

FORTY SIX DAYS  
IN  
SWITZERLAND.  
BY  
G. C., JUNR.



XI/82

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R.S. MORRISH.

COBITAM

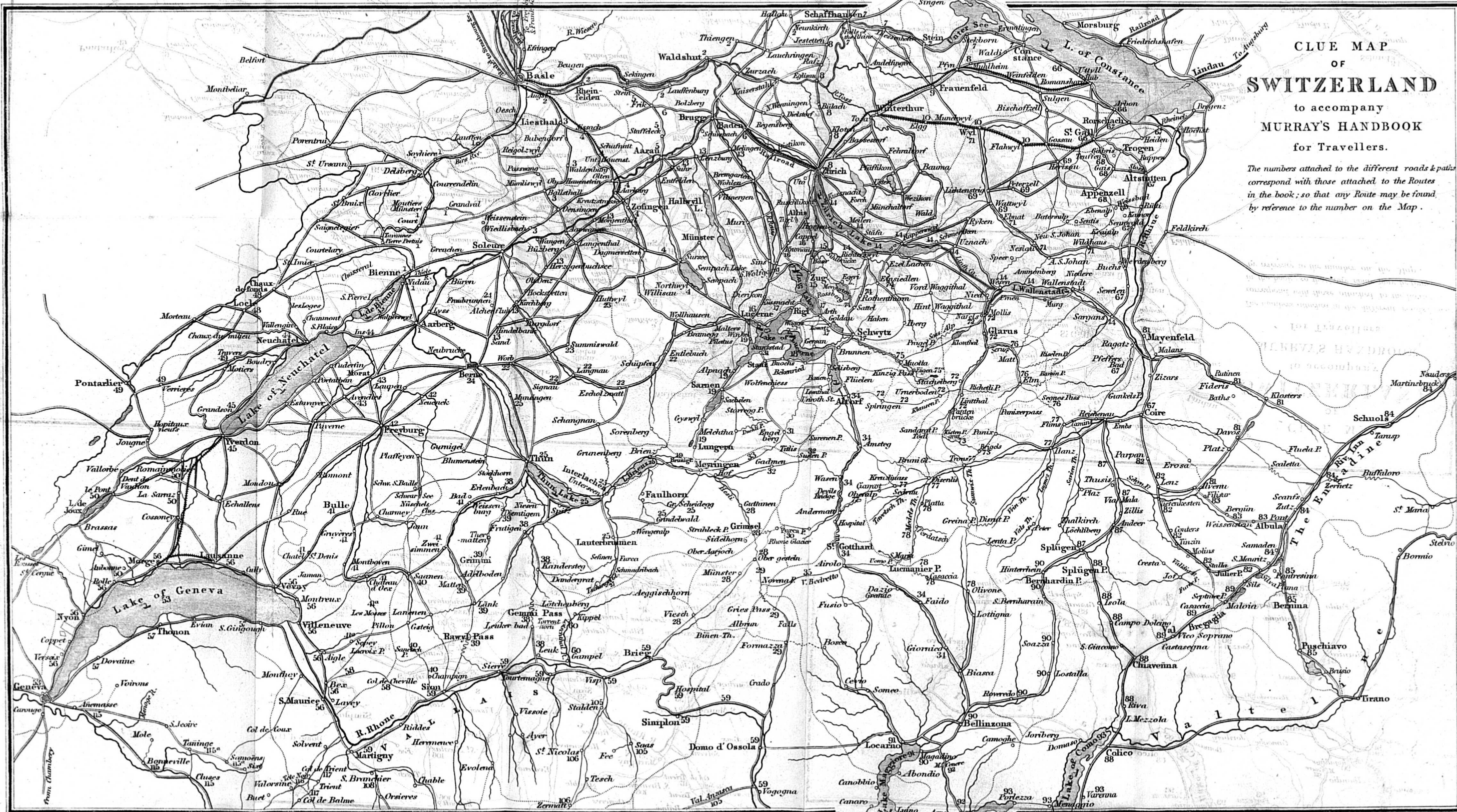
SURREY





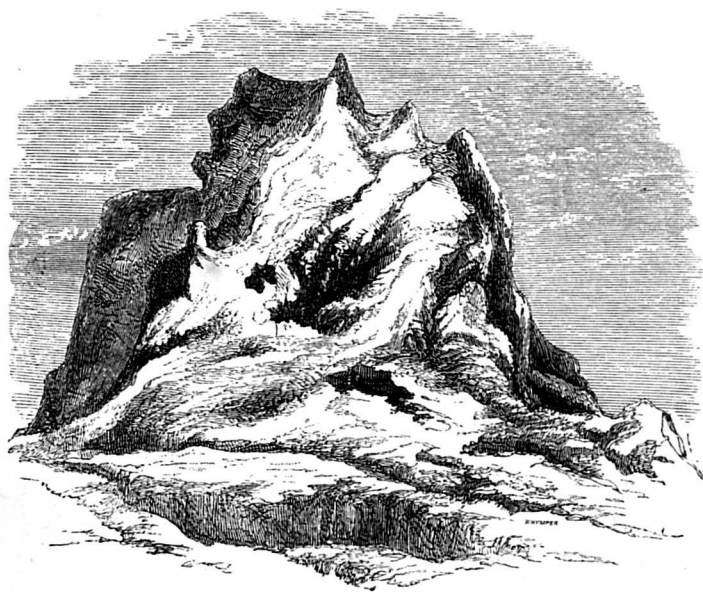
CLUE MAP  
OF  
**SWITZERLAND**  
to accompany  
MURRAY'S HANDBOOK  
for Travellers.

The numbers attached to the different roads & paths correspond with those attached to the Routes in the book; so that any Route may be found by reference to the number on the Map.





FRONTISPIECE.



SUMMIT OF MONTE ROSA.

FORTY-SIX DAYS IN  
SWITZERLAND  
AND  
THE NORTH OF ITALY.

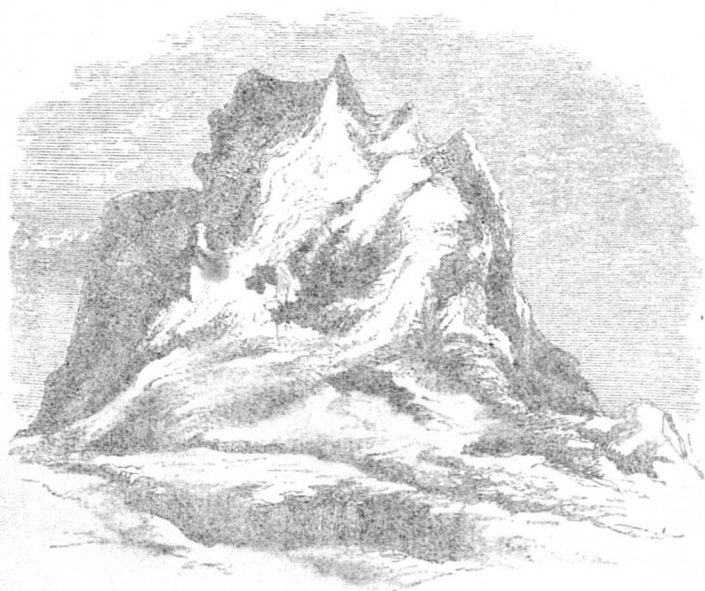
BY G. C., JUNR. [Clowes, G.]



LONDON:  
PRINTED BY WILLIAM CLOWES AND SONS, STAMFORD STREET,  
1856.

Rh 407

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SUMMIT OF MONT BLANC.



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83/481

## INTRODUCTION.

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HAVING written a short journal of the principal events of a forty-six days' tour in Switzerland and the North of Italy, I was promised by my father that, if I would extend it from my letters written home, he would print it for its easier perusal by my family, for whom alone it is intended. I hope it may prove interesting to them, although I fear it may show, by its imperfection, how little I noticed compared with what I might have done. However that may be, I shall not regret the time I spent in writing it, on account of the pleasure I have had in thus recalling that happy time to my mind.

I have to thank Mr. Murray for allowing me to add to my little book his Clue Map and other illustrations belonging to his excellent Handbook of Switzerland.

G. C., jun.



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## ITINERARY.



- August 2nd . . . . London to Paris *viá* Folkestone and Boulogne.  
3rd and 4th . Paris.  
5th . . . . To Basle.  
6th . . . . To Lucerne.  
7th . . . . To the Rigi by Weggis.  
8th . . . . To Lucerne by Kussnacht.  
9th . . . . To Hospenthal.  
10th . . . . To the summit of the St. Gothard Pass and  
back.  
11th . . . . To the Grimsel by the Furca Pass.  
12th . . . . To Reichenbach over the Rhone Glacier.  
13th . . . . To Interlaken.  
14th . . . . To the Wengern Alp.  
15th . . . . To the Faulhorn.  
16th . . . . To Interlaken over the Great Scheideck by  
Reichenbach.  
17th . . . . Interlaken.  
18th . . . . To Frutigen by Thun.  
19th . . . . To Leukerbad over the Gemmi Pass.  
20th . . . . To Martigny.  
21st . . . . To Chamonix over the Col de Balme.  
22nd . . . . To the Chapeau over the Mer de Glace and  
back.  
23rd . . . . To Geneva.  
24th and 25th. Geneva.  
26th . . . . To Vevay.  
27th . . . . To Sion by Martigny.  
28th . . . . To Zermatt by Visp.  
29th . . . . To the Riffelberg and Gorner Grat.  
30th . . . . To Brieg by Visp.  
31st . . . . To Domo d' Ossola over the Simplon Pass.

- Sept. 1st . . . . To Arona by Baveno and the Lago Maggiore.  
2nd . . . . To Milan.  
3rd and 4th . Milan.  
5th . . . . To Venice.  
6th and 7th . Venice.  
8th . . . . To Milan.  
9th . . . . To Varenna by Como.  
10th . . . . To Splugen.  
11th . . . . To Ragatz.  
12th . . . . To Zurich.  
13th . . . . To Schaffhausen.  
14th . . . . To Mannheim.  
15th . . . . To Cologne down the Rhine.  
16th and 17th. To England.

FORTY-SIX DAYS IN  
S W I T Z E R L A N D  
AND  
THE NORTH OF ITALY.

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CHAPTER I.

CROSSING THE CHANNEL — BOULOGNE — PARIS : ITS SIGHTS AND  
AMUSEMENTS.

ON Saturday, August 2nd, 1856, having taken tickets through Folkestone, Boulogne, and Paris to Basle, I, accompanied by P—, H—, and W—, left the London Bridge terminus at 8.35 A.M.; and, reaching Folkestone in a miserably dusty state, and tired of the railway travelling on so hot a day, we were by no means sorry to find ourselves, with a nice breeze in our faces, dashing through the calm waters of the Channel. About two hours and a half after leaving Folkestone the town of Boulogne became clearly visible, and the reflected heat was very oppres-

sive as we steamed up between the two piers, and landed amidst the overwhelming kindnesses of that class of people who make it their chief object in life to annoy others by their particularly great anxiety to assist them,—to their own advantage.

Of course, on entering a country for the first time, everything attracted my attention, and amongst not the least of its novelties I may mention the peculiar costume of the fishwomen, a distinct class of people, with their short dresses,—and the strictness with which our passports were examined as we passed through the crowded customhouse, and were conducted to an omnibus, which conveyed us to the railway station, where we were informed it would be three-quarters of an hour before the train for Paris would start. Accordingly we went to the nearest hotel and ordered something to eat, having been previously advised not to dine at the buffet adjoining the station. After our meal I wrote a short note home to tell of our safe arrival so far, and, returning to the station, we soon started (3·15) on our first journey in a French railway carriage. The country between Boulogne and Paris has no particular attractions, though the towns of Abbeville, Amiens, and



Creil would have been well worth a visit, if we had had time to stay at any of them. The railway stations of the two last furnished excellent buffets, which we took full advantage of, and thus managed to survive this long and tedious journey, reaching Paris at 8·45, correct to a minute as stated in the bills, which is remarkable, considering the great distance we had travelled.

Now followed the searching of our luggage, which was mere play, my portmanteau never being opened; and a large flask of brandy being objected to in P—'s portmanteau, he quietly took it out and placed it in his pocket, which the examiner, a very agreeable man, said was one way of getting over the difficulty. At length we were rattling along the streets of Paris in an omnibus, which soon set us down at Meurice's Hotel, a very fine and comfortable house, in which we had a magnificent suite of apartments looking over the garden of the Tuileries. We finished our tiring day with supper and a walk on the Boulevards, which looked particularly striking, illumined by so many thousands of gaslights, and gay with carriages and people sitting at the cafés sipping coffee or eating ices, in which last we

at length joined at Tortoni's; and after this, between 12 and 1 o'clock, we gladly retired to rest.

The jingling of the bells attached to the horses of the diligences passing to and fro made me aware, about 7:30 on Sunday morning, that all was astir in the streets of Paris. Accordingly we rose, and went in a loose costume in search of warm baths. We gained our object, and returned to the hotel freshened up and ready for breakfast, which, after dressing, was served in the small *salle-à-manger* belonging to our suite of apartments. The breakfast consisted of something substantial, as we thought we would not be too sudden in our change of diet, but would gradually come down to a cup of *café au lait* and some bread and butter the first thing in the morning.

Our meal over, and a letter written home, we sallied forth into the broiling streets (for it happened to be particularly warm in Paris at that time) with the determination to see as much as we could in our necessarily short stay, as we did not intend to spend six weeks in Paris, but six weeks in Switzerland. With this intention we hoped to push on for Basle

the following morning, but, not being able to get our passport viséd before 3 o'clock that day, we resolved not to leave Paris till Tuesday morning, which, I must confess, I was not sorry for, as I was exceedingly pleased with the place.

Our walk soon led us to the Louvre, where we entered, and spent some time examining the paintings and sculpture, after which we were greatly in want of rest and refreshment, the usual effect of sight-seeing, and accordingly strolled to the Palais Royal, and, entering the restaurant of the "Trois Frères," ordered half a melon and a bottle of wine, for the former of which we were actually charged seven francs; and having been thus swindled, returned to our quarters at Meurice's to rest ourselves, and prepare for the table-d'hôte at 5.30, at which there were a great number of people; and, being the first time I had ever dined in this fashion, there was plenty to afford amusement.

