



OUR TABLE.

WANDERINGS OF A PILGRIM UNDER THE SHADOW OF MONT BLANC; BY GEORGE B. CHEEVER, D. D.

This, though a Traveller's Book, is no mere book of travels. It gives, as the title imports, a record of the Reverend Author's pilgrimages to the various scenes of interest in the neighbourhood of Mont Blanc; but these are detailed in a style so easy and unconstrained, and, moreover, are so lighted up with the fire of poetic genius that evidently burns within the writer's breast, as to do away with all the tedium that too often attends the perusal of a Traveller's Note Book.

Dr. Cheever's vivid fancy is often discovering an intellectual, or more frequently still, a moral parallel to the scenes of physical grandeur or loveliness, amid which his footsteps strayed. Of these the reader may judge by the following specimens, extracted almost at random.

He is speaking of the *Mer de Glacc*, near Chamouny:

"From the bosom of this tumbling sea of ice, enormous granite needles shoot into the sky, ob-

jects of singular sublimity.*" No snow can cling to the summits of these jagged spires; the lightning does not splinter them; the tempests rave around them, and at their base, those eternal drifting ranges of snow are formed, that sweep down into the frozen sea, and feel the perpetual, immensurable masses of the glacier. Meanwhile, the laughing verdure, sprinkled with flowers, plays upon the edges of the enormous masses of ice—so near, that you may almost touch the ice with one hand, and with the other pluck the violet. So, oftentimes, the ice and the verdure are mingled in our earthly pilgrimage; so, sometimes, in one and the same family, you may see the exquisite refinements and the crabbed repugnancies of human nature. So, in the same house of God, on the same bench, may sit an angel and a murderer; a villain, like a glacier, and a man with a heart like a sweet running brook in the sunshine."

Again, of the *Cascade des Pelerines*:

"A torrent issues from the Glacier des Pelerines high up the mountain, above the Glacier du Bosson, and descends by a succession of leaps, in a deep gorge, from precipice to precipice, almost in one continual cataract. But it is all the while merely gathering force, and preparing for