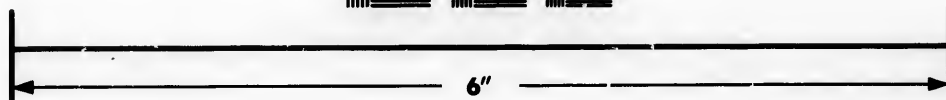
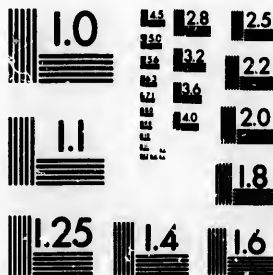


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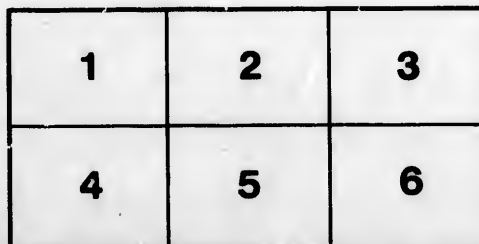
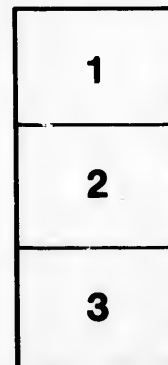
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IMPRESSIONS DE VOYAGE,  
OR  
A TOUR  
THROUGH THE CONTINENT  
OF EUROPE:

BY THE LATE

WM. H. MERRITT, JR.

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ST. CATHARINES:  
PRINTED BY E. S. LEAVENWORTH.

1860.

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## IMPRESSIONS

FROM A

### JOURNEY THROUGH THE CONTINENT OF EUROPE.

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#### JOURNEY TO SWITZERLAND.

There are few circumstances in the course of a journey more perplexing than simply the *choosing a day for a departure*, after making every other necessary preparation, for instance, having determined the number of clean shirts and pairs of boots that may be found useful in foreign lands, some of them, perhaps, uninhabited for all you know, there are still a great many questions to ask of old travellers, and guide books to be consulted, for fear that one false step might just throw you out of the way of seeing all the fine things. However, the mode and manner a voyage for the few days determined, you have nothing to do but to place yourself like a parcel booked and directed under the care of the conductor, who delivers you safe and sound, saving the want of sleep for two nights, to their agents in Lyons, where, after a good lebaton and breakfast at your ease, you may begin to examine the first station on the great road. I might well pass over all this first part of our journey with no other comment, for it is less interesting and duller.

My companion began to be pleased with Paris, which, with an early walk to Luxemburg, visiting the galleries and *musees*, and evenings under the trees at the Palais Royal, he found himself quite at ease, and I had some difficulty in convincing him that we must take advantage of the summer months for visiting Switzerland. The day at length settled upon when we were to quit No. 5 Rue Neuve Des Poires for more varied and interesting scenes, another circumstance delayed the important event a couple of days longer. Mr. Peterson and Muller, whom I had known in Borne, ar-

rived in Paris, and called upon me; so I thought it no more than courteous to return their civility. Muller knew Paris very well; but Peterson just came from the dull German town, was quite unaccustomed to the bustle and glitter of the French capital.

It is quite amusing to witness the effect it produces on such persons. Some staggered by the variety of objects presenting themselves every moment, cannot appreciate their value, and therefore review gothics, churches, columns, &c., with equal indifference, as was the case with my friend. It afforded me very little satisfaction pointing him out what all the world considered beautiful. The Madelaine, a perfect model of Grecian architecture, he thought wanted windows. It's a wonder such people do not think the same of the Obelisque.

Muller, the other German, met his brother in Paris, who was just returned from a year's travelling through the United States and Canada. I was glad to hear he had found the St. Lawrence, the Thousand Isles, and Niagara, the most interesting parts of our continent.

#### PARIS BY MOONLIGHT.

The night before we left, I never saw the old Quartier Latin wear so pleasing a garb. The sky was perfectly clear, with a bright moon. The old crooked street looked straight, and the old-fashioned houses appear to one perfect models of beauty. The moon's rays, they say, do soften angles into beauty, and so it was this evening in the Quartier Latin.

Even the gas-lights and shop windows appeared brushed up for the occasion, and all the passers-by, students, workmen and grissettes, were as happy as though they were all on the eve of a journey to fair

Italy, like ourselves. Returned to my room, I threw open the window to enjoy the delightful evening, when a student began playing a beautiful but plaintive air on the flute; and I thought how fond you were, my dear mother, of such music; when stealing through the delicious solitude of night, it acts like a spell upon every human heart, and awakens recollections alike pleasing and painful; especially scenes of departure from home on many different occasions, and a lingering wish that the next meeting with those whom we have left may not be the least joyful. Thinking thus, I fell asleep.

My companion *de voyage* and I ought to chronicle the 18th July as a memorable day, being that on which we date the most important journey we ever made. We have all received early impressions of Switzerland and Italy. The glorious descriptions of their beauty, repeated almost word for word by every succeeding traveller, have at length fatigued but not satisfied, and we long for personal observation to know their reality, and enjoy the sight of snow-capped mountains, and orange groves. Our ideas of these things were as yet unsettled; and I fancy, notwithstanding all these fine descriptions, vague and incorrect.

My companion's mind did not seem brought up to the same pitch of curiosity as mine, for all my efforts to get him started for the first train to Orleans were ineffectual; so, waiting the second, I drove down to the Rue St. Honoré, to examine some books of engravings of Switzerland and Italy, in order to ascertain whether they would be cheaper here or in Geneva. In examining the large collection of Mr. Disher, I observed how much superior English engravings were to French or Italian. The French are cheaper, to be sure, but in the execution there is no comparison. Returned and sent all our baggage down.

At 11 the conductor, gave the signal, the engine gave a shrill whistle with its iron lips, and the whole great length of the train was suddenly jerked forward and began its journey, slow at first, but before we were well out of the labyrinth of rails, the bridges, houses and walls appeared to dash past with frightful rapidity; and soon came the green fields, country parks, and the noble Seine—a transition delightful to

every one who has been confined for even a few weeks to the narrow streets of a capital. About six miles above Paris the Seine is ~~wide~~ and the railway strikes across a level and uninteresting country, which never once inspires interest till you arrive at Orleans.

## ORLEANS.

Arrived just in time for a good dinner at the Hotel de Lorient, after despatching which we walked out to take a survey of the town. It is situated in a level country, on the north bank of the Loire, a broad and rapid stream. The Quai is composed of well-built houses, and there are two or three other streets of city-like appearance. The Cathedral is a remarkably fine building, one I should rank in the third class of those I have seen. The details of the interior are beautifully wrought out in the gothic style, and the exterior has an imposing effect. But for all such descriptions I prefer being no architect, referring you to Murray's Book of France. my task is merely to impart my own impression of things.

Orleans is not wanting in the general characteristics of French Provincial towns. On old tower or two on the walls, antiquated houses and narrow intricate streets traversing it in all directions; and nothing to see but a church. Coming directly from Paris, where so great a portion of the wealth of France has been expended upon its monuments and palaces, one finds the *Ville de Province* extremely dull, and they appear to care but little about it, if the metropolis be beautiful, what matters it for the rest of the country.

My companion and I were hunting two or three hours along the Loire to find the *trouelles* which belonged to the ancient bridge, memorable in the days of Joan de Arc. I was never more completely "bothered." One person directed us to the new railroad bridge, another to the modern tower of the present bridge. Then we got looking into yards and wells, till one kind gentleman explained that nothing of the *trouelles* were left but part of the wall, and if we were very anxious he would get a candle and go down with us into the cellar of Cabaret, where those relics were to be seen. We did not go, however. Murray's book led us into this error. He says, there are still the chains and embrasures

where the English slung their cannon, and several other curious things.

Had Orleans no other recommends, its name would still be great in the annals of history, from its association with the heroic Joan d' Arc. Who does not admire the intrepid and noble character of the maiden warrior who, thinking herself inspired, leaves the peaceful cot of her father, and bears arms in fight with men, and at length leads a despairing army on to victory; raises the sinking hopes of a whole nation, and after all, to perish miserably as a common sorceress? Her history is a melancholy one, for she appears in all her virtue and womanly beauty like a meteor before the world, and is as soon extinguished. She first joined the French army here, and saved them by her presence alone from signal defeat.

#### UP THE LOIRE.

Took our places in the Diligence Lafitte Garland for Lyons, and traversed the same sort of level uninteresting country, along the river Loire as that of yesterday.

Though it rained almost constantly, we found the weather much pleasanter than what we experienced on the railway; and with an occasional nap, rattling now and then over the rough pavement of some country town, and the little variety of turning out to bolt a dinner or breakfast, the time of our temporary imprisonment passed off very quickly.

I regretted somewhat not having time to make an excursion into Auvergne, that Mountainous country lying to the west of the Loire is the most interesting part of France, both from its physical and moral features. I remember still, from Lyell's works the curious natural phenomena and wonderful volcanic remains of its vicinity. Here it is, too, that the descendants of the Waldenses live almost separated from the rest of the world. Cherishing their ancient customs, and still practising that simple and primitive manner of living which so distinguished their ancestors.

#### LYONS.

Arriving at Roanne, Thursday evening, 20th, my companion found himself too fatigued to proceed further, and remained at the inn, to come on next day by the railway of St. Etienne. At this point I left the Loire and crossed the high land which separates that stream from the Rhone, at

Lanese, we reached the summit, which must be between ten or twelve hundred feet above the sea level, and had a fine view of the country on both sides—the mountains of Geneva and those about Grenoble. From here the descent enabled me to go down at a brisk rate, and in a couple of hours I crossed one of the bridges of the Rhone, and entered Lyons.

