This is Gothic—wonderful monuments each side of the high altar to some of the doges, especially that to the Doge Andrea Vendramino. The figure at the left under part of this is *wonderful* in its gracefulness.

A lovely chapel here was destroyed by fire in 1867, and the valuable marble bas-reliefs greatly injured, but we saw them, and some of the figures, still whole, are admirable. We bought some photos of them. After lunch we took a gondola to Torcello. It took us five hours altogether, but it was quite worth it—a lovely day, and the scene from the gondola beautiful. Utter desolation there. The pulpit in the church is wonderful. Steps to bishop's throne restored in *painted wood!* Is Ruskin aware of it? Climbed Campanile; view splendid. The gondoliers had provided cherries for us on the return trip, and we enjoyed them much. Watched sun set. Returned *through* Burano. People there look much more really Italian than here. They make lace, and are very poor. Little boys swam after us to beg. Women so handsome. Had supper on our return, and, after short stroll in Piazza, to bed.

I should like to see Burano again. It is so picturesque, and quite a different thing from Venice. One lace-maker, quite young, was so beautiful, and the skin of the little aquatic boys was quite dark brown. The gondoliers say they are very poor.

### Saturday, June 18.

FIRST thing after breakfast we again went to choose more photos. Then we walked through the curious narrow streets (if one might so call them) to St. Salvatore. Here is Bellini's 'Christ at Emmaus' beside the high altar. Baedeker attributes it to Carpaccio. It is very full of life and power. We then had *café*, and called at the hotel for letters, and then took a gondola to Santa Maria dell' Orto. Here is Cima's 'John the Baptist' near the door, wonderfully preserved (if not restored, as one of the books say). Also here are four of Tintoretto's—each side of the high altar—the 'Worshipping of the Golden Calf' and 'Last Judgment.' Powerful, but I preferred the two in one of the chapels, 'The Miracle of St. Agnes,' and 'The Presentation of the Virgin in the Temple,' which last I preferred to Titian's. It follows somewhat same idea.

We then went to Palazzo Giovanelli, another of the old palaces, but kept up in splendid style now.

Damask silk wall hangings, etc., some very good old pictures, a ball-room lined with old tapestry, but truly regal in its appointments. At the Ponto Rialto we got out for a minute, and walked across it among the shops, then returned to hotel for lunch. Shortly afterwards we set out to look again at the Ducal Palace. It was shut, but we began examining the exterior. However, a shower coming on, we took a closed gondola, and went to the Redentore. In the sacristy here are three *beautiful* Madonnas—Bellini's—though some authorities throw doubt on the second and third being his. Bought a photo. Then we just took one more peep at S. Giorgio Maggiore, and returned to the Molo (opposite the Ducal Palace, it is so called), and presently got a steamer for Lido. Fifteen minutes in the steamer; pretty green island; Adriatic Sea beautiful, but not otherwise very interesting. Very pretty wild-flowers here and at Torcello; some I don't know—convolvulus, etc. The acacia-trees, too, are *very* abundant and graceful. Returned about eight o'clock, and, after a little toilet, went and dined very comfortably and reasonably at the Quaddri restaurant in the Piazza. Bought present for Mrs. Craik, and returned home in good time, as James wanted Mr. Low to witness his signature to some official paper.

Lovely evening. The weather all along has

been lovely. Decidedly hot, but with refreshing breezes.

### Sunday, June 19.

**A** GAIN a lovely, though hot day. After breakfast we went to see S. Zaccaria, containing John Bellini's Madonna and Saints in sacristy, and one of Palma's over a side altar. Curious open Gothic arches behind the high altar. Then we had a peep into the Greek Church and St. Mark's, and went to part of the service at S. Zaccaria's. Then we had a nice enough meat *déjeuner* at Florian's restaurant—very reasonable; after which we took another walk through the Doge's Palace, and then went in a gondola for a last look at the Academy, chiefly noticing our favourites—those I have mentioned before—and then to the hotel. Found a P.C. from the children. Wrote to May and Mater, and my diary, and rested until *table-d'hôte*. James went out and saw S. Maria Formosa and S. Giorgio degli Schiavoni. After *table-d'hôte* he again went out to see the Church of the Gesuiti. At nine o'clock I went down to the hotel steps, and sat looking on to the Grand Canal waiting for him. He soon came, but unfortunately had found the church shut. We then went out to the Piazza, and walked about, taking our last view of St. Mark's, and returned early to the hotel.

I have never mentioned the Bridge of Sighs (Ponte dei Sospiri), but we several times passed under it, and often stood on the Ponte della Paglia, from which place you get the best view of it.

James was offered a dear little tawny dog for a lira to-day. His gondolier bought it, and it slept on James's knee for an hour. Wouldn't May like it!

### Monday, June 20.

WE had an early start this morning, and tried to get to the station before the Americans. We did not altogether succeed in that, but managed everything very easily. Lovely morning, and the Grand Canal was a beautiful sight in the morning sun. We accidentally got into a smoking-carriage with only French people in it, but a polite elderly Frenchman refused to smoke any more when he found out our mistake. Heat tremendous, and we were very glad to get to Verona at twelve o'clock, sending on our luggage to Milan. We first drove to a restaurant, said to be the best (Vittorio Emanuele), and had lunch, but it was not very inviting. This is close to the Amphitheatre, which, accordingly, we next walked to. A very interesting building, giving one a great idea of the *strength* of the Romans, and how they built for ages to come. Then we drove to

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the tombs of the Scaligers—very fine monuments, most elaborate, and the iron gratings to protect them very old and beautifully made, all flexible. We then went to an arcade with good shops, and bought a fan (very necessary) and some local photographs; after which we drove to the Church of S. Anastasia—very fine, more Gothic than anything we had seen at Venice. In one chapel some curious terra-cotta bas-reliefs of the fifteenth century, and in the Cavalli Chapel are some fine old frescos which Ruskin has reproduced for the Arundel Society. Next, driving past the Piazza dell' Erbe, we got out and purchased some very nice cherries and small strawberries. This is the most picturesque part of this very picturesque and interesting old town. We noticed a picture of it in the Royal Academy this spring. The curious white umbrella tents of the fruit-vendors, and the central fountain and old handsome buildings (many of them with frescos) round the piazza make it a thing quite by itself. Next we drove to the Cathedral—very spacious; it struck me particularly so in breadth; also Gothic—good west front. Here is one of Titian's Assumptions over first altar to the left—a *most beautiful* countenance. Then we went to the Church of S. Zeno. This is not Gothic. It is most curious in being much below the level of the ground; so that, when you enter at the west door, a



long flight of steps takes you down into it, and a long flight leads up again to the choir, the space underneath the choir being the crypt. There is a most curious sitting statue of S. Zeno himself in the choir; being African, he is made very dark. Behind the high altar is Andrea Mantegna's Madonna and Child—very fine and delicate work. I liked it better than his St. George in the Academy at Venice. The old bronze plates on the west door very wonderful. Beautiful cloisters. We drove past the rapid-flowing Adige, getting a splendid view of the whole surroundings of Verona and the Ponte del Castello, and then went to the Picture Gallery. We looked chiefly for the works of the three masters—Girolamo, Caroto, and Moranda (Cavazzola). The pictures being wrongly numbered in our book, we failed to distinguish all, but saw and admired Moranda's 'Deposition,' and afterwards found it was the one we were in search of. The Veronese style of pictures in this gallery does not impress me much after Venice.

