

become dry enough. Then a sofa, of a shape and construction peculiarly unfitted for lying down upon and still more uncomfortable to sit on, and six or eight ordinary chairs to match. These, with two easy chairs, comprise the usual drawing-room suite, sold at from "eight to twenty guineas." I have described the ordinary furnishing of nineteen rooms out of every twenty in town or country.

But, you say very naturally, I find fault with everything that is within your means to purchase. So I do, because everybody will insist on spreading over a whole house the money they should have expended on two or three rooms of it. If my advice be taken, you will just furnish what you actually need, and wait for time and opportunity, or increased means, to finish the rest. To my taste, the best-furnished drawing-rooms are those with the least in them, but everything the best of its kind.

Fig. IV. is a cabinet in ebonised wood, either with or without gold mouldings. The looking-glass at the top has a shelf underneath it for china, &c., and the closed doors might be decorated with needlework panels. The introduction of ebonised wood was an era in furnishing, and very handsome and well designed articles of furniture may be obtained in it at any good shop. Fig. V. is a high *escritoire*, with mirrors at the back. The ordinary furniture of our rooms is wanting in height; the only tall things being the looking-glasses over the mantelpiece. I think this has been a mistake, which I am glad to see some of the leading designers of the day are endeavouring to rectify.

Wall-ottomans and divans are very good additions to the room, and have the advantage of leaving the floor in the middle of the room free from too many chairs, besides breaking the monotony of a long wall-space. In choosing chairs, vary the shapes as much as possible. Two or three high ones are enough; all the rest low, and as comfortable as can be procured.

Avoid having anything in the centre of the room; even the usual ottoman spoils the broad effects at which you should aim. In selecting tables be very careful that they are solid, and so firm that none of your family or friends need fear breaking them. A good-sized writing-table, with an ink-stand, pens, and paper-case—for use, and not for beauty—is a necessity, as well as an occasional table; but do avoid anything flimsy. It is a great mistake to make the piano a feature in your drawing-room; it is ugly and ungraceful, and should be placed in some obscure and unobtrusive corner. I am always suspicious when I see the piano poked into the most conspicuous position, that some member of the family will attempt to warble to me by the hour, while the other members range themselves in attitudes of admiration on every side.

The usual idea for drawing-room wall-colouring is white and gold, producing a painful effect of light and glitter, without a vestige of repose or shadow. No one, unless they try by actual experience, can conceive the enormous difference between a house all glare, and paper-patterned, and one in which the walls are of sage or olive-green, and when all the colouring rests the tired eyes. Gilding, white marble, and plate-glass are all at present perfect eyesores in almost every house; and white marble-topped tables are undesirable in every way, except as washstands, perhaps.

One or two small low tables are needful for afternoon tea; and if you have a bow window be sure to leave it comfortably free of furniture.

Avoid a curved sofa, or indeed curves in anything made of wood. My last illustration, Fig. VI., is for use anywhere as a bracket for large china bowls and vases. The rack beneath is taken from a French picture, and is of Moorish design. It is a capital idea, and might answer for walking-sticks, whips, &c., in the hall.

## A MONTH IN SWITZERLAND FOR TWENTY POUNDS.



DO not say you can do it easily for less, but I do say that you can do it easily and with comfort for the £20. And I say further that last year, going with my wife to Switzerland (chiefly to show her the country, which I had seen myself before), I stayed a few days over four weeks, and brought back golden change out of £40. I speak, therefore, from experience, when I say that Switzerland can be very fairly gone over from England for £20. It is not the

sights which this little country has to show; I will assume that the desire to see these already exists, and requires no stimulant. Were it otherwise, I should fill an introductory column with glowing descriptions and earnest adjurations to any one who has not seen Switzerland to go and see it. What I wish to impress is that the project is by no means so formidable a matter as it appears to the ordinary untravelled Englishman from a distance. Nowhere in the world, I should say, is travelling so well-ordered, so comfortable, and so cheap as in "the playground of Europe." Entire ignorance of French or German need not stand much in your way: if you know either language it will add to your comfort, save you some expense occasionally, and enable you to penetrate farther into native life; but English is now known and spoken at nearly all the stopping-points of Swiss tourists, and by some one or other attached to nearly all Swiss vehicles. On the great lines of railway the guards, and on the main

place in this short paper to dwell upon the glorious

lines of diligences the conductors, speak usually French, German, and English, and not unfrequently a little Italian.

