

prevent.) Am I displeas'd to think that although he laugh'd rarely he lik'd Colonel Scammell's strong stories, and would be amus'd by a song such as no woman should hear?

«This serene, inflexible, decisive man, bidding his hour, could be then the venturesome soldier, willing to put every fortune on a chance, risking himself with a courage that alarm'd men for his life. Does any but a fool think that he could have been all these things and not have had in him the wild blood of passion? He had a love for fine clothes and show. He was, I fear, at times extravagant, and, as I have heard, could not pay his doctor's bill, and would postpone that, and send him a horse and a little money to educate his godson, the good doctor's son. As to some of his letters, they contain'd jests not gross, but not quite fit for grave seigniors not *virginibus puerisque*. There is one to Lafayette I have been shown by the marquis. It is most amusing, but—oh, fie! Was he religious? I do not know. Men say so. He

might have been, and yet have had his hours of ungovern'd rage, or of other forms of human weakness. Like a friend of mine, he was not given to speech concerning his creed.»

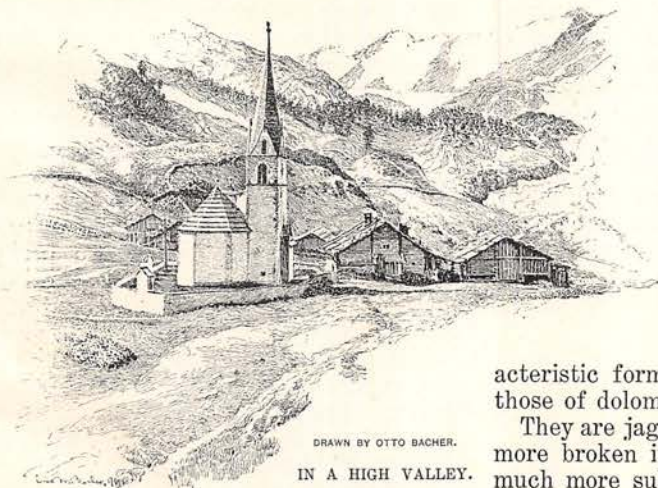
My Jack was right. Our general's worst foes were men who lov'd their country, but who knew not to comprehend this man. I well remember how I used to stop at the camp-fires and hear the men talk of him. Here was no lack of sturdy sense. The notion of Adams and Rush of appointing new major-generals every year much amus'd them, and the sharp logic of cold and empty bellies did not move them from the belief that their chief was the right man. How was it they could judge so well and these others so ill?

He had no tricks of the demagogue. He covet'd no popularity. He knew not to seek favour by going freely among the men. The democratic feeling in our army was intense, and yet this reserv'd aristocrat had to the end the love and confidence of every soldier in the ranks.

(To be continued.)

S. Weir Mitchell.

BICYCLING THROUGH THE DOLOMITES.



DRAWN BY OTTO BACHER.
IN A HIGH VALLEY.

THE Dolomites constitute the best-known and in many ways the most interesting mountain region of Austrian and Italian Tyrol. They occupy comparatively little of its area. They are not all dolomitic; that is, they have a greatly varying proportion of the carbonate of lime and magnesia in their com-

position. For instance, one of the most conspicuous of them all, Monte Tofana, at Cortina, is dolomitic only at its top. The name has come to be applied popularly more to the form than to the substance; and some of the more purely limestone peaks of the region have taken on, under the peculiar geological influence that gave these mountains their char-

acteristic form, much the same shape as those of dolomitic constitution.

They are jagged, sharp, bare crests, much more broken in outline than is usual, and much more subject to deterioration under the action of rain and frost. Dr. Alexander Robertson¹ has given a very good account of the peculiarity of the pure dolomitic mountains. He says: «The mountains look as if powdered with some substance less hard and cold than freshly fallen snow. It is as

¹ «Through the Dolomites from Venice to Toblach.» London, George Allen, 1896.



DRAWN BY
MALCOLM FRASER.

MONTE PELMO.

if a soft lichen overspread them. If I said that they are (lathered) over I should best describe their appearance and at the same time state a literal fact. These magnesian limestone rocks decompose under the influence of rain and atmosphere, and so their surface becomes (lathered.) A bit of dolomite feels soft in the hand, like a piece of soap. Hence, also, their instability. No one looking at them can think of the (everlasting hills.) The wonder is not that they are continually falling, but that they hold up so well. Many of them are shattered and are full of gaping rents and clefts.)

The more important of these mountains lie south of the Pusterthal, east of the Brenner railway, north of San Martino di Castrozzo, and west of Auronzo. In other words, they include Marmarole at the east and the Schlern at the west, the peaks of San Martino at the south, and those near Toblach at the north. They are within a parallelogram about forty miles long from east to west and about thirty miles broad from north to south. The boundary line between Austria and Italy gives about one third of this field to the latter, including the Marmarole range, Antelao, Pelmo, Civetta, and the Cimon della Pala. The Palo di San Martino, the Marmolada,

Croda Marcora, and Monte Cristallo, are crossed by it. The other great Dolomites, including the Schlern, the Lang Kofel, the Rothe Wand, the Drei Zinnen, Croda Rossa, Monte Tofana, and Sorapiss, are in Austria. Cristallo, Marmolada (11,082), Sorapiss, and Tofana pass the 11,000-foot line. Antelao, Civetta, the Drei Zinnen, Croda Marcora, Marmarole, the Croda Rossa, Cimon della Pala, and the Lang Kofel, are more than 10,000 feet high.

