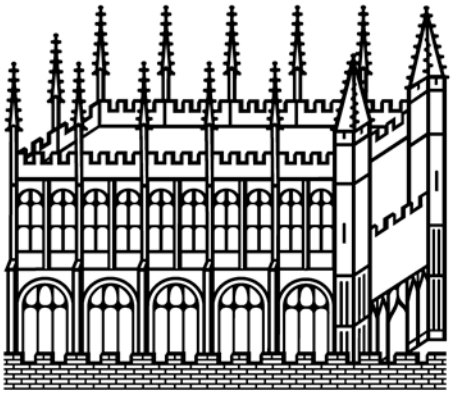

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Swiss Pictures

Drawn With Pen & Pencil.

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SWISS PICTURES.

E. WHYMPER, LONDON,

MONT BLANC from above MORGES.

BY HODSON'S CHROMOGRAPHIC PROCESS.

SWISS PICTURES

DRAWN WITH PEN AND PENCIL.

THE ILLUSTRATIONS BY MR. E. WHYMPER, F.R.G.S.

"The feeding of the rivers and the purifying of the winds are the least of the services appointed to the hills. To fill the thirst of the human heart with the beauty of God's working,—to startle its lethargy with the deep and pure agitation of astonishment,—are their higher missions. They are as a great and noble architecture; first giving shelter, comfort, and rest; and covered also with mighty sculpture and painted legend." *Ruskin.*

LONDON:
THE RELIGIOUS TRACT SOCIETY;
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PREFACE.

THE publications of the Religious Tract Society have, for some years past, contained numerous views of Swiss scenery by Mr. E. WHYMPER, who is pre-eminent amongst modern engravers for his knowledge of mountain forms and his power of delineating them. His intimate acquaintance with Switzerland has afforded him facilities for its pictorial illustration which few artists have enjoyed. From the great merit of his designs, it has been thought desirable to present them in a collected and permanent form, with the advantages of fine toned paper and careful printing. In order to give somewhat more of completeness to this series of views, a few additional illustrations have been introduced.

The letter-press which accompanies the engravings is quite subordinate to them. The design of the Editor has been to trace, as briefly as possible, the route marked out for him by the artist, adding such occasional descriptions of scenery as may serve to render the volume available for those who have never seen the places themselves. The material for this has been gathered in a course of frequent, almost annual,

visits to Switzerland during the last fifteen years. A few historical and biographical notices of the great deeds which have been wrought or the great men who have lived in the districts under review, will, it is hoped, add to the interest of the volume, and prove suggestive of profitable thought to the tourist.

Notwithstanding the endless variety of grandeur and beauty which Switzerland contains, a narrative of the impressions produced by them upon a single mind must always be characterised by a certain sameness and monotony. The description of one Swiss mountain, or lake, or valley, or waterfall, will, with some modifications, apply to the others. A reiteration of similar phrases, an often-repeated recital of similar emotions of awe or delight, can only produce weariness in the reader. The Editor has, therefore, aimed to give variety, by frequently introducing quotations, in poetry or prose, from some of the innumerable authors who have made Switzerland their theme. He desires especially to express his obligations to Messrs. Smith, Elder, and Co.—the publishers of Mr. Ruskin's works—for permission to enrich his pages by several eloquent passages from *Modern Painters*, the *Stones of Venice*, and the *Seven Lamps of Architecture*.

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THE mountains of this glorious land
Are conscious beings to mine eye,
When at the break of day they stand
Like giants, looking through the sky,
To hail the sun's unrisen car,
That gilds their diadems of snow;
While one by one, as star by star,
Their peaks in ether glow.

Their silent presence fills my soul,
When, to the horizontal ray,
The many-tinctured vapours roll
In evanescent wreaths away,
And leave them naked on the scene,
The emblems of eternity,
The same as they have ever been,
And shall for ever be!

And O ye everlasting hills!
Buildings of God, not made with hands,
Whose word performs whate'er He wills,
Whose word, though ye shall perish, stands.
Can there be eyes that look on you,
Till tears of rapture make them dim,
Nor in his works the Maker view,
Then lose his works in Him?

By me, when I behold Him not,
Or love Him not when I behold,
Be all I ever knew forgot:
My pulse stand still, my heart grow cold;
Transformed to ice, 'twixt earth and sky,
On yonder cliff my form be seen,
That all may ask, but none reply,
What my offence hath been!

MONTGOMERY.

NORTH-EASTERN SWITZERLAND

AND

THE RHINE.

NORTH-EASTERN SWITZERLAND AND THE RHINE.

VARIOUS ROUTES: THAT BY BELGIUM AND THE RHINE SELECTED—BRUGES—THE RHINE—HEIDELBERG—SCHAFFHAUSEN AND THE FALLS OF THE RHINE—CONSTANCE AND JOHN HUSS—THE HEAD-WATERS OF THE RHINE—VIA MALA—THE SOURCES OF THE RHINE—REICHENAU AND LOUIS PHILIPPE—ZURICH—EINSIEDELEN—BASLE.

SIR JOHN MANDEVILLE begins his chronicle of travel and adventure, by saying, "He that will pass over the sea to go to the city of Jerusalem may go many ways, both by sea and land, according to the country that he cometh from; many ways come to one end. But you must not expect that I shall tell you all the towns and cities and castles that men shall go by, for then should I make too long a tale." *Mutatis mutandis*, the quaint old chronicler's words apply to Switzerland as well as to Jerusalem. The possible variations of route, each of which has its advocates and its advantages, are almost innumerable. That by Belgium and the Rhine has always seemed to me decidedly the best; for those tourists, at least, who have a few days to spare by the way. As the time occupied in transit is of little consequence to those who travel in their easy chairs, let us at once decide upon this route.

What a delicious change, to break loose from the noise and bustle of English life, and lounge away a summer's afternoon in some sleepy old Flemish town, where "tall houses with quaint gables" lead the thoughts back to the days of

Burgundian dukes, and the stout brewers of Ghent, who "made their chivalry to skip." As Longfellow says, when listening to the carillons from the belfry of Bruges:—

"As the summer morn was breaking, on that lofty tower I stood,
And the world threw off the darkness, like the weeds of widowhood.

"Visions of the day departed, shadowy phantoms filled my brain;
They who lived in history only seemed to walk the earth again.

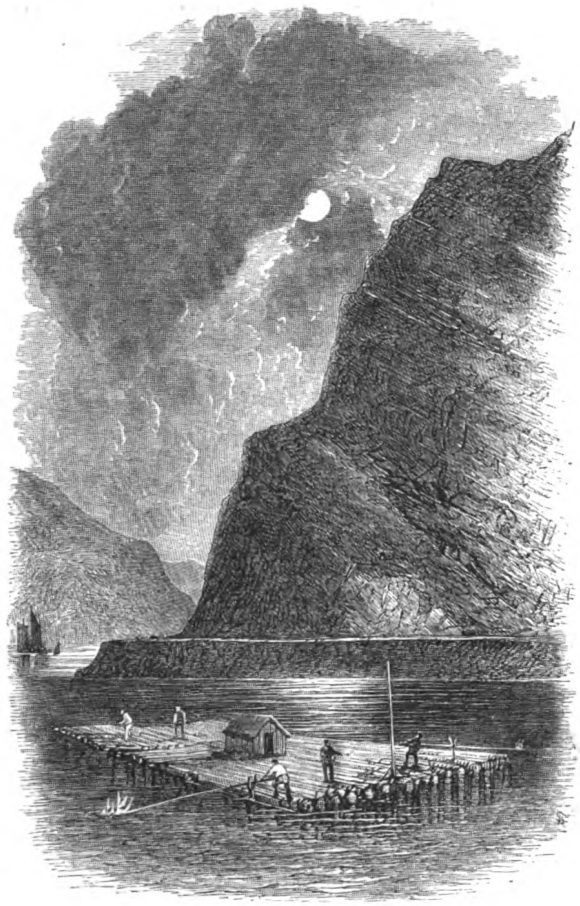
"I beheld the pageants splendid, that adorned those days of old;
Stately dames like queens attended, knights who bore the fleece of gold.

"Lombard and Venetian merchants with deep laden argosies;
Ministers from twenty nations; more than royal pomp and ease.

"Hours had passed away like minutes; and before I was aware,
Lo! the shadow of the belfry crossed the sun-illumined square"

CANAL AND BELFRY AT BRUGES.

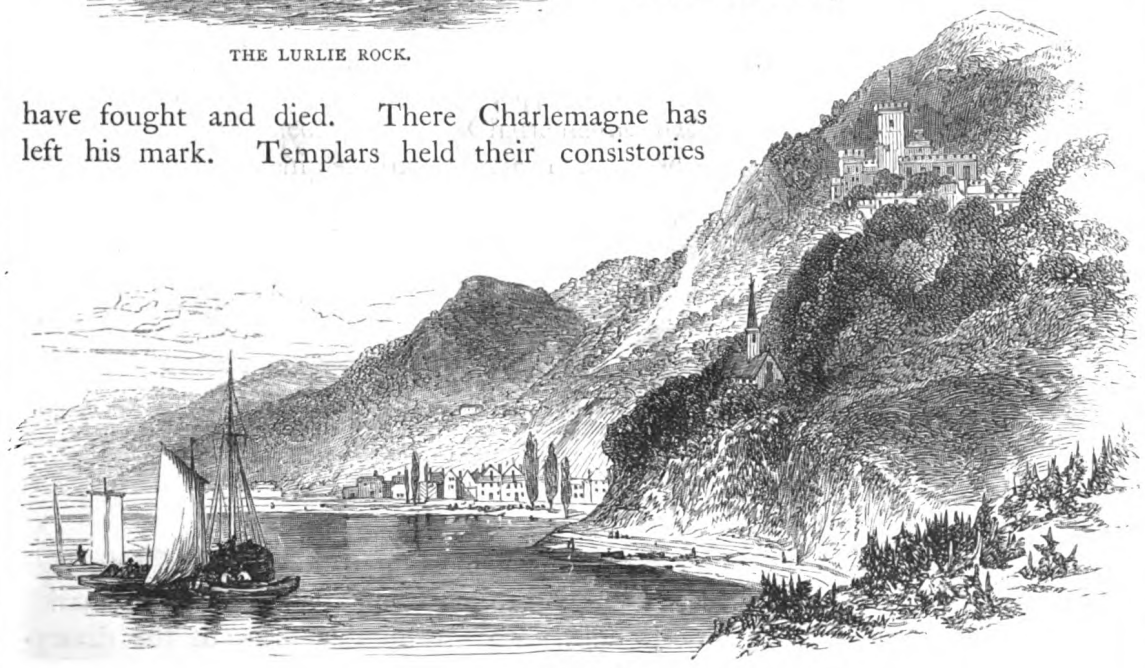
Everything tells the tourist that he has left England far behind him; and with it, too, he seems to have left the nineteenth century, and to have passed back through half a dozen generations since he stepped ashore a few hours ago. Even the railroads, though made, to a great extent, by English hands and by English capital, have a strange, foreign look about them: if in nothing else, in the long, melancholy avenues of poplars that stretch across the country in all directions, and the women who have taken the place of pointsmen and gatekeepers.



THE LURLIE ROCK.

Jaded with a year's hard toil of hand or brain what a luxury it is to lie under the awning of a Rhine steamer, and let the scenery glide past one. Castled crags, vine-clad hills, white-walled towns, come and go as if under the spell of some mighty magician. As you recline there, with the unwonted and delicious sense of having nothing to do, they come up to be looked at, and slip away, each with its legend of the storied past, shedding a halo of romance around the picturesque beauty of the present.

Shall we linger for a day or two amongst the old-world cities and villages which line the banks of the noble river? Not a few of them have traditions and ruins which go back to the days of Drusus, and which may serve to illustrate every subsequent cycle of European history. Here Roman and Goth and Vandal, Gaul and Hun, have fought and died. There Charlemagne has left his mark. Templars held their consistories



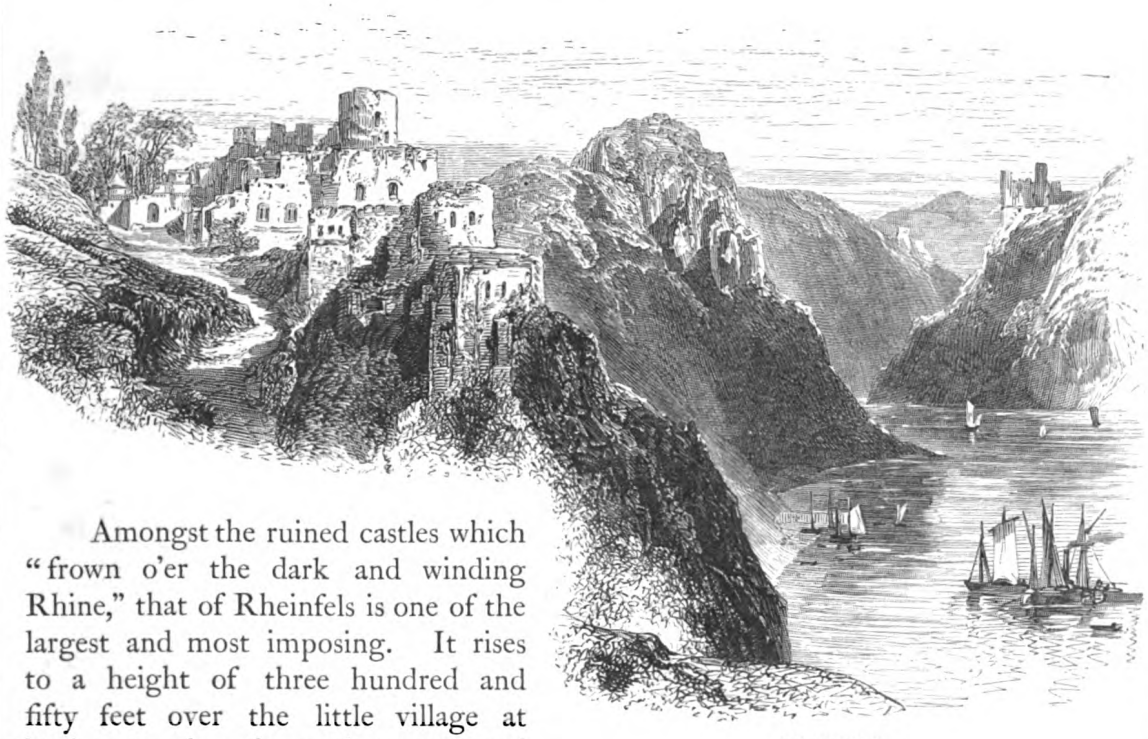
STOLZENFELS.

in this ruined keep. Noble and royal damsels pined in the seclusion of yonder nunnery. "On the right," says Sir E. B. Lytton, "rises the once imperial city of Boppart. In no journey of similar length do you meet with such striking instances of the mutability of power. To find, as in the Memphian Egypt, a city sunk into

BOPPART.

a heap of desolate ruins, the hum, the roar, the mart of nations, hushed into the silence of the ancestral tombs, is less humbling to our human vanity, than to mark, as along the Rhine, the kingly city dwindled into the humble town or the dreary village—decay without its grandeur, change without the awe of its solitude. On

the site on which Drusus raised his Roman tower, and the kings of the Franks their palaces, trade now dribbles in tobacco-pipes, and transforms into an excellent cotton factory the antique nunnery of Konigsberg."



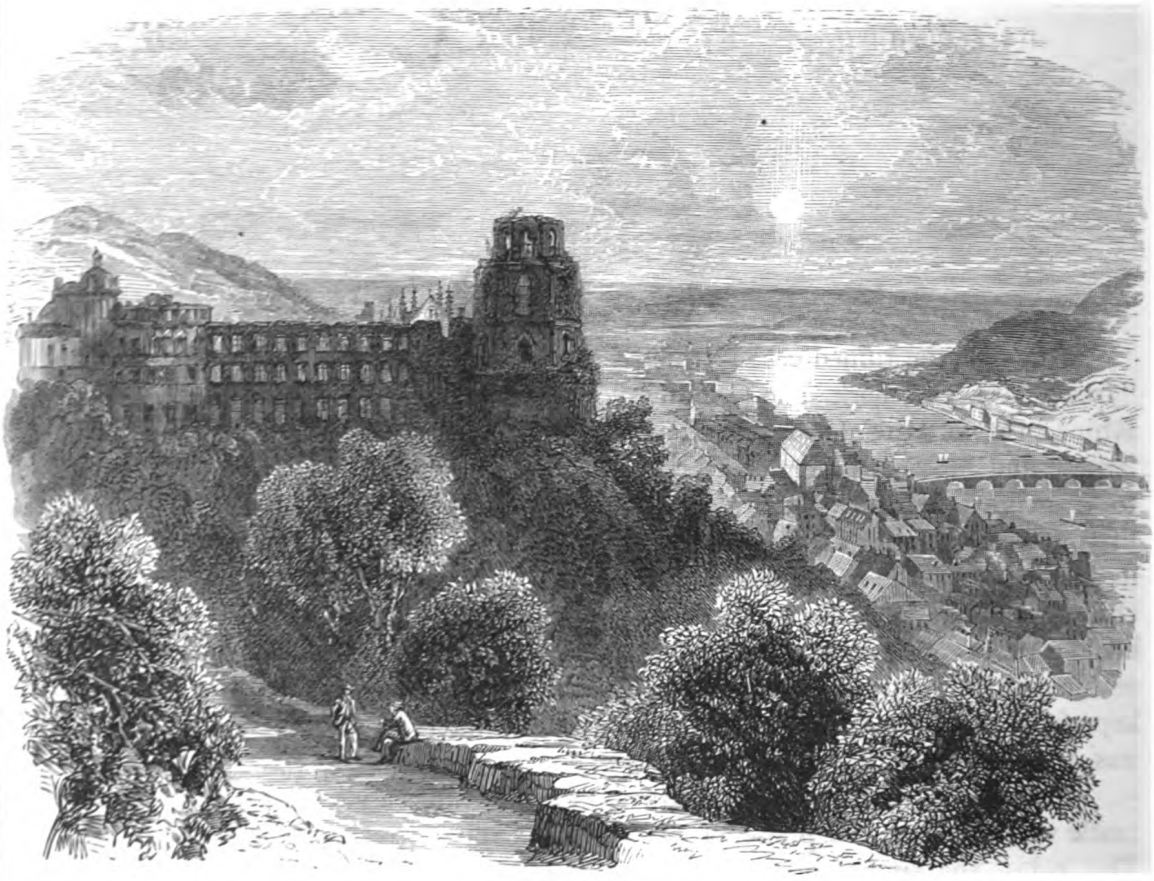
RHEINFELS.

Amongst the ruined castles which "frown o'er the dark and winding Rhine," that of Rheinfels is one of the largest and most imposing. It rises to a height of three hundred and fifty feet over the little village at its feet, topping the modern roofs and chimneys with a perfect crowd of broken towers and ramparts. The whole appears like a town with a mere sediment of life still lingering in its lowest level, as if the part which skirted the stream were kept from decay by contact with the quickening waters of the river, while all above was dry and stiff with the paralysis of age.

Few would travel by this route without turning aside to Heidelberg, whose castle well deserves the praise of being "the noblest wreck of German grandeur." The ruins, the surrounding mountains, the lovely valley, and the river winding along so placidly, all seem made for each other, and "each gives each a double charm." Let Longfellow again act as *cicerone*, and describe the scene for us:

"High and hoar on the forehead of the Jettenbuhl stands the castle of Heidelberg. Behind it rise the oak-crested hills of the Geissberg and the Kaisersthul; and in front, from the broad terrace of masonry, you can almost throw a stone upon the roofs of the town, so close do they lie beneath. Above this terrace rises the broad front of the chapel of St. Udalrich. On the left stands the slender octagon tower of the horologe, and on the right a huge round tower, battered and shattered by the mace of war, shores up with its broad shoulders the beautiful palace and garden terrace of Elizabeth, wife of the Pfalzgraff Frederick. In the rear are older

palaces and towers, forming a vast, irregular quadrangle; Rodolph's ancient castle with its Gothic gloriette and fantastic gables; the Giant's Tower, guarding the drawbridge over the moat; the Rent Tower, with the linden trees growing on its summit; and the magnificent Rittersaal of Otho Henry, count palatine of the Rhine and grand seneschal of the Holy Roman Empire. From the gardens behind the castle, you pass under the archway of the Giant's Tower into the great courtyard. The diverse architecture and curious sculptures of different ages strikes the eye. In niches on the wall of St. Udalrich's chapel stand rows



HEIDELBERG.

of knights in armour, all broken and dismembered; and on the front of Otho's Rittersaal, the heroes of Jewish history and classic fable. You enter the open and desolate chambers of the ruin, and on every side are medallions and family arms; the globe of the empire and the golden fleece, or the eagle of the Cæsars, resting on the escutcheons of Bavaria and the Palatinate. Over the windows and doorways and chimney-pieces are sculptures and mouldings of exquisite workmanship; and the eye is bewildered by the profusion of caryatides, and arabesques, and rosettes, and fanlike flutings, and garlands of fruits, and flowers, and acorns, and bullocks' heads,

with draperies of foliage, and muzzles of lions, holding rings in their teeth. The cunning hand of art was busy for six centuries in raising and adorning these walls; the mailed hands of time and war have defaced and overthrown them in less than two. Next to the Alhambra of Granada, the Castle of Heidelberg is the most magnificent ruin of the middle ages.

"In the valley below flows the rushing stream of the Neckar. Close from its margin, on the opposite side, rises the mountain of All Saints, crowned with the ruins of a convent; and up the valley stretches the mountain-curtain of the Odenwald. So close and many are the hills, which eastward shut the valley in, that the river seems a lake. But westward it opens, upon the broad plain of the Rhine, like the mouth of a trumpet; and like the blast of a trumpet is at times the wintry wind through this narrow mountain-pass. The blue Alsatian hills rise beyond; and on a platform or strip of level land, between the Neckar and the mountains, right under the castle, stands the town of Heidelberg: as the old song says, 'a pleasant town when it has done raining.'"

LUTHER'S HOUSE AT FRANKFORT.

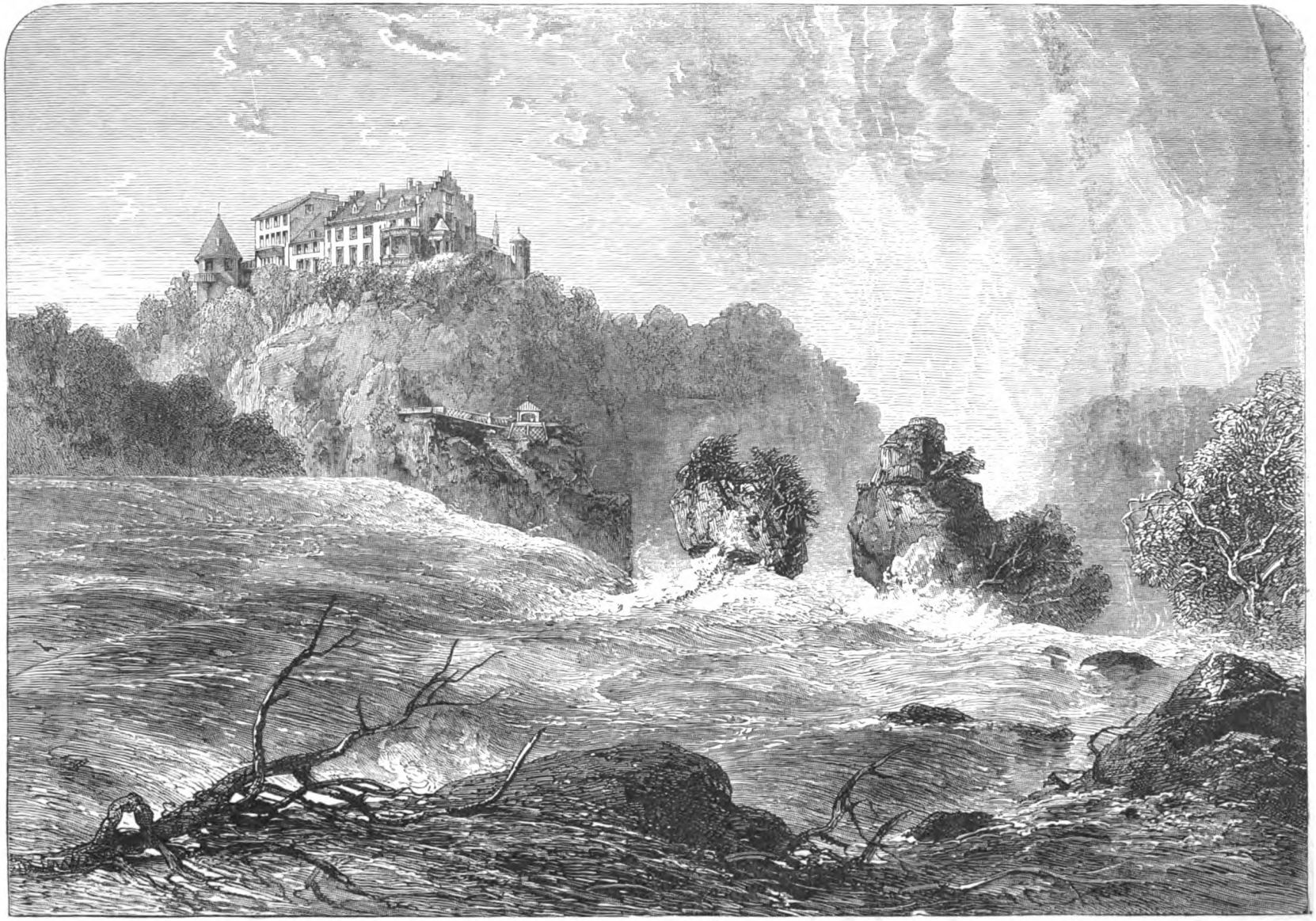
But we shall never reach Switzerland at all if we lounge up every charming valley, or loiter on the banks of every winding river, or stop to listen to all the echoes of a romantic past. Indeed, the great danger of choosing this route is that the temptations to linger on the journey are so numerous and so strong that it is almost impossible to resist them. Every city has its history, every ruin its legend. Frankfort, and Spires, and Worms, are eloquent of Luther and the Reformation, and their histories stretch back to the Nieblungen-Lied, and the days of Alaric and Attila. Turning eastward, the Swartzwald, the Taunus, the Odenwald, invite us to climb the pine-clad slopes, or penetrate their gloomy glens; but we must hasten on to our destination, where the Rhine will again meet us, no longer a German, but a Swiss river.

Traversing the Black Forest by the Höllenthal, and the Himmelreich, we enter Switzerland at Schaffhausen. The town itself deserves and will repay a visit from the lovers of mediæval architecture. The walls, the gates, the halls of the old Guilds or Zünfte, the projecting gables, carved and painted in the quaintest fashion, compete in point of picturesqueness with those of Belgium or Germany.

It is the falls of the Rhine, however, which form the great attraction of Schaffhausen. The river, which is here about three hundred feet in breadth, plunges over the black rocks with a tremendous and deafening roar. The mass of water is greater than that of any other cataract in Europe. But it lacks height and suddenness. It is a rapid rather than a waterfall.

Is it possible to describe a waterfall? Can words represent that wonderful combination of monotony with intense tumultuous motion which constitutes its charm? If success is possible, Mr. Ruskin has attained it in his description of the Falls of the Rhine. "Stand for half an hour," he says, "beside the Fall of Schaffhausen, on the north side, where the rapids are long, and watch how the vault of water first bends, unbroken, in pure polished velocity, over the arching rocks at the brow of the cataract, covering them with a dome of crystal twenty feet thick, so swift that its motion is unseen except when a foam-globe from above darts over it like a falling star; and how the trees are lighted above it under all their leaves at the instant that it breaks into foam; and how all the hollows of that foam burn with green fire like so much shattering chrysoprase; and how, ever and anon, startling you with its white flash, a jet of spray leaps hissing out of the fall, like a rocket, bursting in the wind and driven away in dust, filling the air with light; and how, through the curdling wreaths of the restling, crashing abyss below, the blue of the water, paled by the foam in its body, shows purer than the sky through white rain-cloud; while the shuddering iris stoops in tremulous stillness over all, fading and flushing alternately through the choking spray and shattered sunshine, hiding itself at last amongst the thick golden leaves which toss to and fro in sympathy with the wild water; their dripping masses lifted at intervals, like sheaves of loaded corn, by some stronger gush from the cataract, and bowed again upon the mossy rocks as its roar dies away; the dew gushing from their thick branches through drooping clusters of emerald herbage, and sparkling in white threads along the dark rocks of the shore, feeding the lichens which chase and chequer them with purple and silver."

A short and interesting ride, either by railway or steamer, brings us to Constance—a decayed city, the population of which has dwindled from forty thousand to seven thousand. It owes its fame to the great council which met here A.D. 1414, at which one hundred thousand persons are said to have assembled. John Huss, summoned before this council to answer the charge of heresy, manfully declared his faith in Jesus, and sealed his testimony with his blood. Ecclesiastical history records few more touching scenes than that when Huss, condemned to die, like Stephen the proto-martyr, fell upon his knees and prayed, "O Lord God, I beseech thee, for thy mercy's sake, to pardon all my enemies. Thou knowest that I have been unjustly accused and condemned; but do thou forgive them this sin."



THE FALLS OF SCHAFFHAUSEN.

This prayer was greeted with scornful laughter by the men on whose behalf it was offered. They heaped upon him reproaches of every kind, and denounced him as a second Judas. He bore all with the utmost meekness, saying, "I place all my confidence and hope in God my Saviour. I know that he will not take from me the cup of salvation; but by his grace I shall drink it to-day in his kingdom." So it proved. He was led forth to the stake, and there breathed his last in words of prayer and praise. The house in which he lodged, the minster in which he was

CONSTANCE.

tried, the spot where the stake was fixed, and that at which his ashes were cast into the Rhine, are still pointed out.

The Rhine, whose course we have traced so far, ceases to be navigable above the Lake of Constance. The main point of interest in the upper part of the stream is the Via Mala. The noble river is here in its infancy. Compressed between the rocks which enclose its bed, it is scarcely wider than a rivulet, but the chasm which it has cleft for itself is one of the most imposing and awe-inspiring gorges in the world. The valley seems to be absolutely closed up by an impenetrable barrier of rock, and it is only on a near approach that a narrow rift is discovered, out of

which the infant river bursts. Entering this gorge, the mountains on either side rise higher and higher, the chasm becomes narrower, far below the raging torrent roars and thunders in its rocky bed, sometimes at a depth so great as to be almost inaudible; a narrow strip of sky is all that can be descried overhead, and the ravine beneath lies in impenetrable darkness. In some places the cliffs on either hand rise to a height of sixteen hundred feet. "You enter this savage pass from a

VIA MALA.

world of beauty, from the sunlit vale of Domschleg, under the old Etruscan castle of Realt, spiked in the cliff like a war club, four hundred feet above you, and totally inaccessible on every side save one, and are plunged at once into a scene of such concentrated and deep sublimity, such awe-inspiring grandeur, such overwhelming power that you advance slowly and solemnly, as if every crag were a supernatural being. The road is carried with great daring along the perpendicular face of crags, cut from the rock where no living thing could have scaled the mountain,

and sometimes it completely overhangs the abyss, a thousand feet above the raging torrent. Now it pierces the rock, now it runs zig-zag, now spans the gorge on a light dizzy bridge; now the mountains frown on each other like tropical thunder-clouds about to meet and discharge their artillery, and now you come upon mighty insulated crags, thrown wildly together, covered with fringes of moss and shrubbery, constituting masses of verdure. Nothing can be finer than the effect where you look through the ravine, as through a mighty perspective, with the Realt Castle hanging to the cliff at its mouth, and the sunny air and earth expanding in such contrast with the frowning gloom-invested tremendous passage behind you. We leaned over the parapet, and endeavoured to guess at the depth of the chasm. It was dizzy to look at. The tall black fir-forests on the mountain shelves, and the blasted pines on the inaccessible peaks, seemed to gaze gravely at us as if we had come unauthorised into a sanctuary of nature too deep and awful to be trodden by the foot of man."*

SOURCES OF THE RHINE.

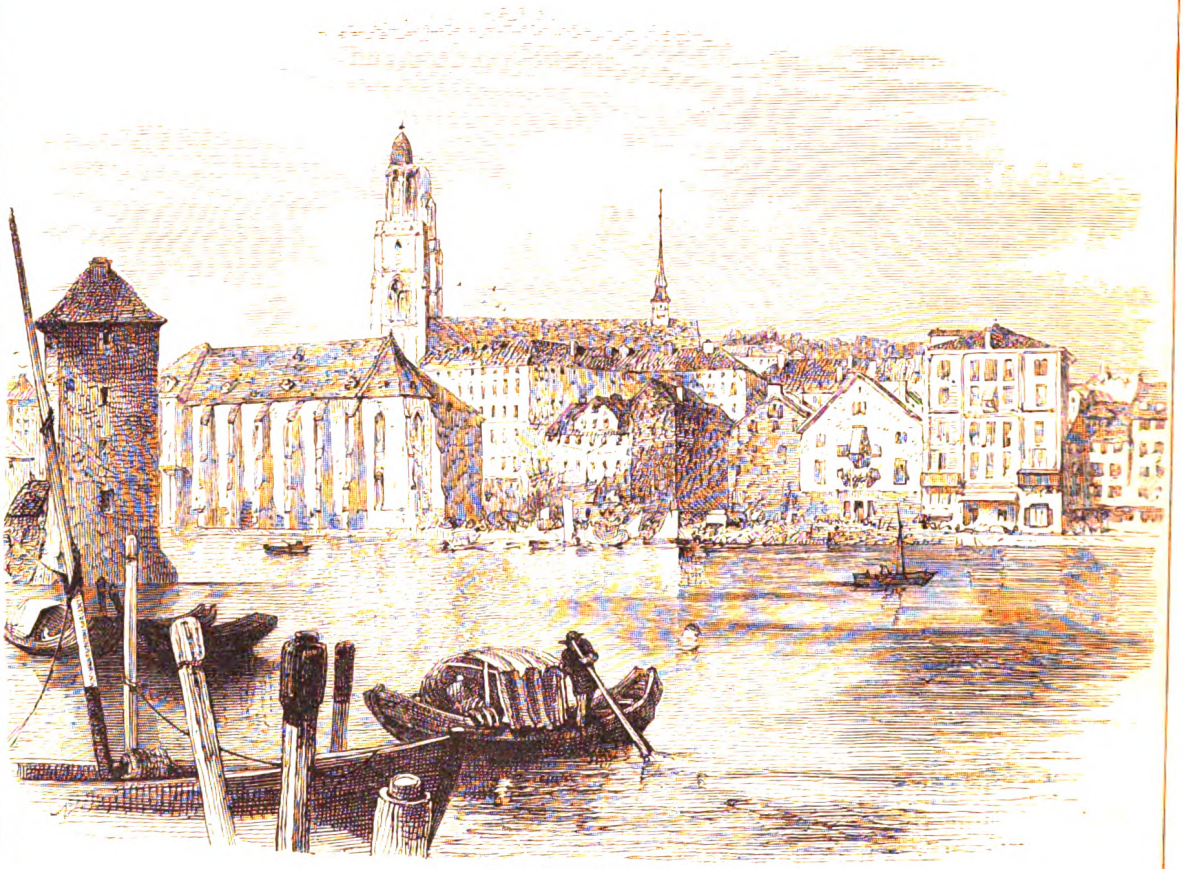
At a few hours' distance the sources of the Rhine may be reached. Like most Swiss streams they are fed by the drainage of glaciers. Two branches, the Hinter and the Vorder Rhein, unite near Reichenau, at the foot of the Splugen. The infant river then flows on through the Grisons into the Bodensee, or Lake of Constance, from which it escapes at the city of Constance, and after a course of about thirty miles plunges over the falls at Schaffhausen.

Reichenau has a place in modern European history from the fact that Louis Philippe found a refuge here, as an exile, during the first fury of the French Revolution. His rank was unknown to the villagers, who recognised him only as Monsieur Chabot, teacher of French, mathematics, and history in the Burgomaster Tscharmer's

* "Wanderings of a Pilgrim," by Cheever.

school, of which M. Jost was head master. He arrived on foot, in the year 1793, a stick in his hand and a bundle on his back. For eight months he diligently discharged the duties of his humble calling, and is said to have won the affection and respect of both masters and scholars, only one of whom suspected his secret. The lives of few men have been marked by stranger vicissitudes than those of the late and the present rulers of France. Louis Napoleon, like his predecessor Louis Philippe, spent part of his life in obscurity and exile in Switzerland, and the home of both was near the banks of the Rhine.

Zurich, about thirty-five miles from Schaffhausen, has little to attract the ordinary tourist. The scenery in the neighbourhood and along the banks of its lake

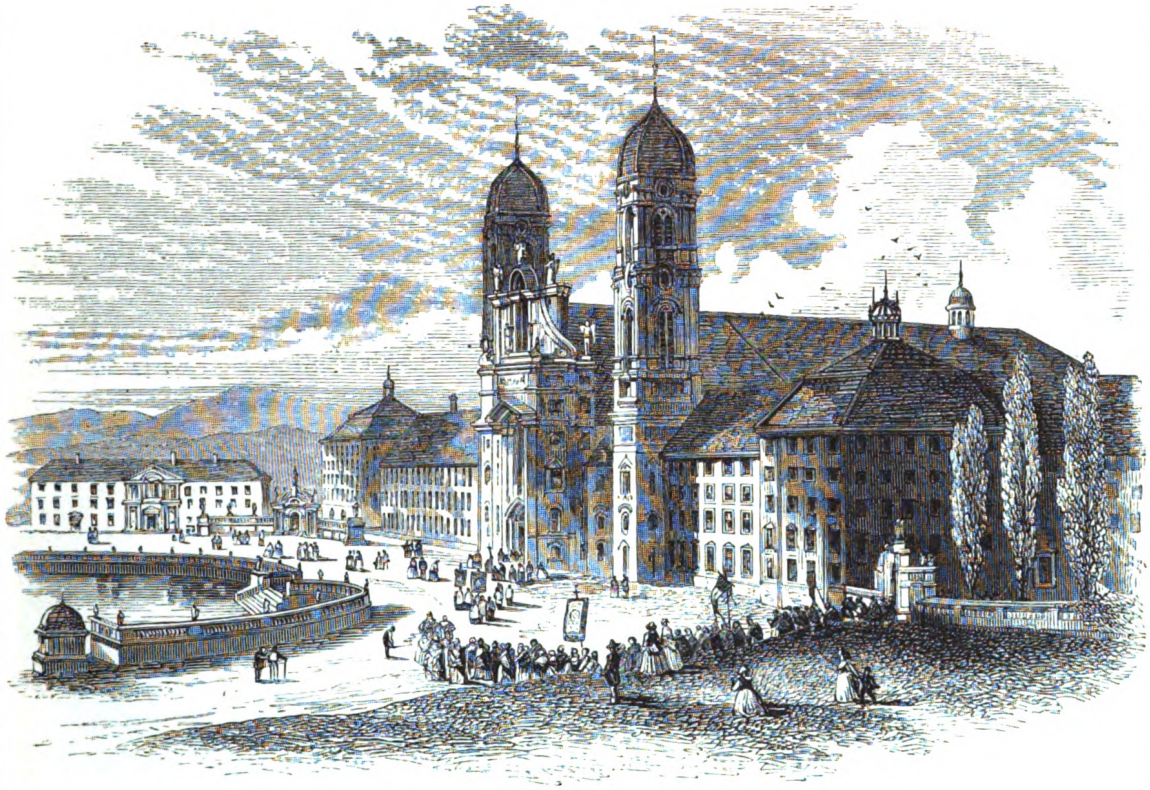


ZURICH CATHEDRAL.

seldom rises above prettiness. To grandeur or sublimity it has no claim. But the English Protestant cannot fail to look with interest upon a spot so memorable in the history of the Reformation. Zurich has always afforded a refuge to those set for the defence of the gospel. Even in the pre-Reformation period, Arnold of Brescia fled thither, pursued by papal vengeance. Here too Zwingle proclaimed the great truths of the gospel. In the venerable cathedral, on New Year's Day, 1519, he entered upon his ministry with these words, "It is to Christ that I desire to lead

you; to Christ, the true source of salvation. His divine word is the only food that I wish to set before your hearts and souls." Here Farel and his fellow-labourers in the same glorious work had a rallying-point. Here too the Marian exiles, John Knox, Miles Coverdale, Anthony Gilby, and others, found more than a shelter, they found a welcome and a home. Of all these men and their works relics are treasured in the museum of the city, together with some touching letters of the beautiful but unfortunate Lady Jane Grey.

Zwingle before his election to the Cathedral Church of Zurich, had been priest at Einsiedelen, which lies some miles to the south, near the other end of the lake.



EINSIEDELEN.

The Abbey of Einsiedelen was long the richest, as it is still the most frequented pilgrimage-church in Europe. It has been estimated that not fewer than one hundred and fifty thousand pilgrims visit it annually; the numbers however are gradually diminishing. These come from all parts of Europe. Dr. Beattie makes the almost incredible statement, that he met there an aged peasant-woman, a hundred and eight years old, who had walked the whole way from the remotest corners of Normandy, in performance of a vow to the Virgin of the Swiss mountains. During the pilgrimage season the steamers on the Lake of Zurich are crowded with devotees in the costume of almost every nationality in Catholic Christendom. The object of adora-

tion is an ugly black doll, dressed in gold brocade, and glittering with jewels. The walls of the church are covered with votive offerings—rude paintings, wax figures, crutches—suspended in fulfilment of vows, or in acknowledgment of deliverance. An inscription offers a plenary indulgence to the pilgrim—*Hic est plena remissio peccatorum à culpâ et à pœnâ.* In the great square in front of the church is a fountain, with fourteen jets, at which, as the superstitious multitude believe, our Lord himself drank; how, or when, they make no attempt to explain. Many of the worshippers drink from each of the jets, in order to be quite sure that they have the right one. Dr. Cheever shrewdly remarks, "A flock of geese were drinking from the same fountain, but with more wit than the unfeathered bipeds engaged in the same task, they saved themselves the trouble of going the whole circuit by dipping their bills into the basin into which the jets fell, being sure that the contents of the sacred stream must be there." It was here, in the midst of dense superstition and blind idolatry, that Zwingle began his ministry, and startled the crowds of pilgrims by declaring that "Christ *alone* saves, and he saves *everywhere*." "Do not imagine," he said, "that God is in this temple more than in any part of creation. Whatever be the country in which you dwell, God is around you, and hears you, as well as at our Lady's of Einsiedelen. Jesus Christ is the only oblation, the only sacrifice, the only way."

Intimately associated with Zurich in the history of the Reformation was Basle. Here Erasmus waged war with the papacy, "sapping a solemn creed with solemn sneer." Here Zwingle, Œcolampadius, and their companions constantly met for consultation and mutual encouragement. Here the restless Farel, driven out from France, found a refuge from persecution, and waged a ceaseless and fiery war against the papal Antichrist. Hither, too, many of the Marian exiles fled—

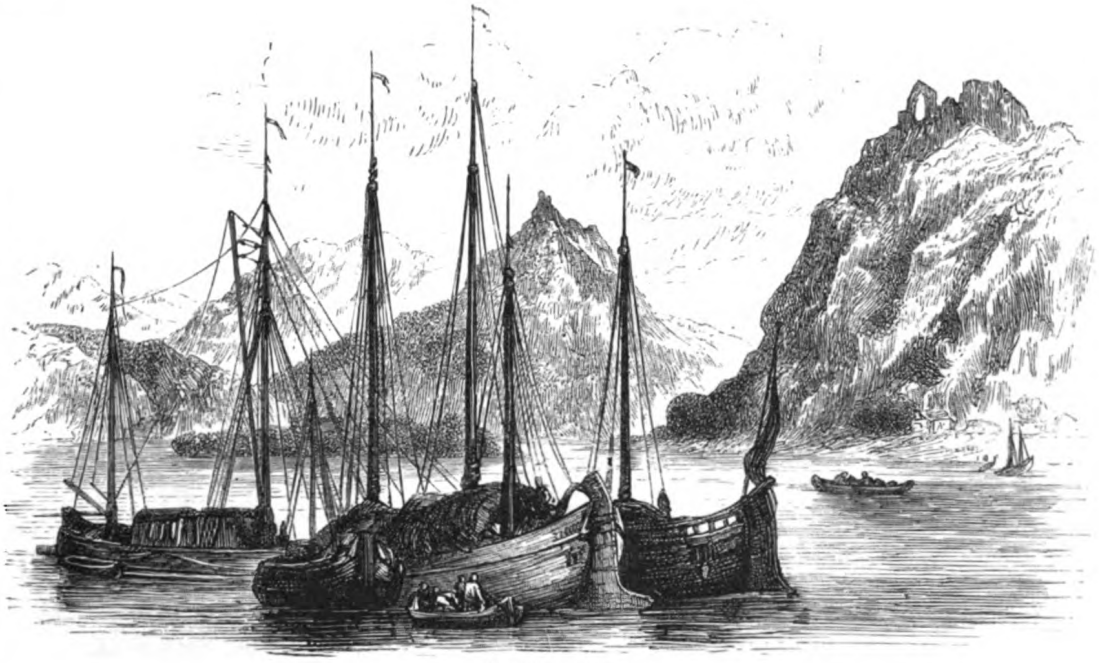
> "Scattering like birds escaped the fowler's net,
> They seek with timely flight a foreign strand;
> Most happy, reassembled in a land
> By dauntless Luther freed, could they forget
> Their country's woes."

Basle has always held an important place in the religious history of Switzerland. As a centre of evangelical and missionary activity, its praise is in all the churches. Some of the most faithful, diligent, and successful labourers for Christ amongst the heathen, have been sent out from Basle.

At Basle we part from the noble river, whose course we have traced "from its cradle in the snowy Alps to its grave in the sands of Holland." Here, as everywhere, the Rhine is beautiful. If it lacks the picturesque beauty of its course between Mayence and Bonn, or the wild savage grandeur—the glaciers and the snow-peaks—of its birthplace and early career, or the grand fury with which it plunges over the falls at Schaffhausen, it has yet a charm of its own. Standing upon the bridge, or at the windows of the *Trois Rois*, and looking down into the deep, broad stream as it rushes past, one gains an impressive sense of resistless strength and exhaustless fulness.

BASLE.

In no other part of its course does it fill an ampler channel or roll along with more impetuous rapidity. It enters the Lake of Constance turbid with the impurities of the glacier torrents which feed it. It emerges crystalline in purity, and deliciously green in colour. Well may Longfellow exclaim: "O the pride of the German heart in this noble river! And right it is, for of all the rivers of this beautiful earth there is none so beautiful as this. There is hardly a league of its whole course which boasts not of its peculiar charms. But I will not attempt to describe the Rhine; it would make this chapter too long; and to do it well one should write like a king, and his language should flow onward royally with breaks and dashes like the waters of that royal river, and antique, quaint, and Gothic times be reflected in it."



RHINE BOATS.

"Beneath these battlements, within those walls,
Power dwelt amidst her passions; in proud state
Each robber chief upheld his armèd halls,
Doing his evil will, nor less elate
Than mightier heroes of a longer date.
What want these outlaws conquerors should have
But history's purchased page to call them great?
A wider space, an ornamented grave?
Their hopes were not less warm, their souls were full as brave.

"In their baronial feuds and single fields,
What deeds of prowess unrecorded died!
And love which lent a blazon to their shields,
With emblems well devised by amorous pride,

Through all the mail of iron, hearts would glide;
But still their flame was fierceness, and drew on
Keen contest and destruction near allied,
And many a town, for some fair mischief won,
Saw the discoloured Rhine beneath its ruin run.

"But thou, exulting and abounding river!
Making thy waves a blessing as they flow
Through banks whose beauty would endure for ever
Could man but leave thy bright creation so,
Nor its fair promise from the surface mow
With the sharp scythe of conflict,—then to see
Thy valley of sweet waters, were to know
Earth paved like heaven, and to seem such to me
Even now what wants thy stream?—That it should Lethe be!"

THE FOREST CANTONS.

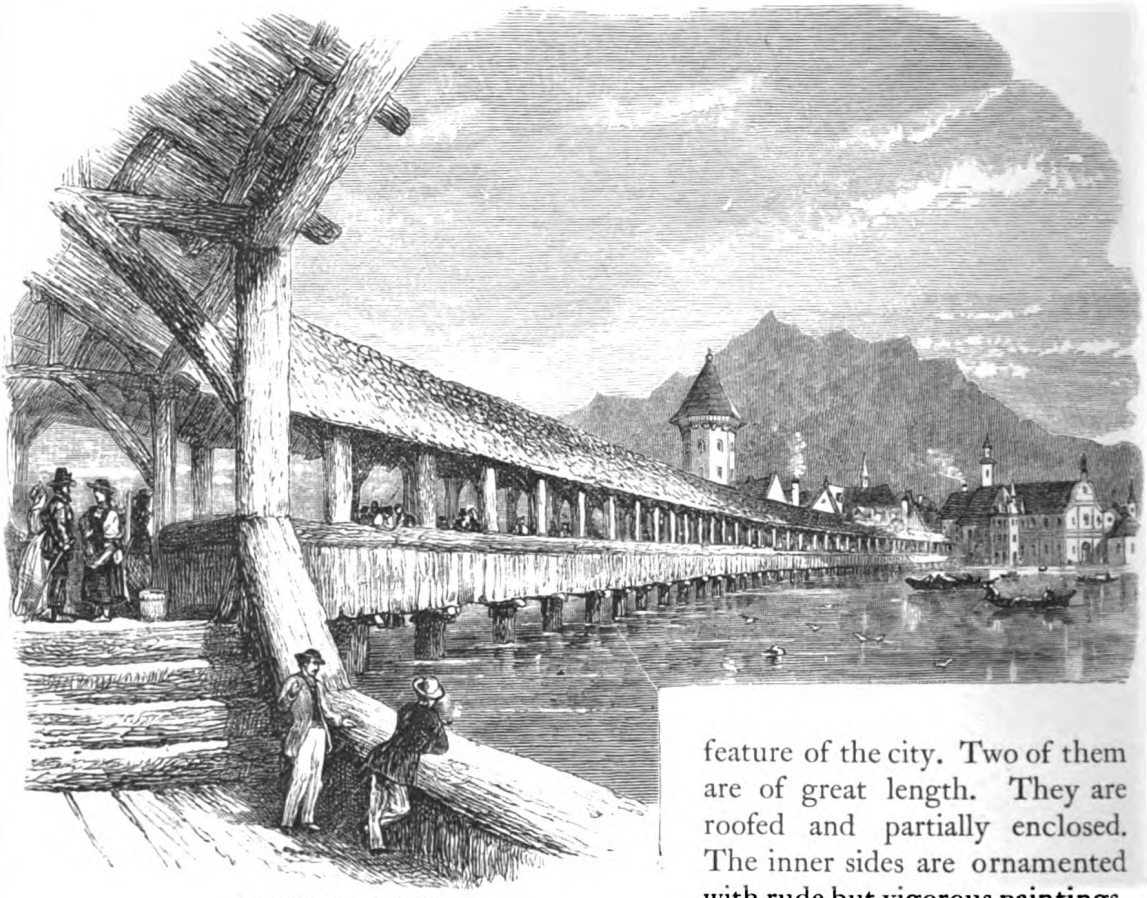
THE FOREST CANTONS.