As every little incident is worth remembering to the writer, I am afraid I shall push up my diary with too many for my readers; but I know they are not over-particular, and will be kind enough to receive almost anything. Upon paying for my place in the diligence, I found there remained ten sous in my pocket. An old traveller would not have been troubled at this in the least, but not so with me. I felt it extremely awkward; and as soon as I was refreshed with two or three hours sleep, posted off to the railway to meet my companion de voyage, but to no purpose; the convoy was not to arrive until evening. Reconnoitred till dinner time, met an Englishman at the hotel who proposed a walk; but I was glad to get rid of him, so afraid was I the gentleman would ask me to go to a cafe; and I was trying all the time to recollect some one article that came under the limit of my means; but he lounged off to a bath, as it was extremely warm, and I went again to the railway three miles off, and walked about looking at the coal waggons, and into the barges for nearly two hours. It seemed the train from Roanne would never come, but it did at last; and I looked into every coach, but he was not there. Disappointed and vexed, I followed the omnibus with my hands in my pocket, and mused—he had only 30 francs, has missed the train, and will not have enough to pay his lodging at the hotel, nor his fare up here. I have the letter of credit, but it's in his name *qui fari!* Why, I'll just take my new waistcoat to some pawnbroker's, and get enough money for it to run down to Roanne and bring up the lost passenger; and in future I think we had better tramp together. But all my fears were in vain; he had merely eluded my diligent search in the coaches, and was safe in the hotel when I arrived.

#### MAD. RACHAEL.

In the evening saw Madam Rachael, in Polyenete. She is undoubtedly the first

tragedian of the day, but did not please me so much as when I saw her the first time at the Theatre Francais in Paris. In a French tragedy it requires the most perfect acting to excite interest, for they appear to me nothing but a collection of well written speeches, sometimes breaking through into the expression of strong passion, but with so little action and such dearth of incident that they seem not even to attempt representing nature. The theatre is surrounded by well built colonades, finer than those of Drury Lane; its interior is small and neat.

LYONS.

Saturday, 22d, we devoted to investigating the town, the second in importance, and the first in manufactures of France. Its situation is peculiar. The main portion is built upon the tongue of land that separates the Rhone from the Soane; along both these rivers the line of beautiful buildings is uninterrupted; and in front, rows of trees separate the Boulevard from the walk. But most of the streets traversing the city are narrow and more or less filthy. There are two good squares, one opposite the Hotel de Ville, the other formed by the destruction of buildings in the Revolution. When the Jacobins took the city from the Royalists, they intended to annihilate it, and plant a monument upon its site with this inscription: "Lyon fit la guerre a la liberte, Lyon n'est plus," however what they really did cost, 700,000 francs, merely expenses of tearing down and destroying.

At the north rises between the rivers a high hill covered with silk factories which extend to its summit, and are every day reaching farther back. On the right bank of the Soane we remarked the Palais de Justice, a fine modern building ornamented with Corinthian columns; and the venerable Cathedral, smaller than even that at Orleans, though more beautiful than any modern church I know, except the Madeleine at Paris.

From this, ten minute's walk brought us to the top of the hill, when we ascended a Belvedere and had a fine view of the city and environs. When the weather is clear, Mount Blanc and the mountains of Savoy are quite distinguishable.

Monday, 24th—At 7 o'clock in the evening, full of expectations, we climbed into

the bonquette of the Geneva diligence. In ascending the Cote du Pape, a high bank of the Rhone, we took a last look of the splendid Quais of Lyons and its amphitheatre of hills studded with villas. This view is the finest on the whole route. It embraces part of the Jura, besides the mountains which separate the Rhone from the Loire. The town and a great extent of the Rhone valley is as fertile as a garden, and covered with country seats and villages. There the Rhone spreads itself out like a lake, and is covered with islands. The night was so cold I could not manage to sleep, and was very happy when at 3 in the morning we came to the foot of a long hill, when I could walk. The road lies up through a picturesque gorge, into which a considerable cascade falls from the cliff opposite the road. We soon reached Mantua, situated on a small lake, surrounded by lofty precipices covered with pine and fur. From here all the way to Belgrade I was lost in admiration, and enquired constantly the height of the cliffs and mountains, and received for answer from our surly conductor, "Ji n'en suis rien." "You are not in Switzerland yet, Monsieur;" but at that moment I felt perfectly satisfied with the Jura. At Belgrade there is to be seen the place where the Rhone formerly disappeared under the rocks; but lately they have blown this natural covering off, to allow the timber to pass; and as some Frenchman observes, "La porte du Rhone est pedue pour les voyageurs." The forts of the Recluse are on the boundary between the two countries. The Rhone precipitates itself between Mount Credo, of the Jura, and the mountains of Savoy; and so steep are the sides, that there is merely room for the road, five or six hundred feet above the river. It even passes through one of the forts, while the other is perched midway up the mountain side, on a sort of shelf. Nothing can be more picturesque. Caesar mentions this passage in his Commentaries.

The vallies of Switzerland, bounded on one side by the Jura, and on the other by the Alps, presented itself to view; and as we rattled on over a fine country towards Geneva, my first feeling was that of disappointment. I had an idea that the mountains rose immediately from the plain into the highest peaks, and that the panorama

of snow-covered mountains would be magnificent; but till you approach Geneva, the first steps of the great chain, which itself is about 20 miles distant, hides in completely from view. In an hour or two we caught a glimpse of part of Mount Blanc through the vallies in the fore chain; but it was so much covered with clouds that one could not distinguish any outline.

#### GENEVA.

There is no town more beautiful than Geneva on the water side. The outlet of the lake forms two sides of a triangle, walled in with cut stone quais, which are the most delightful promenades imaginable. A bridge crosses it, and in the centre has communication with a fairy-like island, containing the statue of J. J. Rousseau. The principal hotels are all on the quais, and the other buildings which adorn them are all equally elegant. The waters of the Rhone are as clear as those of the Niagara or St. Lawrence.

This being a point of union for most travellers on the continent, the hotels are perfect in every respect, but expensive. The morning after our arrival, the cloudy mists cleared away from the summit of Mount Blanc, and afforded us a fine opportunity of seeing the snow-covered monarch of mountains—clear and bright his various peaks seemed to cut the blue ether. The truest conception of his height is formed from comparison. Yesterday, when the clouds covered the sky pretty generally, one may suppose they were all equally elevated; the line seemed to rest quite at the base of the mountain, while they were at least 2,000 feet above the summit of Mount Nolo, a conspicuous peak 15 miles from Geneva, on the way to Chamouny.

The watch-makers are pretty numerous, but prices seem as high as in Paris. My companion bought one for 325 franks, and a music-box. In buying the latter, we heard every variety of instrument of the kind, some for 100 franks, play six airs, and are beautifully toned.

#### SAVOY.

The road from Geneva leads you through a beautiful valley, at first below the Mont Mole, and then through a succession abounding in precipitous frightful towering heights, covered with dark pine; and on every habitable spot a little farm and Swiss cottage. In any other part of Europe it

would be considered magnificent, but here it is only the high road to Mount Blanc.

St. Martin's, 12 miles. This is the first spot he is seen in all his grandeur. But when we arrived it was almost dark, so we put up with our disappointment and looked after supper.

Early next morning the little yard of our inn presented quite a bustling scene. Four or five small carriages, "char a bauc," were being charged with a lot of luggage, and the owners busied themselves seeing that all was right, and enquiring after the weather, a subject of first importance in these countries. All ready we got, for the first time into this curious sort of vehicle. The pretty landlady wished the whole party "bon voyage," and off we were, over the St. Martin's bridge, towards the baths of Grevais. It appears that the churabanes have very low wheels; one seat placed lengthwise for three persons, with a door in the sides, that you may step out without speaking to the driver; four little iron posts support the covering, from which hung leather curtains rolling up and down. You may have it quite open or closed down, according to the weather. St. Martins is seated in a kind of amphitheatre among the mountains; and from the bridge, say they, there is one of the finest views of Mount Blanc; but we were not favored with the weather, and consequently did not enjoy its sight.

Visiting St. Gervais, it is necessary to cross the valley and return into the main road again, about eight miles further up; but St. Gervais is worth the detour. The situation of the baths in a ravine walled up by rocks 500 feet high, terminating in a gorge and water-fall; together with the beautiful foliage of the trees and pretty gardens belonging to the establishment, forms a picture of beauty. However, we gave it but a few moments of our time.

Where the valley of St. Martin draws in, we began to ascend. It rained, and heavy and vaporous clouds floated across the high precipices, and breaking here and there, showed us a high peak or patch of pines, on the steep side of the mountain. It was a scene of silent grandeur such as I had never conceived.

About 11 we stopped to dine at a village in a valley surrounded by mountains of tremendous height. Perhaps they ap-

peared more imposing to us from the state of the weather; still, they were all real mountains; and I who had wondered at the Catskills, and Drachenfelds here in perfect ecstasy.

What insignificant objects buildings and even villages are, compared with the imposing mass of a mountain 8,000 feet high. From this last station into the valley of Chamouny the road goes through a narrow gorge by the side of a torrent 300 feet below. The ascent is very steep for three hours, when you arrive in the

#### VALLEY OF CHAMOUNY,

within half a mile of the foot of Mount Blanc; but if the weather is cloudy, you might as well be in Quebec for all you can see of the peaks or height. We turned up the valley, crossing several rapid torrents without bridges, and near a sea of ice, extending from the snows above, down into the valley, which the driver told us was the Glacier des boison, and arrived at the Village of Chamouny or the Prirry about four o'clock.

Nothing could be done for the rest of the day, on account of the rain, but set by the fire in the dining-room, hear accounts of excursions from a couple of Englishmen who were there; and look over the traveller's book, replete with wit and humor—infinity superior to those at Niagara.

After dinner, before we had left the table, two men entered, and walking round the end, seated themselves near us; one looked very attentively at my companion, when both appearing to recognise. I heard the exclamation, "why Merritt, how do you do," and "E. A., you here! well, I declare!" and no other but our friend Allen, from Toronto, just returned from travelling in the East, so grown and sun-burnt that I should not have known him.

29th.—Saturday, at an early hour, I sprang out of bed and ran to the window; to my great delight the sky was clear, without a single cloud, and the whole sublime range of peaks forming the chain of Mount Blanc, with the monarch himself raising his snow-covered summit to an immense height in the air, appeared all in one view—the most sublime and soul-tiring spectacle a mortal can witness. What are all the monuments and works of men compared with this stupendous reality in nature? One is glad to forget all he has

ever seen before, and exalt his mind to a conception of this one of the most sublime works of the Almighty.

