

The avalanche—the thunderbolt of snow !
 All that expands the spirit, yet appals,
 Gathers round these summits, as to show
 How Earth may pierce to Heaven, yet leave vain man below."

One hundred and thirty mountain peaks are visible; within nearer view is Sempach, where Winkelried gathered a sheaf of Austrian spears in his arms, then buried them in his bosom, and "death made way for liberty." And there was the wild Morgarten fight in 1315, where 1,300 brave Switzers, herdsmen and peasants, repulsed from their mountain vales 20,000 of the Austrian chivalry; and there is Cappel, where Zwingli, the great Swiss Reformer, fell pierced by 150 wounds. His body lay all night upon the field of battle, and next day was tried for heresy, was burned, and the ashes mingled with those of swine and scattered on the wandering winds. The view from Mount Washington, in New Hampshire, is more extensive, and in some respects more grand, but it is by no means so beautiful, and, above all, has not the thrilling historic memories.

On my first ascent of the Rigi I remained all night in a futile attempt to see the sunset and sunrise. As the sun went down, a yellow haze, like gold dust, filled the air and glorified the entire landscape. But just as we reached the summit, we plunged into a dense mist, and groped our way to a huge hotel which loomed vaguely through the fog. Here, a mile high among the clouds, a hundred and sixty guests—English, French, German; Russian, and American, and of every grade of rank—sat down to a sumptuous *table d'hôte* in the highest hotel in Europe, and one of the finest. A perfect Babel of languages was heard, and in the bedrooms the following unique announcement was posted:—"Considering the great affluence [influx] of visitors from all nations to this house, we beg [you] to take good care and to lock well the door during the night." It was bitter cold, and the wind howled and moaned without, but in the elegant *salons* the music, mirth, and gaiety seemed a strange contrast to the bleakness of the situation.

At four o'clock in the morning, the unearthly sound of an Alpine horn rang through the corridors, and a motley crowd of shivering mortals turned out to witness the glories of the sun-rise. The strangely muffled forms that paced the summit of the mountain, bore slight resemblance to the elegantly dressed ladies and gallant carpet knights of the evening before. Tantalizing glimpses of the glorious panorama we caught through the rifts in the swirling clouds; but sullen and grim they swathed us round, and sullen and grim we crept back to bed. Dr. Cheever,