LUCERNE—THE RIGHI—LAKE OF LUCERNE—ENGLEBERG—THE TITLIS—THE DEVIL'S-BRIDGE—MURDEROUS CONFLICTS IN THE VALLEY.

THE adjacent cantons of Lucerne, Schwytz, Unterwalden, and Uri, are grouped together as the Forest Cantons. They enclose between them the Lake of Lucerne, or, as the Swiss themselves call it, the Vierwaldstätter-See, that is, the Lake of the Four Forest Cantons. The shores of the lake abound in scenery of transcendent beauty and grandeur. The district is full of stirring historical associations and romantic legends; for it was here that the great battles of Swiss freedom were fought and won. It is the country of Fürst and Stauffhacher, Arnold Von Winkelried and William Tell, of Sempach and Morgarten, and Grutli.

TELL'S CHAPEL.

A railway ride of two or three hours (fifty-seven and a half miles) brings the traveller from Basle to Lucerne. The river Reuss here rushes from the lake with extraordinary velocity and force. The curious old bridges by which the clear blue torrent is crossed form the most characteristic



BRIDGE OF LUCERNE.

feature of the city. Two of them are of great length. They are roofed and partially enclosed. The inner sides are ornamented with rude but vigorous paintings. In some the narratives of the Old and New Testament are depicted; in others, the most important events in Swiss history; here you have the legends of the patron saints of the city, and there a Dance of Death. In the last, which forms the decoration of the Spreuer Brücke, there is a grim humour and quaint truthfulness which are very impressive. These bridges form a most agreeable lounge on a summer's afternoon. The roof with its projecting eaves affords ample shade; the ice-cold river rushes beneath, clear as crystal, swift as a mountain torrent. When the eye is wearied with looking at the pictures, no more agreeable rest can be desired than to lean over the parapet and gaze down into the crystalline depths below, or out over the lovely lake to the mighty mountains beyond.

"Long may these homely works, devised of old,
These simple efforts of Helvetian skill,
Aid with congenial influence, to uphold
The State,—the Country's destiny to mould;
Turning, for them who pass, the common dust
Of servile opportunity to gold;
Filling the soul with sentiments august,—
The beautiful, the brave, the holy, and the just."

The monument to the memory of the faithful Swiss Guard, who fell on the 10th of August, 1792, while attempting to defend the royal family of France from the attack of a revolutionary mob, is carved on the face of a rock in the outskirts of the city. It is from a design by Thorwaldsen, and represents a colossal lion, dying of his wounds, endeavouring, even in the agonies of death, to protect a shield bearing the fleur-de-lys. It is scarcely exaggeration when Mr. Ball speaks of it as "perhaps the most appropriate and touching monument in existence."

The great excursion from Lucerne is to the Righi. The view from the Righi Kulm is unrivalled for extent and beauty. The panorama is said to extend over a circumference of three hundred miles.

The climb is somewhat steep and toilsome; but the way is enlivened by innumerable tourists, and at every resting-place—which, during the ascent, are very numerous—the weary traveller looks out over an ever-widening expanse of lake and mountain, the glories of which may well make him forget all beside.

Innumerable attempts have been made to describe the view from the summit; perhaps that by Cheever is one of the best:—

"It was the 6th of September, and the most perfectly beautiful morning that can be imagined. At a quarter past three the stars were reigning supreme in the heavens with just enough of the old moon left to make a trail of light in the shape of a little silver boat among them. But speedily the horizon began to redden over the eastern range of mountains, and then the dawn stole on in such a succession of deepening tints, that nothing but the hues of the preceding sunset could be more beautiful. But there is this great difference between the sunrise and sunset, that the hues of sunset are every moment deepening as you look upon them, until they fade into the darkness, while those of the sunrise gradually fade into the light of day. It is difficult to say which process is the more beautiful; for if you could make everything stand still around you, if you could stereotype or stay the process for an hour, you could not tell whether it were the morning dawn or the evening twilight.

"A few long, thin stripes of fleecy cloud lay motionless above the eastern horizon, like layers of silver lace, dipped first in crimson, then in gold, then in pink, then lined with an ermine of light, just as if the moon had been lengthened in soft

furrows along the sky. This scene in the east attracts every eye at first, but it is not here that *the* glory of the view is to be looked for. This glory is in that part of the horizon on which the sun first falls, as he struggles up behind the mountains to flood the world with light. And the reason why it is so glorious is because, long before you call it sunrise in the east, he lights up in the west a range of colossal pyres, that look like blazing cressets kindled from the sky and fed with naphtha.

"The object most conspicuous as the dawn broke, and indeed the most sublimely beautiful, was the vast enormous range of the snowy mountains of the Oberland, without spot or vail of cloud or mist to dim them; the Finsteraarhorn at the left and the Jungfrau and Silberhorn at the right, peak after peak and mass after mass, glittering with a cold wintry whiteness in the gray dawn. Almost the exact half of the circumference of the horizon commanded before and behind in our view, was filled with these peaks and masses of snow and ice, then lower down, the mountains of bare rock, and lower still the earth with mounds of verdure; and this section of the horizontal circumference, which is filled with the vast ranges of the Oberland Alps, being almost due west from the sun's first appearance, it is on their tops that the rising rays first strike.

"This was the scene for which we watched, and it seems as if nothing in nature can ever again be so beautiful. It was as if an angel had flown round the horizon of mountain ranges, and lighted up each of their white pyramidal points in succession, like a row of gigantic lamps burning with rosy fires. Just so the sun suddenly tipped the highest points and lines of the snowy outline, and then, descending lower on the body of the mountain, it was as if an invisible Omnipotent hand had taken them, and dipped the whole range in a glowing pink; the line between the cold snow untouched by the sunlight and the warm roseate hue above remaining perfectly distinct. This effect continued some minutes, becoming, up to a certain point, more and more beautiful.

"We were like children in a dark room, watching for the lighting up of some great transparency. Or, to use that image with which the poet Dante endeavoured to describe the expectant gaze of Beatrice in Paradise, awaiting the splendours to be revealed, we might say,—

> "E'en as the bird who midst the leafy bower
> Has in her nest sat darkling through the night,
> With her sweet brood; impatient to descry
> Their wished looks, and to bring home their food,
> In the fond quest unconscious of her toil:
> She of the time prevenient, on the spray
> That overhangs their couch, with wakeful gaze
> Expects the sun; nor ever, till the dawn,
> Removeth from the east her eager ken.
> Wistfully thus we looked to see the heavens
> Wax more and more resplendent, till on earth
> Her mountain peaks burned as with rosy flame.

'Twixt gladness and amaze
In sooth no will had we to utter aught,
Or hear. And as a pilgrim, when he rests
Within the temple of his vow, looks round
In breathless awe, and hopes some time to tell
Of all its goodly state; even so our eyes
Coursed up and down along the living light,
Now low, and now aloft, and now around
Visiting every step. Each mount did seem
Colossal ruby, whereon so inwrought
The sunbeam glowed, yet soft, it flamed intense
In ecstasy of glory.

"In truth no word was uttered when that scene became visible. Each person gazed in silence. It was as if we witnessed some supernatural revelation, where mighty spirits were the actors between earth and heaven;

"With such ravishing light
And mantling crimson, in transparent air,
The splendours shot before us.

And yet a devout soul might have almost felt, seeing those fires kindled as on the altars of God made visible, as if it heard the voices of Seraphim crying, Holy, Holy, Holy is the Lord of Hosts, the whole earth is full of his glory! For indeed, the vision was so radiant, so full of sudden, vast, and unimaginable beauty and splendour, that methinks a phalanx of the Sons of God, who might have been passing at that moment, could not have helped stopping and shouting for joy as on the morning of creation.

"This was the transient view, which to behold, one might well undertake a voyage across the Atlantic;—of a glory and a beauty indescribable, and nowhere else in the world to be enjoyed, and here only in perfect weather. After these few moments, when the sun rose so high that the whole masses of snow upon the mountain ranges were lighted with the same rosy light, it grew rapidly fainter, till you could no longer distinguish the deep exquisite pink and rosy hues by means of their previous contrast with the cold white. Next the sun's rays fell upon the bare rocky peaks, where there was neither snow nor vegetation, making them shine like jasper, and next on the forests and soft grassy slopes, and so down into the deep bosom of the vales. The pyramidal shadow cast by the Righi was most distinct and beautiful, but the atmospheric phenomenon of the Spectre of the Righi was not visible.

"This amazing panorama is said to extend over a circumference of three hundred miles. In all this region, when the upper glory of the heavens and mountain-peaks has ceased playing, then, as the sun gets higher, forests, lakes, hills, rivers, trees, and villages, at first indistinct and gray in shadow, become flooded with sunshine, and almost seem floating up towards you. There was for us another feature of the view, constituting by itself one of the most novel and charming sights of Swiss scenery,

but which does not always accompany the panorama from the Righi, even in a fine morning. On earth, the morning may be too fine. This was the soft smooth white body of mist, lying on most of the lakes and in the vales, a sea of mist, floating, or rather brooding, like a white dove, over the landscape. The spots of land at first visible in the midst of it were just like islands half emerging to the view. It

ASCENDING THE RIGHI.

lay over the Bay of Kussnacht at our feet, like the white robe of an infant in the cradle, but the greater part of the Lake of Lucerne was sleeping quietly without it, as an undressed babe. Over the whole of the Lake of Zug the mist was at first motionless, but in the breath of the morning it began slowly to move altogether towards the west, disclosing the village of Arth and the verdurous borders of the

lake, and then uncovering its deep sea-green waters, which reflected the lovely sailing shadows of the clouds as a mirror.

"Now the church bells began to chime under this body of mist, and voices from the invisible villages, mingled with the tinkle of sheep-bells, and the various stir of life awakening from sleep, came stilly up the mountain. And now some of the mountain peaks themselves began suddenly to be touched with fleeces of cloud, as if

THE RIGHI AND KUSSNACHT.

smoking with incense in morning worship. Detachments of mist begin also to rise from the lakes and valleys, moving from the main body up into the air. The villages, chalets, and white roads, dotting and threading the vast circumference of landscape, come next into view. And now on the Lake Zug you may see reflected the shadows of clouds that have risen from the surface, but are themselves below us.

"It is said you can see fourteen lakes from the place where we are standing.

I counted at least twelve last evening, before the night-vail of the mist had been drawn above them, but this morning the goings on in the heavens have been too beautiful and grand to take the time for counting them, and besides they are too much enveloped with the slow-retiring fogs to detect them. On the side of the Righi under the eastern horizon you behold the little Lake of Lowertz, with the ruins of the village of Goldau, destroyed by the slide of the Rossberg, and you trace distinctly the path of the destroying avalanche, the vast groove of bare rock where the mountain separated and thundered down the vale. A little beyond are the beautiful peaks of Schwytz, called the Mitres.

"All this wondrous panorama is before us. Whatever side we turn, new points of beauty are disclosed. As the day advances, every image, fully defined, draws to its perfect place in the picture. A cloudless noon, with its still solemnity, would make visible, for a short time, every height and depth, every lake, mountain, town, streamlet, and village, that the eye could reach from this position, and then would pass through the lovely successive transitions of shade deepening into shade, and colours richlier burning, into the blaze of sunset, and the soft melancholy twilight, till nothing could be seen from our high position but the stars in heaven. In a few hours we have witnessed, as on a central observatory, what the poet Young calls—

"The astonishing magnificence
Of unintelligent creation,

from the numerous worlds that throng the firmament at midnight,

"where depth, height, breadth,
Are lost in their extremes, and where to count
The thick-sown glories in this field of fire
Perhaps a seraph's computation fails,

to the beauty and sublimity of our own small world, revealed when theirs is hidden, in the break of dawn, and revealed with such an array of morning splendour, that not even Night and the universe of stars can be, for the moment, a more entrancing spectacle!

"And for whom hath God arranged all this? Not for the angels alone, but for every eye that looks to him in love, for the humblest mind and heart that can look abroad and say,—My Father made them all! He made them, that his children might love him in them, and know him by them.

"The soul of man, His face designed to see
Who gave these wonders to be seen by man,
Has here a previous scene of objects great
On which to dwell; to stretch to that expanse
Of thought, to rise to that exalted height
Of admiration, to contract that awe,
And give her whole capacities that strength
Which best may qualify for final joy.

The more our spirits are enlarged on earth,
The deeper draught they shall receive of heaven.
Thou, who didst touch the lips of Jesse's son,
Rapt in sweet contemplation of those fires,
And set his harp in concert with the spheres,
Teach me, by this stupendous scaffolding,
Creation's golden steps, to climb to Thee!

"Before such a scene how ought the heart to expand with the love of God and the adoration of his glory! Waken, O my soul, to morning worship with the whole creation around thee, and breathe forth, with all the works of God, the breath of gratitude and praise. What a scene is this! How beautiful, how beautiful! And if our hearts *were* in perfect unison with it, if there were within us a spiritual scenery, the work of Divine grace, as fitting as this material, the creation of Divine power, heaven with its purity and blessedness would not be far off from every one of us. And why should the light of the rising sun kindle earth and heaven into a smile so transcendently beautiful, and our souls not be enkindled in like manner in their horizon of spiritual glory? We need Divine grace to take away our blindness. This rosy flame, into which the cold snowy mountain tops seemed suddenly changed by the sun upon them, was a symbol of what takes place with the truths of the Word of God, when the Spirit breathes upon them and brings them to the soul. Then how they shine, with what lovely warmth of colouring, with what intense exciting brightness, with what interpenetrating glory, by which the soul itself is transfigured and raised to heaven! So must God shine into our hearts to give us the light of the knowledge of his glory, as it shines in the face of Jesus Christ. When this is done, then all things are filled with meaning and love.

"And this whole scene of Night giving place to Morning, poured like a flood over the wide earth, viewed from a height so commanding, may bring forcibly to mind the glory of the rising of the Sun of Righteousness upon the nations, the light and holiness of the Gospel poured over the world and transfiguring its tribes and institutions with blessedness. From their post of observation in heaven, methinks celestial intelligences enjoy something such a view, as they see Christ's kingdom advancing, the troops of Darkness fleeing, the mists of Error rolling from the earth, the shrines of idolatry falling, the true temples of God everywhere rising, nation after nation coming to the light, the world awakening to resound God's praise. From every clime they come, in every zone they kneel, from continents and islands, in sun-burned Ethiopia and ice-clad Greenland, Eastern Java, and the natives of the farthest West, unfettered Africa and China from the thraldom of her gods.

"One Lord, one Father! Error has no place;
That creeping pestilence is driven away;
The breath of heaven has chased it. In the heart
No passion touches a discordant string.
One song employs all nations, and all cry
Worthy the Lamb, for he was slain for us!
The dwellers in the vales and on the rocks

Shout to each other, and the mountain tops
From distant mountains catch the flying joy,
Till, nation after nation taught the strain,
Earth rolls the rapturous hosanna round!"

The length of the Lake of Lucerne is about twenty-five English miles. "It is distinguished above every lake in Switzerland, perhaps in Europe, by the beauty and sublime grandeur of its scenery. It is hardly less interesting from the historical recollections connected with it. Its shores are a classic region—the sanctuary of liberty; on them took place those memorable events which gave freedom to Switzerland. Here the first confederacy was formed; and, above all, its borders were the scene of the heroic deeds and signal vengeance of William Tell."

ON THE LAKE OF LUCERNE.

Most readers will remember Rogers' lines:

"That sacred lake, withdrawn among the hills,
Its depth of waters flanked as with a wall
Built by the giant race before the Flood;
Where not a cross or chapel but inspires
Holy delight, lifting our thoughts to God . . .
Who would not land in each and tread the ground;
Land where Tell leaped ashore, and climb to drink
Of the three hallowed fountains? He that does,
Comes back the better."

Leaving the lake, we proceed through Altorf, where Tell is said to have shot the apple from his son's head. A fountain, in the middle of the town, surmounted by his statue, marks the spot where the hero stood when taking his perilous aim; and a tower covered with rude frescoes occupies the place where the linden-tree grew to which the boy was bound. Wordsworth has some fine lines on the incident. But modern criticism affirms the whole affair to be a myth!

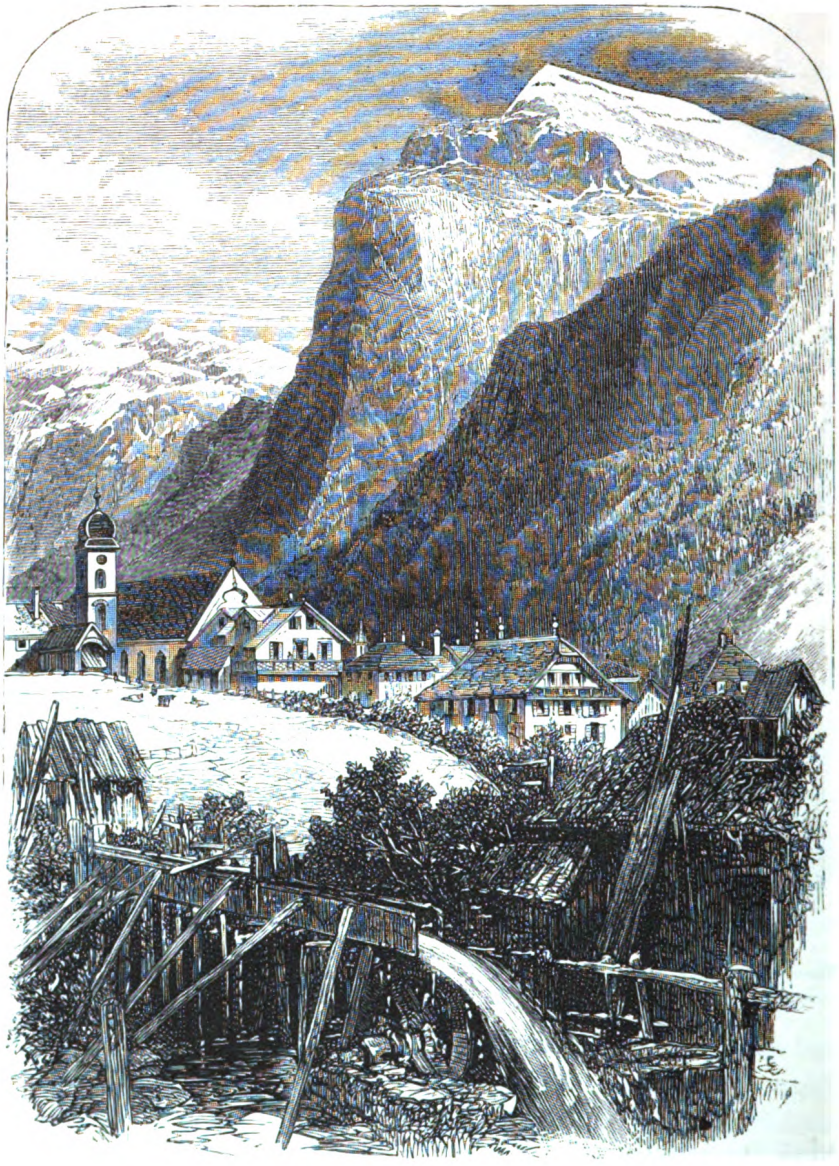
Proceeding along the valley of the Reuss, the road at first winds through a luxuriant region of orchards, and vineyards, and fertile meadows. The hills are clothed to their summits with richest verdure. The tinkling of cattle-bells is heard on every

side. The ascent though continuous, is so gradual as to be scarcely perceptible. But before many miles have been passed the scenery assumes more of an Alpine character. The vegetation becomes less rich. Forests of pine and fir take the place of walnut and beech. The valley contracts, and the huge mountain-peaks of Uri overhang it in savage grandeur.

THE CHAISE-À-PORTEUR.

Reaching Amsteg, a most interesting detour from the direct route to the St. Gothard, may be made by taking the Surenen Pass to Engleberg, returning by the Susten. Supposing ladies to be of the party, the *chaise-à-porteur* may, not improbably, be put into requisition across the pass. The recollection of having once ridden in a sedan-chair prompts the supposition that the motion is not altogether agreeable. This mode of conveyance, however, is largely used in Switzerland by

those who are unable to walk, or to endure the fatigue of riding. It is not a little surprising to see ladies, who, in England, would shrink from crossing a wooden bridge, even with a rail on either hand, borne, in these crazy-looking vehicles, on the brink of unfathomable precipices, without a protest or a murmur.



THE TITLIS.

Engleberg is a little village at the junction of the Surenen and the Joch Passes. Its situation is very grand, embosomed in a deep, broad valley at the foot of the "Snowy Titlis." The meadows around it are of the brightest green,

THE DEVIL'S BRIDGE, ON THE ST. GOTHARD ROAD.

"The fall of waters! rapid as the light,
The flashing mass foams shaking the abyss;
The hell of waters! where they howl and hiss,
And boil in endless torture; while the sweat
Of their great agony, wrung out from this
Their Phlegethon, curls round the rocks of jet
That gird the gulf around, in pitiless horror set
And mounts in spray the skies, and thence again
Returns in an unceasing shower. How profound
The gulf! and how the giant element
From rock to rock leaps with delirious bound,
Crushing the cliffs, which, downward worn and rent
With his fierce footsteps, yield in chasms a fearful vent
To the broad column which rolls on."

encircled by belts of dark forest seamed with cataracts, above which rise the mountains, some bleak and bare, some clad with verdure to the summit, and some reaching the region of perpetual snow. Over all, the Titlis stands in lonely grandeur.

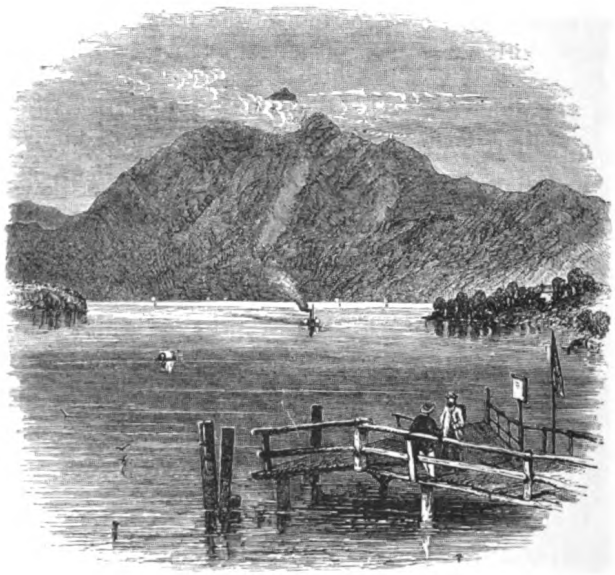
The convent here is said to have been founded in obedience to angel-voices; hence its name, the Angels' Mount. Wordsworth, with great poetic beauty, has connected the legend with the forms of the clouds which are constantly seen floating over the valley and clinging to the sides of the hills.

> "For gentlest uses ofttimes Nature takes
> The work of fancy from her willing hands;
> And such a beautiful creation makes,
> As renders needless spells and magic wands,
> And for the boldest tale belief commands.
> When first mine eyes beheld that famous hill,
> The sacred Engleberg, celestial bands,
> With intermingling motions soft and still,
> Hung round its top on wings that changed their hues at will.
> Clouds do not name those visitants; they were
> The very angels . . .
> Resplendent apparition! if in vain
> My ears did listen, 'twas enough to gaze,
> And watch the slow departure of the train,
> Whose skirts the glowing mountains thirsted to detain."

Returning from Engleberg by the Susten-thal, the tourist regains the valley of the Reuss, at Wasen, and it is from this point that the grandest part of the St. Gothard route begins. A few miles bring him to the Devil's Bridge, a gorge, which for gloomy, savage grandeur, is scarcely, if at all, surpassed even by the Via Mala. "The granite rocks," says Dr. Beattie, "rise sheer and unbroken from the water's edge, and, as if bent on meeting overhead, threaten to obliterate the dismal path which the labour of ages has chiselled out of their flanks, or carried on arches along the brink of the torrent which foams far beneath. The deafening roar of the surge, as it struggles in savage conflict with the opposing rocks, and leaps and foams and thunders forth its song of triumph; the feeling of personal danger, the shaking of the low parapet where we stand, the beetling cliffs, along whose flanks the sheeted vapour floats in thin, transparent folds, the sudden gusts and currents of wind, caused by the rapidity of the torrent, the showers of spray alternately condensed and dissipated, or hurled in the spectator's face, burst upon the traveller with a novelty and power which baffle description. Never was there a theatre more congenial for the display of the wildest passions, or more in unison with every imaginable horror, than the Devil's Bridge."

And horrors have not been wanting here. In the year 1799, the French, the Austrians, and the Russians, alternately drove each other out of this narrow gorge, and across the frail bridge which spans the raging torrent. During a whole month the tide of war ebbed to and fro, as the troops by turns attacked, repulsed, or were forced to retreat. Column after column was mowed down by the murderous fire,

and swept into the horrible gulf, until the Reuss ran red with blood and was choked with corpses. At length victory declared against the French. They were driven down the valley to Altorf, and an inscription on the face of the living rock, at the summit of the pass—SUWARROW VICTOR—remains to attest the prowess of the Russian commander. Of that terrible conflict no other trace remains. The scars of battle have been effaced by the hand of Time. Nature has drawn her veil of verdure over the bloody scene. The peasant pastures his flock and herds in peace, where the harvest of death was reaped. Thus perish and pass away the victories of war. But not thus the victories of peace, and love, and truth! As we fight the battles of Him who is the Prince of Peace, the Lord of Love, the Way, the Truth, and the Life, who "came not to destroy men's lives, but to save them;" we are engaged in a conflict of which the victory is certain, and the results imperishable. His "dominion is from everlasting to everlasting, and His kingdom from generation to generation."



PILATUS, LAKE OF LUCERNE.

THE SIMPLON ROAD

AND

THE SWISS-ITALIAN LAKES.

THE SIMPLON ROAD AND THE SWISS-ITALIAN LAKES.

THE ROUTES INTO THE LAKE DISTRICT — THE CONSTRUCTION OF THE SIMPLON ROAD — A WINTER ADVENTURE ON THE SIMPLON — ITALY — ITALIAN TOWNS — COMO, LUGANO, MAGGIORE, AND ORTA — THE BORROMEAN ISLANDS — STORM ON LAKE COMO — VENICE.

APPROACHING the lakes of northern Italy from Switzerland, the route commonly taken is by one or other of the roads leading over the passes of the St. Gothard, the Simplon, or the Splugen. These roads have been constructed at immense cost, and are grandly engineered. Sometimes the path has been chiselled out of the face of a perpendicular rock, with an awful gulf on one side, and overhanging beetling cliffs on the other. Sometimes it has been tunnelled through the heart of the mountain, or flung at a dizzy height across a ravine, or carried in a series of zigzags up the side of a mountain, so steep that the chamois could scarcely climb it. At Gondo, on the Simplon, a cataract hurls itself sheer over the road* from the cliffs above, and plunges into the abyss below. At Schollinen, on the St. Gothard, and the Verlohren Loch, on the Splugen, the gorge was absolutely impassable, and it was necessary to blast a passage through the huge masses of rock which blocked up the way. The poverty-stricken canton of Uri had succeeded, with extreme difficulty, in scraping together the means to complete her part of the St. Gothard route, when a storm (August 1834) burst on the summit of the pass, which, in a few hours, swept away one-third of the road constructed at so much labour and cost. Five years later, a similar tempest effected nearly equal injury. And few years pass without some portion of the road being

* The section of road at Gondo, measuring less than two hundred yards, required for its completion the incessant labour of one hundred workmen for eighteen months. In many places the labourers had to carry on their operations suspended from above by ropes, until a lodgment had been effected.

BRIEG, ON THE SIMPLON.

destroyed. In many places avalanches sweep over the roads with destructive force, and it becomes necessary to construct galleries which shall defend travellers, and shoot the mass of snow and debris into the gorge below.

Murray supplies the facts respecting the construction of this magnificent road: "The construction of a route over the Simplon was decided upon by Napoleon immediately after the battle of Marengo, while the recollection of his own difficult passage of the Alps by the Great St. Bernard (at that time one of the easiest Alpine passes) was fresh in his memory. The plans and surveys by which the direction of the road was determined, were made by M. Céard, and a large portion of the works was executed under the superintendence of that able engineer. It was commenced on the Italian side in 1800, and on the Swiss in 1801. It took six years to complete, though it was barely passable in 1805, and more than thirty thousand men were employed on it at one time. To give a notion of the colossal nature of the undertaking, it may be mentioned that the number of bridges, great and small, constructed for the passage of the road, between Brieg and Sesto, amounts to six hundred and eleven, in addition to the far more vast and costly constructions, such as terraces of massive masonry miles in length; of ten galleries, either cut out of the

living rock or built of solid stone; and of twenty houses of refuge to shelter travellers, and lodge the labourers constantly employed in taking care of the road. Its breadth is throughout at least twenty-five feet, in some places thirty feet, and the average slope nowhere exceeds six inches in six feet and a half.

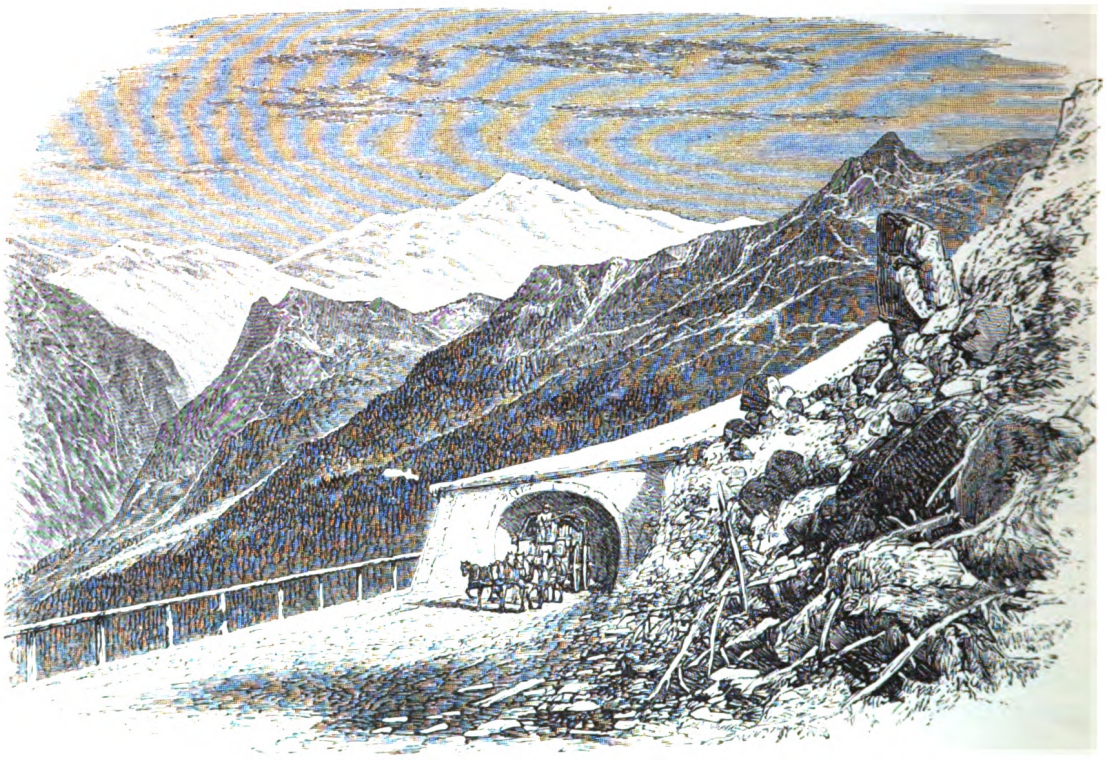
"To use the eloquent words of Sir James Mackintosh, 'The Simplon may be safely said to be the most wonderful of useful works, because our canals and docks surpass it in utility, science, and magnitude, but they have no grandeur to the eye. Its peculiar character is, to be the greatest of all those monuments that at once dazzle the imagination by their splendour, and are subservient to general convevience.' The cost of this road averaged about 16,000*l.* per league. The object of Napoleon in its formation is well marked by the question which, on two different occasions, he first asked of the engineer sent to him to report progress—'*Le canon quand pourra-t-il passer au Simplon?*"

Murray has given us the prose of the Simplon, Rogers shall supply us with its poetry:—

"Now the scene is changed;
And o'er the Simplon, o'er the Splugen winds
A path of pleasure. Like a silver zone
Flung about carelessly, it shines afar,
Catching the eye in many broken link
In many a turn and traverse as it glides;
And oft above and oft below appears,
Seen o'er the wall by him who journeys up,
As if it were another, through the wild
Leading along he knows not whence or whither.
Yet through its fairy course, go where it will,
The torrent stops it not, the rugged rock
Opens and lets it in, and on it runs,
Winning its easy way from clime to clime
Through glens locked up before. . . .
But now 'tis passed
That turbulent Chaos; and the promised land
Lies at my feet in all its loveliness!
To him who starts up from a terrible dream,
And lo, the sun is shining, and the lark
Singing aloud for joy, to him is not
Such sudden ravishment as now I feel
At the first glimpses of fair Italy."

The passage of these roads in winter is attended with considerable danger from the accumulation of snow, and the violence of the tempests which burst upon the unwary traveller with appalling suddenness. The *Leisure Hour* for 1852 contains the narrative of "A Lady's Winter Adventure on the Simplon," which may serve to illustrate this, and to show the value of the refuges constructed at the most perilous points of the route. After describing the earlier portion of her journey, she says:—

"By the time we left the fifth refuge no doubt could exist as to the alarming state of the weather. It was blowing hard, the cold being bitter and intense; the snow was driving in our faces, and thickening the air so much that hardly anything beyond the immediate road could be discerned. These storms, in Alpine language, are called 'tourmentes,' and truly they deserve the name. One peculiar feature of them is, that the snow, so called, resembles more a shower of ice, and the flakes or morsels thereof, driving hard and fast into the face and eyes of the unhappy traveller,



AVALANCHE GALLERY ON THE SIMPLON.

so blind and stupefy him, that, exhausted in the attempt to battle with the icy tempest, he too frequently sinks down in the snow, and, overtaken by an irresistible stupor, miserably perishes.

"The darkness was increasing upon us every instant, and the snow on the road had now become so deep as to hide nearly half the wheels of the carriage, and cause the greatest difficulty in their turning at all. The snow being also newly fallen, was wholly untracked; and no wall or parapet being possible in this part of the road, the path is only divided from the edge of the precipice by occasional large, heavy, single stones. Against these we more than once heard the wheels of the carriage grate, proving how fearfully near the edge we were: and there really seemed nothing to guide or save our struggling horses from overstepping the almost imperceptible

boundary that lay between us and total destruction. It was a fearful scene, and one calculated to try the strongest nerves. The danger of our position really seemed frightful. Men and horses were blinded and driven back by the wind and incessant fall of snow which came direct against them; and though striving hard to get on, they constantly stumbled and fell in the untracked and deep snow. The horses could only by the greatest exertions be induced to face the gale, or move a step onwards, their labour being of course doubled by the difficulty of forcing the clogged wheels to advance at all. Night, and that too a fearful one of storm, was evidently fast approaching. What was to be done? I felt almost in despair, for it seemed to me absolutely impossible that we should this night pass beyond the place where we now were. But at this moment we stopped, and, hearing strange voices, I perceived that two men from the refuge had joined us: wild figures they were, enveloped in goat-skins, yet I hailed their arrival with joy and gratitude, for I felt sure that help was near. One soon advanced to me, and, announcing himself as the inspector of the Simplon road, and therefore, of course, the chief of the band of men thereon employed, assured me that, though our situation was certainly alarming, he hoped to be able to get us on to the Hospice, where the monks would instantly admit us, and there he said we must sleep. The inspector and his man being provided with spades of a peculiar kind, preceded us, and by digging and shovelling away the snow in the worst parts, they considerably diminished the difficulties of our progress, which, though the distance is only half a mile between the last refuge and the Hospice, occupied a very long time. At last we arrived in front of a large and solid edifice, and stopping opposite to it, the inspector advised us to get out and proceed as well as we could on foot, for that it would be both a tedious and difficult operation in so deep a snow to turn the carriage, and get it into the *remise* or coach-house of the Hospice. We of course obeyed, as we should have done any directions he gave, and scrambling with great difficulty through the great masses of snow which covered the ground between us and the gate, chilled through and through, we at last arrived at the entrance, just as the great bell rang, and a monk, with three large dogs, came out to welcome and receive us.

"On entering the Hospice from the storm without, nothing could exceed the kindness of our reception. The refectory was warmed by an enormous stove, and seemed to us poor shivering wretches the very perfection of comfort; and the sight of it, joined to the hospitable welcome we received, was most cheering to those who, an hour before, had hardly known where they should pass the night. The monks assured us that their supper would be ready in less than an hour, but they were very anxious that we should immediately have some refreshment; we, however, declined this offer, and begged to wait for the usual supper-time, for we had been too much alarmed and excited to feel very hungry. They then occupied themselves in seeing that rooms were immediately prepared for us, and the stoves lighted, so that they should be warm and comfortable by our bed-time. The tourmente now raging was, they said, a terrific one; and they added, that we might indeed congratulate ourselves on being safely housed before night came on. In fact, as I

afterwards accidentally ascertained, on this very day, on the Grand St. Bernard, where the tourmente was probably still more fearful, the clavandier of that Hospice, together with three servants and some dogs, were buried beneath an enormous avalanche from the Mont Mort, which covered them to the depth of fifteen feet, and of course all perished.

ARRIVAL AT THE HOSPICE ON THE SIMPLON.

"We passed the time till supper in agreeable conversation with our kind and courteous hosts, and in profiting as much as possible from the delightful warmth of the great stove. It seemed almost like a dream for travellers who had so lately left civilised England, to be supping in the refectory of a convent on the summit of the Alps. They placed us at the head of their long table, they themselves

sitting next to us, two and two. On each side there were some other travellers, apparently of a middling class; and, lastly, our own servants. Nothing could be more excellent than the supper; everything was plain but good; and the wine, which they informed us came from one of their own estates in Italy, was delicious.

A WINTER ADVENTURE ON THE SIMPLON.

In this climate, all abstemious rules belonging to their order seem to be suppressed; and this was explained to us by the monks, who said that it was indispensable to health in that climate to live well, and that they had on that account a dispensation from many of the rules practised by their order elsewhere. In fact, they seemed to me, indoors, to lead a most 'jolly' life, neglecting nothing that could, in that

dreary region, conduce to their comfort. They related to us many very interesting particulars of the establishment, and of the adventures that so often occur amid the perils and dangers of their long and rigorous winters.

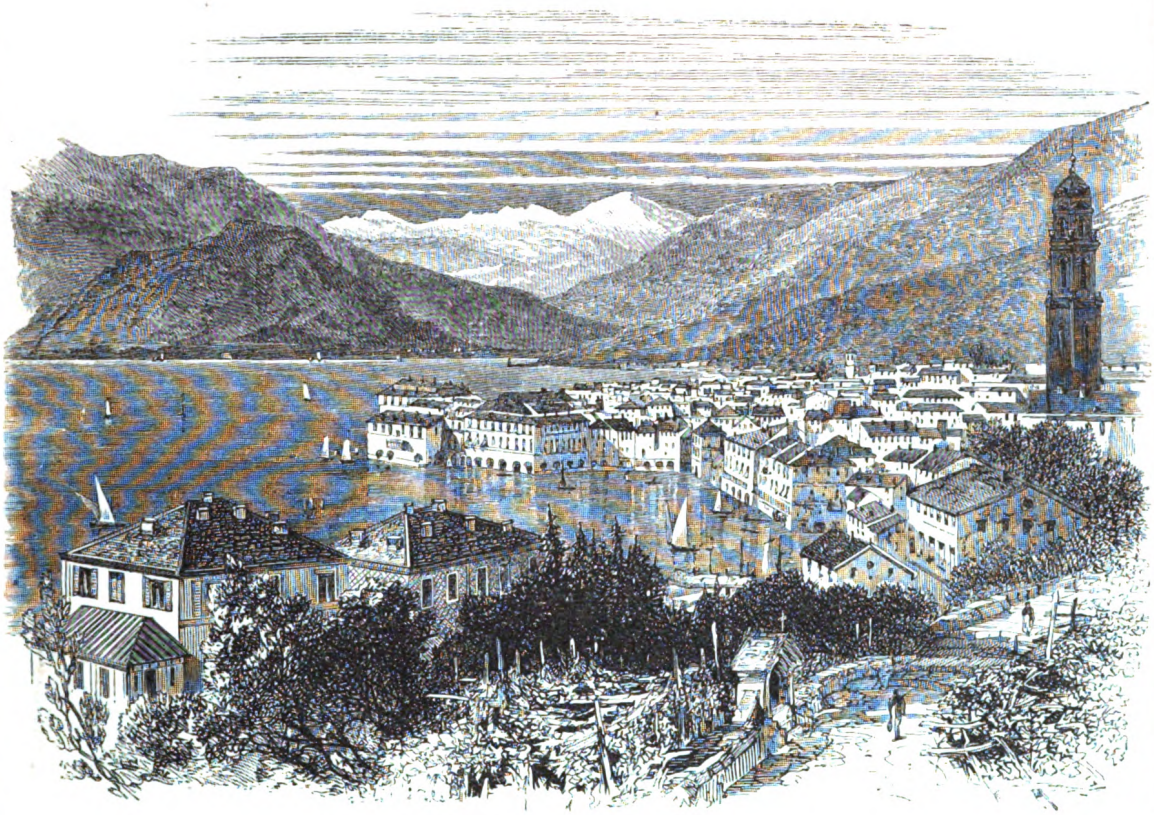
"We found comfortable beds in the rooms prepared for us, but even the stoves and double windows failed in affording such a degree of warmth as I could have wished. The cold of the night was intense, and the storm raged around the building with undiminished fury.

"After an excellent breakfast on the following morning the inspector arrived to consult with us on the possibility of continuing our journey. He assured us that he believed we could do so on sledges that day, while, if we delayed, ten days might elapse before the roads would be passable; we agreed at once to make the experiment. As he had sent to Simplon for sledges, we hoped to be able to start by two o'clock. The monks tried hard to dissuade us from going; but, encouraged by the inspector, we decided on making the attempt; and he further promised his own assistance, with that of ten of his men, to get us safe to Simplon. Our cortège was certainly most curious and picturesque; first, our carriage on a sledge, drawn by the four horses from Brieg; next, the wheels and luggage on another sledge, which was consigned to three white horses. Our guards consisted of the inspector and ten men, most wild-looking objects, dressed in goat-skins, and armed with spades and all useful implements; besides the voiturier and his aide from Brieg, our own servant, and the monk. The journey was certainly not performed without considerable misgivings and alarms; the distance from the convent to Simplon, although only three miles, we were above three hours in accomplishing. The snow, where it had drifted on either side of the road, was frequently above the height of the carriage, and every step we advanced seemed to be only accomplished after much scraping and digging on the part of the troop, for of course there was no track whatever. In some parts the snow was less deep, and the great rocks around us were so thickly covered with a fleecy mantle that no part of their original form was visible, while the tall heavy fir-trees seemed bowed almost to the ground by the weight on their branches. Enormous icicles of every form and shape, hung pendent from the rocks, and in the already fading light assumed innumerable shades of colour. Nothing could be more beautiful, nothing more wildly grand and sublime, than the scene; and, in spite of my fears, I found myself almost absorbed in intense admiration."

Descending from the mountain on the southern side, the change is almost magical. A very few hours' ride, and all trace of winter is gone. Barren peaks, plains of ice and snow, roaring torrents, and storm-swept ravines have all been left behind. Italy, with her fatal dower of beauty and fertility, has been reached.

"O Italy, how beautiful thou art!
Yet I could weep—for thou art lying, alas,
Low in the dust; and we admire thee now
As we admire the beautiful in death.

Thine was a dangerous gift, when thou wert born,
The gift of beauty. Would thou hadst it not;
Or wert as once awing the caitiffs vile
That now beset thee, making thee their slave!
Would they had loved thee less, or feared thee more!
But why despair? Twice hast thou lived already;
Twice shone among the nations of the world,
As the sun shines among the lesser lights
Of heaven; and shalt again. The hour shall come,



PALLANZA, LAGO MAGGIORE.

When they who think to bind the ethereal spirit,
Who, like the eagle cowering o'er his prey,
Watch with quick eye, and strike and strike again
If but a sinew vibrate, shall confess
Their wisdom folly. Even now the flame
Bursts forth where once it burnt so gloriously,
And dying left a splendour like the day,
That like the day diffused itself and still
Blesses the earth."*

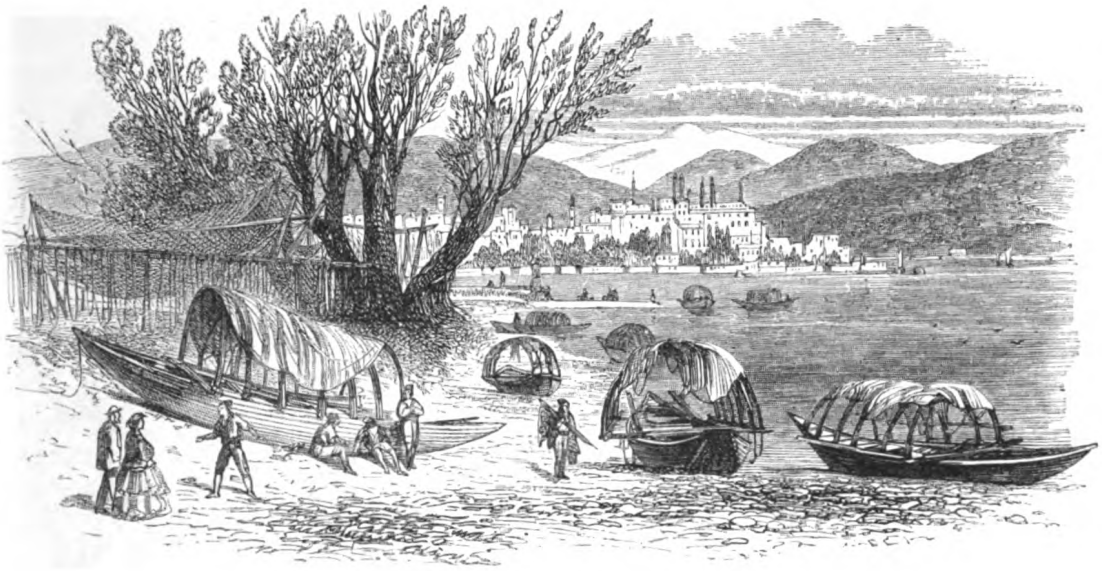
* Rogers' "Italy."

DOMO D'OSSOLA.

There is little difference between one small Italian town and another. They are all alike,—dirty, picturesque, glowing with colour, reeking with evil odours, thronged with an indolent, gossipping, excitable population eager to take part in every bargain, or to give advice about every piece of work which is going forward. Domo d'Ossola may serve for fifty others, each of which has the same narrow colonnaded streets, and littered pavements, and Lombardic architecture, and shops filled with fruit and sausages, maccaroni and garlic; bits of colour and light and shade which fill an artist with rapture; and poverty, dirt, and dilapidation, which inspire a comfortable cleanly English *paterfamilias* with disgust.

Lady Morgan's description of Como is a photograph. "The interior of the town of Como," she says, "exhibits, dark, narrow, and filthy streets; churches, numerous, old and tawdry; some gloomy palaces of the Comasque nobles and dismantled dwellings of the *Cittadini*. The Duomo, founded in 1396, and constructed with marble from the neighbouring quarries, is its great feature. It stands happily with respect to the lake, but is surrounded with a small square of low, mouldering arcades and paltry little shops. Its baptistry is ascribed to Bramante; but the

architecture is so mixed and semi-barbarous that it recalls the period when the arts began to revive in all the fantastic caprice of unsettled taste. Everywhere the elegant Gothic is mingled with the grotesque forms of ruder orders; and basso-relievos of monsters and nondescripts disfigure a façade, where light Gothic pinnacles are surmounted with golden crosses; while the fine-pointed arch and clustering columns contrast with staring saints and grinning griffins. . . . The interior of this ancient edifice has all the venerable character of the remote ages in which it rose and was completed. But its spacious nave, Gothic arches, and lofty dome, its masses of dark marbles and deep-tinted frescoes, are contrasted with such offerings from the piety and gratitude of the Comasques, and the inhabitants of the neighbouring mountains, as would better suit the stalls of the Rue de Friperie, or the ware-rooms of Monmouth Street."