After this we returned to the station and had a nice wash and a very comfortable dinner, far superior to the restaurant, and reasonable enough, except a basket of strawberries which I unluckily ordered for the journey.

There were several other Italian and French families dining, some very nice Italian children with

their parents on their way to the Tyrol, and a sweet baby done up in a lace pillow—foreign fashion!

We went off at 6.30 and had a most exquisite view of the hills around; a perfect and grand natural half-amphitheatre. We had missed it partly in coming, owing to the thunder-clouds, but now we had a most lovely view lasting all past the Lake of Garda, which is very beautiful, with the hills ascending right out of the water all round. The distant hills were capped with snow. We watched the sun set. After Desenzano the scenery became tamer. It was cool and pleasant now, and we were very glad we had decided to see Verona. Slept a little and arrived at Milan at 11.30 P.M. Had engaged a room in the Hôtel de la Ville, and had a good room on third floor. Found letters with good news from the children.

Verona, beautifully situated, full of interest, and thoroughly Italian, gives one a sensation of 'long ago,' which I would not have missed on any account.

### Tuesday, June 21.

BREAKFASTED more leisurely at 9 o'clock. Sat for a little in the nice cool courtyard and then walked to the Duomo. It is the second largest church in the world, and as one enters certainly is most imposing; the size of it so grand. Street says it is *the* grandest Gothic interior. Begun about



1387. No triforium. The length of the nave and the height of the pointed arches impress one with its grandeur, and then to be *all* in marble, and yet it is uninteresting to us; hard, and when you come to details, nothing to interest one keenly. It cost about five millions. The only monument we noticed much was a most peculiar, and rather horrible one of St. Bartholomew flayed. The white marble exterior is very striking. We then drove to S. Maria della Grazia to see Leonardo da Vinci's 'Last Supper' in the refectory there. Sadly spoilt by time, yet most interesting. The refectory was used by Napoleon's soldiers as a cavalry stable. Several copies were being made of it, but the head in the original still gives one an idea that no copy attains to. Some Americans came in, but, merely condemning it as an 'utter wreck,' immediately left without looking at it! We then drove to the Galleria Vittorio Emanuele, the finest arcade in the world; about twelve or thirteen years since it was finished; certainly a splendid thing of the sort; and went to a restaurant (*Biffi's*), where we had a very good, comfortable, and reasonable lunch, after which we drove to the Brera Gallery. There we saw, among many pictures, Raphael's *Sposalizio*. The Virgin's face very beautiful. Leonardo's 'Study of the Head of Christ,' supposed to be the study for his 'Last Supper,' and very beautiful though in rough chalks.

Luini's Madonna and Child (white roses).

John Bellini's disappointed me after those of his we had seen in Venice, only in his Pieta I thought the face wonderful, but did not care for St. John in it. After this we returned to the hotel, and I wrote to Mrs. Craik, and James wrote to the twinnies, etc. He then went out and visited the church of S. Carlo, and bought some photographs. I stayed in, being hot, and wrote my diary. He came in again about 5.30, and at 6 o'clock we went out together and went to another restaurant in the Galleria Vittorio Emanuele for dinner (Guocchi), and had a cutlet, but finding it very inferior to Biffi, we left and finished our dinner (with some macaroni) comfortably at Biffi's. We then wandered about a little, and thought of climbing the tower of the Cathedral for the view, but found it was too late. Watched them light up the Galleria Vittorio Emanuele with a little engine moved by clock-work, which runs round the dome lighting the jets in  $1\frac{1}{2}$  minutes. Had *café* at Biffi's and came home about 9.40. Decidedly hot, and Milan very noisy, even at night, after Venice.

### Wednesday, June 22.

**P**ACKED up before breakfast and immediately afterwards walked to the Cathedral. James went the whole way (about 500 steps) up to the

gallery at the top of the spire, but I only went about half-way, and then sat in a shady place on the roof and waited for him. The distant hills were misty. Heat intense. (Our room was only  $77\frac{1}{2}$  degrees, but outside it was 87, and the omnibus and train hotter.) After leaving the Cathedral we drove to the National Exhibition and went into the Fine Art Department. We saw many beautiful pieces of sculpture and some good pictures, especially some very clever heads and figures by Michetti.

We then returned to the hotel, lunched, and took the omnibus to the station. Started for Como. After we were settled in our carriage, an Italian bridal party arrived. The bride, a sweet, tall, young girl, whose affection for her father, a very good-looking and dignified man, was very pretty. Our presence was no restraint upon them, and they were very demonstrative! At one station an elderly lady who came to see them gave the bride a beautiful branch of orange blossom.

Very hot journey, and very glad after two hours of it to leave the train at Como and drive to the steamer. James just had time to go and see the cathedral at Como (fine, Gothic). I was too hot. The steamer was very pleasant with a good awning over it, and three nice quiet English ladies, travelling with a courier, gave me a most welcome and refreshing cup

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of real English tea. A queer little Italian boy was selling coral ornaments on deck very reasonable, and we bought a breastpin and studs for Jamesie. Lago di Como struck us with its full beauty in the lovely afternoon sun, and it seemed to me that the further we went on, the more lovely it became. Range beyond range of hills, the distant ones snow-capped, and the lights beautiful. Sometimes villas down to the shore, sometimes the hills rising almost out of the lake. After two hours we arrived at Cadenabbia, where we had engaged a room at the Hôtel Belle Vue, and found a good one provided on the first floor. We had intended to have one higher up. After *table-d'hôte* we had a stroll. Certainly it is a *most lovely* spot, and so quiet after Milan. The contrast between this and Venice is very striking. The interest here all nature, in Venice all man, and what man has done. The church bells from Bellagio (exactly opposite to us) sounded sweetly across the water, and later on they sent up some fireworks from Bellagio. We sat long on a wall in the stillness watching some fishermen, and the lovely scene, and then returning to the hotel had coffee out of doors. It feels much fresher here. The magnolias are beautiful. Also trees of oleander, and others I don't know. The people in the hotel seem almost all Americans, and hardly anything but English is

spoken, so that one almost forgets that one is still in Italy.

How clear the water is, and what numbers of little fishes are swimming about !

