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COOK'S

TOURIST'S HANDBOOK

FOR

SWITZERLAND



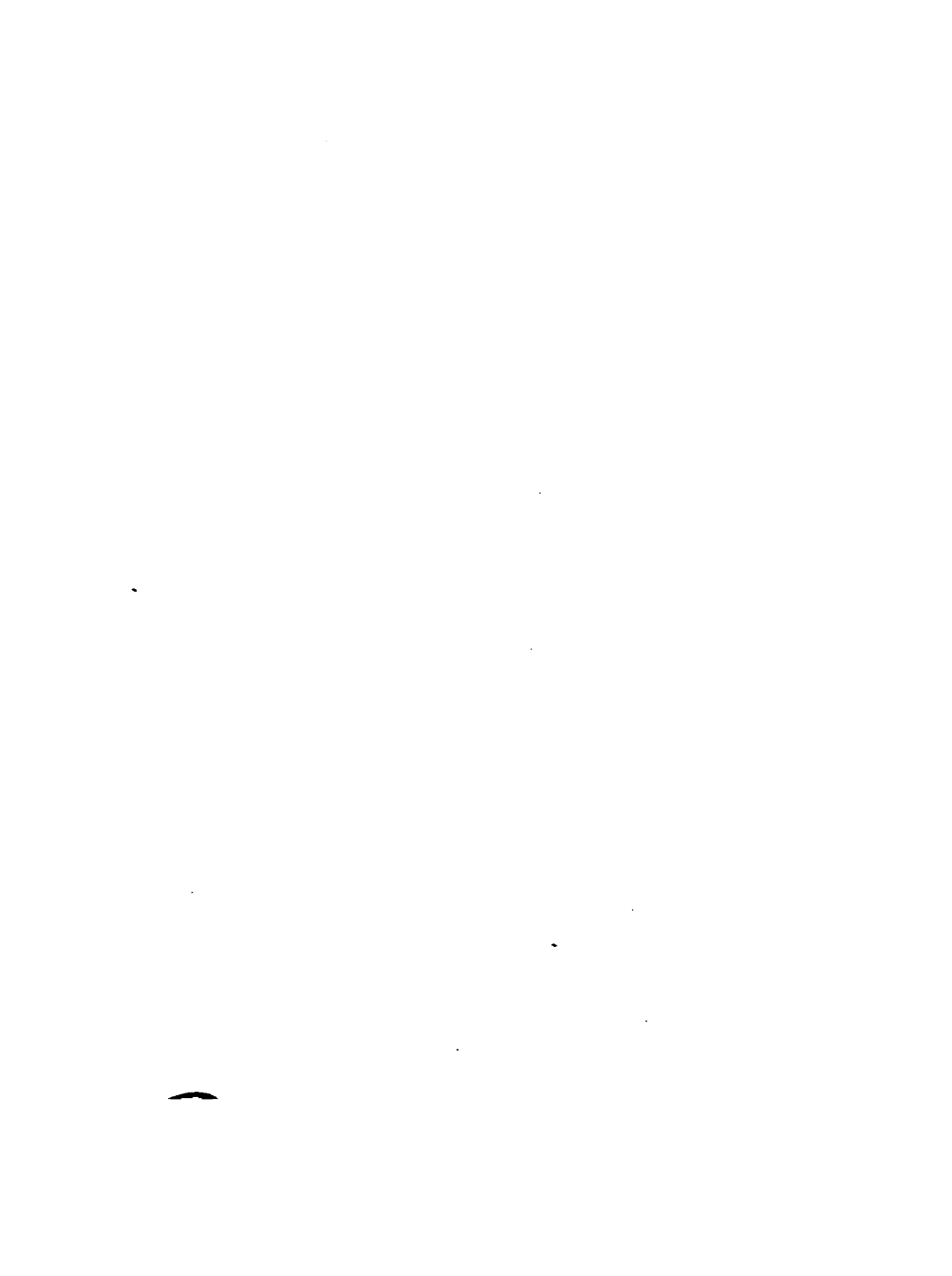
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COOK'S
T'S HANDBOOK
TO
SWITZERLAND,
VIÀ PARIS.



COOK'S
TOURIST'S HANDBOOK
TO
SWITZERLAND,
VIÀ PARIS.



COOK'S
TOURIST'S HANDBOOK

TO

SWITZERLAND,

VIA PARIS.

London:

THOS. COOK & SON, LUDGATE CIRCUS, E.C.,
AND
HODDER & STOUGHTON, PATERNOSTER ROW, E.C.

—
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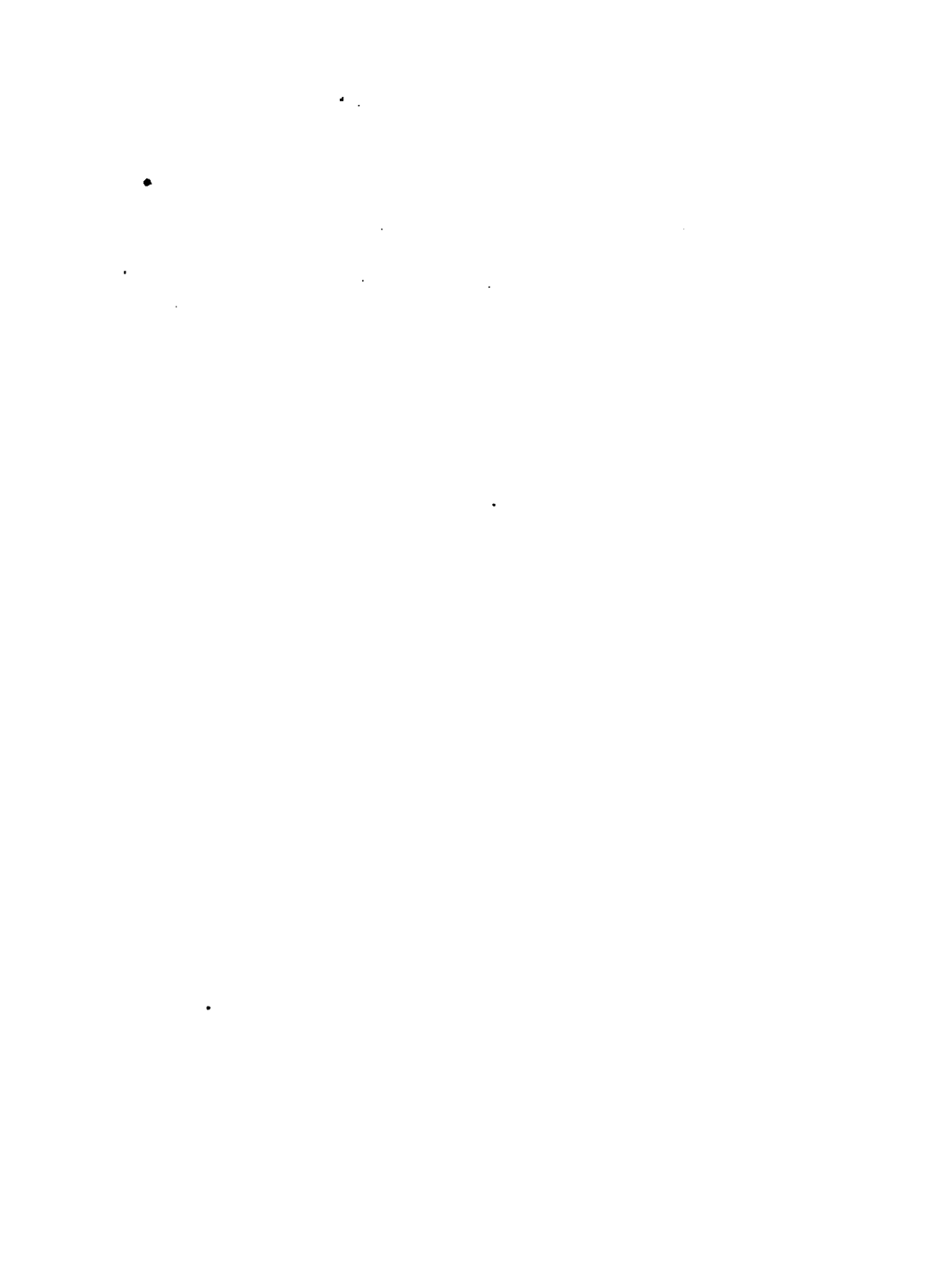
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SWITZERLAND.

INTRODUCTION.

TIME was when the man who had been to “foreign parts” was looked upon as a wonderful being, who stood alone in his glory; the time has come when every third person you meet can tell you what he has done, or seen, or heard upon the Continent and elsewhere; and the time is coming when the man who shall not have ever left his native shores will be as great a curiosity as the man who, in the far-off days, had obtained the title of the “distinguished traveller,” for that he had crossed the Channel, and had seen the “parlez vous” in his own country.

Now-a-days, everybody may travel, everybody ought to travel,—in fact, everybody does travel. Once foreign lands were regarded as the visiting-places of the lordly few; now the gentleman of small means, the weary city clerk, the boys home for their holidays, all may enter into the great highways of knowledge opened up by steam and rail; and instead of Margate, enjoy Paris; or instead of Scarborough, Switzerland; and instead of Scotland, Italy. Not that we would disparage Margate, Scarborough, or Scotland. They are all good in their way, and the holiday-seeker may come

back from them refreshed and benefited. But the secret of making the most of a holiday is to get a thorough relaxation for the mind as well as for the body ; and in a foreign clime, constantly hearing a different language, wandering amid glorious scenery, viewing the art treasures of the world, there is a complete change. And not in these respects only, but change of diet, such as one gets in passing through other lands, often contributes materially to health.

It is perhaps unnecessary to show that it is possible to travel abroad for any sum you like, and to prove that a journey to a foreign country will entail but little more expense than travelling at home. A few years ago I started out with three friends for a pleasant run of sixteen days. We went to Harwich, Rotterdam, and Cologne ; then up the Rhine, by boat, visiting Bonn, Drachenfels, St. Goar, Mayence—in fact, all there was to visit between Cologne and Mannheim. Then by rail to Heidelberg, explored the romantic scenery of this lovely place—back to Aix-la-Chapelle, Liege, Brussels, Field of Waterloo, Antwerp, and home. And how much did this cost us each? Exactly £8 10s. to a shilling. And it included all travelling expenses of all kinds, all sight-seeing expenses, and good living at very fair hotels. And we brought back from the trip what we could not have gained for £8 10s. so well in any other way—health and memories, and a stimulus to reading, and a constant fund of pleasant talk and thought.

Contrast this with a passage from a book lying before me. It is "Ebel's Travellers' Guide to Switzerland," 1820. It is an itinerary of all the coach stages between Piccadilly and Chamouny! The opening note is this:—"Travellers wishing to proceed direct to Switzerland may hear of Mr. Emery, the agent, at Mr. Recordon's, Cockspur Street, Charing Cross, or the "White Bear," Piccadilly. The

journey is performed in sixteen days, allowing two at Paris, and sleeping every night at some town. The proprietors furnish lodgings and provisions. The carriage is roomy and convenient—the passengers are limited to six. One cwt. of luggage is allowed to each, and the charge is only twenty guineas, English.”

And then begin the stages.

“Route from London to Paris, by Brighthelmstone and Dieppe—

To Kennington, Surrey, $1\frac{1}{4}$ mile.

To Brixton Causeway, $3\frac{1}{4}$ miles.

To Streatham, 5 miles.”

And so on.

No wonder travellers on the Continent were only the wealthy ones in days gone by. But now as much, and a great deal more may be seen in sixteen days; allowing time for going, exploring, and returning, and the cost less than the bare journey out.

In these pages it is not the object of the writer to point out every shilling that may be saved, nor to recommend how money may be made to fly fastest, but simply to point out the different routes, the principal objects of interest to be seen, and the easiest and pleasantest way of making a holiday. The question of ways and means can be discussed by the tourists, and all information to help them will be found in the copious quotations which form the appendix to this volume. And now for a few

PRACTICAL SUGGESTIONS.

I. What to take in the way of

LUGGAGE.

As little as possible will ensure the greatest amount of comfort as a rule.

For a lady.—A good holland costume is recommended for summer travelling, and a sensible silk for “occasions.”

For a gentleman.—An ordinary tweed suit, and a black frock coat for “occasions.”

For both ladies and gentlemen the most essential article, demanding the most consideration is Boots. Take a stout easy pair, for walking. Not new boots, but a pair you have taken into training, and have had soled and heeled specially for the tour. Also a light pair, and a pair of slippers. Remember to keep the latter in the outside pocket of your portmanteau, where you can get at them easily. It is a great comfort to slip them on in long railway journeys.

Let not the lady take her best head-dress, which is misnamed a bonnet, but rather a comfortable hat ; and let not the gentleman be persuaded to carry with him that abomination of civilization—a chimney-pot hat.

Be sure and take a cake of soap with you, or buy it *en route*. It is a commodity not supplied by hotel keepers on the Continent.

It should always be borne in mind that the greatest comfort in travelling, especially in Switzerland, is to have no more luggage than the traveller can carry in his hand. Among the things which take small space and come in usefully are, a small pot of cold cream, a pair of scissors, an opera glass, a small case with needles, thread, and buttons, a little glycerine, and a few seidlitz powders.

If of necessity a considerable quantity of baggage has to be taken, be sure and have it **registered**, as that will

save all the trouble and expense of landing and shipping it, and conveying it between the train and boat. The baggage may be registered to the destination named on the ticket, or to any town at which you may wish to break your journey.*

You must show your ticket when you register, and should attend in person to claim the luggage on arriving at your destination.

II. CUSTOMS' EXAMINATIONS.

You must be present at the examination of your baggage. See that you have your keys handy. Examinations are as a rule not very strict; but if you have anything liable to duty, it is easier and better to make a "clean breast of it," and declare. Silks, scents, tobacco, lace, and spirits are principally looked after.

III. PASSPORTS

Are happily not essential; at the same time, if you happen to have one it is well to take it, as it occupies but a small space, and may perchance prove of service. But "*Anglais*" from you is sure to draw out "*passez-passez*" from French, Swiss, or Italian. The cost of a passport is now only 2s., and may be obtained through Messrs. Cook and Son.

IV. MONEY.

The Decimal system of Money which is established in France is rapidly extending to other parts of the Continent, and it is a great convenience to travellers in Switzer-

* Sixty-six pounds weight of luggage is allowed to be carried free on all French railways, but on other Continental lines a charge is made for everything save what the passenger can carry in his hand.

land and Italy that the same system prevails. Accounts, however large, are represented by francs and centimes, and all the coins or notes in use are estimated by these primary calculations. A franc is equal to 100 centimes, and 10 centimes represent the value of an English penny. One sous, a copper coin about the size of an English halfpenny, is equal to five centimes, and the two sous pieces are very similar to the new penny coins of England. The most common silver coins are half-francs, francs, two francs, and five francs. The gold coins are five franc pieces, ten francs, and twenty francs, or Napoleons. There are also gold pieces of the value of four or five Napoleons. Paper notes are issued of various amounts. The English moneys most approved in France, Switzerland, and North Italy, are sovereigns, half-sovereigns, and Bank of England notes. It is difficult to pass English silver coins even in Paris, and coppers are quite at a discount. The rate of exchange varies, but the hotel keepers, as a rule, give twenty-five francs for an English pound, whether in gold or paper. Sometimes the bankers and money changers will give as high as twenty-five francs and twenty-five centimes, but they are regulated by the fluctuations of the exchanges by which the value of money is controlled. It is well to go provided with a small amount of French money, and then to get sufficient changed for payments of accounts and other disbursements in the proper money of the country. In changing sovereigns, mistakes are often made by their being treated as Napoleons, only twenty francs being obtained for them. The copper coins of France will not pass well in Switzerland, nor the Swiss coppers in France; but the French now accept the silver coins of Switzerland, and French silver is freely taken in Switzerland.

To purchasers of tickets at the office of Messrs. Cook and

Son in London small amounts of French money are frequently supplied.

It will be worth while to study the following table before starting, or it may beguile an hour on the journey ; for if you are unused to travelling abroad, foreign money will be sure to perplex you.

MONEY TABLE.

France, Belgium, Switzerland, and Italy.

10 centimes	= about 1d.	Italy—	10 centesime=	about 1d.
100 centimes	= ,, 1 franc.	,,	100 centesime=	1 lira.
1 franc	= ,, 9½d.	,,	1 lira	= about 9½d.
5 franc-piece	= ,, 4s.	,,	5 lire	= ,, 4s.
20 franc-piece	= ,, 16s.	,,	20 lire	= ,, 16s.

Holland.

- 5 cents = about 1d.
- 100 cents = 1 florin or guilder = about 1s. 7d.
- 1 gold ducat = about 9s. 4d.
- 1 gold 10 florin-piece = about 16s. 6d.

Prussia.

- 12 pfennig = 1 silbergroschen.
- 30 silbergroschen = 1 thaler.
- 1 thaler = about 3s.
- 6 thalers, 20 silb. gr. = £1 English.
- 20 mark-piece gold = £1 English.

V. POSTAGE OF LETTERS.

To France from England.

Mails made up in London twice daily, morning and evening (Sunday excepted).

RATES.

Not exceeding ¼ oz. 3d. ; ½ oz. to ¾ oz. 6d. ; ¾ oz. to 1 oz. 9d.

Every additional ¼ oz. 3d.

Newspapers not exceeding 4 oz. 1d. ; 4 oz. to 8 oz. 2d.

Every additional 4 oz. 1d.

From France to England.

Twice daily. For a letter not weighing more than $7\frac{1}{2}$ grammes, 30 cents.

To Switzerland from England.

Mails made up in London morning and evening daily (Sunday excepted).

RATES.

Via Belgium, $\frac{1}{2}$ oz. 3d. ; $\frac{1}{2}$ oz. to 1 oz. 6d. ; 1 oz. to $1\frac{1}{2}$ oz. 9d.

Every additional $\frac{1}{2}$ oz. 3d.

Via France, $\frac{1}{2}$ oz. 5d. ; $\frac{1}{2}$ oz. to $\frac{3}{4}$ oz. 10d. ; $\frac{3}{4}$ oz. to 1 oz. 1s. 3d.

Every additional $\frac{1}{2}$ oz. 5d.

Newspapers by either route not exceeding 4 oz. 2d. ; 4 oz. to 8 oz. 4d.

Every additional 4 oz. 2d.

VI. TIME (VARIATION OF).

Paris— $9\frac{1}{2}$ minutes earlier than Greenwich time.

Geneva— $24\frac{1}{2}$ minutes earlier than Greenwich time.

VII. HOTELS.

The young enthusiast may think this is an unimportant matter, and that in the midst of glorious scenery and romantic associations it matters little where the shake-down is made at night. But such is by no means the feeling of those who have travelled much; and it adds very materially to the enjoyment of the day to know that there are a good dinner and comfortable quarters awaiting the weary tourist when *the day's work* is done.

Others may think "Hotels are thick as mulberries in all continental towns and cities; we will take our chance, and turn in at the first place that strikes our fancy." But this is unwise and expensive. Unwise, because it involves a great waste of time, a considerable amount of annoyance, and frequent dissatisfaction; and expensive, because, unless a great deal of bartering is done, charges are often exorbitant; because with any luggage, it has to be left at the station, or a fly must be hired while the search is being made, and if the house selected has not been recommended beforehand, it may necessitate speedy removal, and so entail fresh expense.

Moreover, it is a great drawback to pleasure to arrive at a place entirely novel, a perfect stranger, and without any definite idea where to go to.