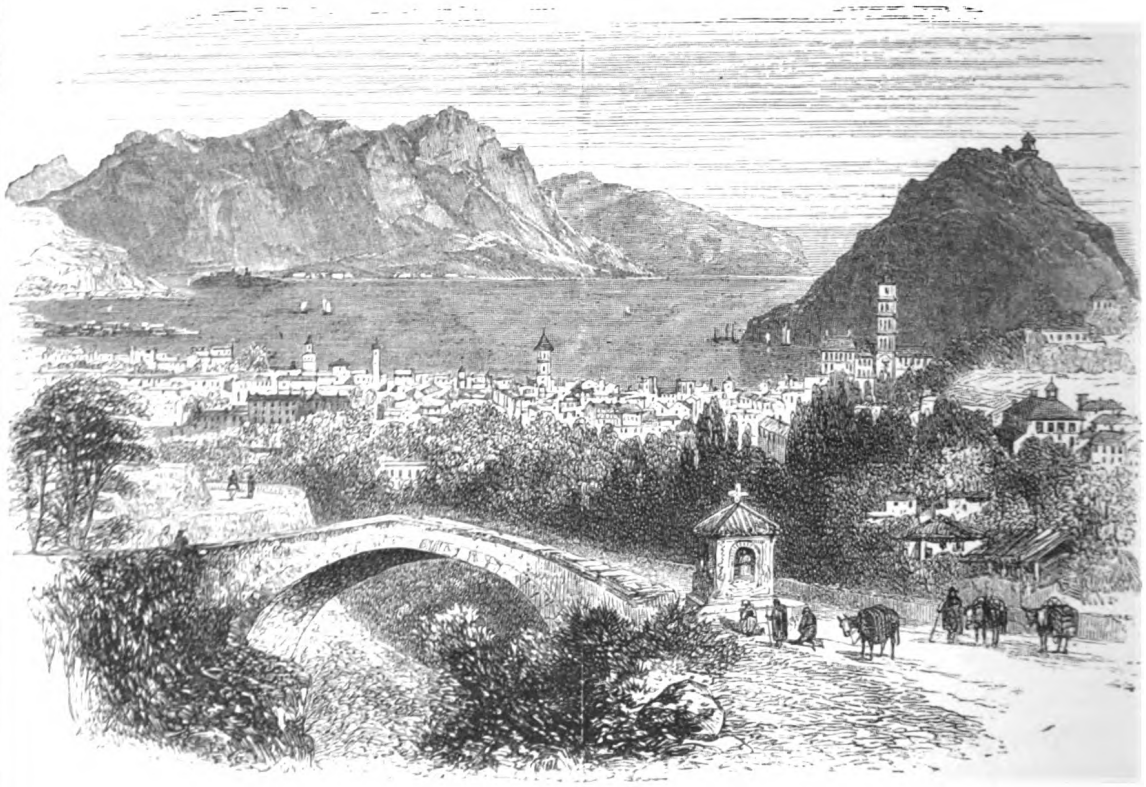


BOATS ON LAGO MAGGIORE.

We may dismiss the Swiss-Italian lakes with almost equal brevity of description: for a very different reason, however, to that which prompts brevity in our notice of the towns. The stock of adjectives and exclamations on hand is finite, and soon exhausted. The first bend of the lake we come to will absorb them all. Every beat of the paddles, every stroke of the oar, will bring up some new combination of beauty, but a repetition of the stock phrases of admiration could only weary the reader.

"So I sit still,
And let the boatman shift his little sail,
His sail so forkèd and so swallow-like,
Well pleased with all that comes. The morning air
Plays on my cheek how gently, flinging round

A silvery gleam. And now the purple mists
Rise like a curtain; now the sun looks out,
Filling, o'erflowing with his glorious light,
This noble amphitheatre of hills;
And now appears as on a phosphorous sea
Numberless barks, from Milan, from Pavia,
Some sailing up, some down, and some at rest,
Lading, unlading, at that small town
Under the promontory—its tall tower
And long flat roofs, just such as Gaspar drew,
Caught by a sunbeam slanting through a cloud;
A quay-like scene, glittering and full of life,
And doubled by reflection.*



LUGANO.

Of the four principal lakes—Como, Lugano, Maggiore, and Orta—Orta is the smallest and, *meo judice*, the most beautiful. Each lake, however, has its peculiar and distinctive charm, and so much depends upon atmospheric effects, upon the passing shades of feeling in the tourist's mind, and innumerable other circumstances which make up the sum-total of enjoyment, so that it is difficult to express a preference which may be reversed at the next visit.

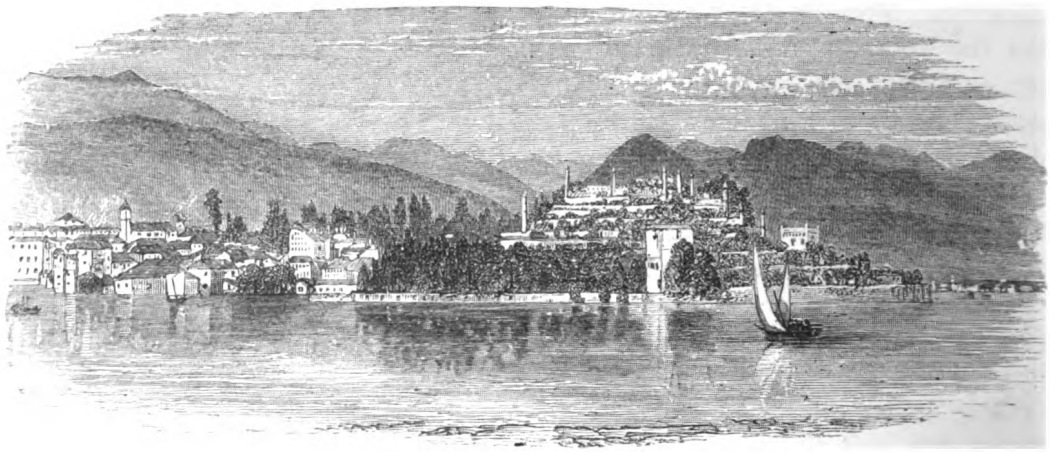
* Rogers' "Italy"—Como.

I saw the Lago d'Orta for the first time under exceptionally favourable circumstances. We left Omegna late in the afternoon, and when about half way across the lake, the sun went down in such a blaze of glory as I have never seen before or since. The whole atmosphere seemed flooded, saturated with golden light. The mountains which inclose the lake passed through all shades of colour from blue to deep rich purple. It was a fête day at some village on the banks, and the songs of revellers came faintly borne on the breeze, or, mingled with merry laughter, rang out from the boats on the lake. We told our rowers to slacken their speed, and, lying back on the cushioned seats, listened to those sweet sounds, gazed on those lovely scenes, and were lulled into the *dolce far niente*, so strange to the English, so dear to the Italian mind, by the rythmic beat and tinkling drip of the oars as they softly rose and fell. Then came the night—and such a night! The sky was crystalline in its clearness, and thick-sown with stars. The Milky-way, which looks so dim and blurred when seen through our misty air, was lustrous with light. The crescent moon was mirrored in the blue waters of the lake with wonderful vividness.

"The moon is up, and yet it is not night;
Sunset divides the sky with her,—a sea
Of glory streams along the Alpine height
Of blue Friuli's mountains; heaven is free
From clouds, but of all colours seems to be
Melted to one vast Iris of the West,
Where the Day joins the past Eternity;
While, on the other hand, meek Dian's crest
Floats through the azure air—an island of the blest!

"A single star is at her side, and reigns
With her o'er half the lovely heaven; but still
Yon sunny sea heaves brightly, and remains
Rolled o'er the peak of the far Rhætian hill,
As Day and Night contending were, until
Nature reclaimed her order;—gently flows
The deep-dyed Brenta, where their hues instil
The odorous purple of a new-born rose,
Which streams upon her stream, and glassed within it glows.

"Filled with the face of heaven, which, from afar,
Comes down upon the waters; all its hues,
From the rich sunset to the rising star,
Their magical variety diffuse:
And now they change; a paler shadow strews
Its mantle o'er the mountains; parting day
Dies like the dolphin, whom each pang imbues
With a new colour as it gasps away,
The last still loveliest, till—'tis gone—and all is gray."



ISOLA BELLA, LAGO MAGGIORE.

In nothing do judgments vary more than respecting the Borromean Islands in Lago Maggiore. Hazlitt sneers at the Isola Bella as "a piece of confectionary hung about with wreaths of flowers," and Matthews glorifies it as "the magic creation of labour and taste—a fairy land which might serve as a model for the gardens of Calypso." De Saussure thought it "a magnificent caprice, a sublime conception, a sort of creation;" to Simond it suggested "a Perigord pie stuck round with heads of game." Most visitors will assent to the truth of Murray's criticism; "To taste it may have little pretension; but to a traveller fresh from the rigid climate of the north this singular creation of art, with its aromatic groves, its aloes and cactuses starting out of the rocks, and, above all, its glorious situation, bathed by the dark-blue waters of the lake, reflecting the sparkling white villages on its banks, and the distant snows of the Alps, cannot fail to afford pleasure." Even the most cynical and censorious will admit that the views from the terraces combine everything which can be imagined as the perfection of a romantic and luxurious abode. The deep, clear, blue water laps gently round the rocks. Vistas of distant, sunny hills and valleys open out from beneath the shade of bowers of roses, through gaps in the olive and the cactus. Purple mountains and snow peaks glimmer from afar through the flickering leaves and blossoms of an orange-grove. It may be a mere piece of confectionary, in execrable taste, but there is no denying that it is a lovely spot.

Let no person claim to know the Italian lakes fully till he has seen them lashed to fury in tempest. Once, and only once, have I seen it—it was a sight never to be forgotten. At the close of a sultry day, a pile of angry clouds seemed to grow up with a weird and terrible rapidity over the mountain-tops. Down each valley which debouched upon the lake vast masses of vapour came pouring, like the armies of ghosts in Ossian, no sooner reaching the open space than the wind dissipated them. The sky waxed darker and darker. The soft, blue lake, which through the

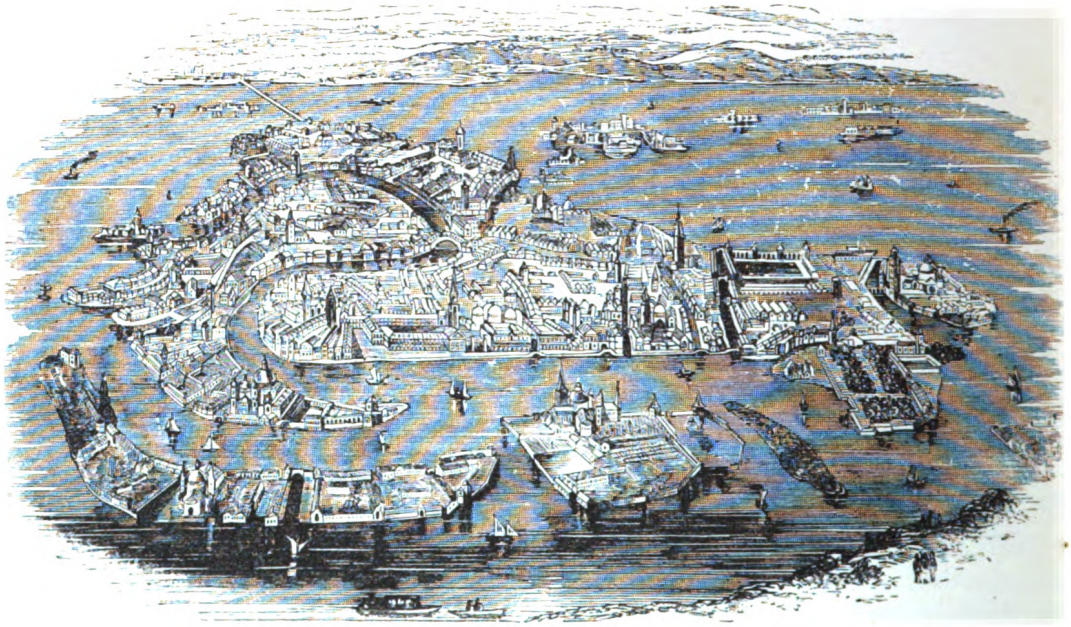
day had been smooth as oil and scarcely furrowed by a ripple, began to toss restlessly, and the waves, rolling shoreward, broke in foam upon the terraced gardens. Then came a single flash, followed by a peal of thunder, which echoed and reverberated amongst the hills as though it would never cease. It was like the cannon which gives the signal for a general engagement. Instantly, a deluge of rain poured down, flash succeeded to flash, peal to peal, without intermission, till, shortly before midnight, the storm rolled away, the full moon shone out in undimmed radiance, and the lake seemed to roll in a flood of living silver. But all night long we could hear

STORM ON LAKE COMO.

the distant thunder bellowing in the direction of Monte Rosa, and the horizon was lit up every few seconds by soft sheet-lightning. It was impossible not to think of that memorable night, eighteen centuries ago, when the Galilean lake was lashed to fury by such a storm, and the Divine voice was heard saying, "Peace: be still, and the wind ceased, and there was a great calm."

Venice is now so easily accessible that a large proportion of those who visit the lakes extend their journey so as to reach this glorious old city, the picturesque beauty of which has been illustrated by both poet and painter.

"There is a glorious city in the sea.
The sea is in the broad, the narrow streets,
Ebbing and flowing; and the salt sea-weed
Clings to the marble of her palaces.
No track of men, no footsteps to and fro,
Lead to her gates. The path lies o'er the sea
Invisible; and from the land we went,
As to a floating city—steering in,
And gliding up her streets as in a dream,
So smoothly, silently—by many a dome,
Mosque-like, and many a stately portico,
The statues ranged along an azure sky;
By many a pile in more than eastern pride,
Of old the residence of merchant kings;
The fronts of some, though Time had shattered them,
Still glowing with the richer hues of art,
As though the wealth within them had run o'er."*

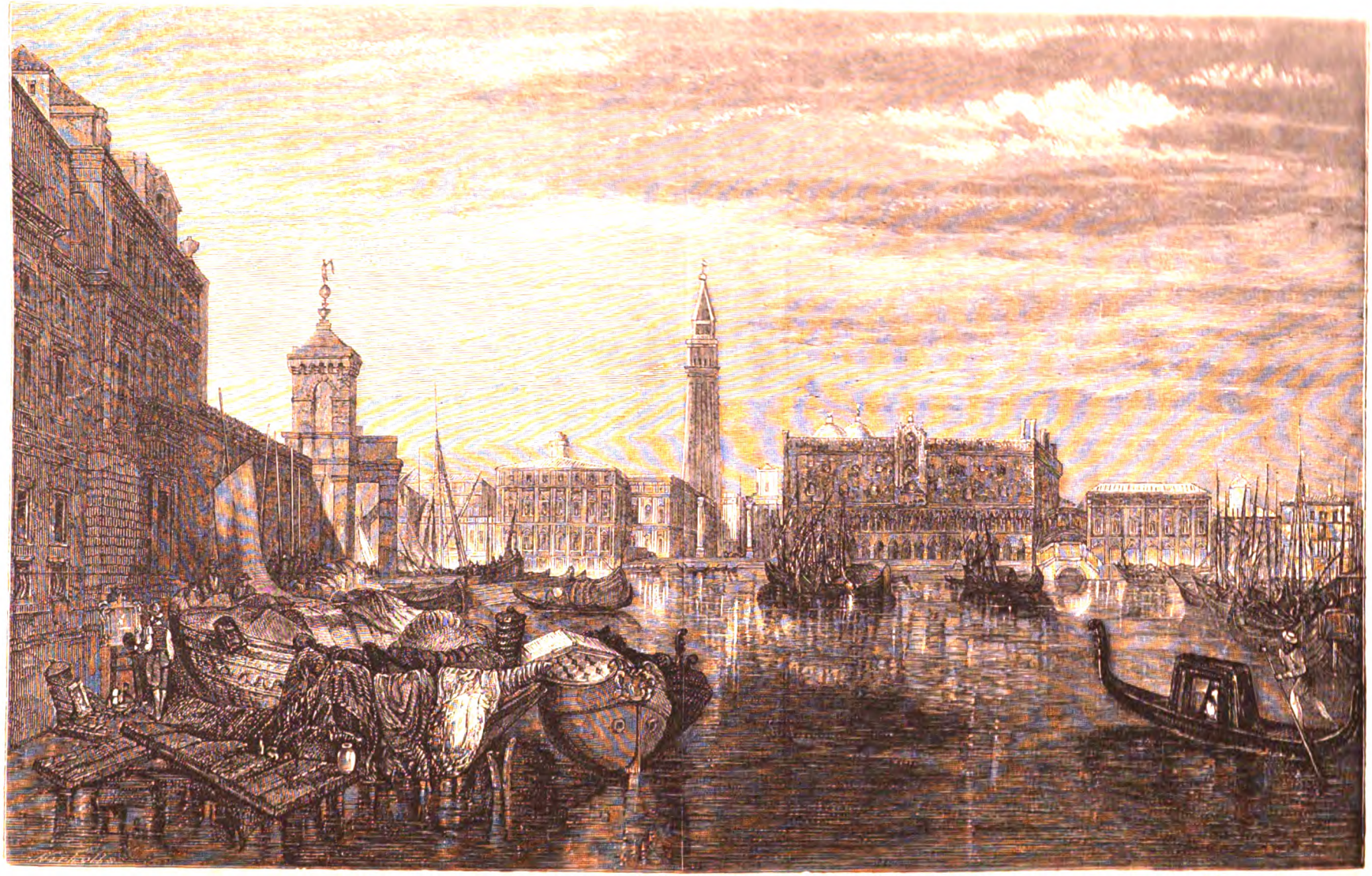


BIRD'S-EYE VIEW OF VENICE.

The approach to Venice from the mainland is very striking, and the general aspect of the city is exceedingly picturesque. Mr. Ruskin describes both, with his usual eloquence, in his *Stones of Venice:*

"As the boat drew nearer to the city, the coast which the traveller had just left sank behind him into one long, low, sad-coloured line, tufted irregularly with brushwood and willows; but, at what seemed its northern extremity, the hills of Arqua rose in a dark cluster of purple pyramids, balanced on the bright mirage of the

* Rogers' "Italy"—Venice.

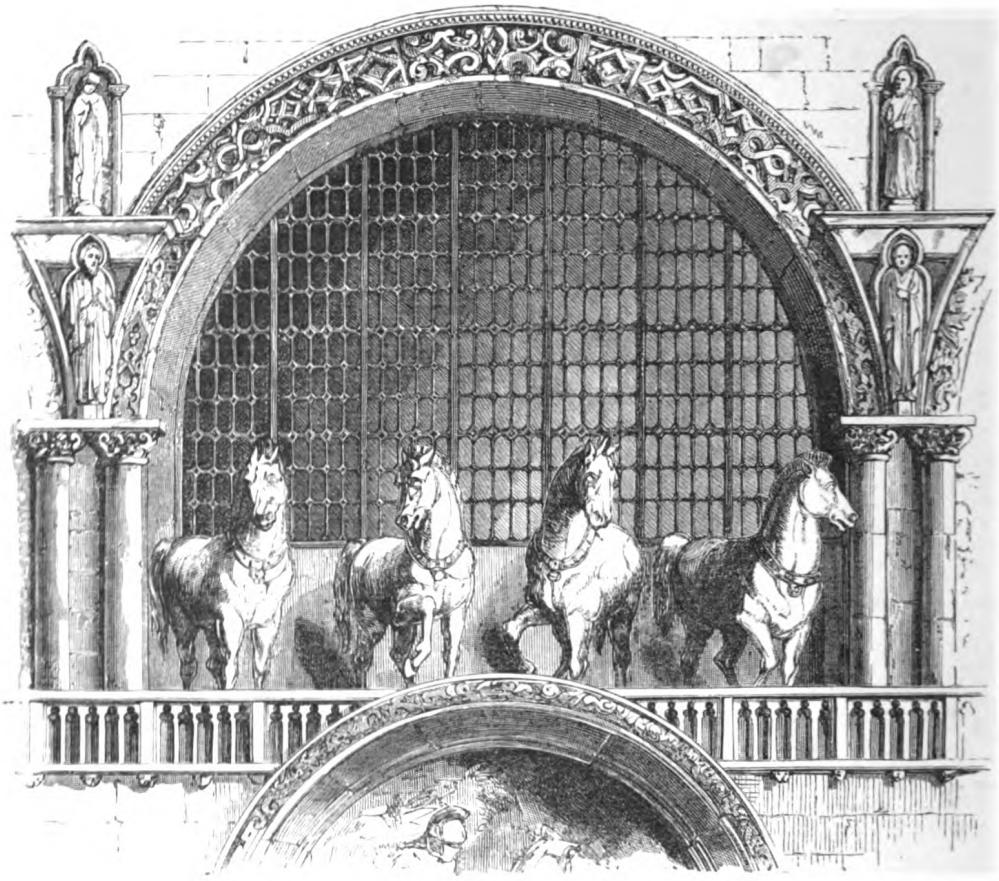


VENICE. J. M.W. Turner.

lagoon; two or three smooth surges of inferior hill extended themselves about their roots, and beyond these, beginning with the craggy peaks above Vicenza, the chain of the Alps girded the whole horizon to the north—a wall of jagged blue, here and there showing through its clefts a wilderness of misty precipices, fading far back into the recesses of Cadore, and itself rising and breaking away eastward, where the sun struck opposite upon its snow, into mighty fragments of peaked light, standing up behind the barred clouds of evening, one after another, countless, the crown of the Adrian Sea, until the eye turned back from pursuing them, to rest upon the nearer burning of the campaniles of Murano, and on the great city, where it magnified itself along the waves, as the quick silent pacing of the gondola drew nearer and nearer. And at last, when its walls were reached, and the outmost of its untrodden streets was entered, not through towered gate or guarded rampart, but as a deep inlet between two rocks of coral in the Indian sea; when first upon the traveller's sight opened the long ranges of columned palaces—each with its black boat moored at the portal; each with its image cast down beneath its feet, upon that green pavement which every breeze broke into new fantasies of rich tessellation; when first, at the extremity of the bright vista, the shadowy Rialto threw its colossal curve slowly forth from behind the palace of the Camerlenghi; that strange curve, so delicate, so adamantine, strong as a mountain cavern, graceful as a bow just bent; when first, before its moonlike circumference was all risen, the gondolier's cry, 'Ah! Stali,' struck sharp upon the ear, and the prow turned aside under the mighty cornices that half met over the narrow canal, where the plash of the water followed close and loud, ringing along the marble by the boat's side; and when at last that boat darted forth upon the breadth of silver sea, across which the front of the Ducal palace, flushed with its sanguine veins, looks to the snowy dome of Our Lady of Salvation, it was no marvel that the mind should be so deeply entranced by the visionary charm of a scene so beautiful and so strange, as to forget the darker truths of its history and its being. . . .

"Between those pillars there opens a great light, and, in the midst of it, as we advance slowly, the vast tower of St. Mark seems to lift itself visibly forth from the level field of chequered stones; and on each side, the countless arches prolong themselves into ranged symmetry, as if the rugged and irregular houses that pressed together above us in the dark alley had been struck back into sudden obedience and lovely order, and all their rude casements and broken walls had been transformed into arches charged with goodly sculpture, and fluted shafts of delicate stone.

"And well may they fall back, for beyond those troops of ordered arches there rises a vision out of the earth, and all the great square seems to have opened from it in a kind of awe, that we may see it far away;—a multitude of pillars and white domes, clustered into a long low pyramid of coloured light; a treasure-heap, it seems, partly of gold, and partly of opal and mother-of-pearl, hollowed beneath into five great vaulted porches, ceiled with fair mosaic, and beset with sculpture of alabaster, clear as amber and delicate as ivory,—sculpture fantastic and involved, of palm leaves and lilies, and grapes and pomegranates, and birds clinging and fluttering



BRONZE HORSES OF ST. MARK.

among the branches, all twined together into an endless network of buds and plumes; and, in the midst of it, the solemn forms of angels, sceptred, and robed to the feet, and leaning to each other across the gates, their figures indistinct among the gleaming of the golden ground through the leaves beside them, interrupted and dim, like the morning light as it faded back among the branches of Eden, when first its gates were angel-guarded long ago. And round the walls of the porches there are set pillars of variegated stones, jasper and porphyry, and deep green serpentine spotted with flakes of snow, and marbles, that half refuse and half yield to the sunshine, Cleopatra-like, 'their bluest veins to kiss,'—the shadow, as it steals back from them, revealing line after line of azure undulation, as a receding tide leaves the waved sand: their capitals rich with interwoven tracery, rooted knots of herbage, and drifting leaves of acanthus and vine, and mystical signs, all beginning and ending in the Cross; and above them, in the broad archivolts, a continuous change of language and of life—angels, and the signs of heaven and the labours of men, each in its appointed season upon the earth; and above these another range of glittering pinnacles, mixed with white arches edged with scarlet flowers,—a confusion of delight, amidst which the breasts of the Greek horses are seen blazing in their breadth of golden strength,

and the St. Mark's Lion, lifted on a blue field covered with stars, until at last, as if in ecstacy, the crests of the arches break into a marble foam, and toss themselves far into the blue sky in flashes and wreaths of sculptured spray, as if the breakers on the Lido shore had been frost-bound before they fell, and the sea-nymphs had inlaid them with coral and amethyst."

The commencement of the fifteenth century was perhaps the most flourishing period in the history of Venice. Then the expiring Doge, Mocenigo, summoned the principal senators around his death-bed, and addressed them in remarkable words. "I leave the country in peace and prosperity. Our merchants have a capital of ten millions of golden ducats in circulation, upon which they make an annual profit of four millions. I have reduced the public debt by four millions of ducats. We have 45 galleys and 3000 other ships of war; 3000 merchant vessels, and 52,000 sailors; 1000 nobles with incomes varying from 700 to 4000 ducats each; eight naval officers fit to command a large fleet; 100 others fit to command smaller squadrons; many statesmen, jurisconsults, and wise men."

There is often mute eloquence in dead figures. Venice contained 140,000 inhabitants when the French entered under the flag of democracy, and handed them over to the Austrians. The population now scarcely exceeds 60,000, for the deaths have annually exceeded the births by nearly 1000, owing to the young and enterprising quitting the city, whenever it has been practicable, leaving the old at home to die by the sepulchres of their fathers.

Venice of to-day affords an affecting combination of the traces of ancient wealth and grandeur, with the indications of modern poverty and decay. With the exception of a few such towns as Genoa and Leghorn, which have shared in the commercial revival of the new Italian kingdom, the same holds true of all the Italian cities. But nowhere is the contrast so striking and impressive as in Venice.

"Once did she hold the gorgeous east in fee;
And was the safeguard of the west: the worth
Of Venice did not fall below her birth,
Venice, the oldest child of Liberty.
She was a maiden city, bright and free;
No guile seduced, no force could violate;
And, when she took unto herself a mate,
She must espouse the everlasting sea.
And what if she has seen those glories fade,
Those titles vanish, and that strength decay;
Yet shall some tribute of respect be paid
When her long life hath reached its final day;
Men are we, and must grieve when even the shade
Of that which once was great is passed away." *

In the early days of the Reformation, Venice and the Lake District were among the first to receive the impulse and to share in the movement. The history, the traditional policy, and the commercial interests of the Queen of the Adriatic prompted

* Wordsworth, "On the extinction of the Venetian Republic."

... great facility for preaching the gospel and to afford a refuge to those ... from persecution elsewhere. The writings of Luther were read in ... immediately upon their publication. The great reformer wrote to a friend: "... we hear of what you write of the Venetians receiving the word of God ... all the thanks and glory." When Melanction seemed to be wavering ... the influence of Carnesecchi, a warning voice from Venice recalled him to his ... "Though you should be called to suffer for the glory of Christ, fear ... you," said his faithful monitor; "it is better to die with honour than ... You shall secure a glorious triumph from Jesus Christ if you ... and in doing this you may depend upon the aid of the ... and say, Incessantly Almighty God to prosper the cause of ... and its other champions, through the blood of his ... and never not the cause of Christ." Not a few of these early ... sealed their testimony with their blood: amongst whom we may ... Carnesecchi and Baldo Lupetino.

... were thus in special connexion with the German ... region lying around the Lakes of Como and Maggiore ... those of Switzerland. Fontana, a Carmelite monk of ... to the Evangelical Swiss Churches: "Hail, faithful in Christ! Think ... the gospel, and of the lowly woman of Canaan who was willing to be ... which fell from the table of the Lord. Parched with thirst, ... living water; sitting like the blind man by the wayside, I cry ... sight. With tears and sighs, we who sit here in darkness, humbly ... who know the books of knowledge (for to you it is given to know the ... of the kingdom of God) to send us the writings of such elect teachers as ... Do your endeavour that a city of Lombardy, enslaved by Babylon and ... to the gospel of Christ, may be set free. We are but three who have ... together to fight on behalf of the truth; but it was beneath the blows of ... chosen by God, and not by the thousands of Gideon, that Midian fell. ... but that from so small a spark God may kindle a great fire." This ... speaks out the spirit of a faithful confessor, made strong and fearless by a sense ... and faith in the omnipotence of God.

In Como a similar movement was taking place. An Augustinian monk, Egidio ... who had taken the monastic vow fourteen years before, against the will ... and friends, wrote to Zwingle, propounding his difficulties and asking ... For seven years he had been a preacher, but he says, "All the while, alas! in ... I savoured not the things of Christ; I ascribed nothing to faith, ... to works. But God would not have me perish for ever. He brought me to the ... I was made to cry out, Lord, what wilt thou have me do?" He then goes on to explain how he had been led by an inward impulse, as by a Divine voice, to have recourse to Zwingle for counsel and guidance. Zwingle advised him to remain where he was, but to devote himself to a translation of the New Testament into Italian, promising if he did so to have it printed at Zurich.

THE BRIDGE OF SIGHS.

her to grant every facility for preaching the gospel, and to afford a refuge to those who were flying from persecution elsewhere. The writings of Luther were read in Venice immediately upon their publication. The great reformer wrote to a friend: "You give me joy by what you write of the Venetians receiving the word of God. To Him be all the thanks and glory." When Melancthon seemed to be wavering under the influence of Campeggio, a warning voice from Venice recalled him to his steadfastness. "Though you should be called to suffer for the glory of Christ, fear not, I beseech you," said his faithful monitor; "it is better to die with honour than to live in disgrace. You shall secure a glorious triumph from Jesus Christ if you defend his righteous cause; and in doing this you may depend upon the aid of the prayers of many, who, night and day, intreat Almighty God to prosper the cause of the Gospel, and to preserve you and its other champions, through the blood of his Son. Farewell, and desert not the cause of Christ." Not a few of these early Venetian converts sealed their testimony with their blood; amongst whom we may mention Pietro Carnesecchi and Baldo Lupetino.

Whilst the Venetian converts were thus in special connexion with the German reformers, the beautiful region lying around the Lakes of Como and Maggiore was in communication with those of Switzerland. Fontana, a Carmelite monk of Locarno, wrote to the Evangelical Swiss Churches: "Hail, faithful in Christ! Think of Lazarus in the gospels and of the lowly woman of Canaan who was willing to be satisfied with the crumbs which fell from the table of the Lord. Parched with thirst, I seek the fountains of living water; sitting like the blind man by the wayside, I cry to Him that gives sight. With tears and sighs, we who sit here in darkness, humbly intreat you who know the books of knowledge (for to you it is given to know the mysteries of the kingdom of God) to send us the writings of such elect teachers as you possess. Do your endeavour that a city of Lombardy, enslaved by Babylon and a stranger to the gospel of Christ, may be set free. We are but three who have combined together to fight on behalf of the truth; but it was beneath the blows of a little band, chosen by God, and not by the thousands of Gideon, that Midian fell. Who can tell but that from so small a spark God may kindle a great fire." This appeal speaks out the spirit of a faithful confessor, made strong and fearless by a sense of his own feebleness and faith in the omnipotence of God.

In Como a similar movement was taking place. An Augustinian monk, Egidio di Porta, who had taken the monastic vow fourteen years before, against the will of his parents and friends, wrote to Zwingle, propounding his difficulties and asking advice. For seven years he had been a preacher, but he says, "All the while, alas! in deep ignorance. I savoured not the things of Christ; I ascribed nothing to faith, all to works. But God would not have me perish for ever. He brought me to the dust. I was made to cry out, Lord, what wilt thou have me do?" He then goes on to explain how he had been led by an inward impulse, as by a Divine voice, to have recourse to Zwingle for counsel and guidance. Zwingle advised him to remain where he was, but to devote himself to a translation of the New Testament into Italian, promising if he did so to have it printed at Zurich.

THE BRIDGE OF SIGHS.

So "the word of the Lord had free course and was glorified." "A great company of the priests were obedient unto the faith." In almost every town and city the word of life was preached. It seemed as though Italy, especially Northern Italy, was about to cast off the fetters of Rome and to receive the freedom which Christ only can give. But cruel relentless persecution set in. The rack and the stake were put in active requisition, and the light of truth was quenched in the blood of those that loved it. The following extract from M'Crie's *History of the Reformation in Italy*, records one incident out of many. It describes the extirpation of Protestantism at Locarno.

GRAND CANAL.

"Having heard of three ladies, Catarina Rosalina, Lucia di Orello, and Barbara di Montalto, who were zealous Protestants, the Nuncio felt a strong inclination to hold a controversy with them; but they parried his attacks with so much dexterity, and exposed the idolatry and abuses of the Romish Church with such boldness and severity, as at once to mortify and irritate his Eminence. Barbara di Montalto, the wife of the first physician of the place, having incurred his greatest resentment, he prevailed on the deputies to issue an order to apprehend her for blasphemies which she had uttered against the sacrifice of the mass. Her husband's house, which had been constructed as a place of defence during the violent feuds between the Guelphs and Ghibellines, was built on the Lago Maggiore, and had a concealed door, which it required the strength of six men to move, opening upon the water, where a boat was kept in waiting, to carry off the inmates upon any sudden alarm. This door he had caused his servants to open at night, in consequence of an alarming dream, which led him to apprehend danger, not to his wife indeed, but to himself. Early next morning the officers of justice entered the house, and bursting into the apartment where the lady was in the act of dressing herself, presented a warrant from the deputies to convey her to prison. Rising up with great presence of mind, she begged them, with an air of feminine delicacy, to permit her to retire to an adjoining apartment, for the purpose of putting on some article of apparel. This being granted, she descended the stairs, and leaping into the boat was rowed off in safety, before the eyes of her enemies, who were assembled

in the court-room to receive her. Provoked at this disappointment, the Nuncio and deputies wreaked their vengeance upon the husband of the lady, whom they stripped of his property. A poor tradesman, named Nicolas, belonged to the Reformed Church. He had been informed against, some time before, for using certain expressions derogatory to the Virgin Mary. The prefect Reuchlin, with the view of silencing the clamours of the priests, had punished his imprudence, by condemning him to an imprisonment of sixteen weeks. This poor man was now brought a second time to trial for that offence, and, put to the torture, had sentence of death passed upon him, which was unrelentingly executed by order of the deputies, notwithstanding the intercession of the Roman Catholic citizens in his behalf.

"The Protestants had fixed on the 3rd of March, 1555, for setting out on their journey; and so bitter had their life been for some time, that, attached as they were to their native place, they looked forward to the day of their departure with joy. But the government of Milan, yielding to the instigations of the priesthood, published an edict, commanding all their subjects not to entertain the exiles from Locarno on their journey, nor allow them to remain above three days in the Milanese territory, under the pain of death; and imposing a fine on those who should afford them any assistance, or enter into conversation with them. Being thus precluded from taking the road which led to the easiest passage across the Alps, they set out early on the morning of the day fixed, and after sailing to the northern point of the Lago Maggiore, reached Rogoreto, a town subject to the Grison League. Here the Alps, covered with snow and ice, presented a barrier which it was vain attempting to pass. After two months, the thaw having opened a passage for them, they proceeded to the Grisons, where they were welcomed by their brethren of the same faith. Being offered a permanent residence, nearly the half of their number took up their abode in that country; the remainder, amounting to a hundred and fourteen persons, went forward to Zurich, the inhabitants of which came out to meet them at their approach, and, by the kind and fraternal reception which they gave them, consoled and revived the hearts of the sad and weary exiles."

THE DOGANA.

THE MONTE ROSA DISTRICT.

THE MONTE ROSA DISTRICT.

THE VAL ANZASCA—MACUGNAGA—HEAD OF THE VAL ANZASCA—PASS OF MONTE MORO—SAAS — THE WEISSTHOR — ZERMATT — GLACIERS — THE MATTERHORN — ASCENT OF THE MATTERHORN.

BROCKEDON, describing the Val Anzasca and the pass of the Monte Moro, says, "My recollections of the scenes through which I have passed in the last three days from Visp to Vogogna, induce me to think this pass the most wild, interesting, and beautiful that I have yet made, and the Val Anzasca I have distinguished in my mind as the Happy Valley."* Most tourists will concur in the estimate expressed by so competent a judge. It would be difficult to imagine anything more grandly imposing than the pass, or more exquisitely beautiful than the valley. Every element of sublimity and beauty are combined, each in the highest perfection. The foliage and vegetation are Italian in richness and profusion. The vines, unlike those of France and Germany, are trained in wild luxuriance along trellised *berceaux*, or hang in festoons from tree to tree. The gloomy pine woods have given place to mighty forests of chestnut and beech, which clothe the mountain sides in robes of richest verdure. The glades beneath these giant trees are gay with innumerable flowers. Smooth slopes, grassy knolls, and dells of brightest green allure the eye or invite the traveller to rest in the refreshing shade. Right along the valley, dominating the whole landscape, with edges clear cut against the sky, look the white snows of Monte Rosa.

It is not till near Borca that the valley loses its Italian character and becomes Alpine in its savage sublimity. Even at Macugnaga, immediately at the foot of Monte Rosa, there is an exuberant fertility and a richness of colour perceptibly unlike the sterility of villages situated at a similar elevation on the northern side of the chain.

* "Excursions in the Alps."

Macugnaga is set in the midst of some wonderful scenery, which demands a day or two to show its most striking features. The village looks as if it were at the bottom of everything, as all the views from it may be said to be upward; but in reality it is about five thousand feet above the level of the sea; *i. e.*, much above the top of Snowdon. The church with its noble linden tree, said to be three hundred years old, forms a striking object in the landscape. But here, as everywhere else on the south side of the Alps, shrines and bone-houses strike the eye at every turn. The latter are, to the eye of an Englishman, repulsive objects. If they inspired reverential thoughts of another life, or seemed to express tender loving memories of the departed, it would be possible to become reconciled to them. But no such feelings are discernible. Skulls and bones are covered with mould and dirt—the accumulation of years of neglect. Everything betrays utter indifference.

MACUGNAGA CHURCH.

The chief points in the magnificent view from the head of the Val Anzasca are well sketched in King's *Italian Valleys of the Alps:* "After the heavy rain, every rivulet was pouring down the mountain sides; and a fine waterfall above Vanzone was a broad sheet of foaming cascades from the summit of the cliff, over which it fell in thundering volume. The narrow lanes traversed a complete forest of noble overshadowing chestnuts and walnuts, glowing with the orange tints of autumn. Bright green mosses and luxuriant ferns in the richest profusion carpeted the stone walls and rocky nooks, shaded by the spreading trees. . . . When the sun rose next morning, Monte Rosa unveiled, and presented a truly magnificent and startling spectacle, as we left the little inn for the Macugnaga glacier, and advanced up the valley. The panorama, in its colossal magnitude, was superb, when we got an unobstructed view from the open basin in which lie the scattered hamlets of Macugnaga. This view of Monte Rosa can only be compared in grandeur to that of its rival, Mont Blanc, from the Val d'Entrèves; though in our estimation it is much the more imposing of the two. After the late storm it was sheeted, from its highest pinnacle to the lower glacier, with sparkling snow; hardly a projecting crag was uncovered until the sun began to exercise its

power; while the enormous face of the mountain was a perfectly inaccessible precipice, some ten thousand feet in height, and of awful steepness. The view of the summits from here commenced with the Signal Kuppe; the other peaks seen from

HEAD OF THE VAL ANZASCA.

the Pile Alpe being hidden behind its retreating angle. Next, were the Zumstein Spitze; the Höchste Spitze, with its double points; and now, at a considerable interval, the Nord End, which from the Combetta had seemed but a protuberance of the Höchste Spitze. To the left of Monte Rosa, the smooth snowy cone of the

Pizzo Bianco appeared above a forest-covered crest; an exquisite object in itself, and also associated with Saussure's ascent of it, to compare the heights of the peaks of Monte Rosa. All this, however, was but a portion of the stupendous curtain of snow-clad mountains which stretched right across the outspreading head of the valley. From the Nord End, a long and lower, but only less magnificent crest, extended in serried wildness up to the advanced guards of the Monte Moro. In the centre of them was the Weissthor, over which is a perilous and rarely-effected pass into the Saas Thal; and farther to the right, the crags of the Cima di Jazi."

From Macugnaga the pass over the Monte Moro to Saas is one of the very grandest in Switzerland. A steep ascent for about a couple of hours, partly through pine forest, partly over the bare mountain-side, brings the tourist to the edge of the

SAAS.

snow. The views in the ascent are magnificent. The Cima di Jazi and the precipices of Monte Rosa are full in view the whole way, and are of inconceivable grandeur. Their huge masses are the more imposing from their striking contrast with the rich luxuriant foliage of the valley at their base.

About an hour, or an hour and a half, over the snow brings the tourist to the summit of the pass, from which he looks down into the vast concave formed by the flanks of Monte Rosa. Mr. Ball, no mean authority on all questions connected with Alpine scenery, says of the view from this point: "Many of the passes described in this section may tempt more strongly the adventurous traveller who loves the flavour of difficulty, not to say danger; but there is, perhaps, none which offers a scene of such surpassing grandeur as that here unrolled before his eyes; and

certainly none which deserves a preference. The eastern face of Monte Rosa, with the continuous range of precipice that extends to the Weissthor, is here seen from the most favourable point of view, and the beautiful peak of the Pizzo Bianco, on the opposite side of the basin of Macugnaga, completes the wonderful picture."*

A little over the summit of the pass, on the northern side, the vestiges of a paved road are reached, which seems strangely out of place here. Once, however, this route, now used only by smugglers and tourists, was much frequented, and formed the highway between the Vallais and the Val Anzasca. Tradition connects the road with the Moors, whose traces are to be found on both sides the pass, and from whom its name is said to have been derived.† There is no very clear historical account as to how the Moors penetrated to, or why they settled in, such a remote out-of-the-way district; but the fact seems tolerably well attested.

The ordinary pedestrian desirous of proceeding to Zermatt, or the Rhone Valley, will continue his journey northward through the village of Saas, along a wild glen to Stalden, at which place the two branches of the valley unite. The more adventurous mountaineer will probably attempt the passage of the Weissthor. This pass presents no very serious difficulty to expert climbers, but it is a severe pull for those who are not in training; and at one or two points is trying to persons who cannot creep along the edge of a precipice without giddiness. A recent number of the *Leisure Hour* describes the passage of the Weissthor:

"We rose at three, dressed by candle-light, with a very uncomfortable sort of feeling that we wished the work done, and Zermatt safely reached. We got away at five minutes to four, and walked up the valley for nearly an hour, calling at a *chalet* for the rope, etc., Lochmatter overtaking us with his ice-axe. We enjoyed the sight of the sun tipping the ridges of Monte Rosa and the other mountains, as it came upon us, and the transition from darkness to dawn was very striking. We soon began to ascend by a rough path, sometimes over rocks, and sometimes through water, till, in about another hour, we reached a poor *chalet*.

"From this point the ascent began in earnest, and an hour's toiling over rocks and precipitous ledges tried us very severely. We could not help resting every now and then, and our guides became a little impatient, assuring us that, '*Comme ça, nous n'arriverons jamais.*' It was no use talking, it was tremendous work. The cliff was nearly perpendicular, each step being a separate climb. The higher we went, the more fearful seemed the precipice we were scaling on looking below. After another sharp tug, the guides advised a glass of wine and a crust. This we had, and then got on better, the guides soon telling us we had walked well the last hour. We now approached a difficulty, consisting of a steep slope of snow, like the roof of a Gothic church. The rope was now called into requisition, and we were all attached to it. Lochmatter cut some steps with his axe, and started up. T——

* "A Guide to the Western Alps." By John Ball, late President of the Alpine Club.

† The names of many of the peaks north of Monte Rosa have clearly a Moorish origin, *e. g.*, Mischabel, Almagel, Alphubel, Allalein. The villages of Allmengal, Aballa, and Balen have probably a similar derivation.

then put his feet into the holes, and followed him, I next, and the other guide last. We stood still while fresh steps were cut, when the process was repeated; and in this way, after much slipping and tumbling, we gained the top of the slope, and took to the rocks again. Hence to the summit was really difficult and dangerous, being a zigzag climb up the face of the rock, with a foot-hold of from six to twelve inches wide, and, as Murray describes it, 'hanging on by the eyelids.'

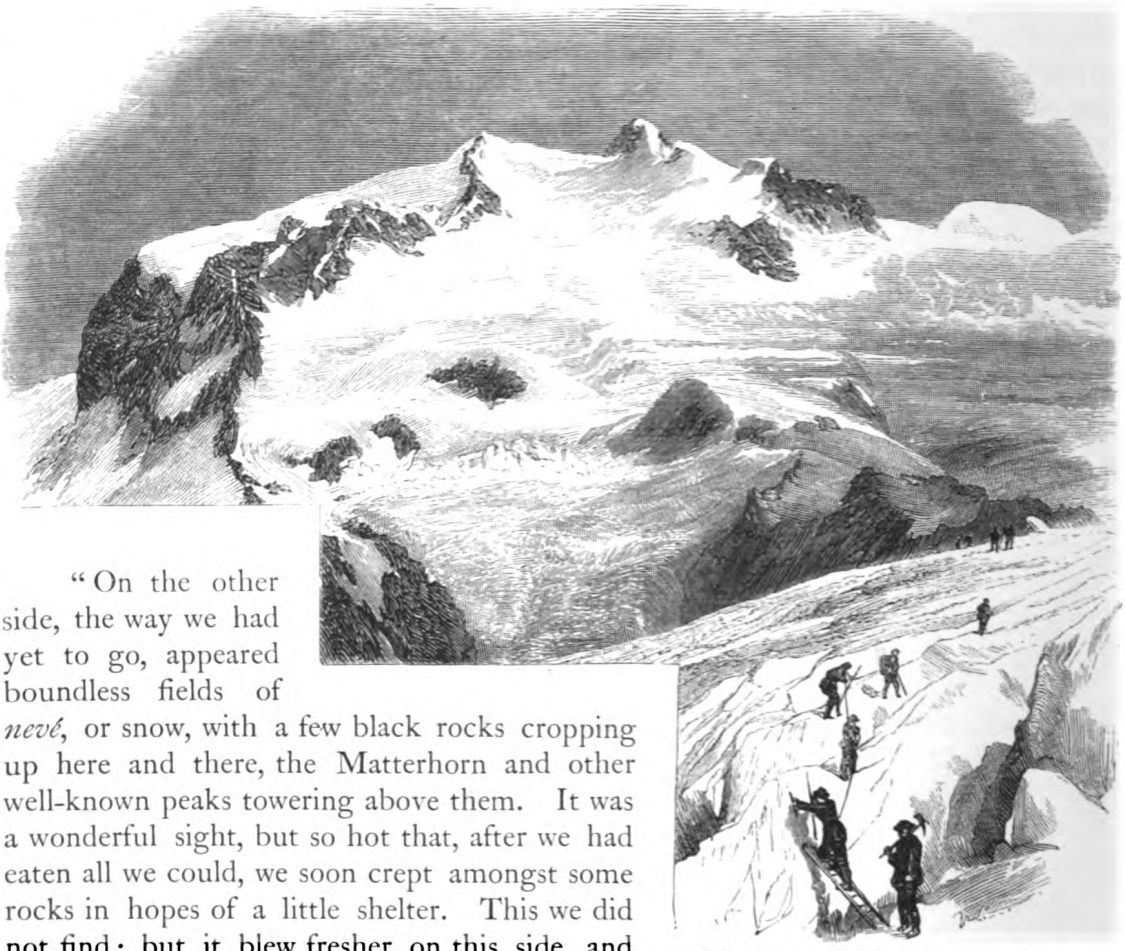
ON THE WEISSTHOR.

"Soon we came to the 'Cheminée,' a narrow space between two rocks, so smooth and perpendicular as to suggest the idea that only a sweep could get up. Lochmatter went up like a cat, and the other guide, placing me in a delightful ledge about twelve inches square, made T—— stand on his shoulders like an acrobat, and shot him up to Lochmatter, who dexterously caught him and dragged

him up. I was shot up in the same way, and the guide came scrambling after anyhow. We looked at each other in astonishment at what we had done. '*Encore une demi-heure*,' said Lochmatter, '*et nous arriverons au sommet*.' Then it was '*vingt*,' and then '*dix minutes;*' and finally, not before we wanted it, '*le sommet*' was announced.

TRYING A GLISSADE.

"It was a clear space about ten feet by five feet, at the end of a ridge of rock, and apparently the only point at which the ridge could be turned at all. Here, carefully arranging our legs so as not to kick each other over, we prepared to dine. It was twelve exactly, the sun was burning us, and there was not a vestige of shade. Looking the way we had come, beyond the distant peaks, we saw a lake, which our guide declared was Lago Maggiore.



MONTE ROSA FROM THE GORNER-GRAT.

"On the other side, the way we had yet to go, appeared boundless fields of *nevé*, or snow, with a few black rocks cropping up here and there, the Matterhorn and other well-known peaks towering above them. It was a wonderful sight, but so hot that, after we had eaten all we could, we soon crept amongst some rocks in hopes of a little shelter. This we did not find; but it blew fresher on this side, and we were obliged to be content with that. After awhile we prepared to descend this interminable plateau of snow; the heat of the sun had of course made it very soft, and we sank up to our knees at every step. We tried a glissade, but it was impossible;* so we were forced to push on as best we could. We passed close under the tremendous Cima di Jazi, whose overhanging cornice seemed as if it would fall and crush us, skirting several yawning crevasses, and we were four weary hours before we got off the snow on to the solid ice of the Gorner glacier. This was harder to the feet, but sloppy and uncomfortable. Presently we reached the first rock of the lateral moraine, and under its shelter we all lay down and slept for about three quarters of an hour. We passed quite round the base of Monte Rosa, and, sometimes on rocks, sometimes on the glacier, we at length struck into the path leading to the Riffel Hotel. Hence a short and easy walk brought us to Zermatt, one of the noblest centres of grand scenery in the world."