These cold facts are given as a concession to those who are content only when they know just how big or how little anything is, and who measure the interest of a mountain by its altitude. Those who know the Dolomites in their various moods, know that their majesty is not to be measured by instruments of precision; they are weird and elusive, never twice alike; sometimes of towering height, sometimes much smaller than their measured stature; sometimes warm and as mellow as

the down on a peach, sometimes as colorless and cold as steel—«everything by turns, and nothing long,» but always interesting and nearly always lovely, always grand, and often deeply impressive, as when they stand out from the somber, fir-clad twilight valley like beautiful specter mountains of another world, their walls, sides, and crests bathed in a glow that comes from lingering rosy clouds.

Pelmo, «the throne of Cadore,» is lower than some of its neighbors; but as seen from a commanding position it is greater than any of them. The Cinque Torre, opposite Cortina, a row of druidical menhirs, are under 8000 feet, and they are overshadowed by Tofana, to which they sometimes seem like foot-hill crags, though at times they are more than gigantic. These variations of apparent size and importance are equaled by the variations of color and perspective. Sometimes, on very dark days, the Ampezzothal seems to be shut in between two great vertical walls of flat, serrated rock. Under the full light of the sun, and in a clear atmosphere, every detail of their formation is defined. The mountain-tops seem very near, and they all seem low, giving an undue majesty to the high woods of the Crepa and Faloria. In the softer air of a hazy summer day the peaks

recede and reach up into the heavens, and the rosy, yellowish, soft tints of the rocks are emphasized in complement of the mellow grays and in contrast with the alternating, shadow-like browns and blacks. In some lights the Croda Rossa shows great patches of warm chocolate-brown; in others it justifies Gilbert and Churchill's suggestion that it looks as though «stained with the blood of a mighty sacrifice.» The Drei Zinnen are spirits of light or spirits of darkness, according to the conditions under which they are seen. So on throughout the whole gamut of color and impression. All things that we see, we see by the light that they reflect, and the Dolomite mountains are veritable kaleidoscopes in their habit of never twice reflecting the same combinations of light. The light that falls upon them, and the light they send back to us, are subject to such constant and such marvelous variations that they are a never-ending source of interest and often of wonder.

Cortina has its regular votaries, who go to it year after year, and who find it to grow more charming as it becomes more familiar, always excepting those rare seasons when cloud and rain make it more than exasperating. Cortina above all, and Landro, Schludersbach, and Pieve di Cadore in a subordinate way and for a shorter time, are the best centers for excursions among the Dolomites of the Ampezzothal. St. Ulrich, in the Grödnerthal, is the best starting-point for the Langkofel, the Schlern, and the minor peaks about the Seiser Alp, and for the remarkable little Col di Rodella, from which nearly the whole Dolomite field can be surveyed. The Grödnerthal has, too, human and other interests of its own, which make it the continued summer-resort of travelers from far and wide. After all, wherever we may locate, a good pair of legs are almost as useful as a good pair of eyes; but, fortunately, even those who lead sedentary lives soon find themselves stimulated by the interest of the region and by its high atmosphere to feats of pedestrianism which they would not have believed themselves capable of performing with such ease and pleasure.

The great Ampezzo highway is probably the best road in the world all the way from

Toblach, where it leaves the railway, to Vittorio, seventy-five miles away, where it joins the rail for Venice. We used to run out over it for pure bicycling's sake. But while the wheel is a capital vehicle for going through the Dolomites, it is not of much use among them; neither are *Spänner*, either *ein-* or *zwei-*. Even the foot-hills have a habit of getting out of the valleys on a grade that is not favorable for any vehicle. One day «Mawk-nix» and I ran down the road on the double wheel at a tearing pace. When we were some miles out we heard a «click, click, click,» which became slower and slower as we slackened speed. One of the front wheels had picked up a *Flügelnagel*—a short, broad-winged spike, such as is used to reinforce the edge of the sole of a mountaineer's shoe. It held fast and it was set in air-tight. Had we bound it to its place with a tape, all would have been well; but we had no tape, and we trusted to its holding of itself till we should get home. Our trust was short-lived: the constant clicking against the fork finally pulled it out, and there we were. Even L—— did not say «Mawk-nix.» We had gone so far and over such a variety of roads without accident, that we had forgotten the tendency of pneumatic tires to lose their pneumatic



DRAWN BY MALCOLM FRASER.

CORTINA D'AMPEZZO.



DRAWN BY HARRY FENN.