After breakfast we got ready for an excursion; and at half-past 8 started, four in company, and two guides for the mountain verte. The valley of Chamouny is ten miles in length, and about one and a quarter broad, sunk as it were between the chain of Mount Blanc and the Brevet. The first composed of stupendous peaks of granite, something resembling the spires of a Cathedral, from 8,000 to 10,000 feet high. The ether is a pretty uniform range of cliffs, in no place more than 8,000 feet high, always reckoning from the sea. The region of the pine extends up 5,000 feet, and snow generally commences at 7,000. The glaciers are vallies running up into the heart of the mountains, which secure the snow as it falls from the peaks in avalanches; and thus becoming ice, moves itself slowly on, breaking up into chasms and blocks, until it reaches the valley, and gradually melts. Both ends of the valley are closed in; to the right by the Col de Baume, and at the opposite extremity by the Col de Vosa. The elevation is something like 3,500 feet. Traversing the fields of the valley, we ascended by a zig-zag path through the region of pines, here and there; we passed the couloir or troughs of an avalanche extending from the region of snow often down to the valley. Not a single tree is left in the track, and even the largest rocks are brought down with it. What a sublime sight it must be to see one of these devastating torrents of snow. Perhaps we shall have that pleasure.

From Chamouny, it appears but a short walk through the pine forest; but we found two good hours necessary. The Montanvert is the best point for seeing the Mer de Glace. The Hospice stands a couple of hundred feet above it, affording a beautiful view of a sea of ice broken into chasms, like the rind of a piece of roast pork, many miles in length and half a mile broad. After a slight repast we proceeded on our way along the side of the glaciers, in some places along steep niches where there was but an inch of foothold.

Parke, Allen, and my companion de Voyage left us soon after we crossed the

#### MER DE GLACE,

diagonally, keeping a sharp look-out for

the crevices, many of which are 150 feet deep. Narrow places can be sprung over, but others must be crossed on the natural snow bridges. This is the most dangerous part of the excursion; the guides must always sound them with their poles to see if they will bear. My man fell in once up to his arms; but as the hole was not very broad he sprawled out manfully, and did not go down. On the way we saw several small avalanches fall down from the peaks upon the glacier. After crossing, we ascended a second glacier, which comes down from the left. The Mer de Glace extends five or six miles higher up, to the Col de Geant. This second glacier divides again into two sources: the one to the right, Lechand, the left Talefere. The Talefere is very wonderful; large blocks of ice as large as two store-houses, are heaped up in the most frightful disorder, to a height of 600 or 800 feet. To get to the head of this glacier we had to regularly scale a precipice. At the top an amphitheatre of snow opens itself out between the most ragged and inaccessible peaks imaginable. We still had an hour and a half walking round the side of this basin shaped hollow through snows up to our knees. The garden at this season is nothing but a few moss covered rocks peering above the snow, where one can sit and take his lunch while he is enjoying the silent grandeur of the scene. Late in the summer, the guides say, the snow melts away in places, and there is sufficient grass for the sheep. 9,600 feet is the highest pasturage in the Alps; but at this moment there is not a spear of grass, not a tree nor a single object we are accustomed to, to disturb the character of the scene. The deep silence that reigns here constantly is almost painful. Near the top of the steep path round the Talefere Glacier we saw some beautiful white sheep, so tame that they followed us a long way down. Arrived at our hotel at 8 o'clock.

Sunday, 30th.—Fearing to lose the fine weather if I delayed till the morrow, I set out with a guide to ascend the Brevent; pretty fatigued and stiff from yesterday's work, but persuaded that the excitement of the thing would keep up my strength. One who has never ascended higher than 1,500 or 2,000 feet finds these excursions extremely fatiguing and often feels sur-

prised at the little progress he appears to make up the side of the high mountains. After a couple of hours hard work up the bed of a torrent, and over loose stones which twist your ancles in all manner of shapes, I stopped to rest.

"Well, Guide, this is hard work—we'll soon be at the top, I hope."

"Not yet, sir; but we shall soon have accomplished one-third."

I found he was nearly correct, for the effect of distance is so deceptive that rocks or declivities which from below appear quite inconsiderable, prove upon near approach to be many hundred feet high, and require a long and toilsome march to surmount. Crossing the snows, we who are accustomed to that sort of walking have considerable advantage over most Europeans; still it is in many places difficult and even dangerous. For instance, when you are obliged to cross a very steep bed, almost at an angle of forty-five degrees; here your safety depends on every foothold being made firm; to slip and lose balance would send you down perhaps on to rocks or over precipices. At the summit we reposed half an hour and enjoyed the finest view of Mount Blanc imaginable. From Chamouny the angle of view causes the dome of Mount Blanc and many of the peaks to appear nearly as high as the summit; but from this point, as you are scarcely at half the elevation, the astonishing height of the monarch of mountains presents itself perfectly to view. It is magnificent; but I am tired of dwelling upon the same expressions. Nothing can give a clear idea of the reality. I must leave it for your imagination. The descent was as fatiguing as the ascent, as we took a steeper path, and were obliged to spring from rock to rock, with the aid of your long sticks, at the no small risk of breaking our ancles. Arrived at the hotel five hours after starting, including the half hour's rest.

Near the bottom of the Glacier Des Boions there is a most curious waterfall called La Cascade des Pelirines; the torrent falls over a bed of rocks, into which it has worn a crevice so deep and straight that all its waters fall in a column with great force into a basin in the hard rock, and shoots off in a parabolic manner to a distance of 30 or 100 feet, forming the most beautiful natural fountain.



Another lion at Chamouny is the source of the Arveiron, at the bottom of the Mer de Glace. The ice is here fifty or sixty feet thick, and the river runs out from a cave formed in the great mass; where, by approaching its mouth, one can admire the deep blue color [azure] of the vault. Some people venture in, but Murray's book says it is dangerous from the falling of pieces of ice; three persons having already lost their lives.

Existence in Chamouny is, for a few days, perfectly delightful. The exhilarating exercise one enjoys gives a good appetite and unusual animal spirits.

The little company at the hotel (nearly all English,) have put on their holiday temper, are pleasing and easily pleased. In the morning all are ready with their advice as to the weather, and what excursions should be undertaken: and in the evening, at dinner, nothing can exceed the good humor that prevails, as each relates the adventures of the day. In one common object all are united, to enjoy the magnificent scenery of Chamouny as much as they possibly can.

The other day, at dinner, I overheard some French ladies and gentlemen in conversation, but they never seemed to think of the place they were in, the sublimest spot in Europe, but confined their conversation to their pet Paris, the theatres, soirees and "agreements" of the capital. *Je n'aime pas la campagne*, said one, and in that one expression she gave a perfect description of French taste.

#### UP MOUNT BLANC.

Our last excursion was to La Pierre de L'echelle, on the route taken by travellers ascending Mount Blanc. A long and difficult walk through pines and mountain pastures takes you up along the Glacier des Beissons; then threading a narrow path half way down a frightful precipice, you arrive on the glacier itself, where the real danger begins. The way you take leads over beds of loose stones brought down by the glacier, which might easily be displaced and roll down upon you. Quite tired when we arrived at this point, the guide pushed us on, saying, "this place must be passed quickly, *il y a du danger*." Nothing gives animation like that, so we ran up six or eight hundred feet more, through the snow and over sharp stones,

in a very short space of time. The Pierre de L'echelle is a rock on the glacier where the guides leave their ladder on coming down from Mount Blanc. It is 500 or 600 feet higher than the Brevet, and 1000 below the Grand Moulins, [two immense rocks on the other side of the glacier, where travellers pass the night in ascending Mount Blanc.] Here you are at the opening of a valley of 8,500 feet elevation, which runs up to the foot of the dome and summit peak of Mount Blanc, and receives all its avalanches, as well as those of the dome and *aguille du midi*. There have been 35 ascensions of Mount Blanc, among them we observe the name of a French lady. Most of the others are English. In descending, we attempted to slide with our sticks; but Allen slipped and fell, taking me with him; I in turn overturned the guide, and off we went all in a lump—fortunately only 25 feet. For the guide, who is accustomed to these accidents, forced his pole firmly into the snow, and brought us to. But for his presence of mind we might have had a serious Alpine adventure; as it was, I came off with a lame ancle.

Aug. 2.—Left Chamouny by Mount Blanc and the Col de Balme; the view back of the valley fills one with rapture, and a conviction he never did nor likely ever will see anything like it again. This point is even preferable to the Brevet, as the whole chain looks like one vast mountain rising up in regular gradations, with their craggy peaks put in splendid relief against the snowy mass of the monarch. And the long valley of Chamouny, which has taken you five hours to traverse, now dwindles into a pretty variegated strip of verdure: its houses and villages into mere specks, when compared with the great mountains which rise on either side. Every one must be sorry to part with such scenes, though another wonderful in every respect opens immediately to view. The valley of the Rhone and the distant chain of the Bernese Alps presents a panorama on which you may really feast your eyes. Martigny is the first town you reach in the valley; it lies on

#### THE GREAT SIMPLON ROAD,

at the point as you turn off for St. Bernard the Great. I wanted very much to go up and see the Convent, dogs and monks; but my companion objected; so I engaged a

char a banc for Villeneuve. Just as we were ready, my friend learned that a Scotch family who were at the other hotel, and with whom we had a travelling acquaintance, were just on the point of starting for St. Bernard; and a very pretty young lady, the daughter, was of course to form one of the party; upon which grounds the carriage was immediately to be sent off, and St. B. to be effected. "Too late, my dear sir," says Coachey; "*I* must be paid, whether you go or no." And thus we lost seeing one of the most famous spots in Switzerland.