I therefore recommend you to provide yourself with Cook's Hotel Coupons, which are issued at a uniform rate of 8s. per day, to include everything requisite and necessary. Full particulars as to these arrangements will be found in the Appendix at the end of the book. (See p. 204). It may be stated here, however, generally, that a set of these coupons can be taken, but they by no means compel you to use them if you find any other hotels which may take your fancy in preference,—allowance being made upon all unused coupons, if not detached from the book.

The advantages to be derived from the use of the coupons may be briefly summed up as follows:—

1. They are for first-class hotels only, all of which are well recommended.
2. The charges are all fixed, thus obviating the chance of imposition, and the disagreeable task of having to "drive a bargain" at each stopping place.
3. The charges are fixed at the lowest rate to ensure first-

class accommodation, and, being fixed at one uniform rate, the tourist is enabled to count the cost of his tour before starting.

4. The comfort of having a place to go to, without fuss or delay, immediately upon your arrival in a town, is an inestimable boon.

5. Letters from home or telegrams may be found awaiting your arrival at the hotel, thus saving the trouble and expense of sending for them to the post offices.

Assuming, therefore, that you intend to avail yourself of these advantages, I shall only refer in these pages to the hotels where Cook's coupons are accepted.

And now let me call your attention to a very important subject, which might have come first and foremost in these introductory hints, namely,—

IX. THE TRAVELLING COUPONS.

If there are advantages in knowing of cheap, comfortable, and well-recommended Hotels wherein to rest, there are also innumerable advantages in having a route marked out before starting, and then to obtain a Book of Coupons which shall pass you from place to place without any further trouble or annoyance. It is a great drawback to the pleasure of travel in having to struggle at every station for a ticket ; to get into a flurry and fuss about change which you cannot well count, handed to you in the midst of a crowd ; to be driven about undetermined which route to take ; and, after all this unnecessary trouble, to find in the end that it has cost you considerably more than if you had taken your tickets in London for the complete tour.

Many years ago I found out the immense advantage of having a Cook's ticket with me, that should need only to be

stamped at the booking-office on leaving London, and was then a talisman in my hands by which I could pass from country to country, by rail, by steamer, in the diligence, on the mule ; yea, it ensued the services of a guide also, and wherever I went and wanted to go, it was as a magic thing that realised to me all my wishes. It introduced me to a new phase of travel, and I hesitate not to affirm that every fresh tour I have made since then has confirmed me in the opinion that the easiest, pleasantest, and cheapest way of doing a tour is to get over all the bother about routes and tickets at the outset, once for all, by taking Cook's Travelling Coupons. A full account of these Travelling Coupons will be found in the Appendix (p. 204).

X. ROUTES.

I shall suppose that you have cast about in your mind as to how you will travel, and have determined to supply yourself with the tickets above referred to ; I shall therefore endeavour to arrange the description of the different routes in such a manner that, at a glance, you will be able to make a selection, and then find as you go on all requisite information as to the places to be visited.

Should you decide to travel to Switzerland through Holland, Belgium, and Germany, all information will be found as to the places of interest to be visited *en route*, in the "Handbook" to these countries, which has been published in a separate form, so that the volumes of the series of "Cook's Tourist Guides" may be in small and convenient compass.

In the present volume the routes *viâ* Paris only will be described, viz. :—

To Paris *via* Newhaven and Dieppe, the cheapest as well as the most beautiful route, but the longest sea passage.

To Paris *via* Folkestone and Boulogne, the shortest route, and the next in order as regards cost.

To Paris *via* Dover and Calais, the most costly route, but with the shortest sea-passage.

From Paris to Switzerland,—*via* Troyes, Belfort, Mulhouse, and Basle, returning by Maçon, Dijon, &c.,—for which round, the most agreeable that can be taken, cheap tickets are issued all through the summer season.

Basle will be taken as the starting-point for the regular Swiss round, but all other popular routes will be clearly indicated.



Switzerland via Paris.

I. LONDON TO PARIS, VIA NEWHAVEN AND DIEPPE.

London to Newhaven.

WE leave London Bridge or Victoria, having had our tickets stamped by the clerk in charge, and having duly registered our luggage, which we do not intend to see again till we get to Paris, or wherever we propose to break our journey. (Registration-fee to Paris, one franc thirty-five centimes—1s. 1½d.)

As we whizz down by fast train to Newhaven we leave the Sydenham Crystal Palace a little to the right, and then the line passes the Croydon Junction, and runs through the most varied landscapes of Sussex. The old town of Lewes is one of the most conspicuous places, and has rather a grotesque appearance from the railway, many of the houses being irregularly perched on lofty eminences. At Newhaven the train runs to a platform parallel with the harbour, which is approached by a passage through the hotel. Newhaven itself is on the opposite side of the harbour, but it does not present any appearance of note.* Extensive

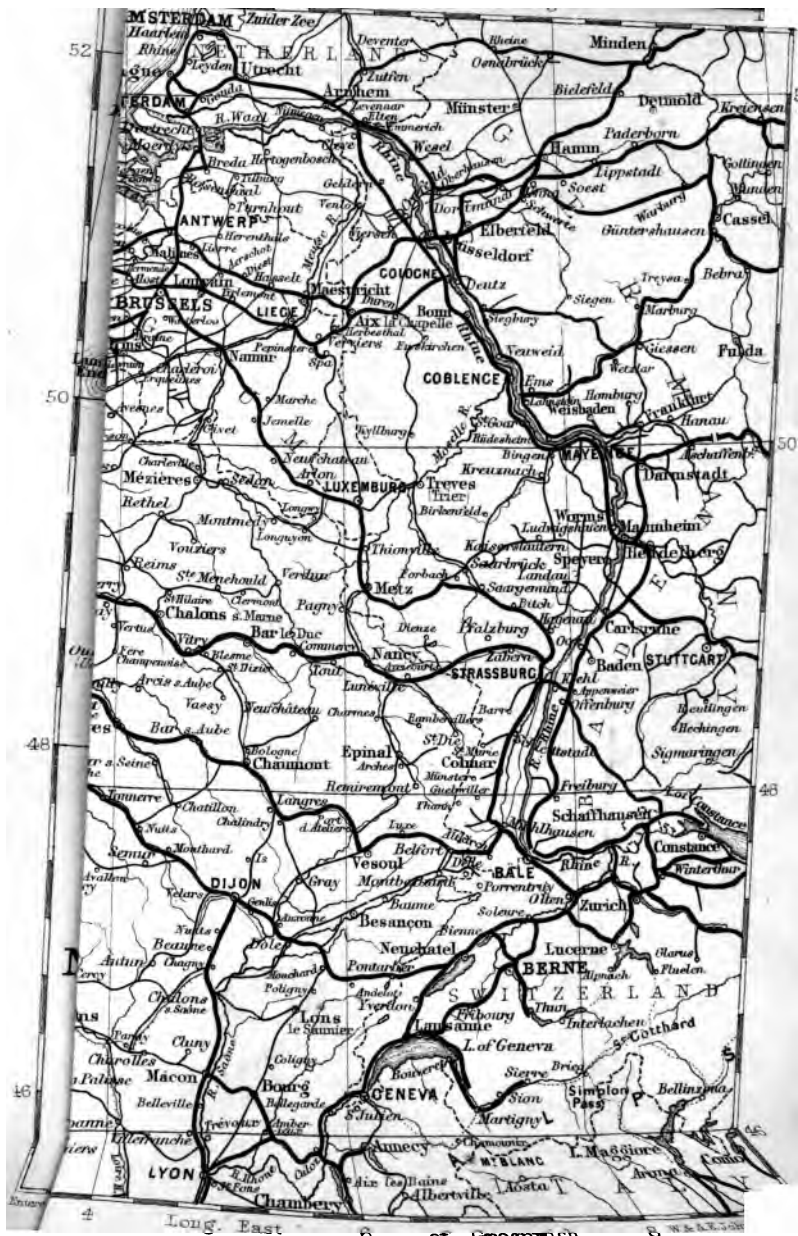
* To those who only pass to the steamer, Newhaven appears to con-

and expensive fortifications are constructed on the coast, on the same side. The **Custom-house** is close by the Quay, where in returning from France the baggage is examined. Under the new Treaty of Commerce, most of the articles formerly subject to duty have been erased from the statute-books of England and France ; but there is still a sharp look-out for tobacco, spirits, wines, and a few other articles. On the other side the authorities search for smuggled cigars, and on the English side they are equally vigilant in search of the same class of articles, the English being suspected for quality and the French for price. But on both sides of the Channel great courtesy characterizes the conduct of the officers.

While we are waiting for the whistle to tell us that it is time to go on board, we have time to get some refreshment at the hotel—a very desirable thing to do, as in the hurry and excitement of parting with friends and transacting the “very last bit of business” till the holidays are over, we have not had time to take care of the inner man.

There are many theories as to the prevention of **sea-sickness**, but I for one have never found a perfect cure yet. Nevertheless, I can testify that it is best to take a moderate meal of plain food a short time before going on board ; for then, if the worst comes to the worst, the pain of the sea-sickness is much less than when it is experienced upon an empty stomach. Others recommend providing oneself with a lemon, the juice squeezed into water allaying nausea, as well as being a pleasant beverage. Others say champagne or brandy, and if they are ill afterwards they also say it was the *sea* that made them so. Others, again,

sist of a railway station, an hotel, and a pier. Those who have only seen this aspect of it have described it as “a place where there is *nothing to see, and nobody to see it.*”



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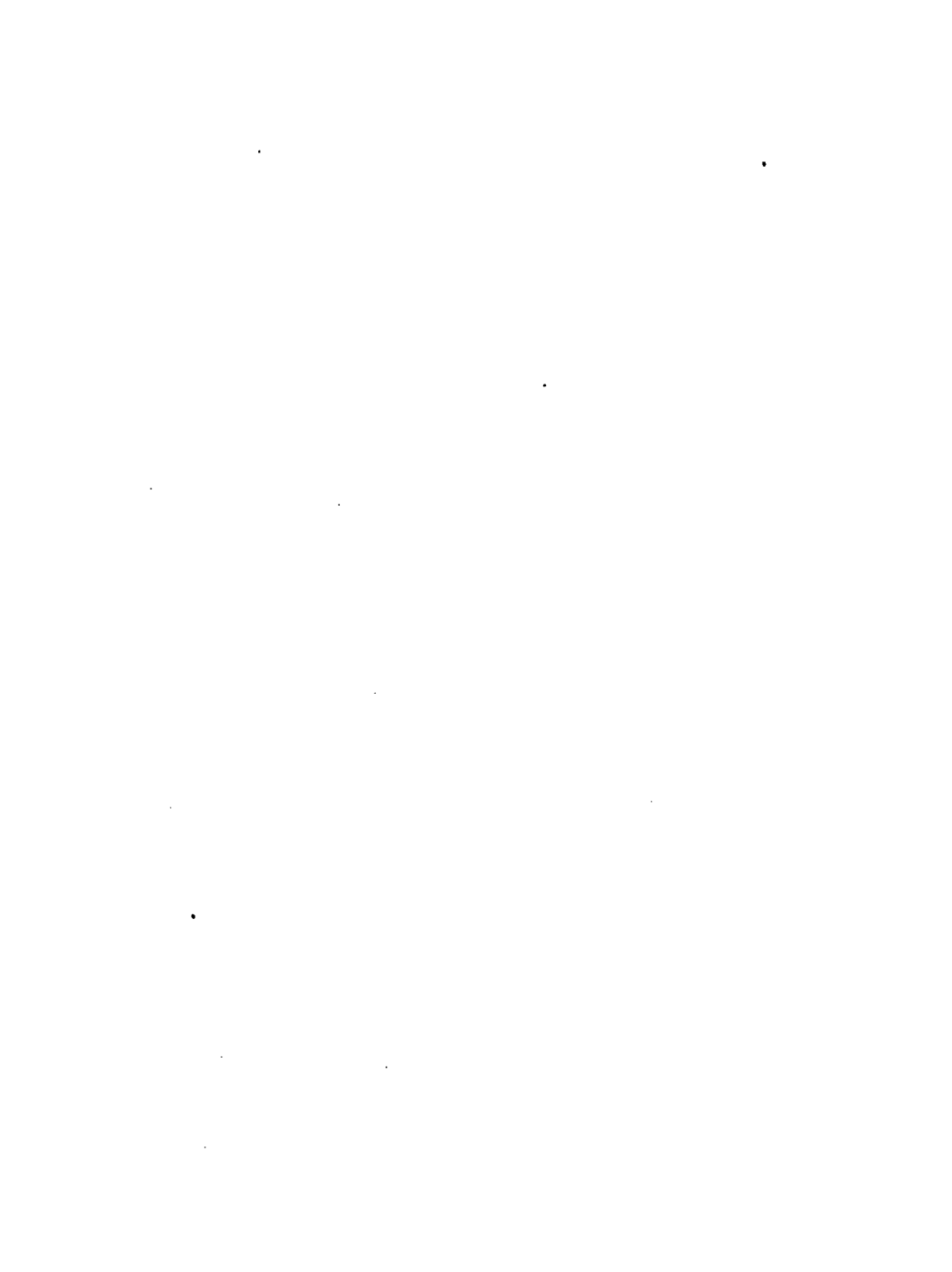
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Long. East 6 of Greenwich



recommend wearing belts of divers kinds, for particulars of which see the daily papers.

Then, again, opinions vary as to whether it is better to stay on deck or go down below. If the day is bright and fine, and the breeze gentle and favourable, stay on deck by all means, and enjoy the fresh air, and divert your mind from yourself; or if you travel by night, and the night is warm and still, sit up on the deck, and get into a good stiff argument with your companions, and enjoy the evening. If, however, you have doubts about yourself, based upon experience, take up your quarters in the cabin, and wake up after a hearty sleep, just before entering the Dieppe harbour.

We shall make up our minds not to be ill (and even if we are, we do not think we shall be much inconvenienced, as the passage takes only six hours on the average), and having refreshed ourselves, and changed a little English money into French, in case we want it on board or on landing, we walk on to the Quay, watching the commotion and bustle always attendant on the sailing of a vessel; then on board, where the chains rattle, the steam fizzes, the bell rings, and "Cast off the hawser" is shouted, and we glide slowly and steadily out of the dock.

NEWHAVEN TO DIEPPE.

A little distance out at sea, and a beautiful panorama is before us. The town and harbour of Newhaven, with its trim smacks, and sailors in blue shirts and red caps, is more effective than we thought it could have been; and while we contemplate the beauty of the lofty chalk cliffs of Albion, with their pleasant associations, our thoughts go back to the time when the Britons so bravely defended themselves from

the attacks of the Romans; and we talk about Julius Cæsar, and all that sort of thing.

Then we look upon the little village of Seaforth, which occupies the western side of Beachy Head, and, after clearing the celebrated promontory, obtain glimpses of Eastbourne, Pevensey, St. Leonard's, and Hastings. Looking in the opposite direction, Brighton may be seen in clear weather. In about two hours the sight of the English coast and its white cliffs is lost, and for about an hour's sail no land is visible. Three hours give generally the first glimpse of the French coast, which increases in clearness and distinctness, inspiring fresh hopes as the form and features of the coast are discerned, until the large and excellent hotels and boarding-houses facing the beach are clearly seen, with the tower of St. Jacques rising up in their rear. The steamer is generally welcomed by a crowd on the pier, at the mouth of the harbour; and as she gently winds her way round the curve of the narrow channel, on either side a large crucifix arrests attention, symbolical of the national faith.

To those who are making their first visit to a foreign land, the landing at Dieppe will make an impression which, perhaps, will never be forgotten; *first* impressions rarely are. You will notice the confusion of tongues; then the peculiarities of costume, the simplicity of the French blue blouse, and the magnificence of the gendarme. Then the recognitions which take place; the heartiness but soberness of the English in contrast with the hilarious excitement when French meet French; then the mode of salutation,—the Englishmen shaking hands, and the Frenchmen kissing one another, probably on both cheeks. Then, if the “fish-wives” chance to be on the quay, they will not fail to arrest attention, dressed in their short skirts, coloured stockings,

and wooden shoes, with fish-baskets on their backs, and snowy-white handkerchiefs on their heads, and generally hard at work towing-in a boat, or sorting-out fish while their "lords and masters" bask in the sun, whiffing cigarettes.

Dieppe is one of the best fishing seaports on the coast, and its principal fisheries are herring, whiting, and mackerel, which supply the Paris market.

Having shown our tickets as we pass the gangway to the shore, at the place where only so recently as a year or two ago (during the war) passports were examined, we start for

A PEEP AT DIEPPE AND ITS NEIGHBOURHOOD.

Dieppe, as the place where the tourist first touches French soil, invariably awakens feelings of curiosity and interest on the part of those who have not previously visited it, and the two or three hours which are sometimes found elapsing between the time of the vessel's arrival and the departure of the train may be well employed in a ramble through the quaint little town, and obtaining a glimpse of Norman life and manners. So after having refreshed our inner man again at one of the numerous hotels, or at the railway-station buffet (we prefer the Hotel Queen Victoria, on the Quai Henry IV., almost opposite the steamboat pier), we set forth on our voyage of discovery. Proceeding along the quay, turning neither to right nor left, we pass the covered fish-market, crowded with fish-wives wearing various head-dresses, and find ourselves in the Grande Rue, the principal street of the town, where some of the shops contain beautiful specimens of ivory carving and turning—an art in which many of the townsmen excel. A little way up the street, on our left, is the Place Royale, a large open space crowded with market-people, villagers, fishermen, and

others. In the centre of the square is a spirited bronze statue of Duquesne, who drove De Ruyter off the coast of Sicily. Saturday is the great market day. The annual fair commences on August the 15th, lasting for several days. At La Place du Puits Sale, where the Grande Rue forms a junction with the Rue St. Jacques and other thoroughfares, a few steps down the broad street on our right conducts us to the Church of St. Remi. Here are several beautiful tombs. The remains of Emar de Chaltes, the friend and companion of Henri IV., are interred here. On the northern face of the western tower are the marks of a cannon-shot fired by the English during their bombardment of the town in 1694. Retracing our way into the Grande Rue, we proceed along its continuation, the Rue de la Barre, at the end of which, a little to the right, is the picturesque castle, rising high above the town. Here is the ancient tower of St. Remi, the sole existing remains of the earlier church of that name. From the parapets of the quaint old fortress is obtained a fine view of the town. Under the principal archway Henri IV. was triumphantly received by the governor after the battle of Arques; while from a window opposite, if tradition may be believed, the Duchess of Longueville made her escape in 1650. Behind the castle is the new and fashionable suburb, the Faubourg de la Barre, inhabited principally by wealthy visitors, both French and English.