PIEVE DI CADORE, COL CASTELLO.

quality. This was our first puncture, and the repair-kit was at the Aquila Nera. The patience with which I sat in the shade of a milk-house and whittled down plugs, one after another, until I found a tough piece of fir that would stand whittling until it was finished, is, I am sure, to be credited to my needy account. We finally succeeded in getting its head through the puncture and holding it close up to the rubber. Then we pumped a hard pressure against it, cutting off its projecting stem, and set out on the return road. Mechanically considered, it was a good job, and I was proud of it; but air will escape through a wonderfully small hole, and every few minutes the tire would spread out at its tread, and had to be pumped up again. When I expressed my regret that L—— had to do so much work over it, he said «Mawk-nix» as usual and as a matter of course, but he said it with less glee than he generally manifested. By riding as fast as we could go, we succeeded in reaching Cortina before the pump was worn out. I did not embark again «without biscuit.» The kit was always at hand—and nevermore needed.

Pieve di Cadore is twenty miles from Cortina, and it is only a mile from Tai, on the main road. This mile is a steep uphill, but as far as the foot of the hill we could fairly sail, for the difference of elevation is 1200 feet. We set out early and in sunshine. All went smoothly as far as the outpost station of the Italian custom-house, the seat of a party of smuggler-hunters who scour the woods. The formalities required here in lieu of paying duties, as we were returning before night, were prolonged till a light rain

came on. We took shelter, and conversed with the officials in a curious French, until the shower had passed, when we went on to the main station at San Vito, where there were more formalities, and where an Italian «lead» was put on each wheel. Then we were fairly launched on our way, with occasional changes from sunshine to cloud; but no sooner were we fairly out of reach of the village than it began to drizzle, and the clouds came down, first on Pelmo and then over

Antelao. The drizzle kept on until we came near Venas, fifteen miles from home. This village seemed a mere agglomeration of poor Italian houses, promising little hospitality, so we sheltered ourselves under the roof of a small roadside chapel, only to see it rain harder and harder. Driven from this, we went on to the village, which developed more importance than we had suspected, and where we found an *albergo* of good size and with a very amiable hostess. She brought dry clothing for the partner, and we others stripped off our wet coats. We turned the fire corner of the kitchen into the drying-room of garments of various kinds and both sexes. It was a good corner for this use, and a cozy corner for ourselves. It was a projection from the room proper, some eight feet square, with a raised square stone hearth having benches all about three of its sides, where we sat. A large hood and chimney of wood above it carried off much of the smoke, leaving little more than the comforting odor of burning twigs to reach us. It still rained harder and harder, and our expedition became more and more compromised. It was consoling to know that we could have dinner and wine, and we shuddered as we thought of the cold, starving chapel where we might still have been confined. In due time we were fed and dried, and the weather broke with some promise of a clear afternoon; but it was all up with our wheeling. We had no time to lose, and it was now or never for Cadore. There was one *Einspänner* in the village, with a lame horse, and a very small boy to drive it. Leaving all of our Italian speech with our good «Mawk-nix,» who stayed

behind, we drove more or less gaily to Tai and to Pieve. The weather had become good, the views were grand, and the memories of a visit in 1878 enabled me to know what I needed to see in this most interesting little town, the interest of which for the distant world lies in the fact that it was Titian's birthplace and his summer home for much of his life, to which he fled, at the age of ninety-nine, to escape from the plague which was devastating Venice. Turned back by the guards who were protecting the adjoining provinces, he fell a victim to the pest, and is supposed to have been buried in the common trench—he whose dream it had been to lay his bones in his beloved Pieve. His memory is cherished there still; the house of his birth has the inscription: «Cadore segna agli ospiti questa casa dove naque e crebbe Tiziano!» («Cadore indicates to its guests this house where Titian was born and reared!»); and there has recently been erected in its piazza a fine bronze statue to his memory. I am tempted to go to the guide-books to eke out this account of our short visit; but I will be honest for the nonce, and refer my readers to the original authorities, confessing that I was just then more intent on getting back through the Austrian custom-house before dark than in doing the churches, mansions, and museum of Pieve, to which I shall give myself the satisfaction of returning more at leisure.

We engaged a two-horse carriage to take us from Tai to Cortina. At Venas we loaded «Mawk-nix's» wheel on the front seat, took the four-wheeler in tow, put the partner comfortably into the carriage, and set out for home. We used the tow-line as far as the steeper grades continued; but for the last three miles we cut loose, took the van, and rode into Cortina in fine style. We had the delight of glorious

views of the mountains all the way from Pieve; and we were, on the whole, well content with the outcome of our trip.

WHEN our time came for leaving Cortina we departed in state. All Aquila Nera turned out to see us off, and passing people halted. Our tow-line was neatly coiled to the main brace, and only our baggage was in the landau. We were disposed to sink our ignominy until we should be well past the turn of the road and out of sight. The road begins, and continues, with a very decided upgrade; but we faced it resolutely. «Mawk-nix» rode his own wheel, and the partner and I were both in our seats. Those who cheered us off and exclaimed, «How delightful!» may have imagined that we made our whole trip in this correct order. The fact is that even a good wheelman who rides from Cortina to Ospitale—seven miles, with a thousand feet rise—must have his knees in very good order, or he must favor them by frequent walking. We two were not good wheelmen, and one of us was not so good as the other. The half-

mile to the turn that hid us from view was quite enough for us. Here the partner resigned, «Mawk-nix's» wheel was loaded on to the carriage, and he and I were towed to the crest, and made our run thence to Toblach on the coupled bicycles. Schluderbach and Landro and the road near them were alive with *Touristen*, who stood in mute amazement or called «Al' Heil!» as we flew past them. With an easy descent

on the Ampezzo roadway, we gave them no time to study the construction of the quadricycle, and we probably left them food for speculation for the rest of the day.