### Thursday, June 23.

ANOTHER lovely day, and a nice resting day of idleness after all our sight-seeing. After breakfast we loitered about the shady paths, and then took a rowing-boat across to Bellagio. Very hot, but the boat pleasant with its awning. At Bellagio we climbed up to the Villa Serbelloni (now used as part of an hotel), and from the grounds had a beautiful view of both arms of the lake—the Lecco branch and the Como branch. Saw so many little lizards ! Bought some photographs and olive wood trifles, and returned to Cadenabbia. Found letters arrived. All well. Had a little lunch, and then wrote and rested until 4.30, when we went out for a stroll. Went to the Villa Carlotta. Inside were several statues by Canova and reliefs by Thorwaldsen. In the garden the plants were exquisite—beautiful magnolias, acacias (the fine sort), pomegranates, trees of lemon-scented verbena, azalias, camellias, etc. etc., grottos overgrown with beautiful maiden-hair fern (the real sort, not the wild), and a whole grove of orange and lemon trees looking very pretty,

with the fruit (almost ripe) hanging down. After *table-d'hôte* we went out in a boat without a man, and James rowed. Very delightful. Out nearly two hours, and went round the point by Bellagio to see both arms of the lake. Hills so lovely. There were some very good fireworks sent up from a boat in front of the hotel at night.

### Friday, June 24.

**A** GAIN a lovely and hot day, but with a *little* acceptable breeze. Our room 77 degrees. Loitered about in the shade after breakfast watching some fishermen in a boat casting their nets, and then bought at one of the stalls in the avenue near the hotel some little mosaic ornaments, brooch for Gertrude, ear-rings for self, etc., and a set of cameos to make up a bracelet for myself; then came in and wrote. I wrote to Jamesie, James to Jane. Letters came with good news of the children. Nightingales singing beautifully here last night, one especially near our room. Then we went out for a little walk in the garden and wood, which was delightful, so shady, and the nightingales singing sweetly. We found the path up to the hills, but it was too sunny and hot to try it. After lunch we took the steamer to Gravedona, for the sake of the sail and seeing the northern part of the lake. There, on the steamer, was the same



American 'personally conducted' party (Thomases) we met in Venice! They had come from Bellagio. The steamer being late, we had no time at Gravedona; in fact, did not really land, but only got out into the small boat (there is no pier) and went nearly to land, when the other steamer coming up, they turned round and rowed us out again to it. Coming back it was cooler. We made tea ourselves (with some of our own from home), and it refreshed us. The hills were very lovely. The scattered cottages and villas, and pretty little churches, built so high up on the mountain sides, are indescribably picturesque. About Bellano it is particularly lovely; but after all I think I like Cadenabbia as much as any bit of it. After *table-d'hôte* James rowed me out towards Como, and we returned late. It was so delightful! We are much amused by some of the visitors in this hotel, chiefly Americans, who have been here a long time and struck up friendships!

### Saturday, June 25.

ANOTHER regular midsummer's day. After breakfast we strolled about for a little in the shade, and James bought me a very pretty string of coral beads. At ten o'clock the omnibus for Porlezza came up, and we put our big luggage into it, and taking our smaller things in a very neat one-horse

carriage (with just two seats and the driver's) we also set off for Porlezza. We were really very sorry to say good-bye to Cadenabbia, we both like it so much. The drive of ten miles was delightful, though hot, and sometimes a little dusty, but we did not suffer much from the dust, the hood and dust-cloak protecting us, and meeting no other vehicles to stir it up. As far as Menaggio we kept by the shores of the lake. At that point we began to ascend the hills. A steep, zig-zag, but good road, and at each winding we got a different view of the lake beneath us—so lovely in the morning lights. At the top we rested the horse five minutes, and after one more bird's-eye view said a final farewell to Lake Como. We trotted quickly down, getting a pretty view of the small Lake Piano, with pretty water-lilies growing in it near the margin. It was a beautiful road. We passed many shrines by the wayside, and many beggars, as usual, here, and perhaps wherever there are tourists. We reached Porlezza before the hour the steamer was due to start for Lugano. It was very hot, and we were glad to sit in a room in the inn and eat some (indifferent) cherries, and then we went on the steamer. The omnibus was very late in coming, and our luggage was not on it. However, later a cart, to which it had been transferred, came up with the driver, a fat Italian, using



my basket-box as his seat, to its great detriment! Being so late they talked and jabbered a great deal, but at last we were off, and fairly on Lake Lugano, and also in Switzerland, for all this part of the lake is in Switzerland, not Italy; but, indeed, none of the lakes seem so really Italian as the part we had been in before. The tourists almost entirely are English or American, and all waiters, etc., speak French. The shores of the lake are very grand—wilder than Como—the hills coming more straight down into the water, and not nearly so many villas and small towns; altogether less inhabited, and more as nature has left it, and very delightful; but, nevertheless, when we reached Lugano, lovely as it is, a feeling of regret for Cadenabbia came over us both.

There is so much *town* here, and not a very nice or clean town either, and the hotel right in it, though there is a nice garden at the back, and then the fresh feeling of Cadenabbia is gone, and it is *very* close. Our room at Hôtel du Parc is 81 degrees. After lunch we had a little stroll to look at the town, but it is not inviting. We then sat in the garden until it was a little cooler, when we went into the Church of S. Maria degli Angeli, close by, to see some very elaborate wall frescos of Luini (1530) and a picture (also fresco) of his, in remembrance of which we bought a photo. We then dined at the

*table-d'hôte* (very good), and afterwards went out for a row. Boats here are not equal to those at Cadenabbia, nor are the people in charge so taking. Lake lovely and hills superb, St. Salvatore looking grand. There was a good deal of summer lightning as we returned. The children's letters came by the *late* post, but brought good news. We had intended staying here until Monday, but are reconsidering it, as we are not altogether charmed with the place, and it is so close. While we were undressing the lightning became more vivid, and lighted up the whole lake grandly.

### Sunday, June 26.

AT two o'clock this morning we were both awakened by the continual and vivid flashes of lightning and the storm of wind which had arisen, accompanied by the noise of the lake we had left so quiet, dashing angrily against the shore. We rose and looked out of the window, and the sight of the lake and surrounding mountains gleaming forth at each flash was one not to be forgotten. The wind continued to rise, and soon a *terrific* thunderstorm broke right over Lugano; accompanied by heavy rain.

In the morning the storm seemed like a dream—it all looked so bright and fair in the sunshine; but the trees were all dripping, and everything felt refreshed and so sweet. The warm, sweet scent of

everything in the sunshine after rain was delicious. The air was refreshed, and the hills extremely beautiful, and we greatly enjoyed a lazy stroll after breakfast.

At 10.30 we attended the English Church service held in a little room close to the hotel. There were about twenty people present, and the service was simple and nice. Text of the preacher—'Love the brethren.'