On the way to Villeneuve, you pass the Piserache fall, and over the debris which several years since came down from the Dent du Midi, a peak 12,100 feet high, covering the valley for miles in extent. Villeneuve is situated at the upper end of Lake Leman [Geneva.] It rained a little, and my companion and I lunched, and then a botanist who was there, and I smoked considerably; and then the rain stopped, and we moved on. Just beyond the tower we passed in front of a beautiful building called Hotel Byron, where you first perceive rising out of Lake L., at the foot of a mountain covered by a dark green forest, the white walls of Chillon. It is an object any poet would have chosen for his theme, and its history is now familiar to every one's ear, as the subject of one of Byron's most touching poems.

The chateau being surrounded on all sides by water, is approached by a bridge leading to the old gateway, beyond which you find a court communicating with the different towers, prisons and magazines. The prison or dungeon, celebrated by Byron in his "Prisoner of Chillon," is a long and high gallery, cut partly in the solid rock and partly built up. In the middle it is divided by a row of seven columns supporting arches, on which rest the upper stories of the castle; being half below the surface of the lake, and having but a few narrow windows high in the wall, it is extremely damp and sombre. At the fifth pillar you discern the traces even in the rock by Bonivard, and the ring where his chain was fastened,

Until his very steps have left a trace

Worn as if the cold pavement were a sod

By Bonivard. May none those marks efface,

For thy appeal from tyranny to God.

Adjoining the dungeon is the room of the inquisition—very dark and appropriate for such a use. On the floor above, where daylight comes, you may admire the gothic dining-rooms, where everything has been excellently preserved in the style of the middle ages. The fire-place is large enough to roast an ox. What ideas of solid comfort the old knights must have had! Most of the other rooms are filled with munitions of war—the chateau being now converted into an arsenal.

Walked on to Clarence in spite of the rain; wet through; people very kind; dry clothes; didn't fit; no matter, cup of tea set all to rights. The inn here, the Swan, had two balconies on the side of the lake, from which we enjoyed a fine view of Chillon, Villeneuve, and the range of mountains bounding this end of the lake. Next morning we had an early walk to Vivais, where we took the steamer and sailed to Geneva, thus finishing our nine days detour to Mount Blanc, and through Savoy.— Among our passengers I observed a German Prince, who had been studying at Bonn. We remained but a night at our hotel, the Ecu, and next morning took steamer to

#### LOUSANNE,

situated a mile from Lake L., upon a rising ground, which commands a beautiful view. Soon after our arrival we met our friend Allan again, with whom we passed the evening, and were much entertained by his stories about the desert, Syria and Egypt. He is bringing home a valuable collection of curiosities. After conversing a long time, we took a walk upon the terrace in front of the town, where one enjoys the cool of the evening and the delicious prospect. To say one's expectations have been fully realized is a pleasure which does not often occur; and when it does, we look upon the reality with a satisfaction that affords us the most treasurable hours in life.

Who has not thought of Geneva and Lake Leman as almost an earthly paradise. The very names are wont to sound in our ears as a charm, and in this evening's walk we might enjoy all. The air was calm and clear, and we admired Leman in all its loveliness. Before us the beautiful rows of Villas and country seats, parks and meadows, stretching down towards the lake.

Beyond the bright sheet, high crags and peaks raise themselves, disputing with the gentler parts of the landscape the claim of beauty. At the left of the head of the the Rhone the high snow-capped mountains present a beautiful contrast to the even and carpet-like slope of the western shore. Far to the right the long line of the Jura bounds the horizon. Returning homeward, the eye rests upon Lake Lemán, dotted with many a lateen sail, and tinged by the glowing hues of sunset. When I again looked out upon the same landscape from my bed-room window, the moon was risen, and the scene was changed—seen by the pale light it was not so grand in effect, but more lovely.

Sunday, Aug. 6.—The English Church was crowded to excess. It's astonishing what quantities of English people there are in every part of Switzerland. Hotels all full; at the Table d'hôte, nothing but English. They have even adopted English customs in serving dinners.

Yesterday, in the steamer, there was a very curious specimen aboard. A tall, thin navy captain, on half pay, with a broad brimmed Italian hat to show, I suppose, the fact of his just being come from the more genial side of the Alps. The gentleman's hat blew off during his ambulations, and fell near us; in picking it up he said it was very odd; we said we thought so too; and so we went on from one thing to another, and at last got quite sociable.

At dinner the captain, whom it appears is very polite, was seated next to a beautiful young English lady, and made himself very conspicuous, and the young lady quite embarrassed by his attractions. To-day she was no where to be seen, and our friend made all sorts of enquiry as to what had become of the young lady who sat next him the day before. At last the missing miss was found far down the table, quite out of reach of the gallant captain, who was very sorry, and hoped she had not left on his account.

Monday, at 6 o'clock, I saw our heavy trunk and hat-box safely booked for the roulage to Milan; and soon after, we started in company with the captain, who had taken a carriage for Fribourgh.

After an hour's driving, I chanced, in thinking of financial matters, to find our letter of credit missing. In all haste I ran

back to Lausaino, four miles, afraid I should find my trunk already on its way over the Simplon. But fortunately it was still standing quietly in the store-room, and of course I lost no time in securing this truant letter, and hastening back to the carriage, satisfied with having learned a good lesson at little cost. This was the first adventure of the day; the second was something in the same style. After dining at Payana, captain and I took it into our heads to walk on—a very praiseworthy exercise. Coachman was to leave in half an hour; we took the broad road, and walked three or four miles without enquiring. That man will never come, thought we, at last, or it is possible we've missed the road. And so we had; but the people were kind, and directed us across the fields, two miles more, to the right road. Here we learned that a carriage answering to the description we gave, had passed at a rapid pace, nearly an hour ago. They said it was four long leagues to Fribourgh, which made captain very angry; but I told him it was a nice walk in the cool of the evening, and that made him more so. But walk it we must, and did, arriving after 11 at the great gate of

#### FRIBOURGH.

The town is most picturesquely situated on a peninsula formed by a deep ravine; in order to pass over which, the citizens have constructed a wire bridge of the immense length of 900 feet—the longest in the world—a perfect model of grace and beauty. It is elevated 160 feet above the valley. A second has been constructed over a lateral ravine of greater depth, 270 feet; it is 500 feet long. It looks frightful to stand on the centre of this bridge, at such a height above the buildings in the dale, without any visible support beneath you.

The organ of the Cathedral here is the best ever constructed. In size it is not equal to that of Birmingham, but tone does not depend on that altogether; there are 64 keys and 7,800 pipes. We were fortunate in entering the Cathedral just as it was playing. Some of the sounds produced were as fine and sharp as the flute—even the softness of the human voice is correctly imitated. I was at first persuaded there were people singing inside—it was only the instrument; and the player has such command over it, after making the whole

building tremble with its majestic sound, that you would stand on tip-toe to catch some of the softest notes you ever heard. The last piece was the storm in Der Freischutz. You could hear the distant thunder and muttering of the storm, and the strong wind whistling as it were through the cordage of a vessel; the voices of persons praying, and the storm at its height. Once there was almost real lightning, for the sounds passed through the sharpest keys with such incredible rapidity, that it produced the same effect upon the ear as lightning would to the eye. This was followed by a clap of thunder—the only imitation deserving the name I ever heard. By degrees the storm moved off, and the notes fell soft and pleasing on the ear, like the return of sunshine. Many persons may think those who speak in such terms of unlimited praise do it because they are fond of extolling everything they have seen; but in this instance few can overrate. I wish every one of my friends could hear the organ of Fribourgh.

9th.—Berne, like Fribourgh is situated on a peninsula formed by a bend in the river Aar, giving it from E. N. and S. a most picturesque appearance; and, like the former town, travellers must appreciate its two curiosities. The famous bears kept in a den outside one of the gates, which from some old legend have become so connected with the history of the Canton, that even the arms of the little republic bear as symbols two of these formidable animals. The old fellows enjoy their dignity in playing all sorts of antics to entice people to throw them cakes and apples.

The other remarkable feature is the long colonades which supply the place of sidewalks in nearly all the streets. They are very clean and nice for loungers; but I think the heavy arches and thick walls of the buildings resting upon them give the streets too sombre an appearance. At each side of the town there is an esplanade walled up from the river, from the southern of them we enjoyed a fine view of the Bernese Alps, very correctly represented in the engravings. The Cathedral is a beautiful model of a church in the style of the middle ages; small, but uniting perfect neatness in its details, and the purest gothic in the whole design.

Slept at the beautiful village of Thun, situated at the head of the lake of that name. It requires but an hour to cross the lake of Thun, and a few minutes to drive across the valley to the villages of Unterseen and Interlaken, both situated, as their names imply, between two lakes. The first is a picturesque village built of wooden houses, with balconies and large roofs; the other but a scattered collection of hotels or boarding houses, where most English travellers make long halt. Some even pass the whole summer. Nothing can be more beautiful than this little valley, closed in at both sides by Swiss lakes, bounded by high mountains on either side, with a lateral opening to the south, just large enough to show the fine form of the Jungfran mountain. Except from an elevation you can scarcely see the buildings, from the quantity of broad shading oaks that surround them. The mountains which surround the lake of Brienz are too regular in form to class that sheet of water among the most picturesque in Switzerland. But in this country there is always something to satisfy your curiosity. On the south shore, opposite the village of Brienz is the Gressbach. This fall is composed of several cascades falling step by step from the high cliffs above, through a copse of mountain trees, which in some place hid it altogether from view. Each fall by itself is nothing, but the effect of the whole is really charming. The highest fall (80 feet) precipitates itself over a projecting rock, under which you may go and look at the land-scape through the thin sheet of falling water—like being in a grotto closed with a moving silvnr curtain. Fine as all this was, we gazed at it but fifteen minutes, crossed to Brienz, and engaged a horse for my companion immediately, to cross the Breisnig pass, on our way to Lucerne.

As usual, my companion wanted to stop. I showed him there was nothing to gain by it. Fine lake, nice village, come far enough, was the answer; and so it is always. If he were anything of a traveller we should see twice as much in half the time. However, on this occasion he allowed himself to be persuaded, so we proceeded. The pass we found to be nothing only 3,500 feet high. Slept in a small village on the other side; next day passed through Alpenach; took a boat across the arm of Lucerne lake,

then two miles on foot to the town, and arrived very early.