Leaving the castle, we turn to the left of the Rue de la Barre, thence to the right, then again to the left, and we reach the last of the six castellated gates which belonged to the ancient fortifications surrounding the town. It was formerly used as a prison, and a few years ago the poor captive's basket was often to be seen dangling at the end of a cord suspended from the grated windows above. In this *basket* the benevolent would place their alms. Passing

through the gateway, we have before us the famous bathing establishment. Here are gardens, terraces, lawns, parterres, ball, reading, and refreshment rooms, an orchestra, and various other attractions and conveniences. During the summer season, it is delightful to pass an evening here, listening to the strains of the band, and watching the gaily attired groups which throng the promenades, or gazing at the lovely placid sea, dotted here and there with the tiny white sails of the distant fishing vessels. Proceeding along the Rue Aguado, lined on one side with houses, shops, fine hotels, and other buildings, and on the other by La Plage, or public promenade, beyond which continually glisten the rippling waters of the broad green sea, we turn round by the great tobacco manufactory, and find ourselves close to our old starting-point on the Quai Henri IV. Very picturesque is the scene before us. Policemen with swords and cocked hats; soldiers wearing baggy trousers and smoking cigars; a stray priest or two; noisy fish-wives, with lofty caps of starched muslin; porters, custom-house officers, labourers wearing blue blouses, seem inextricably mingled together. Passing through the motley crowd, we wander towards the Place Royale, passing through which we find ourselves in front of the Church of St. Jacques, a beautiful structure, possessing many features of archæological interest, the rose window in the south transept being as fine as that in Westminster Abbey. The Lady Chapel and the Chapel of the Holy Sepulchre are very beautiful, the picturesque effect being heightened by the numerous candles burning before the latter. The street in front of the principal entrance is the Rue St. Jacques. Passing up this, we turn sharply round to the left into the Rue d'Ecosse, in which is the *creche*, or public nursery; old hospital; and the *Maison Dieu*, or mad-house. The two latter buildings are said to afford

“ a very good idea of the style of Dieppe houses before the destruction of the town by the bombardment of 1694.”

If, instead of proceeding down the Rue d'Ecosse, we pass up the Rue des Tribuneaux, we shall pass the old church and monastery of the Minimes. The buildings are now used for police and other public purposes. Proceeding past the head of the dock, and keeping to the right, the railway station is reached. If, however, the visitor has more time at his disposal, he may proceed to the oyster-ponds, a few minutes' walk from the station. These are six in number, each containing about 250,000 fish. On the opposite side of the docks is the Pollet, a neighbourhood inhabited almost wholly by fishermen and sailors, who in costume, manners, and language, are very different to the Dieppers. They are supposed to be of Scandinavian origin. The church frequented by them should be visited. About $3\frac{1}{2}$ miles from Dieppe is Arques, the castle of which was erected by a relative of William the Conqueror. It is a favourite place with tourists. The Cité des Limes, the most ancient monument in Normandy, is about two miles beyond the Pollet. It is an immense earthen dyke or rampart, thrown up in the form of a semi-circle of about two thousand yards, and capable of holding an army a hundred thousand strong. The camp is believed to have been the work of Cæsar. Ancourt ($3\frac{1}{4}$ miles), Affranville ($4\frac{1}{2}$ miles), Petit Appeville ($1\frac{1}{2}$ miles), and Pourville (2 miles), are each worth visiting. From the last-named place the visitor can return by the cliffs facing the sea. For those who care to make a prolonged stay in Dieppe, there are many other places of interest within a short distance, where the scenery, historical and other associations, costumes and manners of the inhabitants, irresistibly awaken our desire to behold something more of a district said to be the Eden of Northern Europe.

Returning from our little tour of the town, we make our way to the railway station. This was about half a mile from the steamboat pier, and in a direct line, so that those who passed immediately from one to the other had but little chance of losing their way. But short as the distance was, it was very inconvenient passing from the steamer to the railway, especially with luggage, and more especially in wet weather. It involved a conflict with porters, the engagement of a diligence or some other vehicle, and was often a trial to those upon whom the sea had imposed tribute. This is now all obviated—a new arrangement having been effected, by which you can pass from the steamer to the station by a **new rail**, which has only been recently constructed, but will be gratefully appreciated by this season's tourists. Having secured a seat beside the left window of the carriage, which commands the best views, we start for Paris.

DIEPPE TO ROUEN.

The following are the principal stations we shall pass—

Longueville,	Monville,
Auffay,	Malauny,
Saint Victor,	Maromme,

and a word or two about the places of greatest note will beguile the time on the journey.

Longueville is situated upon a stream which runs into the sea near Dieppe; we are interested in the fact that the village was originally the seat of the Giffards, Earls and Dukes of Buckingham. The railway station occupies part of the site of an ancient abbey, a portion of the remains of which has been converted into a cotton factory. The abbey, which was extremely opulent, was erected in 1084, by

Walter Giffard, Earl of Buckingham, who died in England, but whose body was brought here, and interred in the entrance to the church. His epitaph, written by the monks whose interests he, during his life-time, had so favoured, told us how—

“The generous knight, his country's faithful son,
Gave to religion what his valour won.”

Auffay is situated in the charming valley of the Scie, the windings of which are so numerous, that it is crossed and recrossed by the railway more than twenty times. The place is stated by Ordericus Vitalis to have received its name from its numerous beech trees (*Affagium*). It contains several cotton and leather factories, and does a good trade in corn. The Priory of Auffay is asserted to have been founded about the time of the Norman Conquest, by Gilbert de Hengleville, a valiant Norman knight. The ancient castle, which formerly overlooked the town, has disappeared, but the church and Virgin chapel are worthy of notice for those who have leisure for a visit.

Saint Victor.—Between Auffay and Saint Victor the scenery is very beautiful, with grand old forests, rich pastures, leafy woods, sylvan dales, and a hundred other charms which will attract and delight the tourist. Saint Victor is so called from the ancient abbey of that name which once existed here, but of which only the church now remains. The abbey was founded by William the Conqueror, of whom a statue still exists here.

We then come into manufacturing regions, which multiply as we approach Rouen.

Monville is a pleasant-looking little town, and wears an aspect of prosperity. Paper mills and cotton factories abound in all directions.

Malaunay is situated on the river Cailly. Here the line to Havre branches off.

Crossing a stately viaduct, ninety-five feet high, on eight arches, forty-nine feet wide, which spans the Cailly, and passing a dense wood, we come out into a neighbourhood in which the scenery much resembles that of the South of England, and the character of the agricultural products is much the same.

Maromme is supposed to have derived its name from the ancient river *Matroaa*, which waters it. The inhabitants (about 2,000) are employed principally in the manufacture of cotton, paper, and gunpowder. Then through tunnels, past **Deville**, formerly the seat of the Archbishop of Rouen, and then we arrive at the "Manchester" of France.

From Maromme to Rouen the line skirts the side of a high hill, and gives a very commanding view of the landscapes which stretch out to the right.* The approach to Rouen is through a tunnel, which runs under the Cemetery of St. Gervais, and the suburbs of Bovreuil and Cauchoise. At the station, which is in a deep cutting between hills, the chief attraction is the tastefully arranged *buffet*, or refreshment room, adorned with groups of the finest flowers of the season, and amply supplied with fruits and provisions of the best quality.

ROUEN,

The beautiful capital of one of the most interesting districts in France, a land consecrated by the pen of Shakespeare, and abounding with monuments, ruins, beautiful prospects, Gothic cathedrals, tombs of Norman dukes, ancient fortresses, and quaint mansions. "Look attentively," says Jules Janin, "and in the fertile plains, beneath the springing verdure of the wheat which covers the meadow,

* Try therefore to shift your seat to the *right* side of the carriage.

you will certainly recognise a field of battle. In these vast spaces, now so highly cultivated, formerly met France and England, armed to the teeth; they fought against each other, during three hundred years; they fought with rage and blasphemy." But now the hosts of English soldiers have disappeared, and their places are taken by crowds of tourists, who are received with words of welcome by the descendants of the former antagonists of their fathers. Leaving our hand bags and travelling traps at the station, or at the **Victoria Hotel**, we prepare for a two hours' stroll through the ancient city. Proceeding down the broad and stately Rue de l'Impératrice, we find ourselves in an entirely new world. Rouen is no more like Paris, than Manchester is like London. There are few idlers here. Everybody appears to have something to do. During the day-time, the streets are comparatively deserted, except in the neighbourhood of the markets; but in the evening, the French factory lads and lasses come out in great force. Very intelligent are the great mass of these workers. They look like what they are, a patient, industrious, orderly body of people, who are not ashamed of work, and are too proud to be idle. There are few *cafés* of the Parisian type in Rouen, although cabarets and wine shops abound in every street. Amusements are few and far between, a single theatre forming almost the sole pleasure resort of the inhabitants. Churches, however, are to be found in all parts of the city, and these should not, on any account, be overlooked by the visitor. The **Cathedral**, with its curious spire of cast iron, is the first object to be visited. Turning on the left from the Rue de l'Impératrice into the Rue de la Grosse-Horloge (street of the Great Clock), we pass under the great clock tower, and soon find ourselves standing before the magnificent edifice, in which rest the remains of the famous Rollo,

first Duke of Normandy; his son, Guillaume-Longue-Épée, assassinated by order of Arnold, Count of Flanders; Richard Cœur de Lion, his brother, Henry the younger; the Duke of Bedford; Louis de Brézé, husband of the celebrated Diana of Poitiers; and many others. It is a really splendid building, containing numerous chapels profusely adorned with large paintings, richly sculptured monuments, and gorgeously enshrined relics, the whole affording a tolerably good idea of the immense wealth and artistic taste possessed by the principal dignitaries of the Roman church. The front of the Cathedral is adorned with two towers, of which the highest is called the "Butter tower," having been built with the proceeds of the sale of permissions to eat butter during Lent. In the "Chapel of Our Lady" is to be seen a relic dear to all Englishmen. This is an ancient figure in limestone of King Richard Cœur de Lion. It was discovered in the Cathedral choir in 1838. His heart, found about the same time, is now preserved in the Museum. Leaving the cathedral, we pass on to the famous **Church of St. Ouen**, stated to be one of the finest Gothic edifices in the world. It is lighted by one hundred and twenty-eight windows, and contains several chapels, fitted up in a most beautiful manner. In one of these chapels is to be found the tomb of John Talbot, the youngest son of Talbot, the celebrated Marshal of France. Of the other churches in Rouen, St. Godard (famous for its painted windows), St. Niacaise, and St. Vincent, are the most deserving of a visit. Besides these, there are several churches, which are used as chapels of ease. One great point of interest, to the English visitor, is the **Place de la Pucelle**, in the centre of which the unfortunate Joan of Arc was burnt at the stake in 1431.

The name of **Jeanne d'Arc**, the heroic but unfortunate

maid of Orleans, is yet revered by the French, even as that of Tell is honoured in Switzerland, or those of the lion-hearted Bruce and the chivalrous Wallace in the romantic land of Scott and Burns. It is not long ago that a grand and imposing fête, celebrated with all the pomp and splendour which the Roman Church knows so well how to produce, and at which the late emperor himself was found cordially assisting, testified to the pride and enthusiasm which the story of poor La Pucelle can yet kindle within the hearts of our Gallic brethren. Centuries have elapsed since the ill-fated maiden perished in the devouring flames lit in the ancient market square of Rouen by her merciless captors; but the history of her gallant and patriotic endeavours to free Normandy from the hated yoke of England continues fresh and interesting as ever, and it is the duty of the tourist in Rouen to visit the Old Market, now known as the *Place de la Pucelle*, where was consummated the tragedy which cast such an indelible stain on the English escutcheon. Tourists having a little time at their disposal would do well to prolong their stay in Rouen, if only for the sake of familiarising themselves more closely with the legends and traditions recorded of the patriotic heroine. Enthusiastic Frenchmen love to relate how the humble peasant girl commenced what she conceived to be her mission, by suddenly appearing before the young French king—half frightened out of his senses by the successes of the English—in the great hall at Chinon, where, surrounded by his steel-clad warriors, his features illuminated by the lurid glare of the blazing torches, he listened, with mingled hope and distrust, to the startling prediction of how his enemies should be defeated, and he himself crowned by the hands of Joan in the cathedral of Rheims. What a strange and startling spectacle was that of the warrior-maid, as, clad in complete armour, bare-

headed, her beautiful hair falling in long curls about her neck, and mounted on a fiery charger, she made her appearance before the ancient town of Blois, where, raising with one hand her banner of white silk, and with the other flourishing the glittering sword given her by the French king, she so aroused the courage of the soldiery, that they fought with the strength and determination of conquerors, sweeping their dismayed English adversaries before them, like chaff before the wind ! But what need to relate the world-famous exploits of the Maid of Orleans ? Are we not as familiar with them as with the story of the lion-hearted Richard, or of the gentle Eleanor, who so lovingly sucked the venom from her kingly husband's wound ? They form some of the most stirring, romantic, and interesting episodes recorded in history. The fate of Joan was in harmony with the grand and impressive drama of her life. Captured by the English forces at Compiègne, now famous for its hunting forest, some 30,000 acres in extent, she was relentlessly hurried to the castle of Beaulieu, then to that of Beaurevoir, thence to Arras, thence to the castle of Crotoy, whence, after six long weary months of imprisonment, she was conveyed to Rouen, where she was confined, say some, in the great tower of the castle, the only portion of the edifice yet remaining. It is known as the *Tour du Donjon*, and is situate in the convent of the Ursulines, in the Rue Morand, within three minutes' walk of the Victoria Hotel, near the railway station. Here she was treated with great cruelty. Heavily ironed, fastened at night by heavy chains to her bed, and with three English guards constantly stationed in her cell, it is no wonder that she nearly yielded to despair. The farce of trial took place in the Castle Chapel, now demolished, and the equally senseless ceremony of recantation in the Cemetery of St. Ouen, near the famous church of that name. The crowning act which

enshrined her name with the halo of martyrdom was perpetrated in the ancient market square. Guarded by a body of 800 strongly-armed English soldiers, she was conducted from the castle tower, through some of the most picturesque streets of the ancient city, which were crowded with people eager to take a parting gaze of the pale-featured but firm-hearted maiden, as she heroically proceeded to the place of death. As she neared the fatal pile, her fortitude nearly forsook her. "O, Rouen, Rouen!" she piteously cried, "it is here, indeed, that I must die." At that time the market square was nearly double its present size. Here she was fastened to the stake, and as the devouring flames leapt mercilessly about her, she raised her tearful eyes to heaven, and with the name of her Divine Redeemer on her lips, expired, a victim to English superstition and revenge. The king of England, writing to his uncle, says she was executed "on account of the great damages and inconveniences, the horrible murders and heinous cruelties, and other innumerable evils she had committed" against his "sacred person" and "loyal obedient subjects." The spot of execution is indicated by a fountain, surmounted by a statue of not very creditable taste. A close examination of the fountain is rendered inconvenient by the immediate proximity of a cabstand, but some of the ancient houses in the square are well worth more than a passing glance.

We are now in the **oldest portion of the city**, a neighbourhood where foot pavements are almost unknown, where the streets are so narrow that the tops of the houses on each side nearly touch each other; and where the mediæval architecture of many of the buildings carries the imagination back to the time when Rouen formed the proud and stately capital of Normandy. Several of these ancient buildings are celebrated as being the birthplaces of Corneille the poet,

Touvenet, Boïeldieu, Armand Carrel the journalist, and other remarkable men. In the Place de la Pucelle is situated the Hotel du Bourgheroude, an ancient edifice well known to antiquarians. The remains of the Abbey of St. Armand are also worth a visit. There are several other ancient buildings, and on the Quai Napoleon is yet to be seen the gate of Guillaume-Lion, the only remaining ancient gate of the city. There are likewise several ancient fountains, of which the most noteworthy are those of Croix de Pierre, the Cross, the Grosse-horloge, the Marchè-Neuf, St. Malcon, de la Pucelle, and of Lisieux, the latter structure being the most remarkable of the whole. The Palais de Justice is an ancient structure, almost Flemish in appearance, and exceedingly picturesque. The Covered Markets also deserve a visit. They are very old, and resemble a ruined palace rather than a building used for trading purposes. The Exchange, Tribunal of Commerce, Custom House and Colleege, scarcely call for attention, while the Hotel de Ville will disappoint many by the plainness of its architecture. The Museum of Antiquities should on no account remain unvisited. It is situated in the cloisters of an ancient convent, in the Rue Beauvoisine, and contains, among other things, several documents with the seals of Richard Cœur de Lion, also the heart of the same monarch preserved in a glass box. There is also a parchment with the seal of William the Conqueror, and other relics of considerable interest. Passing to the broad and noble quay which forms the city bank of the Seine, we find the river crowded with shipping of all countries. Here the Seine is crossed by two elegant bridges, one, the Pont de Pierre, having for its centre the extremity of the Island Lacroix, on which has been erected a characteristic statue of the poet Corneille. Crossing to the opposite bank of the river, we find ourselves in a region of bonded.

warehouses, workshops, docks, factories, and other indications of busy industry and enterprise; forming a strange and creditable contrast to the idleness and absence of business-like energy which marks the French capital. Passing along the Quai Napoleon, we reach the commencement of the magnificent series of boulevards which, erected on the site of the ancient ramparts, encircle the city, forming a most delightful promenade, of which the citizens are not a little proud. But we might linger for hours in Rouen without exhausting its stock of sights. On market days especially there is much to be seen, the country people at such times pouring in great numbers into the city, where their quaint head-dresses and costumes form a conspicuous feature. There, too, the religious ceremonies of the Roman Catholic Church are carried out more completely than in Paris. When a funeral takes place, instead of employing the hearse, as in Paris, the coffin is placed on a bier, which, preceded by torch-bearers, priests, incense bearers, crucifix, and banners, is carried in picturesque procession towards the city cemetery. Sisters of mercy, schoolmasters with hats like coal-scuttles, abbés in close-fitting cassocks, labourers in blue trousers and wooden shoes, wonderfully attired gendarmes, and moustached officials abound everywhere. Some of the social habits prevalent in Rouen differ largely from those in England, and even from those of Paris. For instance, we enter a barber's shop for the purpose of being shaved. We are waited upon by a brisk little maiden, who tucks a napkin round our neck, and then, instead of lathering our chin, brings us a large dish of hot water. Wondering what on earth is going to be performed on our features, and apprehensive of some mistake, we make energetic signs that we desire to be shaved, not washed; but the fair barberess is *inexorable*. Shouting, "Oui, oui," by a dexterous movement

she bobs our face in the dish, and then, regardless of our half-blinded gaze of entreaty, begins rubbing our chin briskly with the hot water. Soap there is none ; indeed, that article appears to be a rarity in France ; but directly the chin has been rubbed sufficiently long, and in our case it seemed very long, the dish is taken away, and a formidable-looking razor is produced, the mere sight of which causes us to shudder involuntarily. Wildly brandishing this fearful instrument, the barberess advances to us with a kind of dancing movement, as if about to remove our scalp, but, to our great relief, she proceeds to shave us instead. The operation ended, we are about to rise ; but no, our fair tormentor is not satisfied. The dish of hot water is reproduced, and the whole process of dipping, rubbing, and shaving is gone through a second time. Then our chin is sponged and powdered, after which we finally leave, with a secret determination never again to trust our chin to the tender mercies of a French barberess. We make our way back to the Victoria Hotel for a cup of tea, or whatever the meal may be, and then away to the railway station, which is close by, where our carriage is waiting to bear us onward towards Paris.

ROUEN TO PARIS.

Rouen to Paris is another delightful ride of eighty-five miles, chiefly by the course of the Seine, which is crossed many times. The islands of the Seine add greatly to the beauty of the landscape. The following stations are passed :—

Oissel	Gaillon
Tourville	Vernon
Pont de l'Arche	Bonnières
St. Pierre	Rosny

Mantes	Poissy
Epône	Confians
Meulan	Maisons
Triel	Paris

Just a few words by the way may be acceptable.

As we leave the station at Rouen the line makes a wide circuit, enabling us to enjoy a pleasant view of the famous city we have visited. Then the route to Oissel presents an ever-varying panorama of rich valleys, sombre woods, busy factories, extensive ranges of workshops, workmen's cottages, orchards, gardens, farms, villages, tanneries, châteaux, and industrial establishments of more or less pretensions. From Oissel to Tourville we cross and recross the Seine, which is here a broad rolling river, and then through one of the loveliest portions of Normandy, described as "a district combining all the picturesque charms of Surrey and the rich luxuriance of Devonshire, with the warm yet not sultry atmosphere of Northern France."