After an early *table-d'hôte* lunch we started in a sort of small diligence with two horses and our luggage for Luino. We sat in the banquette. Rain threatened, and though it never came to anything, yet the clouds prevented the sun being so oppressively hot, and we enjoyed the drive immensely. The views were exquisite. At first we lost sight of the lake, but came to it again later, owing to its extraordinary shape. We began to ascend the hills immediately we left Lugano, but the ascent was not so long or steep as on Saturday, and I think we had more descent, down which the horses rattled at a good rate, the driver cracking his long whip, and talking to them in the truly foreign way. The road, though it took sharp turns, was capital. Monte Generoso was in the distance, and all the views were very clear. We went for some distance beside the pretty, clear, quick-flowing river Tresa. About twenty

minutes before reaching Luino we again entered Italian territory, and had to stop while our luggage was (very perfunctorily) examined. The whole drive was fully ten miles, and most enjoyable, and happily not so hot. Some of the later parts of it looked almost like a Scotch moor. We rattled through the narrow streets (?) of the queer old town of Luino, and arrived at the pier a good deal too early for the steamer, and consequently enjoyed a quiet half-hour sitting on a stone on the margin of Lake Maggiore. The steamer came up punctually, and we set off in quite a little gale of wind. We had tea (our own) on board, and then went on the high deck again. The wind abated, and we could thoroughly enjoy the magnificent scenery. Our first sight of Maggiore was under most favourable circumstances. The sun came out and lighted up the hills in the distance as well as the near ones, until it looked almost too beautiful for earth. It is like a dream of Paradise.

At Laveno the lofty hill Sasso del Ferro stands most picturesquely above the little town. We stopped at Pallanza, which looked rather hot in the afternoon sun; and then Baveno, which was our destination. The hotel (Grand Hotel Belle Vue) is close to the landing-stage, and very clean, fresh, and airy, with a nice little garden. Altogether, I am very glad we came on here, and so far much prefer

it to Lugano—the air seems so much fresher. We much enjoyed an evening stroll as it was getting dark, and saw numerous glow-worms and also flying glow-worms. I think they must surely be fire-flies. Stars lovely, and hills still visible. We passed on our way between two of the Borromean Islands, and also previously saw some picturesque islands, which in the fifteenth century had been the home of banditti.

Although the sky was so clear, and the stars so bright, there was again a good deal of lightning at night, but no thunder. The noise of the waves of the lake (for it was windy again) sounded like the sea-side. We saw a very bright comet, with a long, beautiful tail. At Lugano we bought Gertrude a pair of dolls' wooden clogs, or pattens, such as all the country people about wear—and very inconvenient they appear. Our room here is only 76 degrees.

We found here letters from George, Jane, Scott, and Jamesie—all well.

The children would like to see the horses in the carriages and diligences, all with a sort of necklace, covered with bells, round their necks; and the clumsy, heavy diligences themselves would interest Jamesie. I am not sure that they would care about the pretty little lizards so abundant here. How quickly they do dart about!

## Monday, June 27.

AGAIN a most lovely, bright, hot day, and the lake perfectly calm—our room 77 degrees. We find that both the banquette and coupé of the diligence across the Simplon are engaged for tomorrow, and have therefore resolved to take a carriage. Very pleasant in the shade; and we set out after breakfast, looking at the snow-capped Alps and nearer hills. Certainly this seems like the queen of the lakes. A little after ten we took a boat, with a man, and rowed out to Isola Bella, one of the Borromean Islands, where, two centuries ago, Count Borromeo (to whose descendant it still belongs) built a magnificent palazzo. We landed, and went through it, and then were shown the gardens (all artificially constructed), where the luxuriant growth of tropical plants is well worth seeing. The gardener gave us sprigs of the tea and camphor trees, etc., to send to the children, and a little bit of cork off the cork-tree. There were oranges, lemons, camellias, tall oleanders (single white and double pink), bamboo-cane, sugar-cane, coffee and tea, bread-fruit, camphor-tree, palms, a beautiful deodara, luxuriant jasmine, and many more than I can mention. There is a tree very common in Italy, with big leaves, *Paulonia Imperialis*. I must find out the English for it at



home. The red flowers of the pomegranate are very pretty.

After leaving this island we rowed round the very pretty Isola Madre, and returned to the hotel in time for *table-d'hôte* lunch, when we sat next to a nice French couple, and found they had engaged the diligence banquette for to-morrow. After lunch we rested and wrote, it being very hot.

Our boatman pointed out the villa which our Queen occupied here two years ago. Later in the afternoon we had a little walk; the road was pretty, but it was too hot for any climbing. After *table d'hôte* James took me for a very nice row on the lake. The tints of the setting sun on the hills were almost *too* lovely. We came in, and up-stairs to pack and go to bed early, in preparation for an early start in the morning. After we came up-stairs there was a short but heavy shower; the changes are so very sudden.

The large granite quarries close to Baveno are very conspicuous, and even the telegraph posts are made of granite.

### Tuesday, June 28.

WE started shortly after seven o'clock in the morning, with all our luggage, in a carriage with two horses, to cross the Simplon. Our driver

was a very pleasant Italian, Donato, but could speak French. The road to Domo d'Ossola is very level (22 miles), but the hills around are exceedingly lovely from the very beginning. We soon lost sight of Lake Maggiore. We passed the quarries from whence came the marble Milan Cathedral is built of, and the road ran beside the pretty river Tosa a long time. The lights on the hills were beautiful, and, just where the road branches off to the grand Val Anzasca, we had a distant peep at Monte Rosa.

The heat soon became great, and I *never* saw anything to equal the dust; a light dust-cloak was a great comfort. After four hours we reached Domo d'Ossola, a quaint place, beautifully situated. Here we had a very comfortable lunch, and rested the horses for two hours. We wandered about, and bought some fruit, and some of Peak and Frean's (!) cakes for our tea. After leaving Domo d'Ossola, the heat became *intense*. Here we went some distance beside the pretty, foaming, dashing river Doveria—and by and by it became a little more shady, and the mountains closed nearer round us, and we entered the real Pass. The ascent was much more gradual than I had fancied. It grew wilder and grander as we went on. There were numerous beautiful picturesque waterfalls. We passed the column which marks the boundary of Italy, and



entered Switzerland. The lonely, desolate, wild, and grand feeling of those mighty mountains, towering right above one in the narrow Pass, with the foaming river at the bottom, cannot be described. There were such pretty wild-flowers (pansies, etc.) It became much colder, and the thermometer a little later on fell to  $60^{\circ}$ ; and we almost shivered after Italy. Presently we came to that splendid waterfall of Fressinone which rushes in such grandeur down from the mountains, and under a bridge, just before the road enters the Gallery of Gondo, a tunnel 245 yards long. The road all through is a monument to Napoleon's determination. At seven o'clock, or shortly afterwards, we reached Simplon (the road being pretty steep just before), and here we spent the night, in this quiet, pretty, Swiss mountain village, near the top of the Pass. We found the *Hôtel de la Poste* a very clean, comfortable little inn. The maid-servants were most attentive, gave us a well-cooked supper, and actually a bath! Our weather all day was splendid.