The table-d'hôte over, we again went forth in search of *knowledge*,—this time not on foot, but in a fly, the driver of which we told to take us through the Arc de Triomphe de l'Etoile into the Bois de Boulogne. On our way we met some friends, by whose advice we

went to the Pré Catelan, and, having paid the entrance money, found ourselves in a garden beautifully illuminated by gas and Chinese lamps, which were not only hanging about the trees, but burnt brightly amidst the flower-beds, giving the whole scene a remarkably pretty, and to us novel appearance. We were very soon again in our fly on the way to some other place of amusement, but were this time not quite so successful; for having gone about a mile along a dusty road, we inquired how much farther it was, to which the driver answered that we were then about half way, although he had previously told us that it would only take him a quarter of an hour to perform the whole distance; so we indignantly told him to return to Paris, which he did by the Champs Elysées. W— and H— were not quite contented with their evening's entertainment; so, leaving them at the Jardin Mabille, where a ball was going on, P— and I returned to the hotel after a little refreshment at a café, when a hard day's sight-seeing made sleep acceptable to us, as also to the other two, who soon followed our example.

As it is my intention to confine my journal chiefly to that part of our tour which was spent in Switzerland, I shall merely mention the

places of interest that we visited during our stay at the three great cities—Paris, Milan, and Venice—without attempting to give any description of them.

I was aroused on Monday morning by an invitation to accompany P— and W— to the banks of the Seine for the purpose of bathing, which I readily accepted, for it was a very hot morning, and I thought a cold bath would prepare me well for a second day's sight-seeing. This began, after breakfast, with the cemetery of Père la Chaise, to which we drove, accompanied by a commissionaire, who took us, during the day, to the Jardin des Plantes; after which we had a little cooling refreshment, before beginning our investigation of Notre Dame, the Sainte Chapelle, the Hôtel des Invalides, the Chambre des Députés, and the Madeleine.

It was now getting high time to return to our hotel and prepare for the table-d'hôte, resting ourselves being one of the chief preparations; for all must know, who have spent a very hot day in sight-seeing, how extremely tiring it is. At 5·30 we proceeded to the *salle-à-manger*, where we met nearly the same company as on the previous evening, excepting that we noticed



the addition of Professor Faraday, with whom P— had a chat after the meal was over. During the evening we went to Franconi's, and a ball at the Château des Fleurs, which was beautifully illuminated, and at which a very good band was playing; but there was something which rewarded us more than all this for the expense of the entrance, namely, the appearance and dancing of a very short man, who, dressed in a large white beaver hat which nearly hid his face, and thinking himself perfect in the polka-step, figured about with a tall female, and afforded us such an amusing spectacle that we could not restrain our laughter, greatly to the surprise of a Frenchman who was standing near us, and who seemed to think dancing much too serious a thing to cause any degree of merriment. Thus was spent our last evening in Paris, and it was not till the midnight hour had passed that we retired to rest.

## CHAPTER II.

STRASBURG — EPERNAY — BASLE — LUCERNE — OUR GUIDE — SIGHTS  
OF LUCERNE — “ COMFORTABLE ” LUGGAGE — THE LAKE —  
WEGGIS — ASCENT OF THE RIGI — FLUELEN — ALTORF : TELL —  
DEVIL’S BRIDGE — HOSPENTHAL.

WE were all in a bustle at 5 o’clock on Tuesday morning (the 5th), as the train for Strasburg was to start at 7, and, having a good deal to do before that, we fell rather short of breakfast, which however was a good thing, for, it being the custom of the country to take a substantial meal in the middle of the day, of course we were quite ready for it, which would not have been the case had we not been luckily done out of our usual meal.

One unacquainted as I was with Continental travelling is surprised, when he has taken his ticket and booked his luggage, at being ushered into a waiting-room, and there strictly guarded until five minutes before the train starts, when the doors are thrown open, and a scramble for

seats takes place. When we had gone through this ceremony, and were safely seated in a first-class carriage, I began to think how foolish I had been not to eat more at breakfast, and by the time we reached Epernay I was thoroughly starved, and eagerly satisfied myself with the food there offered at the buffet, and with champagne. We reached Strasburg soon after 4, took another meal, and, leaving again about 5, had a view of the stately cathedral with its lofty spire, which much pleased me, though it was but a glimpse. The journey from Strasburg to Basle occupied about three hours: we arrived at the latter town at 8, and, not being able to get rooms at the "Trois Rois," spent the night at the "Cigogne."

Eager to reach the fine scenery of Switzerland, we left Basle by rail at 10·30 A.M. on Wednesday (the 6th), and in an hour's time found ourselves at Sissach, where the railway terminates, and diligences convey the passengers to Olten, where they again take the train to within a short distance of Lucerne. This, though by no means a quick mode of travelling, is far from an unpleasant one, as it offers the double advantage of a change of conveyances, and a better opportunity of viewing the

mountains, which look like clouds in the horizon, as the diligence reaches the summit of a hill. To this many, as was our case, by the advice of the driver, had walked on by a short cut, in order to have more time to admire the landscape, but it was unfortunately not sufficiently clear for us to gain a peep at the snow in the distance. The diligence soon came lumbering up; we mounted to our seats, and were before long driven up to the railway station at Olten, so completely smothered with dust as to be scarcely able to see; but in this state we were compelled to take a meal, and in this state also to proceed on our journey by rail to Emmenbrucke, which place we did not reach without many an anxious glance from the windows of the carriage in the hope of somewhere seeing a snow-topped mountain rise threateningly towards the sky,—but all in vain. We were again turned out of our speedy conveyance, and conducted to a slow one, before we obtained the much-desired sight; and indeed it is a wonder that we ever did so at all, for, in passing over some wooden bridges before reaching Lucerne, the roofs, which are built for a protection against the snow, were so unpleasantly near our heads, seated as we were on the top of the conveyance, that it was

with difficulty we prevented ourselves from being executed.

At length we were at Lucerne, in first-rate apartments at the Schweizer-hof, left to admire the grand scene before us, as we looked on that clear blue lake, darkened here and there by some lofty mountain casting a long shadow on her waters, and, raising our eyes, beheld on our right rugged Mount Pilate, with cloud-covered summit, frowning on the more fertile Rigi, between whom and her overwhelming adversary the calm waters of the lake flow as a peace-maker. And is this all that inspired in the heart such reverence towards the Creator of this scene? No! for in the distance was seen, amidst gathering mists, that emblem of all purity—the everlasting snow.

But to return to my journal. It was now time to think about a meal; and accordingly, having ascertained that there would be a table-d'hôte at 7.30, we immediately rushed into the lake, and relieved ourselves of our dusty covering; and had but just done so, when a bell summoned us to the *salle-à-manger*. During the evening we made an engagement with a guide, by name Joseph Hoffman, whom the

proprietor of the hotel recommended, to accompany us on the following day up the Rigi, and, if we liked him, to remain with us during our tour in Switzerland. However, we were not bound to keep him a day longer than we wished if we found any fault with him; whilst, if he took a dislike to us, he might at any time leave; but he behaved very well, and remained with us during nearly our whole tour, and we considered him a first-rate guide. A good night's rest was desirable to prepare us for our first mountain excursion, and accordingly we retired to bed as soon as possible.

There is little in the town of Lucerne to detain a traveller; but what there was we were determined to see, and accordingly on the 6th, soon after breakfast, were conducted by our guide to the lion erected in memory of the great courage shown by the Swiss guards who were killed in the Tuileries in 1793, whilst defending the royal family of France. The figure is cut out of the solid rock, and is represented with a spear in its side, grasping a shield in its paws. Two alone of this brave troop survive, one of whom introduces you to the monument. We also saw a very good model of Switzerland, and

the arsenal of the town, which, as well as many other places, contains the very bow which Tell used in shooting Gessler. W— purchased during the morning a pair of strong mountain shoes; but I preferred walking in boots which I had often before worn, and experience taught me the advantage of this plan, as thereby all fear of blisters was laid aside, and, being a very light weight, the stones did not hurt my feet, although not impeded by a ponderous pair of heavy-nailed boots.

After our return from visiting the sights of Lucerne, our next object was to lessen our luggage, and reduce it from a portmanteau each to a carpet-bag among all four. I may as well here say that my humble opinion on the subject of the quantity of luggage necessary to the *comfort* of a traveller, without being an encumbrance to him, is, that a small portmanteau with a knapsack for mountain excursions, or if a party a carpet-bag between them, is by no means too much, unless one wishes to be conspicuous by going about in dirty travelling clothes when not in the mountain district, of which Switzerland is not entirely composed.

Our carpet-bag packed, and having partaken

of the 12·30 table-d'hôte, we left Lucerne at 2 o'clock by steamer for Weggis, and thoroughly enjoyed the trip on the lake, viewing with admiration its many beauties as we dashed through its waters,—now opposite a rocky mountain, whose foundation is hidden in the deep; now where the grassy slope, joyful with cattle, meets the wondering eye. At length a sudden turn in the lake brought us to the small but beautifully situated village of Weggis, which was to be our resting-place for a short time before beginning the ascent of the Rigi. Here we purchased our alpenstocks, the choice of which we left to our guide, who picked out four strong ones and presented them to us with an air of importance, saying that it was now time to start. Outside the hotel we found two horses waiting for us, which we rode in turn, as was generally our plan in mountain excursions, W— and H— mounting first, and P— and I starting briskly on our way; but soon the steep and stony path brought us to a standstill, and we were obliged to turn round and admire the view. In this way, and with occasional rides, we at length reached the “Rigi-Staffel,” from which a walk of half an hour brought us to the “Rigi-Kulm,” where we were informed there was no room; so con-



tenting ourselves by engaging apartments at the former hotel, we proceeded to the summit to see the sun set. Standing with our backs to the hotel, and looking down the mountain, which on this side is very precipitous, far and wide the land is dotted with villages and lakes, which were now darkening as the shades of evening approached, and the setting sun began to throw a purple hue on the silvery mountains of the Oberland, stretching far away to the horizon, which appeared to our view on turning from the lovely scene below our feet to survey the higher ground behind. A horn now announced that the sun ere long would bid "good night" to the assembled company on the Rigi, and all eyes were watching it as gradually it sank behind the mountains. It was gone, and soon the gray shades of approaching night wrapped the scene in chilly grandeur. Night came on ; quickly we returned to our hotel, and, after supper, sought our little rooms.

The sound of a voice accompanied by a knock at the door about 3:30 the following morning announced the unpleasant fact that it was time to rise. Accordingly, putting on our clothes in haste, we soon started up the mountain, preceded and followed by many fellow-

travellers, who like ourselves had not the good luck to obtain rooms at the "Rigi-Kulm," and were wending their way to the summit, which was gradually becoming crowded, as darkness fled before the approaching morn, and a faint glimmer of light somewhat modified the gloomy appearance which had but lately overspread the scene. The indefatigable trumpeter again sounded his note, and attracted all eyes to the east, where slowly appeared the glorious sun, casting its rays first on snow-clad heights, whose lofty heads shone forth in the new-born day, which ere long the land lying far beneath our feet met with a welcome smile, and the whole scene seemed with joyful gratitude to praise its Creator's works. With one last look we left this lovely spot, and returned to the hotel, well pleased that the sun had set and risen so propitiously for us. As soon as possible, after partaking of some *café au lait*, we set off down the mountain towards Kussnacht, and, finding a long walk down hill very tiring, were by no means sorry to rest for a few minutes, and procure a draught of milk of a woman who lived I presume in some neighbouring *châlet*, and who brought out benches during the day with which she surrounded a table well stocked with drinkables and fruit for the

comfort of weary travellers. On our way to Kussnacht we visited the spot where Tell is supposed to have shot Gessler, and which is marked by a small chapel. We arrived at the end of our walk about 9, and, having an hour and a quarter to wait before the steamer came up for Lucerne, ordered some breakfast at a nice clean little hotel, the name of which I forget, but, as I should be glad to recommend it, I may mention that it is the first on entering Kussnacht from the land side.

It was a very warm day, and we loitered about till 10·15, when the steamer started, and in little more than an hour brought us again to Lucerne, where our first thought was cleanliness, which we obtained by a bathe in the lake, —our second, rest, which was gratified by lying down till a little before 4·30, when we partook of the table-d'hôte at the "Schweizerhof." Very shortly after this we went to bed, which no one will disapprove of who reads of our fatigues on that day.

It required little or no exertion to get off on Saturday morning at 9 o'clock by steamer from Lucerne, considering the early hour at which we had risen on the preceding day. The journey

to Fluelen occupied three hours, and afforded us a capital opportunity of viewing this vast lake, whose scenery, everywhere wild, becomes wilder towards Fluelen, as the waters narrow, and form a channel overhung by two stupendous mountains, which shut out from the view the outer waters, as the steamer glides between them, and finds itself to all appearance in another lake. Higher and higher, more rugged and more rugged, become the mountains, until at length Fluelen is reached, which offers no attractions, and therefore as soon as possible, with a nice carriage and pair, we left for Amsteg, where we dined, having passed on the way Altorf, a place connected with the history of Tell, not only as being the spot where he is said to have shot the apple from his son's head, but also to have been drowned in a stream near, whilst endeavouring to rescue a child from the water.

After dinner we amused ourselves by shooting with a crossbow at a target, till our carriage was again ready to continue the journey, which was now an ascent up the pass of the St. Gothard almost the whole way to Hospenthal. The road being good, we proceeded at a pretty fast pace, and were soon surrounded on all sides by lofty mountains, which almost shut out the

light of day with their mighty walls of granite, over which alone the blue sky appears. No tree attracts the eye, weary of that gray mass, but beneath, dashing from crag to crag, the mountain-torrent of the Reuss hurls into the air the snow-white foam, and, heedless of all opposition, pursues its rapid course. Such was the scene, when our guide requested us to alight and walk for a short distance, and as we did so gradually the roar of the torrent became louder and louder; until by a turn in the road we approached the Devil's Bridge, under which the stream rushes in a mighty cataract gliding over the height above, and with startling fury falling on the rocks beneath, from which oceans of spray fly up, and wet the mountain's side. The traveller stands on a lofty bridge, with below him the old one, which is now unsafe, but adds not a little to the impressive grandeur of the scene. Again in our carriage, we soon reached Hospenthal, where the aspect of the hotel is far from charming, but I have nothing to say against its comfort. After a meal and chat with some fellow-travellers we left the *salle-à-manger* for our bedrooms.

