
My Visit to Styria

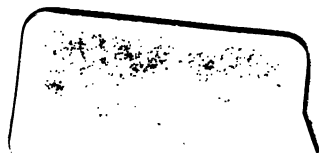
Corner Caroline

Title: My Visit to Styria

Author: Corner Caroline

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MY VISIT TO STYRIA.

By Caroline Corner,

AUTHOR OF

"Twixt Will and Fate," "The Slinkensmirk Family," &c.



LONDON:

J. BURNS, 15, SOUTHAMPTON ROW, W.C.

And of the Author, 3, St. Thomas's Square, Hackney.

1882.

AN EDITION IN LIMP CLOTH, 1S.







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the ascent meanwhile being 1,520 feet, the descent to Mürzzuschlag 700 feet—is a masterpiece of ingenuity and perseverance, reflecting honour on the memory of its planner and constructor, our talented countryman, the late Mr. Hall.

Upon entering the Pass, the train slackens its speed. Besides being a necessary precaution, it is agreeable in that we get a good view of the truly beautiful panorama around us as we journey along.

Above : towering steeps, some barren, dark and jagged, others rich in every shade of vegetation and foliage, while others again, in the distance, are monuments of icy splendour, reflecting the myriad tints, while at the same time withstanding the warmth of the early summer's sun. Beneath : the peasant's cot, occasional groups of villages huddled together, quaint little churches dotted here and there, winding streams like serpents with shining skins of silver and gold, and humankind little more than perpendicular black-beetles in comparison with the huge, overhanging heights.

The Railway Stations alone are a gallery of pictures. O'erhung with festoons of clematis, jasmine, and trellised vine, with (supposing it to be Sunday, as it was when I first made the acquaintance of the charming Semmering Pass) gaily-dressed damsels tripping along on the arm of their *galants*; happy-faced children offering for sale gorgeous bouquets of mountain flowers, the snowy *edelweiss* arranged in all manner of devices; or glasses of "*frisches Wasser*" and plates of tempting fruit,—they resemble

scenes from opera-bouffe rather than the dreary monotony of our English country stations.

But this fairy-like scene terminates with the Semmering Pass. The train resumes its usual speed (which is never desperate on the Continent—aggravatingly the other way sometimes), and we pass through forests of pine and fir (deliciously odoriferous and health-giving), towns, villages, etc., until we come to Gratz, the capital of Styria.

As some little time is allowed here, I alighted, made a hasty repast at the buffet, then had a look round. Everybody was amused at the air of importance I assumed, and ready to do the polite and agreeable to the young *Engländerin*. The self-esteem of the English in a foreign land is proverbial. I was no exception.

Gratz is a pretty and somewhat interesting place. It is situated on the river Mur, crossed by a chain bridge. Its Cathedral contains a fine altar painting by Tintoretto, besides the tomb of Ferdinand II., husband of the Fair Phillippina, whose pictures abound in Munich and Vienna, and whose romantic history is deserving of a passing word.

It seems that the exceeding loveliness (together with many other rare and surpassing charms let us hope, for men are very stupid) of the lowly-born daughter of the Munich Burgomaster was powerful to affect the heart of the heir to the throne; indeed, to such a considerable and lasting extent, that nothing less than prostrating himself at the maiden's feet and suing her hand in marriage could satisfy the devotional yearnings of the royal lover. Witness,