From the village of Simplon we had a very good view of the grand Fletschhorn right above us, a very majestic mountain.

Our horses to-day wore no collars, only bands in front of their chests, but it seems to be Donato's individual fancy.

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### Wednesday, June 29.

WE actually rose at *four o'clock*, and succeeded in starting with the same carriage and horses at five o'clock. The cold at that early hour, and at so great a height, was intense, and we wrapped ourselves up in shawls, etc. The road was very steep, and we had a third horse until we reached the top of the ascent. There were many masses of snow lying close to the road, which our driver told us were small avalanches from the mountains above. It was a dry, though not exactly brilliant morning, at least not in the Pass, but we saw the sun shining on the mountain peaks, and the lights and shades were very lovely. We now began the descent, a very precipitous road, and the most dangerous part of the Pass, owing to the snow falling constantly from the steep sides of the overhanging mountains, for which reason the road is perpetually carried through tunnels, over some of which waterfalls flow. There are also several refuges at this part. We passed the Hospice just before.

Driving down to Brieg we had an extensive view of the range of the Bernese Alps, and we should have seen the Aegischhorn, but the clouds enveloped it. The Rhone lay in the bottom of the valley separating us from the Bernese Alps.

At Brieg we called for letters at the hotel (we had *intended* once to sleep there), but were disappointed at not getting them all—the hotel-keeper having (we think) mislaid one. (Later it followed us to Zermatt.) From Brieg to Visp the road is level, hot, and dusty—one hour. Arrived at Visp at 10.30, and had *déjeuner* in the hotel, after which we put our small luggage on a pack-horse, leaving the larger things at the hotel, and each mounted a horse ourselves. They were sure-footed, big, shaky animals, with very hard saddles, and in this fashion we proceeded for the next four hours through very lovely scenery—lovely and grand—and exceedingly impressive. We had a slight shower lasting ten minutes, but it happily went off, and the sun shone brightly again. After four hours we reached St. Nicholas, where we stopped for lunch, and were amused to find another French couple lunching there who had travelled from Luino to Baveno with us. They also proceeded to Zermatt. At St. Nicholas there is again a narrow driving road, and they keep a narrow sort of vehicle, called a 'char,' suitable for some luggage and two people, with a driver, with *very* bad springs. We engaged one of these, and set off for the three hours' drive to Zermatt. The road is narrow and rough, and in parts almost washed away by recent torrents, but, except when going up-hill, we rattled

along at a tremendous rate, and were rather surprised at finally reaching Zermatt without being jolted out ! The drive was delightful, so lovely and grand the scenery was ; and the pretty river Visp running close beside us, as white as milk with the melting snows, and so quick flowing,—it rushes along in such a hurry, foaming and jumping. It was almost too cold, and we put on ulsters. The hills were looking most majestic. We passed apparently near to the Weisshorn at Randa, and had a good look at its noble form. We met many herds of cows, and solitary cows, all with bells, being driven home, chiefly by young girls ; and all through the valley picturesque *châlets* are scattered, giving it such a peaceful sweet look, in spite of the awe the mountains inspire. The dark wooden *châlets*, both of people and cattle, interested me much, and the herds of goats with bells, some feeding on the top of a *châlet* !

We saw some glaciers too, but with these we became more intimate afterwards. The Alpine roses (so called, though more like small rhododendrons) had all day been a delight to us, with their brilliant pink hue. Shortly after seven we reached Zermatt, and, being tired, went early to bed, leaving all views for next day.

## Thursday, June 30.

WE awoke early to a most lovely morning, and the whole day there literally was not one cloud to be seen, only the deep, bright blue of the sky and the brilliant sunshine. Under these circumstances, every mountain and hill within sight stood out clearly without any of the frequent mists. Zermatt, itself down in the valley, is a picturesque little place (only the hotels are very ugly) with its rushing river and wooden châteaux.

Only one of the three hotels (Mont Rose) is yet in full working order, but it is quite full, and it was well we had engaged a room. We found it comfortable, and were amused by observing the different style of tourists here from those we met in Italy. Here (at present at any rate) there are no Americans—nearly *all* are English. There are many mountaineering gentlemen, and a large number of mountaineering ladies, who accomplish great exploits (Monte Rosa, etc., and mean later to try the Matterhorn), and seem to make it their business in life. They are strong and practical, but strike one as hard and uninviting. On the other hand, there are some very nice people here. A clergyman and his wife, who sat beside us one or two nights at *table-d'hôte*, seem especially so.

All the peasants about speak German, and the hotel servants speak French also, but the German is a patois.

The morning air was chilly, but the sun warm. Soon after nine we started for a ramble by ourselves, wishing to be free from a guide on our first day among the Alps. We determined to go towards the Schwarz See (Lac Noir).

Three minutes' walk from the hotel brings the mighty Matterhorn into full view, in all its lovely grandeur, with its almost perpendicular sides. The Riffel Hotel is very conspicuous from Zermatt; one looks almost straight up to it. The G6rner Glacier is also conspicuous.

Crossing the Visp by a little wooden bridge, we found our walk steep, but so lovely as constantly to entice us on. The air, too, was cool, though the sun was hot, and when we sat in the shade it was *cold*. Once we mistook our way, and went considerably astray, but happily we met some children who informed us of our mistake. They only spoke German, and offered me some tempting milk, but I had no cup to drink it out of. We rested and sat down repeatedly, and so took a long time for our walk; but about half-past one we reached the place where the chief view is to be obtained. This is about a quarter of an hour before the Schwarz See,



but about the same level (3000 feet above Zermatt—8300 in all), and having no lunch with us, we determined to go no further, but stay where we were for some time, thoroughly to enjoy such a sight as neither of us had ever seen before. We were in the centre of the most magnificent panorama Nature can provide. On *all* sides we were surrounded by snowy peaks and glaciers. We seemed almost at the foot of the great Matterhorn, with Hörnli looking like its buttress. On the one side is Monte Rosa with its two peaks, but not so impressive as the Matterhorn; then the great Görnér Glacier, the Zmutt Glacier, and the Furggen Glacier.

Snow was still lying about in thick patches, and we sat on the warm grass touching the cold snow. The cloudless sky made it a sight never to be forgotten, and it was difficult to come away; but at last we began the descent, and on our way found my gold brooch, which I must unknowingly have dropped hours before. The wealth of wild-flowers was even greater than anything I had yet seen. *Such* lovely yellow anemones and rock roses (yellow), and many, many others that I don't know. Gathered some large beautiful violets, which we sent to *our* Violet. We arrived at the hotel, rather tired and very thirsty, about four o'clock, and had tea; after which we rested and wrote until *table-d'hôte* at six.