The driver of our carriage had been in the United States for three or four years. He



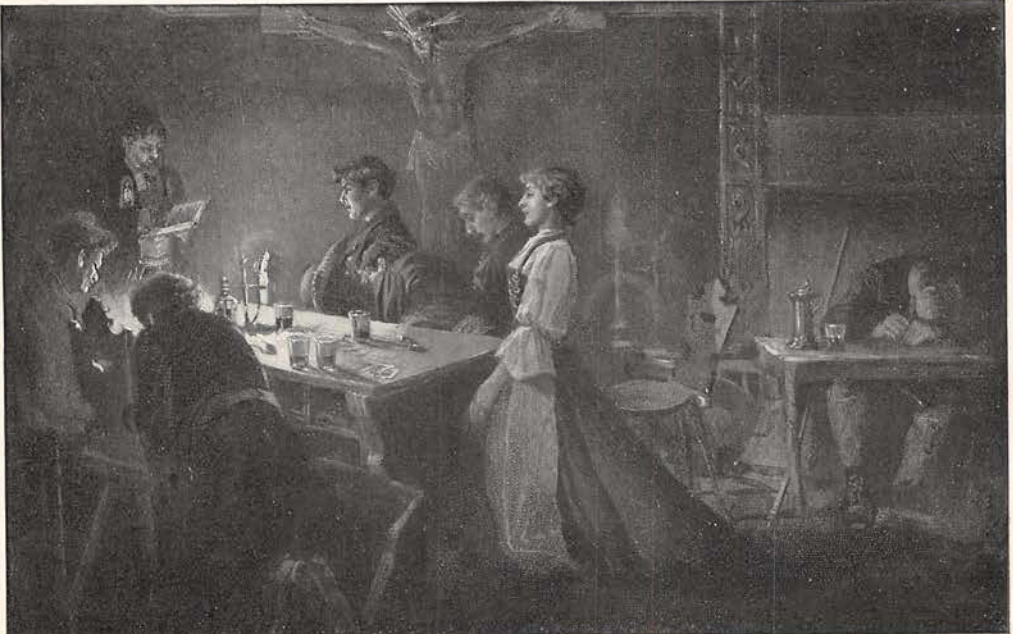
DRAWN BY MALCOLM FRASER.

TITIAN'S HOUSE, PIEVE DI CADORE.

was vastly taken with the machine, and especially with the smooth working of the «health-pull,» which he watched as it stretched and closed up in response to changes of grade or of speed or of surreptitious back-pedaling. He was glad to talk of his American experiences, which had led him to this opinion: «'Merican people got no sense: work hard, make a lot of money, drink whisky, fighten, strikes, lose it all—got no sense.» He had worked for good wages, and had twice ac-

at it; but hammering with the fists was «fool work.» After our midday meal at Toblach we went down the Pusterthal to Bruneck, and the next day to Mühlbach, which we found in a turmoil of expectation over the mountain manœuvres of a corps of the Austrian army, which was to arrive on the following day. We met several regiments as we passed through Franzensfeste, and a fine body of well-officered men they were.

At Mühlbach, which tempts to a second



DRAWN BY MALCOLM FRASER.

EVENING PRAYER IN A TYROLEAN GASTHAUS.

cumulated a good sum,—once as much as five hundred dollars,—and had then seen it all swept away by strikes ordered by walking delegates, and whole communities reduced to the verge of starvation. His verdict was: «'Merican workingmen is fools.» When he had again accumulated a little money, he came back to Cortina with five hundred gulden, got married, and bought a carriage and a pair of horses, with which he earns a living income by carrying summer tourists over the road between Cortina and Toblach or Belluno, and by hauling wood in winter. He has no thought of going again to a country whose people «got no sense.»

He was most impressed with the stupidity of boxing. He saw the fight in New Orleans between Corbett and Sullivan, which was to him the most conclusive evidence of our lack of sense. Wrestling he thought a manly exercise, and he was fond of it and an adept

visit, we walked up a beautiful mountain path to a fine waterfall high in the hills. It was Sunday evening, and our way led past a curious «Garden of Gethsemane,» which was obviously a favorite object of local pilgrimage. It is built on a high terrace, sloping steeply toward the road, and inclosed in a picket fence. The Christ kneels under a sort of pagoda, the angel is exposed to the weather, and the three neglectful apostles are asleep under a tin roof. A sign-board has this legend:

*O! du mein lieber Wandersmann,
Steh' still und halt' ein bißchen an,
Und schäue meinen blut'gen Schweiß,
Dann mache weiter deine Reiß'.*

*(Oh! thou beloved wanderer,
Stand still and wait a little here,
And look upon my bloody sweat,
Then forth upon thy travels set.)*

Beyond this there is a very old chapel covered with curious frescos, containing various objects of veneration, and evidently the source of much absolution.

