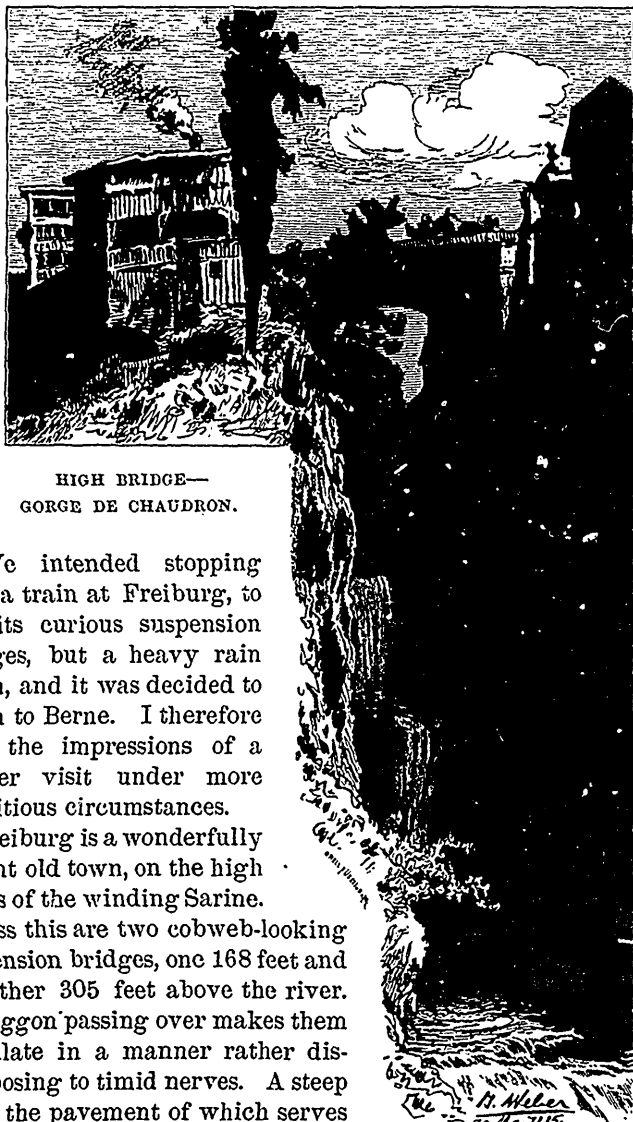


beneath. Elegant chateaux, like that of Chatelard, come into view, and we leap over deep ravines, like the gorge of the Chaudron, shown in our cut.



HIGH BRIDGE—
GORGE DE CHAUDRON.

We intended stopping over a train at Freiburg, to see its curious suspension bridges, but a heavy rain set in, and it was decided to go on to Berne. I therefore give the impressions of a former visit under more propitious circumstances.

Freiburg is a wonderfully quaint old town, on the high bluffs of the winding Sarine. Across this are two cobweb-looking suspension bridges, one 168 feet and the other 305 feet above the river. A waggon passing over makes them undulate in a manner rather discomposing to timid nerves. A steep road, the pavement of which serves as the roof of a long row of houses, leads to the lower town, where German is chiefly spoken, as French is in the upper town. It must be rather odd for the persons living in these houses to hear the carts rattling over their heads. The old