Pont de l'Arche is famous for its bridge of twenty-two arches across the Seine. The town, which is a pretty one, is situated at the junction of the river Eure with the Seine, and at the point where the tide ceases to be perceptible. It owes its origin to Charles le Chauve, who here erected a splendid palace, in which he convened councils, held assemblies of his nobles, and drew up his edicts. He also built the remarkable bridge from which the town derives its name. This bridge is the lowest stone bridge down the Seine, and is a most picturesque object, with water-mills in some portions of its length, and a lock under one of the arches, to facilitate the navigation of the river, and add to its security. The bridge was anciently defended at one end by a strong tower, which was destroyed during the first *outbreak of the great French Revolution*. On the bank of

the river near the town are the remains of a Cistercian Abbey, founded A.D. 1190, by Richard Cœur de Lion, in pursuance, it is said, of a vow which he had made when nearly lost in the swollen waters of the Seine. The church affords an interesting study, both to the artist and the antiquarian. Although sadly dilapidated, it is a fine building in the decorated style of Gothic architecture, and possesses some rich carving and beautifully-painted windows. The staple industry is the manufacture of woollen cloth, but the inhabitants trade largely in horses, cattle, fruit, and agricultural products generally.

St. Pierre is embowered in the midst of a profusion of the richest imaginable scenery, displaying to the utmost advantage the numerous chateaux which abound in the outskirts of the town. Here is a small branch line to *Louviers*, one of the most important towns in the north of France. It is little more than twenty minutes' ride by rail from St. Pierre. By some it has been termed the Leeds of France, the chief manufactures being fine woollens and kerseymeres. There are here an enormous number of woollen factories, some of them being of great size, almost equal to the largest establishments in Yorkshire, in which vast numbers of operatives are continually employed. Besides these, there are cotton factories, dye-houses, tanneries, bleaching-works, soap-houses, and engineering-works, in full activity. Everywhere are to be seen the various cheering indications of industrial prosperity. The people appear orderly, industrious, and contented. It is situated in a fertile plain, formerly the scene of more than one of the numerous conflicts which took place during the time of the French religious wars. The people of Louviers were staunch adherents of the Catholic League ; and when the Catholic parliament was driven out of Rouen by the Protestants, the

parliamentarians were welcomed with open arms by the Louviers, who, however, had subsequently to submit to the victorious arms of Henry V. and his army. Traces of the ancient fortifications yet remain, their sites now forming a series of delightful promenades. The church, of Gothic architecture, is deserving of a visit, as are the various public buildings, including the district Court of Justice, Public Library, etc.

By-and-by we find ourselves traversing a scene of unusual beauty. We are hastening rapidly along the side of a hilly range, on the other side of which we have an extensive view, extending for many miles, of the rich and fertile valley of the Seine. Here in the distance rise the ruins of the once formidable castle of Gaillard, erected by King Richard Cœur de Lion, to protect the Duchy of Normandy against the incursions of the French kings. Indeed, the whole neighbourhood teems with associations of the lion-hearted monarch and his famous predecessor, William the Conqueror. Falling at last into the hands of the French monarchs, it was by them used as a state prison, and within its walls took place the frightful tragedy of the murder of the infamous Margaret of Burgundy by order of her relentless husband, Louis X. This occurred in 1314. Afterwards, during the wars of the League, Henry IV. dismantled the castle, together with those of others belonging to nobles discontented with the supremacy of the French. Near the ruins of the castle is the town of Les Anderlys, famous as the birthplace of Nicholas Poussin, the painter. There is little that is interesting in the town, except its church and woollen factories.

Gaillon formerly belonged to the Archbishop of Rouen, to whom it had been given by St. Louis; and here the prelate's successors had a palace up to the time of the

Great Revolution. This edifice was destroyed by the English in 1423, but was rebuilt, a century later, by George d'Amboise. This edifice, before its spoliation, was one of the finest in the whole of Normandy, and formed the favourite residence of Francis I. It is now used as a prison, the prisoners being employed in making carpets and cotton goods, and in plaiting straw. The town possesses a singular fountain, which has the property of covering with a strong incrustation any object which may be thrown into it. Beyond Gaillon, in a northerly direction, the vine cannot be profitably cultivated.

Vernon; the stately tower of which was erected in 1123, by Henry I. of England. We are now in a part of France which has more than once succumbed to the valorous arms of English soldiers, and as we journey on we shall meet with more than one place the history of which is intimately mixed up with that of our own. Here, in Vernon, it was, that in 1298, Philip Augustus sought a refuge when conquered by Richard Cœur de Lion; and here it was, at a more recent date, that Louis Philippe occasionally came for the purpose of visiting his châteaux at Bizy, in the immediate neighbourhood. The town is situated in a singularly beautiful valley, and is connected by a bridge of twenty-two arches, with the suburb of Vernonnet, on the other side of the Seine. Here is a college, founded by Henry VI., also several large establishments, in which the manufacture of cotton-velvet, calico, cotton, and other textile fabrics is largely carried on.

Leaving Vernon behind us, but not without recalling the curious fact that it furnishes a title for an English peer, we hasten past Bonnières, and then arrive at

Rosny, where Sully, the celebrated Minister of Henri IV., was born in 1559. Sully's life was an adventurous one.

Escaping death during the Massacre of St. Bartholomew, he devoted himself to the fortunes of Henry of Navarre, and on the accession of that Prince, under the title of Henry IV., to the throne, became financial minister of the state. When James I. became King of England, Sully visited this country in the capacity of French Ambassador. Rosny is a beautiful place, and the country here is richly wooded; and occasionally we gain a glimpse of charmingly situated villas, almost theatrical in their seeming unreality.

Mantes is a town prettily situated on the banks of the Seine, and interesting to the English traveller, as being the place where William the Conqueror, falling from his horse, received the fatal injuries which led to his death shortly afterwards at Rouen. The lofty tower of the recently restored Church of Notre Dame here attracts the notice of the tourist, as does the Tower of S. Maclou, the only portion of the fine church erected in the fourteenth century. The town suffered considerably during the invasions of the English into Normandy, and, at a later period, during the wars of the League. There are numerous pleasant walks, some being on the banks of the Seine, a bridge across which leads to the town of Limay, on the opposite bank. Mantes possesses several fountains, a hospital, refuge for the aged, and a public library, containing a good collection of ancient volumes. There are some large tanneries in the suburbs, and in the town a number of hosiery and cotton factories afford employment for the inhabitants. The vineyards of the district produce large quantities of red wine, which finds a ready sale in Paris.

Meulan formed the scene of many hot contests between the English and French troops in Normandy, and played a conspicuous part in the famous wars of the League, during which the Duc de Mayenne vainly besieged a fort situated

on an island in the river opposite the town. There are two churches here, one of which is used as a corn market. The manufacture of woollen hosiery and similar articles is extensively carried on here. There are also numerous flour mills in the neighbourhood.

As we proceed, we note one peculiarity of the French landscape: that instead of the surface of the earth being partitioned off into fields, as with us, it is divided into innumerable small allotments, each of which is the property of the individual tilling it. Indeed, in France the peasantry are the actual proprietors of the soil. The cherry orchards in the neighbourhood produce large quantities of delicious fruit.

Poissy is remarkable as having been the birthplace of St. Louis, better known as "Louis of Poissy." Here is held the largest cattle market in France, and from which the principal meat supplies of Paris are obtained. In 1561, Poissy was the scene of an important theological conference, having for its object the settlement of the various conflicting claims of Protestants and Roman Catholics.

We next arrive at **Conflans**, at the confluence of the Seine and the Oise—a river formed by the union of two streams, one having its rise in the Ardennes, the other in Belgium. The number of navigable rivers in France is very large, being not less than 400, exclusive of about 500 smaller streams. In times of long-continued rains, many of these streams become swollen, and serious inundations are the result. The valley of the Seine, through which the Paris, Rouen, and Dieppe Railway takes its course, frequently suffers from such calamities. The Seine has, in consequence of its numerous windings, an exceedingly slow current, the boats between Rouen and Paris generally taking from six to ten days to perform the voyage, although the land journey

is but 76 miles. The introduction of the curiously-shaped steamboats, which may frequently be observed gliding easily over the surface of the river, has greatly lessened the time occupied by the river route.

Passing St. Germain, and getting just a glimpse of the old and splendid Terrace, which forms the principal charm of the place, extending as it does for upwards of a mile and a half along the eastern slope of the hill ; then through the beautiful and extensive forest of St. Germain, more than 20 miles in circumference, and one of the most delightful portions of the environs of Paris, we pause at the village of

Maison Laffitte. The Château at this place was formerly the property of the Count d'Artois (Charles X.), and was subsequently presented by Napoleon to Marshal Lannes, a remarkable man, who, born of humble parents, fought his way up from the ranks of the working classes until he became Duke of Montebello and Marshal of France. Afterwards it was purchased by Laffitte, the celebrated financier, whence it secured its present name. Jacques Laffitte was the son of a poor carpenter at Bayonne, and distinguished himself by rising from the grade of clerk in a banking house, of which he ultimately became the proprietor, to that of the chief banker of France during the Empire and the Restoration ; he died in 1844. And now, as the train approaches Paris, the windings of the Seine become more distinct, and the repeated appearance of picturesque country-houses, adorned with luxuriant orchards and tastefully arranged gardens, tells the tourist that his journey is rapidly nearing its termination.

The suburban district of Paris, through which the line passes, is full of beauty, and its views sharpen the appetite of the stranger for the gorgeous views of the city upon which the eyes are about to be feasted. On arrival at the station,

there is a slight detention whilst the registered luggage is arranged in the spacious Custom House for examination ; and after that little formality, the next important thing is to reach your Hotel, and then to form some plans for the full enjoyment of the anticipated pleasure of a visit to this queen of European cities.

As it forms no part of our plan to make this a Guide Book to Paris, we do not even give a list of places which every visitor ought to see—but proceed now to describe much more briefly than we have described the route from Dieppe, the routes :—

I. From Boulogne to Paris.

II. From Calais to Paris.

And then we shall start off in company from Paris to Switzerland. (See p. 45.)

FROM LONDON TO PARIS, VIA BOULOGNE,

By South-Eastern Railway, via Sevenoaks to Folkestone, steam by good boats to Boulogne (passage 2 to 3 hours).

Boulogne is the English colony of France : it is situated on the estuary of a small stream, the Liane, which forms a tide-harbour ; it has all the interesting sights common to a large city, such as cathedral, museum, library, etc. Visitors staying here will find a pleasant pier, esplanade, ramparts, and sandy beach. Taking the train, "Chemin de Fer du Nord," at the end of the bridge on the left bank of the Liane, we run past

Montreuil, the scene of Sterne's "Sentimental Journey."

Moyelle, hard by the river Somme ; the rail passes close

to the ford of Blanchetaque, where, before the battle of Crécy, Edward III. crossed the Somme.

Abbeville, a large town, with narrow and dirty streets, and on through somewhat tame scenery to

Amiens, which was the capital of Picardy, and is one of the largest manufacturing towns for cotton velvets, cotton and woollen yarn, etc., in France.

The noble Gothic cathedral in Amiens is well worth a visit, and it will be interesting to know that *one* of the heads of St. John the Baptist is here, several other churches in Europe claiming upon infallible tradition to have it also. Peter the Hermit was born in Amiens. A good buffet here.

Clermont is on the river Oise ; the scenery about here is a little more picturesque.

Criel (buffet here) has the ruins of an old castle, in which Charles VI., who was married in the cathedral of Amiens to Isabel of Bavaria, was incarcerated.

Chantilly is one of the loveliest spots in the neighbourhood of Paris. Everybody knows that Chantilly is the Ascot of France, the principal races in France being held here. In crossing the viaduct of 15 arches over the Thève valley, a capital view is obtained. A short distance further brings us to Paris.

FROM LONDON TO PARIS, VIA CALAIS.

BY LONDON, CHATHAM AND DOVER RAILWAY TO DOVER,
FROM VICTORIA, HOLBORN VIADUCT, OR LUDGATE HILL
STATIONS.

The journey to Paris via Dover and Calais is undoubtedly the best for those who wish to run away at once to the playgrounds of Europe. It is only to get into your railway carriage and dash down to Dover, then on to the steamboat,

and within an hour and a half to plant your feet upon the shores of France, and then away to Paris! This journey, the longest by rail, but the shortest in time, is a merciful provision for those who dread the terrors of the deep, for in the short time occupied in the passage it is almost impossible to fall a victim to sea-sickness. There is one point, however, to be considered, that whereas on the Newhaven and Dieppe route you have more beautiful scenery, and take in Rouen, which every tourist ought to visit and enjoy; the route via Calais does not present so many attractions in the way of picturesque scenery and places to be "done."

To those, however, who have once been by way of Dieppe, and are anxious to run through to their destination as quickly as possible, there is no route that can compete with that by Calais. It must be borne in mind, however, that this is the most expensive way of reaching Paris; but there are not a few who will be willing to sacrifice the difference in cost in order to avoid a lengthened sea passage.

As far as our own experience has gone, continental tourists by this route generally compose themselves for slumber as soon as Herne Hill is passed; waken up at Dover, and resume their slumber on taking their seats in the carriages at Calais.

For the benefit of those who are wakeful, and who choose the daylight, we give a brief outline of what may be seen *en route*.

Herne Hill, where the Victoria portion of the train unites with the City portion, is a London suburb, but in its early days was celebrated for its hunting-fields. Where graceful villas now adorn the vales, great dismal swamps at one time abounded, and at that time the Heron made its haunt on the hill which is now called Herne Hill.

Passing Dulwich on the left, we admire the improvement-

to the College in the handsome edifice now erected, and then the Crystal Palace comes in sight. Penge, Beckenham, Bromley—are not their names written on the hearts of all Londoners? and where is there a city in the world surrounded with such rural and pretty country as our great City of London?

Then through the quiet village of St. Mary Cray; past Farningham Road, where we get a peep at the village formed by the Home for Little Boys, one of the best conducted and most praiseworthy institutions of its kind in the world. There are ten houses situate in their own grounds, in each of which dwell a married couple without children of their own, who act as father and mother to the 30 (once destitute) little ones under their care.

And now we near the busy towns of **Rochester** and **Strood** on the Medway. No one can pass these towns without associating with them the memory of Charles Dickens, the plots of many of whose stories are laid in this neighbourhood; nor of Gad's Hill, where for so many years he lived and wrote for us. A fine view from the railway is obtained of Rochester Castle, part of which was built, it is said, by Odo, Bishop of Bayeux. There are many stories of triumphs and struggles attached to the old place, as there are also to the Cathedral, which two places make Rochester famous.

Chatham is full of naval and military importance; and as we run past we see the fortifications, the ship-masts, the blue-jackets and the red-coats, all which things are supposed to stand as emblems of our power.

We have hardly dismissed from our minds the reminiscences awakened by Rochester, than we come upon

Canterbury, the Bethlehem of our national religion; the Mecca of our pilgrim days.

St. Augustine, Thomas à Becket, Chaucer, and troop upon

troop of celebrities crowd upon the memory ; but as we have not a pocket edition of Stanley's "Historical Memorials" with us, we trust to memory to bring us visions of the old cathedral which has stood as a tower of strength through stormy ages, and to feel thankful that this memorial of our national history was spared from the destroying flames originated, only a short time since, from the same cause which laid in ruins the Alexandra Palace on Muswell Hill.

Dover. Here history is at a discount, all our attention being devoted to getting speedily on board, after taking a flying visit perchance to the hotel close by the harbour.

Twenty-three miles only of sea separates us from France ; and Shakespeare's Cliff has hardly dropped behind us in the distance before the coast of France is seen ahead.

Calais is surrounded by moat and wall, and guarded by a citadel. There is a fine quay ; and the two piers stretch far into the sea. The town is well built and regular, easy to find your way about in it. The churches, Notre Dame and St. Sepulchre, are its principal buildings.

Calais "was described by an English traveller of the times of James I.," says Murray, "as a beggarly, extorting town ; monstrous dear, and sluttish. In the opinion of many," he adds, "this description holds good down to the present time." But this, we think, is hardly fair. Of course, everybody who sees Calais for the first time will think of Eustace de St. Pierre and his devoted companions in their heroic conduct at the Siege, and the very name will recall the inscription which might have been found on the heart of Queen Mary.

The mail route from Calais to Paris is by way of Boulogne, and as we have already described the journey from Boulogne to Paris, (see pp. 39, 40,) it is only necessary here to notice the journey from Calais to Boulogne, a distance of twenty-

one English miles. To those who are visiting France for the first time, this is an interesting way to take, especially if it is the intention of the tourist to break the journey.

As we leave Calais we are struck with the tameness of the level scenery ; and when anon we get amongst the hills, they are equally devoid of interest. On the seashore we may observe an insignificant little village which bears the name of

Ouessant ; but it is a place which has been remarkable, for if all accounts be true, Julius Cæsar started from here to lay hold on our "tight little isle." There is no harbour now, but once it stood in relation to England almost as Calais does now.

Marquise is the next town of any importance, and being amongst rocks and cuttings and quarries, it is pretty to look upon.

Ambleteuse, a miserable little village on the coast, has yet an interest for us ; for when the unfortunate James II., hounded from place to place, and deserted by all, had to resign his palace in favour of the Prince of Orange, escaped to Rochester, and on the 23rd December, 1688, set sail for France, he disembarked at Ambleteuse, from whence he proceeded to St. Germain, near Paris, where Louis XIV. gave him a castle, a small income, and a generous welcome.

Within three miles of Boulogne, in the churchyard of Wimille, is a monument to the memory of Pilâtre de Rosier and Romaine, the adventurous aeronauts, who thought to cross the channel from Boulogne, but the balloon caught fire when they were nearly 4,000 feet up in the air, and they perished by a fearful death, being dashed to pieces. That was in 1785, and long before ballooning had become the art it is now.

Passing down under the walls of the old town, we enter *Boulogne station*, (see p. 39.)

Paris to Switzerland,

VIÂ BASLE.

THERE is a choice of routes between Paris and Switzerland ; you can go by way of Epernay, Chalons, Bar-le-Duc, Nancy, and Strasburg ; but as the place of principal interest in this route is Strasburg, and that can be more easily and pleasantly done via the Rhine, we omit it here, and refer you to Cook's "Tourist's Guide to Holland, Belgium, and the Rhine." Perhaps there is one other attraction in this route, namely, the extensive vine country through which the tourist passes, but as this can be seen at so many other places, it is hardly worth the tourist's while to make this an object.

So setting aside this route, we have two others left us, viz :

To Basle, by the East of France and the Alsace and Lorraine Railways, via Troyes, Belfort, and Mulhouse.

Or to Geneva or Neuchatel, by the Paris, Lyons, and Mediterranean Railway, via Fontainebleau, Tonnerre, and Dijon.

We propose, therefore, to supply ourselves with tourists' tickets, which shall enable us to go out by Basle, and return by Dijon, or *vice versa*, thus taking in the two routes. And to that end we have supplied ourselves with the coupons described in Appendix, p. 204.

Following the plan pursued in our journey to Paris, we make a few notes of the principal places of interest in our long railway ride to Basle; and we shall do the same when we bid farewell to Switzerland on our return journey to Paris (see p. 187).

PARIS TO BASLE.

We have before us a run of 325 miles, and it would be wearisome to describe all the stations we shall pass, as in all probability we shall be asleep half the time.

