

bout with snails, which they are pleased to call horses, and to squander the precious time on the obstinate drones of dear, very dear drivers, for there are no posts; here on the contrary, one always trots quickly over the country with brisk post horses, talking or sleeping, resting or going on, all at pleasure.

And is it not a great advantage which Tyrol has over Switzerland? that all its endless beauties lie on the road side, one is not obliged as there to turn off right and left, and to clamber about *fatiguing*, for the purpose of spying out the hidden charms of nature—here they break upon you from all sides with majestic gravity, and yet so smilingly.

And where will you find as in Tyrol, that striking contrast between the wildest nature, and the charming pictures of living human industry.

See! how yonder jagged rock seems to shut out earth and sky from you—an earthquake has crushed these masses so capriciously together; the roaring torrents rush forth from it as if they would block up the way, but mocking, scatter their foam in the air.

But in the very thick of this eternal war of elements there lies a serene little Cottage, over-grown with vines—lowing cows grazing—and a playful little child bending over, careless of the steep precipice, draws a cup of water for himself, one is tempted anxiously to call to him—do not fall little one! but he understands it not, he sees no danger here.

Yet what are the richest gifts of Nature if she does not scatter her horn of plenty over good and happy people. These also do you find here: an upright, true-hearted people; who trust in God, and love their king, but not a little proud of the late levy, and indeed with justice, for they prevented the French from penetrating their mountains, for they weighed the love of their mother country with the power of modern liberty, and kept a tight rein for themselves. Had a man sprung up amongst them at that moment, endued by nature for a leader, he had given a new face to the posture of affairs at that time, and acquired great reputation; their valour was scattered, and not brought into action; and even with this disjointed force they imposed respect to the French.

In a little town, a crowd assembled at the gate, opened from time to time, a little wicket, shot out; and each time killed a number of the enemy, then quickly drew themselves back again. The French might threaten or storm as they would, the little throng stood out so steadily always, they compelled them to abandon. Even a little village situated on a rock had determined that the French should not mount, men and women armed themselves, children rolled down large stones, the French were startled, and passed by. When they were near to Branneten, the shepherds retired to the mountains, and kindled round a hundred fires, and thereby threw the enemy into such a consternation that they treated with this free little town; and also held the treaty inviolable. These brave shepherds have their own courage alone to thank for it, that they were not plundered; and the Tyrolese are fond of calling to mind, that dangerous and honorable period, and by a variety of images in their houses they strove to eternalize the remembrance of it.

For people who like their comfort, and good living, the journey through Tyrol has new charms,

for also in this respect, I have never seen a country in which I liked better to travel.

In every village you find many good, often elegant, always very clean rooms, furnished with convenient white beds. An hour, even half an hour after your arrival a meal is served up to you, consisting of soup, fish, game and delicate flour food, pastry and fruit for a desert; then you drink a very fine wine of the country, which is pleasing to your palate even if you were accustomed to Bordeaux wine, and which probably is sold often enough for Bordeaux wine in the dear land of your fathers.

Ready and civil treatment gives a zest to the meal, and in the end the fare is so moderate, that the purse keeps full far longer than in Switzerland.

What more can be said in recommendation of a party of pleasure: A beautiful country; enchanting scenery, well kept roads, good horses, civil postmasters, willing postillions, commodious lodgings, choice food, good wine, friendly treatment, and cheap bills. I may without hesitation recommend it even to sick ladies, to recover their health and spirits, the next summer in the Tyrolese mountains.

FROM THE SAME.

#### ALPINE HORN.

In the Swiss high mountains, the Alpine Horn has besides the tuning of the cow-cry, yet another holy and religious use. When the sun is set in the valley, and the light of heaven now gleams scarcely on the summit of the snow mountains. The shepherd who dwells the highest up on the Alps, takes his horn and calls through this speaking trumpet. "PRAISE GOD THE LORD!" All the shepherds in the neighbourhood as soon as they hear this sound—come out of their huts, take their horns, and repeat the same words. This often lasts for a quarter of an hour, and the echo from the sides of the rocks sounds to the name of God. At last an awful silence prevails and all kneel with their heads uncovered, and pray. In the mean time it has fallen quite dark. Good night! calls again the shepherd from above, through his speaking trumpet: Good night! sounds from every hill back, from the horns of the shepherd and the cliffs of the rock—after this, each betakes himself to rest.

#### THE NATIVE STREAM.

In glowing youth he stood beside,  
His native stream, and saw it glide  
Shewing each gem beneath its tide.  
Calm as though nought could break its rest,  
Reflecting heaven in its breast,  
And seeming in its flow, to be  
Like candor, peace and piety.

When life began its brilliant dream,  
His heart was like his native stream:  
The wave-shrined gems could scarcely seem  
Less hidden than each wish it knew;  
Its life flow'd on as calmly too;  
And heaven shielded it from sin  
To see itself reflected in.