In the evening we heard a monotonous chant near the hotel, and were told that it came from a gathering of the field-hands of the neighborhood, who met every evening in a large hall and intoned their prayers under the lead of the head workman.

The stream that tears down through the village to which it gives its name furnishes power for many industries. The rate of wages is low, of course; but the people are well housed and evidently well fed and happy. They would be in some ways the better for less bigotry and more light; but that they would be better for more «whisky, fighten, and strikes» is not likely.

Perhaps there is no better index to the good or bad condition of the working-people of a country than is afforded by the number of beggars one meets on the roads. The poles set up at the border of Austria, with their spiral stripes of yellow and black, do not mark the line between it and Italy much more clearly than does the advent of the beggar the moment the line is crossed. In Austrian Tyrol there are virtually no beggars. On the Italian side, even well-dressed people in the fields will leave their work to beg coppers from the passing traveler. One day, in the upper Innthal, a couple of bright-looking, rosy-faced children ran after us, asking for kreutzers. «Mawk-nix» upbraided them for such a shameful act, and they slunk away. He spoke of this with much indignation to a neighbor, who said their whole family were away in the fields at work, or they would not have dared to beg, and that he would see that they were well spanked when their mother came home at night. Nuns and a few favored cripples sometimes ask alms at the doors of the churches in the larger towns, and the «poor-box» is always found inside; but the peasantry and the churches take care of their own poor, so that the vice of beggary is unknown among them. In



DRAWN BY E. C. PEIXOTTO.

PEASANT HOUSE IN BRIXLEGG.

Italy, on the other hand, it is obvious that special conditions of deformity are artificially produced. Both legs broken and badly reset in childhood constitute a good source of income for life; and anything that appeals to sympathy is made the occasion for cultivating a very mistaken and mischievous charity.

All the world has heard of, and much of the world has visited, the patriotic passion-play at Oberammergau; but few know the degree to which the dramatic faculty is developed among the Tyrolese. At Brixlegg, in the lower Innthal, I saw, some years ago, a very impressive passion-play performed by the people of the village, which was said to be much what the Oberammergau play was before Bayard Taylor made it known to the world and started it on its course of financial prosperity. This year we made a fine run to Brixlegg, to see, in the same barn-like playhouse, a performance of «Speckbacher,» representing incidents of Hofer's patriotic campaigns against the Bavarians and the French. The title rôle was taken by a young man who looks much like Defregger's portrait of



DRAWN BY MALCOLM FRASER.

A GIRL OF TYROL.



DRAWN BY HARRY FENN.

THE TOWN HALL OF HALL.

Beyond Hall, however, this condition gives way to something very near perfection. The grades are good, with a considerable general descent, the villages and towns are fine, as becomes the centers of such a rich district, and the beauty and interest of the scenery are well-nigh unequaled. Near Brixlegg the road passes Schloss Matzen, the property of Mr. Baillie-Grohman, whose «Tyrol and the Tyrolese,» and other works relating to these and other mountains, have made his name familiar to English and

the hero. He was a stick, and the Hofer was rather ponderous; but the minor parts were capably given, and the young woman who played the peasant heroine gave great pathos and interest to the play. In Pradl, an outlying ward of Innsbruck, there is a noted peasant theater where local plays, with a high development of the patriotic element, delight the popular audience on Sunday afternoons, and give much satisfaction to the visitors who attend them during the summer. One of the most successful of the dramas was written by the wife of a shoemaker in Pradl, who plays the leading part with great acceptance. In Meran, in the autumn months, in a fine open-air theater, the play of «Andreas Hofer» is said to be unusually fine. Hofer was a native of the Passeierthal, which debouches at Meran. The costumes of his time still prevail there, and its traditions still live, so that this play is said to be marked with great historic accuracy of setting.

The route from Innsbruck to Brixlegg—thirty miles—begins with six miles of the worst road in Tyrol. It has been torn up by heavy trucking, and the Radfahrer Verband has not thus far been able to get it mended.

American readers. The road is said to be equally good and attractive all the way to the foot of the Bavarian highlands.

The road south from the Brenner pass, which the weather allowed us to ride over only as far as Franzensfeste, is somewhat steeper in places; but it is even finer in scenery, and has more traces of its old historic importance. Here were the great battlefields of the early wars for the possession of these mountains, and in modern time of the struggle under Hofer. One of its towns is unique. Stertzling lies near the mouth of the Pfertscherthal, down which the glaciers of the Stubai group cast their white light; and all its surroundings are of the grander sort. It is a little town with a thrifty air. Though of minor importance, it is a jewel-casket of medieval treasures in civic and domestic architecture. It had its highest importance in the twelfth and thirteenth centuries. The flow of tourist travel passes it without heeding it.