But to return to cheapness. The most costly part of a Swiss tour is getting to Switzerland and getting back. There is, any way, an immense length to be travelled over, which must be paid for. Even in this matter, however, the charges are less than in England; and when you are once in the country, if you are only wise enough to avoid that quite unnecessary luxury, a special conveyance, or *voiture*, locomotion is inexpensive to a marvel, whether by rail, diligence, or steamboat; and sustenance is reasonable. When you have arrived, in fact, the balance of expenditure begins to tend to the right side. Swiss hotels are far cheaper than those of England or Scotland; and every day you stay in the country, when once there, is an economy compared with hotel life in England, or even in many cases with furnished lodgings at an English watering-place.

To come to details, however, and to actual experience. The most convincing proof of the feasibility of a Swiss tour of a month for £20 will be given if I narrate shortly my own movements. I have stated that I was accompanied by my wife; and this, I hope, may not be an uninteresting fact in the matter, for there must be, and I am sure are, hundreds of married readers of CASSELL'S MAGAZINE who would like to take their wives to Switzerland.

We took circular tickets for locomotion; and I advise all but very experienced and leisurely travellers to do the same. The disadvantage is that it fixes your route; but the routes for Swiss tourists are practically fixed by nature, and whether you take tickets beforehand or not, you must, in a first journey, stick to the beaten tracks. Beaten tracks, indeed, are the best tracks for the purposes of nine people out of ten. Moreover, the taking of circular tickets does not bind you rigidly; you can make a *détour* if you choose (at extra cost, of course); you can omit portions of your route and get the money back; and in many cases you can take your choice, at any rate, of the direction in which you travel over a particular section of the country. For the old traveller who knows the ground, and is rather on the look-out for good opportunities to vary previous journeys, it is all very well to go without circular tickets; but for the ordinary tourist, especially if he is venturing into Switzerland for the first time, or taking a wife or son for the first time, it is in every way best to take tickets beforehand. One great advantage they give is that all trouble of getting them at railway stations, and all chance of being cheated in change, or bewildered in hurried calculations, is avoided. Any idea that you have less respect and attention when bearing "tourist tickets" may be dismissed at once. I took a set, and not only had no difficulty, but am persuaded that they secured us special attention. To show the outside of the little portfolios was sufficient in many cases where inspection of tickets only was required; guards bowed, and passed on. I hope it will get no one into trouble if I state that, in fact, I brought back to England coupons

for many miles of railway travelling, which I had journeyed over without being asked for the tickets—a display of the cases being accepted without further inquiry.

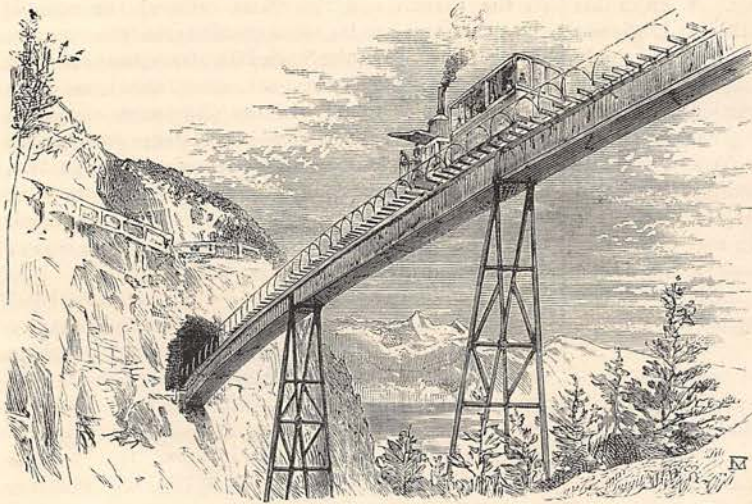
The tickets I took were of the second class, and the accommodation was very fair at every stage. Both on the French and the Swiss railways the second-class carriages are far more comfortable than on most English lines. On the Swiss lake steamboats one goes first-class, whichever class of railway tickets one takes for a "circular tour." In the diligences, except in cold wet weather, the second-class ticket gives you the pleasantest places. In short, it may be taken that nothing is sacrificed in a Swiss tour by travelling second-class rather than first. As for going third, except on short distances, you may lose by reason of delay, which involves an extra hotel bill.