Saturday.—Lucerne, situated at the foot of the "lake of the four Cantons, is divided in half by the clear waters of the Reuss. It has neatness and a picturesque background of low rolling hills, over one of which runs the old wall with its five curious towers to recommend it to travellers' attention—but little else. Being a town of but 9,000 inhabitants, without commerce, it is necessarily very dull. We passed a couple of hours on the long bridges, looking at the old pictures, placed at every 10 feet in the angle of the roof. They are badly executed; but offer such a variety of curious subjects that one cannot well omit any. Strange, too, there was an opera here last night—Das Nachtlager in Grenada—a night passed in Grenada, by Krentzer, a composer of Cologne. The music is much more complicated, and to my taste superior to French compositions of the opera comique in Paris.

At 2 o'clock we took the steamer up the lake for Altdorf. Lucerne is unquestionably the most beautiful lake in Switzerland; it possesses every variety of charming scenery. In some places the hills raise themselves in gentle slopes, covered with farms and neat cottages. Then you pass an island wooded down to the very water's side. Near Lucerne a broad arm stretches out towards Alpenach and the threatening looking Pilatesberg. Soon it loses that monotonous character of a river which most small lakes have, and expands itself out between an amphitheatre of high mountains, down whose rugged sides run mountain streams, forming innumerable cascades, which in the distance and grandeur of the whole scene, looks like so many silver threads. The lake is here so completely closed in, that we could not imagine which direction would take us out again. From Tell's chapel to Fluellen the course is straight, but not less beautiful. Every variety of crag and overhanging precipice, with mountains cut into the most fantastic outline, delight the eye till you land at Fluellen.

WM. TELL.

Sunday, Aug. 13.—At length we are at Altorf, the theatre of the exploits of Wm. Tell. To appreciate his famous history, I have been reading Schiller's tragedy, and

am delighted with his perfect style of portraying the greatness of soul and patriotic feeling that actuated the Swiss to liberate their country. The incidental descriptions of this country which occurs in the tragedy, are drawn with a master hand, and give a truer idea of the scenery than any work I ever read. The emotions of Melchtal, his self-reproach for having left his feeble father, and his burning resentment against the Austrians, when he heard they had put his father's eyes out, is a passage worthy of Shakspeare. And Tell, relating to his wife the dangers of the Chamois hunt among the high Alps, makes one shudder, while on the other hand the tender love of the heroine Bertha for the young Swiss Count, or the conversation between Tell and his son in Altorf, excite all one's sympathy. On the public place there stands a tower covered with paintings, representing our hero's history, and near it a fountain, said to be upon the spot where Tell's arrow hit the apple upon his son's head. After finishing my tragedy, which would almost recompense me for the trouble of learning German, I took up the copy of Dicken's "America" we bought at Lucerne. Well, it's really amusing in some chapters; and though he rubs the good people too much, it will never do any harm. Were it to reform half the tobacco chewers, he would be doing an immense service. The practice is unknown in any part of Europe except among sailors.

#### RIFLE EXERCISE.

To-day being Sunday, is a grand holiday for the peasants, who are about practising at the target with their rifles. Two hundred yards is the distance, and the men strike the white ball at least every time; at this stand there are five targets in constant use, and in a short walk up the valley we see that at other places there are quite as many. Still they say it is nothing more than they have every Sunday. At this rate Switzerland will always be filled with effective defenders for its mountain defiles.

Our entering the word Canada under the title Domicile in the stranger's book has not unfrequently occasioned a little questioning, especially in country places; some supposing it to be in India. To-day at dinner the waiter accosted me very politely, "Excuse me, sir, I see you're from Candara, which I suppose is in India—

may I ask, have you ever been as far as Calcutta?" I told him no; but said we frequently heard from the capital; upon which he gave us a long story about an uncle who had left Marseilles during the Revolution, married at St. Gaul in Switzerland, and subsequently left for India, where he had amassed great wealth, two millions sterling, he believed. He died at Calcutta, and leaving no direct heirs, his executors had written to St. Gaul to know if any of his wife's relatives were living. The long and short of it was, the waiter had been since ten days out of his head, having heard the event, and believing himself to be the nearest relative. When we ascertained the drift of his curiosity, we explained to him the slight mistake he had made in his geography, and recommended his sending a letter to the British Consul at Berne, to learn the truth of the matter. May he get his golden fortune. I dare say he would make us good use of it as most others.

Monday.—There is a constant feeling of delight which a person enjoys among these most magnificent scenes in nature, increasing as we learn to appreciate their magnitude, and rendering every hour we pass in Switzerland more precious. We had a beautiful day for our return to the Regi; and the effect of the mountain scenery on Lake Lucerne was heightened by a clear sky and warm sun, which gave colour and beauty to every object. It baffled all description,

#### RIGI.

My companion thinking the fatigue would be too great, went on to Lucerne; and I, landing in Wegis, took a boy as a guide and ascended the Rigi, elevated 5,600 feet above the sea, and nearly 5,000 above the lake. The ascent is very easy, along a winding path, and requires three hours. The mountain is composed of great masses of pudding stone covered to the top with verdure, and presents the appearance of a lofty knoll. The weather was hot and clear, and as we ascended on the side of the mountain, my view was confined to Lake Lucerne, until we arrived near the summit, when the magnificent panorama of nature burst upon me so suddenly that I held my breath for fear of losing my first impression of its beauty. With your face towards the east, the oval formed lake Zug, the valley of Schytz, with

the awful ruins of Mount Rosenberg covering the plain present themselves. Beyond, several other lakes, and to the left, a vast extent of level country, smiling in all the loveliness of summer. The expanse is immense, reaching as far as the blue and distant outline of the Jura. The trees in the fields are like the smallest green straws you can imagine; and the villages and towns dwindle into mere play-things. The effect is much like looking at a well-coloured map. We are not used to see so much of our world at one view, and naturally search some accustomed object to compare it with. Lucerne and the two arms of the lake form fine features in the scene; and on the left the noble outline of the Pelatus mountain terminates the plain. As far as the clouds will admit is seen the glorious chain of Alps, peak on peak, covered with eternal snow—a spectacle of the sublimest order in nature. There one appears almost brought into a sort of fellowship with the mountains.

The Bernese have not shewn themselves all day. There were many books in the hotel, and I lay upon the grass near the edge of the precipice, and read for hours together, rising now and then to look upon the scene so far, far below me. From being absorbed with the subject of my book, it appeared like awaking into the brightest day-dream the imagination is capable of forming. It seemed as though I never should be fatigued with looking and admiring. At last the sun set. Oh, how glorious it is from the Rigi to see the long mountain shades enveloping the lakes and vallies in darkness, then the whole plain, and we still in the full glare of the sun's light as he sat behind the Jura. The till then dusky hue of the chain became strongly defined against the golden hues of the western sky; and far beyond the Jura we could then distinguish other mountains quite invisible during the day. A beautiful phenomenon witnessed at sunset from such elevated positions is the second line of azure which marks that part of the heavens where the sun's rays no longer shine; below this the sky is of the light lead colour of twilight, while above all is brighter, verging towards the west into a perfect glow.

At night our inn was crowded to excess; we had nearly eighty persons at supper in

the different rooms. Many could find no place to sleep, but I was more fortunate; being come early, I had secured a snug little room all to myself. Before turning in I took another stroll round the summit, and looking down from that great height upon the silent vallies, could almost fancy them slumbering, such is the charm of perfect stillness which rests here at night. At such a time it is indeed a melancholy sight to look upon the "slide" of the Rosenberg. On that very spot, once the scene of such an awful calamity, where lie buried two villages, hamlets, many fair fields and pastures, all is wrapt in stillness and quiet.

In the morning all rose at three to see the sun rise. Unfortunately it was rather clouded in the east, but in the opposite direction the sky was perfectly bright and clear. The whole chain of the Bernese Alps rose high above all, the mountains we had had in view the day before—much more beautiful in effect, from this distance, than when seen from Berne. Now the panorama was perfect; and having gazed upon it long enough to impress it upon my memory I descended to lake Zug, crossed in a small boat, walked along its banks to the town, and met my companion. In the diligence, to Zurich, there was a very pretty and interesting young Swiss lady, who told us a great many things about her native town, Zurich, making our short drive very pleasant.

#### ZURICH.

Zurich is a clean, well-built town, full of life and trade. The houses are nearly all painted white. Baun's hotel is the best in Switzerland. The scenery of the lake is tame in comparison with that of Lucerne; but dotted as its shores are with beautiful villas, enamelled with lawns and parks, it presents on a summer's day what I should call a home-like view. From some points its banks appear covered with one continuous village, like the St. Lawrence. The upper end is shut in by the distant snow-covered Alps; but having seen them all to better advantage, from the Rigi, the view from the level of the lake loses much of its interest. Lake Wallenstadt, which follows in the regular course is more picturesque, surrounded by high curiously formed cliffs, behind which you discover from some points beautiful slopes covered with villages and

pastures apparently inaccessible. The old steamer on which we performed this short part of our journey was a most curious specimen of a vessel built among the mountains of Switzerland. We have since heard from a lady traveller that besides the danger of being on board this old dried-up hulk, there is a severe trial for nervous people in crossing the lake, to wit: in the centre of the lake there is an unfathomable deep hole. She said she hardly had the courage to embark. We replied, expressing our great sympathy and happiness at not being aware of the circumstance before undertaking the voyage.