We halted for luncheon at a very simple little wayside *Gasthaus* at Freienfeld, beyond the Stertzinger Moos, the long stretch of flat meadows south of the town, which was a bloody battle-ground in the struggle of 1809.

We found that the bicycle-fever had reached even to our landlord, who was experimenting with an iron-rimmed wheel over which the saddle was supported by a pair of elliptic springs. L— tried it, and said it went very well, though not so soft as the «pneu.» I lifted it, and did not care to go farther. I told him it was too heavy. He said, «Mawk-nix; muss stärker sein» («That 's nothing; you must be stronger»). Probably the extra weight of this wheel would not be considered in fixing the load that a Tyrolese peasant would carry over the hills from the fields, and need not be regarded as an obstruction to sport. The wheels here are all much heavier than ours, and much stronger. They can be sent uphill by the tougher thews that grow in this land, and for safety in going downhill they have very effective brakes. The best brake has two pieces of rubber, about two and a half inches long and three quarters of an inch square, which are held flat against the two quarters of the tire. It holds very firmly, and its friction does not come on the part that is subject to the greatest wear. It is used, not with a steady pressure, but with successive light squeezes. When one becomes accustomed to it, it gives excellent control to any degree desired—even to holding the machine stock-still under any load and on any grade. Even the usual flat brake has a rubber face which holds better and lasts longer than metal. My American brakes were «not in it» on these hills, as compared with those of the local wheels I rode. The use of the brake is exacted by law in all towns, and it is almost universal on country roads; so is the furnishing of the wheel with a bell, but the better riders in Innsbruck do not use this in the city streets. They say they can make their way safely at a moderate speed, if the people keep on their way, while if they are disturbed and made nervous by a bicycle bell, they are liable to make some unexpected movement that may lead to a collision. I remember a case of mutual dodging at a street crossing in New York, between myself and a lady whom my bell had startled, which came near being annoying. Perhaps the custom

in Paris of hanging a little sleigh-bell loosely from the handle-bar is safer. It jingles all the time, somewhat to the annoyance of the rider; but it has a faint horse-car suggestion that keeps the public on the lookout. Nowhere in Europe did I see the brutal quadrupedal «scorching» that is such a nuisance and such a danger with us.

Another device I found to be in very general use in Tyrol. This is a snap-clip for holding the front wheel in line with the machine, so that it may be stood against a tree or any other support without falling. It is useful in pushing uphill with the hand on the saddle. The direction is changed by lifting the hind wheel to right or left. The clip is set or released in a moment.

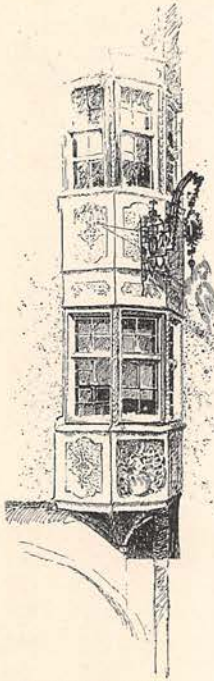
As we left our lunching-place we found the young towheads of the farm standing in mute and respectful wonderment about our wheels. We gave them a bit of a ride, two at a time, and left them enriched with the memory of a sensation they had never before known, and will never repeat—and will never forget.

Our long and beautiful road went winding on down the valley toward a finely situated castle which, as the guide-books say, has been «restored, enlarged, and beautified» by some newly rich new possessor. Let us hope that his kind may hold their hand from further meddling with historic old ruins, here or elsewhere. Its view up the valley could not be spoiled by any man's money, and we turned out of the road to look at it. Alas! as we crossed a somewhat slimy gutter my



DRAWN BY HARRY FENN.

SCHLOSS MATZEN, NEAR BRIXLEGG.



DRAWN BY W. D. SMITH.
AN ORIEL WINDOW IN
STERTZING.

hind wheel gave way under the lateral pressure of its burden, and sprang out of its plane. Here was a catastrophe indeed. L—— had gone on out of sight and hearing, and I was thrown on my own resources. For the first time I found the wisdom of the recommendation to wheelmen that they should themselves take their wheels apart and put them together again, so as to become familiar with their construction. After a discussion with the partner as to whose fault it was, I tried to take the wheel out, intending to dissect it and build it up anew. Fortunately, I did not get very far before L—— came flying back to see

what had become of us. He saw the trouble at once, and said, «Mawk-nix.» He turned the machine on its side, jumped on the warped member, and sprang it back into place as good as new; and that wheel never showed the least effect of what we had feared would prove a fatal injury.