Troyes (buffet) once had 60,000 inhabitants, but it has since degenerated. It is a curious town, especially for those who delight in architecture; it has an interesting military history, and everybody is familiar with it, who is familiar with the exploits of the Great Napoleon. Every schoolboy knows at least thus much of Troyes, that the standard of this town was the origin of *troy weight*.

Chaumont, on the banks of the Marne.

Langres (a population of 8000). Louis Philippe built a citadel here. It is the head-quarters of the cutlery trade of France, and is, in fact, its Sheffield.

Vésoul is an unimportant town, but situated pleasantly in fertile country.

Belfort is a town and fortress commanding the entrance into France from Switzerland. Its fortifications were built by Vauban, under Louis XIV. "On the rock above them is the castle which was built in 1228, and held by the Austrians until given up to France by the treaty of Munster." But Belfort is memorable to us by its later history; for who can forget the siege by the Germans, which lasted from the 3rd November, 1870, to 16th February, 1871? Here it was that Von Werder defeated Bourbaki in his attempts to raise

the siege. Belfort capitulated, by order of the French Government; but by the peace of 1871 it was restored to France. The town is pleasantly situated between the Vosges and Jura mountains.

Mulhausen, or Mülhouse, a very important manufacturing town, with a population of 52,000 inhabitants. Printed silks, cottons, chemicals, paper, machinery, and a host of other things are manufactured here.

There are some fine buildings in the town, but not of sufficient importance to detain the tourist, unless he has some special end to answer.

A run of nineteen miles brings us to

BÂLE, BASLE, OR BASEL.

(Hotel Trois Rois (Three Kings).

—A very fine hotel, with a long history attaching to it; situated on the Rhine, commanding a good view of the river and opposite bank.)

Basle is a quaint, interesting town. Its name is said to have been derived from Basileia, or Basilis—a queen—perhaps on account of its wealth and importance and splendid situation on the Rhine.

As you leave the railway station, notice the **clocks** outside it. There are two, and they differ by twenty-two minutes. One shows the Paris time, the other the time of Basle. Much interest attaches to the time in Basle, as the following will show :—

“Everybody knows how, until the end of the last century, it was a part of the religion of the people of Basle to keep their clocks an hour in advance of those of the rest of the world. It is somewhat remarkable, however, that the origin of so singular a practice should not be more

clearly traced. One theory accounts for it, by the supposition that the people of Basle were an hour lazier than other people, and required this notable device in order to keep them up to the mark. Another is, that the town-clock having been struck by lightning, and the hand forced an hour forward, the superstition of the people prevented them from interfering with what they considered to be the act of heaven. A third is, that the attempt of an enemy to surprise the town at a certain appointed hour was defeated by the town clock, which was to have given the signal, striking an hour in advance, and thus deceiving them into the belief that they were too late; in grateful commemoration of which this tribute of respect was paid to bad clock-making—like that of the Romans to the geese, which saved the Capitol. A fourth theory—and that which finds favour in the eyes of the respectable traveller, Coxe—is, that it is owing to the fact of the choir of the cathedral being built at a little deviation from the due east, which consequently produced a corresponding variation upon the sun-dial which was affixed to it. Whatever the origin of the practice might be, it was considered by the people of Basle as an integral part of their constitution; and every proposition made in the council to alter it, met with a signal defeat. Unsuccessful in the open field, the reformers made an attempt to put the clock right by stealth. They shifted the hands half a minute each day; and had already succeeded in putting it back three-quarters of an hour, when, by some means, the people found out that their time was being tampered with, and terrible was the commotion. I can fancy the speeches made on the occasion—

“Fellow-citizens and countrymen of the immortal Tell! An insidious attempt has just been made on one of our *cherished* and time-honoured institutions! That which has

so long bid defiance to the utmost efforts of their open violence, your enemies have been conspiring in the guilty darkness of secrecy to undermine,' etc., etc.

"And then they would go in a body, with shouts and patriotic songs, and—*put the clock wrong again!* But the day came at last, for all that. The clocks have gone right for years, and now there is railway time at Basle."*

We walk or ride, as the case may be, at once to the "Three Kings," noticing the irregular streets, the "high roofs of rich-brown weather-tinted tiles," the large houses flat as pancakes, and the generally foreign look of the place.

The "Three Kings" is a wonderful hotel, "and requires a map and pocket compass to find your way in it." Its present name is derived from the fact that three Kings, Conrad II., Henry III. of Germany, and Rodolphus III. of Burgundy, met here to sign some important document touching the interests of the town; and as it was *then* an inn, we are justified in saying it is an old inn with a history attaching to it.

A neat little Guide to Basle, prepared by the proprietor of the hotel, gives a concise account of the history of the inn, the town, and its principal sights.

In an old book (referred to in the work I have just quoted) by Maxmilian Misson, who visited Basle in 1690, the author says, in his "Instructions to Travellers," "At Basel, lodge at the 'Three Kings,' where you will be well entertained." We accept the challenge thrown out across the centuries, and are charmed with the choice we have made. We look out of the windows, and have our first view of the Rhine.

* Robert Ferguson, "Swiss Men and Swiss Mountains."

“ . . . Exulting and abounding river !
Making thy waves a blessing as they flow
Through banks whose beauty would endure for ever,
Could man but leave the bright creation so.”

It is a fine sight, that broad river rushing along at a mad speed! To those who have not seen it before, what a flood of memories is recalled by it!

Walk out on to the wooden bridge (280 yards long) which spans it, and indulge them.

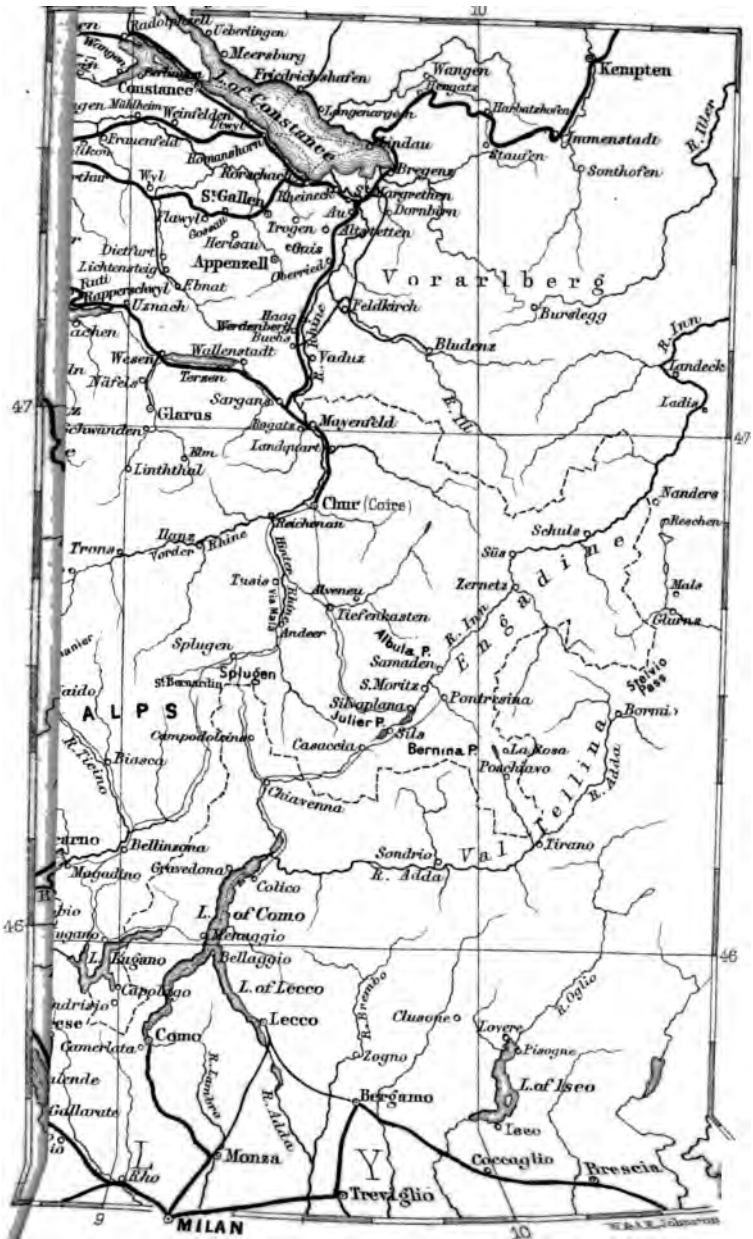
Then amuse yourself by watching the rafts of timber coming down the river, and note the dexterity with which the men on them shoot the heavy craft through the piers of the bridge. No boat can force its way against the mighty current here save one, and that is ingeniously contrived to propel itself by the current. It is a curious affair, and is worth the investment of an old copper, just to cross and recross.

There are not many sights of thrilling moment in Basle to visit, but what there are we will do, taking them in whatever order may please our fancy.

The Minster, once the cathedral, is sure to be one of the first places to visit. It is built of deep-red sandstone, and has two very conspicuous towers.

It contains many objects of interest, but a general air of neglect pervades the building, which was originally built in the eleventh, but having been destroyed by an earthquake, was rebuilt at the beginning of the fifteenth century. The choir contains some remarkable monuments, and next to it is the Council Chamber, where the Council of Basle was held about the year 1440; and has remained untouched since that period, with the exception of some repairs done to the roof.

It is now merely a museum, containing nothing of interest





but some eccentric painting, known as the "Dance of Death," attributed to Holbein, a resident in Basle, but asserted to have been painted before he was born. Holbein, as it is known, resided for some years in England, where he was patronised by Henry the Eighth. His best works in Basle, amongst them his own portrait, are to be seen in the **Museum**, open to the public Sunday and Wednesday, and shown at all other times for a small gratuity.

Die Pfalz is a terrace close to the cathedral, where we may enjoy a stroll. It is seventy or eighty feet above the river, which boils and bubbles below us, and away in the distance is the Black Forest. It is planted with chesnut trees, and is a very pleasant promenade.

Close by are the **Cloisters**, lonely and gloomy now, and so they must have been for the past 500 years. I would recommend all who visit Basle, and have nothing else to do about the hour of sunset, to walk up to Die Pfalz and the Cloisters.

The **Church of Saint Elizabeth** is the most magnificent modern building in Basle. It is in the Gothic style, and is the gift of a merchant of Basle, who left an enormous sum (nearly a quarter of a million) for its erection.

In Basle, Holbein the painter, Bernouilli and Euler the mathematicians, were born, and here Erasmus died, and was buried in the cathedral.

A short distance from Basle is the **Battle-field of Saint Jacob**, where, in the year 1444, a handful of Swiss withstood a French army, and so impressed its leaders by their courage, as to lead to an alliance between the belligerents. It was not till 1872 that the monument of Saint Jacob was inaugurated, which shows the burial place of the

brave men who fell in the battle. The inscription upon it is—"Our souls to God; our bodies to the enemy!"

The University of Basle does not occupy an eminent position as a seat of learning, though it has produced some distinguished men.

The inhabitants of Basle have always had the character of being thrifty traders, and the charge of usury has been laid at their door; they have also earned the notoriety in ancient times which attaches to the quarrelsome, and as late as the year 1833 the city Basle and the country Basle were engaged in a civil war on so small a scale as would have rendered it ridiculous, but for the bloodshed and death in which it resulted. Since that time the belligerent canton has been divided into two parts, by order of the Swiss Diet.

At the Arsenal may be seen some curious relics of the past, in the shape of armour and guns. One suit of armour is said to have been worn by Charles the Bold, of Burgundy.

FROM BASLE TO LUCERNE.

The first thing to interest us will be to take note of the **Railway carriages**. They are constructed on the American plan, and will accommodate nearly 100 passengers; a passage or promenade runs the whole length of the train, so that the guard can walk from the engine to the very nethermost buffer. At the end of each carriage there is a platform where passengers are at liberty to stand if so disposed, and whizz along through the wind, with the country lying all peacefully around, and nothing to intercept the view. The seats in the carriages have low slanting backs, and can be moved about, so that you can sit face or back to engine, *just as you please*; and besides all this, there are in the

first-class carriages seats covered with crimson or green velvet, beautiful little inlaid tables, and all the comforts of a drawing-room.* As one has said, "Swiss railway carriages are as superior to English as broughams are to prison vans."

It is a delightful railway journey, and as I write and think of the time when I first travelled it many years ago, every incident of the way, and the rush of new and delightful feeling is as vivid as though it were but a week ago. There are some journeys that leave an indelible impression on the mind, and I have often heard people say, "I shall never forget my first journey in Switzerland, from Basle to Lucerne."

The Battle-field of St. Jacob (to which reference has been made, p. 51) is passed, where 1600 Swiss had the courage to withstand for ten hours a French army ten times more numerous, commanded by the Dauphin, afterwards Louis XI. Only ten of the Swiss escaped alive, and the battle of St. Jacob is still referred to as the Thermopylæ of Swiss history. The vineyards near the field produce a red wine called Schweitzer Blut (Swiss blood).

Near to this is the spot where the men of Basle were attacked and slaughtered in 1833 by an ambuscade of their own countrymen, which led to the partition of the canton, by which Liestal became the capital of Basle Campagne. Along the Rhine valley, and then up the valley of the river Ergolz to Liestal, which reminds us of the hatred to its rival Basle, and only provokes thoughts which we do not care to indulge in the midst of such peaceful and glorious scenes.

Then begins a series of views which of their kind are incomparable; but just as you are arriving at Läuelfingen, and think that the grand expanse of Alpine glory will burst upon your view, the train rushes into a tunnel. To avoid

* The second-class seats are also nicely stuffed and covered.

the disappointment which this occasions, some who visit Switzerland for the first time quit the train here, cross the mountain Hauenstein on foot, and rejoin the railway at Olten. From the summit of the mountain the view is magnificent, but we do not recommend this course unless time is unlimited, as we think greater satisfaction is obtained by awaiting arrival at Lucerne.

Passengers to Lucerne change carriages at **Olten**. Fine mountain views are obtained here. The Jura Alps all around are very picturesque in their appearance. The town of Olten contains about 2500 inhabitants. At the station there is a first-rate refreshment-room.

Olten is thirty-three miles from Lucerne.

And now we get glimpses of the Alps, and they look like masses of cloud in the heavens to those who are unaccustomed to mountain scenery.

The first station from thence is **Aarburg**, a town of historical interest, possessing an old palace of the Counts of Aarburg. Here we enter a district distinguished by its verdant pasture and picturesque houses, and also abundant remains of the Roman period, which brings us to the old fortified town of

Sursee, remembered by historians as the scene of those struggles by which Swiss independence was achieved in the fourteenth century. (The double eagle of the house of Hapsburg still adorns the gates of the town.)

Then past **Sempach**, with its broad but not very beautiful lake, and its battle-field, where thousands perished in 1386, and Duke Leopold of Austria was defeated. Four stone crosses mark the battle-field.

But we think not much of historical associations here, for our eyes are too busy in making out this point and the *other*; for the heights of Pilatus are on one side of us, and

the Rigi on the other, while the bright green waters of the Reuss are below us; and soon the train rushes under a tunnel, and then we step out of the station, and find ourselves at

LUCERNE.

(Hotel du Cygne (Swan). Delightfully situated, immediately facing the Steamboat Station, and commanding the best views of the Rigi and other mountain scenery.)

As you come out of the railway station, a sight bursts upon the view which fairly takes away the breath. You stand before the bright clear waters of one of the most beautiful lakes in the world. To your right are the wild craggy heights of Mount Pilatus; away in the distance the gigantic mountains of the Bernese Oberland, rising up from the water, and losing themselves in the sky; opposite is the Rigi, with villages nestling at its base; to your left the town of Lucerne, with its quaint castles, churches, curved bridges, and picturesque houses.

Altogether it is a scene which will make an indelible impression on your memory. Let us go at once into the room, settle upon our quarters at the hotel, and then start out on a tour of inspection.

Lucerne is situated on what is termed the Lake of the Four Cantons, from the fact of its being common to them all—viz., Lucerne, Unterwalden, Uri, and Schwytz. Its population is about 15,000, of whom a very small proportion—say 1300—are Protestants. It is situated on the Reuss, rising in the form of an amphitheatre, with the river flowing down its centre. The walls and watch-towers, erected in 1385, are in a good state of preservation, and give a peculiar interest to the appearance of the town.

The **Reuss** deserves attention : it is the brightest, clearest, softest, emerald-green river you ever saw.

There are four bridges across the river. Two of them are roofed over, and no one should visit Lucerne without stopping to see these

Covered Bridges.—The oldest is **Kapellbrücke**, dating from the year 1300 or thereabouts, and report says that it is to fall a victim to the "spirit of the age," and make way for a prosaic bridge over which vehicles may travel. It is decorated with 154 curious paintings, representing scenes from the history of Switzerland, and doing honour to its patron saints.

Near to this bridge is the **Wasserthurm**, rising from the river, which contains the archives of the town admirably arranged. It was originally a Roman lighthouse (*Lucerna*), and from this the town derives its name.

There is also another covered bridge not far from the Basle Gate, and this is decorated with thirty-four pictures from "The Dance of Death." Every one will remember the conversation between Prince Henry and Elsie in Longfellow's "Golden Legend."

"The dance of Death.

All that go to and fro must look upon it,
Mindful of what they shall be ; while beneath,
Among the wooden piles, the turbulent river
Rushes impetuous as the River of Life."

They are

"Strange pictures with strange inscriptions."

Death at the marriage and the christening at court, in the ball-room, in the chapel, dancing with the queen, and walking with the peasant. When you have gazed upon the pictures, and seen yourself and all your friends and all *the* world taking part in that grim dance, and then come

out into the busy street and golden sunshine, you will think of the moral which spoke to Elsie :—

“The grave itself is but a covered bridge,
Leading from light to light thro’ a brief darkness.”

At the end of the Quay, near to the large hotels, is the **Cathedral Church**. It has two slender towers, and possesses an excellent organ, upon which there is a daily performance for the benefit of those who will invest one franc. It has two side-altars, with carved wood reliefs, and finely carved stalls, and painted glass windows; but more interesting than the church itself are the cloisters surrounding it, in which are some fine paintings (two by Deschwanden), and numerous monuments in good preservation.

A short distance from this church will be found the

Lion of Lucerne, the greatest curiosity of the town, and perhaps one of the most beautiful, certainly the most original, monuments in the world. It represents a huge lion hewn out of the solid rock, which is overhung with ivy. A broken lance pierces the dying body of the lion, and sheltered under his paw is the Bourbon lily. At the base is a pool of water, and around are maple trees and pines. It is emblematic of the defence of Louis XVI. and his family at the Tuileries, August 1792; which was annihilated in the struggle. This monument, while it commemorates the fidelity of the Swiss, commemorates also the eternal disgrace on the nobility of France, who abandoned its hapless sovereign, with his majestic wife and helpless family, to the fury of a brutalized mob. The monument was not sculptured by Thorwaldsen, as has been sometimes stated, but after a model by that celebrated Danish sculptor, which model may be seen in a building hard by. The inscription is to the “memory of 26 officers and 760 soldiers of the Swiss Guard,

who were cruelly massacred in the defence of the Tuileries, August 10th, 1792." The figure is $28\frac{1}{2}$ ft. long and 18 ft. high. In the chapel adjoining the monument, where masses are offered for the repose of the souls of these heroes, the altar-cloth is the work of the Duchess d'Angoulême, daughter of Louis XVI., the last survivor of that terrible scene, who to the end of her life showed the deepest devotion to the memory of her benefactors.

