

universal occupation of the inhabitants. We must here furnish ourselves with an Alpenstock,—a long light staff, armed with a strong iron spike. We will soon need it, for we are now to do some real climbing.

In the morning we cross over to Giessbach, a charming spot just opposite Brienz, where a stream of limpid water leaps from the mountain-edge and comes tumbling down over terrace after terrace of the tree-clad precipice, forming seven distinct cascades in its fall of over 1,000 feet. We pass up the valley which we had seen the day before, and after a somewhat monotonous walk over the level road we reach Meiringen. The cottages here are remarkably neat and clean. The change in the peasant girl's dress shows that we are in another canton. There are marks here and there of the destructive work of avalanches and land-slides, with which the village has been visited. It looks like a dangerous place for a winter residence,—so near the precipice. After a short rest we leave the village, and grasp our staves for a hard afternoon's climb. Our way leads upward along the roaring, foaming cataracts of the Reichenbach. Up we mount again. Above and beyond us tower the snow peaks. Waterfalls leap flashing down, glaciers glance on mountain slopes, and in the gorges echoes of peasant's horn and hallo resound along the valley walls. We pass the Roschlaui or Rose glacier, the clear ice of which has a beautiful azure, owing to the character of the rock. It is not so large as many others, but it is said to be the purest and prettiest in Switzerland, noted for the whiteness of its surface, and the beauty and colour of the ice of which it is composed. A tunnel, 100 feet long has been cut into it, so that one walks through walls and under an archway of ice of the most delicate and heavenly hue, and so clear that one can see the water trickling between the layers overhead.

The glacier itself, the one peak of the Wetterhorn, its father, rising in solitary majesty, the many furrows of the Engelhorn, its mother, burdened with many cares, the loud glee of the Reichenbach, its bright child, all constitute a scene of strange sublimity. It lies in a chasm of almost unknown depth. Rocks and ice, and streams and trees, and mountain columns form a romantic picture. This spot is often visited by painters, and the scene is well worthy of their art.

Onward we press. The pines and junipers become bearded

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