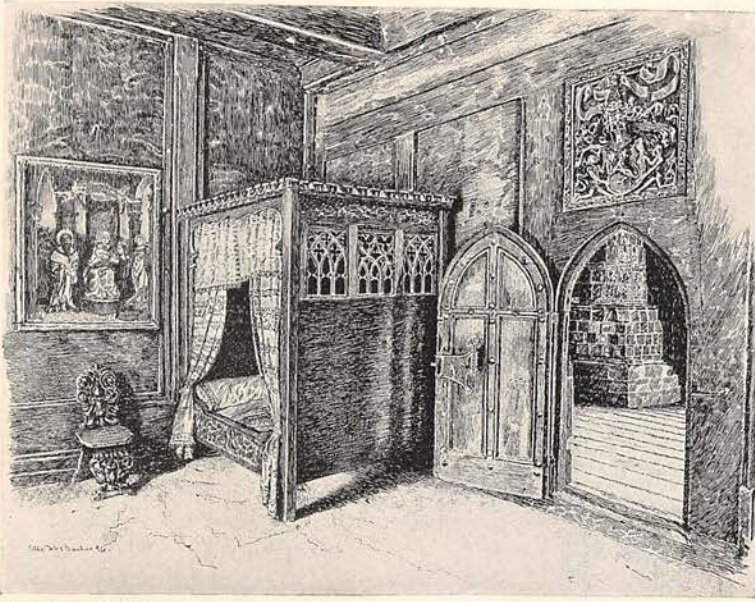
It was a source of great regret that the low-hanging clouds compelled us to pass by the gate of the Grödnerthal at Waidbruck. St. Ulrich, the Lang Kofel, the Seiser Alp, and the Col di Rodella all lay that way; but under such skies as this very exceptional season brought they had all to be given up. The recollection of former visits, and the hope of visits yet to come, must suffice us. From Botzen we had occasional glimpses of the great Dolomites which overlook it, but never such a clear view as is needed to get the full value of the sights for which one climbs up the steep valley of Gröden. Fortunately, such weather is rare on this slope of the Alps, which has an almost Italian tendency to clear skies. I have never before found it under persistent clouds in August and September.

Merah is not in the Dolomite region, but as approached from the east it seems a very near neighbor to it. It is on the road from Landeck to Botzen, and that route is enriched with a glorious view of the Ortler and of the long stretch of snow-mountains of which it is the king. It is, however, more easily visited from the Brenner by the railway. Perhaps this is a case where one should not stand on the order of his going, but should go at once by the way nearest to his hand. I had not seen Meran before for nearly twenty years, and I found it much improved. Happily, this improvement has in no wise spoiled it, and its new railroad from Botzen is a convenience for those who do not use the wheel. The old highroad is still very good. Meran is more distinctly an old town and a new one than any other I know. Juxtaposition has not led to intermixing. Passing through the old arched gateway under the tower against which the Erzherzog Johann Hotel is built, we enter at once into a town of the middle ages, with a grand old church, and with a long street both sides of which are furnished with the arcades of centuries ago, where the traffic of the region is carried on by a people who have not felt to the usual degree the effect of modern civilization. The old cos-



DRAWN BY HARRY FENN.

THE GATE OF THE CLOCK-TOWER, STERTZING.



DRAWN BY OTTO H. BACHER.

THE ALTE LANDESFÜRSTLICHE BURG IN MERAN.

tume is still considerably worn, and one meets many men with broad green silk suspenders,—almost like vests,—wide embroidered belts, jackets with scarlet lappets, and broad plush hats set back on the head, and having a curious peaked crown surrounded with several rows of colored cord. The goods offered for sale in the shops are mainly such as one finds in the small villages; they are sold for the same small prices, and they are carried away in the same primitive parcels. Early in the evening all is quiet and darkness, and the whole town seems to be asleep by nine o'clock.

Hidden away in a little square in the back part of the town there stands a building of great interest. It is called the Alte Landesfürstliche Burg. It was built by Archduke Sigmund I during the lifetime of his first wife, Eleanora, daughter of King James of Scotland, between 1446 and 1480. It was occupied by the emperors Maximilian I and Ferdinand I, and was visited by members of the imperial family, who resorted to Meran as a *Kurort*—for it was even then famed for its salubrity and its good physicians—until about the middle of the seventeenth century.

After that it fell into disuse, and stood neglected until, in 1845, Archduke John of Austria suggested and stimulated its restoration. This was finally finished in 1889. It is very completely reconstructed, and furnished according to the records of its time, which include several inventories of its contents.

It is not a museum of antiquities, only a small, princely house for use on occasions by the imperial family of Austria according to the habits of life of four hundred years ago. It is not enough to say that it is well worthy of a visit: it is unique, instructive, and most interesting.

Old Meran is now inclosed in a framework of modern health-resort building and adornment, as this is inclosed in the beauty and grandeur of the noble

mountains of the Etschthal. A more charming winter residence could hardly be imagined. Much of its success as a resort is due to the wise efforts of Dr. Tappeiner, who has been its chief physician for more than fifty years. His jubilee was made the occasion for undertaking the construction of the Tappeinerweg, a rarely fine walk built up the Pässeierbach,



DRAWN BY MALCOLM FRASER.

GUARD OF THE VINEYARD, MERAN.



DRAWN BY HARRY FENN.

LERMOOS, OPPOSITE THE SONNENSPIITZE.

and thence over terraces against the side of the steep wine-bearing hill back of the town, reaching a height from which a marvelous view is seen, and descending to a street that leads to the old arcades. At the summit stands a portrait-sculpture of the good physician to whom Meran owes so much, and to whom those who resort to its «climate cure» should be grateful. This is said to be a hot place in summer, but I have twice had the good fortune to find it cool in August. It must be delightful always.

