

made several valuable acquaintances where the name of Channing was the medium of introduction. But for wearying your patience, I should gladly tell of an interview which I had in an Irish car, on the road from Belfast to the Giant's Causeway, riding beneath the bold headlands of that rocky and picturesque coast, where a gentleman who had been careful to point out all the peculiarities of scenery along the way, became at once indifferent to them in his joy at meeting one who had seen and known the man whom he regarded as a prophet, and for miles could talk of nothing else than Channing. Or I would relate a walk which I took in Edinburgh, from Scott's monument to Holyrood Palace, down the Canon-gate, where the curiosity of my English Unitarian companion to know about Channing, had nearly hindered me from seeing the quaint and marvellous sights of that strange thoroughfare. These interviews, however, though agreeable surprises, were much less striking than one which chanced in a district of Europe, where such an interview would be the last thing to be expected.

The Cantons of the Grisons are the wildest and least frequented part of Switzerland. They are somewhat removed from the common ways of travel, yet, in my opinion, better repay a traveller than those regions of the land where the people have been sophisticated by their intercourse with foreigners, and the simplicity of the old Swiss character has been nearly lost. The language of these Cantons is a singular, unintelligible compound, in which the patois of French, English, and Italian has been grafted on to an old dialect of the Dark Ages, and it separates the mountain tribes of the Grisons from all the counties around them, cuts them off from literature,