## CHAPTER III.

ASCENT OF THE ST. GOTHARD — SUNDAY EVENING AT HOSPENTHAL —  
SNOWBALLING ON THE FURCA — GLACIER-TRAVELLING — ALPINE  
STORMS — REICHENBACH — GIESSBACH FALL — SWISS MINSTRELS  
— INTERLAKEN — STAUBACH FALL — ADVENTURE ON THE  
FAULHORN — ASCENT OF THE WENGERN ALP.

OUR plan for Sunday the 10th was to finish our journey up the St. Gothard, and accordingly, about 10 o'clock, we set forth in a carriage, and had a very pleasant day, passing through, if possible, finer scenery than on the previous one, which it would be folly for me to attempt to describe, since it has been pronounced impossible by one whose ability to do so was far superior to mine. Getting at length on flat ground, we passed a small lake on our right, the source of the Reuss, and soon found ourselves at the hospice, where, being very hungry, we obtained some bread and cheese, and then continued our journey on foot down the pass towards Italy until we came to a spot from which an Italian mountain was visible; and there we sat down, and admired the scene, as

also the wonderful engineering of the road on this side, which is made accessible by numbers of zigzags, of which we were actually able from our seat to count twenty-five. There was an additional pleasure on this day, namely, that of getting our boots wet through by sliding and tumbling about on a small quantity of snow, from which a mountain-stream gushed forth; and H—, thinking he would try a little alpine sliding with his alpenstock, came right down the snow, and, being unable to stop himself, fell into the stream beneath, affording us thereby considerable laughter.

Our guide now gave us notice that it was time to return, so we obeyed, and soon were on our downward course at a quick pace, which the driver kept up to the end, skilfully turning the sharp corners, where one not accustomed to this kind of driving would inevitably overturn the carriage. We reached Hospenthal in time to rest an hour before the table-d'hôte, which took place at 5 o'clock, and was a very amusing meal, as we made friends with several fellow-travellers, one of whom, Mr. D—, joined our party for several days some time after this first introduction. We also became acquainted this evening with two other gentle-

men, Messrs. De— and S—, who were going nearly the same tour of Switzerland as ourselves, and consequently we often met again: this is a great pleasure in travelling, to be constantly meeting with familiar faces, and to be able to compare notes and talk over adventures with old friends. The custom in Roman Catholic countries of making the Sabbath evening a gay one was clearly shown on this occasion by a large German party, who indulged in a considerable quantity of champagne at the table-d'hôte, got very excited, and made a great uproar, and who, after the meal was over, asked if we had any objection to their moving the table, to which of course we answered in the negative; accordingly the room was cleared, one of the gentlemen sat down to the piano, and after some other music struck up a polka, upon which they all began to dance, and when they were tired of this they finished the evening with some songs. We soon left this noisy company for bed.

We got off about 7, and proceeded on our way toward the Furca Pass, two on foot and two on horseback. Passing along by the side of the rapid Reuss, a small village is soon reached, where I dismounted, and started forth,



alpenstock in hand, over hill and dale, now jumping over some small mountain stream which dashed across our path, now stopping to examine some immense boulder of rock lying alone, as if it had been hurled by giant's strength from mountains above. Again I was on the sure-footed steed, and now the ascent became steeper, and in the distance appeared a small house, which we were informed was the hotel on the top of the Furca, at which we were to dine. There our German friends were dining; and as we had some time to wait, we followed their example. After our meal we went out, and sat upon the grass very peacefully; but presently large masses of snow began to fly past us, and on looking round we found the German party busily engaged making snowballs, with which they were pelting us for their amusement; but immediately on finding our situation we returned their fire, and kept up a sharp contest for some time, which seemed greatly to amuse them.

The descent from the hotel to the glacier of the Rhone being very steep, we all walked, and sent our horses round to an inn on the other side of the glacier, it being our intention to cross it. We were naturally rather nervous

at finding ourselves for the first time walking on frozen snow, surrounded by deep crevasses which seemed bottomless as we peeped down their sky-blue openings, ready to receive us if one foot were to slip. Gradually we gained courage, and, before the hour which it occupied crossing was past, we had become quite expert at leaping over fissures, which however now and then became so large as to prevent the possibility of doing so, and we were compelled to take another course. We regained *terra firma* near where the Rhone finally leaves the glacier, and were able to see it higher up, as it dashed forth and then returned to its hiding-place under the ice, where it pursues its course, until at length it gains a fresh exit and emerges from its snowy covering. A somewhat long walk by the side of the glacier leads to a small inn, where we met our horses again, and proceeded on our way to the top of the Grimsel: this is reached by a steep ascent up a heath-covered height, which greatly contrasts with some of the scenery of this pass.

The last part of this journey is a very steep descent on huge slabs of rock, which to a traveller with nails in his boots is very disagree-

able, and P— was several times nearly down. The hotel is a good-sized house, built of wood, and situated close to a small lake, whose waters are darkened by the shades of the mountains which surround it and give it a most gloomy aspect; in fewer words, the place looked uncommonly well adapted for a murder. We had some tea (a most refreshing beverage after a long day's march) before going to bed, which, together with the creaking of the boards as early risers left their rooms, disturbed me a little during the night: nevertheless I awoke the next morning (the 12th) well prepared for another hard day's work, which we began between 7 and 8, having had some *café au lait* and settled our bill.

Reichenbach was to be our sleeping-place this night, and, as we had sent away one horse, we had more walking to do than on the previous day, it being eighteen miles to our destination. The scenery at first is very wild, and the path is cut in a rugged mountain, with a torrent rushing some distance beneath it, and on the opposite side a similar height, where a man mowing grass (of which every patch is taken from the mountains) called out from his precarious situation to attract our attention, as he

stood on a spot to all appearance inaccessible by human foot, being surrounded by crags over which the wild goat could scarcely climb. This scenery lasts some time, until a plain is reached, which terminates with Handeck, a small village composed of châteaux, at one of which refreshments were offered us; nor did we refuse, but partook plentifully of goat's-milk and bread and cheese, after which we visited the waterfall of that name—in grandeur, I think, superior to any in Switzerland. There is a bridge over the torrent close to the fall, which the volumes of foaming water pass, and with a leap hurl themselves down, concealing from view the rocks beneath by the spray thrown up by this and another fall, which bursts forth to the left of a spectator on the bridge, and, joining at the bottom its more extensive neighbour, flows on with it. As the traveller proceeds downwards the country becomes more fertile, and possesses attractions to the eye, which has become weary of the gray and stately heights left behind. Another and a last halt, and then on again with distant thunder pealing in our ears, as darker and darker became the heavens, and an alpine storm burst upon us in all its fury: the rain, but for our macintoshes, would have drenched us through

long before we reached Reichenbach, about 4 o'clock P.M. There a warm bath and meal at 7 made us feel like ourselves again, with which, and a chat with Messrs. De—, S—, and D— about to-morrow's plans, which were to ascend and sleep on the Faulhorn, we finished our evening; but the morrow's journal will show how useless it is in these regions to make arrangements overnight.

Another storm came on about midnight, when the wind drove back the Venetian blind outside our window, which had been left unfastened, and caused such a crash as to wake us from our sleep. The morning of the 13th was scarcely finer than the previous night; dark clouds were hanging about; now and then distant thunder might be heard; all which induced us to give up our plan of ascending the Faulhorn, and we arranged to go to Interlaken by carriage. Our friends Messrs. De—, S—, and D—, did not agree with us about the weather, and determined not to give up their former plan, so here we parted for the present. We left Reichenbach at 9.30 in the morning, and, arriving at Brienz after about an hour's drive, took a small boat across the lake to visit the Giessbach waterfall on the

opposite side. The landing-place is near where the water discharges itself into the lake, from which a somewhat steep ascent brings one to a house where refreshments are procurable, and it is from here that the waterfall is most strikingly picturesque, as with a succession of cataracts the stream darts amidst the fir groves, here and there leaving behind it a small blue lake, protected by the overhanging crag from the falling mass of foam ; and thus left to rejoice in its security, the crystal water dances in its deep basin, and the diamond-shaped ripples dazzle the eye. Numerous wooden bridges cross the stream as it pursues its headlong course, and I felt scarcely safe as I stood on these, and was sprinkled with the spray from above. A great variety of specimens in Swiss carving may be seen here ; and those who wish to purchase any should do so in the Oberland, where they are all made, and therefore can be obtained at a much cheaper rate than at any of the towns.

As we approached the landing-place on our return, singing reached our ears, which added greatly to the enjoyment of the scene, and excited our admiration till the steamer arrived at 2 o'clock, in which we started for Interlaken.

I may as well mention what I know of the vocalists, though Murray's Handbook furnished me with the information. They are five Swiss peasants, whom the schoolmaster at Brienz instructs in singing: they obtain their living by greeting with their songs the visitors at the Giessbach, and have the repute among the guides of being the best songsters in Switzerland.

The boats on this lake are clumsy and slow, and it was nearly 4 o'clock before we reached the "Belvidere" hotel at Interlaken, where we obtained admirable accommodation, and a good dinner, with more singing, at 5. Before retiring to bed at our usual early hour, we walked about the place till driven in by a thunderstorm, when, after writing letters and partaking of some coffee, one by one we retired to rest.

On Thursday morning (the 14th), before starting on a three days' mountain excursion, we had again to reduce our luggage, which done, and a letter from home received, about 11 o'clock we left Interlaken in a carriage for L auterbrunnen, and passed on our way another carriage drawn by a number of wretched women,

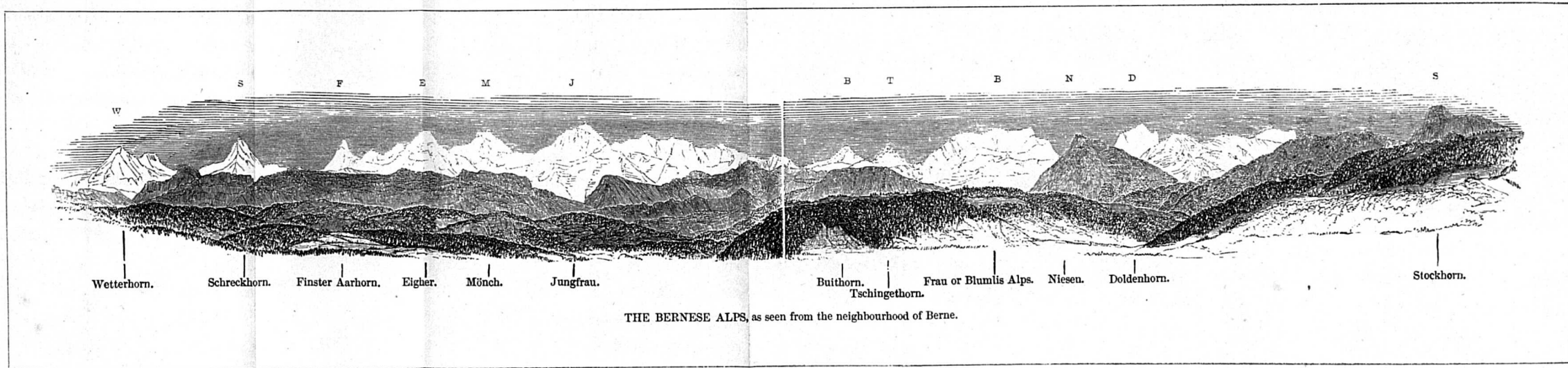
which our guide informed us was the mode in which vehicles were taken home when the horses were engaged by travellers to continue the journey up the mountains after the carriage-road terminates: this was the cruelty we were going to cause by taking our horses on—and yet how could it be helped? After a rest we proceeded, first walking and then riding, up the Wengern Alp, and soon after starting gained a view of the Staubach waterfall, with which I was rather disappointed, though its peculiarity is striking. The water, which falls from an immense height in comparatively small quantities, seems to vanish and become spray before reaching the rocks beneath. When at midday the iris is produced by the rays of the sun falling on it, it must be very beautiful, but we unfortunately missed this, and were therefore not very loud in its praises, though it has been so highly spoken of for its great beauty.

The next thing that attracted our attention and surprise was a most diminutive boy, who held to his mouth a large horn, the end of which was enclosed in a box, and with this the poor little creature made sounds which echoed far away in the mountains, though I cannot say



particularly musical ones. Yet, if not the music, the child, with cheeks distended and eyes darting out of his head, was an object of attraction, and, I thought, of pity; so, giving him a small coin, we proceeded on our way, H—, our guide, and myself by a short cut, whilst P— and W— rode. A remarkably stiff walk brought us to a small inn, where milk was our first request, and we were drinking this when the others came up, and also, on their way down the mountain, Messrs. De—, S—, and D—, with tidings of a frightful adventure they had met with by their rashness on the previous night. Before reaching the summit of the Faulhorn they were overtaken by a storm, which raged so violently as almost to prevent their proceeding, and the lightning playing round their alpenstocks nearly blinded them. An idea of the fatigue they underwent may be formed by the fact of a Swede, with whom they were journeying, being obliged to give way, and take shelter in a dirty châlet. After a chat we again separated, and our party soon reached the little inn at the top of the Wengern Alp, where we were pretty comfortable, considering the difficulty of procuring provisions at such a height, though it is a shame to complain, as we were given for supper some real chamois,—at least *so they said*.





From Mr. MURRAY'S HANDBOOK FOR SWITZERLAND.

A thunderstorm came on as we were admiring the view at a short distance from the inn, and with difficulty we reached shelter without getting wet through. The view from here comprises the Jungfrau with its peak, the snow-covered Silverhorn, and the Wetterhorn, with others of this range, on one side ; whilst on the other the valley of Grindelwald is visible. After the storm subsided, there was nothing left for us to do but go to bed.

## CHAPTER IV.

GRINDELWALD — AN AVALANCHE — VIEW FROM THE FAULHORN —  
SUNRISE IN THE MOUNTAINS — THE GREAT SCHEIDECK — LAKE OF  
THUN — FRUTIGEN — THE GEMMI PASS — LEUKERBAD.