Later, we went out for a few minutes and saw, not the setting sun itself, but its lovely pink shade, on the Matterhorn and the opposite mountains.

### Friday, July 1.

ANOTHER day of cloudless blue sky and bright sunshine, but hotter than yesterday. At nine o'clock we started for the Görner Grat, *viâ* the Riffelberg. James walked all day, but I had a mule, with a nice muleteer who spoke French and acted as our guide. The path to the Riffelberg was very steep, especially for such a hot day, but we accomplished it in two and a quarter hours, and there rested for half an hour, and had lunch at the hotel. Met there a pleasant English lady. It seems extraordinary how an hotel can have been built at such a height. The view here is very extensive, but not equal to that from the Görner Grat. An hour after starting again, the path became too steep even for my clever mule, and we left it, with the bridle fastened to a big stone, and proceeded on foot with the guide. We had a good deal of steep climbing, and a good deal of deep snow to wade through, which I could hardly have managed without a guide's help. James was once nearly up to his waist. In a week or two it will be clearer. When we reached the summit, we were amply rewarded for



our climb by a most glorious view—all we had seen yesterday, and more; Monte Rosa, looking quite near; the Görner Glacier; Castor and Pollux; the Little Matterhorn; Breithorn; the Great Matterhorn; the Zmutt Glacier; and on the other side the Weisshorn, looking very imposing. It was a glorious sight, and one which I hope one *can't* forget. We rested half an hour, looking at it. At the top we found three ladies, who, with two guides (all roped together), proceeded to descend by way of the Findelen Glacier. Our descent took us until just about six o'clock. I partly rode and partly walked. On the heights James found me a large pale lavender, curious-looking flower, quite unknown to me. Height of the Riffelberg, 8429 feet, and of the Görner Grat, 10,289 feet.

We found our home letters had arrived, and after *table-d'hôte* we went out for a few minutes to see the lights from the setting sun. Although the sun makes the days so hot, the evenings are *very* cold after sunset. This is the day our chicks are to leave Alnmouth, and settle down at Craiglockhart House for the summer.

### Saturday, July 2.

**D**ETERMINED to have an easy day. Weather again brilliant, still hotter than yesterday. About a quarter past nine we set out for a short expedition with

a guide to the G6rner Glacier. I was very anxious to see a glacier near, and go on one. The walk of a little more than an hour was pretty, and though sometimes steep, by no means difficult. We went first to the foot of the glacier and looked up at it, and watched the river Visp flowing out of it. This glacier is said to be receding greatly. We next crossed the river at a very pretty spot a little lower down, by a wooden bridge, and went upwards through steep meadow-land, and then we reached the real glacier. But this part of it is covered with stones, and being a very steep ascent, is difficult to walk on, for the stones, merely being loose on the top of the ice, continually slip as you tread on them. However, we persevered until we came to the snowy parts and in view of some crevasses, and then we sat down and ate a little luncheon.

We came back by another path, extremely pretty, and reached the hotel about 1.30. We had a lazy afternoon of writing and resting. We have not seen the Edelweiss growing yet, and as I don't know it by sight, I bought a little from a boy to-day. It does not look to me so *beautiful* as many of the other wild flowers: it is just blooming, and is found on the top of the heights by the G6rner Glacier and the peak of the Riffelberg, I believe. The bright blue gentianella is lovely; the large gentian we have not seen.

## Sunday, July 3.

A BRIGHT fine day again. We had a very short stroll after breakfast, and then, at 10.30, went to the little English Church, where Mr. Watson (the chaplain for this month) preached from a text in the epistle for the day, 'Your adversary the devil.'

The congregation was larger far than last Sunday's at Lugano, and the harmonium well played, but sermon uninteresting.

After the *table-d'hôte* lunch (which was very good) we set out for a little walk, and went part of the same way we *returned* yesterday, sitting down and resting often by the way, and enjoying it extremely. We went as far as the rustic bridge crossing the Visp, just before it is joined by the two other streams flowing from the Zmutt and Findelen Glaciers. By the bridge a large piece of rock had fallen down, bringing with it a larch-tree and destroying the path. These rapid, rushing, foaming, white rivers are very picturesque. The wild flowers to-day were more lovely than ever,—a brilliant pink small sweet-william, etc. The clouds began to gather, and seeing the Matterhorn putting on its nightcap for the first time since our arrival, we thought it more prudent to turn. However, no rain came. We wrote and rested until *table-d'hôte*, after which we again took a little turn.

## Monday, July 4.

WE started on our return journey to Visp at eight o'clock in the morning, and were very sorry to leave Zermatt, with its grand surrounding chain of mountains. The Hôtel Mont Rose (M. Seiler) we had found moderate and comfortable, only somewhat undermanned for the large influx of visitors ; the crowd at the *table-d'hôte*, etc., was very great, but the food was always abundant and well cooked.

We drove in a char as before to St. Nicholas, and in the cool of a lovely bright clear day, enjoyed it even more than on our arrival, and more fully entered into the *great* beauty of the valley. As before, we had a good view of the Weisshorn, as white as ever. The road struck us as very dangerous in some places, and it sadly needs repairing. Arrived at St. Nicholas at 11 o'clock, and had an *excellent* and very moderate *déjeuner*. A nice little hotel. Then we set off on the four hours' march to Visp. I was on horseback ; James walked ; the luggage was on another horse. We started, sending the luggage before us, having learnt by experience that it does not do to let it follow ; and it was well we did so, for the horse's shoe nearly came off and caused delay, but by using all our most forcible German words we succeeded in hastening the blacksmith and getting on. The path

was lovely, but the walk was *very* hot for James, and we were glad to arrive at Visp and get some refreshment. Food here *very* indifferent, but there is a very civil porter who speaks English, and was most useful in getting out our large luggage and arranging for us all to go to the station in an omnibus, etc. Some other people from Zermatt were our fellow-travellers,—a Mr. and Mrs. Fillan (clergyman), who had ridden down just in front of us, and another clergyman and his wife, whom we first met at the Riffel, and who were going to the Bel Alp.

At five o'clock we got into the train and left Visp. A very pretty line, with the mountains of the Bernese Oberland in view. We passed Martigny, picturesquely situated, and shortly afterwards Vernayaz, where we had an opportunity of seeing that grand waterfall of the Gorge du Trient ; very fine, a little wooden gallery leading right up to it. We had a carriage to ourselves, and at St. Maurice were idly chatting, when, quite by chance, James discovered from a guard that we had to change for Vevey and had not a minute to lose, so out we bustled ! At Bex our carriage filled up. Two of the new-comers were two nice old English ladies, sisters, who had been staying at Bex, and praised the neighbourhood and Pension very much. One got out at Aigle *en route* for Château d'Oex, the other went to Lausanne to catch the night train for Paris.



