

pass ; the snowy Reichenbach leaps with headlong plunge down the mountain side, then strikes the rock, rebounds, and is lost in the deep and narrow gorge.

The path then winds through flowery upland meadows and beneath balm-breathing pines, enlivened by *chalets* and herds. In the bright sunlight the whole region seems transfigured and glorified. All day the lofty peaks of the Oberland form the sublime background of the view—the Engelhorn, the Wetterhorn, the Shreckhorn, the Eiger, the Monch, the Silberhorn, and, grandest of all, the Jungfrau. These mountain names are often very suggestive, as the Angel's Peak ; peaks of Tempest, of Darkness, and of Terror ; the Silver Peak, the Monk and the Virgin. Nearer at hand sharp aiguilles, or needles of rock, rise precipitously, as shown in our initial cut. There, in a lateral valley, is the beautiful Glacier of the Rosenlauri. Like a huge gauntlet that Winter has flung down, as Longfellow remarks, it age after age bids defiance to the Sun. Or rather, like some mighty dragon with glittering scales and horrent crest, it creeps stealthily from its mountain lair as if to devour the valley and its flocks and herds. But the golden shafts of Phœbus Apollo pierce his icy mail, and baffle and defeat and drive back the truculent monster.

The snow peaks pierce wedge-like the deep blue sky, cloud pennons streaming from their summit. Up, up, the vision climbs, along sheer precipices of thousands of feet, so steep that not even the snow can find a resting-place. At many of the grandest points of view the traveller is waylaid by sturdy mountaineers blowing their Alpine horns, at whose challenge the mountain echoes shout back their loud defiance. The Alp horn is a huge affair, from six to eight feet long, of either wood or metal. Upon it quite a musical air can be produced by a skilful player. The echoes are often exquisitely sweet, growing fainter and farther and dying away in the lone mountain solitudes. They made me think of Tennyson's Bugle Song :

“ O hark, O hear ! how thin and clear,
And thinner, clearer, farther going ;
O sweet and far, from cliff and scar,
The horns of Elfland faintly blowing !
Blow, bugle, blow, set the wild echoes flying ;
Blow, bugle, answer echoes, dying, dying, dying.”