* The glissade is effected by thrusting the heels firmly in the snow, throwing the head well back, and steadying the body with the alpenstock, which serves as a support, a drag, and a balancing pole. A slope of snow may thus be glided down rapidly and pleasantly, with the danger, however, to the inexperienced, of toppling forward and thus coming to grief.

There is no place in Switzerland which has risen so rapidly in public favour as Zermatt, or "Young Chamouni," as it is sometimes called. Its situation is surpassingly fine, lying, as it does, in a great natural basin, into which six glaciers fall. There is a great and charming variety of scenery—savage and grand, as well as peaceful and tender. The torrents as they emerge from the glacier-caves are turbid and impetuous, roaring amongst the boulders of the moraines or plunging in cataracts down the rocks. But gradually they subside into a comparative calm, and may be found flowing peacefully through the rich green meadows from which Zermatt takes its name.* Leaving the valley, and climbing the Gorner-grat, or the Hörnli, we stand face to face with some of the grandest mountains in Europe:—Monte Rosa, the Lyskamm, the Breithorn, the tremendous Matterhorn with its ten thousand feet of precipice, and a host of others—monuments of the Creator's power, to us objects of awe and wonder. The glaciers which debouche upon the valley—the Gorner, the Theodule, the Furgge, the Zmutt, and the Trift—all possess points of interest. The first of these, one of the longest in Switzerland, is steadily advancing, ploughing up the ground before it, and demolishing villages in its destructive course.

GLACIER TABLE.

These vast rivers of ice are so easily accessible from Zermatt that they afford favourable opportunities for the study of glacial phenomena. Huge masses of moraine are heaped up by the glacier along its flanks or at its termination. Fearful crevasses cleave its depths, down which one may look as into a fathomless abyss of green, or blue, or white, crystal, and into which whoso falls finds a sepulchre of ice. Strange and seemingly contradictory effects are produced by rocks and stones on the surface of the ice-plain. Sometimes they sink into its mass, melting the ice upon which they rest through their absorption of solar heat: sometimes they rise high above the general mass upon pinnacles kept from melting by the shadow they cast. But more impressive than all is the steady continuous advance of the whole

* Zermatt is connected in etymology with the German *Matt*, a meadow; meaning either "upon the meadow," or, as some suppose, "the destroyed meadow," like Champéry. Similarly, the Matterhorn is "the horn or peak of the meadows."

CREVASSES.

mass of the glacier as it creeps forward daily and hourly into the valley below. These and kindred phenomena may all be observed with the utmost facility at Zermatt.

Professor J. D. Forbes, one of the highest scientific authorities upon these questions, has, in an eloquent passage, given some valuable suggestions on the moral teachings of the glaciers:—"Poets and philosophers have delighted to compare the course of human life to that of a river; perhaps a still apter simile might be found in the history of a glacier. Heaven-descended in its origin, it yet takes its mould and conformation from the hidden womb of the mountains which brought it forth. At first, soft and ductile, it acquires a character and firmness of its own, as an inevitable destiny urges it on its onward career. Jostled and constrained by the crosses and inequalities of its prescribed path, hedged in by impassable barriers which fix limits to its movements, it yields groaning to its fate, and still travels forward seamed with the scars of many a conflict with opposing obstacles. All this while, although wasting, it is renewed by an unseen power: it evaporates but is not consumed. On its surface it bears the spoils which, during the progress of existence, it had made its own—often weighty burdens devoid of beauty or value, at times precious masses, sparkling with gems or with ore. Having at length attained its greatest width and extension, commanding admiration by its beauty and power, waste predominates over supply, the vital springs begin to fail, it stoops into an attitude of decrepitude; it drops the burdens, one by one, which it had borne so proudly aloft:

THE MORAINE.

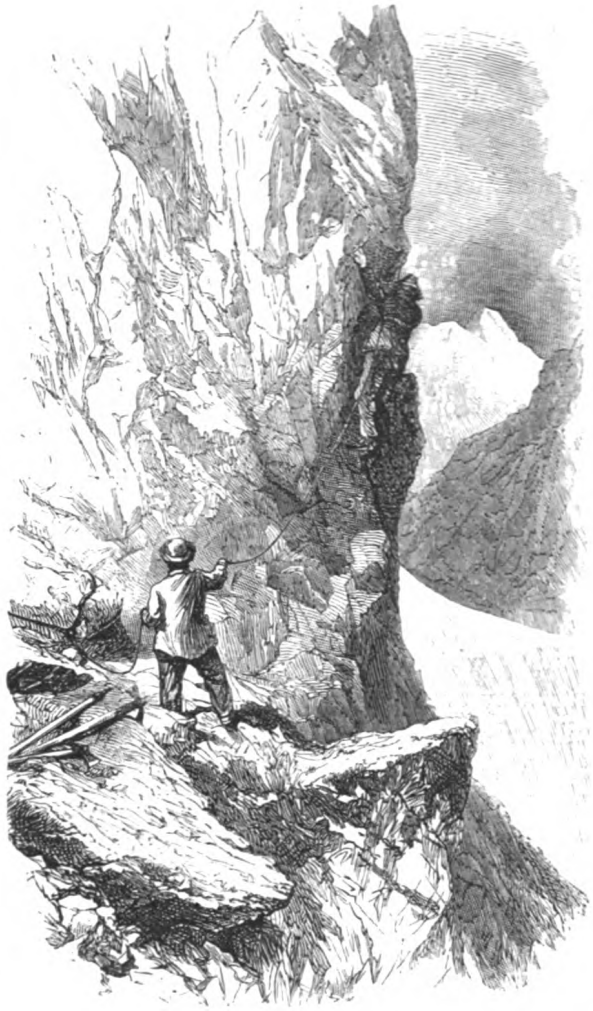
its dissolution is inevitable. But as it is resolved into its elements, it takes all at once a new and livelier, and disembarrassed form; from the wreck of its members it arises another, yet the same—a noble, full-bodied, arrowy stream, which leaps rejoicing over the obstacles which before had stayed its progress, and hastens through fertile valleys, towards a freer existence, and a final union in the ocean with the boundless and the infinite."

But it is the Matterhorn which forms the distinctive and supreme glory of the Zermatt valley. Most mountains which rise above the line of perpetual snow, possess a certain amount of similarity which permits, nay invites, comparison with one another. Mont Blanc, Monte Rosa, the Jungfrau, resemble each other in rising into a dome, more or less irregular, covered with ice and snow. The Matterhorn, as seen from Zermatt, stands alone and incomparable. Its northern face appears a single obelisk of rock rising, naked and precipitous, from the sea of *nevé* and glacier about its base. "Other peaks," says Mr. Ball, "such as some of the Chamouni Aiguilles may appear as bold in outline, but they want the air of solidity peculiar to this unmatched peak. With an audacity that seems to defy the universe, it rears its front five thousand feet above the snow fields at its base, as though its massive framework could support the shock of a world in ruins." The author of the "Regular Swiss Round" grotesquely compares it to what, when a little boy, he fancied the North Pole must be at the end of the round world.

The appearance of imperishable solidity which the Matterhorn presents, is, however, delusive. Really it is crumbling away every day and every hour, though from its immense mass, centuries, even millenniums must pass away before the decay will be perceptible in its diminished bulk. Massive strength is the impression produced on every spectator by the mighty bastions of rock which compose the Matterhorn. Mr. Ruskin says of it, "Unlike the Chamouni Aiguilles, there is no aspect of destruction about the Matterhorn cliffs. They are not torn remnants of separating spires, yielding flake by flake, and band by band, to the continual process of decay. They are, on the contrary, an unaltered monument, seemingly sculptured long ago, the huge walls retaining yet the forms into which they were first engraved, and standing like an Egyptian temple,—delicate-fronted, softly coloured, the suns of uncounted ages rising and falling upon it continually, but still casting the same line of shadows from east to west, still, century after century, touching the same purple stains on the Lotus pillars, whilst the desert-sand ebbs and flows about their feet, as those autumn leaves of rock lie heaped about the base of the Cervin."

For many years the Matterhorn defied all attempts to scale its summit. It remained inaccessible, unconquerable. One after another of the mountaineers of the Alpine Club was repulsed from its overhanging and unconquerable sides. The *Leisure Hour* for Oct. 4, 1860, describes one or two unsuccessful attempts made by Mr. Whymper in that and in former years—once in the year 1861 accompanied only by a single guide, and once alone. The year 1865 will be for ever memorable in the annals of Swiss mountaineering, from the terrible tragedy which followed upon

the first and probably the only successful attempt. The following is Mr. Whymper's narrative, slightly abridged:



ON THE MATTERHORN.

"On Wednesday morning, the 12th July, Lord Francis Douglas and myself crossed the Col Théodule to seek guides at Zermatt. After quitting the snow on the northern side we rounded the foot of the glacier, crossed the Furgge glacier, and left my tent, ropes, and other matters in the little chapel at the Lac Noir. We then descended to Zermatt, engaged Peter Taugwalder, and gave him permission to choose another guide. In the course of the evening, the Rev. Charles Hudson came into our hotel with a friend, Mr. Hadow, and they, in answer to some inquiries, announced their intention of starting to attack the Matterhorn on the following morning. Lord Francis Douglas agreed with me it was undesirable that two independent parties should be on the mountain at the same time with the same object. Mr. Hudson was therefore invited to join us, and he accepted our proposal. Before admitting Mr. Hadow, I took the precaution to inquire what he had done in the Alps, and, as well as I remember, Mr. Hudson's reply was, 'Mr. Hadow has done Mont Blanc in less time than most men.' He then mentioned several other excursions that were unknown to me, and added, in answer to a further question, 'I consider he is a sufficiently good man to go with us.' This was an excellent certificate, given us, as it was, by a first-rate mountaineer, and Mr. Hadow was admitted without any further question. We then went into the matter of guides. Michel Croz was with Messrs. Hadow and Hudson, and the latter thought if Peter Taugwalder went as well that there would not be occasion for any one else. The question was referred to the men themselves, and they made no objection.

"We left Zermatt at 5·35 on Thursday morning, taking the two young Taugwalders as porters, by the desire of their father. They carried provisions amply sufficient for the whole party for three days, in case the ascent should prove

MONTE ROSA FROM THE MONTE MORO.

more difficult than we anticipated. No rope was taken from Zermatt, because there was already more than enough in the chapel at Lac Noir. It has been repeatedly asked, 'Why was not the wire rope taken which Mr. Hudson brought to Zermatt?' I do not know; it was not mentioned by Mr. Hudson, and at that time I had not even seen it. My rope alone was used during the expedition, and there was—first, about 200 feet of Alpine Club rope; second, about 150 feet of a kind I believe to be stronger than the first; third, more than 200 feet of a lighter and weaker rope than the first, of a kind used by myself until the Club rope was produced.

"It was our intention on leaving Zermatt to attack the mountain seriously—not as it has been frequently stated, to explore or examine it—and we were provided with everything that long experience has shown to be necessary for the most difficult mountains. On the first day, however, we did not intend to ascend to any great height, but to stop when we found a good position for placing the tent. We mounted accordingly very leisurely, left the Lac Noir at 8·20, and passed along the ridge connecting the Hornli with the actual peak, at the foot of which we arrived at 11·20, having frequently halted on the way. We then quitted the ridge, went to the left, and ascended by the north-eastern face of the mountain. Before 12 o'clock we had found a good position for the tent, at a height of 11,000 feet; but Croz and the elder of Taugwalder's sons went on to look what was above, in order to save time on the following morning. The remainder constructed the platform on which the tent was to be placed, and by the time this was finished the two men returned, reported joyfully that as far as they had gone they had seen nothing but that which was good, and asserted positively that had we gone on with them on that day we could have ascended the mountain, and have returned to the tent with facility. We passed the remaining hours of daylight—some basking in the sunshine, some sketching or collecting, and, when the sun went down, giving, as it departed, a glorious promise for the morrow, we returned to the tent to arrange for the night. Hudson made tea, myself coffee, and we then retired each one to his blanket bag; the Taugwalders, Lord Francis Douglas, and myself occupying the tent, the others remaining, by preference, outside. But long after dusk the cliffs above echoed with our laughter and with the songs of the guides, for we were happy that night in camp, and did not dream of calamity.

"We were astir long before daybreak on the morning of the 14th, and started directly it was possible to move, leaving the youngest of Taugwalder's sons behind. At 6·20 we had attained a height of 12,800 feet, and halted for half an hour, then continued the ascent without a break until 9·55, when we stopped for fifty minutes, at a height probably of about 14,000 feet. Thus far we had ascended by the north-eastern face of the mountain, and had not met with a single difficulty. For the greater part of the way, there was, indeed, no occasion for the rope, and sometimes Hudson led, sometimes myself. We had now arrived at the foot of that part which from Zermatt seems perpendicular or overhanging, and we could no longer continue on the same side. By common consent, therefore, we ascended for some distance by the *arête*—that is, by the ridge descending towards Zermatt—and then turned over

to the right, or to the north-western face. Before doing so, we made a change in the order of ascent: Croz now went first, I followed, Hudson came third; Hadow and old Taugwalder were last. The change was made because the work became difficult for a time and required caution. In some places there was but little to hold, and it was therefore desirable those should be in front who were least likely to slip. The general slope of the mountain at this part was less than 40°, and snow had consequently accumulated and filled up the irregularities of the rock face, leaving only occasional fragments projecting here and there. These were at times coated with a thin glaze of ice, from the snow above having melted and frozen again during the night. Still it was a place over which any fair mountaineer might pass in safety. We found, however, that Mr. Hadow was not accustomed to this kind of work, and required continual assistance; but no one suggested that he should stop, and he was taken to the top. It is only fair to say the difficulty experienced by Mr. Hadow at this part arose, not from fatigue or lack of courage, but simply and entirely from want of experience. Mr. Hudson, who followed me, passed over this part, and, as far as I know, ascended the entire mountain without having the slightest assistance rendered to him on any occasion. Sometimes, after I had taken a hand from Croz or received a pull, I turned to give the same to Hudson, but he invariably declined, saying it was not necessary. This solitary difficult part was of no great extent, certainly not more than three hundred feet high, and after it was passed the angles became less and less as we approached the summit; at last the slope was so moderate that Croz and myself detached ourselves from the others, and ran on to the top. We arrived there at 1·40 p.m., the others about ten minutes after us.

"I have been requested to describe particularly the state of the party on the summit. No one showed any sign of fatigue, neither did I hear anything to lead me to suppose that any one was at all tired. I remember Croz laughing at me when I asked him the question. We had, indeed, been moving less than ten hours, and during that time had halted for nearly two. The only remark which I heard suggestive of danger was made by Croz, but it was quite casual, and probably meant nothing. He said, after I had remarked that we had come up very slowly, 'Yes; I would rather go down with you and another guide alone than with those who are going.' As to ourselves, we were arranging what we should do that night on our return to Zermatt.

"We remained on the summit for one hour, and during the time Hudson and I consulted, as we had done all the day, as to the best and safest arrangement of the party. We agreed that it would be best for Croz to go first, as he was the most powerful, and Hadow second; Hudson, who was equal to a guide in sureness of foot, wished to be third; Lord F. Douglas was placed next, and old Taugwalder, the strongest of the remainder, behind him. I suggested to Hudson that we should attach a rope to the rocks on our arrival at the difficult bit, and hold it as we descended, as an additional protection. He approved the idea, but it was not definitely settled that it should be done. The party was being arranged in the above order while I was making a sketch of the summit, and they were waiting for

me to be tied in my place, when some one remembered that we had not left our names in a bottle; they requested me to write them, and moved off while it was being done. A few minutes afterwards I tied myself to young Taugwalder and followed, catching them just as they were commencing the descent of the difficult part described above. The greatest care was being taken. Only one man was moving at a time; when he was firmly planted the next advanced, and so on. The average distance between each was probably twenty feet. They had not, however, attached the additional rope to rocks, and nothing was said about it. The suggestion was made entirely on account of Mr. Hadow, and I am not sure it even occurred to me again.

"I was, as I have explained, detached from the others, and following them; but after about a quarter of an hour Lord F. Douglas asked me to tie on to old Taugwalder, as he feared, he said, that if there was a slip, Taugwalder would not be able to hold him. This was done hardly ten minutes before the accident, and undoubtedly saved Taugwalder's life.

"As far as I know, at the moment of the accident, no one was actually moving. I cannot speak with certainty, neither can the Taugwalders, because the two leading men were partially hidden from our sight by an intervening mass of rock. Poor Croz had laid aside his axe, and, in order to give Mr. Hadow greater security, was absolutely taking hold of his legs, and putting his feet, one by one, into their proper positions. From the movements of their shoulders, it is my belief that Croz, having done as I have said, was in the act of turning round to go down a step or two himself; at this moment Mr. Hadow slipped, fell on him, and knocked him over. I heard one startled exclamation from Croz, then saw him and Mr. Hadow flying downwards; in another moment Hudson was dragged from his steps and Lord F. Douglas immediately after him. All this was the work of a moment; but immediately we heard Croz's exclamation, Taugwalder and myself planted ourselves as firmly as the rocks would permit; the rope was tight between us, and the shock came on us both as on one man. We held; but the rope broke midway between Taugwalder and Lord F. Douglas. For two or three seconds we saw our unfortunate companions sliding downwards on their backs, and spreading out their hands endeavouring to save themselves; they then disappeared one by one, and fell from precipice to precipice on to the Matterhorn glacier below, a distance of nearly four thousand feet in height. From the moment the rope broke it was impossible to help them.

"For the space of half an hour we remained on the spot without moving a single step. The two men, paralysed with terror, cried like infants, and trembled in such a manner as to threaten us with the fate of the others. Immediately we had ascended to a safe place, I asked for the rope that had broken, and to my surprise—indeed, to my horror—found that it was the weakest of the three ropes. As the first five men had been tied while I was sketching, I had not noticed the rope they employed; and now I could only conclude that they had seen fit to use this in preference to the others. It has been stated that the rope broke in consequence of its

[illegible] I thought every minute that the next [illegible] would be [illegible] expected [illegible] the brightest man imaginable, [illegible] the last part of the descent he [illegible] [illegible] there is no doubt a [illegible] the guides, for in fact the tracks of my [illegible] [illegible] surprised by the night when [illegible] We arrived at Zermatt at [illegible]

[illegible] I went to the President of the Commune, and [illegible] as many men as possible to attend heights whence the [illegible] were. I knew the four must have fallen. A number [illegible] reporting they had seen them, but that they [illegible] that day. They proposed starting on Sunday evening, so as [illegible] daybreak on Monday; but unwilling to lose the slightest [illegible] and myself resolved to start on Sunday morning. By 8 o'clock we got on to the plateau, and within sight of the corner in which we [illegible] We saw one weather-beaten man after another [illegible] with deathly pale, and pass it on without a word to the next, we [illegible] hope was gone. We approached: they had fallen below as they had [illegible] Croz a little in advance, Hadow near him, and Hudson some distance [illegible] of Lord F. Douglas we could see nothing."

The affecting narrative may be supplemented by a few extracts from that of the Rev. J. McCormick, Mr. Hudson's companion and intimate friend. Describing an earlier period of their tour he says:

"Later in the day Hudson came into my room, to join me in prayer before ascending Mont Blanc. How earnestly, simply, and cheerfully he told his own and his friend's wants to God! In all humility, yet with holy boldness, he spake to the Lord of heaven and earth, 'as a man talketh to his friend'—as a child to his father. I could not, and would not if I could, make known all that he said. Yet I think I ought to state that he used words to this effect with reference to our contemplated excursion:—'Heavenly Father, we remember Thee in the midst of our work and trials: let us not forget Thee in our pleasures. Thou hast made these glorious mountains and this splendid scenery for our happiness; while enjoying them, give to us bright thoughts of Thyself. Our strength of body is from Thee; be with us as we make use of it. Prosper us in our new excursion. If it would do us harm to go up this mountain—if we would be puffed up with pride; if our souls or bodies would get any injury—frustrate our expedition. We desire to be as little children in Thy hands, going or staying, as it pleaseth Thee.'"

THE MATTERHORN.

After giving many more touching illustrations of Mr. Hudson's simple, earnest, prayerful piety, Mr. McCormick proceeds to narrate the incidents of the mournful morning when he accompanied the party to seek the remains of his friend.

"We advanced slowly, and looked up at that awful precipice down which they had fallen, and then shuddered to think how fearful a sight we were approaching. There was a pause before we reached them. The gentlemen first slowly drew near, and silently gazed at the sad spectacle they presented. The guides gathered round us. Croz and Hadow lay near together. Hudson was some distance behind. I recognised him. Almost the first thing found upon him was his prayer-book—the very book out of which he had read to me a few days previously. I doubt not that he had turned to its pages the morning of the accident to procure nourishment for his soul. Whether the expedition which ended in his death was, in the eyes of worldly or religious people, wise or foolish, I am fully persuaded it was not undertaken without earnest prayer to God; and I am confident that he who loved to contemplate the beauties of the world, as God's good gifts, for the benefit and happiness of His children, must have been filled with joy and gratitude as he stood where no human being had ever stood before, and gazed from a new point of view on the great Creator's works. He had toiled up another Pisgah. A land of beauty lay before him. He looked upon this earthly Canaan as a type, beautiful but imperfect, of a heavenly country. Unconscious that his work in the desert of this world was done—that his pilgrimage here was fast drawing to a close—he began to descend. A few moments passed by, and angels came and carried him up in their hands—up to the Canaan of his hopes, the Paradise of God.

"Before us lay, not the man, but the shattered tabernacle—the house of clay in which he had resided. *This* was not my Hudson. My friend was a regenerate soul. What I loved, studied, endeavoured to imitate, and was influenced by, was his spiritual nature. I had seen a frame as robust, a figure as perfect, a countenance as handsome, but never had I come in contact with a mind more heavenly—a spirit more Christ-like. That bruised body told me that he, like others, was a sinner; but I thought of him in his glorified state, above temptation, iniquity, and death—a saint in the blessed Saviour's presence. Such a scene as this makes the doctrine of the Resurrection very precious; and the imagination tries to transform that broken, defaced, ruined frame which I saw lying beneath the Matterhorn, into a body like that of the Son of man, bearing His glorious name on the forehead, reflecting those rays which are above the brightness of the firmament, and as the stars; incorruptible and immortal; holy, perfect, beautiful.

"It was suggested that we should have a short funeral service. Poor Hudson's prayer-book was produced for this purpose. I read out of it Psalm xc., so singularly appropriate to time and place, and repeated some prayers and a portion of the burial service. Imagine us standing, with our bronze-faced guides, leaning on our axes or alpenstocks around that newly-made and singular grave, in the centre of a snow-field, perhaps never before trodden by man, with that awful mountain frowning above us, under a cloudless sky—in the very sight, as it were, of the Almighty—and try and

catch the sound of David's words: 'Lord, thou hast been our refuge: from one generation to another. Before the mountains were brought forth, or ever the earth and the world were made: thou art God from everlasting, and world without end. Thou turnest man to destruction: again thou sayest, Come again, ye children of men.'"

By order of the Swiss Government the bodies were removed from their icy sepulchre at the foot of the Matterhorn, for interment in the village of Zermatt. The burial service was conducted by Mr. McCormick. "An hour after the same persons stood around the grave of Wilson, Hudson, and Hadow. In the few remarks I made at the end of our burial service, I spoke of the virtues of our departed brethren, especially dwelling upon those of my friend. It was some satisfaction to say in conclusion:—'Young men, you are at times told that religious people are wretched and melancholy. One, whose body rests here, contradicted that assertion. Hudson was the happiest man I ever met. And what made him happy? It was the conviction that he was reconciled to God. He had washed his soul in the precious blood of Jesus, and had then led a pleasant life of faith in Him. Follow him, if you would be happy. Take Jesus as your Saviour, and serve Him all the days of your life. And may we all know what that peace was which Hudson enjoyed from the day when he became a true Christian!'"

THE BERNESE OBERLAND.

THE BERNESE OBERLAND.

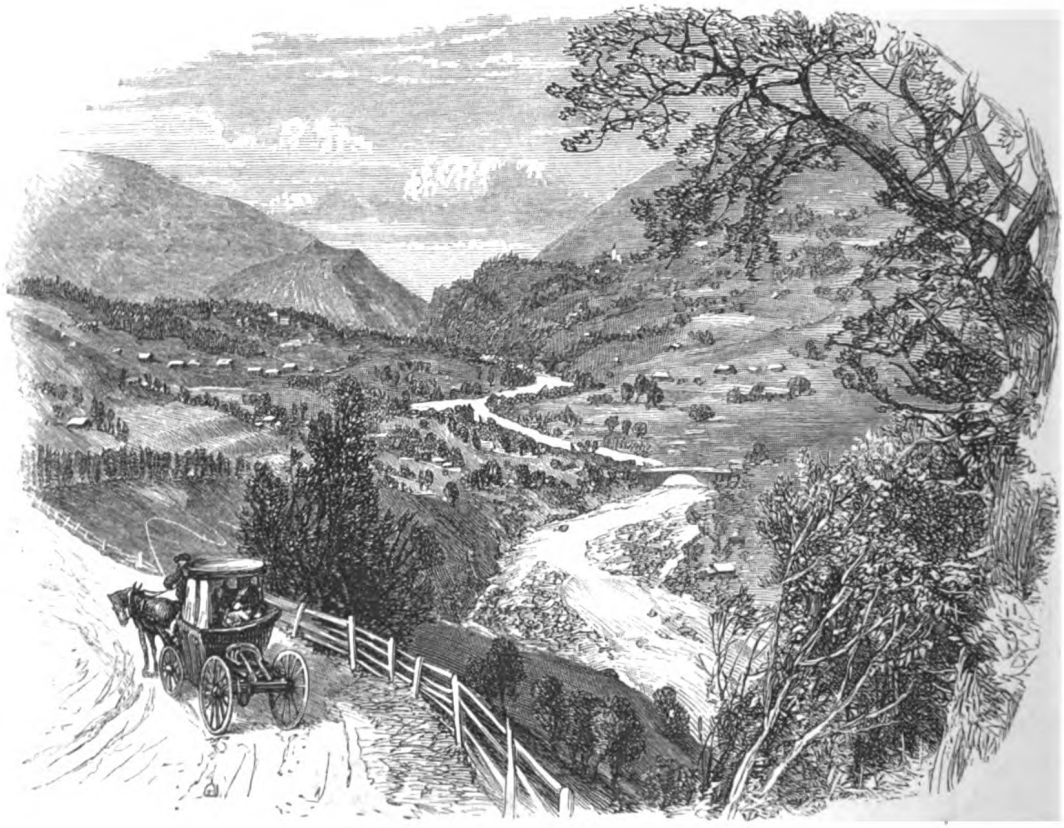
FROM ZERMATT TO THE OBERLAND—THE RHONE VALLEY—THE ÆGGISCHORN—THE ALETSCH GLACIER AND MARJELEN SEE—THE RHONE GLACIER AND THE GRIMSEL—HANDECK—MEYRINGEN—REICHENBACH—ROSENLAUI—THE WETTERHORN—THE WENGERN ALP—LAUTERBRUNNEN AND THE STAUBBACH—INTERLACHEN—THUN—BERNE—THE GEMMI AND LEUKERBAD.

THE valley of Zermatt is a *cul-de-sac*, closed at its upper end by the Matterhorn, the Breithorn, and their attendant giants, with one pass, the Col St. Théodule, which leads over snow and ice into the Val d'Aoste. Though this Col presents no considerable difficulty to the stout pedestrian, it yet suffices to bar the head of the valley to the great majority of tourists, and leaves them no mode of exit except that by which they entered—the Nicolaithal to Stalden and Visp. Thus must be our route to the Bernese Oberland.

At Visp the Rhone Valley is reached, with its dirt and misery, its reeking, pestilential swamps and wretched, poverty-stricken villages, foul and fetid beyond expression. What Mr. Ruskin says of Sion will apply to all the towns of the Canton Valais. "It stands, in the midst of a marshy valley, pregnant with various disease; the water either stagnant, or disgorged in wild torrents charged with earth; the air in the morning, stagnant

VISP, AND VALLEY OF ZERMATT.

also, hot, close, and infected; in the afternoon, rushing up from the outlet at Martigny in fitful and fierce whirlwind; one side of the valley in almost continual shade, the other scorched by the southern sun; while less traceable plagues than any of these bring on the inhabitants, at a certain time of life, violent affections of goitre, and often, in infancy, cretinism. Agriculture is attended with the greatest difficulties and despondencies: the land which the labour of a life has just rendered fruitful is often buried in an hour. Those who have not traversed the lower and central portions of the Rhone Valley can scarcely conceive the misery and squalor which appear on every hand. As we rise higher, however, the fogs and fens, the goitres and cretins, the filth and wretchedness disappear, and as we approach Viesch the people are brisker, the atmosphere clearer, the ground better cultivated."



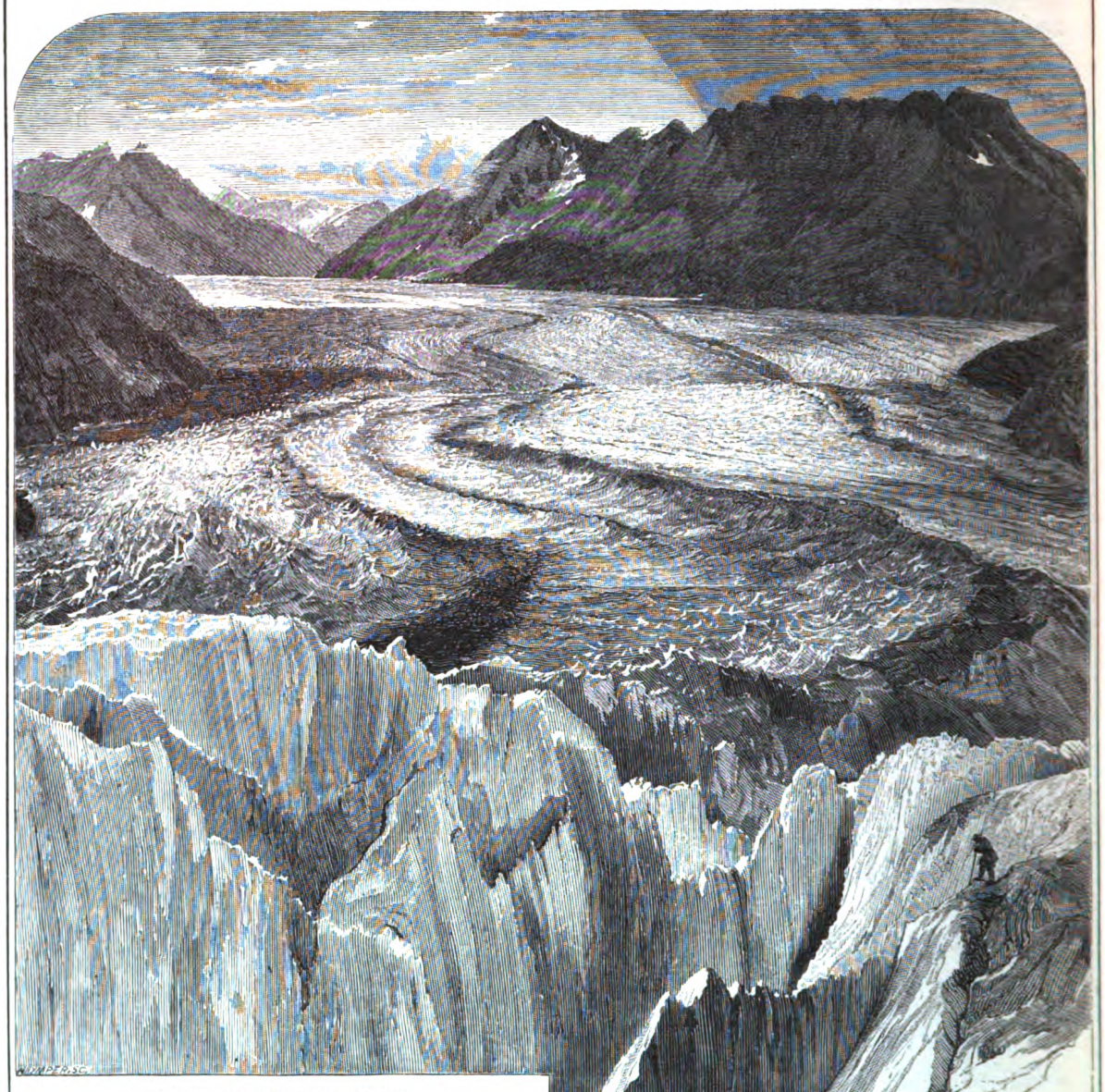
VIESCH, AND THE UPPER RHONE VALLEY.

From Viesch an excellent mountain road leads to the hotel on the Æggischorn, where, at a height of seven thousand one hundred and fifty feet above the level of the sea, the traveller may enjoy a degree of comfort, and even luxury, perfectly wonderful in such a situation. The summit of the Æggischorn is between two and three thousand feet above the hotel, and may be easily reached in a couple of hours. There is a good path, practicable for ladies, all the way. The end of the

climb, indeed, is rather a scramble, as the summit consists of masses of loose stones, and fragments of rock heaped confusedly on each other, like the summit of Cader Idris. The view is magnificent. Even if the ascent were ten times as difficult as it is the climber would be well rewarded for his toil. It is well described in the *Leisure Hour*:—"As we rose, the view of the mountains which divide Switzerland from Italy spread itself out. When we looked round, on our right appeared the Weisshorn, one of the most purely snow-peaked of the giants, since its top is a little point of snow, no bigger, so they say, than the end of a sugar-loaf, set in a grocer's window. Then came the Mischabelhorner, or Saas Grat, with its pointed Dom and flat Alphubel; the Matterhorn, standing alone in stony triumph above the panting Alpine Club; the Fletschorn, Monte Leone, with its long, straight back of snow, along which the boundary-line between the two countries lies, peak after peak, up to the Ober Aarhorn, with its pure white slopes. Over its ridge on the other side, lies the great reservoir of ice, which is bordered by the famous mountains of the Bernese Oberland. All Swiss tourists—the idlers and the gamblers who travel for luxurious pleasure or evil gain—know the look of the Jungfrau, the Monch, the Eigher, and the Wetterhorn. Behind these, as seen from the valleys of indolence about Interlachen, lies a mighty reservoir of ice, which squeezes itself down most conspicuously in the two glaciers of Grindelwald. These are among the leaks and over-flowings from the main, central, frozen sea. Now the Æggischorn gives you a view upon this, behind the scenes, and it is for this that it has become famous.

SUMMIT OF THE ÆGGISCHORN.

"Nothing, however, of this gaze into the snow kingdom betrayed itself as we ascended, beyond the tips of one or two higher mountains in and about it, which showed over the range on which we stood. But when the head and shoulders of the climber surmount the highest fragments of rock, the whole marvel of the view reveals itself at once. About two thousand feet beneath you winds a frozen river from one to four miles wide, and nearly twenty long. Around it stands a circling guard of mountains; into it descend tributary glaciers, which mingle their frozen waves with the great tide of ice. It was a perfect day when we first looked down upon this scene. Every crag and slope of snow stood still in the autumn sunshine. A

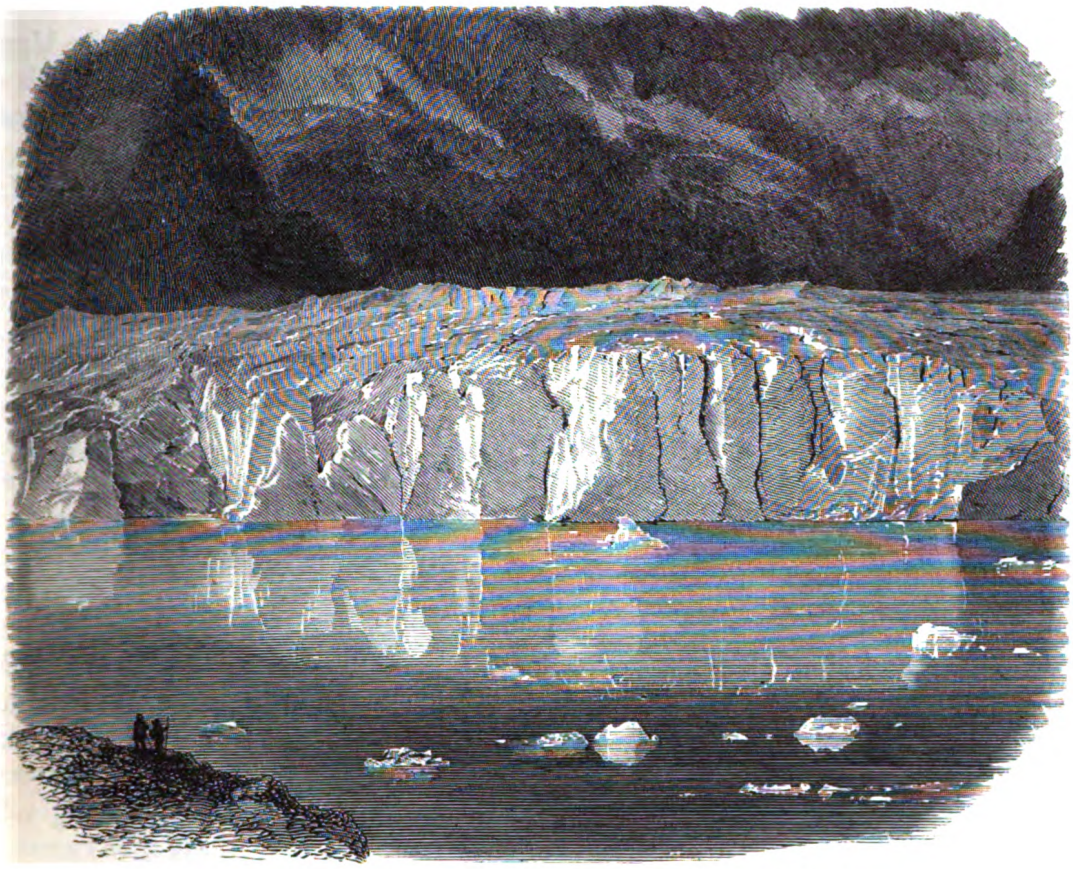


THE GREAT ALETSCH GLACIER.

panorama of ice and peaks lay around us taking in objects which would make its diameter three hundred miles in length. There was not a sound in earth or sky, but the faint fairy tolling of a church bell in a village so far beneath us in the valley we had left, that it looked like a tiny toy model upon the ground. It was one of those perfect moments of view which would redeem the fogs of a whole tour."

In the ice-world of Switzerland there are few things more wonderful than the great Aletsch glacier. It rises, if we may apply such phraseology to a frozen river, in a vast basin of ice and snow, many miles in circumference, surrounded by huge

peaks which reach the height of from twelve to fourteen thousand feet. From this vast reservoir it flows forth for a course of fifteen or sixteen miles in length, and from one to two miles in width. Looked down upon from the Æggischorn or the Bell Alp it is almost awful in its vastness and desolation. It may be doubted whether any glacier in Switzerland produces so profound an impression on the mind of the spectator. It is easily accessible along a great part of its extent, and some of the grandest peaks in the Oberland overhang it.



THE MARJELEN LAKE, AND ICE-CLIFFS OF THE ALETSCH GLACIER.

Another object of rare interest and beauty in this district is the Marjelen See—a lake about three miles long and half-a-mile broad, lying in a hollow on the flank of the Aletsch glacier. The head of the lake washes the glacier, which rises above it in steep ice-cliffs from twenty-five to fifty, or even sixty feet in height. The melting of these cliffs at the base, through the action of the water, causes huge boulders of ice to fall off into the lake below, in which they float like miniature icebergs. Looking down on the Marjelen See, from the summit of the Æggischorn, its deep blue waters present an exquisite contrast to the glacier against which it rests. The contrast of colour is rendered yet more striking from the masses of ice floating

in the lake. The whole forms a most interesting feature in the landscape as seen from the summit of the Æggischorn. Few tourists will be satisfied without a closer inspection of the lake, which, indeed, it well deserves. It is easy of access, and forms a favourite excursion for those staying at the hotel. Wellig, the landlord, is about to put a boat upon the lake for the amusement of his visitors. Those who are not afraid of a ducking, and have confidence in their swimming powers, may even now paddle themselves about the lake, afloat on an iceberg. This, however, is a dangerous amusement, as the strongest swimmer may easily become paralysed by the icy coldness of the water should he chance to be immersed in it.

The ordinary route from the Æggischorn to the Grimsel leads along the Upper Rhine Valley by Obergestelen. The scenery is not very interesting for Switzerland. It is pretty and pastoral in some places, wild and barren in others; but for the most part is unimpressive. Some grand views of the snowy dome of the Weisshorn are gained, however, which rescue the scenery from the imputation of being common-place.

Approaching the Grimsel, the grand Rhone glacier comes into view. The ice-cave from which the infant Rhone leaps into life is of a stupendous size. The river bursts forth with a mighty roar, as though exulting at escape from its icy prison. "Down it rushes," says Cheever, "with the joy of liberty, swift and furious through the valley, leaping, dashing, thundering, foaming. Remembering the career it runs, how it sometimes floods the valleys like a sea, by how many rivers it is joined, how it pours dark and turbid into the Lake of Geneva, and out again, regenerated, clear as crystal, from Switzerland into France, and so into the Mediterranean, it is interesting to stand here far above its mighty cradle and look down upon its source. The glacier is a stupendous mass of ice-terraces clean across the valley, propped against an overhanging mountain, with snowy peaks towering to right and left. There is a most striking contrast between the bare desolation of the rocks on the Grimsel side and the grassy slopes of the mountains in companionship with this glacier. Your path lies along its margin, amidst a thick fringe of bushes and flowers, from which you can step down upon the roofs and walls of the ice-caverns and look into the azure crevasses and hear the fall, the gurgle, the hurrying sub-glacial rush of unconscious streams, just born, as cold as death. Their first existence is in a symphony of dripping music, a prelude to the babble of the running rill, and then, as they grow older, they thunder with the roar of the cataract. Far above you, herds of cattle are seen browsing on the steep mountain-side—so steep that it seems as if they must hold on to the herbage to keep from falling. The voices of the herdsmen echo down the valley; you half expect to see the whole group slide like an avalanche down into the glacier below."

The bushes and flowers to which Dr. Cheever refers are the red mountain rhododendrons, the Alpine roses as they are sometimes called. They grow in great profusion in the higher Alps.* Nothing can be more beautiful than the

* The word Alp means, strictly, not the mountain, but the mountain pasture.

flowers which flourish in the very drip of the glaciers. They are of the most brilliant colours, but commonly scentless. Switzerland is indeed the land of flowers. The pastures in the lowlands are bright with all the colours of the rainbow, and each zone, as we ascend, has its own distinctive flora, till we reach the height at which the rhododendron covers whole leagues of the mountain side with its rich red blossoms. Higher still, the lichens and mosses, with their infinite varieties of tint, make the bleak bare rocks to glow with colour. Nowhere are the Alpine flowers more numerous, or their colours brighter, than on the slopes round the Rhone glacier; indeed, the neighbouring Alp takes its name, Mayenwand, from this circumstance.

END OF GLACIER.

The glacier itself is a fine example of what is called the fan-shaped glacier. Perhaps the comparison of a clenched fist would give a better idea of its form. The ice-stream pours down from a vast basin at the foot of the Galenstock, through a narrow gorge of rock. The part of the glacier shut in between these confined limits may be compared to the wrist. Escaping from the pressure of the enclosing walls of rock, the stream of ice expands, and the crevasses which seam and cleave the mass in its descent may represent the lines between the bones of the hand or of the fingers.

Ascending from the Rhone glacier toward the hospice, the traveller comes to one of those black gloomy tarns, common enough in mountainous regions, but which never look so black and gloomy as when surrounded by the snow and ice of these Alpine passes. It is called the Todten See, or Lake of the Dead. The name is singularly appropriate, and in perfect keeping with the effect it produces upon the mind. The walls of rock around it are gloomy and bare; stern, sky-pointing peaks stand on every side in solemn majesty; the shores of the lake are destitute of vegetation, and the waters of the lake are black as night. No fish live in it, and it is said to be never frozen even in the severest winters.

In the campaign between the French and Austrians (A.D. 1799), to which reference has already been made in the description of the Devil's Bridge, these Alpine solitudes, nine thousand feet above the level of the sea, were invaded by the storm of war. The Austrians had encamped and entrenched themselves here. Favoured by the advantages of their position they had successfully resisted all attempts to dislodge them. A peasant of Guttanen, seduced by the promise of a large reward, led a French column, by a secret pass across the mountains, upon the Austrian rear. Thus suddenly attacked from a quarter in which they believed themselves to be perfectly secure, they were seized with panic and retreated in confusion, mowed down by a fusillade of French musketry. The bodies of the slain were thrown into the lake. The peasant lost his reward and died in poverty.

A more recent tragedy has invested the lake with new horrors. In the year 1852 the hospice was burned down. It was discovered that the landlord, Zyback, had purposely set it on fire, having previously insured the property heavily. He was sentenced to twenty years' imprisonment for this crime. He was subsequently charged with having murdered several travellers, stripped and plundered them, and thrown their bodies into the lake. This was confidently affirmed and commonly believed at the time. It is certain that during the few previous years travellers had disappeared in a very mysterious way. The charge, however, has since been denied.

The summit of the pass is a barren plateau, strewn with boulders. Here and there are beds of snow which lie unmelted the whole year through. The track is indicated by a line of poles, which zigzag up the ascent and over the summit, adding to the general dreariness of the scene. Screened somewhat from the tempests, which howl and rave furiously over the pass, is the hospice. Once, like that on the St. Bernard, it was a monastery; now, it is simply an inn, and, like most Swiss inns in similar positions, it consists of a huge stone box, or ark, divided by slight wooden partitions into an innumerable multitude of cupboards, in each of which one or two beds are placed. The *salle-à-manger* is roughly fitted up, without much regard to comfort, and there are few nights in the year in which a fire is not acceptable. From November to March the hospice is occupied by only a single servant, supplied with provisions for the winter, and with several dogs. Many stories of wild adventure and desperate danger are told of these lonely men during the months they are snowed up here. The following is recorded by Cheever:—"In March, 1838, the solitary exile was alarmed by a mysterious sound in the

evening, like the wailing of a human being in distress. He took his dog and went forth seeking the traveller, imagining that some one had lost his way in the snow. It was one of those warning voices, supposed by the Alpine dwellers to be uttered by the mountains in presage of impending storms or dread convulsions. It was heard again in the morning, and soon afterwards down thundered the avalanche, overwhelming the hospice, and crushing every room save the one occupied by the servant. With his dog he worked his way through the snow, thankful not to have been buried alive, and came in safety down to Meyringen.

"Miss Lamont tells us that the lonely tenant of the hospice occupied himself all winter with his art of wood-carving, having no companions but his dogs, and was able, during the perilous seasons, to save the lives of nearly a hundred persons every year. He said he heard the supernatural voice several times before the fall of the avalanche. It was a great storm, and for four days snowed incessantly. When he first took out his dog, it showed symptoms of fear; at last it would not go out at all; so when he had the third time heard the low voice, which said, 'Go into the inner room,' he went in and knelt down to pray. While he was praying the avalanche fell, and in a moment every place, except the one little room where he was, was filled with snow. He firmly attributed this exception to his prayers—and why might it not be so? Answer not, ye who suppose a world can only be governed by such laws as ye can comprehend. No! answer not, except you have faith in God—except you know yourself what it is to pray, what it is to live a life of prayer. Then answer, and say that the Power which loosened the avalanche, and directed its path, was the same, and none other, which as a protecting hand encircled the place of prayer. The Divine grace that led the heart thither only preceded the Divine power that summoned the storm. And what an infidel heart must that be which, having experienced such a protection, would not attribute it to prayer."

However poor and inadequate the accommodation at the hospice may be, travellers arriving late in the afternoon have no alternative but to remain. There is no other shelter near, and the passes are too perilous to be traversed after nightfall. Some years ago I crossed the Grimsel in a furious thunder-storm. The rain poured down in torrents. It grew dark long before sunset, and for some time we were in imminent peril. At length we reached the desired shelter to find every bed occupied. The only sleeping accommodation available was that afforded by the tables of the *salle-à-manger*. Five of these had been already engaged; three only remained, which we immediately applied for and secured. But guests continued to pour in. Amongst the new arrivals were several ladies, drenched to the skin, or, as one of them, with characteristic French exaggeration, declared, "to the very marrow of her bones." *Place aux dames!* We could not refuse to relinquish our tables under such circumstances as these. Twenty-five of us slept that night in the hay-loft.