THE last we were to see of the view from the Wengern Alp was during the storm of the previous night, for a heavy mist hung about the mountains on the 15th, and till 8 o'clock obscured the path down to Grindelwald, but at that hour it became somewhat clearer, and we were able to start. The descent is steep on this side, and in some parts the path very slippery, especially where fir-trees overhang it, and moisten it with the dew that falls from them. We reached Grindelwald in three hours, and agreed to dine there at the 1 o'clock table-d'hôte, and then ascend the Faulhorn, which our guide said would be a rash step on account of the uncertainty of the weather; though I think laziness rather than doubts about the weather induced him to make this remark: however, we took no heed of his advice, but, after visiting

the lower glacier of Grindelwald and dining, left the valley for the mountains about 2·30 in the afternoon. I rested at the hotel whilst the others went to the glacier; and very glad I was to have done so, for a more tiring walk than up the Faulhorn no one could desire. A boy had been sent from Grindelwald to procure rooms for us: just as we met him on his return there was a cry that an avalanche was falling, and on looking round I saw on the opposite side of the valley, gliding down a snow-tipped mountain, a quantity of white dust—for such it appeared; yet it thundered as it fell, and would have overwhelmed and destroyed whole villages, if unfortunately they should have impeded its destructive course. The opinion that I had formed in my mind of an avalanche was decidedly wrong, and, however dreadful in many cases its effects may be, yet the fall of one at a distance very much resembles the overturning of a dustman's cart.

We now soon began to get among the clouds; and as we passed on our left a small dark lake, and began to approach the summit of the mountain, so thick was the drifting mist as nearly to drench us through. Gradually the clouds cleared off; and when we approached

the *châlet* in which on the night before the poor Swede took refuge unable to accomplish the short distance to the summit, there was every appearance of a fine sunset. We were at the top of the Faulhorn, surrounded by mountains, which one by one began to show their snowy heads above the mist, till at last all was bright: in the far west the golden sun was sinking, whilst behind us, as we stood looking on the lake of Brienz at our feet, the lofty mountains of the Oberland, on which the setting sun cast a purple hue, lifted their proud heads to the sky. As night drew on, the moon shone forth in all its splendour, and, casting its silvery beams on the pure white snow, lit up with unearthly beauty the mountains, which, as the crystal abodes of fairy-land, glittered with innumerable precious stones. Such was the scene which presented itself to us when, after partaking of all that the humble inn could offer, we went forth into the cold night, and, but for the searching wind, it would have been difficult to leave this heavenly scene. Again in the warm house, we soon retired to rest, and once or twice during the night I peeped from my bed at the moon still shining.

However glorious a sight the sunrise on a

fine morning may be, especially when viewed from lofty mountains, nevertheless it is not pleasant to be told about 4 o'clock that it is time to get up if you wish to see the first appearance of the sun in the east. Such was my feeling on Saturday (the 16th), as I sulkily bundled on my clothes and turned out into the cold morning air; but well were we rewarded for our trouble, as the sun rose with as much splendour as it had ever done that season. Triumphant over night, slowly the luminary appeared, and, as it mounted higher in the firmament, every mountain, from great to small, felt its warming rays in succession, till at length its glorious light was no longer absent from the valleys themselves, but was everywhere present to call forth mankind from their slumber to their labours; and so it was with us: returning to the hotel, and breakfasting, we took a last look at the scene, and set forth down the mountain with our two faithful steeds, which had accompanied us from Interlaken.

P— and I walked on, leaving the other two to ride when the animals were ready, which, as it turned out, was not very soon, for we reached the inn on the Great Scheideck before we were overtaken by the equestrian party, and it was



then 11 o'clock. The path to the Great Scheideck leaves that to Grindelwald on its left, close to the small lake which I mentioned in our ascent of the Faulhorn; and from here our narrow path lay along the side of a grassy mountain, on which cattle were grazing, and often our way was stopped up by bullocks, which we had to poke with our alpenstocks in order to get on. Soon we came into a valley, from which by several ascents and descents we reached the ridge of the Great Scheideck, and along this we proceeded on level ground to the inn before mentioned, where we rested for a short time. From this point P— and I rode, though I generally far preferred walking, on account of the frightful jolts occasioned by the roughness of the roads along which the horses are compelled to go.

When we came in sight of the "Rosenlauri" hotel, our guide directed us to the glacier of that name, and requested us to return to the hotel after seeing it, where we should find dinner ready. Accordingly, proceeding through the thick groves of fir-trees, we came out in a clear space with the glacier before us. A climb up several large slabs of rock (for in this as in many other places this is the description

of path we had to traverse) brought us to a small house, where we were politely asked if we should like to hear a cannon fired, which kind inquiry we answered in the negative, being already tired of echoes. Now we had to go through something particularly unpleasant. Held by the hand, a man, whose occupation is to prevent travellers from destroying themselves, led us one by one a short distance up the ice by means of steps cut in it, to look down several deep crevasses, in order that we might see the extraordinarily blue colour of the ice in these fissures,—which of course was extremely delightful, but of a truth I must say that I was not sorry to get down again. It is all very well to take a view of London from the top of St. Paul's; but to be standing on slippery ice, and endeavouring (alas! in vain) to take a view of the bottom of a deep fissure, is—I must tell the truth—to me far from a pleasure. However, I expressed myself delighted, though well pleased to turn my back on the glacier, and begin the wearisome downhill work again.

Dinner over, we again started forth (at 2·30), and reached the falls of Reichenbach without further stoppage of any consequence. I was not much struck with these; perhaps I

was growing weary of such things—perhaps they are not very impressive ; but at any rate I went away with this idea of them, that the water here forms a violent cataract, of which spray alone is visible to one viewing it from the house constructed to shelter visitors from the water dashed up by its fall. At length, after nine hours' walk, we reached Reichenbach tired out, and were by no means sorry to drive off in a carriage for Brienz, whence the 6 o'clock steamer conveyed us to Interlaken. Here we were accommodated at the same hotel as before, and, being much fatigued, very soon left the *salle-à-manger* for bed, though H— and W— indulged in the luxury of a warm bath before doing so. This was the first occupation of P— and myself on the following morning (Sunday the 17th), when we got up rather late ; and soon after breakfast W— and I went to a church at which the English service was performed, and there met from 400 to 500 of our own nation. We were caught in a heavy shower returning, and, as there seemed little chance of its clearing up, I sat down to write a letter, and some notes on our movements for the last few days, which occupied me till the bell for the 5 o'clock table-d'hôte rang. We afterwards strolled about the place ; I again resumed my

note-taking ; and before long all our party were wrapped in sleep.

We finally left Interlaken at a little past 9 on the 18th, in a carriage, and, stopping at the post-office for letters, went at a snail's gallop as usual to Neuhaus, which we left by the 10 o'clock steamer, after the arrival of the diligence from Interlaken. The banks of the lake of Thun are in general rugged and precipitous, and do not possess any very great interest. We were surprised at the rapidity with which the steamer scudded through the water, bringing us to Thun in less than an hour, but on arriving there we were told that she was a new boat, and had done that her first journey in a remarkably short time. The hotel at Thun is a very nice one : we accordingly determined to dine there at 12 o'clock, and then proceed by carriage to Frutigen, taking the same vehicle on to Kandersteg the following day. A fine view of the lake and surrounding scenery is obtained from a hill near the hotel, which we ascended at our leisure, and, sitting in a summer-house, agreed that we were rewarded for our walk. Some vines were growing near, which I examined, and with such-like amusements spent the time till dinner, soon after which we started

for Frutigen. During the journey it several times seemed likely that we should be prevented from proceeding by the mountains forming a *cul-de-sac*, but, as we approached the spot, a turning in the road dissipated this idea. Another storm, with its accompaniments — putting on of macintoshes and great-coats — came on, and did not subside till we reached Frutigen, at 5, where we found a treat in store for us. “Is this where we are to sleep?” “Oh! what a horrid place!” were our exclamations on arriving; but what was to be done? there we must sleep, or go on to worse quarters; so, quietly settling down in the stinking little hotel, we watched the arrival of a few other parties, which was cheering, as at first we seemed to be the only visitors. On arriving we had been surrounded by a number of apparently quite idiotic people, who surveyed our carriage for hours together, as if it was the first time they had seen such a conveyance; perhaps it was, for they had evidently not seen much. Well, disgusted we soon went to bed, dreading what might very likely be there to receive us; but our fears were ill-founded, for we rose the next morning free from bites, and started between 6 and 7 for Kandersteg, a drive of about two hours from Frutigen.

The ascent of the Gemmi pass may be said to begin soon after leaving the latter place, although not generally considered to do so until a mile or two beyond the former, where a small hotel is situated, which afforded us some coffee and honey, and two horses for the journey to Leukerbad. As we wound our way among the fir-trees, and at length came out on an open plain, over whose surface huge fragments of rock lay scattered by the falling of an immense avalanche some years ago, heavy mists began to conceal from our view the surrounding heights, and before we reached the summit of the pass (having stopped on the way for refreshments at a small inn), drenching rain came on, which lasted till we reached the end of that day's journey, and arrived at the "Hôtel des Alpes," Leukerbad, at 4 o'clock in the afternoon. Though we saw little of this marvellous pass, yet that little was enough to give us an idea of its wonders; for as in descending we looked over the small railing which in very dangerous parts runs along the brink of the precipice, there seemed to be beneath us a bottomless abyss, in which clouds were floating about, and indeed in one part "a plumb-line might be thrown into the valley beneath, nearly 1600 feet, almost without touching the rock, so

vertical are its sides" (Murray). We were rather surprised on the morrow, when leaving Leukerbad, at the sight of the rock we had walked down on the previous day, for to all appearance it is a perpendicular mass of granite, with not the least sign of a path cut in it; in fact, to one looking at it from Leukerbad, it would seem an impossibility to construct a way for chamois, much more for human beings.

Wet through and miserable we arrived at our destination, and, changing our clothes where our scanty luggage permitted of such a luxury, dined at the table-d'hôte, which was attended by a great number of people of different nations, some of whom, I have no doubt, were staying there in order that they might be able to bathe in the water from the natural hot spring, which is considered very beneficial in many diseases; and, by the by, I remember seeing a jolly-looking friar dining that evening at the table-d'hôte, and the following morning in the public bath with an interesting young lady confessing to him. After writing a letter I retired to rest at 7.30, the earliest hour at which I did so during our tour.

## CHAPTER V.

BATHING IN PUBLIC — VALLEYS OF THE DALA AND THE RHONE —  
LEUK — MARTIGNY — THE COL DE BALME — A MUTUAL ERROR —  
CHAMONIX — THE MER DE GLACE — THE CHAPEAU — ST. MARTIN  
— MONT BLANC — GENEVA.

EARLY in the morning of Wednesday, the 20th, we visited the public bath, in which men and women clothed in long mantles, with tippetts over their shoulders, were sitting up to their chins in the water, whilst around them floated tables on which their food is placed when, having become sufficiently accustomed to their new mode of living to prolong their stay in the bath from one to eight hours per day, they require sustenance during their fish-like existence. After looking for a short time at this sight, we ordered a private bath for ourselves, not for the good of our health, but to satisfy our curiosity with respect to the immediate effects of the water, and we found them to be very pleasant, not making us chilly either whilst in the bath or on getting out of it.



Returning to breakfast, we soon started in a carriage and pair down the lovely valley of the Dala, and, passing the ladders by which the inhabitants of a small village situated near the summit of the precipice, to which they are attached, can alone reach Leukerbad, descended by numerous zigzags to a lofty bridge over the river; and soon after crossing this, the valley of the Rhone burst upon our view, with Leuk lying at our feet. This was truly a fine sight; but we had scarcely had time to admire it when at a rapid pace we drove into the dirty little town of Leuk: here we were soon stopped short, and our coachman ordered to pay the fine of  $2\frac{1}{2}$  francs for going at a quicker pace than a walk through the town, as an old woman had been lately run over there. After a little quarrelling (for our driver was an Italian) we proceeded on our way over a wooden bridge into the Simplon road, and, driving through Sierre to Sion, dined there at 12 o'clock; after which we again got into our carriage; and a more wearisome journey than from the latter place to Martigny, where we arrived at the "Hôtel Clerc" at 5 o'clock in the afternoon, I never wish to have. We got very nice accommodation here, and, soon after arriving, W— and H— walked off to see the

Pissevache waterfall, between three and four miles distant; whilst P— and I went to the post-office and strolled about the place, and, on returning towards the hotel, met our old friend Mr. D—, who was staying at the “Hôtel Grande Maison,” having parted with Messrs. De— and S— at the Great St. Bernard that morning, as they thought of going from there into Italy; but they altered their minds, and during the following day we met them again.

When W— and H— returned we paid a visit to Mr. D—, and requested him to join our party, to which he consented; and accordingly, after a good night's rest (at least on my part), we all started forth with two mules towards the Col de Balme, which with the Tête Noire forms the two passes from Martigny to Chamonix. In many parts the road to the Col de Balme is very steep and difficult, but the sure-footed mule scarcely ever makes a false step, and affords so much more rest than a horse on account of its easy and steady step, that I was once or twice very glad to have a lift. There is nothing particularly attractive till the summit of the pass is reached, when a grand scene all in a moment lies before one. Mont Blanc, sloping down to the valley of Chamonix, rises up above its smaller

peaks, which on all sides are visible, like a mighty king clothed in a snow-white garment, surrounded by his vassals. Unfortunately angry clouds were gathering on his brow when we arrived at the house on the Col de Balme, and having for some time in vain watched for a moment's sunshine to sweep away these mists, we entered the *salle-à-manger* of the little inn, and partook of some food, after which Mr. D— proposed walking across to the Tête Noire, and thence down to Chamonix, thus increasing the distance by about six miles. After a little deliberation it was agreed that W— and H— should accompany him, whilst P— and I made our way as quickly as possible to procure rooms at Chamonix. With a last look for the summit of Mont Blanc, but with no better success, we left the Tête Noire party, and had not done so a quarter of an hour before rain came on, which compelled us to undo our bundle of coats, &c., when we found that the others had not taken anything of the kind with them, but had left all to us: however, it was useless to go back, as they would be far away before we could even again reach the summit of the pass; and so, wrapping ourselves up in waterproof clothing, we trudged on to Argentière, where Messrs. De— and S— arrived

soon after us, having come from Martigny by the Tête Noire.