Near here we shall be well repaid by looking in at

The **Glacier Garden**, a genuine curiosity, showing traces of an old glacier, etc., and


Stauffer's Museum, which contains groups of Alpine animals, numbering about 600.

There are not many "sights" to be seen at Lucerne, but no one should visit the town without seeing the

Arsenal, where may be seen many interesting objects commemorative of the history of the Swiss. Lucerne boasts of having taken an important part in the struggle in which Switzerland was engaged against the House of Hapsburg, from which it revolted in consequence of its tyranny; and trophies taken from the battle of Sempach, where one of the said dukes was slain, and the cause of Swiss liberty triumphed, are shown in the Arsenal—an ancient structure bearing witness to the military prowess of the forefathers of the canton.

The Town Hall, with its frescoes, the Church of the Jesuits, and the Church of the Franciscans, are places of interest.

It is not for its attractions as a town, that Lucerne is so crowded with tourists, but for its glorious surroundings, groves of trees, tempting promenades, all reflected in the crystal face of the sparkling lake. Standing in the front of our hotel (The Swan), we never weary of the view right before us of the Rigi, and in the cool of the evening a walk



under the Lindens is enjoyable, however tiring the day may have been; for yonder are

“The Alps,
The palaces of nature, whose vast walls
Have pinnacled in clouds their snowy scalps.”

THE LAKE OF LUCERNE,

With its waters of dreamy blue reflecting the snow-capped summits of the surrounding mountains, deserves special notice. Longfellow describes it as

“The Lake of the Four Forest Towns, apparelled
In light, and lingering, like a village maiden
Hid in the bosom of her native mountains,
Then pouring all her life into another’s,
Changing her name and being !”

Linger here as long as you can afford the time; for you will not see a more beautiful lake in your life. I question whether there is to be found in Europe any lake more complete and perfect in the grandeur of its mountain scenery, the quiet beauty of its banks, the poetry of its legendary associations, and the endless variety of its charms. It is between twenty-five and twenty-six miles long, and varies from one to four miles in breadth.

A recent visitor, making a steamboat tour of the lake, says :—“We left Lucerne early. Travellers were going to and fro under the lindens; porters were bringing luggage on board; fishers played in the gulf with their boats—some with a sail, others without any; maidens in the costume of the canton offered for sale luscious fruits and the wood-work of the shepherds. All was life. Soon we lost sight of the town and its towers, and passed near the Meggenhorn promontory, the only isle of the magic lake—it was a little marvel of verdure amongst the gigantic marvels that sur-

rounded it. Then we sailed on the cross of the lake, which is formed by the gulfs of Lucerne, Küssnacht, and Alpnach, the channel of Brünnen, and the Gulf of Uri, which re-curves near Flüelen. The Lucerne Gulf is the summit of that cross; the Küssnacht and Alpnach Gulfs are its two arms, the Brünnen Channel is its rod, and the Uri Gulf is its foot. All along the way there were little farms; knots of cow and goat herds; small chapels reflected in the waters, deep grottos, floating tents, cottages with balconies opening on the promontories, fantastical volutions of horizons, capes, creeks, shades, and gleams. Woods and parks appeared and disappeared; meadows, mosses, and heaths succeeded each other. Cranes and plovers flew across the whirl-breeze, and swallows wetted the end of their wings in the silvery track of the steamer. All the promontories and bays, all the pasture lands, were enlivened with herds and herdsmen."

If time permits, the tourist should not only make the steamboat journeys to the places of interest which will be hereafter described, but should indulge in a row in one of the quaint boats he will find on the quay. The method of rowing on the Lake of Lucerne differs from that on the Thames; instead of pulling your oars towards you, you push them from you; instead of sitting, you stand; "feathering" is out of the question, as the oars are fastened in the rowlocks.

Whether we travel by steamer or rowing-boat, a thousand objects will interest us on every hand. "So clear is the lake, that you can in some deep places see to the bottom; it does not look like water, but a sheet of blue glass spread over deep caverns, and the fish look as if they were floating in air, and the weeds like uncultivated gardens. Enchantment gilds the scene; now a castle on a hill, now a shrine with a richly decorated image of the Virgin reared *upon some* isolated piece of rock, now an arm of the lake

disclosing a world of wonders that we never dreamt were there." These are some of the things for which we must keep our eyes open.

PILATUS

Is one of the most interesting mountains in these parts ; it is easy of access from Lucerne, and is not difficult of ascent, except just at the last. The name of the mountain has been the subject of much dispute, some alleging that it is merely a corruption of the Latin "*pileatus*," capped, in allusion to the clouds which generally surround its summit. It has been, and is to this day, the weather guide to all this part, and the popular saying runs thus :—

" If Pilatus wears his cap, serene will be the day ;
 If his collar he puts on, then mount the rugged way ;
 But if his sword he wields, then stay at home, I say."

Others aver that the name is derived from Pontius Pilate, the governor of Judea, who, when he had committed the terrible sin which makes his name a reproach, filled with remorse fled from Judea, and took refuge in the fastnesses of this melancholy mountain ; there the wild crags and dark precipices were his lonely resorts ; upon these gloomy scenes his gloomy mind dwelt for many years, until at last, unable to bear his remorse, and filled with despair, he tried to put out the fire which raged in his breast by committing suicide in a lake near the summit of the mountain. But his spirit continued to haunt the place, and when travellers have gone up those dismal heights, they have seen him come up from the waters, and slowly and solemnly go through the ceremony of washing his hands. Then the tempest howled, the Infernal Lake heaved, dark clouds and heavy mists gathered round the mountain's head, and a storm or hurricane always followed. And so, as the spirit showed such evident dislike

to being disturbed, severe penalties were inflicted by the magistrates of Lucerne upon any one who might dare to visit the haunted place.

Such is the tradition, over which rivers of ink have been spilt. For an interesting account of the mountain and its traditions, see Sir W. Scott's "Anne of Gierstein."

The original name of the mountain was Fracmont, from *mons fractus*—broken mountain. Many other traditions appear to have sprung up as occasion required; such as its being the abode of other evil spirits—the Tüerst and the Bergmannlein; of dragons, of a colossal statue carved without hands in the black rock of a cavern, and so on, and so on. But these tales of horror and wonder have died out, and the tourist of weakest nerves need not fear an encounter with infernal spirits, as he wanders over the green pastures and beside the still waters of the mountain, and beholds a glorious panorama, superior, say some, to that from the Rigi.

It may be mentioned that carriages may be taken to Hergezwyl, at the east base of Pilatus; and the remainder of the journey, except the last steep pull, by mule.

THE RIGI.

(Hotel Kulm.)

Whether we ascend Pilatus or not, it would never do for us not to ascend the Rigi. It would be like going to Rome and not seeing the Coliseum, or going to Naples and not seeing Pompeii.

It is so easy to ascend, that the poorest mountain climber need not fear his abilities; or if he does, there are half a dozen ways by which he may avoid the toil. It can be walked from Weggis in three hours and a half. Or there *is now a railway* from Vitznau (both Weggis and Vitznau

are a short and pleasant steamboat journey from Lucerne), which will take you to the top ; or, if this is not desired, there are horses, or chaises (sedan chairs).

The Rigi Railway first demands consideration, as it is one of the most novel features in mountain climbing. It was completed in July, 1873. The trains run in correspondence with the steamers from Lucerne ; and as a limited number only can be taken, each passenger has a "numbered and reserved seat." The rate of travelling is slow, not exceeding three miles an hour, and it is well it is so, as the gradient "over about one-third of the line is one in four, *i.e.*, for every four feet of length the line rises one foot." This is rather like going up the side of a house ; but, notwithstanding, it is safer to go up the Rigi by rail than going up the side of a house. As no one need be alarmed at the prospect of fire because he insures his house, or of speedy decease because he makes his will, neither need the tourist feel scared because he inspects the appliances for guarding the train from accident. He will notice the toothed wheel working between the rails by which the train ascends, the breaks by which each carriage can be held fast to the rack-rail, and the various other appliances for insuring safety. The engine "has little resemblance to an ordinary locomotive, the boiler being upright ; and, with a view to give it a vertical position when on the steep gradient, it slopes considerably when standing at the station, which has a very odd appearance." No one should miss inspecting the railway, and making a journey, either ascending or descending by it.

But it is a delightful walk if time permits, and the points of interest to note on the way are worth seeing. Starting from Weggis in a path which it is impossible to mistake, we pass a spot where, in 1795, a thick bed of mud descended

like a stream of lava, and swept away everything before it ; but as it took fourteen days to slide down, the inhabitants were able to save themselves and much of their property. Then we reach a curious little chapel, the Chapel of the Holy Cross, where the shepherds came to pray, and where travellers can obtain refreshments. Then through a natural archway of rocks fallen from the heights, which have balanced themselves in a good-natured manner there. Then on to

Kaltbad, where we halt a while ; next to

Staffel, where all the different routes meet ; and then the Summit. All along the way the views are interesting and beautiful. The path is full of travellers going and returning ; and a good walker can make the ascent in two hours and a quarter without distressing himself.

You must decide beforehand if you intend to use your hotel coupon at the Rigi Kulm, and stay to see the sunrise, and send a telegram to the proprietor to say you are coming.

If your plans will not allow you to stay the night at the Rigi, or if you are like me, and prefer seeing the sunset when the "day is well aired," there is ample time to get down the mountain in the twilight. (See Appendix as to Hotel coupons, p. 208.)

The **Rigi Kulm** is 5,905 feet high. It is the highest-most northerly point of the range, and is grass-grown to the top. The name is said by some to be derived from *Regina Montium*, the Queen of Mountains ; and by others from *Mons Rigidus*, the firm or compact mountain, in opposition to *Mons Fractus* (Pilatus), the broken mountain. The view from the summit is absolutely indescribable. It is an easy thing to say that all the great giants of the Bernese Oberland stand around you ; that you look upon the Finsteraarhorn, the Wetterhorn, the Mönch, the Eiger, and the Jungfrau ; that the view takes in a circuit of 300 miles, and that

twelve or thirteen lakes lie imbedded in valleys at your feet. It must be seen ; no pen can tell to one who has not seen what these mighty mountains are, what those strange, fantastic wreaths of vapour can fashion themselves into, what those dying glories of the setting sun can paint !

The scenes which daily occur on the Rigi are so well known, that a description is scarcely necessary. Let, however, one or two travellers briefly relate their experience for our amusement and instruction.

This is what the Rev. Harry Jones says :—

“ This is the popular mountain in Switzerland. Everybody ascends it, young and old, grave and gay, men, women, and children. Some walk, some ride, some are carried up in chairs, with poles under them, like Guy Fawkes. Altogether, about 20,000 get up it every year, one way or another. There are of course several routes to the summit : paths crawl and zigzag up from all sides ; there are four up which people generally ride, to say nothing of those suited only for walkers. There are the routes from Goldau, Küsnacht, Weggis, and Gersau ; these, however, fall in with others, also principal bridle-paths. . . .

“ I was, say, 200 yards from the hotel, and yet I could hear the hideous noise (*i.e.*, the cowhorn to announce the sunrise) travelling about its inside, like a mad bull in a paddock, quite distinctly. No wonder people awoke ; in about five minutes they began to pour out at the door like bees from a hive you have tapped. They seemed to have made a point of not dressing ; it is the correct thing to hurry out unshaved, unwashed, with wraps huddled on ; some had bed-feathers in their hair, at least, fluff of some kind, and noses blue with cold : out they all streamed to see the sun rise—it was very ridiculous and very sublime. The sun rolled up the night like a scroll. The mob of

seedy-looking tourists saw it done in a very complimentary way, and then went back, some to dress, some to breakfast, and the rest to get into bed again."

Here is a characteristic sketch by an American traveller, who of course went by railway :—

"Those of you who have been to Mauch Chunk, and have ridden up that steep railroad that lifts you into the air apparently without any material means, know something of the sensation of going up Rigi. Here, though, we have a black giant like a great mad buffalo, with his huge head between his feet, that butts close up against our car, and snorts and kicks, and labours, but pushes us up backwards right before him. No chains, nor ropes, nor belts of iron protect us as at the Switch Back, from running down to destruction, if anything should break ; but, running in the middle, between the rails for the wheels, there is a heavy iron bed, with sockets close together, to receive the cogs on wheels under the middle of the car, and which fit in so securely that they would hold the whole weight, should any accident occur to engine or to outside wheels. Then a man walks before, and watches to remove any stick or stone that may have chanced to roll down on to the track from the precipices above. They go slowly, too,—not much faster than one could walk ; but that gives better opportunity for the enjoyment of the views which grow and grow, slowly but sensibly, like pictures that come out clearer and clearer when you are looking at dissolving views. Then at the Kulm, the culmination, what a grand scene lies below ! Ten large lakes, like basins of water on the floor of a room (in clearer days thirteen can be seen), city after city like little clusters of hen coops in a barn yard, innumerable villages, high hills only as big as mole hills, forests like vegetable beds in a garden, and hundreds of miles of snow-flaked mountains stretching only an hour's ride or less, it seems, away ! You would not

think of applying grand to such a carpet pattern, would you? and yet, if you saw it, it would just be a carpet pattern; but when you know what it is, it would indeed be a grand sight, one that would hold you and impress you, and make you glad for ever that you had seen it."

Here is Mr. Cook's account:—

"There are several points from which the ascent of the Rigi may be made. The road we took was from Weggis, on the border of the lake facing Lucerne, from which point we found the ascent (on the back of a good strong horse) not at all difficult. But at Weggis there was fierce contention amongst the guides and horse proprietors for the patronage of our party, and, notwithstanding the official regulations for sustaining a fixed tariff, horses were obtained for about half the amount of the official figures.

"The Rigi is more than a thousand feet higher than Ben Nevis, the highest mountain in Great Britain; but the ascent of it is such an every-day occurrence in the tourist season, that it has ceased to excite astonishment, and on account of its familiarity many tourists deem it beneath their notice, and will not exhaust strength nor time in its attainment. Nevertheless, in fine clear weather, hundreds may be seen ascending and descending, with as much regularity as the multitude of travellers frequent a public road. On the night of our ascent there were from two hundred to three hundred at the Kulm Hotel, besides large numbers at the two other hotels, or *pensions*, which are passed at lower elevations. We were favoured by good views of the setting and rising sun, and at eight o'clock in the morning scarcely twenty persons were left at the hotel, though two hundred and fifty more were expected in the evening. The views obtained were quite compensatory for the labour and time devoted to the Rigi. The evening view was, if anything,

the most striking. A small cloud intercepted the line of vision, and the sun, within a few minutes of its final disappearance, could not be seen ; but, as in a mirror, the glorious orb was reflected in a little lake, and shortly, like a globe of fire, gradually sank into the water.

“ Then followed the rush at the *table d'hôte*, the clatter of tongues in many languages, followed by early retirement for the night ; the second object of the ascent being anxiously anticipated, when the horn of the watchman should be sounded to awake the slumberers at early dawn. And so it was ; half an hour before the time appointed for the sun rising, all were aroused by this more noisy than melodious horn, which was sounded through the corridors and passages of our bedrooms. And such a turn-out was there, that this sight alone was enough to compensate for our labour. There stood a group of more than 200 gentlemen and ladies, in every variety of costume,—dressed and half-dressed,—some shivering in the keen air of the early morning ; great-coats, rugs, and wrappers of every description being brought into requisition. At length, while every eye was fixed on one point in the east,—true to his appointment, whoever sleeps,—the great orb of day came forth, in clearness, fulness, and grandeur, throwing glories and beauties over the vast eastern expanse, and lighting up the snow-clad peaks of hundreds of mountains, stretching out in panoramic variety as far as the eye could reach. The great object attained, the visit to the Kulm had culminated, and the mountain sides and winding roads were soon alive with returning visitors. Thus terminated *our* ascent and descent of the Rigi, enabling us to speak with that confidence which we like ever to feel when chalking out lines for others.”

Here is an account given by a writer for the young :—

“ Not a cloud was in the sky ; all the world lay bathed in

a flood of light ; the snow on the Oberland glistened like mines of jewels. It is difficult to say what you cannot see from the top of the Rigi, and any book about Switzerland will tell you what you can. We arrived on the top a couple of hours before the 'show' took place, namely, the sunset, and, as it was bitterly cold, and we were wet through with perspiration, we were obliged to keep on the full jog-trot all the time, to keep our blood in circulation. People were wrapped-up in most extraordinary fashion ; delicate ladies cuddling horse-rugs ; gay young men with shawls and cloaks ; and boys in blankets. It was intense enjoyment, however, to spread out the map, and find out all the mountains and lakes and villages ; and then, by way of a change, to talk to the people, or knock-up an impromptu game to keep ourselves warm. One ugly old Scotchman, whose teeth were chattering with cold, was asked by a blooming niece who was leaning on his arm, whether he did not think it was charming ? 'Hech, lassie ! it canna beat the view from Lomond,' said he.

"By-and-by tourists and travellers gathered round a grand stand erected on the Kulm. The great performance of the day was to be gone through. Hotel proprietors, guide-books, steamboat companies, mule-owners, had raised their voices in one chorus, and cried, 'Walk up ! walk up ! and see the wonderful performance of the Orb of Day !' and so the tourists had walked up accordingly. A man played an overture on an Alpine horn, to announce that the fun was about to commence, and everybody rushed to the best places to see the sun go down. It set. The people stood with open mouths ; some seemed to expect that the hotel proprietor, like a second Joshua, would bid it stand still, or balance itself upon one of the mountain peaks before it went down. One swell said, 'By Jove !' in a tone of wonderment ; and

I question whether he had ever observed before that day that the sun was in the habit of setting daily ; and one young lady said, 'I must confess I'm rather disappointed ; I expected something more !'. Poor thing ! Squibs and crackers let off from the top of the hotel would have pleased her infinitely better.

"But it was very glorious ! If it had not been for the people, and the show, and the clap-trap, it would have been grander still."*

And here is a reflection written many years ago, but it is worth repeating and thinking over :—

"A strange thing it seems, when one thinks of it, that on the top of any given mountain in Europe shall be nightly collected a company of fifty or sixty persons from all parts of the old world, and even from many parts of the new, and that for any object less potent than a religious one. And yet, is not that object somewhat akin to a religious one ? for it is an appreciation of a part of the Divine mind. When the Almighty rested from His labours, He looked on everything that He had made, and behold it was very good. Now, it is not to all men, it has not been in all time, that everything is good. The plain, yielding bread to strengthen man's heart, and wine to gladden his face ; the forest, with its fruitful trees, and its shelter for the hunter's game ; the lake, the river, with its myriad fish,—oh, yes !—the fertile plain is good, and the forest, and the teeming lake ; but the lonely mountain, the terrible glacier, and the awful cataract ? Yes ! and he who can feel that they too are good, completes a link upwards towards his Creator. Even poor Shelley, when he looked upon the glory of Mont Blanc, could exclaim, amid his sorrows and his doubts :—

* *Old Merry's Travels on the Continent.*

‘Thou hast a voice, great mountain! to repeal
Large codes of fraud and woe.’

“And doubt not, ye who gaze from the mountain top on the magnificence of God, that He who once pronounced it good, still looks down with like pleasure on the beauty which He has made.”*

THE LAND OF TELL.

We will now take a few excursions in the neighbourhood of Lucerne, and in doing so let us not forget that we are in the Land of Tell, Switzerland’s darling hero.

It may be we have imbibed the spirit of the age before starting, and have listened with credulous ears to the discussions of the learned, which prove to their satisfaction that Tell was a myth, and the time-honoured associations of places connected with his name mere fables;—in short, that the whole “idea” of Tell and his times was either a gross plagiarism of the legends of other lands, or was “evolved out of the inner consciousness of a poetic people.”