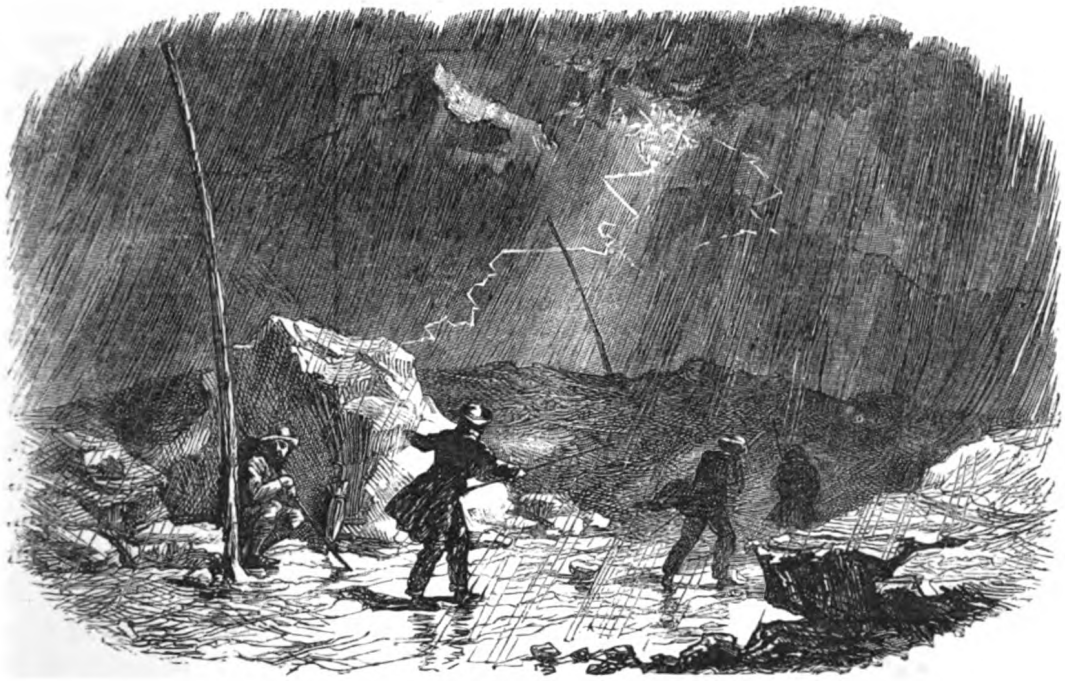
On the way from the Grimsel to Meyringen, by the Ober Hasli-thal, traces of bygone glacial action are distinctly visible, proving that at some former period the glaciers of Switzerland must have been far more extensive and numerous than at present. At one place the path leads past and over granite rocks polished smooth

ROCKS POLISHED BY OLD GLACIERS.

by the grinding motion of the ice, and cut into long deep grooves by the masses of stone which have been carried down by it. Nothing gives a more impressive sense of the immense force of glacial motion than to observe how the hardest granite has been cut, as by a chisel. Similar striations are found in many parts of Europe. Notable examples have been pointed out on the rocks round Snowdon. But nowhere are they more obvious than between the Grimsel and Meyringen.

At Handeck, about five miles from the hospice, the falls of the Aar are passed. The river after struggling through a narrow channel cut out of the solid rock, suddenly plunges over a rocky ledge into a dark chasm two hundred feet deep. Another torrent, the Arlenbach comes down from the opposite side of the ravine and makes its spring so that their waters meet in mid career. The din and fury of the falling torrents, the savage sublimity of the surrounding scenery, the gusts of wind that sweep up the narrow gorge, driving before them clouds of spray, and the rainbow spanning the falls, combine to make the scene one of rare grandeur. Wordsworth's sonnet, composed here, is well known:—

"From the fierce aspect of this river, throwing
His giant body o'er the steep rock's brink,
Back in astonishment and fear we shrink;
But gradually a calmer look bestowing,
Flowers we espy beside the torrent growing;
Flowers that peep forth from many a cleft and chink,
And, from the whirlwind of his anger, drink
Hues ever fresh, in rocky fortress blowing;
They suck, from breath that threatening to destroy,
Is more benignant than the dewy eve—
Beauty, and life, and motions as of joy:
Nor doubt but HE to whom yon pine trees nod
Their heads in sign of worship, nature's God,
These humbler adorations will receive."



STORM ON THE GRIMSEL.

From the Grimsel to Handeck the scenery, though very grand, is somewhat monotonous in its utter sterility. All is bleak and desolate. Vegetation seems annihilated, except in the forms of rhododendrons, mosses, and lichens. Crags scarred with tempests, peaks riven as by thunderbolts, torrents raging over their rocky beds, glaciers creeping down the mountain sides, fill the scene. But from Handeck downwards, the Ober Hasli-thal is transcendently beautiful. The river, rushing along swiftly and rejoicingly, makes music to the ear. The pine forests yield their grateful shade. Through frequent glades and openings the grand mountain-forms of the Bernese Oberland may be descried. Alpine flowers bloom in richest profusion. The combination of soft tender beauty with stern savage grandeur is most pleasing. There are few more agreeable memories of a tour in Switzerland than that of a fine day between Meyringen and the Grimsel.

We are exposed, however, in its full extent, to those pests of the Oberland—beggars, blowers of horns, firers of cannon, and sellers of fruit. At every turn the tourist is appealed to under one plea or another. Here a cretin mows and gibbers, holding out a dirty hand for an alms; there an old man shows a withered limb, or lifts his rags to disclose some frightful sore. Less disturbing to one's tranquillity, but still somewhat vexatious, are the constant invitations to hear some wonderful echo. At the most favourable points on the road men or boys station themselves, provided with huge Alpine cow-horns four or five feet in length, or with a dangerous-looking cannon, honeycombed, rusty, and, apparently, loaded to the very teeth. "In the course of our walk," says the writer of the "Regular Swiss Round,"

"we passed several very irritable echoes. They were provoked by men with cow-horns six feet long. They waited, with their instruments, set in rough rests or crutches, at convenient spots, and when travellers came in sight, began to blow, holding out their hats for a fee as we passed. The few notes of this simple instrument are taken up and repeated so many times, but at such a distance, that the report of a single blast seems quite to have died away, before you hear a chorus of cow-horns begin again a mile off. We treated ourselves to several pennyworths of cow-row. I should imagine that this unprofessional use of the horn, which is used to call the cattle home, must cause a great confusion in the minds of the cows. I fear they are often at a loss to distinguish the summons of their own master—the genuine voice of truth—from the selfish trumpetings of the gentlemen who, like many others elsewhere, and with more pretensions, get their living simply by making a noise in the world." It must be admitted, however, that these echoes are often singularly beautiful. Two of Wordsworth's finest sonnets describe, and moralise upon, the effect produced by the echoes on the Gemmi and at the Staubbach:

FRUIT SELLERS AND HORN BLOWERS.

ON APPROACHING THE STAUBBACH.

"Uttered by whom, or how inspired—designed
For what strange service, does this concert reach
Our ears, and near the dwellings of mankind!
Mid fields familiarized to human speech?—
No mermaid's warble—to allay the wind,
Driving some vessel towards a dangerous beach—
More thrilling melodies; witch answering witch,
To chant a love-spell, never intertwined
Notes shrill and wild with art more musical:
Alas! that from the lips of Abject Want,
Or Idleness in tatters mendicant,
The strain should flow—free Fancy to enthral,
And with regret and useless pity haunt
This bold, this bright, this sky-born WATERFALL!"

ECHO UPON THE GEMMI.

"WHAT beast of chase hath broken from the cover?
Stern GEMMI listens to as full a cry,
As multitudinous a harmony
Of sound as rang the heights of Latmos over,
When, from the soft couch of her sleeping lover,
Up-starting, Cynthia skimmed the mountain-dew
In keen pursuit—and gave, where'er she flew,
Impetuous motion to the stars above her.
A solitary wolf-dog, ranging on
Through the bleak concave, wakes this wondrous chime
Of aëry voices locked in unison,—
Faint—far off—near—deep—solemn and sublime!—
So, from the body of one guilty deed,
A thousand ghostly fears, and haunting thoughts proceed!"

The Grimsel marks the division between the Catholic cantons of Southern Switzerland and the Protestant cantons of the north. Meyringen, therefore, our first halting-place, affords a favourable opportunity for glancing at the contrast in moral, social, and religious influence, of the two forms of faith upon the inhabitants of the same country. That the comparison is altogether favourable to Protestantism cannot for a moment be doubted. It is even admitted by the Romanists themselves. Leaving the Vallais with its squalor, its wretchedness, its utter misery, and crossing the pass into this bright cheerful valley, where everything seems thriving and prosperous, is like passing from the most poverty-stricken districts of Ireland into Devonshire or Surrey. The most unscrupulous partisan of Rome may endeavour to explain away the inference but he cannot deny the fact.

"We have cantons whose frontiers interlock with one another as do my fingers," says M. Sismondi, to a friend of the writer's, clasping his hands and interlacing his fingers as he spoke, "and you need not to be told—a glance suffices to show you—whether you are in a Protestant or a Catholic canton." To the same gentleman a Catholic priest admitted the fact, but with great *naïveté*, explained it by saying, "The good God knows that you heretics have no hope for another world, so he gives you some compensation in this!" Even so zealous a Catholic and so accomplished a writer as M. Raoul Rochette says, "Generally, as in Glaris and Appenzel, the Catholics have continued to be shepherds whilst the Protestants have turned their attention to trade or manufactures. The poverty of the former contrasts with the affluence of the latter, so that, at first sight, it would seem to be better in this world to live with the Protestants than the Catholics; *but there is another world in which this inferiority is probably compensated.*"*

* M. N. Roussel, in a complete and exhaustive chapter of his great work, "*Catholic and Protestant Nations Compared*," shows, conclusively, that in education, morality, wealth, and all that constitutes national prosperity, Protestant Switzerland is incomparably in advance of Catholic.

The Reichenbach Falls form the chief attraction at Meyringen. I know no spot where the tourist can better study the arrowy character of a waterfall. The stream here is considerable, and it takes a fine buoyant header off a shelf of rock upon the hard stone floor of the chasm below. Of course it bursts and splashes off all round with much noise, and flings so much spray up the sides of the basin into which it leaps as to supply material for a number of baby falls, which run back like young ones to their parent. But its arrowy character is its most striking feature. It is like a sheaf of water-rockets rushing downwards. The moment the stream leaps clear off the rock it begins to form these barbed shoots.

The landlord of the hotel at the foot of the Falls treats his guests to a grand illumination of them on certain evenings in the week. The effect struck me as being unexpectedly fine. It cannot be better described than in the words of *The Times* correspondent: "The air was mild and still, and the darkness of the hour was hardly relieved in that hollow gorge by the few stars twinkling overhead. The hour was well chosen: heaven and earth were propitious, and when the signal-rocket flashed in the air, the soul of every bystander was thoroughly ripened for the coming wonder by those few minutes of trembling expectation. The rocket flashed up, the Bengal lights blazed out—red lights, green lights, violet lights. First the dark firs and the russet and gold beech-bushes were all on fire, then the waters gleamed out, rill after rill, blushing in the red, smiling in the green, fainting in the violet beams. A rich, warm life rushed from end to end all along that heaving stream—rich, warm life, where, one second before, there was only blank stillness and gloom. Rapid and fitful the ever-changing hues flitted up and down the successive leaps of the Fall; and calm, and pure, and solemn the silver tide poured down, unmoved in its perpetual flow, swelling its smooth arches, flashing on its hollow rock-beds, as unconcerned in all that glory of light as if it were only basking in its wonted sunbeams, or reflecting the pale glimmer of the genial moon. The effect was magical. The flood of those coloured lights did not merely flutter here and there on the surface of the waters; it went through their liquid mass from the rocky paths in their rear, shone through it as through the purest crystal, setting off each foaming billow, as one pressed upon the other in endless succession, imparting animation to the whole pillar of water, as if living things, tritons or water nymphs, had been floating up and down beneath that smooth compact surface—vague nondescript beings dancing and fluttering, like motes in a sunbeam. The effect was magical, not to be forgotten by any one who has seen it; worth seeing at the cost of much money, and ever so much trouble. All my theories on the true and false beautiful in art and nature were blown to the ground, and as the light faded away, and the waterfall was replunged into its nocturnal darkness, I had to avow that I had been delighted in spite of my preconceptions, charmed in defiance of my better reason."

The cheerful and thriving village of Meyringen is the centre upon which eight or nine mountain passes converge. It is therefore a favourite halting-place for tourists on Sunday, being readily accessible and possessing excellent accommodation. English service is conducted in the Lutheran church, which is granted for this

FALLS OF THE REICHENBACH.

purpose during the intervals of the ordinary German worship. Cheever describes, in very characteristic style, a Saturday evening and Sunday spent here:—

"The stillness of evening in Switzerland is accompanied with soft music from the thousand mountain torrents which roar at noonday, loosened by the sun from the glaciers, and then subside, as night draws on, into a more quiet soul-like melody. At evening, the streams being partially pent up again in ice, the sound grows less in body, but more distinct in tone, and more in unison with the sacred stillness of the hour. It is like changing the stops in an organ. The effect has been noted both by plain prose travellers and imaginative poets, and nothing can be more beautiful. The lulled evening hum of the busy world, and the dim twilight of the air, and the gradual stealing forth of the modest stars after the heat and glare of day, are in harmony.

"At such an hour the music of nature, passing into solemn voices of the night, seems rather like the hushing strains from invisible harps of celestial intelligences floating in the atmosphere, than like any music from material things. Some of the finest lines ever composed by the poet Rogers were called forth by the perception of these stilly notes and almost imperceptible harmonies of evening. I say almost imperceptible, because a man busied with external things, or even engaged in social talk, will scarcely notice them. The mind must be in somewhat of a pensive mood, and watching with the finer senses.

'Oft at the silent, shadowy close of day,
When the hushed grove has sung its parting lay,
When pensive twilight, in her dusky car,
Comes slowly on to meet the evening star,
Above, below, aërial murmurs swell
From hanging wood, brown heath, and bushy dell!
A thousand nameless rills, that shun the light,
Stealing soft music on the ear of night.
So oft the finer movements of the soul,
That shun the sphere of pleasure's gay control,
In the still shades of calm seclusion rise,
And breathe their sweet seraphic harmonies!'

"This is very beautiful. Do we not at such an hour, more than any other, feel as if we were sojourning, in the striking language of Foster, 'on that frontier where the material and the ideal worlds join and combine their elements?' It is the hour when, Isaac-like, the solitary saint in the country, if not in the city, 'walks forth to meditate at even-tide,' and thinks upon a world that thinks not for herself. It is the hour when, among the mountains or in the villages, the soul seems sometimes to see far out beyond the verge of Time, seems to feel the horizon of existence expanding, seems to be upon the sea-side, and is impelled, as in the beautiful image of Young, to

'Walk thoughtful on the silent, solemn shore
Of that vast ocean she must sail so soon!'

"Delightful it is, when Saturday evening comes, with such calm and sacred voices and influences of nature, if the soul is in the right mood, to hear the prelude wherewith it seems as if Nature herself would put man in harmony for the Sabbath.

'It is a beauteous evening, calm and free;
The holy time is quiet as a Nun
Breathless with adoration; the broad sun
Is sinking down in its tranquillity;
Listen! the mighty Being is awake,
And doth with his eternal motion make
A sound like thunder—everlastingly!'

There is the feeling, if not the audible sense, of a similar sound among the mountains, 'though inland far we be,' the sound as of waters rolling on the shore of another world, whether we call it with Wordsworth, the sound of that Immortal Sea that brought us hither, or content ourselves with saying in plain prose that it is the ever-brooding sense of our immortality, which no immortal accountable being can ever entirely shake off.

THE STREET OF MEYRINGEN.

"All my companions left me at Meyringen, and I had a quiet, lonely Sabbath. It was a beautiful day for travelling, but more lovely still for resting. Had it rained, a number of persons would have kept Sabbath at Meyringen, but they would not do it unless compelled by bad weather. Now God had given us six days of bright elastic air, clear sun, and cloudless skies to see Him in his works; should we grudge one day for the study of His word, one day for prayer? Should we travel without God, and travel in spite of Him? What a dark mind under so bright a heaven! It is a sad and sinful example, which Protestant travellers frequently set in Switzerland, by not resting on the Sabbath-day. Prayer and provender never hindered a journey. That is a good old proverb; but it is safe to say that a man who rides over the Sabbath, as well as through the week, though he may give his horse provender, is starving and harrying his soul.

"But there may be rest without worship, rest without prayer. The Sabbath is more thoroughly observed by Romanists, *in their way*, than it is by Protestants in theirs. Without prayer it is the worst day, spiritually, in all the seven. He who gave it must give the heart to keep it. How admirable is that sonnet translated by Wordsworth from Michael Angelo:—

'The prayers I make will then be sweet indeed,
If Thou the Spirit give by which I pray;
My unassisted heart is barren clay,
Which of its native self can nothing feed:
Of good and pious works Thou art the seed,
Which quickens only where Thou sayest it may;
Unless Thou show to us thine own true way
No man can find it: Father! Thou must lead.
Do thou then breathe those thoughts into my mind,
By which such virtue may in me be bred
That in Thy holy footsteps I may tread:
The fetters of my tongue do Thou unbind,
That I may have the power to sing of Thee,
And sound Thy praises everlastingly.'

"On the nights of Saturday and Sunday, it was a lovely sight to watch the rising moon upon the tops of the snow-shining mountains, at such an immense height above us. We could not see the moon herself, but could only see her pale light travelling slowly down, as a white soft vail, along the distant peaks and ridges, till at a late hour the silver radiance poured more rapidly over the forests and filled the valley.

"Saturday evening is distinguished in Scotland and New England as a time of speciality for washing children; in some parts of Switzerland it is a chief time for courting. I do not know that here among the Oberland Alps they have any such custom of child-scrubbing; in some parts it might be questioned if they have any ablutions at all; but I am sure it is a good habit. There was always a great moral lesson in it, besides the blessedness of being perfectly clean once in a week. It taught the children unconsciously that purity was becoming to the Sabbath; there was a sort of instinctive feeling induced by it of the necessity of putting off the dark soils of the world and the week, and of being within and without clean and tidy for the sacred day. Well would it be if children of a riper growth could wash themselves of the cares of the world and the deceitfulness of riches every Saturday evening, with as much ease and ready obedience as they used to gather up their playthings and submit to the bath of soap-suds; if they could put aside their ledgers, and see how their accounts stand for eternity on Saturday night, they would have more leisure for prayer on the Sabbath, and would not so often bring their farms, their cattle, and their counting-houses into the house of God."

From Meyringen to Grindelwald the road leads past the most beautiful glacier in Switzerland—that of Rosenlaui. In extent it is far inferior to many which have been already described, but no other possesses such beauty. It must be confessed

that the first view of glaciers is commonly disappointing. Everything around them is on so vast a scale that their size is not appreciated. The heaps of debris piled up in their lateral and terminal moraines renders a near approach very difficult. The sides and end of the glacier are commonly strewn with masses of rock which hide the true surface from view. The bright blue and green of the ice can only be seen by looking down into the crevasses or entering one of the torrent-caves. But the Rosenlaui glacier is singularly free from all these deforming influences. The rocks around it do not readily break or decompose. The moraine, in consequence, is trifling in extent, and the ice is of crystalline purity, displaying delicate tints of azure and green. Looking back on the way down from Rosenlaui the view is inexpressibly beautiful. Nothing can surpass, and no words can describe, the effect of the combination between the snow, the sun, and the black forest,—the firs against the snow, the snow against the sun, the air a flood of glory. Through a winding vale of firs the great white mountains flash upon you, now hidden, and now revealed. "Of all sights in Switzerland, that of the bright snow summits seen through and amidst such masses of deep overshadowing foliage, by which you may be buried in twilight at noonday, is the most picturesque and wildly beautiful. Between four o'clock and sunset this Rosenlaui pass, in a bright day, is wonderful. The white perfect cones and pyramids of some of the summits alternate with the bare rocky needles and ridges of others, all distinctly defined against the sky, with the light falling on them in a wild magic azure-tinted clearness. Here is one section or quadrature of the picture as you look upward to the heights down which you have been so long descending; far off, up in the heavens, a vast curling ridge of snow cuts the azure upper deep; nearer, the enormous great peak of the Wellhorn shoots above it; lower, towards the world, between two great mountains, down rushes the magnificent glacier of Rosenlaui, till its glittering masses, which seem ready to take one plunge out of heaven to earth, are lost to your eye behind the green depths of the forest."

The scenery all along the road from Meyringen to Grindelwald is magnificent. The peaks of the Oberland are in view the whole day. The Engelhorn, the Wellhorn, the Shreckhorn, the Eigher, replace one another as the road winds along.* Approaching Grindelwald the huge masses of the Wetterhorn seem absolutely to overhang the path. The glaciers which stream down through the dark pine woods to the bright green pastures of the valley complete a scene of surpassing loveliness and grandeur. The experience of Cheever is that of many a tourist before and since:—"I find that I have recorded the scenes of this day in my journal as having been so varied and beautiful as to be almost fatiguing. The feeling of fatigue is gone; but the sense of beauty is eternal."

Nothing would seem more futile than the attempt to scale these peaks. They appear absolutely and hopelessly inaccessible. Mr. Ball says of the Shreckhorn; "On three sides the rocks are so steep as to be almost completely bare of snow; the

* The names of many of these mountains are very suggestive; the Angel's Peak, the peaks of Tempest, of Darkness, and of Terror, the Silver Peak, and the Virgin.

north alone shows a long slope of snow lying at the highest possible angle, and in such a condition that the slightest disturbance is apt to cause avalanches." Again, "The Ober Grindelwald glacier, whether seen from the Faulhorn, from the neighbourhood of the village, or from any other commanding spot, presents an aspect which may well make the boldest mountaineer hesitate. The glacier is in truth an almost continuous ice-fall, torn by wide crevasses into toppling ridges and pinnacles of ice. When the eye turns from the glacier to the mountains on either side, with the hope of tracing a passage, the prospect is at first sight even more discouraging. The precipices of the Wetterhorn on one side, and those of the Mettenberg on the other, rise in walls of rock so steep and, seemingly, so unbroken, that it is hard to conceive how even a chamois could make its way along them. The experienced cragsman, however, knows that the steepest rocks are almost always broken by ravines and gullies, and traversed by narrow ledges that give foothold to the skilful climber." Again, "The summit of the Wetterhorn rises little more than eight hundred feet above this Col, but the slope is so extremely steep that from one to two hours must be allowed for the ascent. The slope increases from 50° to 58° towards the summit. This consists of a perilously sharp crest of frozen snow, running for a short distance N. and S., which, when reached by Mr. Wills, was topped by an overhanging cornice of ice. It is only by levelling the summit with an axe that space enough for a seat can be found on this dizzy eminence."* Yet all these peaks have been ascended, "even that grimmest fiend of the Oberland, the Shreckhorn." Judgments differ as to the expediency—some even doubt the morality—of these perilous ascents. Reckless risking of life cannot, for a moment, be justified. But no one can withhold his admiration from the qualities demanded for success. The mountaineer, to accomplish such feats as these must possess coolness, courage, readiness of resource, a determination which no difficulties can daunt, pluck which no dangers can appal. Nor are the merely physical qualifications required—the firm foot, the strong arm, the endurance of cold and hunger and fatigue, the power of walking on the edge of a precipice without dizziness, or climbing a snow-slope without exhaustion—to be altogether despised.

Passing Grindelwald, the road leads over the Wengern Alp. Approached from this side the ascent is gradual, and for the most part bare and treeless. The summit of the pass is 6,280 feet above the level of the sea. Beneath is a broad, deep valley, on the opposite side of which rise the giants of the Bernese Oberland:—the Jungfrau, 13,671 feet in height; the Monch, 13,438; the Eigher, 13,044; the Shreckhorn, 13,386; the Finster Aarhorn, 14,039. Murray tells us that the glaciers which cling round these peaks and fill up the depressions between them extend without interruption from the Jungfrau to the Grimsel, and from Grindelwald, in canton Berne, nearly to Brieg, in the Vallais. The extent of this glacier has been calculated at 115 square miles.

Cheever, who ascended from the other side, says of the view:—"As we wind

* The "Alpine Guide—Central Alps." By John Ball, late President of the Alpine Club.

our way up the steep side of the mountain, the mists are slowly and gracefully rising from the depths of the valley along the face of the outjutting crags. It seems as if the genius of nature were drawing a white soft vail around her bosom. But now as we rise still farther, the sun, pouring his fiery rays against the opposite mountain, makes it seem like a smoking fire begirt with clouds. You think of Mount Sinai all in a blaze with the glory of the steps of Deity. The very rocks are burning and the green forests also. Then there are the white glittering masses of the Breithorn and the Mittaghorn in the distance, and a cascade shooting directly out from the glacier. Upwards the mists are still curling and hanging to the mountains, while below there are the clumps of trees in the sunlight the deep exquisite green of spots of unveiled meadow, the winding stream, now hid and now revealed, the grey mist sleeping on the tender grass, the chalets shining, the brooks murmuring, the birds singing, the sky above and the earth beneath, in this 'incense breathing morn' uniting in a universal harmony of beauty and melody of praise.

'In such a season of calm weather,
Though inland far we be,
Our souls have sight of that immortal sea
Which brought us hither;
Can in a moment travel thither,—
And see the children sport upon the shore,
And hear the mighty waters rolling evermore!'

"And now we pass on, and enter a silent sea of pines, how beautiful! silent, still, solemn, religious; dark against the enormous snowy masses and peaks before us. How near their glittering glaciers seem upon us! How clear the atmosphere! How our voices ring out upon it, and the very hum of the insects in the air is distinctly sonorous! We have now ascended to such a height that we can look across the vales and mountains, down into Unterseen and Interlachen. And now before us rises the Jungfrau Alp, how sublimely! But at this moment of the view, the Silberhorn is far more lovely, with its fields of dazzling snow, than the Jungfrau, which here presents a savage perpendicular steep, a wall of rock, scarred and seamed indeed, but so steep that the snow and ice cannot cling to its jagged points. Higher up commence the tremendous glaciers, presenting a chaos of enormous ravines of snow and ice, just ready to topple down the ridge of the mountain.

"When we come to the inn upon the Wengern Alp we are nearly five thousand five hundred feet above the level of the sea. We are directly in face of the Jungfrau, upon whose masses of perpetual snow we have been gazing with so much interest. They seem close to us, so great is the deception in clear air, but a deep, vast ravine (I know not but a league across from where we are) separates the Wengern Alp from the Jungfrau, which rises in an abrupt sheer precipice, of many thousand feet, somewhat broken into terraces, down which the avalanches, from the higher beds of untrodden everlasting snow, plunge thundering into the uninhabitable abyss. Perhaps there is not another mountain so high in all Switzerland, which you can

THE WELLHORN AND WETTERHORN.

look at so near and so full in the face. Out of this ravine the Jungfrau rises eleven thousand feet, down which vast height the avalanches sometimes sweep with their incalculable masses of ice from the very topmost summit.

"The idea of a mass of ice so gigantic that it might overwhelm whole hamlets, or sweep away a forest in its course, being shot down, with only one or two interruptions, a distance of eleven thousand feet, is astounding. But it is those very interruptions that go to produce the overpowering sublimity of the scene. Were there no concussion intervening between the loosening of the mountain ridge of ice and snow, and its fall into the valley, if it shot sheer off into the air, and came down in one solid mass unbroken, it would be as if a mountain had fallen at noonday out of heaven. And this would certainly be sublime in the highest degree, but it would not have the awful slowness and deep prolonged roar of the Jungfrau avalanche in mid air, nor the repetition of sublimity with each interval of thousands of feet, in which it strikes and thunders.

"I think that without any exception it was the grandest sight I ever beheld, not even the cataract of Niagara having impressed me with such thrilling sublimity. Ordinarily, in a sunny day at noon, the avalanches are falling on the Jungfrau about every ten minutes, with the roar of thunder, but they are seldom visible, and sometimes the traveller crosses the Wengern Alps without witnessing them at all. But we were so very highly favoured as to see two of the grandest avalanches possible in the course of about an hour, between twelve o'clock and two. One cannot command any language to convey an adequate idea of their magnificence.

"You are standing far below, gazing up to where the great disc of the glittering Alp cuts the heavens, and drinking in the influence of the silent scene around. Suddenly an enormous mass of snow and ice, in itself a mountain, seems to move; it breaks from the toppling outmost mountain ridge of snow, where it is hundreds of feet in depth, and in its first fall of perhaps two thousand feet is broken into millions of fragments. As you first see the flash of distant artillery by night, then hear the roar, so here you may see the white flashing mass majestically bowing, then hear the astounding din. A cloud of dusty, misty, dry snow rises into the air from the concussion, forming a white volume of fleecy smoke, or misty light, from the bosom of which thunders forth the icy torrent in its second prodigious fall over the rocky battlements. The eye follows it delighted, as it ploughs through the path which preceding avalanches have worn, till it comes to the brink of a vast ridge of bare rock, perhaps more than two thousand feet perpendicular. Then pours the whole cataract over the gulf, with a still louder roar of echoing thunder, to which nothing but the noise of Niagara in its sublimity is comparable.

"Nevertheless, you may think of the tramp of an army of elephants, of the roar of multitudinous cavalry marching to battle, of the whirlwind tread of ten thousand bisons sweeping across the prairie, of the tempest surf of ocean beating and shaking the continent, of the sound of torrent floods or of a numerous host, or of the voice of the trumpet on Sinai, exceeding loud, and waxing louder and louder, so that all

the people in the camp trembled, or of the rolling orbs of that fierce chariot described by Milton,

'Under whose burning wheels,
The steadfast empyrean shook throughout.'

It is with such a mighty shaking tramp that the avalanche thunders down.

"Another fall of still greater depth ensues, over a second similar castellated ridge or reef in the face of the mountain, with an awful, majestic slowness, and a tremendous crash in its concussion, awakening again the reverberating peals of thunder. Then the torrent roars on to another smaller fall, till at length it reaches a mighty groove of snow and ice. Here its progress is slower, and last of all you listen to the roar of the falling fragments, as they drop, out of sight, with a dead weight into the bottom of the gulf, to rest there for ever.

"Now figure to yourself a cataract like that of Niagara (for I should judge the volume of one of these avalanches to be probably every way superior in bulk to the whole of the Horse-shoe fall), poured in foaming grandeur, not merely over one great precipice of two hundred feet, but over the successive ridgy precipices of two or three thousand, in the face of a mountain eleven thousand feet high, and tumbling, crashing, thundering down, with a continuous din of far greater sublimity than the sound of the grandest cataract. Placed on the slope of the Wengern Alp, right opposite the whole visible side of the Jungfrau, we have enjoyed two of these mighty spectacles, at about half an hour's interval between them. The first was the most sublime, the second the most beautiful. The roar of the falling mass begins to be heard the moment it is loosened from the mountain; it pours on with the sound of a vast body of rushing water; then comes the first great concussion, a booming crash of thunders, breaking on the still air of mid-heaven; your breath is suspended, as you listen and look; the mighty glittering mass shoots headlong over the main precipice, and the fall is so great, that it produces to the eye that impression of dread majestic slowness, of which I have spoken, though it is doubtless more rapid than Niagara. But if you should see the cataract of Niagara itself coming down five thousand feet above you in the air, there would be the same impression. The image remains in the mind, and can never fade from it; it is as if you had seen an alabaster cataract from heaven.

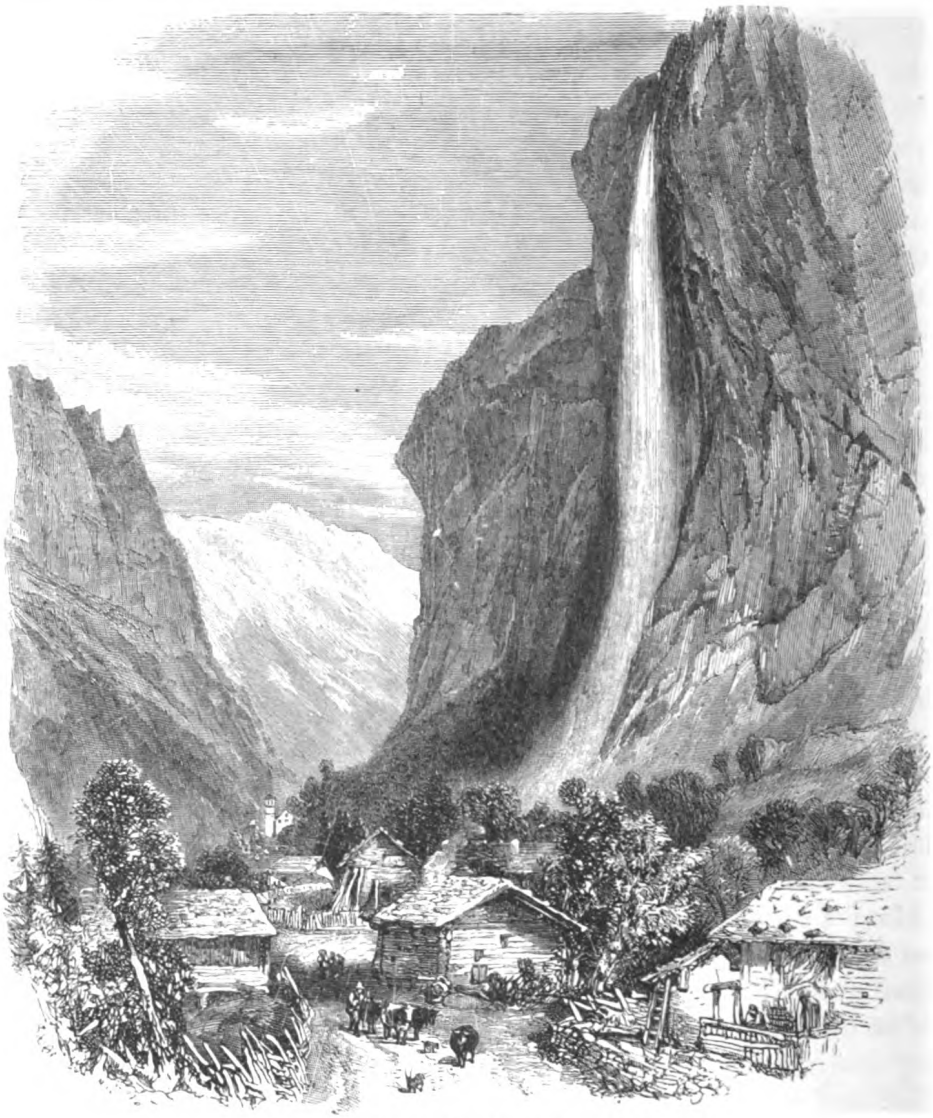
"The sound is far more sublime than that of Niagara, because of the preceding stillness in those awful Alpine solitudes. In the midst of such silence and solemnity, from out the bosom of those glorious glittering forms of nature, comes that rushing, crashing thunder-burst of sound. If it were not that your soul, through the eye, is as filled and fixed with the sublimity of the vision, as through the sense of hearing with that of the audible report, methinks you would wish to bury your face in your hands, and fall prostrate, as at the voice of the Eternal! But it is impossible to convey any adequate idea of the combined impression made upon the soul by these rushing masses and rolling thunders. When you see the smaller avalanches, they are of the very extreme of beauty, like jets of white powder, or heavy white mist or

smoke, poured from crag to crag, as if the Staubbach itself were shot from the top of the Jungfrau. Travellers do more frequently see only smaller cataracts, in which the beautiful predominates over the sublime; and at the inn they told us it was very rare to witness so mighty an avalanche as that of which we had enjoyed the spectacle."

Continuing our journey across the Wengern, the road gradually loses the barrenness and sterility which characterise the Grindelwald side, and plunges downward through pine woods and luxuriant pastures and well-kept farms, into the valley of Lauterbrunnen. Here, if not before, the tourist will notice a somewhat strange phenomena in the cowherds on the mountain side. At a distance they seem to be furnished with stout well-proportioned tails. Was, then, Lord Monboddo right? Are we descended from a race furnished with these caudal appendages? Or is this a species of the genus Man, which we may dub *Homo caudatus?* Theories about the origin of the race have been rife of late years, and very slight and doubtful have been the facts which have served as their basis. Many a proud edifice of speculation has risen to a towering height on foundations as slender as the tails of the milkmen on the slopes of the Wengern. See! they proceed to sit down upon their tails; and very comfortable stools they prove. The mystery is solved. The tails are one-legged stools which the owners carry strapped round them, *in situ*, so that both hands are free—one to carry the milking-pail, the other to help them in climbing the mountain side, a provision very needful on such slopes as these.

SWISS COWHERD.

The name of the valley into which we descend, Lauterbrunnen, means *Nothing but fountains.* Few names could be more appropriate and descriptive. Innumerable streamlets, after careering for some time out of sight, on the higher Alps, spring over the abrupt cliffs and buttresses of rock, or leap down the smooth grassy slopes, which enclose this delicious valley, reaching the bottom in showers of spray. When mists rest upon the surrounding mountains, as is often the case, the effect is very curious; the cascades seem to dangle from the clouds, hanging like long skeins of silver thread over the perpendicular cliffs. The supreme beauty of these falls is only seen in the forenoon of a bright day, when the waving spray of each is changed into a shower of rainbows.



THE STAUBBACH AND VALLEY OF LAUTERBRUNNEN.

The principal cascade in the valley is the Staubbach, that is, *The dustfall.* It takes its name from the fact that in the course of its descent the whole mass of water is beaten into spray, and falls to the ground like a shower of diamond dust. It is the loftiest fall in Europe, springing over the perpendicular face of the cliff at a height of nine hundred feet from the ground. In speaking of the Isola Bella, reference was made to the conflicting opinions expressed respecting its beauty. There is no less difference of judgment as to the Staubbach. A German writer has compared the Reichenbach to a wild irregular ode, the Giesbach to an epic, the fall at Handeck to a sublime hymn, and the Staubbach to a fairy tale. Wordsworth calls it,

"This bold, this pure, this sky-born waterfall."

Byron writes,

"The sunbow's rays still arch
The torrent with the many hues of heaven,
And roll the sheeted silver's waving column
O'er the crag's headlong perpendicular,
And fling its lines of foaming light along,
And to and fro, like the pale courser's tail,
The giant steed, to be bestrode by Death,
As told in the Apocalypse."

Murray compares it to a beautiful lace vail, suspended from the cliffs above, waving over the face of the mountain. Cheever says of it: "It is the most exquisitely beautiful of waterfalls, though there are miniatures of it in the Valley of the Arve almost as beautiful. You have no conception of the volume of water, nor of the grandeur of the fall, until you come near it, almost beneath it; but its extreme beauty is better seen and felt at a little distance; indeed we thought it looked more beautiful than ever when we saw it, about ten o'clock, from the mountain ridge on the opposite side of the valley. It is between eight and nine hundred feet in height, over the perpendicular precipice, so that the eye traces its course so long, and its movement is so checked by the resistance of the air and the roughness of the mountain, that it seems rather to float than to fall, and before it reaches the bottom, dances down in ten thousand little jets of white foam, which all alight together, as softly as a white-winged albatross on the bosom of the ocean. It is as if a million of rockets were shot off in one shaft into the air, and then descended together, some of them breaking at every point in the descent, and all streaming down in a combination of meteors. So the streams in this fall, where it springs into the air, separate and hold their own as long as possible, and then burst into rockets of foam, dropping down at first heavily, as if determined to reach the ground unbroken, and then dissolving into showers of mist, so gracefully, so beautifully, like snow-dust on the bosom of the air, that it seems like a spiritual creation rather than a thing inert, material."

FALL NEAR LAUTERBRUNNEN.

There is no doubt that the beauty of the fall varies at various times. In a wet season or after a copious rainfall it is a very striking object. But when a long drought has yet further diminished the small quantity of water which ordinarily comes over the mountain side the effect is disappointing. It is said that in winter, when the torrent is nearly arrested by frost, colossal icicles are formed, many hundred feet in length, some hanging down from above, others rising up, like enormous stalagmites, from beneath.

THE JUNGFRAU, FROM INTERLACHEN.

A delightful walk, of about three hours, along the banks of the Lütschine, brings the tourist to Interlachen. The valley of Lauterbrunnen should, however, be traversed in the opposite direction. In ascending from Interlachen the scenery increases in grandeur, and the snowy peaks of the Jungfrau are continually in view, advantages which are lost in descending from the Wengern Alp.

Interlachen is the head-quarters of dilettante tourists, who go abroad because other people do so, and because London and Paris are dull in the autumn. The late president of the Alpine Club, as might be expected, pours out his scorn upon the denizens of this "chosen resort of those strangers who desire to carry with them

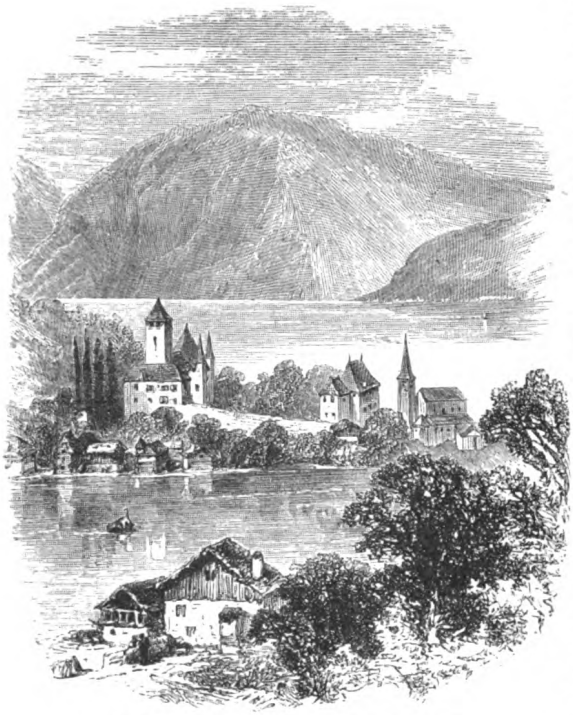
into the sanctuary of Nature as much as possible of the habits of fashionable watering-place society. Incapable of deriving deep and continuous enjoyment from the sublime objects around them, a large portion of the visitors of the gentle sex find constant occupation in the display of city finery; while the less fortunate male idlers are too often reduced to a condition of utter vacuity, provoking painful comparisons between their condition and that of Dr. Guggenbuhl's patients on the Abendberg." Mr. Ball admits however, that, "in spite of these disturbing elements, a stranger whose temper they do not ruffle" may spend some delightful days or even weeks here. Interlachen is certainly placed in the midst of some of the most beautiful scenery of Switzerland, and it affords an admirable centre from which innumerable excursions may be made.

The unkind comparison in the foregoing extract, between the "fools of fashion" and Dr. Guggenbuhl's patients, on the Abendberg, was suggested by the fact that the Institution in question is on the hills which overhang Interlachen. It is about thirty years ago that Dr. Guggenbuhl became specially interested in the condition of the cretins. He was passing through one of the villages of Catholic Switzerland, when he saw an old man belonging to this wretched and uncared-for class approach a crucifix and mutter a prayer. He was struck by the incident, and reflected that though to all appearance a perfect idiot there must be a spark of intelligence in this poor degraded creature. "There is then," said he, "an immortal soul buried there: I dedicate my life to the deliverance of such." His first step was to study the disease, and endeavour, if possible, to ascertain its cause. For this purpose he took up his residence for two years in the village of Sernf, where he lived almost entirely amongst cretins. He then undertook a protracted journey through those districts in which the malady was most prevalent, to investigate the conditions favourable to its development, and procure statistics showing the extent to which it prevailed. The result of this journey was to deepen his previous feelings of interest on behalf of this degraded class. The Swiss Association for the Advancement of Science gave him its countenance and aid, and in consequence of the representations made by the Association, he received six hundred francs from the Bernese cantonal authorities to aid him in commencing his enterprise.

Dr. Guggenbuhl had come to the conclusion that it would be essential to a cure that his patients should enjoy pure air and spring water, abundance of good nourishing food, a position sufficiently elevated to be above the miasma and mists of the valley, and yet not so high as to suffer from the extreme cold and attenuated air of the high Alps. He found all the requisites combined at Abendberg—a grassy slope about two hours above Interlachen. Here are abundant springs of pure water, a bracing atmosphere, and a soil so productive that notwithstanding its height above the valley, all the provisions needed for consumption by the establishment are grown on the farm.*

Interlachen takes its name from lying between the two lakes of Brientz and

* It should be added, however, that grave charges were brought against the management of the Institution under the late Dr. Guggenbuhl.



CASTLE OF SPIETZ, LAKE OF THUN.

Thun. Our course will lead us across the latter. If it lacks the solemn grandeur of the Lake of Lucerne or the exquisite beauty of that of Como, it yet possesses a combination of the two, which, in the judgment of many tourists, makes it not unworthy to rank with them. The banks are gay with thriving villages and picturesque chalets. The grand masses of the Niesen and the Stockhorn occupy the foreground, and noble views are gained of the snow-crowned summits of the Monch and Eigher in the distance, Legends innumerable linger about the shores of the lake. Tradition connects the castle of Spietz, on a projecting tongue of land at the foot of the Niesen, with the terrible Attila and his Huns. St. Beatus, the first missionary to this district, is reported to have dispensed with the services of boat and boatmen, simply spreading his cloak on the lake when he desired a sail. A huge dragon which had devastated the country for some years, and which no one dared to attack, occupied a cave on the mountain side overhanging the lake. St. Beatus desired to deliver the neighbourhood from this pest, and at the same time coveted the dragon's den for himself. By simply giving the monster notice to quit he achieved both objects. The dragon took his departure when bidden, and the saint entered upon the vacant cave.

Few, if any, towns in Switzerland are more picturesque or more pleasantly situated than Thun. The views from its environs extend across the blue waters of the lake, across the narrow strip of orchard and garden on its shores, up to the oak forests, up to the pine forests, up to the bright green pastures dotted with chalets, up to the bare mountain sides, up to the belt of

COSTUME OF SWISS GIRLS.

HIGH STREET, BERNE.

snow, up to the peaks of the Monch, the Eigher, the Jungfrau in mid-air, up to the deep azure above. Nowhere are there richer combinations and more striking contrasts of form and colour. The architecture of the town is quaint and antique in style. The narrow streets, projecting gables, carved timbers, and rude frescoes present many subjects for the antiquarian or the artist.

At no great distance from Thun is Berne, the seat of the Federal government, and the capital of the most powerful canton in the confederacy. It is a thriving city, and in the process of rebuilding, is rapidly losing its most picturesque features. Indeed, all that is characteristic both in architecture and dress is being "improved off the face of the earth." National and cantonal costumes are disappearing. The shop windows still display pictures of the dresses of the cantons but many of them are rarely to be seen in real life. Here and there one comes upon a group of girls chatting round a fountain, dressed in a style which recalls the days of Swiss pastoral simplicity when *modes* from Paris were unknown. But such sights are becoming rarer every year, and threaten, before long, to vanish from the towns altogether.

The Bear, which is the crest of Berne, appears everywhere. There is a bear-pit outside the town, in which several of these animals are kept at the cost of the government. An English gentleman fell into it a few years ago and was killed by them. The great clock-tower in the middle of the town is fitted up with machinery which moves a procession of puppet-bears every hour. The fountains are all surmounted by bears—rampant, couchant, and courant—in iron and bronze, stone and wood. One is clad in complete armour, with breastplate, thigh-pieces, and helmet, a sword by his side and a banner in his paws.

The Swiss confederation, of which Berne is the Federal capital, consists of twenty-two cantons, each of which manages its own internal affairs, delegating certain carefully defined powers to the central government. Its constitution is thus similar to that of the United States of America. The federal-pact was settled in the year 1815, when the Allied Powers recognised the independence of the Republic at the Congress of Vienna. It was agreed that the Diet should meet once a year, at Berne, Zurich, and Lucerne alternately, to discuss and decide all questions affecting the common interests of the confederation, reserving to each canton internal independence. The Diet was empowered to conduct all foreign negotiations and alliances, to make peace and war, and to appoint envoys to foreign states. A majority of three-fourths of the whole was required for the declaration of war or peace. In other cases a simple majority was sufficient. Each canton had a single vote. The cantons were prohibited from taking up arms against each other, but all internal differences were to be referred for settlement to the Federal Diet. This was a most important clause in the pact, as the incessant feuds between the different cantons had, previously, been the cause of frequent and interminable wars. The war of the Sonderbund a few years ago proves the value and necessity of this stipulation. In case of serious disturbances within any one of the cantons, the Diet was authorised, under certain well-defined conditions, to mediate between the contending parties and, if necessary, to prevent violence by military occupation. The Federal intervention,

in the autumn of 1865, in the city and canton of Geneva, will be remembered by most readers. When the Diet separated for the year it was to give instructions to the Vorort, or directing canton, to carry out the measures agreed upon, and provide for the well-being of the confederacy until its next meeting. The Vorort was to be guided and aided in discharging the duties entrusted to it by a Federal chancery appointed by the Diet. In case of need, or on the demand of five cantons, the Vorort was authorised to convoke an extraordinary meeting of the Diet.

The war of the Sonderbund, brought about by the intrigues of the Jesuits, rendered a revision of the constitution necessary. After lengthened discussions this was completed in 1848. The general principles of the federal-pact of 1815 were retained unaltered, but changes were introduced designed to confer greater unity, strength, and freedom of action on the central government. This was effected by restricting the powers previously possessed by the cantons, and increasing those of the Diet. Each canton had coined its own money, levied its own customs-duties, and regulated its own passport system. These functions were now transferred to the Federal government. The members of the Diet had hitherto been only delegates recording the decision of their constituents, to whom they had to refer for instructions how to act in every emergency. Since 1848 greater responsibility and liberty of action has been exercised by the members, as in the English representative system. The sittings of the Diet no longer alternate between different cities but are held uniformly in Berne. The new constitution is found to work well, and even those cantons which most vehemently opposed the change are now satisfied with its operation.

CATHEDRAL AND PLATFORM AT BERNE.

In the internal government of each canton frequent changes occur and great diversities of political organisation prevail. In some the constitution is democratic, and the cantonal government is chosen by universal suffrage. In others the aristocratic element is still retained. But the briefest summary of the

various political systems existing in the several cantons would require far more space than we have at our disposal.

The view from the platform of the cathedral, or the Enghi promenade, is, to tourists, the great glory of Berne. In clear weather the whole range of the Bernese Oberland can be descried. Many competent judges, Humboldt amongst the number, have classed this amongst the very finest panoramic views in Europe. Nearly a dozen snowy peaks are visible; the Wetterhorn, the Schreckhorn, the Finster-Aarhorn, the Eigher, the Monch, the Jungfrau, the Gletscherhorn, the Mittaghorn, the Blumlis Alp, the Niesen, and the Stockhorn are all in sight. Nowhere is the rosy blush of sunrise and sunset upon the snowy peaks more delicately beautiful. It is necessary, however, that the atmosphere be perfectly clear. From the great distance over which the eye must range a slight haze is sufficient to intercept the view.

Returning from Berne to Thun and proceeding thence to the Gemmi and Leukerbad, the road leads first along the beautiful shores of the lake of Thun, and then through a rich pastoral valley studded with prosperous villages and picturesque thriving farmsteads. But for the dress of the peasantry, and the peculiar style of architecture everywhere adopted, many parts of the valley of Frutigen might lead the traveller to forget that he was in Switzerland and to fancy himself in one of the most fertile and best farmed counties of England. As Kandersteg is approached, the ascent becomes more rapid, and the scenery assumes an Alpine character.