Whilst our passport was being examined, we sat down in the hotel, where P— was accosted by three Englishmen, who, thinking he was a Frenchman, spoke to him in the language of that nation; and he, under the same delusion with reference to them, answered appropriately: but this absurd mistake was soon put an end to by one of the three politely asking P— whether he understood English, and on his answering in the affirmative the whole truth seemed to flash across both parties, and a good laugh ensued. This, though a very ludicrous, is a very likely mistake, especially as Englishmen abroad seldom take the trouble to shave.

Our car was now ready, which, after a tremendous jolting,—for such a road I never saw,—brought us safely to Chamonix, where, after trying at two hotels unsuccessfully, we obtained rooms at the “Hôtel d’Angleterre.” Soon after arriving we took a warm bath, and had scarcely got back to the hotel when a furious thunder-storm and gale of wind came on, which put us in some alarm about the rest of our party, who had no guide with them; but, as nothing better

was to be done, we dined at the table-d'hôte, and then anxiously awaited their arrival, which did not take place until 10 o'clock, and then three more miserable-looking creatures, I think, can never have entered an hotel.

I may as well here insert an extract from a letter written by W—, containing an account of their adventure:—"We were overtaken about 7 o'clock by a tremendous thunder-storm, and it soon became so dark that we could not see more than two feet before us; and when the storm ceased, we had not even the lightning to show us our path. However, Mr. D— led the way, holding an alpenstock in one hand to feel before him—as there was a torrent some distance below us, which we could hardly distinguish from the road—whilst in the other he had a strap, which connected him with H—, and another alpenstock connected H— with me, and thus we safely reached Chamonix a little before 10, drenched to the skin." Having administered some warm drinks to the benighted travellers, we were all very soon glad to get to bed.

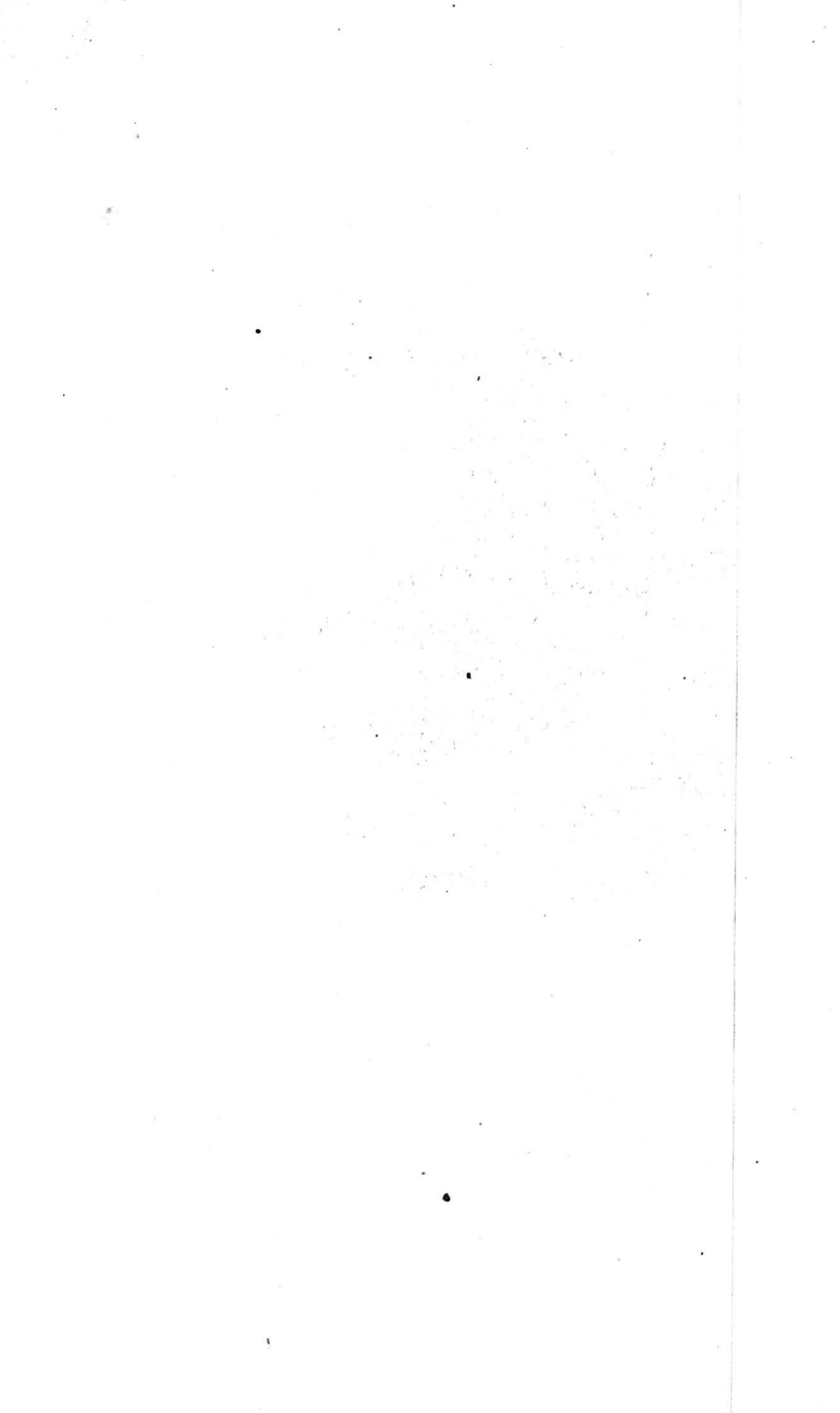
Mr. T—, a clergyman, requested to join our party (on the 23rd) for the excursion to the

Chapeau over the Mer de Glace. Accompanied by a very old guide, who was highly recommended by the master of the hotel, we started up the Montanvert between 10 and 11 o'clock, though the weather looked very doubtful. Before we had gone far rain came on, and it set in for a regular wet day; but as to see the glacier was the principal object of this excursion, it did not much signify about the weather, excepting of course that a fine day is always preferable on such occasions to a wet one. Reaching the hotel at the summit of the mountain, we engaged two more men to assist us in crossing the ice, and after a short rest resumed our journey. Though really safe with proper care, yet it requires some nerve to walk along a narrow ridge of ice with a deep crevasse on each side; and this is what I felt while on the Mer de Glace—that if, by any unfortunate chance, I should fall into one of the fissures, I should never be brought out alive; nor do I think that I was the only one of our party who experienced this unpleasant feeling, for I noticed that the expression of each one's face showed of course a proper degree of courage, and yet mingled with this a look as if they did not mind how soon they safely reached the opposite side: I have not the least scruple in mentioning that

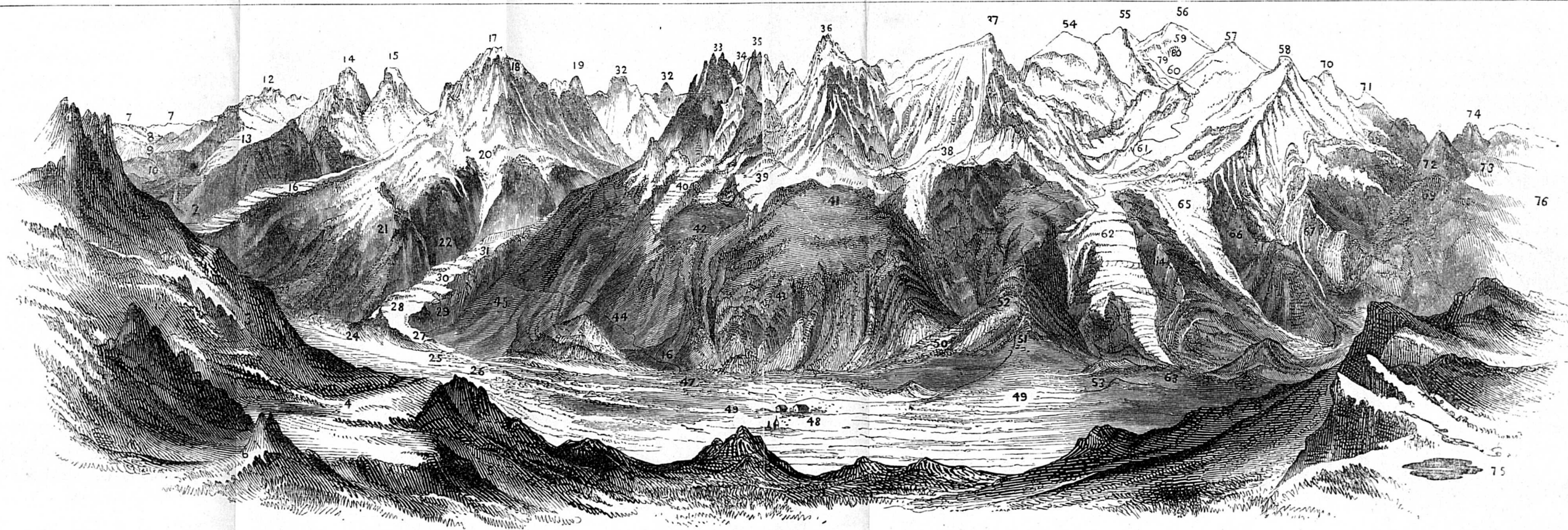
such was my wish, as I know, however much people may brag, that there must be some little fear when placed in such a position as I have described.

It was about three-quarters of an hour before we were again on *terra firma*, and even then our perils were not over, for, walking along by the side of the glacier, in a short time a very narrow path is reached, which, with a height above and precipice below, has to be traversed by means of ropes fastened to the rock. Having passed this, and rewarded for their trouble the two guides who accompanied us from the Montanvert, we soon arrived at the "Chapeau," a small house commanding a good view of that enormous glacier; and it was really a fine sight to see that mass of frozen snow, and think how many ages it must have taken to form, and what service that and others render by giving birth to rivers, which, in the first place going forth as mountain torrents from their covering, eventually increased of course in other ways, become broad streams, and assist man in carrying on that commerce which is so essential to his welfare.

We returned to Chamonix by another route,







THE CHAIN OF MONT BLANC AS SEEN FROM THE BRÉVENT.

1. Aiguilles Rouges.
2. Cabane de la Flégère.
3. Châlets de la Charlanoz.
4. Châlets du Planprat ou Piampra.
5. Sentier du Planprat au Prieuré.
6. Aux Escaliers. [Vallais.]
7. Montagnes de la Chaîne Septen. du
8. Rochers de la Croix-de-Fer.
9. Le Col de Balme.
10. Châlets de Charmillan.
11. Village du Tour.

12. Aiguille du Tour.
13. Glacier du Tour.
14. Aiguille de Chardonnet.
15. Aiguille d'Argentière.
16. Glaciers d'Argentière.
17. Aiguille Verte.
18. Aiguille du Dru.
19. Aiguille du Moine.
20. Glacier du Nant Blanc.
21. Aiguille du Bochart.
22. Le Chapeau.

23. Village de Lavanche.
24. Les Tines.
25. Village des Bois.
26. Village des Prés.
27. Source de l'Arveiron.
28. Glacier des Bois.
29. Rochers des Mottets.
30. La Mer de Glace.
31. Hospice de Montanvert.
32. Aiguilles de Léchaud.
33. Aiguilles de Charmoz.

34. Aiguille des Grandes Jorasses.
35. Aiguille du Greppond.
36. Aiguilles de Blatière et du Plan.
37. Aiguille du Midi.
38. Glacier des Pélerins.
39. Glacier de Blatière.
40. Glacier du Greppond.
41. Le Plan de l'Aiguille.
42. Châlets de Blatière dessus.
43. Châlets dits sur le Rocher.
44. Sentier du Montanvert.

45. Sentier de la Fila.
46. Hameau des Planaz.
47. Village des Mouilles.
48. Le Prieuré, ou Bourg de Chamouni.
49. L'Arve.
50. Village des Favrans.
51. Village des Pélerins.
52. Cascade et Nant des Pélerins.
53. Pont de Perolata.
54. Le Mont-Blanc du Tacul.
55. Aiguille qui n'a pas de nom.

56. Le Mont-Blanc.
57. Dôme du Gouté.
58. Aiguille du Gouté.
59. Le Grand Rocher Rouge.
60. Le Grand Plateau.
61. Rochers des grands et petits Mulettes.
62. Glaciers des Bossons.
63. Village des Bossons.
64. Montagne de la Côte.
65. Glacier de Taconnaz.
66. Montagne des Feax, ou de Taconnaz.

67. Montagne de la Gria.
68. Pierre-Ronde.
69. Mont Lacha.
70. Aiguille de Bionnassay.
71. Mont-Blanc-St.-Gervais.
72. Glacier de Bionnassay.
73. Montagne de Tricot. [Bonhomme.]
74. Aiguille de Bousselette au Col du
75. Lac du Brévent.
76. Pavillon de Bellevue, Col de Voza.
77. Village de la Molaz.

seeing on the way the source of the Arveron, and arriving at the hotel at 4.45 wet through and very hungry; so, scrambling on some dry clothes, we dined at the 5.30 table-d'hôte, at which there were a great number of our old friends, who all seemed to agree that it was not good weather for Chamonix: this induced us to make up our minds, before retiring for the night, to leave for Geneva on the morrow if it did not look finer.

There was every appearance of another wet day when we rose on Saturday (the 23rd); so, after wasting the greater part of the morning in the hopes that it might clear up, we resolved to start for Geneva by carriage at 12 o'clock. This route presents several very striking views, that of Mont Blanc from St. Martin being the finest; and it was from this place that we first beheld its summit. The road is dreadfully rough until St. Martin is reached, and at one time we were obliged to alight on account of this and the steepness of a hill, on which we should probably have been upset if we had not done so, as, in addition to a great deal of luggage, the carriage contained seven human beings, and kept constantly going over large stones and into deep holes. At St. Martin we had something to

eat, and were called from our food to see Mont Blanc, whose summit had burst forth from the clouds, and appeared to us with peculiar grandeur, as the sun, driving away the mists, which were still hovering beneath, lit it up with his rays, and the clear blue sky seemed to assume a brighter hue in order to show forth more perfectly the pure whiteness of the snow. The noble mountain was again shut out from our view by intervening clouds; and, as the panoramic view was now over, we soon set forth in a fresh carriage for Geneva. Before proceeding far, precipices standing forth like the walls of a citadel appear to the right of the road, which runs under them for some distance, and several times crosses small bridges over water which has but lately fallen from the heights above.