The sun was now setting, and *most* lovely the rich red tints, the perfect *blue* of the hills; and on the other side the clear silver shining of the already risen moon, made the most touching and exquisite picture imaginable, and then we came to the borders of the blue Lake of Geneva. We passed the prettily lying places, Montreux, Veytaux, and Territet, and the Castle of Chillon, and then arrived at Vevey, where we had engaged a room at the Grand Hôtel de Vevey, a large, fine affair, but with no real head, and badly managed—unsatisfactory. They said they had sent for our letters to the *poste restante*, and there were none, which we knew was not the case, and next day the postmaster told James they had not sent. We got them all right early next day. Temperature in our room, 79°.

Lovely evening, and walking in the hotel grounds just facing the lake it was very beautiful, stars so bright, and the comet again visible, though fainter.

### Tuesday, July 5.

NIGHT very hot, and our windows were wide open. When I awoke about four o'clock it was a most lovely sight which met my eyes as I turned round in bed. The beautiful hills on the other side of the lake smiling in the early light and misty heat, and looking so close to us.



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Temperature to-day 85° in shade. After breakfast we sat for some time in the balcony outside our window, enjoying in idleness the sweet scenery, and then we went for a drive, first into the town, where we bought some local photos, little châlets, and a musical box in the shape of a châlet, and also some cakes and strawberries, and then on to Chillon. Here we got out and went through the castle, with its dreary prisons, etc. The situation is wonderfully picturesque, the walls apparently jutting right out into the lake, and from the windows up-stairs you look right out and down into the blue, blue water—so blue that your face and everything else is blue with the reflection. After leaving the castle we ate our lunch of cakes and strawberries by a roadside fountain. We then went back to the hotel and packed up and wrote some letters—very hot. At four o'clock we started for the pier, and left for Geneva in the steamer *Mont Blanc*—a very fine steamer, with good awnings. The sail down the lake for four hours was a great treat. The east end of the lake is *most* lovely, and with the slight haze of heat, seemed like a smiling misty dream of loveliness. We made tea for ourselves with some of the home tea on board, and shortly afterwards the haze completely cleared away; and after passing Evian, Mont Blanc came in sight, not in a distant hazy way as I

expected, but most clear, showing us its shape perfectly, and looking five instead of fifty miles off. We lost it for a little shortly after passing Nyon, but it soon came in sight again, better than ever, and looking most majestic in its garment of snow, and standing out quite in distinct superiority to the surrounding mountains, though its form is rounder and not so peculiar as that of the Matterhorn. This view of Mont Blanc is *much* better than the view of it obtainable from Geneva itself. The sun shortly afterwards set, and at eight o'clock we arrived at Geneva, and went to the Hôtel des Bergues, close to the landing-place, and just on the Rhone. We found it very comfortable and reasonable. How beautifully blue the Rhone is here, and what a beautiful sight it was with the clear moon reflected in it!—Rousseau's Island just in front of us.

### Wednesday, July 6.

AFTER breakfast we drove up to the station, to arrange for places in the wagon-lit to-night, and then walked about looking at the town, and bought some local photographs, and also a Swiss clock for Gertrude. It was again a very hot day. Geneva strikes one as a fine clean city—not wonderfully interesting, except for the beautiful blue river. The sheds for the washer-women in the river amused



us. We got some cooling drink and light cakes at a very tempting nice shop, and bought some chocolates at a great chocolate place, and, returning to the hotel about one, packed, lunched, and went off in the omnibus to the station. James, just before lunch, went out by himself and bought me a beautiful little travelling clock.

At first we had a nice double compartment in the wagon-lit to ourselves, but oh, the dust and dirt of these wagon-lits! They are never cleaned, and very badly managed, and we thought the *fauteuil-lit* much to be preferred. Our conductor (in the wagon-lit) had decidedly had too much, was heavy with sleep, stupid, and rude, and the fleas jumped about happily!

At Belgarde, where they turned us all out for ten minutes (I don't know what for, as they didn't really examine the luggage), the guard had to awaken our conductor. At Culoz the wagon-lit filled up, and we had an English gentleman put in beside us. However, we made the best of it, and he turned out rather a comical character. He had travelled a great deal (he was elderly), and amused us highly. At Mâcon we had supper, and then turned into bed. I slept in the bed above James, and we were wonderfully comfortable.

*N.B.*—Avoid a French wagon-lit, if possible.

## Thursday, July 7.

A WOKE and re-dressed about five A.M., but our train was late, and we only reached Paris about six. The examination of luggage was quickly over, and we went off in an omnibus to the Hôtel Continental. It was nice to get our big luggage, and change our dress, etc., here. We breakfasted in the hotel restaurant, and then went out and walked about. We went to the Rue Scribe, and recovered ten francs for the wagon-lit, which did not go beyond the break-down in the tunnel on our way to Turin, and then went to see the picture so much talked about at present by Munkacsy, 'Christ before Pilate,' in the gallery of M. Sedelmeyer (a sort of private picture-dealer's gallery). We were disappointed to find that, as the painter was busy making an alteration in it, there was no admittance, and, after in vain endeavouring to persuade the woman at the lodge to let us pass, we retired defeated. We walked about a little, and went all round the Grands Magazins du Louvre, and finally went in and bought some neckties—an enormous concern!

We then returned to the hotel, had lunch in the restaurant (which is very comfortable), and went upstairs to rest and write.

About four o'clock we went out for a drive in one

of the very nice light open 'voitures,' or cabs, they have here—more like Victorias. We had a long and very pretty drive in the Bois de Boulogne. It felt quite cold after the heat we had lately experienced. Our driver pointed out the ruins of St. Cloud, and also the village of Boulogne. We finished our drive by stopping for ten minutes at the well-known Café de la Cascade in the Bois de Boulogne, and partaking of some very good iced lemon and fresh strawberry tarts—that was by way of a little fun and treat! After dismissing our cab at the beginning of the Boulevard des Italiens, we walked about the Boulevards a little, and then went into a restaurant (Bréban's, in the Boulevard Poissonnière), and had a capital and reasonable dinner. Then we walked about again and bought an electric toy for Jamesie in one of the passages off the Boulevards, and had *café* sitting out of doors in the Boulevards, and then went home, where we found *yesterday's* letters already awaiting us. Very quick!

### Friday, July 8.

AFTER breakfast we went out and examined the exteriors of most of the toy-shops in the Rue de Rivoli. One was wonderfully arranged—forty dolls differently employed in a garden. We went

into another, and bought a jointed sailor-boy doll for Gertrude, and afterwards, in another shop, two rather smaller boys for the twins. The day was again dry and fine, and warmer than yesterday. Next we walked along to the Louvre, and entered the Picture Gallery. This is so fatiguing, that (having seen it before) we confined our attention almost entirely to the famous Salon Carré, where there are more well-known celebrated pictures than I can name—Murillo's 'Annunciation,' also Titian's 'Girl at a Toilet Table,' with a man behind her holding two mirrors; Raphael's 'Belle Jardinière,' and his 'St. Michael,' or is it 'St. George?' Leonardo da Vinci's portrait of Mona; Paolo Veronese's 'Marriage at Cana,' etc. etc. In another room we noticed and admired very much a picture by Canaletto, 'The Grand Canal at Venice and Santa Maria della Salute.'