I did not take hotel coupons. I am not sure that I should do so another time, for it is a fact that, by going to second or third-rate hotels, you can economise very considerably on eight francs a day—the expenditure involved in taking Cook's coupons. I do not strongly advise the adventurous policy in regard to hotels; and yet it has its advantages. In the third-rate public-houses at places like Bâle and Lucerne, you see far more of the people as they are; you get real native cookery, and real genuine wines: the inns are not always so clean and free from smell as could be desired—nor are the big hotels—but I did not experience the one proverbial and intolerable nuisance which prevents sleep in sea-side lodging-houses in England in any of the Swiss hostelries. We stopped, during our tour, at inns and hotels of all degrees, and I should say that certainly, if a lady is not of the party, any tourist with a good digestion, a love for good beer and the "small wines" of the district, a curiosity in matters of cookery, and a mind to note the manners of the inhabitants, should go in, in the big towns and occasionally in small villages, for third-rate hotels, or rather inns. If he be in good health, and have fair digestion, he will get much fun, with little discomfort, and will save considerably. It is, however, rather important for the success of this more adventurous line of action, that some one in the party should speak German: an English—or even a French-speaking waiter is not likely to occur in such establishments. If you can speak German, and like to enter into conversation, you may take part in some characteristic scenes, when the townsmen or villagers come together in the common room for the evening card-playing, beer-drinking, and gossip: scenes which you will certainly not encounter by going to the big hotel, where all will be solemnly comfortable and nice; and where, whatever writers may write to the contrary, you will find no special sociability, the chances being that the company will be chiefly composed of your own countrymen.

Now, as to what we saw for our rather less than £20. Leaving London in the early morning, we were in Paris, without meeting with discomfort or special fatigue, in time to take an evening stroll in front of the Tuileries. But the tourist who wishes to see Switzer-

land for £20 must not linger in the French capital. Every day in Paris nearly counts for two in expenditure. Glancing at the Place de la Concorde by twilight, we shut our eyes to Paris for the nonce, and next morning we were in the early fast train to Bâle,

I ascended Pilatus. No guide is necessary; it would be, in fact, no exaggeration to say that a guide here, and in many other ascents and excursions, is about as ridiculous as a guide to Hampstead Heath. By a little courage in this respect, a tourist may avoid much expense in many ascents and excursions, where guides press themselves upon you: there is but one road, and that a good and unmistakable one, the whole way. From Hergiswyl we rejoined the regular track which tourists take who wish to see "the Oberland"—steamer to Alpnacht, and diligence over the Brünig pass to the lake and town of Brienz. Our circular tickets provided the conveyance, which was all that could be desired. But any one with a mind to walk should walk over the Brünig: it will take two days to do it easily; but there are inns and hotels at all points, and the walker can "break his journey" wherever it suits him.



UP THE RIGI.

