

vented from entering the city before the gates were closed, we resolved to wait till the next morning and spend the night at Adelstaetten, a pretty village about a league from Salzburg, and the last Bavarian post. Night was falling as we approached a little wood which hid the village from us. There we asked a peasant how far we had still to go, and when he had answered our question he told us, evidently with kind intention, that we should find good company in the village, for a few hours earlier three journeymen laborers had arrived there; and then he added that we should no doubt be glad to meet comrades and have a gay evening with them. We were not astonished to be taken for workmen, since every one who travels here on foot, with a knapsack on his back, is understood to belong to the laboring class. . . . Arrived at the village, we were delighted to find that the three journeymen were our traveling companions. They had come, like ourselves, from Traunstein, where we had missed each other in the crowd, and they were going likewise to sleep at Adelstaetten, to avoid the custom-house. Finally, on Monday, at ten o'clock, we crossed the long bridge over the Saala, between the white coats with yellow trimmings on guard there.