After this we proceeded to the Palais Royal, and had an excellent and most economical lunch at the Café d'Orléans, and then went home to the hotel for a little. I stayed in for a couple of hours writing and resting, but James went out and made another attempt at Munkacsy's picture, and, to his surprise, the lodge woman told him he could see it; so he came back for me, and we drove there together, and were well rewarded for our perseverance. The picture struck us both as very powerful, and remarkable for colour-

ing. The high priest is splendid, and the other faces full of power. Pilate (in white) seems to me a very cleverly expressive face. The face of Christ is what Munkacsy has just been altering, and the young man who showed us the picture showed us a sketch or study like the former head. The new one is much more *divine* (if one can so say) in expression, but still I wish the eye was not quite so much turned away. The young man also showed us some very clever water-colours by a young artist, Tito Lessi.

Looking in at some other toy-shops we bought a doll's tent for Jamesie, and then went to the Café Désiré Beaurain in the Boulevard Poissonnière and had an excellent *wonderfully* moderate dinner, including '*bouillabaisse*,' excellent apricots, etc. After dinner we walked along to the Palais Royal, where James bought me some very pretty silver charms for my watch chain (silver piggy, elephant, etc.), and then we had *café* at one of the Palais Royal cafés, drove back to the hotel, had a great packing up of all our presents, and so to bed the last night in foreign lands!

### Saturday, July 9.

**A** GAIN a bright, fine day; up at a quarter before six, and left the hotel about seven. We found this hotel (the Continental) very good and clean, its

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chief fault being the *extreme* delay in bringing your luggage up to your room, and (what is still more tiresome) taking it down again in time for the train. However, we got off all right in a full train. Our carriage was well filled, one Frenchman being very crazy in appearance and manner; and I was very glad when he left the train at Boulogne. An English engineer, engaged in providing water for Genoa, also travelled with us.

At Amiens James bought a nice half poulet, and after leaving Boulogne we made a very good pic-nic lunch off it, and some other little things we had. At Calais we found the *Calais-Douvres* waiting for us, and a strong breeze; but thanks to that steady vessel and a comfortable easy-chair, I kept quite well, and arrived at Dover first, and then Victoria, almost before I realised we had fairly left France. The examination of the luggage simply consisted in asking a few questions, and then we drove to the Grand Hotel, where we had engaged a room, and which we always find comfortable. We dressed, and went out to dinner at Blanchard's, after which we went to see 'The Colonel' at the Prince of Wales's (George having taken tickets for us); but we both thought it vulgar, and *very* dull.



## Sunday, July 10.

ANOTHER bright day, though not very warm—at least *we* don't feel it so. In the morning we walked to the Temple Church. Not having orders, we had to wait in the outer ring for a time, but finally got good places, separated. Dr. Vaughan preached on the first lesson, Samuel's continued intercessory prayer for Israel (1 Sam. xii. 23). Anthem, 'By the Waters of Babylon,' etc.—lovely. Lunched in the hotel, and then went down to Kew Gardens. Very pretty and shady, and beautifully kept. Great numbers of people there, all so orderly. Very hot, except in the shade. On our return we had tea in the hotel, and then James went to St. Peter's, Eaton Square (Mr. Wilkinson not at home), while I stayed in to rest. Afterwards we went out for supper, first to Blanchard's; but being told it was too late, then to the St. James's, where we had a good supper, but were by no means edified by the people we saw there.

## Monday, July 11.

WE spent most of the morning in shopping, buying costumes for the girlies at Goringe's, ordering evening dress for myself at Debenham's, etc., and then, at 12.30, we went to see George



at his office, and he came out and lunched with us at Blanchard's. In the afternoon, amongst other things, we looked at Doré's pictures. His 'Christ leaving the Pretorium' is a great contrast to Munkacsy's—*so* weak and poor. Then we went and sat down in the Park for some time watching the carriages, and accidentally we here met Willie walking with his sister-in-law. We dined at the hotel *table-d'hôte* soon after seven, and left for Edinburgh from the King's Cross station at nine o'clock, in an ordinary carriage to ourselves.

### Tuesday, July 12.

**A**WOKE about seven o'clock, after a very good night, and arrived fairly punctually in Edinburgh, and drove out to Craiglockhart, where we were greeted by all the four children standing on the steps, with Scott and Elizabeth, and all looking the very pictures of health and happiness, and *so* dear in their sweet welcomes. And so our holiday has ended, and at the end of it we can only say that it has been most happy and successful throughout, and the scenes we have visited never to be forgotten. Our weather has been exquisite; and though the heat was great at times, it never really interfered with our enjoyment. Mosquitos, fortunately, we

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never saw, but an abundant supply of other creeping and flying insects, especially Mark Twain's chamois—not, however, in the beds, which have throughout been remarkably clean and comfortable. The hotels altogether have been decidedly good (excepting the splendid Vevey Hotel), and the universal civility a thing to be imitated. At the same time, the food is not altogether worthy of imitation. The bread in Switzerland and Italy is always sour, and the rolls unsatisfactory. Swiss and Italian wines are also certainly to be avoided if pure water is procurable, and one soon gets very tired of the rich coffee, so much mixed with chicory. Veal and poulet are the only safe meats to order. The prices of hotels we did not consider at all extravagant (perhaps this early season of the year is an advantage), and the whole cost of the tour not extreme. We spared no expense where real comfort was concerned, although we endeavoured to avoid anything like extravagance. We estimate that, starting from Edinburgh for a month's travel, with the long journeys we have had (all first class), the cost may be taken at about two guineas a head per day, covering *everything*. Railway porters are deficient, and it is a comfort to register all the luggage possible.

We did not see any of the old national costumes, but in Italy many of the ladies and girls were very

picturesque, especially in Venice, walking about the Piazza without hat, bonnet, or sunshade—their only equipment being a black lace handkerchief thrown over the head, and the indispensable fan.

In Paris, boys two or three years older than Jamesie look strange in their suits and short socks, leaving their legs bare to the knee. And how small foreign babies look !

I wished to keep a record of what we enjoyed together, and I am glad I have been able daily to do it. It is a mere reminder as to facts, dates, and places, and I have avoided all moralising ; but some day the children may like to see where we went, and what we saw ; and when they are old enough to travel too, it will interest them. I, and James also, wrote almost daily letters to each of them in turn, fuller of details than this diary, and more amusing ; but on our return we found they were all destroyed —therefore I wish to preserve this for them.