#### PFFERS.

From Bazatz we walked up the gorge which leads to the baths of Pffers, and breakfasted in the saloon of the establishment. What a gloomy looking place it is, to be sure. Imagine a large convent-like building filled with cold looking cells and halls arched over, little windows, sunk at the bottom of a gorge, where the rocks rise 400 feet on both sides, and so narrow that the sun only shines between them for four hours in the day. Walks there are none, except the road which leads up from the Rhine valley; and you meet such a motley set of old men in white night-caps and faded dressing-gowns, that the whole thing has the appearance of a well-regulated poor-house. However, we had a pretty fair breakfast, and then proceeded farther up the gorge to the source of the spring, crossing a bridge, and then following a sort of platform fastened to the rock about forty feet above the stream, we entered one of the wildest and most astonishing scenes it is possible to conceive. Until coming here, we were quite disappointed with our excursion; but this was sufficient to repay a whole day's toil. As you advance, you perceive the upright cliffs approaching each other more and more; and just as you pass a small door which hides all before you, a most terrific region of rocks and waters suddenly open to view. The gorge was so narrow that you perceive but a small strip of sky overhead, and so precipitous are the sides, that there is not an inch to rest the feet or hands upon except the frail wooden pathway so wonderfully fastened into the living rock. Below, the waters, hemmed into a space of little more than six feet, rush and roar with an almost deafening

sound. A few steps further on, and it is wilder still. One side of the rocky wall being concave and the other convex; the whole mass being three hundred and fifty feet high, leaning threateningly over the other sixty or eighty feet to the left of the perpendicular line, and looks ready to fall and crush you every moment. In places, the projections on one side so overlaps the other that you find yourself quite shut out from the light. In one spot, the cliffs meet above, and form a natural bridge; add to this the roar of the water which fall from above into this narrow gorge, through the spray of which you must pass, the peculiar grey light that pervades, and you have all my imperfect description can give of one of the most wonderful things in Switzerland. The source of the hot spring is only remarkable to travellers from its situation in the side of the gorge near the end, at least the walk extended only to that point. There is a small door closing a spring house, which the guide opened, and we saw the hot water running out in great quantities, perhaps 60 gallons per half minute.

#### VALLEY OF THE RHINE.

After seeing all this, we walked back to Ragatz. The valley of the Rhine as far up as Richenens, where the two branches join, is broad and picturesque; on all sides extensive views, bounded by lofty mountains. The bed of the river is anything but beautiful; it spreads over a great space at high water, and leaves a deposit of sand and gravel. The Rhine is always connected with poetry and chivalry; even here, so near its source, almost every mountain side and cliff is adorned with a ruined castle—at one view we counted no less than nine.

Coire is a very pretty bustling country town, apparently quite independent of the rest of the world. Being a market day, we saw a number of pretty Swiss girls; they are very handsome in this valley.

Richeneau, where we turn off from the valley of the Ferder Rhine and follow up the Hinter Rhine, is celebrated in its way, like most towns. Here Louis Phillippe taught school before he came to the throne of France, *in cog*, of course. Before arriving in Thusis, there appears no egress from the valley except by scaling the high mountains which barricade it. The Rhine has, however, forced its way from above, and almost split in two, for four miles, an im-

mense mountain, which would otherwise have barred up his passage and formed a lake above. This gorge is called the

#### VIA MALA.

It was formerly impassable, but modern engineering, tunnelling, hollowing out the sides of the steep precipices, and three or four bridges thrown across, have rendered it as fine a road as any in Switzerland. The rocks which compose this gorge are limestone and slate; the cliffs raise themselves in immense precipices, so steep that there is not room for the smallest branch or shrub to the height of 1,600 or 1,800 ft. above, there covered by a dark fringe of rocks. At the entrance of this gorge a ruined castle adorns the opposite height, almost inaccessible; and on the right, just as you catch a glimpse of the steep side of the gorge, you enter a long tunnel cut out of the solid rock, which brings you through a mass of lime-stone perfectly precipitous on the sides of the Rhine. At every step the scenery is becoming more grand. The sides of the valley are walled up with cliffs of the most varied form—some hanging quite over the road, others sufficiently inclined or broken to be partially covered with the pine and fir, adding greatly to the dark and imposing character of the scene. Below you rushes the Rhine, compressed between two straight walls of rock not more than fifteen feet apart; from some of the bridges the distance is more than 400 feet down to the foaming torrent, but you cannot hear the least sound, and in many places its angry waters are hid from view by the projecting rocks. Above, there is but a small strip of sky visible, strongly marked by the ragged outlines of the mountain crag. It is altogether the most imposing and frightful scene I ever witnessed—wilder and more terrible than I could ever have imagined anything in nature to be. Such scenery works more directly upon the feelings than the distant view of a high mountain or a beautiful prospect; here is something that really excites a feeling of dread as well as surprise.

The next day's work from Anderc, just beyond the Via Mala to Bellinzona, on the Italian side, was a pretty severe pull. Before reaching Splügen, the road ascends by a succession of zigzags, displaying the usual skill of Swiss engineering, and then passes through a gorge, which, though



greatly inferior to the Via Mala, is still full of grandeur and wildness. The rock not being the same as in the latter, does not form such frightful precipices, but each breaks off at a sharp angle, presenting a succession of the boldest crags, fissures, and detached masses characteristic of gneiss and granite. Such passes are wild, wild as any amateur could wish, but still there is not the terrific appearance attached to them as in the Via Mala.

At Splügen you arrive in a high Alpine valley, at 4,700 feet elevation, where all cultivation ceases, and nothing but Alpine pasturage is to be seen. How desolate it looks! The tops of the lofty peaks are constantly covered with snow; and the torrents which rush down from them bring large masses of debris, often laying waste the valley to a great extent. Here you meet with but a few stunted pines, and the few villages there are, look so blank and comfortless, one cannot but pity the lot of the poor people who know no other home.

#### BERNADINE PASS.

At Hinter Rhine we crossed the stream for the last time, and could just see along the bare side of the mountain the long and numerous traverses by which our toilsome ascent was to be made. I preferred walking, and by dint of short cuts got so far in advance of the diligence that a shower which came on had time to wet me through and through. At last I got under shelter of a rock, and after burning about twenty lucifers, succeeded in lighting a cigar to keep me company. It was nearly at the top of the pass, and a more dreary spot it would be difficult to conceive—rocks, snow, and here and there patches of stunted grass. It seemed to me to be a very kind thing of the Swiss or Austrians, whoever it was, to have made a road there, otherwise the chances of passing a night in that airy situation would have been rather against one. In less than an hour the coach came, and all went well again. The descent on the Italian side is very steep; the coils of traverses seem to lie in such confusion below you that there is no guessing which end leads up or which down.

From Switzerland the ascent begins at Core, or rather Thuses, which is about 1,500 feet above the sea level, to the summit, 7,000 feet. While here, you go down at once to the bottom of the valley,

only 800 feet above the sea. It seems to have no end, and gives one a pretty good idea of going to the bottom. The view down into this valley, sunken between immensely high and steep mountains, covered with torrents and water-falls, is truly magnificent.

Bolinzona, a dirty Swiss Italian town, surrounded by picturesque walls of the feudal times. On the adjacent hills there are several castles, and from one of them you discover the Lago Madjora.

#### ST. GOTARD PASS

Our next journey was to Andermatt, on the St. Gotard route. This pass is rather higher than the Bernandino, and excels it in the number of traverses. The scenery at the summit is of the same character, and just as dreary. There is no view. From Arola, where the last heavy ascent begins, I walked over to Andermatt, and by taking the angles did it in three hours, while the diligence requires five. From here we visited the devil's bridge, three miles lower down. The character of the defile in which it is situated is much the same as that of the gorge above the Via Mala. The bridge a beautiful structure, spans a deep chasm, amidst the spray of a large water-fall formed by the torrent which rushes beneath it.

Returned to our hotel and arranged the route for the morrow. My companion to go by Lucerne to Interlaken, so I pass through the Furca and Grimsel and meet him; and then together bid farewell to Switzerland.

#### A DETOUR TO LUTERBY J. P. MERRITT.

As I was quite done up by this journey across the two high passes, not having a day's rest since leaving Zurich, I declined accompanying my enthusiastic companion over the next highest pass in Switzerland. So remaining till a late hour, I started about noon. The village we stopped at, at the head of the valley, was truly Swiss, and had an old square castle overlooking, which I examined before starting. Descended at a swinging rate to use a cant expression, but reduced to reality here, where the mountain zig zag is so short as to produce the sensation of swinging. The Devil's bridge, over a deep chasm, was passed, and the mountain kept growing higher and higher till at last the foot was reached, after two hour's tramp. I was

wrong in letting the carriage go on, for I found, on inquiry, the pass to the Rhone valley was not eligible.

The diligence coming on in a couple of hours, I entered it, leaving the passing of the main chain of mountains to a further stage, (Miringhan, perhaps.) A continued descent brought us, after a couple of hours, to Altorf; and by six I was on the steamer again for Lucerne. It is the third time I have visited this city, and none of my former ones, saving the first, when it was new, has been passed more pleasantly.

During the leisure of the sojourn I have read Mr. Dickens' Notes on America, my companion having left it with me, and have had the society of agreeable friends, one a Fellow of 12 years standing, from Clare Hall in Cambridge; and another, aged 19, who this day received a commission in the 65th Regt., at which he was more highly elated than at the prospect of pursuing more civil occupations.

I saw the colossal lion to-day; it is hewn out of the solid rock, on the side of the mountain, and done in commemoration of the Swiss who fell here in the defense of Louis XVI., in the early French Revolution.

Friday.—Tended the Swiss Diet. It is like all others, and put me in mind of our House of Parliament. The Diet of the score of Cantons meet alternately in the capital of the four greatest Cantons. They speak both the French and German languages, and it made no confusion more than our French and English. There being no customs, the members serve gratuitously. They appear in full dress, including small sword.

Aug. 2<sup>d</sup>.—Arose, bid adieu to friends, breakfasted, and on foot started across the peninsula; took a boat to Alpenach, afterwards a voiture, and passed up the beautiful valley towards Brienz, bordering the two lakes we came down on the 11th. When reaching the foot and real ascent of the pass, the carriage broke down, and we were forced to walk, which accident was not altogether to be regretted, as it afforded me an opportunity to examine the highest of the two lakes which had lately been drained. To enhance the interest of the scene, the bells were ringing for vespers in the lower part of the valley. After sunset, some shepherds who were driving their flocks home from the high mountain pas-

tures on the opposite side of the lake sang in their national air the "Ratch de Vach," and were answered by ours. This exercise lasted till neither could longer be heard.