*viâ* Belfort. The long day spent in a second-class carriage involved less fatigue than we expected; the carriages being, as has been already said, very comfortable. Arrived at Bâle, we were in Switzerland. This was the evening of the second day. But Bâle, though Switzerland politically, is not Switzerland to the tourist who wants to see the Alps; and, after a glance at the Rhine and the cathedral, next morning we left by rail for the real commencement of Swiss scenery—Lucerne. At Bâle we slept at a mere street inn, and had some curious glimpses of Swiss lower burghs-life, at no special sacrifice of comfort. The bill was ridiculous in its smallness. At Lucerne we tried one of the third-rate houses mentioned in a guide-book, with less satisfaction than resulted at Bâle; but still with no special inconvenience. I need not, however, detail our movements further than is necessary to show what we saw for our expenditure. We ascended the Rigi—my wife being helped by the railway; we dined, on the summit, at one of the large first-class hotels. But Pilatus took my fancy more than the Rigi; and we voyaged next by steamboat to his base—the village of Hergiswyl. Here there is a small hotel, with poor cooks; but the situation is so delightful that we lingered a day or two: ate Alpine strawberries, rowed on the lake, and

journey, we found the "White Cross" good and moderate (not low). No one passing this way should miss the Giessbach, a series of waterfalls; much more, in truth, than a series of waterfalls, but a scene of grandeur best known by this feature. These falls are illuminated every night during the season—with what effect I did not qualify myself to judge, preferring nature without coloured fires. At Brienz are the



THE LAKE LUCERNE.

head-quarters of Swiss wood-carving; and it will be a firm man (not to mention the lady of the party, if there be one) who will resist the beautiful objects here offered for purchase—especially as one must take home a few presents for somebody. This is one of

the expenses of a Swiss tour; and it will not be out of the drift of this paper if I say that some purchases of wood-carving were made, and are included in my estimate of £20.

Of course we saw Interlachen: it would be playing



SHOPS AT BRIENZ.

off a delusion to the reader to offer him, as a Swiss tour, a route with this pleasantest of places left out; but it must be chronicled that Interlachen is an exceptionally expensive place, and a stay of more than two or three days will imperil the £20 budget. Still, no one could have been more happily lodged and fed than we were for three days—including a Sunday—at the Hôtel du Pont; and the bill was not extravagant. By steamer to Thun, and thence to Berne, was the route prescribed by our tickets, and is the regular track for tourists. I shall not easily forget with what delight I found, at the railway station of the Swiss capital, a refreshment-room, mainly on English principles, and at which we got roast beef and potatoes quite *à la John Bull*.

Our route was now towards Geneva, which must, of course, be seen by any visitor to Switzerland, and forms one of the chief centres of interest; but we halted at Lausanne—a dirty place with a pretty name. Thence our tickets were designed to take us by the most interesting railway line to Martigny, for Chamounix; but I had a special wish to see the Matterhorn, and at Martigny decided to substitute

Zermatt and the Riffel for Chamounix and Mont Blanc. This we did by simply not using our tickets for a mule over the Tête Noire, and a diligence from Chamounix to Geneva (getting the money-value back afterwards in London), and paying independently from

Martigny by rail and diligence to Visp, whence we walked, by easy stages, up the Visp valley to that most incomparable of places, the Riffel, above Zermatt. Thus, we visited the Matterhorn for our £20, but omitted Mont Blanc. Returning to Martigny, and back by rail towards Geneva, we chose Vevey as a lingering place beside the lovely lake; and had almost lordly accommodation at the Hôtel du Lac, at very reasonable cost. Here we did not deny ourselves, amongst other things, the luxury of boating, which is cheap, and most enjoyable. Transit to Geneva by railway was provided for by our circular tickets, which,

it may be here remarked, admit of “breaks” at almost any place of interest; and from Geneva we took train back to Paris.

Returning, we felt disposed to rest awhile, and go in for a few good dinners and a little urban sight-seeing



UP THE RIFFEL.

at Paris; nevertheless, we arrived in London, as I said, with golden remains of £40. There is no need whatever, if you are a person of moderate habits and independent of luxuries, why you should not have “a month in Switzerland for twenty pounds.”