

The Village of Witten.

AS we ascended the brow of the hill, a beautiful panorama presented itself to our view. The prospect was worthy the brush of an artist. Away to the right stretched the wooded hills of Katengen in an unbroken and regular chain. To the left were the bleak, but wildly-beautiful Kraatsken heights, while away in the distance loomed up the purple peaks of Mount Taben. In front of us, stretched away a broad undulating plain, dotted here and there with farmers' cottages, and rich with the golden harvest.

In the distance we could see the pretty, rustic village of Witten, resting against the mountain-side. It is a typical old European village, and travellers often resort to it on account of its simple rustic beauty and the surrounding scenery. As we approached nearer to the town, we could discern the tall tower of the village church, and, on coming still closer, what had appeared as bright spots in the distance, loomed up as substantial two-storey dwellings, gaudily painted, and presenting altogether a very pleasing appearance. Witten boasts a single church, a village council-hall (in the grocery store), a post-office, and the usual general store.

On approaching the church, we were struck by the massive Gothic architecture of the building, which, as we were later informed by the inn-keeper, had been built several centuries ago by an old Baron who had his residence in the village. Two substantial oak doors opened onto the casement, and, above these, two majestic spires towered for a height of a hundred and eighty feet. The interior still further preserved the massive beauty of the middle ages. The high-arched porch, the solemn gallery with its heavy cornices of marble, and the dark walls, everywhere adorned with images and statues, might well impress the visitor, and carry him back in imagination four or five hundred years, to the time when the noble baron paid his homage to the Lord and Master of all.

In front of the church stretched the main street, a very pretty thoroughfare, adorned on either side by the comely houses of the villagers, and shaded by the cooling branches of oak, maple and chestnut. Here in the evenings the little children played and frisked about, and the mothers might be seen sitting by the door with their darning or their weaving, while the old men of the village

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