

from the Tyrolean valley of the Inn, and again and again the sound of battle has echoed to these rocky walls since Duke Guelf of Bavaria fortified the spot in 1097. Fort Nauders, which guards it now, was built in 1840.

Lifting the eyes again from the lower road and the foaming river, one lets them rest on the soft and distant outline of the blue mountain that lies athwart the end of the gorge, giving a touch of distance and infinity to the too narrow and gloomy vale. A charming little hotel here offers a good halting-place for the night, and so does the pretty inn at Fischersheim, by the green waters of the Reschensee, where many an ardent angler comes to spend a week or two. It is not an unimportant item that the charges at this inn, which is clean and comfortable, are little more than half the tariff at the great new hotels in the valleys; and the trout you catch is deliciously cooked *à la blan*.

From Fischersheim, the road slopes downward across a long plain of moderate width, till recently a barren heath, but now entirely brought under cultivation. And now, having passed the culminating point of our road and entering the valley of the Etsch or Adige, we see before us the snowy range of the Ortler group, the Kaiserspitze and the great Ortler. What is there so touching in the sudden aspect of snowy mountains? What is there in their ever fresh loveliness that overpowers the soul? Witness the tender line of the Alps that bursts on those who cross the Jura, as Lamartine and Hans Andersen have so well described. Their tender, unearthly beauty, pure as the clouds but more sparkling, more real, makes the heart beat and the sight grow dim like the high pathetic note of a woman's perfect voice.

With this fair prospect, changing its aspect, yet ever before us, we went on, our four horses trotting merrily, not stopping at the

noted inn at Neu Spönding, where Frau-Emma, best of hostesses, makes the English so comfortable. At a place bearing the odd name of Gomagoi, we left the Post-wagen, and went on by landau up the nine long miles of the Suldenthal itself.

Sulden proper lies in an oval valley, closed in with mountain peaks, glaciers larger or smaller nestling everywhere among the crags, and (like the neck of a Florence flask) a steep and narrow gorge leads up to it, zig-zagged marvelously by the cleverly constructed new road. Lovely are the varied lights under the foliage, lovely the ever changing yet ever similar points of view for the traveller who passes through this gorge by daylight. "The shades of night were falling fast" as we made our way up it, however, and a sense of gloom and mystery hung heavy on us, till at last, emerging into wider space, we saw four great globes of light hanging, as it seemed, midway between earth and heaven.

These were the electric lights of the Sulden Hotel, and for a moment the modernness of the idea seemed a disillusion. Yet why should it be so? Is not the spirit of the old fairy lore of these sequestered valleys here meeting its final solution? Is not the Giant of the Lightning at length mastered by the Gnome Invention, and made to work for man's daily uses, like Samson for the Philistines? "The song of the electric light" has yet to be written, but is no mean subject for an ode. It would match, in worthy hands, that marvellous song of the stream which Goethe has called *Mahomets Gesang*.

At last, with much loud cracking of the whip, our Jehu brought us to the door of the Sulden Hotel, where a genial manager received us and steered us through the two rows of somewhat over-inquisitive eyes in the hall. A night's rest in a clean, tile-floored bedroom, with bear-skins thrown upon the tiles, and all the furniture of pleasant varnished pine, pre-

pared us to be well pleased with our surroundings. And they were very agreeable. Dr. White's recipe was a nice as well as an effective one. In the early dawn we looked forth, and saw opposite our window the pale solemn curves of the snow mountains, very, very near us, standing out like cameos on a grey-blue sky; and even as we looked the sunlight struck them and kindled them with a soft yet vivid orange fire. The rosy light of the Swiss dawn we never saw in the Tyrol, though at sunset sometimes a red glow would seem to transfigure the very rocks, and make them half transparent.

Before us was the Great Ortler, 12,800 feet high. Its outline is very graceful, and though on this side the snow only covers its summit, descending the mountain sides in glacial streaks, yet the rocky shoulders of a solemn but tender grey seem to spread protectingly, maternally, over the little village and church of St. Gertrude at its foot.

All the lower slopes are pine-clad except to the south, where the valley is closed by a group of white peaks, underneath which lies the great glacier that attracts the tourists; and beneath this again is the brown moraine and the Suldenbach pouring its white water and its dash of spray down to the level.

These glaciers are the great attraction to the English. In the evening, parties would wend their way, under charge of a guide, by narrow mountain paths; some two hours' steady climbing brought them to one of the Alpine Club huts, where they supped and slept; the night in an atmosphere so thick that you could "cut it with a knife." Then in the earliest dawn, they were up and away, over the masses of ice, and up some snowy summit, glorying in the thin sparkling air, and the sense of lightness and freedom.

As the great sun shoots up into the blue, weird changes come over the mountains;



SULDEN.