Armed with similar arguments, certain German and French philosophers have visited Palestine, and have discovered that the Holy One, whose record is written indelibly in ten thousand loving hearts, was also a myth, and that the idea of the Incarnation was but a plagiarism of the legends of other nations; and so the spirit of doubt is abroad, and it attacks that which is most pure, most lovely, and of best report amongst all peoples and in nearly all lands.

“I’ve stood upon Achilles’ tomb, and heard Troy doubted.
Time will doubt of Rome.”

* Ferguson’s “Swiss Men and Swiss Mountains.”

But here, on the threshold of the land of Tell, we throw off the trammels of thought which dissecting writers would throw around our minds, and are determined to accept the traditions concerning the Swiss hero, whose nobility has inspired nobility, whose story has given a noble impulse to youth, and a fixed resolution to manhood.

Fools can destroy what wise men build, and the "great" philosophers of the day are mighty in destroying, while they have not power to create stories as pure and beautiful as that of William Tell. Whether we read it in the monuments and classic spots in which it is written, or in the flowing numbers of the immortal Schiller, let us enjoy the satisfaction of regarding it as true, until better evidence is forthcoming to prove that it be false. Even then let the lessons remain, though the learned men may "prove away" the existence of the patriotic man and noble boy who taught them.

If time is precious, the whole of the places of deepest interest connected with the legends of Tell may be made in one visit. An account of such a visit is before me, to which I shall add a few supplementary notes.

"On the morning of the 9th we took an excursion in one of the many steamers which ply between Lucerne and Flüelen. This journey gives the traveller a full view of all the beauties of this most beautiful of lakes. It is diversified by innumerable little bays, and the lake stretches its arms in and out amongst the surrounding mountains, in a most extraordinary manner. At Weggis the steamer touched to land and embark passengers to and from the Rigi, which is passed on our left. After leaving Weggis the steamer touches at Küsnacht and Schwytz. Each of the little villages has its church, generally spired, and frequently covered entirely, or at the angles, with what appeared to be tin, but which is some micaceous substance, having a metallic


lustre. These latter sequestered spots are of course at the margin of the lake, and the neighbouring mountains, now covered with verdure and trees in full foliage, are dotted over with little chalets perched here and there, in apparently inaccessible situations to anything less nimble and sure-footed than a goat or a chamois. However, these are for the summer-time occupied by peasants looking after their cattle, which have the right of free-grazing on these lovely spots. As the steamer progresses on her voyage, the scenery becomes more wild and romantic. We seem to be sailing point blank at the mountain's side, when lo! an opening appears, disclosing further beauties—soon again to be shut out by the ever tortuous course of the vessel, as it shoots across the placid surface of this inland sea. At the left, running along the base of the mountain, vast numbers of men were busily engaged in forming a road, which we were told, when completed, would be the highroad to Italy, *via* the St. Gothard.

At Grütli, which is simply a green plain, with a few unpretending dwellings spread on its fertile surface, on the margin of the lake, in the year 1307, was held the meeting of the Swiss confederates (one of whom was the father-in-law of the celebrated William Tell) who determined to maintain their independence against the tyranny of Austria. So well did they carry out their resolution, that after a series of wars, lasting one hundred and fifty years, their descendants succeeded in establishing their independence, which they have ever since retained. Approaching Flüelen, we pass Tell's chapel, a small building at the water's edge, backed by the Achsenberg, nearly 7000 feet high, and going down some 600 feet into the lake below. We could discern a small altar and some pictures in the chapel as we slowly passed; but, except for the tradition

that it was here Tell leaped ashore and escaped his gaoler whilst being conveyed to a dungeon, it is not worthy of notice. It is, however, of very ancient date, 1380. Service is occasionally performed here; so say the guide-books. Having passed Tell's Platz, we speedily arrive at the landing place and termination of our voyage, Flüelen. From this place sundry rude conveyances take such passengers as desire it to Altdorf, the capital of the canton of Uri. In the market-place of this town Tell's exploit of shooting the apple from his son's head is said to have taken place. We cared not for visiting Altdorf merely on the strength of the legend, and so slowly sauntered through the village, surveyed its quaint burial-ground, and so for a mile or two up the valley of the Reuss. Some potters were busy on the banks of the stream, but we did not see any of their wares. In the course of an hour, the vehicles having returned from Altdorf, we again embarked, and again revelled in such a succession of scenery that my pen, at all events, will fail in describing. The Rigi is again passed, Mount Pilatus is before us, solemnly grand; and emerging from one of the sinuosities of the lake, we soon reach Lucerne, after a most delightful and never-to-be-forgotten voyage."

It may refresh our memories to hear the story of Tell briefly told again. The extract is made from that crisp little book, "The Practical Swiss Guide."

"The Swiss were fretting beneath the Austrian domination, A.D. 1307. One of its 'brief authorities,' Gessler, sought to feel the local pulse by ordering the passers to do homage to his hat. Tell refused. Gessler seized his child, and, wishing to see an example of the father's far-famed skill with the cross-bow, commuted his punishment into the *carrying off* of an apple from the head of the boy. To



avoid worse consequences, the fatal shot was taken—and successfully ; but, the secretion of a second arrow being detected, Tell boldly confessed that *it* was for Gessler's own heart, had the other slain his child. Tell then was hurried in chains into a bark for Gessler's stronghold at Küssnacht. A tempest arose : Tell was freed to take the helm ; he leapt ashore at the Axenberg on the lake, waylaid Gessler at Küssnacht, and gave him that fatal evidence of his skill and feeling, which, however wrong, can scarcely be regarded as uncharacteristic of such an era and such anxieties."

Grütli is remarkable as having the three springs which made their miraculous appearance when the three confederates joined hand in hand in solemn covenant.

“ For the father-soil which they trod,
For freedom and hearth, they stood,
While they vowed to the mightiest God
To cast out the tyrant brood.
Thus our hearts, with thy spirit still glowing,
O Grütli, thy name shall retain,
So long as our Rhine shall be flowing,
So long as our Alps shall remain.”

Tell's Platte is a small rocky shelf, on which it is said that the Swiss patriot leaped from the boat of Gessler. Above the ledge of rock is a little chapel called “Tell's Chapel,” which was erected about thirty years after the death of Tell ; it contains some pictures and rough frescoes illustrating the history of Tell. On the Sunday after Ascension Day, the little chapel at Tell's Platte is the scene of a grand national demonstration, mass being performed, and a patriotic sermon delivered, in presence of large numbers of people assembled for the occasion from all parts of the Swiss Republic.

Altdorf is reached by omnibus, or other conveyance, from Flüelen ; it is a quaint little town, and the huge statue

of Tell, which was presented by the riflemen of Zurich, marks the site where the hero stood when he shot the apple from the head of the boy. About 150 paces from the statue is a fountain marking the spot where

“ That sweet boy
Whose head the ruddy apple tops, while he
Expectant stands beneath the linden-tree.”

In the market-place of the town there is an ancient tower, not remarkable for its architectural beauty, but it is interesting from the fact that it is said to have stood where it now stands while Tell performed those gallant deeds which resulted in the liberation of Switzerland from Austrian tyranny.

(At Flüelen, the tourist who proposes to journey over the St. Gothard Pass will part company with us here. An account of what to see and do in this route, which is full of surpassing beauty, will be found at page 180).

THE FURCA PASS.

On page 180 will be found a description of the route over the St. Gothard into Italy. Those who wish to take an interesting cross route to the Rhone valley will find the Furca Pass to be as interesting as any that can be chosen. The road lies as follows : from Flüelen to Andermatt, by the river Reuss, a journey which is perfect of its kind for beauty and desolation. Passing **Wasen**, a pretty village with a lofty church, and Teufelstein, or Devil's Stone, a huge block of granite said to have been thrown down by the devil, we arrive at the celebrated bridge which also bears his name, and continue on our way until we reach

Hospental. So far we are on the St. Gothard route,

described on page 183. The road now turns off to the right towards the Furca Pass. At first we have a level road, which continues until we reach

Realp, a poor little village with a hospice kept by a Capuchin monk, one Father Hugo. Then we begin to ascend through rather monotonous scenery, treeless and barren for a distance of about nine miles, until we arrive at

The Summit of the Furca, and here all is beautiful.

The *Galenstock*, nearly 12,000 feet high, is before us, and we are surrounded on every hand by gigantic peaks. The Furca or Fork, so named from its two peaks, between which the Pass lies, is 8,150 feet above the sea, and the road descends on either side of it so abruptly that no one can fail to be conscious of being on the very mountain-top.

There is a very good inn here, where Queen Victoria stayed for three days, from August 22 to 25, 1868. It is a rare thing to find the Furca entirely free from snow, and this fact adds considerable interest to those who wish easily to visit a real snow mountain.

The descent is by a series of zigzags, very abrupt, and giving the unnecessarily nervous traveller the impression that he is going to the bottom with a bound. There are seven zigzags, which are marvels of engineering skill. The views obtained in the descent more than compensate for the poverty of those in the ascent. Nowhere can finer views be had of those grim giants of the Oberland, the Schreckhorn, and the Finsteraarhorn, or of the glorious Alpine chain from Monte Leone to the Weisshorn. Beside all this, we have the marvels of the

Rhone Glacier, one of the finest things in Switzerland. As we descend it is spread at our feet, and every minute we get some fresh impression of the magnitude of its frozen billows and its yawning crevasses.

As we reach the foot of the glacier we are struck with its wonderful appearance, which now assumes a fresh form. Above it stand the Gelmerhorn and the Galenstock, and from between them is the great sea of ice, "resembling a gigantic frozen waterfall," extending for fifteen miles. This is the source of the river Rhone, which flows onward to the sea at Marseilles, 500 miles away. It has been said to issue "from the gates of Eternal Night, at the foot of the Pillar of the Sun;" and really any poetry is excusable before a scene of such unparalleled grandeur as that before us. We stop at the Hotel du Glacier du Rhone to dine, and then resume our journey. Five hours will bring us to Brigne. We pass

Oberwald, the highest village of the Upper Valais (4,316 feet);

Obergestlen, burnt down in September, 1868; a large cheese depôt; eighty-four men perished here in 1720, by the fall of an avalanche; the one grave in which they were buried is to be seen in the church-yard.

Münster and *Vietch* are then passed: and when we arrive at Brieg, we have reached the Simplon route (see page 179.)

Sierre, *Sion*, *Martigny*, are then reached. At Martigny we have the choice of travelling over the Col de Balme to Chamouny or to Bouveret, or Villeneuve on the Lake of Geneva (see page 131.)

Ober the Brunig.

TO BRIENZ, OR MEYRINGEN.

BY steamboat to Alpnach ; and here (having made an early application at the diligence office at Lucerne for the registry of our places, a precaution which the tourist must in nowise forget), we find the diligence waiting to convey us over the Brunig Pass. Here is a description of the conveyance and the circumstances attendant upon a start : “ A diligence is a strange machine, the ground-floor of which resembles a coach and a parcels-delivery cart ; the upper part resembles a hansom cab for the front row, an open landau for the centre, and the knife-board of an omnibus parallel with the preceding rows for the third. Imagine a covered cart, a carriage, an omnibus, a hansom cab, an open fly, a coach, and a dickey, all jammed up together, and drawn by six stout horses, with jingling bells, and you have some idea of our conveyance ! Imagine clouds of dust, yelping dogs, open-mouthed peasantry, excitable coachmen, shouting, ‘ Ah ! Uph ! ’ and ‘ Oop-lah ! ’ merry Swiss boys ringing out their unearthly cries, passengers of all nations smoking and joking, and laughing with foreign excitability, and you have some idea of how we started. Imagine half-naked children and decrepid old men offering you strawberries and cherries, or a glass of water for twenty cents ; queer villagers in queer costumes, who look as if they had run foul of a rainbow, and got their clothes dyed in all its colours, and you have some idea of the people we met on the road.”

The road from Alpnach to Sarnen is by the bank of the river Aar, which flows from the Lake of Sarnen to the Lake of Alpnach. **Sarnen** is the chief town of Oberwalden, in the Canton of Unterwalden, and is the seat of Government. It contains about 4,000 inhabitants, a very few being Protestants. There is a nunnery and a monastery. The church is situated on an eminence, and is very conspicuous, as is also the arsenal on the Landenberg. The peasant women of the Canton of Unterwalden interlace the plaits of their hair with white ribbon, and fasten it with a spoon-shaped silver buckle.

The villages of **Sachseln** and **Giswyl** are passed on the way to Lungern. The latter village of the two was the scene of a sad calamity in 1692, occasioned by inundations of the Lauibach. A lake was formed by the overflowing of the river, which existed for one hundred and thirty years, but was drained off into the Lake of Sarnen by means of a tunnel 1,390 feet long, for the construction of which five hundred men gave an aggregate of 19,000 days of free labour, £5,000 being spent in materials provided for their aid. The **Lake of Lungern** is passed, and the village of that name, situated in a deep valley, stands at the foot of the Brunig. A new and excellent post-road has been constructed, at great expense, over the Brunig, which by various windings attains the summit of the Pass, at an elevation of 3,648 feet. The views from various points of this road are very interesting. The road to Meyringen strikes off to the left, near the custom-house. This district, especially about Lungern, abounds in fruit, which may be purchased at very low rates. The descent of the Brunig, to the Lake of Brienz, is romantically interesting, affording fine and varied views of the surrounding Alpine scenery.

Those who wish to make one of the most profoundly interesting excursions in all Switzerland, will take the diligence from Alpnacht to

Meyringen, from which place a detour from the regular beaten track can be made ; but as it can only be performed by mule or on foot, and as, moreover, the hotel accommodation on the mountains does not come within the scope of the present tourist tickets, we shall only give a brief description.

MEYRINGEN TO LAUTERBRUNNEN.

Meyringen.

(Hotel Du Sauvage.)

A charming place is Meyringen, with views of snow-clad mountains,—the Engelhorn, Dossenhorn, Wellhorn, and others. It is a thoroughly Alpine village, and no fewer than six Alpine routes converge here. There are no penalties to be paid to art, architecture, or exhibitions. Rather would we stroll into the shops and buy some wood-carvings, or sit on the balcony of the hotel, and listen to the twinkle of distant cattle bells, or the strange weird cry of the peasants calling the cattle home, or stroll to one of the three brooks which fall into the valley at the back of the village. In the morning we start to see the glorious

Falls of the Reichenbach.—The stream descends about 2000 feet, tumbling, rushing, dancing down into the valley in a succession of five leaps. At each leap there is a heathenish hoarding or barbarous hut, where hardened showmen demand fees to view these glorious works of the Almighty, which they have invariably shut in. The glory of the view is in the majestic surroundings. Leaving the falls, we approach the

Rosenlauri Glacier, imbedded between the Wellhorn and Engelhorn. The path to the foot of the glacier crosses a little bridge over a deep cleft in the rocks, and the stream is about 200 feet below. The glacier is not so large as at Grindelwald, but it is of such an exquisite transparent blue, that it is well worth visiting. After entering the ice cave, if it still exists, and then getting the alpen stocks of the ladies branded, we continue, up, up, up, until we reach the summit of the

Great Scheideck (6,480 feet), where magnificent views await us—in fact, all along the route from Meyringen to Lauterbrunnen the scenery is so sublime that it mocks description. On the Great Scheideck there is an inn, but it is hardly the place to choose for remaining the night, especially if ladies are of the party; so, refreshing ourselves, we continue our journey to

Grindelwald, a romantic village, inhabited principally by herdsmen; the cottages are very Swiss, and the villagers very civil; it is surrounded by mighty mountains, the Eiger (13,045 feet), the Mettenburg (10,443 feet), and the Wetterhorn (12,165 feet). It is chiefly celebrated for its two glaciers, whose “stiffened billows” are grander, wilder, and less artificial in appearance than the Rosenlauri. The adventurous tourist will find this to be a desirable centre for mountain climbing.

The Schreckhorn (13,394 feet) is where Mr. Elliott lost his life in 1869. It should not be attempted but by the boldest, bravest, and clearest-headed Alpine climber. For moderate cragsmen or ladies the

Faulhorn (8,799 feet) will be amply sufficient. Ladies may do the journey from Grindelwald in chaises-à-porteurs. The view from the summit is magnificent. The Faulhorn *may also be reached from the Great Scheideck.*

Leaving Grindelwald, we ascend, as it seems, through a forest of mountain peaks, to the

Little Scheideck (6,768 feet), which is for some inscrutable reason higher than the Great Scheideck. Nothing can exceed the glories of the scene; and if we arrive here towards the setting of the sun, when the Mönch, the Jungfrau, the Eiger, and the Schreckhorn are tinted with its thousand hues, we shall be tempted to linger for the night, taking up our abode at the Hotel Belle Vue, and as night comes on we shall sit at one of the many commanding points, and see the virgin mountain throw around her her mantle of mist; and as we sit we shall hear the thunder of the avalanche, with its echoes dying away in the distance, or the Ranz-des-Vaches of the peasant wending his homeward way. Early in the morning we descend to the

Wengern Alp, and here we stand immediately opposite the Jungfrau, separated only by a valley, very deep, but not very wide. This is the meeting-place of tourists from all parts, and the Hotel de la Jungfrau would be a comfortable place for rest in the middle of the day, were it not that everybody thinks so too, and a mob sets in. Here we not only hear the avalanches, but see them, too: the sight is insignificant, and not more impressive than the bursting of a champagne bottle, but the sound is marvellous, echo after echo taking up the thunders with a loud encore. The Jungfrau, "with her dazzling shroud of eternal snow," as Bædeker calls it, or her bridal veil, as we would rather think, is 13,600 feet high. The ascent is said to be not stupendously difficult. Ladies have frequently accomplished the feat; for what feats that men achieve do not women imitate now-a-days?

Now we descend a steep path, until at length we reach

LAUTERBRUNNEN

(Hotel Du Capricorne),

A village of châteaux, so embowered amid rocks and mountains, that the summer sun cannot find its way to it till seven in the morning, nor in winter till noon ; it is, as its name implies, "the valley of pure water-brooks." About twenty or thirty brooks fall into it, the finest of which is the **Staubach**. It depends upon the time of year and amount of water falling to see this in its beauty. It seems to have been especially the waterfall of poets. Goethe has sung of it in the lines quoted in Bædeker—

" Streams from the high,
Steep, rocky wall,
The purest fount !
In clouds of spray,
Like silver dust,

It veils the rock
In rainbow hues ;
And dancing down
With music soft,
Is lost in air."

Byron (whose wonderful story of "Manfred" is laid in the Wengern Alp and neighbourhood around) compares it "to the tail of a white horse streaming in the wind. Such as it might be conceived would be that of the 'pale horse' on which Death is mounted in the Apocalypse." This is how he describes it in the poem of "Manfred":—

" It is not noon—the sunbow's rays still arch
The torrent with the many hues of heaven,
And roll the sheeted silver's waving column
O'er the crags headlong perpendicular,
And fling its lines of foaming light along
And to and fro, like the pale courser's tail,
The giant steed to be bestrode by Death,
As told in the Apocalypse."

A short distance from Lauterbrunnen is
Murren. The road to it is close by the Capricorne,

and may easily be traced without the assistance of a guide. Verdicts differ on many places in Switzerland, but the unanimous testimony of all who have visited Murren is that it is one of the grandest, wildest, and best repaying places to visit in all the land.

Here our detour ends, for we take the road (nine miles) to Interlaken, which see (pp. 88-91).

BRIENZ.

