

to Berne follows the downward course of the greater Emme, called the Crumenthal. On the whole journey there are no hills to be seen which approach to the dignity of mountains. One of our fellow travellers was a very intelligent young German-American, much addicted to Botany, who complained of the general unhealthiness of Swiss Towns, and the fevers which often prevailed in them. In the course of one year he had had two attacks of typhus fever, at Zurich.

As we approached Berne after dark, the cluster of lights studding the steep bank of the Aar, on which it is built, and reflected in that river, gave promise of such a metropolis as the diplomatic capital of Switzerland might be expected to appear; and upon a nearer view Berne is a rather handsome though gloomy looking town. There is a good foot-way in almost all the streets, covered by low and heavy, but in such a climate very convenient, arcades upon which stand the houses, all of stone—and beneath are the shops, like those of Chester. The evening was again cold and wet, and there were no stoves lit—those wretched, suffocating, tomb-like substitutes for fires which alone warm the houses in all countries where the German language is spoken—no stoves were as yet lit in Switzerland. Two more miserable, wet, comfortless days followed.

On the 29th the weather cleared, and the great range of the Oberland Alps with the *Jungfrau* for its centre, gradually discovered itself, from all the many places in and around Berne, whence this sight is occasionally to be seen. But we were forced by the lateness of the season which had passed away so ruthlessly, and by acute rheumatism, to give up all idea of approaching nearer to the German Alps, and our only remaining hope was that French Switzerland and the shores of the Lake of Geneva, reputed to be less rigorous at this season, would in fact be less unkind. So after sufficiently visiting the *bears*, which are the chief lions of Berne—there are only two of them in the flesh—but they abound in stone and wood over all parts of the town; and after exploring the really pretty scenery of the vicinity, and admiring the handsome new stone bridge about a league from Berne, on the newly cut road to Soleure, which is quite equal to the other modern bridge close to the town, we left Berne on the 2nd of October for Lausanne, by way of Morat; skirting the eastern shore of the lake of that name which was dimly and dimly visible. During the day which that journey occupied rain fell pertinaciously, rain and mist which concealed all the distance: and thus having left Oberland and Alpenland in the sole charge of the Demon of storms, we came to Lausanne and looked down from our Inn upon the northern shore of Lake Lemane.

(To be concluded in next number.)