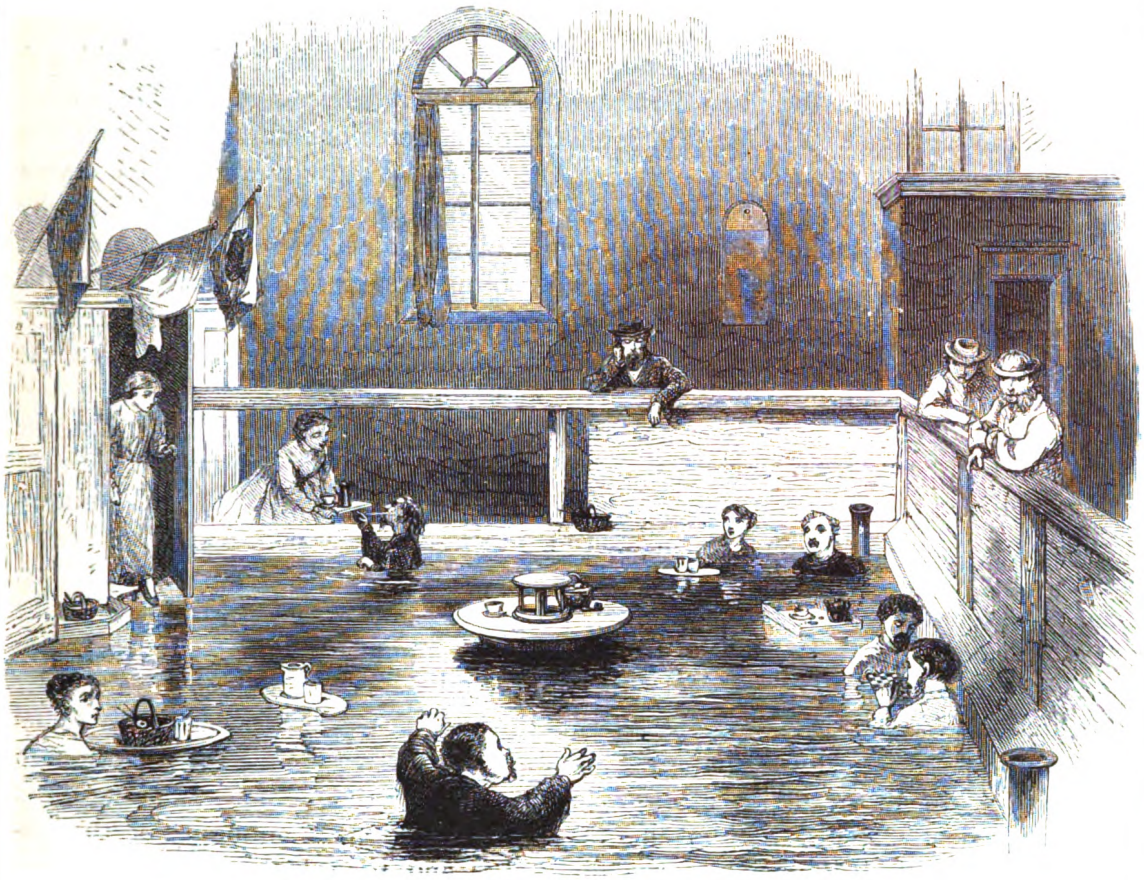
Within easy reach of Kandersteg is the Oeschinen-thal, a secluded valley little visited by tourists, but far more worthy of being visited than many of the show-places which are crowded during the season. As it has attained the honour of a favourable notice in *The Times* (Sept. 25, 1865), it will probably attract more tourists than it has hitherto done. "The Oeschinen-thal, its little lake, its waterfalls, its giant rocks, its ice and snow, constitute a little Alpine world in miniature. You go up a steep ascent, mostly through a wood, and at the end of your walk you suddenly find yourself where, you would say, no human foot has any business to tread, no human voice should be heard. The great mountains that hang over your head, the Blumlis Alp and Doldenhorn, have only been first ascended in 1862. It is a pity they ever were; a pity so easy a path leads to the little dell which is their *sanctum sanctorum*. But no intrusion even of all the tourists in Switzerland put together could profane the spot or deprive it of its awful silence, of its hoary, mystic, solitary grandeur. No temple of Delphi, no threshold of Dis, could so strike a mortal dumb as this Alpine portal of the Oeschinen-thal."

Leaving Kandersteg, the path, after a steep ascent, traverses a bleak, bare plateau, and winds round a desolate gloomy tarn, the Dauben See, whose ice-cold waters are fed by the melting of the Lammeren glacier. A little way farther and the path seems to terminate on the brink of a tremendous precipice—a wall of perpendicular rock, two thousand feet from base to summit. This is the far-famed Gemmi pass. The superb view of the Monte Rosa chain bursts upon the eye with almost startling suddenness. The whole range, from the Mischabelhorner to the Dent Blanche, are perfectly visible, including Monte Rosa and the Matterhorn. It used to be

asserted that Monte Rosa was not visible, being masked by some intervening peaks. It is now, however, generally admitted that the queen of the Alps does come into the line of view.

But how to reach the village of Leukerbad is the question. It lies two thousand feet below us: the huge hotels looking like toy-houses in the distance. The bastions of rock are perpendicular, in some places even overhanging the valley. Yet down the face of this scarped rock must we descend. From below a few men and mules may be seen making their way upward or downward, and looking like flies clinging to the bare surface of the rock. They are passing over a perfectly good road, made in the course of last century by a party of Tyrolese workpeople, who have turned the gorge of the Dala from being a mere *cul de sac* into one of the most frequented passes in the Alps. Availing themselves of a deep cleft running from top to bottom of the wall of rock, these ingenious and daring, though uneducated, engineers, formed a series of zigzags up the sides of the chasm, and thus have constructed a winding staircase of about five feet in width, which forms a perfectly practicable road. The track is protected on the outer side by a low wall or railings, and is quite safe for pedestrians. There is little or no danger in riding up the pass; but to ride down is sheer madness. A year or two ago a French lady was thrown over the head of her mule and dashed to pieces as she made the rash attempt. The cantonal authorities now require all persons to dismount at the top and walk down.

Leukerbad, at the foot of the Gemmi, is a village crowded to overflowing during a few weeks of summer, and deserted all the rest of the year. It consists almost exclusively of huge hotels and bath-houses. During the season large numbers of visitors assemble here, of whom a minority come for the enjoyment of the magnificent scenery of the neighbourhood, and the majority for the famous hot baths. There are ten or twelve springs which burst forth in and around the valley. The supply of hot mineral water is so profuse that nine-tenths of the whole flows away into the Dala unused. The principal spring, that of St. Lawrence, comes up in an impetuous torrent, at a temperature of 120° Fahrenheit. The patients, most of whom are suffering from cutaneous or scrofulous disorders, commence by staying in the bath for an hour at a time. This is gradually increased till the bather remains immersed in saline tepid water for eight or nine hours daily. The tedium of spending so many hours alone would be intolerable. Hence the custom has originated of bathing together, and in public. Of course the strictest decorum is observed, and rules are laid down to regulate the dress and conduct of the bathers. The dress is made of dark brown cloth. Conversation goes on freely. The baths are navigated by little tables of wood, at which the patients take their meals; ladies have their flowers or needlework, gentlemen their snuff-boxes or dominoes. The day is passed in breakfasting, chatting, reading, knitting, and playing at games of skill or chance; sometimes more boisterous sports are permitted, and I remember once looking on at a very vigorous game of Blind-man's-buff, played by bathers immersed to the chin in warm water.



THE BATHS AT LEUKERBAD.

The scenery of the Leukerbad Valley is impressive and beautiful under all conditions of light and atmospheric effect. But to be seen to perfection, like Melrose Abbey, "you should visit it by the pale moonlight." All scenery needs some specific condition of light and shade to bring out its highest beauty. The Lake of Thun should be seen in bright sunlight; the Lake of Lucerne with masses of mist and cloud floating to and fro, casting deep black shadows, and robing the mountains in mysterious gloom; the Valley of Chamouni is never so grand as at sunrise or sunset; the Gemmi should be seen from the gorge of the Dala in the light of the broad, full moon, as Cheever saw it:

"The moon rose about eight o'clock from behind the mountains, beneath which the baths and the hamlets are situated, so that we had the hour and the scene of all others, in some respects, the most beautiful. No language can describe the extraordinary effect of the light falling on the mighty perpendicular crags and ridges of the Gemmi on the other side, while the village itself remained in darkness. It appeared as if the face of this mountain was gradually lighting up from an inward pale fire suffused in rich radiance over it, for it was hours before we could see the

moon, though we could see her veil of soft light resting upon those gigantic, rock-ribbed regal barriers of nature.

"There is an inexpressible solemnity to the mind in the sight of these still and awful forms rising in the silent night, how silently, how impressively! Their voice is of eternity, of God. The deep intense blue of distant mountains by day impresses the mind in the same way with a sense of eternity. Vastness of material masses produces the same impression on the mind as vastness of time and space; but why intensity of colour should have so peculiarly sublime an effect I know not, unless it be simply from connection with such vastness of material form. At all events the mountains, in these aspects, do raise the mind irresistibly to God and eternity, making the devout heart adore Him with praise and awe, and compelling even the careless heart into an unusual sense of His power and glory.

"This beautiful night, after the moon was fully risen, I could not resist the temptation to walk down alone to that deep, wild, fir-clad gorge, through which the torrent of the Dala was thundering, that I might experience the full and uninterrupted impression of moonlight and solitude in so grand a scene. As I passed down from the village through the meadow slopes towards the black depths of the ravine, one or two peasants were busied, though it was near midnight, silently mowing the grass; I suppose both because of the coolness of the night, and to secure their hay during the pleasant weather. A beautiful gray mist, like the moonlight itself, lay upon the fields, and the sweep of the scythes through the wet grass was the only sound that rose upon the perfect stillness of the atmosphere, save the distant subterranean thunder of the falls of the Dala, buried in the depths of the chasm. Looking down into those depths amidst the din and fury of the waters, the sublimity of the impression is greatly heightened by the obscurity; and then looking upward along the forest of dark verdure that clothes the overhanging mountain, how still, how beautiful in the moonlight, are those rising terraces of trees! They seem as if they, too, had an intelligent spirit, and were watching the night and enjoying its beauty. These labourers, that were but making hay, could toil all night, and the day after go to their work as usual. But all the hay in Switzerland would not be worth the impulse that *might* be gained from such a night as this, were the soul only prepared for it."

From the foot of the Gemmi the gorge of the Dala leads us back into the Valley of the Rhone, some leagues lower down than where we last entered it at Visp and left it for the Æggischorn.

THE MONT BLANC DISTRICT.

THE MONT BLANC DISTRICT.

THE TOUR OF MONT BLANC—THE COL DE BALME AND THE TÊTE NOIRE—CHAMOUNI—COLERIDGE'S HYMN—CONTAMINES—COL DU BONHOMME—THE RETURN OF THE WALDENSES—THE VALLEY OF THE ISÈRE—LAC DE COMBAL—COURMAYEUR—AOSTA—TURIN, FLORENCE, AND VALLOMBROSA—THE GRAND ST. BERNARD.

FOR those who do not aspire to emulate the exploits of the Alpine Club, the tour of Mont Blanc forms one of the most interesting and exciting excursions in Switzerland. Though it offers no difficulty which a fairly good pedestrian may not readily encounter, it leads the tourist amongst some of the sublimest and wildest scenery in the Alps. The beauty of the Val d'Aoste, the magnificence of the views of Mont Blanc from Courmayeur, the stern and savage grandeur of the Allée Blanche and Lac de Combal, and the combination of all these at Chamouni and the Tête Noire, leave little to be imagined or desired. The excursion may be easily completed within a week—in case of need four or five days may suffice.

Starting from Martigny in the Rhone Valley, a question arises as to the preferable route. Shall we go by way of Chamouni, returning by Aosta and the St. Bernard? or reverse this order, commencing with the Italian side of the Monarch of mountains and completing the tour in the Valley of Chamouni? Each course has its advocates and its advantages. In this, as in so many other matters, the safe reply of Dr. Primrose may be quoted:—"There is a good deal to be

said on both sides." Without presuming to strike the balance decisively between the two routes let us adopt the former.

From Martigny to Chamouni we have to choose between the Col de Balme and the Valley of the Tête Noire. The former is, as a whole, the less interesting of the two, but it has one view which is incomparably fine. The pass of the Col de Balme is about seven thousand feet high. It stretches right across the Valley of Chamouni, at the Martigny end, and from the summit a view of Mont Blanc is gained,—perhaps the most perfect in Switzerland. You have, as it were, an observatory reared to a height of seven thousand feet, to gaze upon a mountain of sixteen thousand feet. The Monarch stands revealed from base to summit surrounded by all his aiguilles and secondary heights, which stand like guards or courtiers around their king. The glaciers which clothe the sides of the mountains, the clouds which float over the valley or cling to the peaks, the broad valley itself stretching right away to the Col de Voza, all add to the magnificence of the scene. The impressiveness of the view is yet further enhanced by its suddenness. During the ascent nothing is seen save the Col, up which the traveller is toiling, till the summit is reached, when, as by magic, the stupendous view bursts upon him, and he feels and sees that

> Mont Blanc is the monarch of mountains;
> They crowned him long ago,
> On a throne of rocks, in a robe of clouds,
> With a diadem of snow.

"Such an instantaneous and extraordinary revelation of splendour we never dreamed of. The clouds had vanished, we could not tell where, and the whole illimitable vastness of glory in this, the heart of Switzerland's Alpine grandeurs, was disclosed; the snowy Monarch of Mountains, the huge glaciers, the jagged granite peaks, aiguilles, and rough enormous crags and ridges congregated and shooting up in every direction, with the long beautiful Vale of Chamouni visible from end to end, far beneath us, as still and shining as a picture! Just over the longitudinal ridge of mountains on one side was the moon in an infinite depth of ether; it seemed as if we could touch it; and on the other the sun was exulting as a bridegroom coming out of his chamber. The clouds still sweeping past us, now concealing, now partially veiling, and now revealing the view, added to its power by such sudden alterations.

"Far down the vale floated in mid-air beneath us a few fleeces of cloud, below and beyond which lay the valley, with its villages, meadows, and winding paths, and the river running through it like a silver thread. Shortly the mists congregated away beyond this scene, rolling masses upon masses, penetrated and turned into fleecy silver by the sunlight, the whole body of them gradually retreating over the south-western end and barrier of the valley. In our position we now saw the different gorges in the chain of Mont Blanc lengthwise, the glaciers D'Argentière, Des Bois and Des Bossons protruding their enormous masses into the valley. The Grands Mulets, with the vast snow-depths and *crevasses* of Mont Blanc were revealed to us.

That sublime summit was now for the first time seen in its solitary superiority; at first appearing round and smooth, white and glittering with perpetual snow, but as the sun in his higher path cast shadows from summit to summit, and revealed ledges and chasms, we could see the smoothness broken.

"But the hour of most intense splendour in this day of glory was the rising of the clouds in Chamouni, as we could discern them like stripes of amber floating in an azure sea. They rested upon, and floated over, the successive glacier gorges of the mountain range on either hand, like so many islands of the blest, anchored in mid heaven below us; or like so many radiant files of the white-robed heavenly host floating transversely across the valley. This extended through its whole length, and it was a most singular phenomenon; for through these ridges of cloud we could look, as through a telescope, down into the vale, and along to its farther end; but the intensity of the light flashing from the snows of the mountains, and reflected in these fleecy radiances, almost as so many secondary suns hung in the clear atmosphere, was well nigh blinding.

"The scene seemed to me a fit symbol of celestial glories; and I thought, if a vision of such intense splendour could be arrayed by the Divine power out of mere earth, air, and water, and made to assume such beauty indescribable at a breath of the wind, a movement of the sun, a slight change in the elements, what mind could even dimly and distantly form to itself a conception of the splendours of the world of heavenly glory.

"And if it sometimes blinds us to look even at earthly glories steadily, what training and purifying of the soul must it require to look at God and his glory! I love the spirit of the poet Cowper in his communion with nature; so heartfelt, so simple, so truly Christian. It is the spirit not of mere sentimentalism, nor merely a refined taste, nor of a powerful imagination only, nor merely of tender and elevated thought, of which you may find so much in the pages of Wordsworth, but of pure, heartfelt devotion, of sincere and humble piety, bringing you directly to God:

> 'These are thy glorious works, thou Source of good,
> How dimly seen, how faintly understood!
> Thine and upheld by thy paternal care,
> This universal frame, thus wondrous fair.'

Alas! how many are the persons who love to look at Nature, but do not love to look at Nature's God. This is the case certainly with many of those who travel in Switzerland. Indeed it is the case with every man naturally, for this is natural religion.

> 'The landscape has his praise,
> But not its Author. Unconcerned who formed
> The Paradise he sees, he finds it such,
> And such well pleased to find it, asks no more.'

And yet there could not be a discipline better fitted to lead the heart to God, as well as to invigorate the mind, and inspire it with new and elevated views of the Divine

glory, than the discipline of travel among the regions of the Alps. The atmosphere is as bracing to the mind as it is to the body; and these stupendous scenes are as good for the heart as they are for the mind, if they be but rightly studied. But it is not mere taste that will sanctify them. Mere cultivated taste is a cold commentator on the works of Nature; as unfit for such an office as mere learning without piety for the office of a teacher of the word of God. There are two books of God, two revelations: they are both open before us, God's word on the one side; on the other, sun, moon, stars, seas, vales, and mountains; with our mortal and immortal frame, so fearfully and wonderfully made.

"Now, whoever loves to read one of these books because God made it, will love to read the other, and find God in it. But this is the teaching of Grace, not Nature. Nature may teach men to be astronomers, threading the spheres, and viewing their stations, surveying the stars, as if among them they designed to make a purchase. Nature may teach men to be subtile chemists, poring among the principles of things, and following the traces of death, and the laws of matter. But Nature alone brings not man to God; 'the homely nurse doth all she can,' but she cannot make her foster-child love her Creator!

> 'What hath not man sought out and found
> But his dear God? who yet his glorious law
> Embosoms in us, mellowing all the ground
> With showers and frosts, with love and awe;
> So that we need not say, where's this command?
> Poor man! thou searchest round
> To find out Death, but missest Life at hand?'" *

If the pass of the Tête Noire has no single view of such surpassing grandeur as that from the Col de Balme, it has a constant succession of softer beauties and milder glories which, in the judgment of many, more than compensate for the loss. Unless the day be perfectly clear and bright so as to secure the one grand view from the summit of the Col there can be no doubt that the valley is preferable. Perhaps the most striking characteristic of this pass is its infinite variety and marvellous contrasts. Mountains lofty and precipitous, black jagged rocks, roaring torrents, dark gloomy ravines, solemn pine woods between whose columnar trunks the path winds, as through the aisles of a vast cathedral, yet withal an exhaustless abundance of exquisitely tinted flowers, delicate ferns, slopes on which the wild strawberry blushes and hides beneath her rich green leaves, and on all sides a profusion of verdure which softens down the ruggedness of the mountain forms, yet leaves their grandeur undiminished. What a concentration of all the elements of sublimity and beauty are here! What contrasts of light and shade, of form and colour, of softness and ruggedness! Here are vast heights above and vast depths below, villages hanging to the mountain sides, green pasturages, winding paths, chalets dotting the slopes, lovely meadows enamelled with flowers, dark immeasurable

* "Wanderings of a Pilgrim."

MONT BLANC AND THE VALLEY OF CHAMOUNI FROM SALLENCHES.

ravines, colossal overhanging walls and bastions of rock, snow peaks rising into the heavens high over all! Cold and hard must that heart be that can gaze upon all these glories of creation without a hymn of praise to

"That unwearied Love
That planned, and built, and still upholds a world,
So clothed with beauty for rebellious man."

ENGLISH CHURCH AT CHAMOUNI.

Of Chamouni itself little need be said. Most persons have acquired some measure of familiarity with its scenery from the innumerable descriptions which have been given of it in poetry and prose, by speech, and pen and pencil. A few mean hovels, clustering round half a dozen huge hotels, set down amongst some of the grandest mountain scenery in the world, may suffice to describe this great centre of tourists of all nations. Every one has heard of the Montanvert, the Jardin, the Brevent, the Flegère, the Mer de Glace, the Grands Mulets. But the utmost familiarity can never vulgarise such scenes as these. They remain a marvel of grandeur and beauty, and a "joy for ever." It must, however, be admitted that there is something in the bustle and civilisation of Chamouni which takes off the edge of Alpine enjoyment. After a day in the mountains it is pleasant to descend into the valley with its quiet inn and pleasant unpretending surroundings. Here you come back to a grand hotel with crowds of waiters and fine company, evening dress, Paris fashions, and London papers.

MONTANVERT.

Still, as was just said, nothing can vulgarise Chamouni. After visiting it for the last twenty years, no year seems complete in its enjoyment if a glimpse of Chamouni has not been included amongst them. Longfellow was right when he makes Mary Ashburton reply to the question—"'The Monk and the Silverhorn, the Wetterhorn, the Schreckhorn, and the Swartzhorn, did you ever see anything more grand?' 'O

yes, Mont Blanc is more grand. It was there that I was first moved by the magnificence of Swiss scenery. The clouds that were hovering about on their huge shadowy wings made the scene only the more magnificent. Before me lay the whole panorama of the Alps; pine forests standing dark and solemn at the base of the mountains, and half-way up a veil of mist, above which rose the snowy summits and sharp needles of rock which seemed to float in the air, like a fairy world. Then the glaciers stood on either side winding down through the mountain ravines; and high above all, rose the white, dome-like summit of Mont Blanc. And ever and anon from the shroud of mist came the awful sound of an avalanche, and a continual roar of the wind through a forest of pines filled the air. It was the roar of the Arvé and Arveiron breaking from their icy fountains. Then the mists began to pass away and it seemed as if the whole firmament were rolling together. It recalled to my mind that sublime passage in the Apocalypse, 'I saw a great white throne, and Him that sat thereon; before whose face the heavens and the earth fled away and found no place!' I cannot believe that upon this earth there is a more magnificent scene.'"

It would be a mere impertinence to attempt a description of Mont Blanc from Chamouni with Coleridge's morning hymn before us. The genius of the poet has combined the loftiest imagery with the minutest accuracy:—

"Hast thou a charm to stay the morning star
In his steep course? So long he seems to pause
On thy bald awful head, O sovran Blanc!
The Arvé and Arveiron at thy base
Rave ceaselessly; but thou, most awful Form!
Risest from forth thy silent sea of pines,
How silently! Around thee and above
Deep is the air, and dark, substantial, black,
An ebon mass: methinks thou piercest it
As with a wedge! But when I look again,
It is thine own calm home, thy crystal shrine,
Thy habitation from eternity!
O dread and silent Mount! I gazed upon thee,
Till thou, still present to the bodily sense,
Didst vanish from my thought: entranced in prayer
I worshipped the Invisible alone.
Yet, like some sweet beguiling melody,
So sweet, we know not we are listening to it,
Thou, the meanwhile, wast blending with my thought,
Yea, with my life, and life's own secret joy,
Till the dilating Soul, enrapt, transfused,
Into the mighty vision passing—there,
As in her natural form, swelled vast to heaven!
Awake, my soul! not only passive praise
Thou owest! not alone these swelling tears,
Mute thanks, and secret ecstacy! Awake,
Voice of sweet song! Awake, my heart, awake!
Green vales and icy cliffs, all join my Hymn.

Thou first and chief, sole sovran of the Vale!
Oh, struggling with the darkness all the night,
And visited all night by troops of stars,
Or when they climb the sky, or when they sink:
Companion of the morning star at dawn,
Thyself Earth's rosy star, and of the dawn
Co-herald: wake, O wake, and utter praise!
Who sank thy sunless pillars deep in earth?
Who filled thy countenance with rosy light?
Who made thee parent of perpetual springs?
And you, ye five wild torrents fiercely glad!
Who called you forth from night and utter death,
From dark and icy caverns called you forth,
Down those precipitous, black, jagged rocks,
For ever shattered, and the same for ever?
Who gave you your invulnerable life,
Your strength, your speed, your fury, and your joy,
Unceasing thunder and eternal foam?
And who commanded (and the silence came),
Here let the billows stiffen, and have rest?
Ye ice-falls! ye that from the mountain's brow
Adown enormous ravines slope amain—
Torrents, methinks, that heard a mighty voice,
And stopped at once amid their maddest plunge!
Motionless torrents! silent cataracts!
Who made you glorious as the gates of heaven
Beneath the keen full moon? Who bade the sun
Clothe you with rainbows? Who, with living flowers
Of loveliest blue, spread garlands at your feet?—
God! let the torrents, like a shout of nations,
Answer! and let the ice-plains echo, God!
God! sing ye meadow-streams, with gladsome voice!
Ye pine-groves, with your soft and soul-like sounds!
And they, too, have a voice, yon piles of snow,
And in their perilous fall shall thunder, God!
Ye living flowers that skirt the eternal frost!
Ye wild goats sporting round the eagle's nest!
Ye eagles, playmates of the mountain-storm!
Ye lightnings, the dread arrows of the clouds!
Ye signs and wonders of the element!
Utter forth God! and fill the hills with praise!
Thou too, hoar Mount! with thy sky-pointing peaks,
Oft from whose feet the avalanche, unheard,
Shoots downward, glittering through the pure serene,
Into the depth of clouds that veil thy breast—
Thou too, again, stupendous Mountain! thou
That as I raise my head, awhile bowed low
In adoration, upward from thy base
Slow travelling with dim eyes suffused with tears,
Solemnly seemest like a vapoury cloud
To rise before me—Rise, O ever rise,
Rise, like a cloud of incense, from the Earth!

Thou kingly Spirit throned among the hills,
Thou dread ambassador from Earth to Heaven,
Great hierarch! tell thou the silent sky,
And tell the stars, and tell yon rising sun,
Earth, with her thousand voices, praises God."

Continuing our tour round the base of Mont Blanc, the road leads down the Valley of Chamouni for about five miles, and then, turning to the left, mounts the Col de Voza which crosses the valley at the one end, as the Col de Balme crosses it at the other. The view, therefore, is exactly the counterpart to that already enjoyed on the way hither. Both look along the Valley of Chamouni; both command magnificent views of Mont Blanc; but, for many reasons, that from the Col de Balme is the finer of the two. The summit of the Col is nearly seven thousand feet high, yet, as Professor Forbes points out, erratic blocks are thickly strewn all around. How came they there? No torrent could have carried huge boulders of granite over such an elevation as this. He comes, therefore, to the conclusion, from which few will dissent, that here we have traces of glacial action; another proof, if any were needed, of the enormous extent to which the glaciers of Switzerland must have prevailed at some by-gone period.

The road then descends on the other side of the Col, passes the bright and cheerful Val de Montjoie, and allows a glimpse of the picturesque baths of St. Gervais, wedged in at the bottom of a deep ravine, the steep sides of which are densely covered with foliage and seamed with waterfalls. Contamines and the pilgrimage church of Notre Dame de la Gorge are soon reached. The church lies in a deep dell at the foot of Mont Joli. At the *fête* on the 15th August there is an immense concourse of the peasantry of the district. No better opportunity for seeing the costumes of the neighbouring valleys can be found. Contamines would seem to be one of the head-quarters of the adoration of the Virgin. The road-sides are thickly studded with chapels, shrines, images, and exhortations to worship her. In one place are these rude lines:

Quand la mort fermera nos yeux
Accordez nous, Reine de Cieux,
La sejour de bienheureux
Jesus et Maria ayez pitie de nous.

In an adjacent shrine is the blasphemous declaration:

Qui invenerit Mariam
Inveniet Vitam.

On every side are declarations of indulgence to all who shall repeat a certain number of *aves* in her honour. How few of those who are taught thus to worship and trust in the Virgin have any true sense of the nature of faith in Jesus, or any knowledge of Him who is the Way, the Truth, and the Life!

After leaving Contamines the path assumes a wilder aspect; Nant Bourant, a frequent halting-place, is reached; and before long the Col du Bonhomme comes in sight. In fine weather and with a guide, there seems to be no special peril in crossing this dangerous pass,—the track seems so plain, the general direction so obvious. But let a fog form on the hills, or a snow-storm come on, and it is dreaded even by experienced guides. The wind drives the snow into fearful blinding eddies, all indications of the route are soon lost, and the path, once strayed from, will with difficulty be found again. In the year 1830, two English gentlemen perished here. They were in the full vigour of early manhood. They left Nant Bourant in the morning for Chapiu, and were never again seen alive. Overtaken by a sudden snow-storm, they sank down and died on this desolate and dreary Col. Shortly before reaching the spot at which their bodies were found, a rude pile of stones is passed. Here, it is said, a noble lady and her whole suite perished in a similar storm. Tradition has preserved the memory of the fact, but has lost the names of the sufferers. In passing the cairn the guides add a stone to the heap and request each traveller to do the same.*

THE COL DU BONHOMME.

On this perilous and storm-swept defile we may trace the footsteps of the persecuted Waldenses in one of the most heroic passages in their history. Driven forth by their relentless enemies from the "munitions of the rocks" which God had given them for their defence, they had received a welcome and a refuge in Protestant Switzerland and Germany. But they could not forget their beloved home—the everlasting hills and beautiful valleys where their fathers had worshipped God. Under the leadership of Henri Arnaud they resolved to brave all dangers and return.† Travelling by night, and along the least frequented tracks, nearly a

* Perhaps it should be said that they used to do so. When I first crossed the Col, the custom was never omitted. Latterly it seems to have been falling into desuetude. The jests and incredulity of the crowds of tourists have broken down the superstitious awe with which the spot was formerly regarded.

† Wordsworth's Lines on the Skylark will recur to the memory of the reader :—

"Type of the wise who soar but never roam,
True to the kindred points of heaven and home."

HOME OF THE WALDENSES.

thousand of them made their way to the appointed rendezvous and commenced their march. They endured terrible hardships, and passed unharmed through almost incredible perils. On one occasion a cloud of mist came down hiding them from the view of the troops who were drawn up to oppose their passage. They had to make their way through frightful defiles in storms of rain and snow, enduring the extremity of cold and hunger, and braving death in innumerable forms. They passed whole nights on the bleak mountain-side with no shelter from the inclemency of the weather. They crossed the Col du Bonhomme in torrents of rain, wading knee-deep in snow. Following the course of the streams which flow down these mountain slopes, they, in due course, reached the valley of the Isère, the town of

VALLEY OF THE ISÈRE.

St. Jean de Maurienne, and safely passed Mont Cenis. They had no longer any dangers to fear save those which threatened them from men whose hearts seemed

harder than the rocks and colder than the snows from which they had just escaped. This desperate adventure was finally crowned with triumphant success, and is known in the Waldensian annals as the *Glorieuse Rentrée.*

The valley of the Isère, upon which the Waldenses entered after crossing the Col du Bonhomme, is now the centre of activity of a very different kind. The great work of tunnelling under Mont Cenis is being carried on here. It does not come within the scope of this volume to explain the processes by which this stupendous undertaking is being carried forward to completion, and the district itself lies outside the range of Swiss travel. It must therefore suffice to say, in passing, that the mechanical and the engineering skill displayed are of the highest order, and promise the most successful results.

ST. JEAN DE MAURIENNE.

Amidst these scenes where nature is working on so stupendous a scale the struggles of human ambition and cupidity seem strangely incongruous. The immense moraines thrown up by the glaciers around Lac de Combal have been turned into fortifications, and still show where they were pierced for musketry during the wars at the close of the last century. And just over the Allée Blanche, on one of the shoulders of Mont Blanc, are traces of excavations made in the search for mineral treasures, which it was supposed would be found in abundance.

Reference has been repeatedly made to the great beauty of Alpine flowers, and to the fact that they flourish in the very drip of the glacier, lighting up the most dreary solitudes with their brilliant colours. This is nowhere more striking than around Lac de Combal, a lake more than six thousand feet above the level of the sea, surrounded by some of the wildest scenery of Switzerland, and fed by the great glaciers of the Miage and the Allée Blanche; yet even here "they make the wilderness and the solitary place glad, and the desert rejoices and blossoms as the rose."

"Meek dwellers 'mid yon terror-stricken cliffs,
With brows so pure, and incense-breathing lips,
Whence are ye? Did some white-winged messenger
On mercy's missions trust your timid germ
To the cold cradle of eternal snows?
Or, breathing on the callous icicles,
Bid them with tear-drops nurse ye?
Tree nor shrub
Dare that drear atmosphere; no polar pine
Uprears a veteran front; yet there ye stand,
Leaning your cheeks against the thick-ribbed ice,
And looking up with brilliant eyes to Him
Who bids you bloom unblanched amid the waste

Of desolation. Man, who, panting, toils
O'er slippery steeps, or trembling, treads the verge
Of yawning gulfs, o'er which the headlong plunge
Is to eternity, looks shuddering up,
And marks ye in your placid loveliness—
Fearless, yet frail—and clasping his chill hands,
Blesses your pencilled beauty. 'Mid the pomp
Of mountain summits rising to the sky,
And charming the rapt soul in breathless awe,
He bows to bind you drooping to his breast,
Inhales your spirit from the frost-winged gale
And freer dreams of heaven."

"The desolate shores of the lake," says Mr. King, "melancholy and barren as they looked on first approaching it, were, we found, carpeted by the most brilliant profusion of flowers of such vivid colouring as can only be seen in the High Alps, where the pure air and intensely blue sky seem to impart their own colour to the flowers. Prevented by the snow, winds, and cold from springing to any height above the warm earth, the mean temperature of which, even during the winter, is far above that of the atmosphere even until May, their growth is dwarfed, but the concentrated energies of the well-fed and protected roots, working in the rich soil covered up with snow, are chiefly expended in the perfecting of the flower and seed. The consequence is a richness and vivid hue of the flower, partly owing also to the intensity of the light, with a compactness of growth which the most skilful florist might well envy. . . . The snow had only recently melted on the shores of the Lac de Combal, still lying in large patches here and there, and it was joyous spring time, the air perfumed with the scent of the thousands of flowers which enamelled the ground. A perfect mass of the delicate lilac, *Primula farinosa*, covered a large plot, and all around us were the tufts of the fairy *Soldanellas*, numerous species of *Campanula*, the lovely blue *Linus;* yellow, violet, white *Pinguicula;* white, yellow, and globe *Ranunculi;* the great Alpine Columbine, sulphur-coloured anemones, blue-eyed forget-me-nots, purple vetch, pansies, cistus, gentians, outvying the azure sky overhead; the *Rose des Alpes*,—the crimson rhododendron—covered with bloom, and a host of others too numerous to mention."

As Courmayeur is approached, the landscape loses its bleak sterile character, and the path winds through forests of ancient pines, whose branches are hung with long pendent streamers, like the Spanish moss of the American forests. The rocks are gay with brilliant many-coloured mosses and lichens. A rich profusion and infinite variety of ferns cluster in every nook and dingle; the hill-sides are carpeted with flowers, the magnificent glacier of La Brenva gleams purely white in the valley below; overhead, the huge cliffs of Mont Blanc rise like a mighty wall supporting a dome of snow, so bright, so pure, so ethereal, against the deep blue of the sky! If God have such glories and beauties for sinful man on earth, what must heaven be!

Courmayeur is nearly due south from Chamouni, the Monarch of mountains lying between them. Our tour has thus led us round the western flank of the Pennine Alps, and we have half completed the circuit of Mont Blanc. The distance from Courmayeur to Chamouni, in a direct line, is said to be only thirteen miles; but the ordinary tourist, who follows the line of valleys and climbs only the less difficult cols round the base of the mountain, must take two or three days to accomplish the distance. The view of Mont Blanc from the Italian side is very different to that from the north. Excepting for the exquisite dome, so perfect in its outline, and so easy of identification from every point, it would scarcely be

COURMAYEUR.

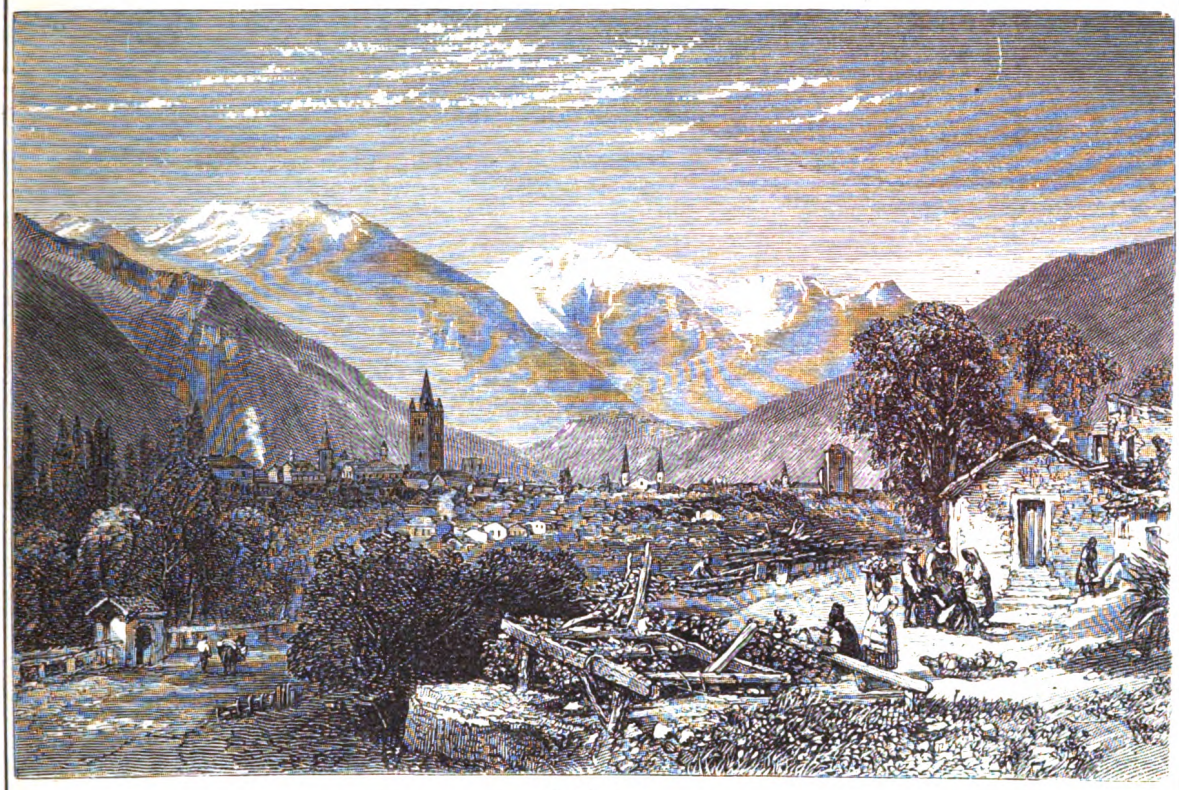
recognised as the same mountain. It is difficult to avoid a comparison of the two views, and almost equally difficult to award the preference to either. My own experience is that the present point of view always seems to be the noblest for the time being. But on the whole Chamouni bears away the palm. One night at Courmayeur, however, stands out in perpetual remembrance. We had come over the Col Seréna and reached Morgex just at sunset. Twilight came down upon the valley, yet the mountain tops were all glowing in the sunlight.

The lower peaks, one by one, sank into shadow as the gloom deepened around us. Still the higher summits were alight, burning like great altar-fires over the darkening earth. Soon, only the diadem of snow which crowns the highest point in Europe retained the heavenly radiance. For a few seconds a delicious rosy blush overspread the pure crystalline dome, and then the light silently, almost imperceptibly, faded away, like life departing from the body, and only a cold, pure ghostly whiteness remained. The lingering twilight faded into darkness. The stars shone out with intense brilliancy. Showers of meteors swept across the sky; for it was the night of the August meteorolites. Suddenly a new gleam of light seemed mysteriously to rest on the highest summit. It was not sunlight—it was too purely white, too cold and chaste in tone and colour for the great king of day. It spread down the mountain sides, one peak after another caught the illumination, till at last the moon came over the Col behind us, and filled the valley with a flood of light.

The valley, from Courmayeur to Aosta—a distance of a little over twenty miles—is one succession of glorious views, each of which seems more impressive, more transcendantly and indescribably beautiful than the last. Not without some show of reason is the village of Ivrogne said to be so named because you are "dazzled and drunk with beauty." One is ready to retract and apologise for the preference expressed for Chamouni over Courmayeur, and to say with Cheever, "I have seen Mont Blanc, from all the best points of view, with every advantage, so glorious that I then thought never could be presented such a juncture of elements in one picture of such unutterable sublimity and beauty. But all taken together, no other view is to be compared for its magnificence with this in the Val d'Aoste." Still, notwithstanding the indescribable splendours of the Valley of Aosta, the judgment already expressed in favour of Chamouni is adhered to.

Aosta retains many traces of its Roman and Imperial origin besides its name —a corruption of Augusta Prætoria. It claims, indeed, a much higher antiquity. Local antiquarians fix the date of its foundation at 406 years before the building of Rome by Romulus and Remus; that is to say, 1158 B.C.! It is certain that it was the chief town of the Salassi, and that it was rebuilt by Augustus, who stationed here a detachment of three thousand men from his Prætorian Guard. Walls, bridges, gateways, an amphitheatre, and a triumphal arch, remain to illustrate the traditions which go back to the days of Roman occupation. St. Bernard, the apostle of the Alps, whose name is imperishably connected with the neighbouring mountain, pass, and monastery, lived here, and was archdeacon of the cathedral church of the city. Here, too, the illustrious Anselm was born—one of the very greatest evangelical theologians of the middle ages. He died Archbishop of Canterbury in 1109.

Aosta was for awhile the scene of the labours of Calvin, and a place of retreat from the persecutions of his enemies. But he was obliged, in the year 1541, to flee from this beautiful valley; and now in the city itself there is a stone cross with an inscription at its base, to commemorate his departure, a curious testimony



VAL D'AOSTE.

by the priests as to the power of this great man, and the dread with which his presence, his influence, and his labours, were regarded among them. The inscription is in the following words:

HANC CALVINI FUGI EREXIT ANNO MDXLI RELIGIONIS CONSTANTIA REPARAVIT, ANNO MDCCXLI.

A curious story is still current and firmly believed in the city and the valley as to the cause of Calvin's flight. It is said that he had promised the people, as a sign of the truth of his teaching, to raise a dead man to life; that he made the attempt and failed, and that the whole city was so enraged against him that he had to flee at midnight, or rather at eleven o'clock, across the Grand St. Bernard, to save himself from destruction. As a proof of this legend, the inhabitants of Aosta, to commemorate the event, have ever since made the hour of eleven their midday and midnight, so that they dine at eleven instead of twelve, and consider eleven as noon. A far truer and worthier relic of Calvin's presence and labours in Aosta is to be found in the fact that a few Protestant families have held their ground ever since, true to the faith of their fathers, amidst obloquy and persecution.

Nowhere are goitre and cretinism more prevalent than in this beautiful valley. The peasantry are beyond description squalid and filthy, scarcely a well-dressed or decent looking person is to be met. All bear the marks of poverty, disease, and wretchedness. Heber's familiar line applies with terrible truth to the inhabitants of this lovely spot—"Every prospect pleases, and only man is vile."

Tourists who intend visiting Turin and Florence will probably turn aside for that purpose at Aosta, following the Val d'Aoste to Chatillon and Ivrea, and continuing their journey thence by railway.

TURIN, AND THE SUPERGA.

Of all the Italian capitals Turin is the least interesting. Its architecture is modern and monotonous. The palaces and public buildings are huge square edifices, gloomy without grandeur, dull and wearisome in their uniformity. The streets are built in straight lines crossing each other at right angles. This arrangement seems the more stiff and formal after the picturesque irregularity of the Swiss and Lombard towns. It has one advantage, however, that it allows of superb views of the snowy Alps from the very heart of the city. Seated in the spacious Piazza and looking along a handsome street with arcaded houses on either side, the horizon

is bounded by a range of mighty mountains crowned with perpetual snow. No capital in Europe can boast of a *coup d'œil* so striking and beautiful. The panoramic view from the Superga, a hill about five miles from the city, is extremely fine. Ball prefers it to the famous view from the platform at Berne. The whole chain of the Pennine Alps from Monte Rosa to Mont Blanc is in view, and half the horizon seems to be crowded with a line of peaks and snow fields.

FLORENCE.

Florence, the new capital of Italy, is now connected with Turin by a line of railway. The facilities of communication thus afforded are so great that numbers of Alpine tourists extend their journey so as to enjoy, at least, a glimpse of Firenza la Bella as its citizens fondly call it. The beauty of its situation, its noble galleries of art, and its stirring historical associations, make it worthy of more than a passing visit.

"Of all the fairest cities of the earth
None is so fair as Florence. 'Tis a gem
Of purest ray; and what a light broke forth
When it emerged from darkness! Search within,
Without, all is enchantment! 'Tis the past
Contending with the present; and, in turn,
Each has the mastery."

Every reader of *Paradise Lost* is familiar with the lines—

> "Thick as autumnal leaves that strew the brooks
> In Vallombrosa, where Etrurian shades
> High over-arched embower."

And will echo Wordsworth's wish—

> "Vallombrosa! I longed in thy shadiest wood
> To slumber, reclined on the moss-covered floor,
> To listen to Anio's precipitous flood,
> When the stillness of evening hath deepened its roar."

VALLOMBROSA.

But Florence and its environs, with all their attractions, must not detain us. We hasten to retrace our steps in order to complete the tour of Mont Blanc; the next stage in which is from Aosta to the Pass and Monastery of St. Bernard. There is comparatively little interest in the early part of the journey. Cars convey the tourist to St. Remy, and mules the rest of the way. The scenery, though wild and stern, is not particularly striking. But the first view of the famous monastery standing in lonely grandeur at the head of the pass is a sight not to be soon forgotten. The lights streaming through the windows afford a welcome sight even to the summer tourist overtaken by nightfall as he toils up the ascent. What must it be to the unhappy peasant compelled to cross amidst the storms of winter! Well-deserved is the tribute paid by Rogers to

> "That door which, even as self-opened, moves,
> To them that knock, and nightly sends abroad
> Ministering spirits. . . .
> Long could I have stood

THE GREAT ST. BERNARD.

With a religious awe contemplating
That house, the highest in the ancient world,
And destined to perform from age to age
The noblest service, welcoming as guests
All of all nations and of every faith;
A temple sacred to Humanity!
It was a pile of simplest masonry,
With narrow windows and vast buttresses
Built to endure the shocks of time and chance;
Yet showing many a rent, as well it might,
Warred on for ever by the elements."

The historical associations of the pass go back to a remote antiquity. The Celtic tribes who occupied the surrounding regions at the dawn of European history reared, on the plateau, a cairn to their god Penn—a deity to whom the highest mountain tops were deemed sacred, and whose memory lingers in our own topography in such names as Ben Lomond and Ben Nevis, Pendennis and Penmæn Mawr. When the victorious legions of Rome had subdued the Veragri and Salassi, whose territories extended to the summit of the pass, the rude pile of stones sacred to the god Penn was changed into a temple to Jupiter Penninus. Of this temple some fragments yet remain. Tablets and votive offerings placed in the temple and on the altar by travellers, in grateful acknowledgment of escape from the perils of the pass, have been dug up. It is from the god Penn in his Latinised form Penninus that the Pennine Alps take their name. Mont Joux is likewise a corruption of Mont Jovis. A hospice was founded on the summit of the pass in the days of the Carlovingians, and it took its name of Bernard from one or other of two princes of that family, each of whom led an army by this route into Italy. The present hospice was founded by St. Bernard, to whom reference has already been made, and who must not be confounded with the better known Bernard of Clairvaux. He may have been attracted by the coincidence of its name with his own. It had been ravaged and devastated by the Saracens, whose traces we have met with at the other end of the Pennine chain. He restored it, and dedicated it to his favourite Saint-Nicolas de Myre. But his own name has superseded all others, and the hospice is known to the whole civilised world as that of St. Bernard. In the stormy times which followed, the monastery was often plundered by bands of marauders, and the name of our Canute appears amongst those who complained to the pope and the emperor of the insecurity of the pass. In the long intricate feuds between Germany and Italy, pope and emperor, Guelph and Ghibelline, we constantly read of the one party or the other making a foray or marching an army across the Great St. Bernard. But in the words of Milton, these obscure conflicts have little more interest than those of the kites and the crows. In modern times the passage of the St. Bernard by Napoleon at the head of eighty thousand men with a proportionate number of cannon is familiar to all readers.*

* For a fuller history of the monastery, see Brockedon's *Passes of the Alps*, or King's *Italian Valleys of the Pennine Alps.*

To the curious, the scene of greatest interest at the hospice, is the morgue, or building where the dead bodies of lost travellers are deposited. There they are, some of them as when the breath of life departed, and the death angel, with frost and snow fixed them for ages. The floor is thick with nameless skulls and bones and human dust heaped in confusion. But around the walls are groups of sufferers in the very position in which they were found; rigid as marble, and in this air, by the preserving element of an eternal frost, almost as uncrumbling. There is a mother and her child, a most affecting image of suffering and love. The face of the little one remains pressed to the mother's bosom, only the back part of the skull being visible, the body enfolded in her careful arms, careful in vain, affectionate in vain, to shield her offspring from the wrath of the tempest. The snow fell fast and thick, and the hurricane wound both up in one white shroud and buried them. There is a tall, strong man standing alone, the face dried and black, the teeth white, unbroken, firmly set and closed, grinning from fleshless jaws—an awful spectacle. The face seems to look at you from the recesses of the sepulchre, as if it would tell you the story of a fearful death-struggle in the storm. There are other groups, more indistinct, but these two are at once imprinted on the tablets of the memory, and the whole of these dried and frozen remnants of humanity are a terrific demonstration of the fearfulness of this mountain-pass, when the elements, let loose in fury, encounter the unhappy traveller.

Leaving the hospice, a rough but not very steep path leads down to St. Pierre, or Liddes. From hence to Martigny, a distance of about twenty miles, there is a good road all the way, and the tour of Mont Blanc is ignominously brought to a conclusion in an omnibus which runs between Martigny and St. Pierre daily.

WESTERN SWITZERLAND.