Started from Brienz early. The latter part of this road only was new to me.—Dined a la Germaine, at Mayringen; walked up to visit an old castle, for which I had to pay a boy, the "senechal." My return was occupied with reflections on the parsimony of the Swiss, otherwise endowed with noble qualities; visited a Fall, which, to the consolation of the people at home, I must add, make no approach to Niagara. Next day I started over the Shideck pass, knapsack on shoulder, having engaged a porter to take the weighty part of the baggage. The valley of the Hasle being passed, the steep part of the pass commenced, amounting to some odd thousands of feet in altitude. Dejunier a la Fourchette with a couple of Englishmen from the opposite side, who, having no occasion for their horses, afforded me a histe over the remainder of the pass. On reaching the highest shalley a storm detained us till dark; the time was enlivened by a couple of damsels singing Swiss airs. An hour through the dark down a path washed by the recent storm brought me to Grindeu-wall.

Went up the valley of Lanterbrunnen to visit the Falls of Staubach, 900 feet in height; could not say I was composed to rest by the murmuring of its waters, for the fall was dissipated in spray long before it reached the bottom. Reached Interlachen early in the morning, where we met, and resumed together our journey to Italy.

#### DEPARTURE FROM SWITZERLAND.

It was the last of Summer as my brother and I sat out to cross the Gemmi pass. It was a beautiful fall-like morning when we left Unterseen. The first part of our journey led us along Lake Thun; banks very much like along the side of the mountain at home. Soon our road turned south, and was a continued ascent until we reached Kender-teg, when evening approached. This is a pass of fifty-five miles. I thought I would go no further. My companion, wishing to make up time, proceeded on foot. After putting up in a primitive log cabin, I walked to the left, up the river. Sementhal valley was filled with late debris brought down from the

mountains; the valley, in consequence, was much steeper than the one below, and just passed. After seeing the valley, interesting in a geological point of view, returned.

By about 7, next morning, was on my ascent, baggage and mule. A beautiful view from the first rise; proceeded up the long ascent, and the new and varied objects of this wonderful mountain country kept me occupied till we passed the half-way shalley, the last house. We reached the highest point late in the afternoon. I had just passed a long tract of snow by the side of a lake, and mounted a ridge on the otherside, when the Rhone valley, bounded by Monte Rosa, on the distant and opposite side, struck my view. We had been the most of the day ascending to this point, and now the valley of the Rhone and the baths of Leuk lay just under our feet, and it would take but a bound to descend to them. I did not remain long to view this extended and grand phenomena, as the wind blew a hurricane over the ridge; and so, signifying to my muleteer, I started, but he, who thought his business done, confined himself to bellowing over the precipice, down which no voice could ever reach, for a porter; but getting impatient, I said he must bring the baggage himself; and so without further delay we started down the precipice, the magnificent prospect all this time in view; to heighten the grandeur, a storm was just coming over. The heavens as clear as ever in the valley, were darkened by clouds pouring over the promontories above our heads. It was the most magnificent sight I ever beheld. As it soon began raining, I was pleased to leave sight-seeing, and get to our inn.

JOURNAL CONTINUED—TOP OF THE FURCA.

Tuesday.—The pass connecting the Rhone valley with the St. Gothard—7,000 ft. high, is easily reached, because at Andermatt you are already elevated within 4,000 feet of the summit. People usually descend into the Rhone valley, and passing below the glacier, ascend again to the Grimsel. We, however, struck immediately across the shoulder of the mountain, 800 or 1,000 feet higher than the Furca, and had a fine view down the valley of the Bernese Alps on the right, and some lofty peaks in the chain of the Monte Rosa. Crossing considerable tracts of snow, we arrived over the Rhone glacier (source of that river) not far from

its commencement among the high peaks. There was no path, so the descent down it was very bad from the loose stones. We sent a great many sliding down on to the glacier: they broke and crushed on their way, emitting a dust that smelt like gunpowder. The crevices in the ice were numerous and bad to take, forcing us often to turn back to seek a new path. It is five times more dangerous than the Mer de Glace, in fact the guide did not wish to take us that way. Safe over, we ascended again several hundred feet, during which an incident occurred. Instead of going below a piece of snow which lay at a very steep angle; I crossed it, carefully making steps for my feet, and keeping my balance with the Alpine stock; but two of the Irishmen, in a tempting to follow, lost their equilibrium and went down by the run, one on his back, the other on his face. The smaller man stopped himself at the bottom, but the other, a Surgeon, flew over the sod and stones 20 or 30 feet, and only brought up at the top of a broad slippery rock. Had he gone over this, he might have been killed. It was a good lesson not to be too venturesome. Descending into the pass of the Grimsel, for we had attained a much greater height in crossing at the top of the glacier, I had some capital slides down the snow, several hundred feet at a time. The rest of the way we had nothing but bog and mire, occasioned by the snows melting. Arrived at the Hospice all mud and wet, after eight hours good walking. The Grimsel pass is much wilder than even the St. Gotard. A cold wintry looking lake rises up to the very windows of the Hospice, and in front runs a high peak, whence several winters ago fell an avalanche, destroying the former building and two servants. Up to a certain height in the pass, the immense boulders of granite are worn perfectly smooth, from the action of the ice. In the sun's rays they glisten like silver; above all, runs off broken and cragged into the sublimest of mountain scenery.

Next day one of our party gave in, and took to riding. The Surgeon, a fine stout man, the one who yesterday had the slide, led off at a tremendous pace, in order to overtake a party of Germans who had preceded us. "We never 'stunden' the time in Ireland," says he, "and if they have a mind to keep up, we'll shew them it." [In

Switzerland or Germany distance is measured by hour's walks, "stunden"]—and so we did; following his excellent pace and example, we arrived at Meyringen, (7 stunden, 21 miles,) in four hours—2 hours before the Germans. On our way we visited Handeck Fall, unquestionably the finest in the country. You approach it from the top, and crossing a small bridge over the foaming stream, look down from an overhanging rock upon the roaring waters leaping from where you stand into a narrow frightful gorge. You cannot see past the curve of the fall, but they say the height is over 200 feet. Just at the side a small stream falls into the same abyss; their waters meet 60 feet from the top. The effect is one to make weak nerves tremble.

From the Handeck to Meyringen we had a good deal of rain, and upon arriving were obliged to go to bed till the people of the inn could procure us something dry. After these long mountain excursions one enjoys a copious libation and a clean shirt—even a borrowed one—better than ever he did. It is a real pleasure, and then you feel at once so refreshed, in such capital spirits, with an appetite passing all bounds. The evenings are passed very pleasantly in conversation with other parties, exchanging questions and details of the day's excursion, or planning for the morrow. At the Inn here I bought a very pretty Swiss house, cut out of wood with great taste.

#### THE GREAT SCHEIDECK.

Thursday.—The weather was extremely hot, and our walk as far as the top of the Great Scheideck (6,711 feet) was rather fatiguing. On the way we visited the graceful fall of Reichenbach and the glacier of the Groselane, descending from the side of the Wetterhorn, an immensely high peak, which you appear to be close under all the way, while its base is more than 1½ miles distant. Arrived at the small inn on the Scheideck in time to wait an hour and a half for our guide, who started with us. The poor man had to carry the knapsack, which, together with the hot weather, gave him a regular sweating. After a pretty solid collation of cold meat, milk, bread, wine and cigars, we went out to bask in the sun, on the mountain side, and hear some Swiss singing. There are three young girls at the inn who give travellers a treat of as fine music as I should wish to hear.

The scene is in such perfect character—out in the open air, on a mountain side, at the very foot of the Wetterhorn. The valley of Grindenwald below you smiling with cottages and pastures. On one side rise the highest peaks of the Bernese Alps, on the other the chain of the Faulhorn; enjoying with your eyes such a magnificent scene, is it not delightful to have the ears assailed by the melodious mountain voices of pretty Swiss maids? At any rate we thought so, and gave them three or four batzen, and received their thanks. From the Scheideck you arrive at a point two-thirds of the way up the Faulhorn. By continuing along the mountain side, which encloses the Grindenwald valley like the side of a basin, reached the top, 8,200 feet, at 3 o'clock, and lodged ourselves in the most elevated habitation of Europe. The panorama from this point is of a grandeur far exceeding that of the Rigi. You are brought so close to the great chain of the Bernese Alps, the Eiger Jungfrau, Monch Wetterhorn, Blumen des Alpes, Finster Ahrhorn—all ranging from 10 to 14,000 feet in height—that you can look into all the valleys of the glaciers, distinguish every peak, crevice and outline, even the tracks of the avalanches; aye, and even hear the roar of their distant thunder. There is little water scenery; you can just discover the two extreme ends of the lakes Thun and Brienz. Of fields and towns there are none; between you and the great valley intervene too many high mountains. There is nothing so pleasing and *naïve* as in the character of the Rigi landscape; all is here stern and alpine. Both the sun-set and sun-rise were magnificent. After the latter, and taking a little coffee, my friend and I, (we were now reduced in number to two,) with the guide, descended to the village of Grindenwald in one hour and three-quarters. To ascend it requires five hours, and the descent three, says our guide-book. From Grindenwald we crossed the Wengernalp—the mountain on the opposite side of the valley—to the Great Scheideck; it runs out at right angles from the Bernese chain, like its *vis a vis*. The distance is four stunden. We, great walkers as we were, had to give two and three-quarters to it, including one-quarter stopping to eat strawberries and milk at a chalet. The weather was as hot as Jamaica,

perhaps. You should see us in some of these excursions. To say we perspired is no term; we sweat like racers, and would walk up the steep places till our breath was quite exhausted, and then stop to recover. Heated from the weather and exertion to a degree I never experienced before, I have drank the coldest water in great quantities, and am now quite convinced it can not injure a person. On the Wengern Alps we lay out in the sun to dry our clothes and watch the avalanches. I saw two very fine specimens, and heard a great many more on the opposite side of the mountain. After a good dinner, an hour and a quarter brought us into the valley of Lanterbrunnen, just opposite the Staubach Fall, the highest in Switzerland. From the top of the cliff it falls 800 feet at first, in a beautiful curve, but soon the waters become separated by the current of air and high, and reach the base like a shower bath.