Soon after passing this interesting part of the road it became dark, and almost the next thing that I saw was the *salle-à-manger* of the hotel at Bonneville, where we remained about an hour, until the carriage was again ready. I had not entered it long this time before I fell asleep, and when I awoke long rows of houses standing on each side of us seemed to import that Geneva was not far distant, though it was still a long time before our carriage

drew up at the hotel "l'Ecu de Genève." It was doomed, however, to go on again without being relieved of its burthen, as there was no room in that hotel, or in either of the other two facing the lake; so, crossing the bridge over the Rhone, we took up our quarters for the night at the "Hôtel des Etrangers," from which the lake is not visible. It was nearly 1 o'clock A.M. before we got to bed, and we did not therefore rise till late on Sunday (the 24th), though prevented from sleeping since an early hour by the firing of cannon in celebration of some festival. It was rather hard to be compelled to stay in the house on account of not having any decent clothes to put on; as by the by I ought to have mentioned before, our portmanteaus had been sent on to Geneva from Martigny, and could not for some reason be brought from the *poste restante* till nearly midday. It was rather hard, I say, to be compelled to remain indoors whilst there seemed so great an excitement without: however, we left the hotel about 12 o'clock, and, taking apartments at the "Couronne," facing the lake, had our luggage removed there, promising to return to the table-d'hôte at the "Hôtel des Etrangers."

The town of Geneva is divided into two parts by the Rhone, which rushes violently from the lake, and is crossed by a bridge, from which a smaller one leads to a tiny island, on which the Genevese sit in hot weather, and eat ices, &c. During the day a procession formed by the members of the different boating companies paraded the streets, and about 5 o'clock they all went on board two large barges, which were punted about the lake, and afforded me some amusement as I sat alone, for I did not partake of the table-d'hôte at the "Hôtel des Etrangers," but wrote letters, during the absence of the others. We spent the evening in exploring the town with Messrs. De— and S—, who had arrived before us, and also in watching the boats on the lake, which were illumined with different-coloured lamps; whilst on land fireworks, if they deserved the name, were exhibited; and when these were finished, the barges returned to shore and their crews disembarked, which put an end to the day's festivities. I must say I was rather surprised at the immense excitement the people evinced whilst the very poor display of fireworks was going on, and I could not but remark the difference of their character from that of the English, who did

not show nearly so much excitement at those splendid fireworks in commemoration of the peace.

The thoughts of a good night's rest and a quiet day on the morrow were far from unpleasant; besides, it was necessary to make a few purchases at Geneva; so we determined not to leave until Tuesday morning. We devoted the morning of the 25th to looking at the shops and making our purchases, and in the afternoon went to see the junction of the Arve with the Rhone, which takes place about a mile from the town, and is very peculiar—in that the blue and swift waters of the Rhone do not mix with the muddy and more sluggish ones of the Arve till they have flowed on together for some time. Our next occupation after returning to Geneva was to take a small boat, and, going out into the midst of the lake, jump into the clear water and have a nice swim, after which the 5 o'clock table-d'hôte was very acceptable. Then followed the usual evening amusements, walking about and drinking coffee, and after these to bed.

## CHAPTER VI.

LAUSANNE — VEVAY — CASTLE OF CHILLON : BONNIVARD — VISP —  
ST. NICHOLAS — CROSSING A GLACIER IN THE DARK — ZERMATT —  
THE RIFFELBERG — VIEW FROM THE GORNER GRAT — A LONG  
DAY'S WALK — EFFECTS OF AN EARTHQUAKE — BRIEG.

WE were just in time for the 7·30 steamer from Geneva (on the 26th), in which we purposed going to Lausanne, and thence to Vevay by a later boat, as our guide was to remain at Geneva for our linen, which had not come from the *blanchisseuse* when we left, as also for any letters that might arrive for us during the day. There are several villas scattered along both shores of the lake in the neighbourhood of Geneva, whilst numerous towns are passed for some distance, until mountains rise up and entirely change its aspect. After several stoppages the steamer at length reached Ouchy, the landing-place for Lausanne, which is seen well from here, as it is situated on an eminence.

It was about four hours after leaving Geneva that we arrived at the "Hôtel Gibbon," Lau-

sanne, having spent the last half-hour in an omnibus which took that time going the great distance of half a mile ; but, as it was all up hill, the four horses do not deserve so much blame for their laziness. Mr. D—, who left Geneva on the previous day, met us again at Lausanne, as also Mr. S—; the former accompanied us by the 5 o'clock boat to Vevay. With these two gentlemen, after dinner we visited the cathedral, a building of peculiar construction, and the Museum, containing, in addition to other things, two saddles that belonged to Napoleon. Returning to the hotel, we sat down in the garden where Gibbon is said to have finished his "Decline and Fall," and were soon informed that the omnibus for Ouchy was about to start ; so, bidding adieu to Mr. S—, who was going to return to Geneva for his travelling companion, and then make his way to England with all haste, we got on the diligence, and were soon again on board the steamer, in which Hoffman with a letter met us. A small boat took us ashore at Vevay, where we arrived about 6, and, walking through the town, entered the "Trois Couronnes" and procured accommodation for the night. Before going to bed we made an engagement with a voiturier to take us to Milan, starting the next morning and



arriving on the fifth day after leaving Vevay ; but if we branched off to Zermatt from Visp, as we thought of doing, a certain sum was to be paid him for each extra day.

At 7·30 on Wednesday, the 27th, our carriage with its Italian driver was ready, and not long after that hour the three horses which drew our vehicle dashed through the gate of the “Trois Couronnes,” and, keeping up a swift pace for some time, soon passed Clarens, and drew up at the castle of Chillon. After being introduced to the prison of Bonnivard, and seeing the pillar to which he was so closely bound as only to be able to walk half round it, and had thereby worn away the ground by constantly treading on the same spot,—we were shown the beam to which the rope for hanging people was attached, and were then taken into a little room, where was a deep well, which in former days was filled with water for the purpose of drowning prisoners, who, after being kept in chains for a long time, were told that, if they walked down those steps, they would be able to escape ; but there being only two or three, and no light being admitted lest they might see the delusion, the miserable victim would put out his foot for

the next step, and, not feeling one, would fall into the water beneath.

Leaving the castle, we again went off, at a slower pace, till, crossing a lofty bridge, we arrived at St. Maurice, where a short rest brightened up our steeds. The road passes within a short distance of the Pissevache waterfall, which is seen to the right. Martigny is entered from this side by a wooden bridge, which crosses the Rhone, and is said to be the best of its description in Switzerland. We made a halt of two hours at the "Hôtel Clerc," during which time we dined, and, when our horses were sufficiently rested, pushed on again for Sion. Having taken this uninteresting drive before, I have nothing more to say of this day's proceedings than that we reached Sion about 6, and did not stay up long afterwards.

Off again along the valley of the Rhone at 7 o'clock, we for an hour or two passed over ground known to us, till, leaving the bridge to Leuk in our rear, new but not particularly interesting objects presented themselves, and at length, after nearly four hours' drive, we arrived at Visp. Here we had again to perform

the dreadful operation of packing our carpet-bag for the mountains, each wishing to cram in more than his share, which made it midday before we left with two horses for Zermatt. P— and I walked on, and, when overtaken by the others, were told that the driver refused to proceed farther than St. Nicholas, the halfway house between Visp and Zermatt; so, after heartily abusing him, we determined to go on and take our chance of fresh horses at St. Nicholas. For a little distance after leaving Visp, a wall erected to draw down the heat of the sun on some vines bounds the path on one side, and makes the walk oppressively hot, till it is passed and gives place to trees. We reached the peculiar village of Stalden in about two hours, and, passing through it, followed the path over the river Visp, thence along the side of a precipice for a good way, and, again crossing the stream, arrived at St. Nicholas about 4 o'clock. This place is greatly disfigured—though never, I should think, very beautiful—by the effects of an earthquake which took place in that neighbourhood in the previous year; and another slight shock was felt on the very day, and just at the time, that we were there, though it cannot have been a very bad one, as none of

our party noticed it ; and we should have known nothing of it, but for the remarks of fellow-travellers on the subject.

Our guide was taken with a lazy fit, and strongly advised us not to proceed farther till the following day ; but, disgusted with the accommodation offered at St. Nicholas, we determined not to yield, and, in spite of all his persuasion, left in about half an hour. On getting outside the hotel a fresh difficulty arose, for the driver of our horses from Visp complained that he had not received enough money, and demanded five francs more : P— refused to give him this, as it was an overcharge ; upon which the insolent fellow took our carpet-bag, and said that he would not give it up until his demand was complied with. So we went off, leaving our sulky guide to bring on our bag, as soon as he could persuade the man to give it up, which was evidently a task of some difficulty, as he did not overtake us at all, but arrived about five minutes after us at Zermatt.

I must not finish this day's journal without mentioning an adventure that we met with. Without a guide, on a pitch-dark night, we were

compelled to find our way along a narrow path, with precipice and torrent beneath, and to cross a small glacier, which was dangerous, the ice being very slippery, and no possibility afforded of picking out the safest-looking parts on account of the darkness. However, through all our perils we found our way in safety, and, with two German gentlemen who had walked with us, reached the "Hôtel de Monte Rosa" at Zermatt at 9, and, tired out, went to bed.

Moritz Andermatten was our guide at Zermatt, and a very good one he seemed to be, although we did not attempt any daring exploit, such as the ascent of Monte Rosa; yet he had done so, and, as he appeared an active and careful man, is, I should imagine, well fitted for such an excursion.

On the morning of the 29th clouds hid the mountains, and we started without any horses at 8.30, with sad forebodings that we should be disappointed of the view from the Gorner Grat, which we had heard so much of from all who had seen it. Passing through forests for a considerable distance, at length an open space verdant with grass is reached, which it is very pleasant, after toiling up a stony path,

to find oneself treading on; but it does not last long, a turn in the road to the right soon leading away from it. H— walked on very fast, and I followed not much in his rear, whilst P— and W— were far behind out of sight; but on stopping to take breath I looked round, and saw two horses winding their way up the mountain, and on their backs P— and W—, who, feeling rather fatigued, had engaged some poor animals that were returning home after a good morning's work.

We arrived at the hotel on the Riffelberg about 11; and as the view from there is very similar to that from the Gorner Grat, though far inferior in grandeur, I shall not stop to describe it: indeed, we did not wait long to look at it, but, pursuing our way, arrived in about an hour at a small lake, from which to the summit the path is very rugged and the walk tiring; but the view, when at length it is reached, more than repays one for the trouble taken. We were especially lucky, for the clouds had all cleared off, and it had turned out a splendid day. Imagine yourself standing on a flat piece of ground of very small dimensions at the summit of a rugged mountain, which lifts its head 9000 ft. above the level

of the sea, surrounded on all sides by snowy heights rising one above another, and as it were vieing with each other in the whiteness which here and there is deprived of its purity by some rock peeping out of its clean bed, as if desirous to see the light. That bare mass of granite untouched by snow, which on one side of you towers like a pyramid to heaven, is Mont Cervin; that opposite you the fair Monte Rosa: there, thousands of feet, yet almost perpendicularly, beneath you, lies the Gorner Glacier; and behind you stretches a valley glowing with innumerable colours, as the brilliant midday sun casts its rays among the rocks. Deep silence reigns around. Suddenly there is a crashing sound, like the roar of distant thunder, or the boom of cannon far away. What can it be? It is still the everlasting snow, of which a mighty mass now leaves the heights above and dashes into the valley beneath with awful fury. Bring to your mind's eye, ye who have never beheld these wondrous works of God, such a scene, and you will have, I fear, but a poor idea of our situation on the Gorner Grat.

It was now time to begin descending, so, leaving the spot just described, we returned by the same path to the lake that I spoke of before,

MONTE ROSA,  
highest peak.

SOUTH.  
Lyskamm.

Les Jumeaux. Castor and Pollux.

Breithorn.

Petit Mt.  
Cervin.

St Theodule  
Pass.

Theodule  
Horn.

WEST.  
MT. CERVIN,  
or Matterhorn.

Col de  
Evolena.

Dent  
Blanche.

Grand  
Gorner.



W. Glacier of Monte Rosa.

Glacier of Schwartzsee.

Trift Glacier.

Theodule Glacier.

Zmutt Glacier.

Zmutt Valley.

R

W

NORTH.

Bernese Alps.

Mischabel.

A P to S R

Stralhorn.

Höchthaligrat.

Pass of  
Weiss Thor.

MONTE ROSA.  
Gorner Horn Peak.



Gabelhorn.

Rothhorn,  
or  
Moming.

Val of  
Zermatt,  
or  
St. Nicholas.

Weisshorn.  
Mittelhorn.

Randa.

Herbruggen.

Lower  
Rothhorn.

Rothhorn.  
Rother Kumm.

Alleiteinhorn. Rymplisch-horn.  
Pass to Saas.

Gorner Glacier.

Point  
X of  
junction.

Point  
O of  
junction.

PANORAMA OF THE ALPS OF THE VALLAIS FROM THE GORNER GRAT, ON THE SUMMIT OF THE RIFFELBERG, NEAR ZERMATT.—From a Drawing by J. R. DILL, Berne.





and then, marching off to the left, approached nearer to the Gorner Glacier and sat down. From this place the path slanted down towards Zermatt, until it again joined the road by which we had ascended. Our walk came to a conclusion at 5·30, soon after which we dined and went to bed.