WESTERN SWITZERLAND.

THE RHONE VALLEY AND THE CANTON DE VAUD—CHAMPERY—THE VAL ORMONT—SEPEY —THE CREUX DES CHAMPS—ROUGEMONT—LAKE LEMAN—CASTLE OF CHILLON—GENEVA —CALVIN—MADAME GUYON—FELIX NEFF—LAUSANNE—THE JURA—NEUFCHATEL.

THE Rhone, after flowing in a westerly direction from its birthplace in the glacier, suddenly turns to the northward on reaching Martigny, and runs at a right angle to its former course till it enters the Lake of Geneva. Our route lies along its banks. A railway traverses this part of the valley, and as the scenery is not very striking, little is lost by adopting the speedier mode of transit, at least as far as Bex. Near Martigny a very fine cascade is passed—the Pissevache—but it can be seen quite well from the road, and the tourist is probably, by this time, satiated with waterfalls. There is a certain amount of monotony and similarity in all falls of water, and, after seeing half-a-dozen, few persons care to go out of their way to see another. On leaving Martigny the road continues for some time in the Canton Valais—a Catholic canton—and the squalor, misery, and poverty apparent in other parts of the Rhone valley meet the eye at every turn. At St. Maurice the Protestant Canton de Vaud is reached, and, at once, all is changed. Thriving homesteads, well-kept farms, smiling villages attest the altered habits of the people. The transition is most striking. Within a few hundred yards the traveller passes from the filth and wretchedness, the goitres and cretins of the Valaisians to the prosperity and cheerfulness of the Vaudois.

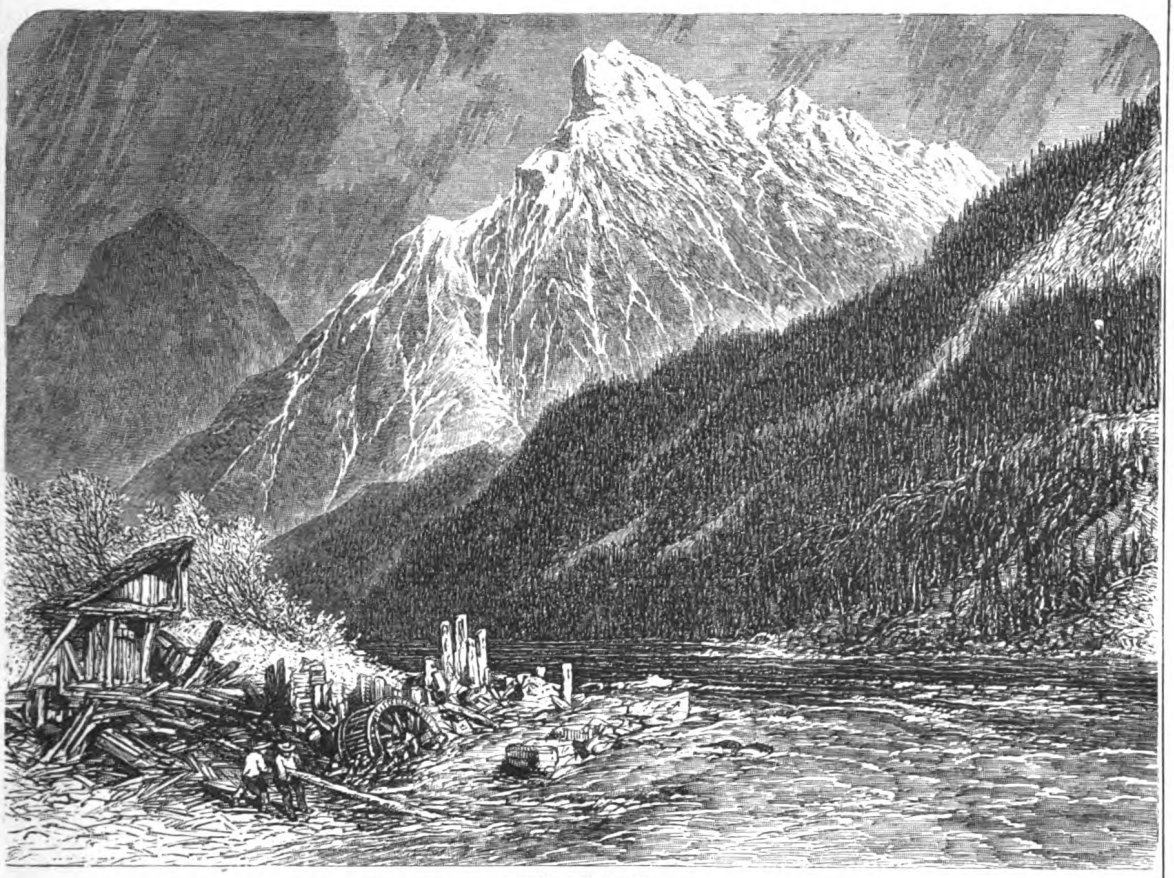
At St. Maurice the river Rhone is suddenly contracted within a narrow gorge, and is crossed by a bridge of a single arch. This makes it an important strategic point. On more than one occasion the Swiss have availed themselves of it in defence of their liberty. It was formerly closed by a gate, now replaced by a fort. To this Rogers makes allusion:—

> "Journeying upward by the Rhone,
> That there came down, a torrent from the Alps,
> I entered where a key unlocks a kingdom:
> The mountains closing and the road, the river
> Filling the narrow space."

Though the Rhone valley is a beaten track crowded, during the season, with visitors from every nationality in Europe, there are, nevertheless, within easy distance on either side, spots of transcendent beauty and grandeur, scarcely visited, and little known. Tourists are for the most part gregarious. They travel in crowds. The consequence is that certain places, which happen to be the fashion, are filled to overflowing, whilst others, in no respect inferior, are passed without a pause. Until recently very few of all the thousands who annually pour along the Rhone valley ever stopped at Bex or Monthey to visit Champery. Yet there are few more charming villages in Switzerland. The views of the Dent du Midi and the Val d'Illiez are of surpassing grandeur and beauty.

ST. MAURICE.

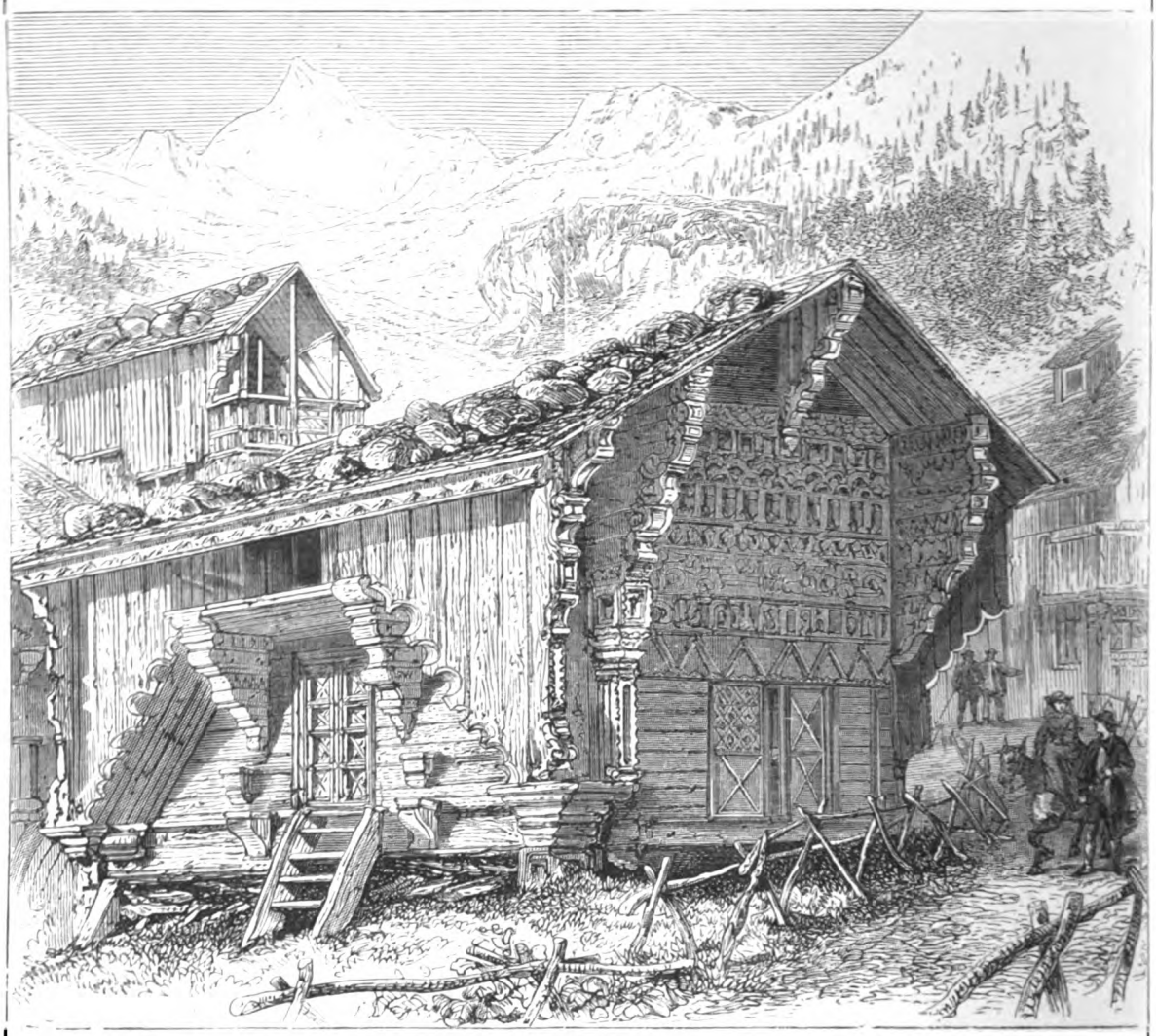
Equally beautiful but even less visited is the Val Ormont on the opposite side the Rhone Valley. The road turns off at Aigle. In about an hour Sepey is reached, a quaint straggling village composed entirely of wooden chalets, which, with their overhanging roofs, their covered galleries, and their carved gables, have a very picturesque effect. Many of the gable-fronts are inscribed with texts of Scripture, verses, and prayers, carved and painted in bright colours. A homely village inn receives guests *en pension* at a very moderate rate. A writer in the *Leisure Hour* describes some days spent here a few years ago:—"Our view from the rude wooden gallery, which served as our *salon*, was one which stamped itself upon the heart and mind with a vividness never



DENT DU MIDI.

to be effaced. The peaceful, pastoral foreground, with its swelling mounds of verdure, its bright rapid stream, its quaint chalets, its cattle, with their bells ringing out clearly in the evening air, and the peasantry lingering on their homeward way in cheerful conversation—the whole scene, so full of homely yet picturesque beauty, standing out in bold relief against a panoramic range of Alps—'mountain upon mountain piled,' with their snowy peaks, dark fantastic crags, sombre forests, and gleaming waterfalls; such were the objects on which we sat gazing until the shadows of evening fell upon the landscape, imparting to it a stiller and more solemn beauty.

Next morning came the day of rest; and we were glad to have the opportunity of passing it among those who are regarded in Switzerland as the truest and most fervent professors of the Protestant faith. It was communion Sunday. Divine service was not to begin until ten o'clock, but it was still early in the morning when we observed groups of people approaching from all sides of the country. Along every mountain path and through every opening gorge might be seen, advancing at intervals, some family of peasants: the aged white-haired man resting on his staff, and the youth, whose lofty brow and upright manliness spoke alike of firmness and of daring; the staid matron, and the young girl just emerging from childhood—all were hastening to the house of God. The many



AT SEPEY.

paths thus dotted with peasantry all converged to the village of Sepey, from whence an upland road led to the village church, which lay at about a quarter of a mile distant. We mingled with the ascending throng, and, on emerging from a pretty copse-like wood, saw before us the dark grey tower of the church, which stood on the sloping brow of the hill, surrounded by the silent resting-places of the dead. No sculptured tombs were there, but many nameless green mounds, and a few distinguished by a wooden head-rail, whereon were carved the name and age of the deceased.

Divided from the churchyard only by a narrow rudely paved road stood the parsonage, a large wooden chalet of the same class as the superior ones in the village. It was placed between a small paddock and a garden, wherein flowers and vegetables grew together in friendly neighbourhood. A few old men sat talking

on a long wooden bench outside the roofed gateway of the churchyard; but most of the congregation were hastening within the walls of the church. We followed them, and found the building—a tolerably large one—already thronged with people.

Several minutes elapsed before the beginning of the service, so we had full leisure to contemplate the scene around us. At the right side of the church stood, close to the wall, an elevated pulpit, beside which was placed an hour-glass—the relic, doubtless, of those olden times when sermons were wont to be meted out in their several parts by the falling sands of time. Beneath it, in the centre of the church, stood the communion table; and near it were the seats for the elders, fashioned like stalls, while the other seats were merely open benches with backs like those in many of our modern English churches. All the seats were placed so as to face the communion table and the pulpit. Every available spot was closely crowded with people, the men and women being seated at different sides of the church: but the men were in great majority on this occasion, for neither in the chancel nor galleries was a woman to be seen.

Perfect stillness pervaded this dense mass of human beings. A primitive, noble-looking race they were: the men, earnest, thoughtful, intelligent, tall in stature, and resolute in aspect, looking as if they could not only dare, but also suffer for their faith. Their clothing was of dark homespun cloth, cut in long square-fashioned habiliments. The women, young and old, were clad in dark dresses, over which were carefully folded and pinned large silk handkerchiefs or shawls of green or dark blue silk, bordered with some gayer colour, while on their heads they all wore *toques* of black silk or velvet, trimmed with broad frills of black lace. Not a single bonneted female was to be seen in the congregation, except the pastor's wife and sister, and the ladies of our own party.

A sad-looking clerk, with a black garment hanging down from his shoulders behind, having entered the pulpit, read aloud a chapter in the Bible, and then gave out a hymn, which was sung with hearty vehemence by the whole congregation. This concluded, the pastor, a grave, intelligent young man, ascended the pulpit, and repeated with solemnity and fervour some excellent prayers out of the Swiss-Vaudois prayer-book. The congregation stood up, but seemed rather to listen to than to unite in their pastor's prayers. Another hymn followed; and then the pastor opened his Bible and gave out as his text that solemn and heart-stirring declaration of the God of Israel to his rebellious people: 'As I live, saith the Lord God, I have no pleasure in the death of the wicked; but that the wicked turn from his way and live: turn ye, turn ye from your evil ways; for why will ye die, O house of Israel?' After comparing God's yearning over sinners to the feelings of a tender mother, who seeth her children advancing blindly or recklessly to the edge of a precipice, entreats them to turn away from it, the pastor besought his hearers not to *speculate* about the mystery of God's willing our salvation, and yet that we must will it too. 'We are,' said he, 'in a house on flames. The way is open to escape. God would save you. Do not wait to reason; but enter at once into the plan of his boundless mercy and compassion, as revealed in Christ

Jesus.' Every eye was riveted on the preacher as he expounded a message so full of awe and of mercy. During the sermon, he gave utterance to two or three brief petitions for the people, and it was curious to see how instantaneously every head was uncovered (for many had put on their hats at the conclusion of the devotions), and how rapidly the hats were replaced as soon as the pastor's 'Amen' had been uttered. It seemed as though, in proportion to their independence of outward things, they were careful to express their reverence towards a prayer-hearing and prayer-answering God.

The sermon over, the pastor repeated the Lord's Prayer, the Apostles' Creed, and the Ten Commandments, together with the brief summary of them given by our Lord in the New Testament. He then read aloud, in a most earnest, impressive manner, an address to the people on the origin and meaning of the Lord's Supper, with a solemn excommunication of all those who through wilful sin or unbelief were not worthy to partake of it. At the conclusion of the address the pastor sat down. There was a deep silence in the church.

We expected, after so solemn a warning, that a large proportion of the congregation would depart; but all remained still and motionless in their places. After a few moments' pause the pastor left the pulpit, and placing himself at one end of the communion table, blessed the bread and wine which were placed before him. He then called over three elders, grave, noble-looking old men, bearing in their hands a flagon and two chalices, and gave them authority to present the wine to the communicants. He himself remained standing at the north end of the table, with a large salver in his hands, piled up with bread; while at the other end stood the three elders, two of them holding the chalices, and the other a flagon of wine. A few words were then spoken by the pastor, exhorting the people to listen reverently to God's word; whereon the clerk resumed his place in the pulpit and read aloud in a monotonous tone several of the concluding chapters of St. John's Gospel, with a commentary on the same, which, alternating with the singing of hymns, continued during the celebration of the communion.

Meanwhile the men began to move from their places, and advancing in close but orderly procession, approached the pastor, who handed to each a bit of bread, which was received with a bow; and passing on in front of the table, the wine was presented to them by the two elders. The communicants returned to their seats by another way, so that during the space of two hours or thereabouts there was a ceaseless flow of people, moving on rapidly, yet gravely, throughout the church. The pastor stood perfectly silent the whole time; but his eye was fixed steadily on each communicant as he approached, and the expression of that eye often bespoke sorrow or reproof more eloquently than if his lips had uttered those feelings aloud. When all the men in the church had received the communion, then the women approached in like order. On their being reseated in their places, the pastor once more ascended the pulpit, and concluded the service by a prayer and an address to the communicants on the duties and responsibilities of those who had partaken of that holy ordinance."

About three hours from Sepey, up a rough, but not steep ascent, the tourist reaches the Plan des Isles, and the Creux des Champs—a spot of perfect enchantment, combining all the elements of beauty and grandeur. The valleys from hence to Thun are famous throughout Switzerland for their exceeding richness and fertility. Their cheese and butter are considered the best in the land. Here, too, the best riflemen in the Confederation are said to live. It is a Protestant, liberty-loving, thriving district. The green slopes are dotted with innumerable chalets. From the Alps above, and the meadows below, the musical tones of the cattle-bells are heard. The hills on the northern side, though their summits are easily accessible, command grand panoramic views, extending over the Jura, the chain of the Bernese Oberland, the Pennine Alps from Monte Rosa to Mont Blanc, the wild chaos of peaks that stand around the Dent du Midi, and the Lake of Geneva. I scarcely know any ascent so easy, rewarded by a panorama so complete, a view so grand. The valley is bounded on the other side by a range of mountains, rising to a height of eleven thousand feet, mantled with ice and snow. It is the Creux des Champs, however, which gives its peculiar character to this part of the valley. The Creux is an immense amphitheatre or *cirque*, like those of the Pyrenees only far grander and vaster, penetrating for a couple of miles into the side of the mountain. Its precipitous walls are surmounted by glaciers and snow-fields. Innumerable cascades fall from the glaciers down the rocky sides of the amphitheatre, and form a roaring torrent which thunders grandly through the pine-woods, and then subsides into calm as it reaches the rich green meadows.

OBERLAND CHALET.

Amongst many delightful seasons spent in the Ormont-dessus one Sunday stands out with great prominence. It was indeed "a day much to be remembered." In the morning we walked "with the voice of joy and praise" to the little church, which lay a couple of miles down the valley. It seemed impossible not to praise God as we went. The day was perfect. The path lay through meadows of an intense green, bright with a thousand flowers, over which clouds of butterflies hovered and sported. At our feet the infant Eau Noir babbled noisily. Less than an hour ago its waters, now hurrying past us, had leaped from the heart of the Sans Fleuron glacier, had plunged headlong, a thousand feet, down the precipitous walls of the Creux des Champs, had rushed, as though terror-stricken,

through the dark gloomy depths of the pine forest which fills up the cirque, and now bursting out into brilliant sunlight and rambling on between green and flowery banks seemed to be fairly singing for joy,

> "Making sweet music to each little sedge,
> As forth it hasted on its pilgrimage."

Above us frowned huge masses of naked rock crowned with eternal snow. Groups of worshippers dressed in the *bizarre* yet picturesque costume of the district were emerging from every chalet, or wending their way down the mountain sides.

Approaching the church, we found it standing in the centre of the pastor's garden. Flowers were trained up the porch and peeped in at the open windows. The fragrance of new-mown hay came floating on the breeze. The soft and distant music of cattle-bells, the twittering of birds, and the murmuring of the stream, were the only audible sounds. As the congregation assembled we were greatly struck by their devoutness of manner. Subsequent conversation with many of them showed that manner was, in this case, but the outward expression of deep religious feeling. One custom, which we observed here for the first time, greatly pleased us. The congregation as they entered the church, reverently paused for a few seconds on the threshold, bowed their heads, crossed their arms upon their breasts, and silently repeated a short prayer. Then, but not till then, they took their places on the open benches with which the church was seated.

The service—that of the *Eglise libre* of the Canton de Vaud—was plain, simple, and impressive. The sermon was from Rom. iii. 27: "Where is boasting then? It is excluded. By what law? of works? Nay: but by the law of faith." It was an earnest, evangelical discourse. The point specially insisted upon was that salvation by works, even if it were possible, could only produce pride and selfishness in man, and rob God of his glory; whilst salvation by faith humbles man, and glorifies God. Some of our party thought the discourse altogether too doctrinal and abstruse for the congregation. This, however, did not seem to be the opinion of the hearers themselves. They eagerly listened to every word, and by their subsequent remarks showed that their minds, quickened and energized by familiarity with the sublime truths of the gospel, were capable of grappling with the great themes under discussion.

At the close of the service it was announced that a meeting for worship would be held in the evening, in the pine forest behind the mill. To this service we went. The place of meeting was amongst the pines which fill the vast amphitheatre of the Creux des Champs. A nobler temple can hardly be imagined. Around us rose the columnar trunks of mighty trees like the pillars of a vast cathedral. The branches overhead formed a roof whose immense height and delicate tracery left all gothic architecture at a hopeless distance. The slanting rays of the evening sun came flickering down upon us as in showers of golden rain. Through glades and openings in the forest the vast glaciers and snow-fields of the Diablerets were visible. Overhead towered the Oldenhorn and his brother giants to the

CREUX DES CHAMPS.

height of ten or eleven thousand feet. These mighty peaks and aiguilles, cut so sharp and clear against the evening sky, seemed to rise and mingle with the stars, which began to peep out through the fading light. The roar of innumerable cataracts plunging down the mountain sides, from the glaciers above, kept up a solemn sound like distant thunder.

A congregation of about two hundred persons assembled. They sat upon tufts of moss, trunks of fallen trees, stumps and roots left in the ground by the woodmen; a few stood in groups where they could hear most advantageously. But no painter could have grouped them with more pictorial effect. All ages were there—old men and women, their faces furrowed and wrinkled and weatherworn, herdsmen and hunters from the Alps above us, mothers with infants on their knees or at their breasts, young men and maidens walking side by side, and little children who whiled away the interval by seeking strawberries and bilberries. At length the service began. Grandly rose the psalm, the waterfalls thundering a ceaseless bass. The officiating minister—a venerable white-haired man—was an evangelist employed to itinerate amongst the scattered chalets and hamlets in the mountains and hold services with the herdsmen. An English minister who happened to be in our party was requested to take part in the service and speak to the people. This he did, and the address, though simple and unstudied, was listened to with tears. He spoke of the unity of all believers in Christ, that in Him "there is neither Greek nor Jew, barbarian, Scythian, bond nor free;" but all are one in the Saviour. "We have never met before," he said, "we shall probably never meet again on earth. We are strangers to each other. Our speech, our manners, our modes of life are utterly unlike. And yet, my brothers, my sisters, I claim you as members of one family, children of one Father, brethren of one Elder Brother, to live with us for ever in the same happy home, our Father's house, whither Jesus has gone to prepare a place for us." Then adverting to the distant journey we had undertaken in order to gaze upon the magnificent scenery around us, he spoke of the pilgrimage to a yet more beautiful and glorious world to which Christ summons us, and implored those who had not yet begun to tread that path and seek that better country to do so without delay.

In no part of Switzerland can the simple life of the peasantry be better seen than here. The extortion and the begging which annoy the traveller in the beaten track of tourists are rarely encountered. Unchanged by foreign influence, uncontaminated by the servile spirit which springs up in the train of visitors, they here display their better qualities.

> A true and noble-hearted race are they
> Who dwell in Ormond's upland vale
> Free as the chamois on their mountain's side!
> Firm as the rocks which hem their valley in!
> They keep the faith for which their fathers fought:
> They fear their God, nor fear they aught beside.

Miss Whately, a recent resident in one of the chalet pensions of the district,

thus records the impression they produced upon her mind, and the result of her efforts for their spiritual benefit:

"Ours is just such a pretty, fanciful Swiss cottage as pictures and stories had made us familiar with—looking out on a glorious view. Behind the house rise green mountain-heights, with views of higher Alps beyond. Opposite our windows is the bare and rocky summit of the Rubli, its sides clothed with pine forests or green slopes studded with chalets. Through the middle of the valley, the rapid river Sarine, which descends from the glaciers of the Valaisian Alps, winds through a deep rocky glen, bordered with pine forests, whose banks are green with the richest moss, and luxuriant in ferns, wild flowers, and mountain berries.

Such is our new mountain home. Our life in it is truly primitive: we keep early hours, as all do here, the principal meal being taken at a little past noon; and all the arrangements of the house are sufficiently simple: one might imagine oneself in a perpetual picnic. But if the little refinements and elegancies of town life are

THE PENSION-CHALET, ROUGEMONT.

wanting, we have luxuries which elsewhere would be unattainable—the most abundant and excellent supply of all dairy products, especially the richest cream; alpine strawberries and raspberries in profusion, and provisions in general cheap and good. Our hosts are specimens of the well-to-do class in these mountains, owners of two or three chalets in different parts of the neighbouring Alps, and a large herd of cattle—the chief wealth of the country. At these upper chalets, or *fruiteries*, the making of the famous Gruyère cheeses, and others of a more homely kind, forms the staple industry. The master keeps several men at work, and himself goes up part of every week to one chalet or another. When the lower pastures have been sufficiently consumed, the cattle are led to a higher. There is, therefore, a perpetual

movement in the summer season, from pasture to pasture, and even in the middle of the night we are sometimes roused by the ringing of cattle-bells, which announce the progress of a herd to or from its chalet. These herds are generally between twenty and thirty in number, and frequently from eighty to a hundred; the cows very large, far more so than any one sees at home, very handsome, tame, and intelligent. But a walk through the valley will give the best idea of this pastoral life.

Early in the morning or late in the evening we generally see one or more horses descending from the mountains, laden with a curious wooden machine for holding cheeses, their bells, adorned with coloured tassels, ringing as they go. As we walk through the village, a man or boy, carrying a similar machine on his back, or wheeling one in a sort of barrow, often meets us. The women are much employed in field-work, and as we pass the grassy slopes we see them in their wide, shady hats, busily making hay, sometimes on the sides of hills so steep that to keep one's balance would require some ingenuity; lives have sometimes been lost from haymakers slipping down these precipitous slopes. As we pass along, every few yards brings us to a fresh spring of clear, sparkling water, generally carried through a rough channel, made of a hollow tree, into a trough with a spout above it.

About a mile from our chalet we come to the village church, with its quaint cupola, and close by it an ancient deserted mansion of the old lords of Rougemont. Then we enter the village, with its picturesque market-place and fountain, surrounded with women washing their vegetables, all clad in the costume of Vaud, dark-coloured woollen dresses, and black silk or velvet mob-caps bordered with broad black lace, sometimes of considerable value. The making of this is the chief winter occupation of the women, and the sole resource often of the old and sickly. At almost every other door we see a woman seated at her cushion, with its array of pins, busily engaged in this labour. We wind up the paved, hilly street, with curious, quaint-looking, old houses, the name of the builder, and date of the building inscribed on each, often with a text or pious sentence, the windows gay with a brilliant cactus or geranium in an earthen pot, evidently tended with care.

We pass round the corner of a wooded hill, crowned with an old ruin, and find ourselves at the turn of the valley. A mountain-gorge opens on our left, down which a rapid stream, a tributary of the Sarine, descends foaming and dashing, turning saw-mills as it passes, in which the timber is sawn into lengths and stored up for use, kept for fuel or carried away in carts for the building of a fresh chalet. The next turn brings us into the Saanenthal, and the pretty little town of Gessonay or Saanen, about four miles from Rougemont, lies before us. Here the view of some of the glaciers opens upon us, and the road winds up a long ascent, which at the end of about two hours and a half, brings us into the lovely Simmenthal, in the Canton Berne, leading, after a drive of nine hours, to the Lake of Thun, and all the wonders and beauties of the Bernese Oberland.

It would be endless and tedious to describe the variety of walks and excursions around our valley; every day we discovered new beauties. The abundance of wild flowers surpassed every expectation we had formed; campanulas, blue, purple, and

lilac, of every size and shape, from the large Canterbury bell to the small, delicate harebell, and many kinds we had never seen before; two or three kinds of dark-blue gentian, and two of the lilac sort; the red rhododendron, or *alpenrosen;* the purple monkshood, the pink epilobium, the yellow arnica flower, and many more, too numerous to specify—with ferns in endless variety, wood-strawberries, bilberries, and dew-berries, and mosses of the most brilliant shades of orange, brown, and emerald green—all these give a great charm to the Alpine forest glens, and every step brings some new beauty of scenery before us.

Our party made two excursions to the higher chalets on the upland pastures, above the pine forests, where the slopes of short grass, mingled with wild thyme and delicate small flowers, afford grazing for the large herds of cattle; the mountain breeze is refreshing in the hottest days, and the eye can wander to a perfect panorama of distant Alps.

We early felt it was a responsibility laid on us, as residents for a considerable time in the valley, to endeavour to do what we could in promoting the higher welfare of those around us. Very little is needed in this canton as to temporal relief; the inhabitants, for the most part, live in comfort, and what would be considered affluence among our working classes; occasional distress is assisted by the commune; but it cannot be said that similar provision is made for spiritual wants. The national church in the Canton de Vaud is in a sad lifeless state. The government regulations for some years past have been such as to drive the larger part of the earnest and devoted clergy out of the church.

Every alternate Sunday a meeting of the *Eglise libre* is held in a chalet a little way above us, and these meetings were all we could desire. The pastor of Chateau d'Oex and his assistant come by turns to preside at this little meeting, and the expositions and prayers are full of spirituality, unction, and force. There is also a little meeting every Sunday, held by some simple, quiet, earnest Christians belonging to a peculiar sect, but without any of the sectarianism of spirit often found in such communities.

Among the simple mountaineers of Rougemont and Chateau d'Oex we met with several who seemed to possess deep and vital piety, and also much intelligence; and there was a very general readiness to receive tracts and religious books. But our most interesting undertaking was the formation of a Sunday afternoon school. This work had been commenced by some English friends, who had preceded us in our abode here. They had been led almost by an accidental circumstance to open the school, and had continued it through a whole winter with success. No such institution existed in the place, the religious instruction of the children being confined to a public catechising in the church on Sunday mornings. On the second Sunday of our arrival a goodly number of children of all ages were seen before our door, many of them bringing little offerings of flowers and berries, the flowers beautifully and tastefully arranged in bouquets and wreaths. We found they had been begging for contributions from all the gardens round. The numbers were too great for our little *salle à manger*, so they were distributed between that, the

IN THE CANTON DE VAUD.

balcony, and a large barn at the back of the house. We found our pupils very intelligent, and with scarce an exception, docile, well-behaved, and anxious to learn. It was really a cheering task to teach them, and the interest they showed could not be mistaken. The mothers often came into the barn to listen to the teaching, and we had several encouraging proofs that a real desire to learn had been awakened. For instance: one evening, as we were passing through the village, we observed several of our pupils forming a little group at a cottage door, and evidently intent on something they were reading. We found they were in the habit of forming themselves into a little kind of evening school, quite of their own accord, to study the text of the week and to read their tracts. By the elder people we were continually stopped and asked for books. A woman one day accosted us in going up the mountain behind our house, and asked if we had any of the 'feuilles religieuses'

MUSTERING FOR THE SCHOOL TREAT.

we had been giving the children, she liked them so much. Fortunately I was provided with some, and could gratify her. Another day I met a girl with one of the heavy, cornucopia-like baskets on her back which they all use here: she came to meet me and asked me for a book. Two of her sisters came to the Sunday-school, she said, and could we give her or sell her one of the little books we had given or lent them? I had none about me, but told her if she would come home with me I would get her some. She willingly laid down her burden, and walked all the way back with me, full half a mile, to procure the wished-for books. She had been afraid to come to the school herself, but on my persuasion she promised to come and bring three others with her, but she was obliged to go up to the mountains and could not follow up her intention.

In Canton de Vaud reading is universal; it is penal in the canton for a father

to allow his child to grow up without education, and inspectors go round from time to time to ascertain if the children can read and write. Village schools are universal, and accordingly it is rare to find a child of twelve years old who cannot both read and write. Bibles or Testaments are found in most of the houses.

On Thursday, the 10th of July, we gave a school treat. A *gouter*—the universal word here for a substantial tea or supper—was spread in the large barn, where benches and tables were duly arranged, the weather being too uncertain for an outdoor meal. At three o'clock about a hundred and thirty children and young people were assembled in their neatest fête-day dresses, and almost all laden with flowers. They had brought garlands, triumphal arches of greenery and flowers, and other floral devices, most ingeniously and tastefully arranged, which they placed round the doors, balcony, windows, etc.; so that the chalet looked quite a brilliant mass of flowers. There was an abundance of bouquets and cut paper in fanciful ornaments, with words of thanks and salutations, all pleasing as showing the affectionate feeling of these dear children. When all were assembled in the barn, a little address was made to them, a grace was said, and they were ranged round the long tables set out with their simple feast of coffee, cheese, bread-and-butter, and cakes. After supper they amused themselves with games; amusements of various kinds were devised by our party, and entered into with great zest. There was much merriment and hearty enjoyment, and no sort of rudeness or disturbance; the good behaviour and order might have done honour to many a higher circle. The parents came backwards and forwards to look on the festivities, and a general feeling of kindly sympathy seemed to prevail. Our kind hostess gave us her most cordial and ready help in the matter.

Towards the close of our stay some of our party set out on an expedition to some newly-discovered sulphur baths in a valley just out of the Simmenthal. The number of mineral baths in Switzerland is much greater than strangers are aware of, and new ones are almost every year coming into notice. This watering-place of Lenk is within a morning's drive of Rougemont; but an early start was essential, as the horses are nearly maddened by the gadflies during the heat of the day. This plague is more prevalent in the mountains than in the lowland country. Three species are found, two of them much larger in size than those we are familiar with.

Accordingly, our party, filling two char-à-bancs (the car of the country), were *en route* between six and seven o'clock. After the Canton Berne had been entered, and the long hill traversed between us and Zweisimmen, the first village in the Simmenthal, we turned off to the right, following the course of the upper branch of the river, which here divides into two streams, at whose confluence the village is built, called from it Zweisimmen (or the two Simmens). The one branch of the river flows through the lower Simmenthal to Thun, the other traverses the upper valley, or 'Obersimmenthal,' up which we now proceeded. This upper valley is wilder and less soft and pastoral in character than the lower Simmenthal, and there was an appearance of greater poverty than we had yet seen in the Bernese country.

We soon entered the valley of Lenk—a kind of *cul de sac* formed by an amphitheatre of high, bare mountains, the glacier of the Retschi, from which rises the Simmen, suspended, as it were, from the middle one. These rugged heights, streaked with innumerable cascades, shut in the valley on all sides, except the entrance to the Obersimmenthal. At their foot lie very flat, green meadows, the stream winding among them through heaps of debris and thick brushwood. At the entrance of the valley is the little village of Lenk.

It was nearly evening by this time, but the coolness made it more agreeable, and the rich crimson glow on the mountain sides was most striking as we drove along into a sort of side glen opening on the right of the valley, at one end of which the falls of Effingen appear, throwing clouds of silver spray over the cliffs, somewhat in the style of Staubbach, but with a very superior volume of water. It was nearly dark when we returned; we had meant to set out very early next morning to see the 'Seven Springs' (Siebenbrunnen), which rise just under the glacier; but a furious storm of thunder and rain kept us prisoners till ten o'clock, when it cleared, and we drove through the valley to the foot of the mountain on whose top the Retschi glacier hangs.

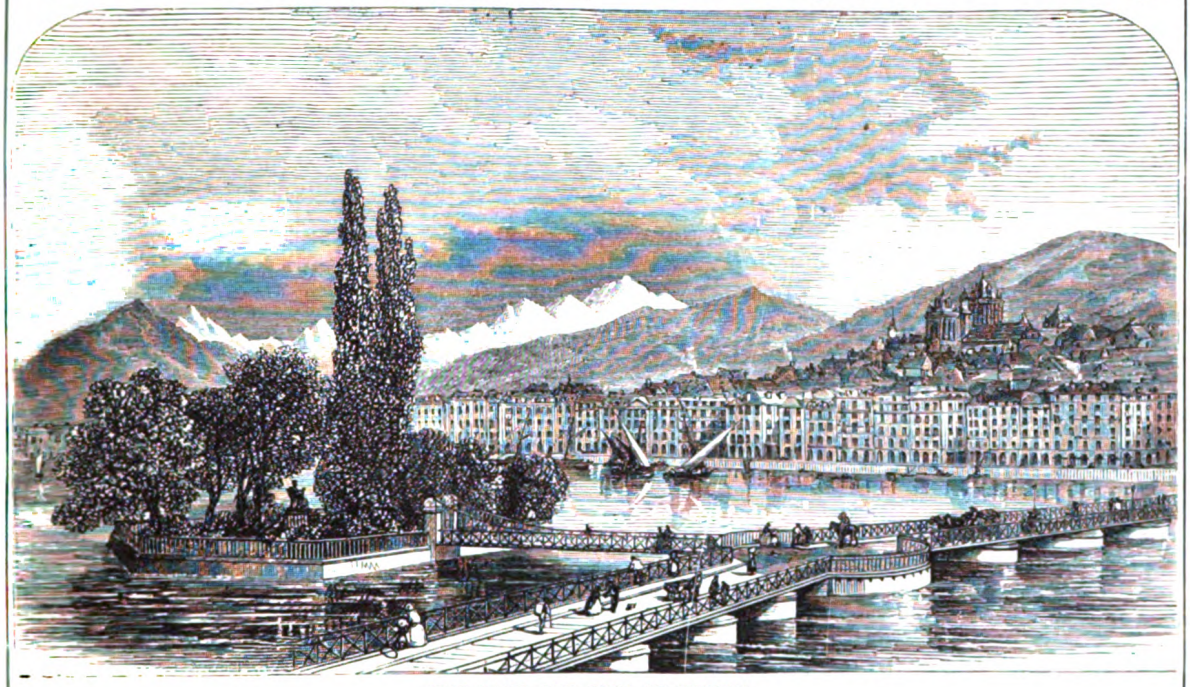
Down the cliffs just above us a furious cataract, composed by the confluence of several cascades, rushes down into the Simmen, forming a splendid collection of waterfalls—'La bataille des eaux,' as one of the visitors to the valley called it. We alighted from our chars and had a scramble of nearly two hours up a winding, rocky forest-path just above the course of the stream. At last we emerged on a high green upland pasture, where stood one or two chalets, and where cattle were feeding. Along this we proceeded over beds of green moss enamelled with flowers, and plats crimson with wild strawberries, and slopes bursting with trickling rills. Down the cliffs were cascades above, below, around us, surpassing each other in grace and beauty.

About half an hour over this upland, our path leading us occasionally through a good deal of marshy ground, brought us at last, by a sudden turn, in front of the Seven Springs. A more singular sight I never beheld. Not seven, but twenty or thirty they seem; for, the waters being swelled by the melting of the ice, the streams appear innumerable. Fed underground by the glacier, they suddenly burst forth to light under a sharp, horizontal ledge of rock, from beneath which a long line of waterspouts rush out, not unlike, to use an unpoetical comparison, the jets from a water-cart. Then they all unite in rushing into the Simmen, which makes its way in a wild, foaming stream across the mountain pasture on which we stood. Above us the glacier hung, as it were, in the clefts of the rock, much purer and clearer than the Grindelwald, its thick, white columns glittering with bright blue and green reflections. The ascent to the glacier, we were told, was too steep for ladies. Only a few weeks before, two chamois-hunters had been precipitated into an abyss sixty feet deep, just under the glacier. To the wonder of all they were extricated by ropes without serious hurt.

This secluded valley of Lenk is very little known: we met very few travellers

who had ever heard of it, and yet in beauty and interest it quite equals many of the most celebrated scenes in the Oberland.

Our stay in Rougemont was now drawing to a close, and the Sunday after our excursion to Lenk was a sorrowful though interesting occasion to us, as our school must be dismissed. All our scholars who were not gone to the mountains assembled this day. After the usual course we gathered all of them into the barn, a little parting address was given, which was followed by prayer, and books were distributed as parting remembrances, and texts and hymns left for them to learn. The feeling manifested was very pleasing: some brought farewell notes with affectionate and grateful parting words. Several of the parents were present, and the feeling seemed unanimous. We quitted our pupils with much regret, but with the strong



THE LAKE AND CITY OF GENEVA.

conviction that a promising field is open to any who should be disposed to carry on the work after us.

And so ends our stay in the lovely Alpine valley, which has been so happy a home to us for many weeks. And while thankfully looking back to the healthful and innocent enjoyments our heavenly Father has granted us here, we can hardly forbear observing, for the benefit of others, how much more real pleasure, and also useful information, is gained by travellers who will thus sojourn in the quieter by-ways of a country, instead of merely hurrying over the high roads, and confining their visits to the *show* places. This is specially the case in Switzerland. Many scenes of beauty, quite equal to those more generally known, lie hidden in the secluded valleys, and are often passed by in utter ignorance of their existence."

Returning to the Rhone valley the railway takes us very speedily to Villeneuve,

and here we reach the Lake of Geneva. It is the largest lake in Switzerland and, in some respects, the most beautiful. It has nothing of the grandeur and sublimity of the lakes of Lucerne and Thun. It wants the marvellous richness and glow of colour which the Italian lakes possess; but for bright, cheerful, *riant* beauty it is pre-eminent amongst those of Switzerland. The cantos in *Childe Harold* describing the lake in calm and storm are familiar, but cannot be omitted here. Very touching is the tone of sadness, the deep craving for peace which the aspect of the lake excites in the mind of the unhappy poet:

"Clear placid Leman! thy contrasted lake,
With the wild world I dwell in, is a thing
Which warns me, with its stillness, to forsake
Earth's troubled waters for a purer spring.
This quiet sail is as a noiseless wing
To waft me from distraction; once I loved
Torn ocean's roar, but thy soft murmuring
Sounds sweet as if a Sister's voice reproved,
That I with stern delights should e'er have been so moved.

It is the hush of night, and all between
Thy margin and the mountains, dusk, yet clear,
Mellowed and mingling, yet distinctly seen,
Save darkened Jura, whose capt heights appear
Precipitously steep; and drawing near,
There breathes a living fragrance from the shore,
Of flowers yet fresh with childhood; on the ear
Drops the light drip of the suspended oar,
Or chirps the grasshopper one good-night carol more;

He is an evening reveller, who makes
His life an infancy, and sings his fill;
At intervals, some bird from out the brakes
Starts into voice a moment, then is still.
There seems a floating whisper on the hill,
But that is fancy,—for the starlight dews
All silently their tears of love instil,
Weeping themselves away, till they infuse
Deep into Nature's breast the spirit of her hues. . . . .

The sky is changed!—and such a change! O night,
And storm, and darkness, ye are wondrous strong,
Yet lovely in your strength, as is the light
Of a dark eye in woman! Far along,
From peak to peak, the rattling crags among
Leaps the live thunder! Not from one lone cloud,
But every mountain now hath found a tongue,
And Jura answers, through her misty shroud,
Back to the joyous Alps, who call to her aloud! . . . .

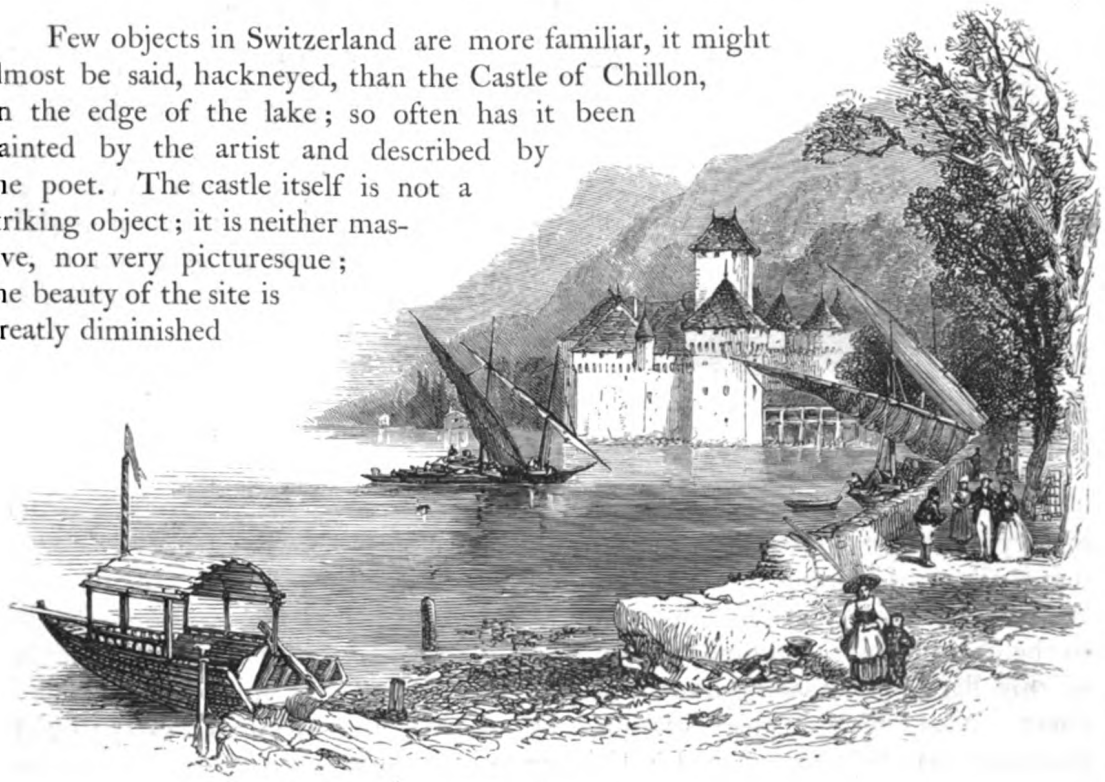
Now, where the swift Rhone cleaves his way between
Heights which appear as lovers who have parted
In hate, whose mining depths so intervene
That they can meet no more, though broken-hearted!

Though in their souls, which thus each other thwarted,
Love was the very root of the fond rage
Which blighted their life's bloom, and then departed:
Itself expired, but leaving them an age
Of years all winters,—war within themselves to wage.

Now, where the quick Rhone thus hath cleft his way,
The mightiest of the storms hath ta'en his stand:
For here, not one, but many, make their play,
And fling their thunder-bolts from hand to hand,
Flashing and cast around: of all the band,
The brightest through these parted hills hath forked
His lightnings,—as if he did understand,
That in such gaps as desolation worked,
There the hot shaft should blast whatever therein lurked.

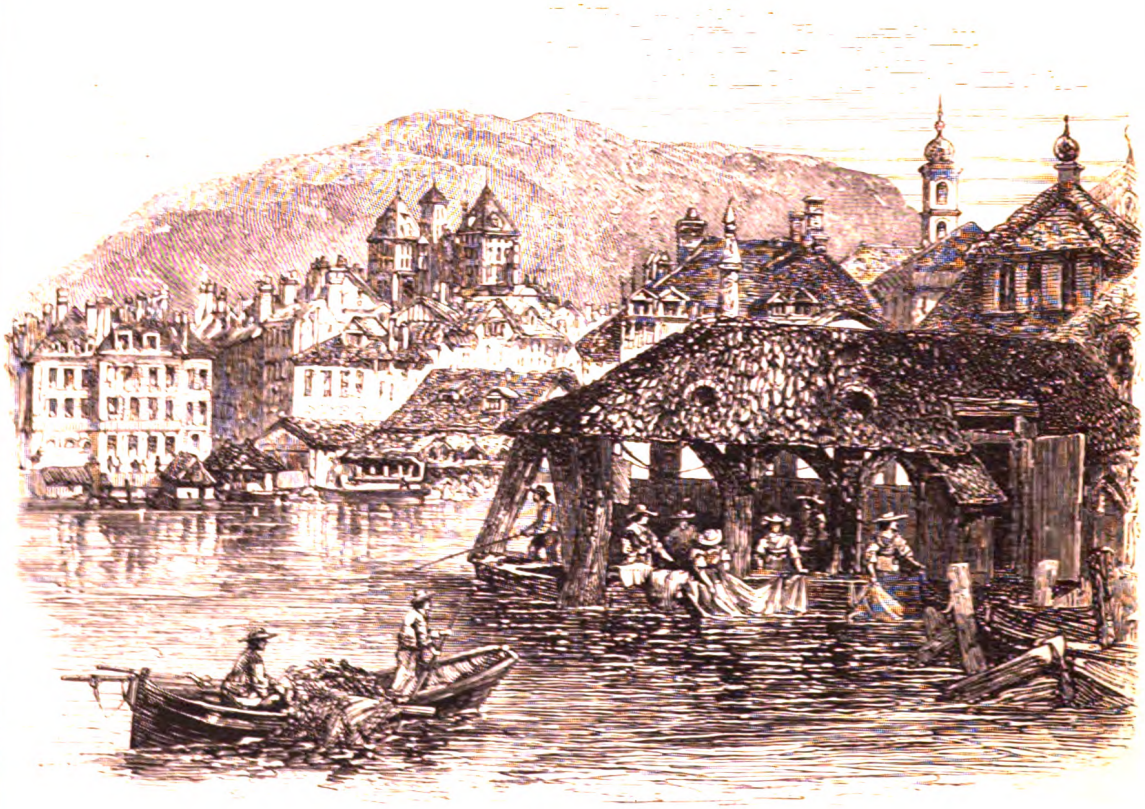
Sky, mountains, river, winds, lake, lightnings! ye!
With night, and clouds, and thunder, and a soul
To make these felt and feeling, well may be
Things that have made me watchful; the far roll
Of your departing voices, is the knoll
Of what in me is sleepless,—if I rest.
But where of ye, O tempests! is the goal?
Are ye like those within the human breast?
Or do ye find, at length, like eagles, some high nest?"

