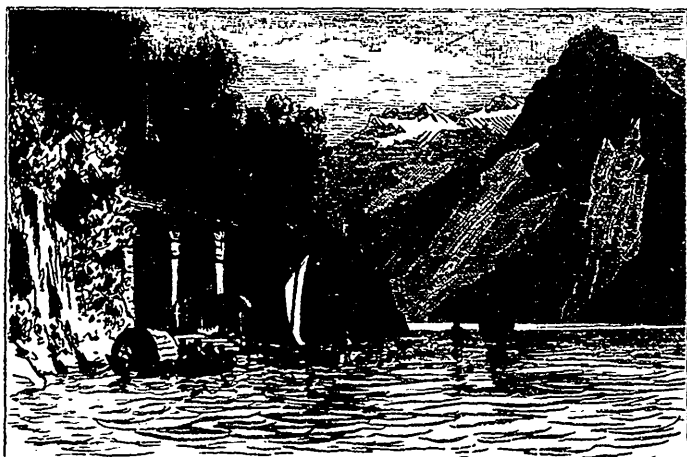


Vitznau, were we ascend the Rigi, 5,906 feet above the sea. A railway leads from the picturesque village to the summit. The engine climbs up by means of a cog-wheel, which catches its teeth on the track. In one place it crosses a skeleton iron bridge. As we climb higher and higher, the view widens, till, as we round a shoulder of the mountain, there bursts upon the sight a wondrous panorama of mountain, lakes, and meadows, studded with chalets, villages and hamlets, and distant towns. The view sweeps a circle of 300 miles, and commands an unrivalled prospect of the whole Bernese Oberland.

Beneath us, like a map, lie Lakes Zug, Lucerne, Sempach, and half a score of others, with their towns and villages; and in the



TELL'S CHAPEL.

distance the whole range of the Bernese Alps. The nearer view—now flecked with sun, now gloomed with shade—is a vision of delight, whose memory can never fade. The faint, far-tolling of the bells and lowing of the kine float softly up, and all the beauty of the “incense-breathing morn,” unfolds itself to the sight.

A mighty host of glittering ice-crowned peaks raise their stupendous crests on every side; their cliffs and precipices worn and furrowed by the storms of a thousand ages. In glorious but terrific majesty they stand, the silence of their pathless solitudes unbroken save by the shrill cry of some bird of prey or the dread thunder of the descending avalanche. Those lines in Childe Harc'd recur to us: