

clouds completely cover the lakes and plains, so that the spots of land which peep through look like islands in a sea.

Then at sunset, how entrancing the sight, as peak after peak fades into shadow, until Tödi alone reflects the sun's rays and stands out for a moment solitary in a glow of light.

After two days and nights in the cloud-world, I came down to Lucerne—charming old city—at the head of that lake sacred to the legend of William Tell, with its ancient walls, and towers, and bridges, and attractive modern quays, and avenues, and shops.

My route lay thence by steamer to Alpnach, by carriage from Alpnach over the romantic Brunig Pass to the town and lake of Brienz, by steamer to Giessbach; and so on from one scene of beauty to another, until I had passed through Interlaken, Thun, Berne, Fribourg, and Lausanne, to Geneva, enjoying much by the way.

On a Monday morning late in August, I climbed into my seat in the big lumbering diligence which runs from the city of Calvin to the valley of Chamouny. It did not take long to discover some fellow-countrymen among the passengers—a burly old English squire, with his genial wife; a youthful Oxford parson, with his less youthful maiden sister; and the blooming young widow of an Indian officer, whose constant reference to the guide-book, enthusiasm for all the points of interest, and general vivacity and usefulness, won for her from us all the sobriquet of "Mrs. Cook." We all soon became acquainted, and formed a party, and travelled and jaunted and enjoyed the sights together for three days.

It is a delightful drive out from Geneva, up the valley of the Arve, to Chamouny. Here are meadow-lands flanked by mountains; yonder handsome chateaux; now we cross the river, and again recross it on stone bridges with graceful arches; then we skirt the mountains, a wall of rock to the left hand, and the deep gorge of the river to the right. We pass the fairest of water-falls. The rocks project far up, and as the water comes over it is caught by the wind and literally blown into spray, which gently floats adown the mountain (recalling Tennyson's "slow-dropping veils of thinnest lawn"), gradually condenses again, and finally reaches the foot of the cliff in several tiny rivulets.

Now we are in sight of the range of Mont Blanc. We stand up in the diligence and shout our recognition. But we have still some ten miles or more to go, before we fairly enter the valley of Chamouny and are at the foot of the monarch of European moun-