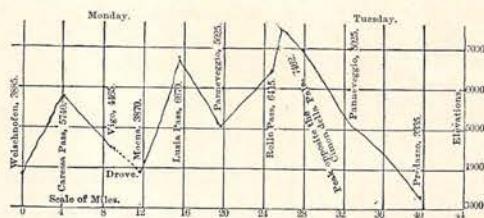
I should advise a wheelman landing at Genoa, as I did, to follow my route as far as Nauders and Reschen-Scheideck, and then, if the Ortler range is not clouded, to go down the Vintschgau as far as Meran. The valley descends rapidly, and it is only as it drops into the plain extending not far above the town that the heat becomes excessive. It is a beautiful road all the way. I should return over the first thirty miles, with a rise of nearly 3000 feet, by the Landeck diligence; but one who scorns such help will not find the grade impracticable. The road is good, of course. The thirty-mile station is Neu Spondenig, where the road forks to the Stelvio pass; but that's another story. One should not be tempted to go by rail from Meran to Innsbruck, for the road from Nauders via Landeck must on no account be missed. Botzen had better be allowed to

wait for a visit from the north over the Brenner, in connection with the Dolomite region, near the edge of which it lies.

This paper is devoted mainly to an account of what a bicyclist may see and do; but a wise man—or woman—will leave the wheel at times and take to the hills. One of my memorable walks will illustrate this, and hundreds equally interesting may be found. I had passed the night at Welschnofen (3900 feet), which is approached from Botzen through the Eggenenthal, and which lies directly west of the Rothe Wand, a superb wall of reddish dolomite over 9000 feet high, forming the end of the Rosengarten range. Starting at daybreak with a good guide, I ascended the Puckelintal, passed the Karrer See, where there is a fine hotel, and went up through the woods to the Caressa pass (5740 feet). Here we rested at a charming chalet the *Gast*-room of which had been decorated from time to time by wandering artists. Here my plans changed themselves. I had intended to return through Vigo and Campidello to St. Ulrich, but the glory of the wonderful peaks of San Martino rose before me; I had never seen them before, and I could not turn my back on them. After dining at Vigo (4465 feet), I drove to Moena, three miles down the Fassathal, and walked thence over the Lusia pass (6670 feet) to Panneveggio (5025 feet), where I was glad at nightfall

to find a very comfortable hotel. The next morning I walked over the highroad to the Rolle pass (6415 feet), and thence to the spur of a neighboring crest (7462 feet) which overlooked the glacier under the high peak of Cimon della Pala (10,561 feet), «the Matterhorn of the Dolomites.» The position was too near for an appreciation of the majesty of this marvelous peak, but not too near for a study of its remarkable formation. It is of a creamy color, with a tendency to gray. I made an interesting circuit of the high and fertile adjoining Alps, took my noon meal at Panneveggio, and pretty nearly exhausted my remaining strength in walking down the Val Travnigolo to Predazzo. Seen from this valley, at a distance of ten miles, the Cimon della Pala and its neighbor the Palo di San Martino, glowing with the golden light of the setting sun, were more impressive than any sight I ever beheld, save only the Lang Kofel near St. Ulrich as it stood under the sunset glow, high against the dark sky above the black firs of the Grödnerthal.

The appended profile of my two days' walk will illustrate more clearly a feature of excursions in the Tyrol which is quite different from wheeling through its valleys—different, but not more charming.



Nor are these valleys and mountains the Tyrol's only attractions. It is covered with the glamour of history and tradition, reaching back to very remote times; from the beginning it has been the battle-ground and the refuge of the hordes by whom Italy was successively settled, conquered, reconquered, and lost again and again; and its hills are rich with the record of the warlike peoples who have occupied it in turn. Since the Napoleonic days, when Andreas Hofer and his lieutenants, Speckbacher and the Capuchin monk Haspinger, with their sturdy band of mountaineers, and the famed Maidl von Spinges, held it for the Austrian crown, it has been at peace, and even these later struggles now live only in history. But the spirit of patriotism is still strong. Let us trust that it may remain a spirit only, and that these smiling and happy valleys may not again feel the scourge of war.

Geo. E. Waring, Jr.

THE PILGRIMS.

«WHITHER, pilgrims, whither bound,
 Passing slowly with no sound?»
 One by one they journey by,
 Gliding, gliding silently;
 Slowly, slowly, dim and gray,
 Hold they on their ghostly way.

«Hither, children, making May
 Of the solemn autumn day,
 Who were they but now went by
 While the dead weeds gave a sigh?
 Who the pilgrims, dim and gray,
 Stopped and looked upon your play?»

«We have wandered many hours
 Here where some one hides the flowers;
 We heard laughter in the grass,
 But we saw no pilgrim pass.»
 Whispers one,—pale-cheeked is she,—
 «Shapes went by; they beckoned me.»

John Vance Cheney.