#### BACK TO INTERLACKEN.

Took a char-a-banc to Interlacken. My friend left the morning after our arrival, and I waited for Jedediah all one day in bed reading novels. Finished Hadga Baba in England, and Bulwer's Night and Morning. The first is very funny, particularly the scene of the Persian Ambassador's servants, bathing in the new river in the park. The second is grave. Had the good fortune to be invited out to a ball here, and of being introduced to Lady Hale, a very lady-like woman, with a big bunch of something brown on the side of her nose. The dancing was very nice, and so was the music, at least one was obliged to say so. We had one bass viol or violincello and two flutes; ices unexceptionable. It is however worthy of remark, that of all the clothes I had on, only my stockings and gloves belonged to me. I had left all with my worthy fraternity. The old navy Captain we picked up at Lusanne was kind enough to rig me out. It was a fit, to be sure, but no one asked for my tailor's address. You can always borrow what you want in Switzerland; and, on the whole, it's economy, especially if you send the things back with your compliments, and without washing.

My calendar is all confusion, but I think I was in Interlacken on Sunday, August 27th.

#### MY PASSAGE OF GEMI.

We have just crossed the Gemmi, one of the most interesting passes in the Bernese Alps, leading from Lake Thun into the Rhone valley. At the top of the pass the scenery is very wild, bounded on both sides with snow covered mountains. The strata of the rock along the pass are very curious. They all present the edge to the surface, and being exceedingly broken, with scarcely any soil, it is a picture of perfect desolation. From the highest point there is a magnificent view of the Monte Rosa, the rival of Mount Blanc, and of all the high peaks in the chain as far as Saint Bernard. The descent down the side of a precipice which in some places overhangs the road, is wonderful. Where the cliff breaks off perpendicularly, the path is cut into the side like a half tunnel; again you cross above a frightful abyss, supported only by a dry wall. From below the whole mountain appears so formidable that you cannot conceive it possible to find a way to its summit, and it is not until approaching very near that you discover here and there among the rocks a piece of cliff hewn off, or a dry wall, indications of an Alpine path.

#### BATHS OF LEUCK.

The baths are remarkable from the fact correctly given by Murray, of the bathers all being in the water together, and remaining there in many instances eight hours. In each establishment, of which there are three, you find four large tanks filled with water, and in each of these you see the heads of the bathers floating about, trying to amuse themselves in talking and singing, to wile away the time. They all wear (not the heads, but the principals) long loose robes, almost like the monks. The valley of Leuck is quite hemmed in by precipices so steep that the only way of ascending to the villages above is by ladders. On our way down to the Rhone valley we saw one of these, and thought what a trial it would be to the nerves of an inexperienced person to find himself suspended upon the frail railings of these ladders at the dizzy height of four or five hundred feet. The people of the country carry the heaviest burdens up and down with the utmost security. From the baths, we descended through a fine gorge, and then along a beautiful valley, from which we had an excellent view down the

Rhone as far as Sion. Though this would not be considered first rate here, it was a landscape to be enjoyed only in such countries as the Pyrenees or Norway, where nature has been so bountiful in the display of her grandest works. We had also on our way an opportunity of seeing the manner of forming an Alpine road, and could form some idea of what a stupendous undertaking it is. The people were at work on the opposite side of the ravine, hewing out a way in the side of a precipice, at a height of 400 feet from the stream. Some appeared to be supporting themselves upon the merest niches of rock, while the scaffolding on which others were engaged was supported by long ropes let down from the top of the cliff. As they blasted or cleared away the stones, great masses fell with a tremendous crash into the ravine. From the baths down into the valley of the Rhone, where you strike the Simplon, the descent is about 3,000 feet. From this point we walked to the nearest village, to await the diligence to Brieg. When it came, it brought with other travellers a very intelligent and gentlemanly American, connected, I think, with some college. We soon got thoroughly acquainted, and compared travelling notes. Our friend had been all through England, Ireland and Scotland, Belgium, France and the Rhine country, since May; he passes four days in Switzerland, and is now on his way to Venice, Rome and Naples, which he says he must accomplish in time to devote another week to Paris, and a fortnight to London before the 20th October. He is one of the fastest travellers I ever saw. Quite a different character from a Yankee I met on the Rigi; he, the Rigi gentleman, was ambitious of ascending all the high mountains, among others the Jungfrau. I told him he would have the honor of being the first who had ever accomplished that feat.\* Many people come into Switzerland with very incorrect ideas, for though they may be very good walkers, it requires several excursions to become accustomed to the mountains. After a fortnight, one begins to have practice enough, and can pass along a precipice or beneath a hanging cliff with the same

coolness he would walk along a terrace. For my own part I feel disappointed in not being able to accomplish something more difficult; such, for instance, as the pass between the Monte Rosa and Mont Cerven, [11,000 feet,] but this would separate us too long, and can't be thought of.

#### SIMPLON PASS.

With the exception of an hour's riding, I walked all the way over the Simplon. My companion came in the diligence to the village of Simplon, five miles beyond the summit, from whence we took the remaining three hours through the gorge of Gondo on foot. This is a most magnificent pass, as well in respect to the scenery as to the monumental style of its construction. To say it is the finest in Switzerland is but repeating the opinion of all who have had any opportunity of judging from comparison. In this particular it differs from the others; there is but one traverse or zigzag on the whole route. It winds round the valleys and up the mountain sides in long and graceful bends, in a manner that from many points you can see four or five miles of the route uninterrupted. From Brieg all the way to the summit it makes but three sweeps, following up the lateral valleys several miles, then crossing and returning towards the same point on the upper side, a couple of thousand feet higher. The last bend it makes passes beneath a large glacier and snow-clad peak, both of which, in the spring, send down avalanches. These are guarded against by several long galleries, partly blown out of the solid granite and partly timbered. Over one of these the stream descending from the glacier falls in a beautiful sheet. Looking at this through the windows, and hearing the astounding noise it creates in the reverberating gallery, you appreciate this great triumph of art more than were you told a hundred times over the cost and labor. From the Hospice, a large regular building, down to the gorge, there is little curious to see; but here new wonders burst upon us, and in the excess of our admiration we nearly twisted our necks off, at least, by constantly looking up right and left: mine became rather stiff. On some of the lofty cliffs which hang over the defile, the tall pines appear quite diminutive. Some even soar above the region of pine. I tired myself trying to conjecture the dis-

\* I have heard since that this ascent has been twice made: it requires five days, and is considered a severer affair than even the ascension of Mount Blanc.

tance between me and the bare rocks at their summit. Between the bed of the torrent and the steep wall of rock there is just room enough for the road, which is carried along at a slight elevation. Every few steps the form of the cliffs change, assuming every possible variety, until you arrive at the gallery of Gondo. Here the chasm is not more than 8 feet wide, and the road penetrates through the solid rock by its side, 500 feet, emerging just in front of a cascade which falls over the precipitous sides of the ravine. You pass over a bridge, and look back upon a scene not easily to be forgotten. The beautiful bridge—the black mouth of the tunnel—the deep chasm at its side, and the towering precipices, form a picture of the wildest description. The same scenery prevails until you arrive at the Piedmontese boundary, from whence it becomes tamer, until you descend into the fertile valley in which is situated Domo d'Ossola. Here everything begins to look Italian. The verdure of the fields, the trees and houses, even the lazy loungers under the piazza of the towns remind you that you are no longer among the industrious Swiss, and that you have exchanged the less genial temperature of north the Alps for the sunny clime of Italy.

ITALIAN SIDE.

Five or six hours brought us to Buvono, on Lago Maggiore, opposite the Boromean islands. We will go at once into a curious Italian boat, and row to the Isola Madra. Though it appears from the shore nothing but a cluster of trees, upon your arrival it proves to be a perfect fairy garden; terraces built up from the water, covered with all manner of tropical fruits and plants, oranges, lemons, acacia and the palm. Above these, the whole island is laid out in boscos, lawns, with walks and shrubbery. There are pines from Russia, Siberia and America, grouped with the mulberry, cedar of Lebanon, and the more beautiful trees of the south. The vistas through these trees is so managed that through one your eye rests upon the snow-covered Alps, while another brings before

you some beautiful Italian village close upon the lake. All appears more like enchantment than reality. Shakspeare never pictured to himself a lovelier spot for the Midsommer Night's Dream than the Isola Madra. The Isola Bella is that which contains the Duke de Boromen's palace. The building is immensely large, fitted up in a most princely style, with large halls and picture galleries. The lower set of rooms, opening a little above the level of the water, is finished with frescoes of small pebbles in the style of grottoes; they must be very nice and cool in summer. The garden back of the palace are not very extensive; but being arranged into terraces like the hanging gardens of Babylon, ornamented with statues and shrubs, travellers are generally willing to admit that they never did see anything like it. On one side of these hanging gardens there is a bouquet of Canadian pines beautifully grouped. The third island is covered, strange contrast with poor fishermen's huts.

On the following morning I arose at half-past 2, and in company with the Mr. Herberts, an uncle and nephew, whom we had met at the Baths of Leuck, ascended the Monterone, a high mountain back of Buvono, commanding one of the most extensive prospects south of the Alps. To the east its foot is bathed by the waters of the Lago Maggiore, and on the left by Lake Oosta, surrounded by very thickly wooded mountains, with white villas and pretty miniature towns. The view embraces a long succession of peaks of the Alpine chain, in which the principal object is the sublime Monte Rosa. From this point you can trace the long lateral chains which detach themselves from the high Alps, till they are lost in the plain of Lombardy. In the extreme distance you discover the dim outline of the Alpenines. The panorama is altogether magnificent.

Thus finishes our journey through the rugged Alps, and the Journal, till you hear of us in sunny Italy.

WM. H. MERRITT, Jr.

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