On Saturday (the 30th) we left Zermatt at 7, with a walk of twenty-seven miles before us, which W— and H— accomplished in six hours and a half, whilst P— and I took eight and a half. Soon after starting, the former two went off at a smart pace with the intention of reaching Visp as quickly as possible, but P— and I did not wish to over-exert ourselves, and accordingly rested for half an hour at St. Nicholas on the way, and arrived at Visp at 3·30. As I have given a description of this journey before to the best of my ability, I will here merely mention that we examined more minutely the awful effects of the earthquake of 1855, which destroyed the path from St. Nicholas to Zermatt in many places; and now that it has been made again, on each side lie huge rocks, and fir-trees torn up by the roots, which looked scarcely dead, although a whole year had seen them in that miserable

state. After getting the linen that we had left to be washed at Visp, we again started forth in our carriage, and were not inclined to complain of the slow pace at which the horses travelled, so glad were we not to have any more walking that day. The "Hôtel de la Poste," at Brieg, was our next stopping-place, and afforded us accommodation for the night, which was very welcome after so tiring a day, though, with our usual care, we did not neglect our stomachs before retiring.

## CHAPTER VII.

PASSAGE OF THE SIMPLON — PERSAL — ISELLA — DOMO D' OSSOLA — LAGO MAGGIORE AND ITS ISLANDS — ARONA — STATUE OF SAN CARLO BORROMEO — CASCINA — MILAN AND ITS SIGHTS — CERTOSA OF PAVIA — A NECESSARY PRECAUTION.

SUNDAY (the 31st) was spent crossing the Simplon to Domo d' Ossola. It is necessary to hire extra horses to the summit of the pass, as it is too long a journey for the same animals. Accordingly at 7 o'clock we left Brieg with six horses, three of which, belonging to the driver of our conveyance, were tied behind it, whilst three strong animals drew it, and a particularly ludicrous sight I imagine it must have been to see us triumphantly departing for Italy. However, this was a quick mode of travelling, and we soon began the ascent of the Simplon. The road is good, and in many parts most wonderfully constructed, running here along terraces built of stone, with a precipice beneath and massive walls of granite above,—there passing under galleries which protect it from avalanches in the spring,—whilst not unfrequently it descends

a steep place by means of innumerable zigzags, and the driver must be very skilful not to upset the carriage at some of the sharp corners. There are several houses of refuge on both sides of the pass, which are very useful, though from their look I should think not very pleasant, to travellers when overtaken by storms.

After a hard pull of about two hours the horses must be greatly relieved, for the road becomes level, and is carried for some distance along terraces, at the end of which it crosses a bridge, and soon Persal is reached. Here it was necessary to remain half an hour, whilst fresh horses were being put in, during which time we partook of what the landlord of the hotel could offer us in the way of food, and then journeyed onwards to the top of the pass, which is marked by a wooden cross. We now again changed horses, and, passing the hospice, a large building of great strength, came to the small village of Simplon, where our carriage was placed on a wooden sabot or drag, and, being prepared for a rapid descent, was soon whirling round the oft-recurring corners in the road. Before Isella, our next resting-place, is reached, the road enters a narrow gorge, and winds its way amidst rocks that seem as if they must inevit-

ably fall and crush the traveller, so much do they overhang his path, which they shut in on both sides, rising to an immense height, whilst beneath a torrent, heedless of opposition, sweeps along, giving the whole scene a wild and truly awful appearance. Not a tree, not a flower, greets the eye; all is a desolate and fearful waste; and yet through such a place passes a carriage-road, crossing by a bridge the roaring stream, just as if it was a placid river gliding between grassy slopes.

We came to Isella soon after emerging from this gorge. That we were in Italy was evident, among other things, from the construction of the hotel, which afforded us a good dinner whilst the horses were resting and our luggage examined,—or rather ought to have been examined, if the sum of one franc had not saved our portmanteaus from being unlocked. Soon after leaving Isella many signs that we were in a warmer climate were visible,—such as a profusion of green trees, numberless vines trained in every imaginable fashion, and last, but by no means least, the higher temperature of the air. We entered Domo d' Ossola about 7 o'clock, and procured accommodation for the night, but the heat was so very oppressive that it seemed

folly to think of sleep. However, we all did more than think of it in spite of our apprehensions, and were ready between 7 and 8 the next morning (September 1st) to continue our journey.

I did not notice anything of interest until we reached Baveno, on the Lago Maggiore, at 11 o'clock, excepting the white marble quarries, from the produce of which Milan cathedral was built. Leaving our carriage, which was to make its way round the lake to Arona, we hired a boat, and requested to be taken to the Isola Madre, an island remarkable for the many tropical plants grown there; "and a very good place for them" might well have been the remark of one of our party, for the heat was almost unbearable as we walked round the garden, and saw the little lizards darting about in every direction, and basking in the sun on walls built to attract its rays to the plants. It was very pleasant to get into the boat again under the covering of its awning; but we were soon rowed to the Isola Bella, another scorching island, where the palace of the Borromeo family is situated. After ordering dinner at a nice little hotel on the island, we looked over the palace and gardens, and returned to our meal.

The 3 o'clock steamer conveyed us to Arona, which gave us an opportunity of seeing something of the lake. Both its shores are studded with villas, giving it a very different aspect from that of the Swiss lakes in general; but the contrast between the two is not nearly so much seen here as at Como. Before landing at Arona the huge statue of San Carlo Borromeo cannot fail to attract attention, situated as it is on an eminence, in order, I presume, that the benevolent saint may be seen from almost every part of the lake, to which reason I attribute also his immense size.

Hitherto we had made our way very well with French and German, but now that we were in Italy we found our very slight knowledge of the language of the country a great drawback to our comfort and rapid movements,—a defect which we determined to remedy before paying we hope a more lengthened visit to this classical land.

As usual we could not resist the temptation of a bathe, and no sooner had we arrived at the "Albergo d'Italia" than one of us mustered all his courage, and asked an Italian to be kind enough to take us in his boat to a suitable



place. So far he understood our French, Italianated to the best of our ability; but now came the difficulty, for the poor man could not make out at all what we meant by asking him if he had "la scaliér:" however, after using a number of words composed partly of the French "échelle," "escalier," and the Italian "scala," we succeeded in procuring some steps by which we might get from the water into the boat again.

As we were to start early the next morning, it was necessary after our bath and before dinner to visit the statue of Borromeo, and W— and H— seemed to consider themselves equally bound to climb up him, and sit in his nose, which they informed P— and me, who preferred looking on, made a capital arm-chair. The top of the pedestal is reached by means of a long ladder, from which a shorter one leads to the mantle of the saint, under which they disappeared, and clambered into his head, as they afterwards told us, with the help of several projecting bars of iron. This wonderful feat being accomplished, we returned to the hotel, and with another meal ended another day of our tour.

The morning of the 2nd was very wet, but

it was not of much consequence, as our carriage could be closed, and the mountain scenery was no longer our object. At Sesto Calende, which we reached by crossing the Ticino in a ferry-boat, our passports were examined, and we were allowed to continue our journey, which was done without interruption till at a place called Gallerate we took the wrong road, and presently found ourselves driving into a small village, where numbers of people were sitting at dinner on the ground, and were apparently greatly surprised at the sight of a carriage, though too lazy to move from their places for the purpose of more closely examining us. However, we did succeed in getting a man to tell us the way, and were starting off again, when our driver nearly ran over an individual, who flew into a furious passion, and I thought a fight would ensue, but it did not, and we reached in safety another village, where we were directed how to regain the high road, and this we accomplished within a few yards of a posting-house by name Cascina. It was pleasant to know a little of our whereabouts, though we congratulated ourselves that we had seen something of the customs of the Italians by losing our way. We remained at Cascina about two hours, feeding, and watching the arrivals and

departures of diligences, &c.; at the end of which time our horses were sufficiently rested to proceed, though I fear they presented a melancholy spectacle as we passed in our dusty travelling carriage through the Arco della Pace at Milan, and, after crawling along several streets, drove into the courtyard of the "Hôtel de la Ville," having caused a great deal of laughter by our general appearance. A warm bath, some dinner, a look at the exterior of the cathedral, an ice, &c., at a café, and to bed.

Having engaged a commissionaire, we started forth about 10 o'clock on Wednesday (the 3rd) in a carriage and pair with the intention of seeing all we could of Milan during our short stay in it. As I have before said, I shall scarcely do more than mention the names of the places of interest that we visited. We remained two hours at the duomo or cathedral, examining, among other things, the tomb of San Carlo Borromeo, deposited in a gorgeous shrine of silver surrounded with bassi-relievi descriptive of the history of his life; whilst in a coffin, presented by Philip IV. of Spain, is seen the body of the saint, which has been pretty well preserved. We had a good view of the city from the top of the cathedral, though the wind was so strong

that it was necessary to hold on to something for fear of being blown away. After making an investigation of the pictures, &c., we left the duomo, and drove to the Biblioteca Ambrosiana, a library containing nearly 100,000 volumes; and during the day went over the Brera, where are exhibited a number of old paintings, in addition to which a collection of modern ones was on view when we were at Milan. Our next stoppage was at la Scala, the great theatre of the city, near which, at the café Covetta, we took some refreshments before going to the church of Santa Maria delle Grazie, in which is the famous Cenacolo of Leonardo da Vinci. It was time now to return to the hotel for the 5 o'clock table-d'hôte, after which we took a drive on the Corso, or Hyde Park of Milan, though I think it is superior to the latter, as the road is carried all round the city. The Arena seems a remarkably useful place, from the account of the woman who introduced us to it—being flooded at times for the soldiers to bathe in, and for boat-races; whilst at others it is used for horse-racing. We finished this evening, like the previous one, at the café close to our hotel.

The next morning we made up our minds to

pay a visit to the Certosa of Pavia, about fourteen miles from Milan, and accordingly at 10 o'clock our commissioner announced that the carriage was ready. A particularly uninteresting drive of two hours, through fields of maize and rice, brought us to the famous monastery, the church of which is ornamented to such an extent in the interior with precious stones, that I am sure it must be quite equal to Solomon's temple of old. On entering it we were taken into a small chapel, of which there are six on each side, each containing a painting over which a curtain is drawn, and every other altar being formed by a crucifix placed on a marble slab glittering with jewels, the alternate ones consisting of mosaic. The humble dwelling of one of the monks presented a contrast to their gorgeous church, as did also the meal offered us at the monastery, though I perceived that they took care to have what they might eat well cooked, for a nicer omelette than I tasted there was I should fancy never made. The tedious drive over again, and dinner at 5; after which the same amusements as on the two previous evenings finished our day, as there were no theatres open worth going to on account of most of the Milanese being out of town.

It is a good plan to procure tickets for Venice a day or two beforehand, as the journey is performed partly by rail and partly by diligence, and it is possible to book all the way through; thus preventing the awful confusion of taking places by each different conveyance just as it is starting, besides the chance of being left behind, unable to explain your wants. Such was our precaution, and very glad we afterwards were that we had taken it, for I have little doubt but that, if we had not done so, we should have been left on the road.

## CHAPTER VIII.

JOURNEY TO VENICE — DIFFICULTIES OF FOREIGNERS — LIONS OF THE CITY — LAKE OF COMO — VARENNA — SPLUGEN PASS — VIA MALA — ZURICH — SCHAFFHAUSEN — FALLS OF THE RHINE — VOYAGE DOWN THE RIVER — RETURN TO ENGLAND.

AT 7 o'clock on the morning of the 5th we left the hotel for the diligence office, and, being shown our places, were pleased to think that now for a short time we should be safe, and not likely to be taken in a different direction from the one we wished; but on arriving at the railway station all seemed confusion again,—people talking every language under the sun, and no one appearing to understand which way to go. This did not last long, for, to our great relief, we found that the guard of the diligence looked after his passengers, whom he accompanied as far as his services were required, and his first to us was to present us with tickets for the rail to Treviglio. This occupied an hour and a half, and then came the tiring part of the journey. For four hours we were cooped up in a diligence, which passed along a road almost

entirely devoid of interest. However, we managed to survive it, though very glad to get out at Coccaglio, and resume our journey by rail at 2 o'clock to Venice, passing Verona, Brescia, and Padua on the way, and entering the city about 8 o'clock, by the wonderful bridge over the Lagoon, which is two miles in length.

Now came the most alarming part of that day's proceedings. Deserted by our friend the guard, who left us at Coccaglio, we were deposited on the platform of the station at Venice, and, following the crowd, were ushered into a room and asked for our passport. This shown, we passed on to another apartment, where the keys of our luggage were demanded; but again a franc had the effect of saving us from this trouble. A gondolier asked us something; we nodded assent, and, throwing ourselves upon him for safety, followed him to a large gondola, which we afterwards found was an omnibus, and, our luggage being put in, were pushed from shore, and glided off on our first expedition in the ordinary conveyance of Venice. "Hôtel de la Ville" was all we could say; the men understood us, and commenced rowing. Oh! through what dreadful places we were taken that night! now along a narrow piece of



water with houses rising up on each side and shutting out all light,—now reaching a wider canal with lamps reflected in its water,—and at length stopping at some steps, up which we passed into the hotel, and were shown up a wide flight of stairs to rooms in which the beds, surrounded by muslin curtains, reminded us that we were in the land of mosquitoes. Now came our first good meal for that day, and then, tucking in the curtains of my bed with great care, I got in, and was not troubled with the dreaded insects at all during our stay in this city. Not so P— and W—, who were considerably punished.

We began our first day at Venice with a bathe in the Grand Canal, or drain, so great was our love for the water; but we did not find it particularly pleasant, as it was a pouring wet morning, and, there being no covering to our gondola, it was impossible to dry ourselves: however, none of us took cold, but returned to the hotel with a good appetite for breakfast. This being over, we visited with a commissioner the four following churches—the cathedral of San Marco, San Giovanni e San Paolo, Chiesa de' Gesuiti, and Santa Maria della Salute. This occupied us till nearly 5 o'clock,

when we dined, and were afterwards rowed in a gondola to the Place San Marco, the promenade of the city, where the chief shops are situated. During the evening we made a few purchases of articles in Venetian glass, &c., and, after an ice at Florian's first-rate café, returned to the hotel for the night.