Few objects in Switzerland are more familiar, it might almost be said, hackneyed, than the Castle of Chillon, on the edge of the lake; so often has it been painted by the artist and described by the poet. The castle itself is not a striking object; it is neither massive, nor very picturesque; the beauty of the site is greatly diminished



CASTLE OF CHILLON.

by the railway which runs close to it. But the sad story of Bonnivard, the prisoner of Chillon, and the innumerable poetical associations which cluster around the antique walls, will make it an object of deep and perpetual interest. The interior of the castle well repays a visit. The torture chamber, the beam on which criminals were hung; the *oubliette*, the only entrance to, or exit from which was through a trapdoor in the floor above; the dungeons, worn by the pacing to and fro of the prisoners, are all impressive relics of the past. The castle is now used by the canton as a magazine for military stores.



GENEVA AND THE JURA.

As the end of the lake is approached the hills on either hand subside, and the scenery suffers in proportion. But the change has this compensatory advantage, that it allows of glorious views of Mont Blanc and the Alps of Savoy. Nothing can be more exquisitely beautiful than, at sunset, to look across the waters of the lake to the chain of snowy summits tinged with the delicate blush of evening. The flush of rosy light slowly fading away into cold pure whiteness is quite unearthly in its effect. Near Morges this view may be enjoyed in perfection. Here too the mountain may be seen reflected in the lake as in a mighty mirror.

Geneva lies at the foot of the lake, just where the Rhone emerges from it.

Most visitors are disappointed in the city. It has neither the picturesque irregularity and air of quaint antiquity which characterises so many continental towns, nor has it attained the gaiety and brilliancy of others which have been modernised, like it, under French influence. A dozen palatial hotels, three or four good streets, a handsome quay, and a maze of dirty lanes, make up the city. The environs, however, are very beautiful; the old ramparts have been turned into most agreeable promenades;

SWISS DILIGENCE.

and the views over the lake, with the distant mountains as a background, are magnificent. The Rhone is here an object of especial interest and beauty. It enters the lake turbid and densely charged with the *debris* of the moraines amongst which it has its birth. It emerges translucent in purity, and, in certain conditions of the atmosphere, is almost indigo in colour. It is photographed in the line which speaks of "The blue rushing of the arrowy Rhone."

Though Geneva is the centre of an admirable system of railway communications it is one of the few places in which the diligence, which used to be seen lumbering over all the post-roads of the Continent, still lingers. Railroads have not yet penetrated to Chamouni and other parts of Savoy, and communications are maintained by this strange-looking vehicle, of which it is difficult to convey any idea to an English reader. The coupé of a railway carriage, an old-fashioned post-chaise, and a modern omnibus, all joined together, with a Hansom cab, the driver's seat removed from the back to the front, placed upon the top, would perhaps best describe it. The horses, the harness, and the driver baffle description.

Geneva is the capital of the smallest canton in the Confederation. Voltaire, when residing here, used to ridicule its diminutive size by saying, "I shake my periwig and powder the canton." It has, however, exercised an influence altogether out of proportion to its territorial insignificance. This it owes to the ennobling and invigorating action of liberty and religion. Up to the time of its complete emancipation from the Dukes of Savoy it was an obscure and unimportant Swiss town. It cordially embraced the Reformation, shook off the Savoyard yoke, expelled the Catholic bishop, and at once entered upon its brilliant career. In every subsequent generation it has been the birth-place or the adopted home, of some of the greatest names in Europe. Calvin, Beza, Farel, D'Aubigné, Knox, Casaubon, Voltaire, Rousseau, Neckar, Madame de Stael, Saussure, Bonnet, De Luc, De Candolle, Huber, Dumont, Sismondi are but a few names of those who from Geneva, for good or evil, have exerted a mighty influence upon the world. English Christians will connect it, in more recent times, with the labours of the Haldanes, and with the names of Cæsar Malan, Gaussen, and Merle d'Aubigné. Of these all save the last are dead, "and their works do follow them." The eloquent and learned historian of the Reformation yet survives by pen and tongue to edify the Church, and illustrate her annals.

D'AUBIGNÉ'S BIRTHPLACE AND RESIDENCE.

Calvin, to whom Geneva owes so much, arrived in the city, a fugitive and an exile, in the year 1536. He purposed to remain only a single night, but Farel forcibly detained him, saying, "I declare to you that if you will not remain to help us the curse of God will rest upon you." These words so impressed themselves on the sensitive mind of Calvin, that he never forgot them. Twenty years afterwards he said, "Those terrible threatenings of Farel were as if God had seized me by his angel's hand from heaven." Thus was Calvin, in his twenty-seventh year, providentially led to Geneva—a

J. H. Merle d'Aubigné D.D.

place so often and so severely tried in the struggle for political freedom, and which was henceforth destined to become a rallying-point in the approaching spiritual revolution. Scarcely could there have been found a spot more fitted for the success of his mission. A free town, in which French was spoken, it was close to the French frontier. True, it was a small, almost an invisible point in the midst of great kingdoms, forming a state containing not more than twenty thousand souls. But God judgeth not as man judgeth; he "hath chosen the weak things of the world to confound the things which are mighty; yea, and things which are not, to bring to nought things that are."

When Calvin reached Geneva, he found everything still in disorder, and the city divided into hostile factions. It has been forcibly said that Calvin pursued

wickedness with fire and sword, and that his laws were written, not only in blood, but with a pen of flame. His first proceedings in Geneva encountered a fierce resistance. The result was that, in a short time, the preachers were expelled, being ordered to quit the city in three days. Calvin conducted himself on this occasion with much dignity. In the protocol issued April 23rd, the words uttered by him and Farel are recorded to their honour. They must even have inspired their enemies with respect. "Let it be so," say they; "it is better to serve God than man."

Driven thus rudely from Geneva, Calvin retired to Strasbourg, where he resided as in a haven of safety during the next two or three years. After three years' exile, he was restored to Geneva. His heart had remained constantly attached to that city, for whose people he entertained "a singular affection;" nevertheless, when the call came, he shrank back, saying, "As often as I think how unhappy I was at Geneva, I tremble, in my innermost being, when mention is made of my return. I know well that, wherever I go, I must always expect to meet with suffering; and that, if I will live for Christ, life must be a conflict." The most urgent efforts were made to induce him to waive all difficulties and comply with the repeated invitations of his former flock. When the Genevese deputies visited Calvin, he could not suppress his feelings: "As I shed more tears than I spoke words," he says, "they entertained no doubt of my sincerity. I was twice compelled to silence and restrain myself. Fain would I have escaped putting my shoulder to the burden; but at length the feeling of duty and faith prevailed, so that I again gave myself to the flock from whom I had been torn. But with how much sorrow! and with how many tears! and with what anguish! God is the best judge of all this." Calvin's motto, as he turned his face again towards Geneva, might have been, like that of St. Paul: "I call God to witness that, if I come again to you, I will not spare."

The 13th of September was the day fixed for Calvin's return to Geneva. The little state was excited and agitated with eager expectation. He was received by the people and magistrates, who, to do him honour, had sent forward a herald to meet him, with every demonstration of affection and triumph. The whole city hailed the event, and so eager were the people to acknowledge themselves the guilty party, that Calvin found it superfluous to deliver the address he had prepared in self-defence. It must have been a stirring spectacle to behold this illustrious man thus re-entering the city, from which he had been so ignominously expelled, and proceeding, accompanied by an eager throng, to the dwelling prepared for his reception. It was situated at the highest part of the city, with a small garden attached to it, and was not far from the church of St. Peter's, where the Consistory held its meetings, nor from the old church in which he preached and taught. Having installed him with all honour, and presented him with a cloak, the authorities concluded by entreating him, in the most earnest manner, never to leave the city which had thus testified its repentance and attachment.

At this time scarcely any one in Europe exercised greater power in the silent ordering of the events of his age than John Calvin. His influence in England and

CALVIN.

Scotland was considerable. He wrote to the Protector Somerset, advising him in the management of religious affairs. He subsequently proposed to Cranmer a plan for the general union of the evangelical churches. His influence in the Protestant Church of France was unbounded, and he was regarded with hatred and dread by the French Court, who thirsted for his blood. He held out the hand of fellowship to the Austrian reformed communities, and addressed himself to the reformers of Poland, using every effort to excite the zeal of the great and influential men in that land. His intercourse with Denmark and Sweden was of later date. Beza says, "He bore all these churches on his shoulders."

Queen Mary ascended the British throne in 1553, and Knox, with several other distinguished divines, fled to Switzerland. Calvin was at the acmé of his popularity; his writings were known throughout Europe, and people flocked to him from all parts. He received Knox with cordial welcome; who, in turn, venerated Calvin as a father, and looked to him for counsel and guidance.

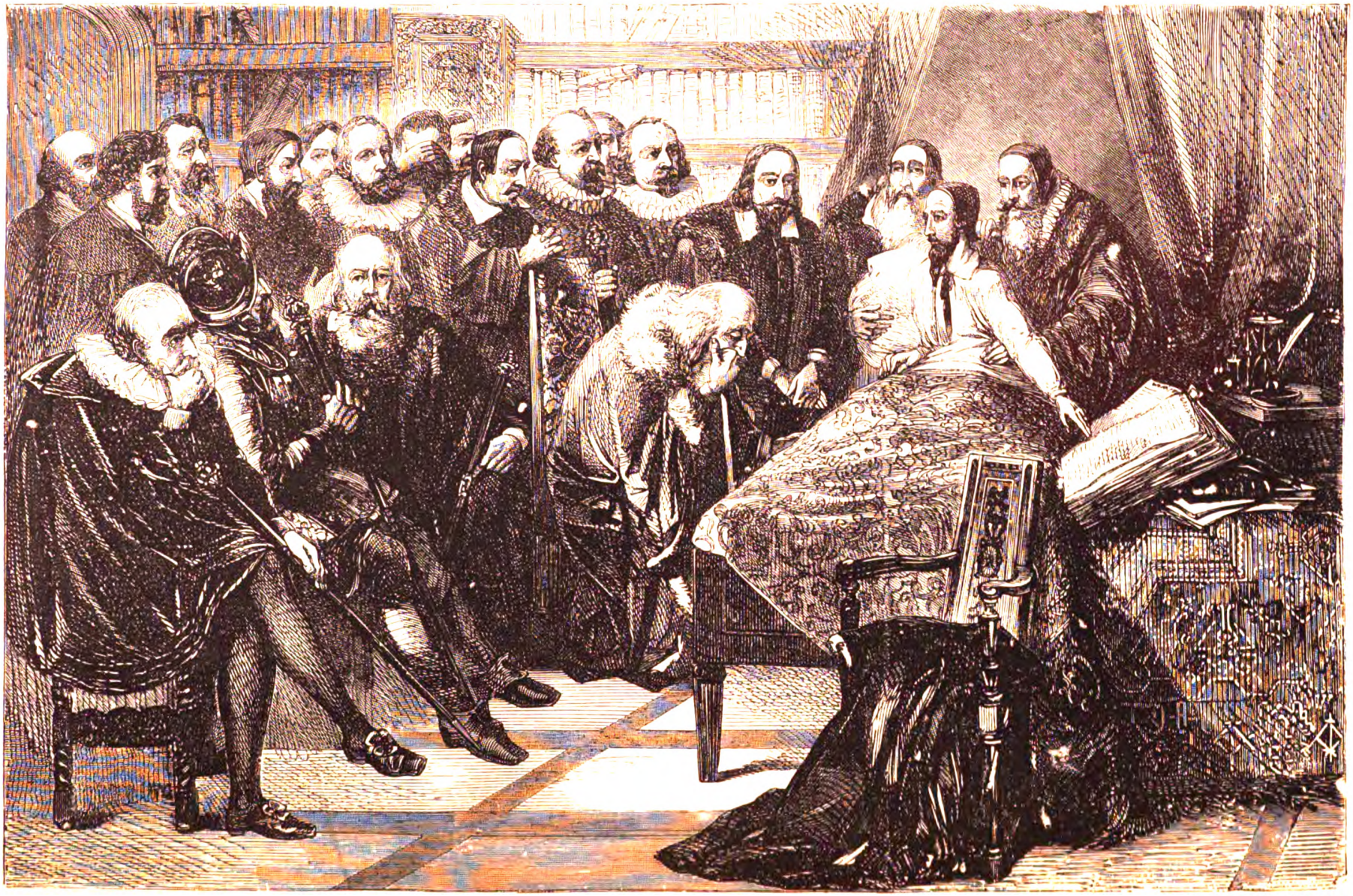
Meantime, year after year, he was exercising his office at Geneva, as a preacher of repentance. He had from the first turned his whole attention to the establishment of a court of morals, and with this was closely connected the entire revisal of the laws of the republic. He showed, in the prosecution of these ideas, the resolute and iron will of the man who came forward to restore order and to suppress iniquity. Nor could the fiercest opposition and resistance quell his resolute spirit. He pursued his object throughout his whole life, being willing rather to die than yield.

In truth, it was a giant task he had undertaken. The "gay population of the sweet, joyous, wine land," the people who had so long addicted themselves to the fascinations of worldly pleasure, were called on to lay aside these festivities, and to submit to the most rigorous discipline. The city was divided into three parishes, and a watchful eye was kept by the preachers on the families of the citizens. Attendance on preaching and the ordinances was strictly commanded. Irregularities in conduct and morals were punished with a stern severity which startles and revolts one's spirit. Alas! that the fiery zeal of Calvin did not restrict itself to the punishment of profligacy and crime. In an evil day, the pile was kindled that consumed Servetus, and thus brought a scandal on his name which no lapse of time can obliterate, and gave occasion to the enemies of God's truth to blaspheme.

As soon as Charles IX. ascended the throne of France, a letter was addressed to the Council at Geneva by Queen Catherine, stating that the king and his states declared that all the disturbances in France had been occasioned by the preachers sent thither from Geneva. It was required that these teachers should be recalled, and "none others like them be sent. Else would the king be justified in taking vengeance on a city which was undermining his state."

The Romanists had, indeed, reason to bestir themselves; for through the influence exerted by Calvin in promoting the diffusion of the new faith, it was estimated that, looking to France alone, there were five millions who professed the reformed doctrines. Beza relates that, immediately after the conference of Poissy (1561), the Queen sent to number the churches, and there were 2150. At this juncture, peace was looked for, and the reformed religion seemed to be on the point of triumphing. The Church in Paris flourished, and the numerous persons of distinction who belonged to it were desirous of calling Calvin to their assistance. But the Council of Geneva would not part with him, nor was he disposed to leave the little republic.

High as Calvin now stood, there were not wanting things to humble him. His health, so long frail, now began entirely to give way. Yet he laboured even more abundantly; and his efforts, literary, epistolary, and ministerial, were perfectly astonishing. He was never happier, according to his own statement, than when he was obliged to do many and important things. He also took share in the concerns of the city itself, as we learn from his zealous exertions during the plague; and when, in 1559, the citizens were threatened with a siege, he set an example to them, by uniting with the professors and preachers in labouring at the fortifications. His whole life was intensely earnest, and even in his later years his soul never became,



[Jan Hevenng, of Geneva.

THE DEATHBED OF CALVIN.

in the least degree, enfeebled or troubled. One feeling governed him—the feeling of duty, for which alone he lived; and his care for souls was a burning zeal that never slackened. He was always striving to save souls, to keep alive the consciousness of sin and the necessity of salvation, because, said he, "for every single soul the preacher must give account."

In the year 1558 Calvin was attacked by a violent fever, which bowed him down. He now, for the first time, began to feel old; and the sigh which occasionally escaped him told of the internal distress. "It might be clearly seen," says Beza, "that he was hastening by rapid strides to a better world. Yet he could not be induced to spare himself, and ceased not to comfort the afflicted, to exhort, to preach even, and to lecture. 'Would you that the Lord should find me idle when he comes?' was his answer, when we besought him to refrain. The year 1564 was the first of his eternal rest, and the beginning, for us, of a long and justifiable grief."

Calvin preached his last sermon on the 6th of February. A violent fit of coughing cut short his discourse, and he was supported out of the church. Three weeks later he repaired to the council-chamber, leaning on two friends, and, taking off his skull cap, spoke a few words to the assembly, thanking them for the kindness he had experienced at their hands, and adding his farewell; "for I feel," said he, "that this is the last time I shall stand here."

On the 2nd of April, being Easter Sunday, he was carried to church, where he received the communion from the hands of Beza, who tells how, with a trembling voice, his dying friend joined the congregation in the last hymn, "Lord, let thy servant depart in peace." This was his last appearance in public. His weakness increased rapidly, paralysis seized his head and right side, and at the request of his friends he made his will. He died poor. So great was his disinterestedness, that the sceptic Bayle, after saying that he left behind him property worth only three hundred crowns, could not withhold an exclamation of wonder. "This," says he, "is one of the most uncommon victories that the virtue and grandeur of a powerful mind can gain over nature, even in those who exercise the gospel ministry." Yet, during his life the most absurd rumours were circulated as to his wealth, and he had more than once to defend himself against these slanders. At length he exclaimed, "My death will prove what they would not believe in my life."

A short time before his decease, the members of the council were admitted to an interview with their dying pastor. His strength rallied when they came into the room, and he addressed them at some length, recapitulating the many and arduous struggles in which they had been engaged together, the dangers they had shared, and the blessings they had received. He concluded by praising the boundless mercy of God, and his goodness poured so richly upon all; and besought them to pursue their future course with foresight, and in the fear of the Lord, hiding themselves under His wings. "You know," he said, "I am myself the best evidence of his power to save. The Lord so strengthened me alway, that fearful and weak as I was by nature, by his aid I have overcome all enemies without and within." What

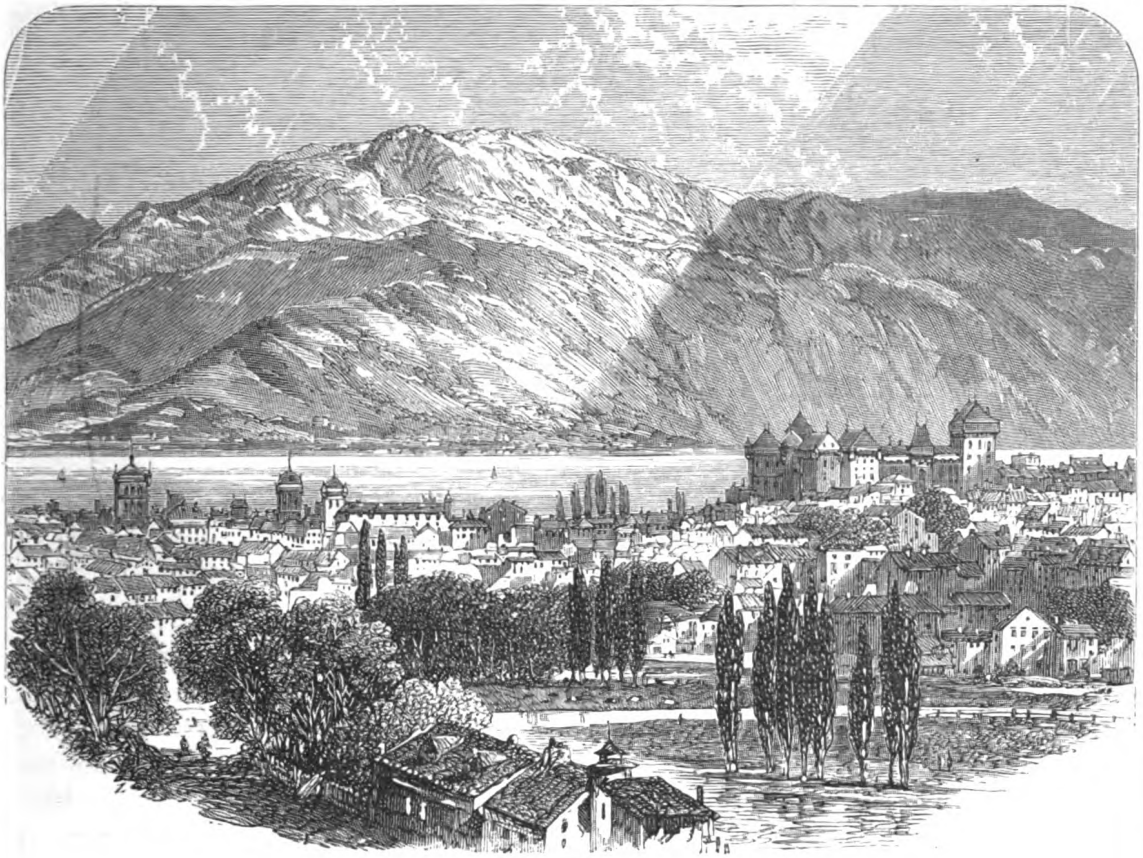
words are these to be uttered by a dying believer! Such farewell testimonies to the goodness, fidelity, and power of our God and Saviour are the best legacies bequeathed to the church in all ages.

He lingered on till the 28th of May, when he gently expired in the arms of Beza, being then in the 54th year of his age. According to his express desire his funeral was conducted in the most unostentatious manner; and in compliance with

MADAME GUYON.

his request, the Genevese raised no monument to his memory, nor marked his grave with a stone. Save the house in which he lived, No. 116, Rue des Chanoines, a large number of MSS. in the museum, and a few personal relics, such as his chair and part of his pulpit in the cathedral, Geneva possesses no material relics of her great reformer. But his influence was spiritual and intellectual. He left his mark upon the mind of the people. The history of the city is his noblest monument.

Amongst the other religious refugees from France, who have sought and found a shelter in Geneva and its neighbourhood, we meet with Madame Guyon. On



ANNECY.

the death of her husband she was strongly urged to retire to Annecy, and there engage, without hindrance, in the service of her Lord and Master. Acting upon this advice she left Paris and reached her destination, about twenty miles from Geneva, on 22nd July, 1681. On the next day, at the tomb of St. Francis de Sales, she renewed the consecration of herself to Christ, and forthwith entered upon her self-imposed task. She took up her residence at Gex, near Geneva, and engaged in visiting the sick and poor, teaching the ignorant, and reclaiming the sinful. Soon afterwards she removed to Thonon, on the shores of the lake. Her reputation for piety and charity had preceded her. All day long her room was filled with inquirers, "her little children," as she called them. She seems to have been the means of pointing many to Christ, and leading them to find in Him the peace and satisfaction they had vainly sought before. After remaining at Thonon for some time the priests became alarmed at the influence she was gaining, and the success that attended her labours. They set themselves, therefore, to drive her away; assailing her with odious charges, and burning her books in public. At length they procured an order from the bishop commanding her to leave his diocese. Sorrowfully she obeyed, and retired to Turin.

Amongst the great and good men whose names illustrate the Genevese annals in modern times, that of Felix Neff should not be forgotten. He was born in a village near the city in the year 1798. Twenty years later he was "born again" in the city itself. And thither in ten years more he returned to die. Yet in those ten short years how much of intense and devoted labour was crowded! Measuring life by years we mourn over the premature death of the youth who passes away at thirty. Measuring life by labour and achievement he had attained a good old age. Few men have done more during a lifetime than he in the brief interval between his conversion and his departure. Of the nature of those labours the following extract from one of his own letters may serve as an illustration. "I preached," says Neff, "on the sabbath at Dormilleuse, and early next morning took my departure, in order to cross the Col d'Orsière, a mountain which separates the valley of Fressinière from that of Champsaur; through which the river Drac runs. I had two guides to direct me in crossing this mountain. At this season of the year the passage is seldom practicable. Having left the village of Dormilleuse, we proceeded onwards towards the Col, along the foot of the glaciers, walking for three hours through snows, some of which had recently fallen, but the greater part probably had lain for centuries. The sky was clear and beautiful, and, notwithstanding our great elevation, the cold was not unusually severe. In many places the snow was firm, but in others quite soft, and we often sank in it up to our knees. The peasants had, however, been considerate enough to envelope my shoes with wool; and we had furnished ourselves with a plentiful supply of provisions for our journey. Since the fall of snow in September, only two persons had effected this passage, and we followed in their track, which was crossed at intervals by the footmarks of wolves and chamois, and traces of marmot-hunters. After we had gained the summit of the Col, we had still the prospect of a dreary walk of two hours, before we could reach the first hamlet of the Val d'Orsière, lying at the foot of the snows, near the sources of the Drac. Here my guides left me, and I proceeded alone towards Mens."

In the month of January (1824), Neff writes: "Last sabbath, I preached twice at Violin, after which I retired to a cottage, where I read a portion of Scripture, and commented upon it, until ten at night, when my congregation withdrew. Many of them had come from remote distances, and as the night was dark, they provided themselves with torches to guide them through the snow. The next morning I began my ascent towards Dormilleuse, the last and most elevated of all the hamlets in the valley of Fressinière. Its inhabitants, descended in an unbroken line from the ancient Vaudois, have rendered it celebrated by their resistance, during six hundred years, to the efforts of the Church of Rome. Their brethren in some of the adjacent communes, whose habitations were not so guarded by rugged ramparts and precipices, were often surprised by their foes and compelled either to dissemble their faith, or become the victims of cruel persecution. Many of them fled to Dormilleuse, where they found an impregnable refuge. This place stands upon the brink of a rock, which is almost perpendicular; it is completely surrounded by glaciers; and a dark forest stretches along the flank of the mountain, presenting a striking

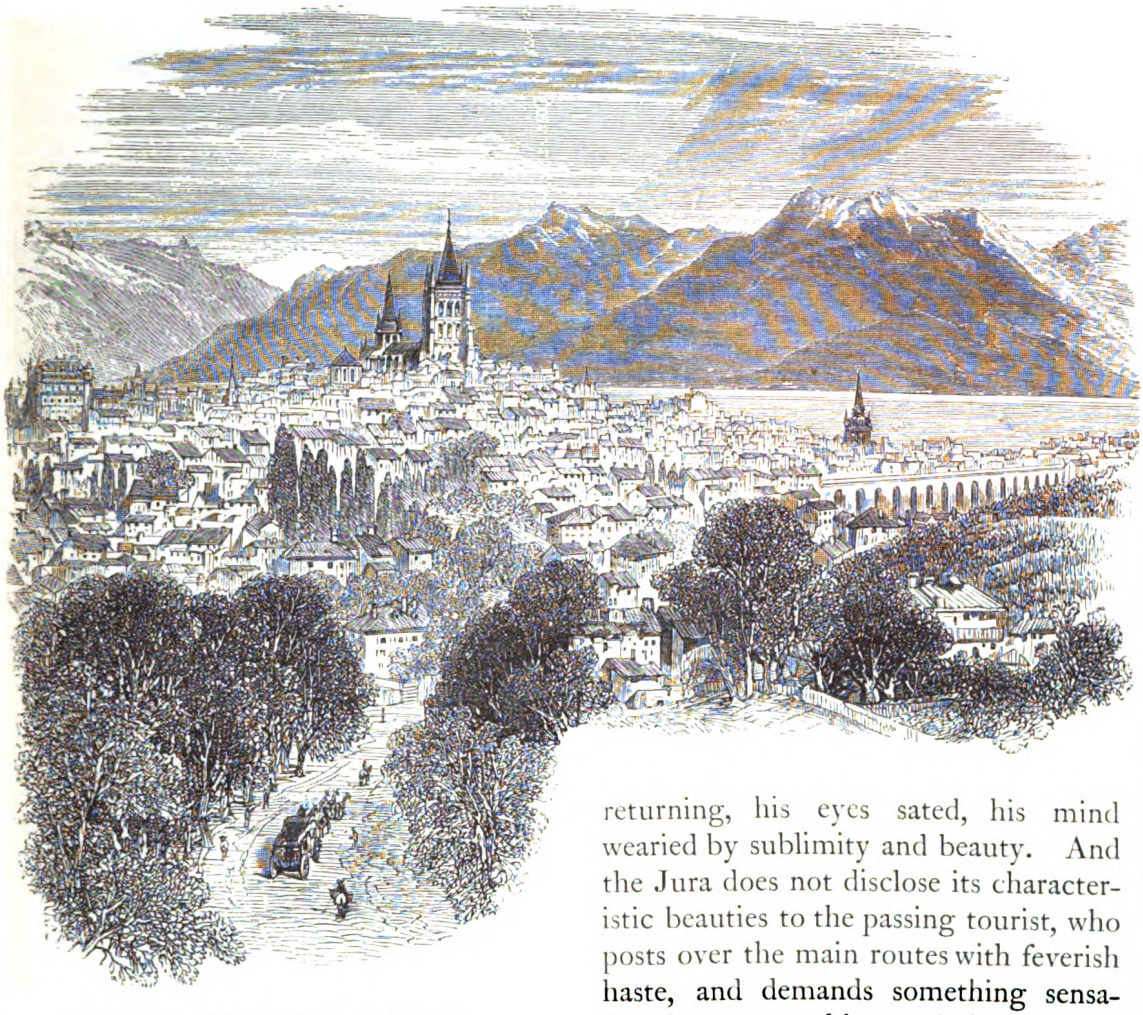
NEFF SETTING OUT TO PREACH.

contrast to the snow which covers its summit. The only place where the ascent is practicable is a steep and slippery footpath. A mere handful of men stationed here could with ease repel the attacks of a numerous army, and hurl their assailants into the frightful abyss beneath. For six hundred years, Dormilleuse was the city of refuge for the Christians of these valleys, who had successfully resisted both violence and seduction; and, during this long period, had never crouched before the idols of the Church of Rome, or suffered their religion to be tainted by any of its corruptions. There are yet visible the ruins of the walls and fortresses which they erected, to preserve themselves from surprise, and to repel the frequent assaults of their oppressors. The sublime, yet frightful aspect of this mountain desert, which served as a retreat for the truth, when nearly the whole world was shrouded in darkness; the remembrance of so many martyrs whose blood once bedewed its rocks; the deep caverns to which they resorted for the purpose of reading the Holy Scriptures, and worshipping the eternal God in spirit and in truth—the sight of all these tends to elevate the soul, and to inspire one with feelings which are difficult to be expressed."

Lausanne is second only to Geneva as a centre of intellectual life for Switzerland. The railway from the one city to the other runs along the northern bank of the lake and affords a series of magnificent views which some prefer even to those enjoyed upon the lake itself. The traveller, moving upon a higher level, commands a wider landscape, a broader expanse of water is beneath his eye, and the snowy peaks of Savoy and the Valais are more constantly above the horizon. The views from the lake and the railway are, both of them, so varied and so interesting, that it seems invidious to disparage either in the comparison with the other. Lausanne stands finely upon the lower slopes of Mont Jorat as it sinks down to the lake. From the higher parts of the town, especially from the terrace of the cathedral, noble views of the lake and distant mountains are gained. The town itself is tortuous and picturesque, now sinking down a ravine and now climbing a height, the old streets with high-piled houses wander up and down, with the castle and cathedral keeping watch over their time-hallowed precincts. A circle of beauty girdles round this mass of grey, irregular buildings—pleasant country walks, park-like scenery, costly vineyards, and the ample gardens of country houses, with lawn and shrubbery, fountains and flowers. Beyond this stretches the lake, once surrounded by thick forests, and obscured by the dense fogs that brooded over it; now its shores are fringed with villas and towns which have become familiar names throughout Europe and America.

Amongst the innumerable literary associations which cluster round Lausanne one of the most interesting is that connected with the conclusion of Gibbon's great work, *The Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire.* Its preparation had been the task of years, it may be said of a lifetime, for to it were devoted the vast stores of learning accumulated throughout his life. In his autobiography, Gibbon records the completion of this monument of unrivalled erudition: "It was on the day, or rather night, of the 27th of June, 1787, between the hours of eleven and twelve, that I wrote the last lines of the last page in a summerhouse in my garden. After laying down my pen, I took several turns in a *berceau*, or covered walk of acacias, which commands a prospect of the country, the lake, and the mountains. The air was temperate, the sky was serene, the silver orb of the moon was reflected from the waters, and all nature was silent. I will not dissemble the first emotions of joy on recovery of my freedom, and perhaps the establishment of my fame. But my pride was soon humbled, and a sober melancholy was spread over my mind by the idea that I had taken an everlasting leave of an old and agreeable companion, and that whatsoever might be the future date of my history, the life of the historian must be short and precarious."

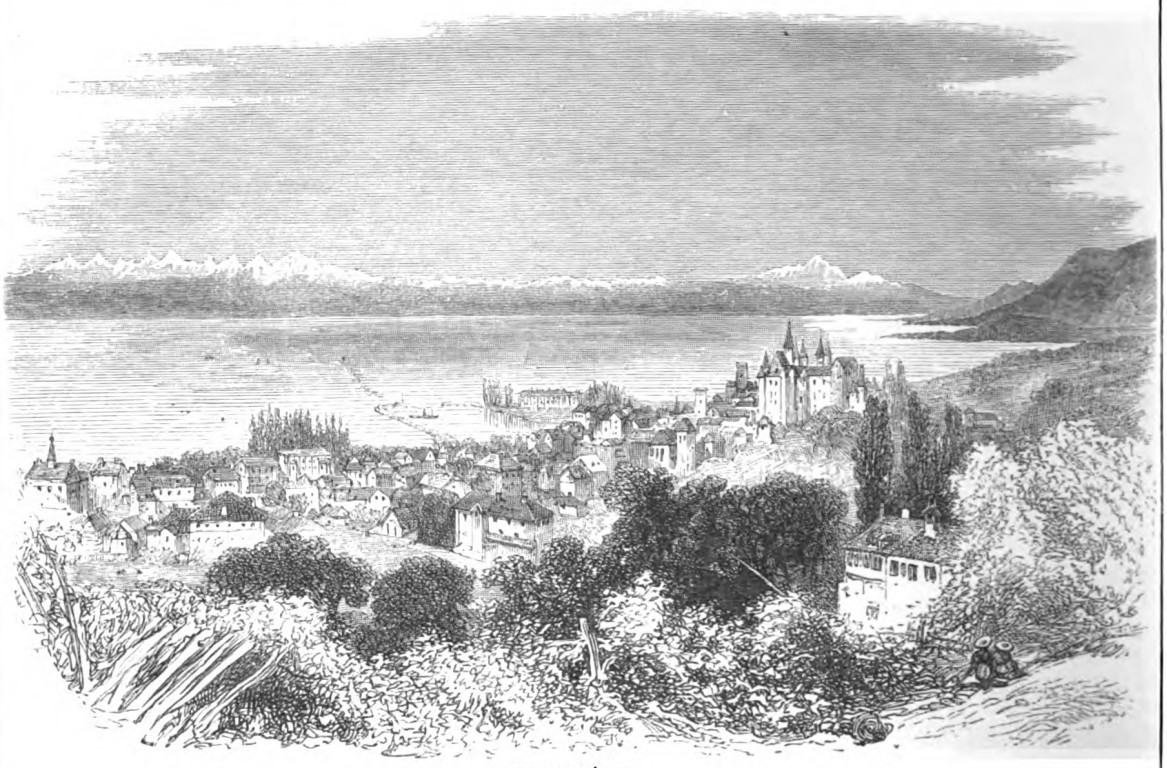
From Lausanne to Neufchâtel there is little to detain the tourist. The railway winds round the lower spurs and slopes of the Jura, amongst solemn pine-woods interchanging with rich pastures and trim vineyards; whilst the lakes of Geneva and Neufchâtel add brightness to the scene. The scenery of the Jura is seldom appreciated as highly as it deserves to be. The tourist is either hurrying forward to enjoy the grander views which await him a day's journey onward, or he is



LAUSANNE, AND THE LAKE OF GENEVA.

returning, his eyes sated, his mind wearied by sublimity and beauty. And the Jura does not disclose its characteristic beauties to the passing tourist, who posts over the main routes with feverish haste, and demands something sensational to arrest his wandering glance. But he who knows how to reap "the harvest of a quiet eye;" he who can patiently and peacefully commune with Nature in her gentler moods, will find in these solemn pine-woods and mountain-slopes, and bright pastures, a peculiar charm. It is of this district that Mr. Ruskin writes in his *Seven Lamps of Architecture:*

"It is a spot which has all the solemnity, with none of the savageness, of the Alps; where there is a sense of a great power beginning to be manifested in the earth, and of a deep and majestic concord in the rise of the long low lines of piny hills; the first utterance of those mighty mountain symphonies, soon to be more loudly lifted and wildly broken along the battlements of the Alps. But their strength is as yet restrained; and the far-reaching ridges of pastoral mountain succeed each other, like the long and sighing swell which moves over quiet waters from some far-off stormy sea. And there is a deep tenderness pervading that vast monotony. The destructive forces and the stern expression of



NEUFCHÂTEL.

the central ranges are alike withdrawn. No frost-ploughed, dust-encumbered paths of ancient glacier fret the soft Jura pastures; no splintered heaps of ruin break the fair ranks of her forests; no pale, defiled, or furious rivers rend their rude and changeful ways among her rocks. Patiently, eddy by eddy, the clear green streams wind along their well-known beds; and under the dark quietness of the undisturbed pines, there spring up, year by year, such a company of joyful flowers as I know not the like of among all the blessings of the earth. It was spring time, too; and all were coming forth in clusters crowded for very love; there was room enough for all, but they crushed their leaves into all manner of strange shapes only to be nearer each other. . . . I came out presently on the edge of the ravine: the solemn murmur of its waters rose suddenly from beneath, mixed with the singing of the thrushes among the pine boughs; and on the opposite side of the valley, walled all along as it was by grey cliffs of limestone, there was a hawk sailing slowly off their brow, touching them nearly with his wings, and with the shadows of the pines flickering upon his plumage from above; but with a fall of a hundred fathoms under his breast, and the curling pools of the green river gliding and glittering dizzily beneath him, their foam globes moving with him as he flew. It would be difficult to conceive a scene less dependent upon any other interest than that of its own secluded and serious beauty; but the writer well remembers the sudden blankness and chill which were cast upon it when he endeavoured, in order more strictly to

arrive at the sources of its impressiveness, to imagine it, for a moment, a scene in some aboriginal forest of the New Continent. The flowers in an instant lost their light, the river its music; the hills became oppressively desolate; a heaviness in the boughs of the darkened forest showed how much of their former power had been dependent upon a life which was not theirs, how much of the glory of the imperishable, or continually renewed, creation is reflected from things more precious in their memories than it, in its renewing. Those ever springing flowers and ever flowing streams had been dyed by the deep colours of human endurance, valour, and virtue; and the crests of the sable hills that rose against the evening sky received a deeper worship, because their far shadows fell eastward over the iron wall of Joux and the four-square keep of Granson."

GAP, THE BIRTHPLACE OF FAREL.

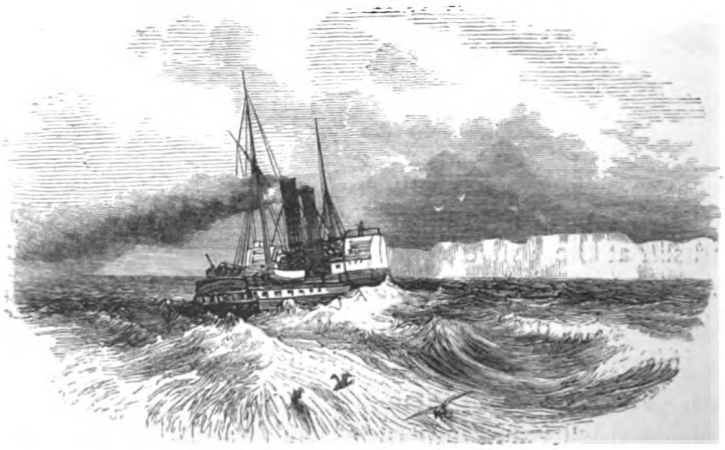
The main instrument in carrying forward the Reformation in the city and canton of Neufchâtel, was William Farel. Born at Gap, in the High Alps, he early distinguished himself at the University of Paris, and was made Regent of the College founded by Cardinal le Moine—a post which had always been filled by men of eminence. Embracing the doctrines of the Reformation he had to fly from France and take refuge in Switzerland. Basle, Zurich, Berne, and Geneva, shared in his apostolic labours. But it is with Neufchâtel that his name is especially connected. His uncompromising fidelity and impetuous zeal, repeatedly stirred up such a spirit

of hostility against himself that he had to fly from the city. But he was always recalled and received with distinguished honour. He lived to see the enemies of the gospel in Neufchâtel reduced to silence, and the whole canton united in the profession of Protestantism. At the age of seventy-five he walked from Neufchâtel to Geneva, to bid farewell to his beloved friend Calvin, who was on his death-bed. He only survived the great Genevese reformer fifteen months, gently falling asleep on the 13th September, 1565. His earliest biographer and attached friend Faber, says of him :—"Without lessening the praise and commendation due to the labours of others, the zeal, activity, and devotedness of Farel, both in advancing the Reformation and in preaching the gospel, place him in the very first rank." He was buried on the Minster terrace, where a monument testifies to the gratitude and affection of the citizens.

With Neufchâtel our Swiss tour terminates. But surely it cannot terminate without an ascription of praise to Him who "by His strength setteth fast the mountains being girded with power."

Bless the Lord, O my soul.
O Lord my God, thou art very great; thou art clothed with honour and majesty.
Who coverest thyself with light as with a garment:
Who stretchest out the heavens like a curtain:
Who layeth the beams of his chambers in the waters:
Who maketh the clouds his chariot: who walketh upon the wings of the wind:
Who maketh his angels spirits; his ministers a flaming fire:
Who laid the foundations of the earth, that it should not be removed for ever. . . .
The glory of the Lord shall endure for ever:
The Lord shall rejoice in his works.
He looketh on the earth, and it trembleth:
He toucheth the hills, and they smoke.
I will sing unto the Lord as long as I live:
I will sing praise to my God while I have my being.
My meditation of him shall be sweet: I will be glad in the Lord.

Psalm civ.



HEIGHT ABOVE THE SEA OF THE PRINCIPAL MOUNTAINS AND PASSES MENTIONED IN THIS VOLUME.

Mountains.

	Eng. Feet.		*Eng. Feet.*
Mont Blanc	15,784	Wetterhorn	12,166
Monte Rosa	15,223	Blümlis Alp	12,041
Dom	14,935	Diablerets	10,666
Lyskamm	14,889	Titlis	10,634
Weisshorn	14,804	Gorner-grat	10,290
Matterhorn	14,705	Æggischhorn	9,657
Finsteraarhorn	14,039	Brévent	8,380
Aletschhorn	13,803	Niesen	7,765
Breithorn	13,685	Pilatus	7,315
Jungfrau	13,671	Flegère	6,250
Shreckhorn	13,394	Righi	5,905

Passes.

Weissthor	11,851	Gemmi	7,540
Col du Géant	11,196	Susten	7,440
St. Théodule	10,899	Joch	7,340
Monte Moro	9,390	Col de Balme	7,231
Col de la Seigne	8,300	Splugen	6,945
Col du Bonhomme	8,195	St. Gothard	6,936
St. Bernard	8,120	Cenis	6,773
Furca	8,000	Wengern Alp	6,690
Surenen	7,578	Simplon	6,628

POPULATION OF SWISS CANTONS.

	Protestants.	*Roman Catholics.*	*Others.*		*Protestants.*	*Roman Catholics.*	*Others.*
Aargau	104,080	88,376	1,607	Schwytz	535	44,466	6
Appenzell	46,313	14,019	. .	Soleure	9,579	59,516	100
Basle	72,309	19,670	655	Thurgau	67,747	22,052	345
Berne	405,599	58,112	3,100	Ticino	109	115,630	42
Fribourg	15,548	89,681	31	Unterwalden	150	24,384	. .
St. Gall	69,617	110,812	195	Uri	39	14,652	. .
Geneva	39,736	41,874	713	Valais	699	89,746	42
Glaris	27,540	5,743	30	Vaud	198,751	12,853	924
Grisons	50,318	39,505	8	Zug	618	18,969	. .
Lucerne	2,689	127,883	20	Zurich	253,865	11,461	1,231
Neufchâtel	77,033	9,294	1,035				
Schaffhausen	32,973	2,521	77	Total	1,475,847	1,021,219	10,161

Total population, 2,507,227; German-speaking (about), 1,731,196; French, 531,274; Italian, 179,573; Romansch, 65,184.

CHRONOLOGICAL TABLE.

110 B.C.—The Tigurini, a Helvetic tribe under Divico, invade Gaul: they defeat the Roman consul, L. Cassius, who, with Piso, his lieutenant, and an immense number of men were left dead upon the field. The Tigurini and their allies, the Cimbri, advance into Italy, but are repulsed with great slaughter by Marius.

60–58 B.C.—The Tigurini and other Helvetic tribes led by Divico, their former commander, resolve to establish themselves in Gaul. Three years are occupied in preparation; 368,000 men, women, and children, set out. They are attacked and repulsed by Julius Cæsar. Only 100,000 survive to return to their homes. Roman garrisons are established in several strategic points of Helvetia, and a fortress constructed at Noviodunum (Nyon), on the Lake of Geneva.

50 B.C.–800 A.D.—For the next three or four centuries the Helvetii remained subject to Rome, with only occasional and partial attempts at insurrection. On the irruption of the Northern hordes various tribes settled in Helvetia. The Burgundians established themselves on the slopes of the Jura, on the shores of the Lake of Geneva, and the lower Valley of the Rhone. The Allemanni occupied what is now known as the Bernese Oberland and North-eastern Switzerland. The Goths settled in the district of the Pennine Alps. The Franks subsequently conquered Helvetia under Charlemagne. On the breaking up of the Carlovingian empire, Helvetia was dismembered. In the course of the fifth century the Burgundians were converted to Christianity. Two centuries later Columbanus, an Irish monk, led a party of missionaries from Gaul into the district occupied by the Allemanni. They were successful, not only in preaching the gospel, but in introducing agriculture and civilisation.

880.—Rudolf, Count of Burgundy, is recognised as king by the lords and bishops assembled at St. Maurice.

919.—Helvetia being ravaged by the Huns, the Emperor Henry I. encourages the formation of fortified towns as places of retreat and defence. Hence spring up Zurich, St. Gall, Fribourg, Berne, Basle, and other cities.

1218.—Frederick II. grants imperial charters to Berne, Soleure, Basle, and Schaffhausen.

1273.—Rudolf of Hapsburg, a wealthy and influential nobleman of Aargau and Schwytz, is chosen Emperor of Germany. He favours the establishment, and enlarges the privileges, of the free cities.

1291.—Rudolf dies and is succeeded by his son Albert, who, pursuing an opposite policy, alienates the affections of his Swiss subjects.

1300–1308.—The Forest Cantons resolve to throw off the yoke of the House of Hapsburg. Gessler is appointed imperial bailiff. He is resisted by William Tell, who unites with Werner Stauffacher, Walter Furst, and Arnold von Melchthal in a solemn oath to liberate their country. Tell kills Gessler; an insurrection breaks out, the Austrians are driven away, and their castles rased to the ground.

1315.—Leopold of Austria is defeated at Morgarten in his attempt to re-establish the authority of the Hapsburgs. A Federal pact is agreed upon amongst the inhabitants of the Forest Cantons. Schwytz being the most important amongst them, the name of Schwytzers comes into use for all the confederates: hence Swiss and Switzerland.

1332.—Lucerne joins the Confederation of the Waldstätter.

1351–1352.—Zurich, Glarus, Zug, and Berne, join the Confederation.

1386.—Leopold III. attacks Lucerne: is defeated and slain at Sempach.

1389.—The Austrians having suffered successive defeats, consent to make peace with the Confederation.

1415.—The Council of Constance is held; Frederick of Austria being excommunicated by the Council, the Swiss invade and annex Aargau.

1418–1424.—The Swiss invade the Italian valleys and form them into bailiwicks. The Valaisians revolt against their feudal lord and form an alliance with the Confederacy. The Graubund or Grison league is formed.

1452.—War between the Confederation and Austria; Rapperschwyl, Fribourg, and Thurgau wrested from Austria. A few years later, Sigismund sells to the Confederation the last remaining possessions of Austria in Switzerland, including even the castle of Hapsburg itself.

1475–1476.—War between the Burgundians and Swiss; the former are defeated with immense slaughter at Granson and Morat.

1481.—Dissensions break out between the several cantons respecting the admission of Fribourg and Soleure into the Confederacy, and civil war seems imminent. The exertions of Nicholas von der Flue avert the catastrophe, and they are peaceably admitted.

1499.—Maximilian I. being defeated by the Swiss makes peace, and virtually acknowledges their independence.

1501.—Basle and Schaffhausen are admitted into the Confederacy. Twelve years later Appenzell is admitted, completing the thirteen cantons of which Switzerland consisted up to the time of the French Revolution; Geneva, Neufchâtel, the Valais, and the Grisons being independent allied republics.

1518–1519.—Zwingle, Bullinger, and others assail the doctrines of the Church of Rome.

1523–1530.—Zurich, Berne, Basle, Schaffhausen, and Neufchâtel, adopt the doctrines of the Reformation. Many other cities and cantons do so in part.

1531–1537.—Farel and Calvin preach the gospel at Geneva. The Genevese rise against the Duke of Savoy and expel their Bishop. The Bernese support the Genevese, and take the Pays de Vaud from the Duke of Savoy.

1544.—The Grisons join the Swiss Confederacy as allies.

1603.—The Duke of Savoy acknowledges the independence of Geneva.

1621–1639.—Invasion of the Grisons by the Austrians. The French aid the Swiss in driving out the invaders.

1648.—The independence of the Swiss Confederation recognised by the European powers in the treaty of Westphalia.

1653–1712.—A succession of internal feuds and civil wars caused by the resistance of the peasantry to the tyranny of their masters, or arising out of the religious dissensions between Catholics and Protestants.

1713–1792. A period of peace for Switzerland.

1793–1800.—The French revolutionary government foment dissensions amongst the Swiss, invade Switzerland, are resisted by some of the cantons and supported by others. The Austrians and Russians enter Switzerland to oppose the French; a period of general confusion follows.

1815.—The Allied Powers, at the Congress of Vienna, recognise the independence of Switzerland and establish the Federal pact.