

he sees far below is the one by which he has entered the mountain. At Wasen we see the same church now far above us, then on a level, then far below, and it requires almost a mathematical demonstration to convince one that after all the travel we are having it is still the same church. As the train leaps out of a dark tunnel into the bright light, reflected from the snow-clad mountains and the evergreen pines, it is one of the most remarkable experiences of the journey. To give completeness to this narrative I quote an account of the ride over the mountain:

The first time I crossed this remarkable pass the railway was not completed, and I had to climb laboriously over the summit of the pass, on the top of a lumbering *diligence*, on my way from Italy. The *diligence* is a huge vehicle with broad-tired wheels, set about six feet apart to prevent upsetting, and formidable with brakes, and drags, and chains, suggestive of mountain perils. It is like a stage-coach, with another coach cut in two and placed part in front and part aloft behind. The luggage is stored on a strong deck on top. I was fortunate in securing a place outside, *en banquette* as it is called, but I gave it up to two fellow-tourists condemned to the *interieur*, and sat with the guard upon the luggage. We rattled through the squalid, stone-paved, ill-smelling town of Biasca, and through many like it, climbing ever higher and higher. The Ticino, whose banks the road follows, tears its way down in foaming cataracts of the wildest character through a mountain cleft. There is not even room for the road, which is carried through tunnels, or on arches over the boiling flood. On either side the milky torrents stream down the mountain side, "like tears of gladness o'er a giant's face." I noticed far up a distant slope a huge cross, like a sign of consecration, formed of snow drifts.

At Airolo, where we stopped for lunch, a peasant fair was in progress, and the costumes of both men and women were very picturesque. Some of the women wore a most extraordinary tiara of silver, almost like a nimbus, on their heads. From this point we climbed to the summit of the pass by some thirty zigzags, dragged up by seven stout horses, which can advance no faster than a slow walk. Ever wider horizons opened on every side. The vines and chestnuts, the mulberries and olives were left far below. The trees of my native land, the pines and spruces, asserted their reign. They climbed in serried ranks; and on lone inaccessible heights stood majestic and sublime, grappling firm foothold on the everlasting rocks, and bidding defiance to the winds of heaven. There in turn become dwarfed and disappeared, and only the beautiful Alpine rose clothed the rocks, like humble virtue breathing its beauty amid a cold and unfriendly environment. Vast upland meadows and mountain pastures were covered with these beautiful flowers. At last even these gave way to the icy desolation of eternal winter. We passed through snow-drifts over thirty feet deep, and from the top of the *diligence* I could gather snowballs, and once the road led through a tunnel in the snow. Only the chamois and the mountain eagle dwell amid these lone solitudes. Yet even to this sanctuary of nature the warring passions of man have found their way. In 1799, the Russian General, Suwarrow, led an army through these bleak defiles, and