Early on the following morning (the 7th) we obtained a capital view of the city from the Campanile, or Bell-tower, situated in the Place San Marco, from which we went to the church of San Giorgio Maggiore. Venice was in a state of great excitement on this day, as a festival was being celebrated which only occurs every hundredth year; so of course it was necessary for us to see the archbishop perform high mass at San Pietro di Castello, at which church the grand proceedings of the day were to take place. It was worth a little discomfort to witness this scene; and in doing so we certainly experienced the disagreeables of a crowded building with no seats in it, and towards the end became tired of the sight of huge candles and the smell of incense, and other smells not quite so fragrant. However, the music was beautiful; and it is well perhaps to see once in one's life the mode in which Roman Catholics

perform their religious devotions, but I must add that I was not much edified, though rather amused by the spectacle.

Before dining at the 5 o'clock table-d'hôte we went over the Doge's palace, with the prisons of the Inquisition and the Bridge of Sighs; and on our way back to the hotel saw a collection of modern paintings at the Maison Finie. After dinner we walked over the Rialto, where the shops which run along the middle of the bridge, separating it into two parts, were shut. A military band was to play at the Place San Marco that evening, and we were on our way thither when a thunderstorm came on and put an end to the music; so, after waiting for some time in hopes that it would clear up, we all four got with difficulty into a gondola, and arrived nearly suffocated at the hotel, having been for about a quarter of an hour closely packed in a small black box,—the first and only time that we were in a gondola with its covering on during our stay at Venice.

After a good night's rest we began our return to Milan at 6.30 on the 8th, and arrived at our sleeping-quarters at 7, having passed all day over the same ground as in going to Venice.

At 10 o'clock on the 9th we mounted the omnibus for the railway station, and took the train to Camerlata, from which place a short drive on a diligence brought us to Como at midday. Here we saw the cathedral, and had some food, leaving again by steamer in about two hours for Belaggio. The shores of the lake are positively covered with villas, some of which are very pretty, and add much to the contrast which even without them there would be to a Swiss lake. We landed at Belaggio only to be disappointed by not getting rooms: however, as it turned out, we were better off by going in a small boat to Varenna, for, after some trouble, we obtained the best rooms in the hotel, which were being kept for a party, but, as they had not yet arrived, we were permitted to have them—at least so they said. It was from this place that one of the most lovely scenes was presented to us as we stood gazing on the waters dancing in the moonshine, whilst the heavens above glistened with myriads of stars. I must mention that we bathed soon after arriving at Varenna, which gave us an appetite for dinner, and this with gazing at the scene above-mentioned ended our day.

Getting off soon after 6 on the 10th, we

drove along the side of the lake through Colico to Chiavenna, where a rest of two hours was necessary before proceeding up the Splugen pass to Campo Dolcino. Here our horses were changed, and we were soon off again towards the summit of the pass. Before reaching this our carriage was stopped at the custom-house, and fresh horses again put in, and with these we finished our day's journey at Splugen, which is situated some distance from the top of the pass on the Swiss side. I may as well here mention that, as we hurried home now as quickly as possible, so I must hasten to the end of my journal.

I cannot pass over the Via Mala without attempting to give some description of it. Leaving Splugen at 7 in a carriage, we before long found ourselves entering a savage gorge, whereupon we were requested by our guide to alight, and of a truth it was a fearful sight to look, from the bridge that crosses the stream, at the water piercing its way an immense distance beneath among the rocks, which on all sides are visible: a stone thrown from the bridge will strike the walls of granite on each side many times before reaching the water, and when it does so a very small proportion of its former

bulk remains. Our first resting-place was Tuisis—the next Coire; at each of which we remained an hour, reaching Ragatz about 6. I spent my evening taking notes of the principal events of our journey for the last few days, and after finishing my task was glad to go to bed.

We were off again the next morning (the 12th) before 7, and began our day with a drive of two hours to Wallenstadt, situated on the lake of that name, which is small and very wild in its scenery. From here a steamer conveyed us in an hour to Wesen, where the lake of Wallenstadt terminates, and a canal connects it with that of Zurich. A large boat, punted by several men, takes passengers along this canal to Schmerikon, where another steamer, which finishes its journey at Zurich, is waiting. Such was our mode of reaching the last-mentioned place from Wesen. The “Hôtel Baur” furnished us with accommodation for the night, and, after parting with our old friend and guide J. Hoffman, and looking about Zurich, we retired to rest. Schaffhausen was to be our next sleeping-place, so at 9 on the 13th we started in a carriage for that place, and after a rather tedious drive of five hours and a half, stopped at the “Hôtel Weber,” which overlooks the Falls

of the Rhine ; and I must in justice say, that, although greatly abused in Mr. Murray's Handbook, it is now far from a bad house. Soon after arriving we crossed the river in a small boat, and, ascending a hill, saw the falls from above ; then step by step descending, at length reached a little shed, which seems almost in danger of being overwhelmed by the water as it flies past, and not unfrequently throws up spray over the building. In the evening we dined, and saw the curious town of Schaffhausen, and before going to bed had an opportunity of seeing the falls to perfection, namely, with the moon shining upon them.

The last Sunday of our tour was certainly not a day of rest, as we were on our way to Sackingen in an omnibus at 5·30 in the morning, and, after a drive of seven hours on a wet day, got into the train for Mannheim, and, passing Basle, Freiburg, Carlsruhe, and Heidelberg, the last unfortunately in the dark, arrived at the "Hôtel de l'Europe" at 10 in the evening. Our visit to Mannheim was of short duration, for 6 o'clock on the 15th found us on board a steamer on our way down the Rhine. It was very cold on deck, so we took breakfast in the cabin in about two hours, and were not sorry

when the sun began to give forth heat. The glorious scenery commences at Mayence, from which place ruined castles, some few still perfect ones, vine-covered heights, and numberless towns appear on each side of the river, which becomes very narrow after Bingen, and winds amidst lofty crags until Coblentz, where it loses its grandeur. We dined on deck, and of course partook of a bottle of Rhine wine. The steamer landed us at Cologne about 7, where, after buying some of its "Eau," we slept at the "Grand Hôtel Royal."

Early in the morning of the 16th we began our homeward journey by train, and late at night left Ostend by steamer for Dover, where, arriving in a miserable plight about 6 in the morning of the 17th, we took some coffee (wretched stuff!), and by train finished our tour, which I feel sure will ever be prominent in my mind as one of the happiest periods of my life.



## HEIGHTS OF MOUNTAINS AND PASSES ASCENDED.

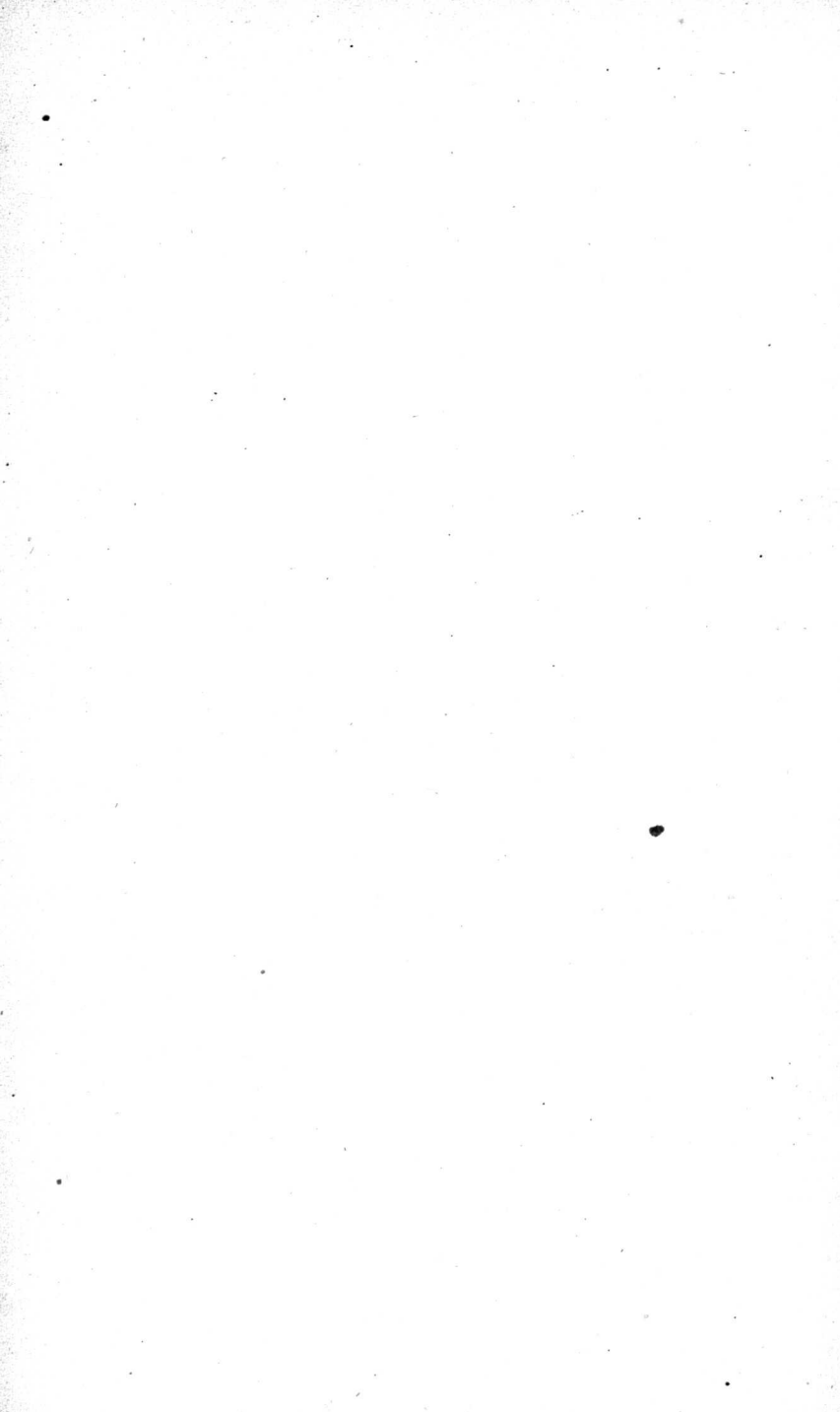
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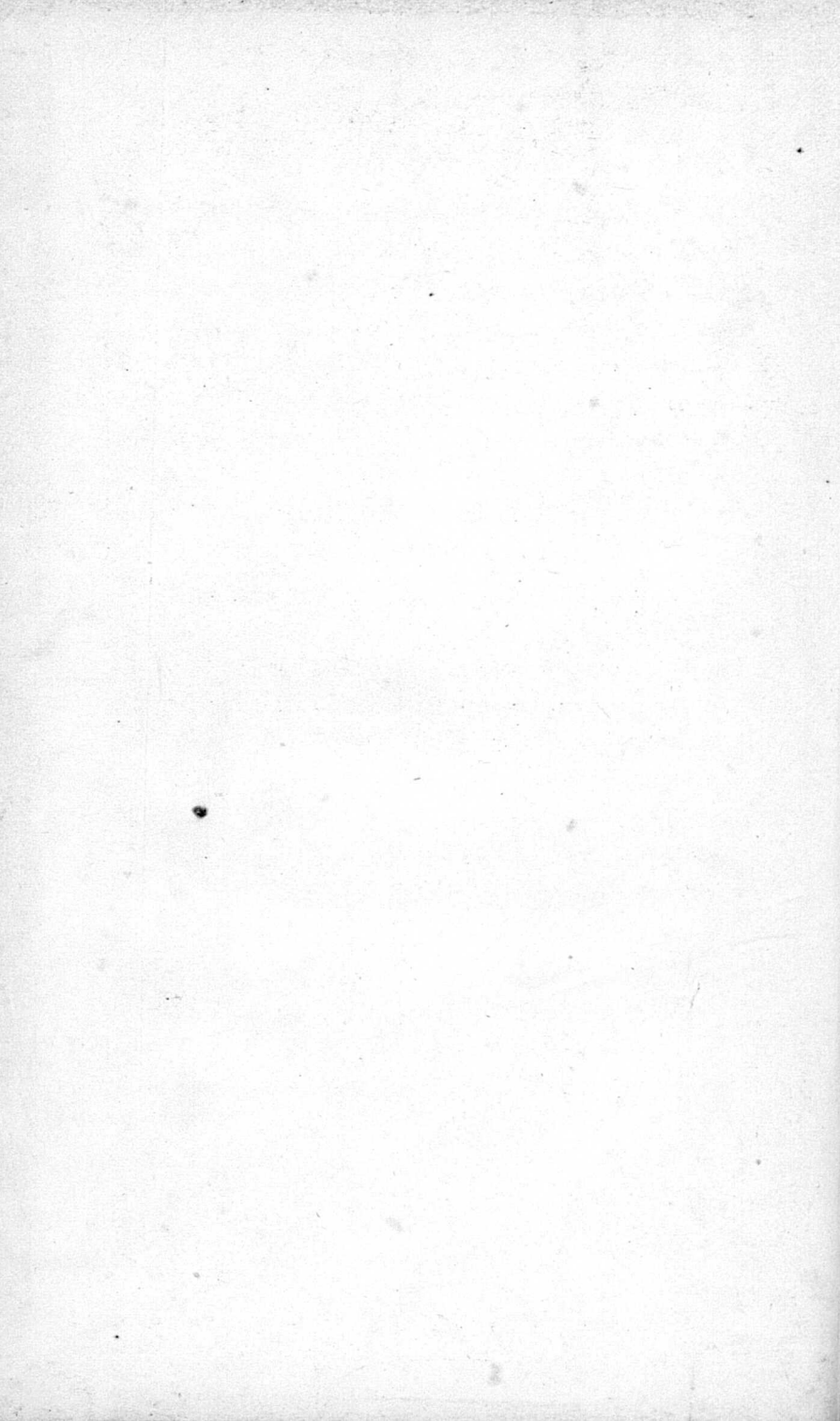
MOUNTAINS.					Feet.
Gorner Grat	..	..	..	..	9000(?)
Faulhorn	..	..	..	..	8674
Montanvert	..	..	..	..	6300
Rigi	..	..	..	..	5874
PASSES.					
Furca	..	..	..	..	8050
Col de Balme	..	..	..	..	7550
Gemmi	..	..	..	..	7540
Grimsel	..	..	..	..	7530
Splugen	..	..	..	..	6940
St. Gothard	..	..	..	..	6780
Wengern Alp	..	..	..	..	6690
Simplon	..	..	..	..	6580
Scheideck	..	..	..	..	6400

THE END.









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