(Hotel de la Croix Blanche, or Hotel Giessbach.)

There is not much in Brienz to detain us. It is a picturesque village of wooden houses, and we shall interest ourselves in visiting the houses of wood-carvers, who carry on a considerable trade here, or in making purchases at the repository, which is worth visiting, even if we do not make the purchases. From the church-yard excellent views may be obtained. But Brienz is celebrated for the beautiful lake which bears its name; although only eight miles long and two and a half broad, the scenery around it is of a singularly varied character, surrounded by rocky heights, quaint villages, smiling woods and orchards, dark ravines, and dazzling snow fields.

We have here two alternatives before us,—one is to use our travelling coupon from Brienz to Interlaken, and to miss the wonderful Falls of the Giessbach, which are about half-way between the two places; or to tarry at Giessbach, paying the extra fee of half a franc. Of course we shall choose the latter alternative, as no one should miss

The Falls of the Giessbach. Here we have a beautiful cascade in seven falls, not to be compared to the Reichenbach, but quite as popular. If the tourist has a true poetic instinct, it will be but a small inducement to him to know that the

falls are illuminated with Bengal lights every night. Nevertheless, they are illuminated, and thousands upon thousands are annually gratified thereat. Here is an account of the Falls by one who appears to have seen them by daylight :—
“ There is another famous cataract near Interlaken,—that of the Giessbach,—which falls into the Lake of Brienz. A small steamer runs frequently to the latter town, touching at the falls. They are very beautiful, and consist of a succession of short leaps, like a tubful of water turned over on the top of the stairs. The stream is crossed and recrossed by many wooden bridges, at various heights and distances. The third fall has a gallery behind it, so that you may sit in a cave and see the world above you, through water, like a mermaid. Besides the gallery and the bridges, there are many prepared nooks and arbours at the edge of the torrent, showing it in fresh points of view. I don't suppose that there ever was a waterfall more stared at, straddled over, and generally lionized than this. People go up and down, right and left, above, across, and, as I have said, beneath it. They look down upon it from the hill, up to it from the steamer, and sideways at it from the wood, until at last the cataract must be glad to disappear in the lake, which is 500 feet deep near its entrance.”*

And here is an account written by an American friend who saw them by Bengal light :—“ But you must go back to the lakes, and stop at Giessbach, just at sunset, close beside the dashing waterfall, with the climb beside it, up and up, surprising cascade after cascade of white foam hidden under a veil of drooping leaves, and follow the gurgling stream close up to the hotel, which is seated like a clean white throne, in a great amphitheatre, whose arena is not sand (only the winding pathways), but the fairest gardens filled

* “The Regular Swiss Round,” Rev. H. Jones.

with vines and flowers and grottoes. It must have been an artist who struck on this spot, and heightened its natural advantages with the finest effects of art; of course, it was an artist. (I know, since I came here, that architects are artists.) The middle room of the very topmost storey, opening out into the little balcony that faces the pointed table in front, must give certainly the finest view of the place; for hours we sat there and enjoyed it, the blue lake far below glistening in the light of the moon, which was hidden from us by the mountains which stretched round on either side like enfolding arms, leaving only an open gap in front. The noisy waterfall was close at hand, hidden by trees, but her voice was audible.

“At nine o'clock we had paid our francs and gone down the lawn to a place just opposite the fall, and taken our places to await with some curiosity the much talked of ‘illumination.’ From a far height the fair cascade was leaping and turning, waving her white robes in and out among the black shadows, now hanging her full length, as if suspended from her finger-tips, now gathering herself up on a rock, and crouching and laughing at the pool below, then leaping headlong in careless sport, or coyly shooting into a cave, from which she just peeped out in mocking mirth, till penitent she emerged, and, with one grand sweeping bow, she retired, and all the while ‘so gaily and so sweetly singing;’ is it any wonder that we watched entranced this veritable Undine, and believed for the time that we saw the spirit in her native form? Then, when the illumination came,—after the mysterious lanterns had gleamed now here, now there, up through the great bank of darkness, till the preparations were all complete,—when the white light shone over her and revealed her a bride in pure veil decked with pearls and diamonds, when the purple, the red, the green, the pale

sapphire all followed and mingled, and she still laughed and danced, turning her fair arms and singing, we felt that we had seen her in her *human* form, and thought that De la Motte Fouqué must have been at Giessbach and seen the waterfall illuminated. But when we turned in confidence and sympathy to speak to her, she was not there, and all was dark ; there was nothing save the singing voice of the waters, that grew fainter and fainter as we climbed the stony path, and went in and shut the doors, and so good night."

Far up the mountain is situated a most charming hotel, for the convenience of visitors ; and, though this establishment is on a very large scale, it is difficult in the height of the season to procure a bed there. Telegrams should always be sent in advance, and then with the coupons it is seldom that tourists are disappointed (see Appendix). The waiters and others about the hotel, for a franc each visitor, light up the mountain side by the course of the Fall, with coloured lights, which produce a most enchanting effect. Returning to the lake, the steamer may be caught in its course to Interlacken.

INTERLACKEN.

(Hotel Victoria. This hotel commands a fine view of the Jungfrau and other Alps of the Bernese Oberland.)

The lakes of Brienz and Thun are but a short distance apart, and Interlacken lies between them. It is thought that formerly the two lakes were joined together, until separated by deposits brought down by streams flowing into them.

Interlacken has been described as the Leamington, or Cheltenham, or Harrowgate of Switzerland. It was once a truly Swiss town ; it is gradually becoming a little Paris or Brussels. Fashion and gaiety find their homes here, and the

pleasure-seeker will vote the town to be one of the most charming in Switzerland. Many of the houses are built in the most perfect and accomplished Swiss style. It consists of a principal one-sided street, on which are placed the hotels and *pensions*, or boarding-houses. With the exception of the hotels, nearly all the houses are of wood, with overhanging eaves, galleries, shingle-roofs, and ornamented with quaint carvings and inscriptions. Some of these houses bear date 250 years ago, and yet look as sound as ever, though they are never painted.

From the door of your hotel, in the quiet of the eventide, you may often hear the peculiar sound produced by an avalanche from one of the neighbouring mountains. For in the vicinity of Interlaken there are "giant mountains, massive glaciers, rushing cataracts, picturesque villages, green oases, and the ever-changeful combinations of Alpine nature in her most lavish mode."

At Interlaken there are no end of temptations to the spending of money in articles of Swiss manufacture, from the most minute figure in wood, or the horns of the chamois, etc., to good-sized drawing-room tables and other large articles of household furniture. The *whey-cure* is one of the institutions of Interlaken, but what that is, or what the ailments it cures, we know not; it certainly seems to belong to the class of "simples," and stands in juxtaposition with more potent liquids. Very probably the mountain breezes and exercises have as much to do in the accomplishment of cures, as either whey at Interlaken, or grapes at Vevey, where the "grape-cure" is the popular remedy for many of the ills of life, though they be not such "as flesh is heir to;" for we have a strong radical notion that sound limbs and good health are the constituents of the normal condition of humanity. It is well, however, that cold water in England,

why at Interlacken, grapes at Vevey, and other articles of simple diet and regimen, often effect more good than bushels of pills and hogsheads of nauseous liquids. We strongly recommend the tour-cure, as, in many cases, superior to all others. The question of expense often lies between the physician and the tourist manager, and we prescribe with confidence for many maladies, the London and Swiss tourist ticket, with the supplementary coupons of the Oberland and Chamouny series. The reader must not look in *Baedeker* or *Murray* for this prescription, though the principle of it is embodied in their books.

Opinions differ as to the enjoyment of a lengthened stay in Interlacken. While one traveller of a merry, social, fashion-loving turn of mind will revel in its promenades, billiard-rooms and concert-halls, and such like, the thoughtful, meditative man will turn aside, glad to find a more secluded spot elsewhere.

Here is a description, to be taken for what it is worth :—
“ Interlacken is a painful place. It is Regent-street, Hyde-park, Cheapside, and Margate, broken loose and jumbled together. Rash intruders here come to disturb the tranquilities of that glorious spot, and the place that once was beautiful is now fashionable. Bah! leaving the beautiful valley, where the brooks are singing soft music, and the very air breathes peace, and coming into Interlacken, where swells in patent-leather boots talk to ladies in long trains about the last new novel, and promenade up and down ‘show’ gardens, where German bands are playing discords against Nature’s harmonies, is as painful to me as coming out of the House of God on Sunday, and passing through Shoreditch or Walworth, where the stalls and shops, and the bustle and traffic make you forget that it is a Sabbath-day. Years ago I was travelling in the far south, and exploring a

part of the Bush with some friends : we thought we were in the solitudes where human foot had never trod, when suddenly we came upon a ginger-beer bottle and a sheet of a newspaper ! Imagine our disgust ! It was only equalled by the 'shows' of Interlaken. I do protest against turning the beautiful spots that Nature loves to call her own into promenades, concerts, and gardens. I believe if the original site of the Garden of Eden were to be discovered, some modern spirit would erect an hotel, the 'Adam and Eve,' and invite tourists to come and play billiards and croquet there !”

Interlaken is a capital place as a centre for excursions ; and if the tourist is working his way from Geneva, instead of towards Geneva—the route we are now describing—he will branch off here to scale the Wengern Alp, Grindelwald, and other places of the Bernese Oberland, already referred to, and described fully at p. 81-84.

Whether the whole of this detour be undertaken or not, no one should miss the delightful drive from Interlaken to Lauterbrunnen, and the Falls of the Staubbach. It is a charming valley, and a description of it will be found on p. 84.

LAKE OF THUN.

From Interlaken we go by railway to Därligen, and then by steamboat, on the Lake of Thun, to Thun (the former station of the steamers of this lake was Neuhaus, a walk or omnibus drive of two miles through a long grove of poplars).

On both sides of the lake is a constant succession of rustic villages, and dotted here and there, on the hill sides, are châteaux, villas, and gardens, backed by the snowy giants of the Oberland. On the southern shore are two isolated

mountains named the Neisen (7,000 feet), and the Stockhorn (7,200 feet).

The lake is ten miles and a half long, and two miles broad.

Before quitting the steamer, we notice a perpendicular cliff, forming the base of the Beatenberg. Here is the cavern of St. Beatus, who, says tradition, was the first to introduce Christianity into these parts; of course, no old-fashioned saint could have made his abode in the side of such a cliff, situate in such a place, with a cascade issuing from it, without having some strange legends also attached to it. It is reported that a dragon originally occupied the cave, but was turned out much in the same way as St. Saba ousted the lion. St. Saba had also accomplished the art of navigating the lake on his cloak, without any other external assistance.

THUN.

(Hotel Belle Vue.)

If the tourist wishes to proceed direct to Berne without stopping at Thun, he will alight at

Scherzligen, the landing-place being close to the railway station.

Thun has somewhere about 5,000 inhabitants; it is traversed by the River Aar; and its principal street is its principal curiosity. "There is a sort of terrace some ten or twelve feet high, on the flat roof of which are the slopes, while the carriage-way is bounded by the cellars, of which the terrace is the roof." The sights of Thun are few, and therefore we ascend to the church by a covered way of 218 steps, where a magnificent view is obtained; one of the most striking objects from here is the Stockhorn, whose bell-shaped summit differs from everything else within range of our view. The *late Emperor Napoleon III.* was a resident in Thun for

eight years, and the house he occupied, when a captain in the Swiss artillery, is pointed out.

As there is not much to detain us in Thun, we will proceed by Central Swiss Railway a short but delightful journey, with views which will require incessant watchfulness out of both sides of the carriage windows, to

BERNE.

(Hotel Belle Vue, situated near the Mint.)

We have now arrived at the capital city of the Swiss Confederation, and there is, of course, a good deal to be done and seen before we leave it. Bædeker gives the population as 36,002, of which number 2,644 are known Catholics, they constituting the exception in this Protestant city. We have to look at Berne in its double character—as the seat of the Government of the Swiss Confederation, and as a local city. We have not, in this little Guide, found opportunity of giving any information on the Constitution of the Confederacy; but we venture to occupy a little space with a copy of the “Constitution of September, 1848.”*

The Helvetic Confederation consists of twenty-two cantons. Each canton possesses its own laws, and regulates its own internal affairs; subject only to the control of the sovereign power vested in the Confederation.

No canton has more than 300 men embodied without the consent of the Federal Government.

The Confederation cannot maintain a permanent army. The army is only a Militia Force, in which every male Swiss must serve for a certain number of years, holding himself at all times ready, if called, for cantonal or federal service.

The Federal Government has the control of the custom and transit duties, postal service, and the currency.

* Since this was in type a new Constitution has been voted, Sunday, April 19th, 1874.

The Swiss Confederation guarantees civil and religious liberty, the Jesuits alone being refused admission into Switzerland.

The supreme authority of the Confederation is vested in the Federal Assembly, composed of two divisions.

(a.) *National Assembly or Council.*

(b.) *Council of State or Senate.*

(a.) *National Assembly.* Composed of Deputies from each canton, elected by all who have attained to twenty years of age : the proportion being one member in every 20,000 of population.

(b.) *Council of State.* Consisting of forty-four Deputies, *i.e.*, two for each canton.

These councils or assemblies discuss projects of law, election of federal councillors, treaties of alliance with foreign powers, offensive and defensive measures.

They meet twice a year, January and July, except when convoked on some extraordinary emergency. An absolute majority of votes decides a question. The direction of the affairs of the Confederation is entrusted to a Council composed of *seven* members, nominated for a period of three years *by* the assemblies, one of their number being elected to the office of President, for the term of one year only.

There is also a Federal Tribunal for the purpose of deciding points of law between the Federal Government and the cantons, or canton and canton, etc.

A Court of Assize for civil and criminal causes.

Berne, as a city, is thus described by a local author, who signs himself "A Cantab," and has published the "Guide to the Town of Berne," from which these selections are made :—

"POSITION, CLIMATE, GENERAL PLAN, ETC., OF THE TOWN.

The Geographical position of Berne is—latitude, 46 deg. 57 min. 15 sec. north ; longitude, 7 deg. 25 min. east.*

Elevation from the Mediterranean, 1673 feet ; 522 feet above the Lake of Geneva : 312 feet above Neuchâtel and Biene ; but 71 feet below the Lake of Thun.

Heat in summer varies from 65 deg. to 87 deg. Fahr. in the shade ; cold in winter, from 5 deg. to 24 deg. below freezing point.

* The time at Berne in advance of London, 30 min. 10 sec.

Viewing the town from the Bridge of Nydeck, it extends itself much in the form of a *fan* as far as the gates of Morat and d'Aarberg.

The new Bear-pit is situated on the left side of the Bridge, and facing it is the old road descending to the Tower and Bridge of the Porte d'en Bas.

In front of the new Bridge, the main street extends itself to a distance of 2120 yards, or twenty minutes in time from the Bridge to Porte de Morat.

On each side of this principal street run parallel streets, sometimes two only, occasionally four or five, and at pretty nearly equal intervals ; these are cut transversely by streets and places, which divide the town into districts (*quartiers*). As the streets run nearly all in one direction, their two sides are usually distinguished by terms *Côté du Soleil*, Sunny Side ; or *Côté de l'Ombre*, Shady Side. And in consequence of the town being constructed on a gradual ascent from Nydeck Bridge, the portion below the *Tour de l'Horloge* is called Lower Town ; above, the Upper Town.

From the extreme upper part of the town, a stream flows down the centre of the principal streets in a partly covered stone bed, or passage, and which is supposed to be of great advantage in the cleansing of the town, but which would be much improved if entirely covered over.

Fountains surmounted with historical or allegorical figures, are placed at short distances from each other over this stream, but supplied with excellent water from other sources ; and they certainly tend to beautify the appearance of the town.

The houses are mostly built of grey sandstone, and so designed that the footpath of the street is covered by an arcade, which in cold weather, when the ground is covered with snow, is assuredly an advantage, but at the same time renders the shops dull and gloomy, and probably forces many of the Bernese tradesmen to display their wares outside of their establishments, completely in front of the arch or arcade. To such an extent does this practice prevail, that frequently the most choice goods are *outside* the shop, so that when the customer, a stranger, enters with the expectation of finding what he desires, he is requested to walk out and inspect the contents of the arcade.

The town has been lighted with gas since 1841, but not very brilliantly, in consequence of the great difficulty of lighting the arcades, and the primitive habits of the inhabitants, who shut their shops early, possibly not wishing to be at the expense of gas. Very many still use a candle or a lamp ; but it is to be hoped the railway will, by bringing more enterprising strangers to Berne, force the inhabitants to a little more activity. Already great improvements are taking place in the appearance of the shops ; for instance *Ciolina's*, in the Rue du Marché.

The *population* has greatly increased within the last seventy years, and it is supposed will double itself in the next ten years, should new houses be built to accommodate the numerous strangers who may be anxious to settle themselves in the capital of Switzerland.

Strangers desirous of residing in Berne will find some difficulty in procuring either houses or apartments; both are at present very scarce, and, as a matter of course, rents are exceedingly high.

During the winter season, *i.e.*, from November to April or May, the proprietors of many of the hotels are willing to let suites of apartments, with kitchens, on moderate terms, and families engaging them are at liberty to provide for themselves just the same as if dwelling in their own houses.

Excellent apartments may be had at the Vilette Boarding House, on reasonable terms.

Every *Tuesday* and *Saturday* there is a well-supplied Market; the one on Tuesday is more like a *fair*, every description of articles being offered for sale, and country people attend by hundreds for the sake of business or pleasure.

Provisions are *not* dear, as the following prices will prove:—Meat, 4d. to 5½d. per pound; Poultry, Fowls, and Ducks, 2s. a couple; Eggs, 5d. a dozen; Hares, 3s. each; Vegetables moderate in price; Wild Strawberries abundant; Groceries cheap; Tea, 3s. 4d. to 4s. 6d. per pound; Sugar, 6d. per pound; Bread, 1½d. to 2d. per pound; Wine at every price; Beer, 3d. per bottle.*

The Bernese are not remarkably hospitable to strangers; they visit a great deal among themselves, give continual tea parties, *soirées dansantes*, and even card parties. The young ladies have their weekly receptions, to which they invite their friends, and even receive as well as entertain them without the assistance of Papa or Mamma.

The aristocracy live excluded from the other classes, satisfied to mourn over their former greatness, and proud of the influence they once possessed; unlike the English nobility, they do not attempt to march with the times, but silently allow new and *unknown* men to take possession of every post of trust and power.

It is to be hoped, for the welfare of the country, that the young generation will see the folly of this short-sighted policy, and will come forward to compete with the mass for official honours, and endeavour to regain, by their talent and industry, the respect and admiration of their countrymen, and so add new lustre to the names which already shine bright in the page of history."

* *All such prices as these are now out of date.*—ED.

The ladies of Berne are deserving of a passing notice, as they are distinguished by a peculiar costume, with chains hanging from their breasts to the back of their shoulders. With the little gipsy hats perched on the top of their heads, they have a remarkably smart appearance, but seemingly free from the vulgarity of many who attempt imitations of them.

The following extract is from the author of the "Regular Swiss Round":—

"The three sights we were taken to see were the Bears, the Clock, and the distant Bernese Alps, which show beautifully from the high land about the town. The Bear is the crest of Berne, and appears everywhere, in stone, in wood, and in the flesh. There is a pit in the town, where three or four mangy brutes shuffle about, and open their mouths to the public for buns and nuts, quite unconscious of their heraldic distinction. One year an Englishman fell into this place, and was killed by them. The unlikeliest death one would expect, is that by wild beasts in the middle of a European town. But so it was; he tumbled in somehow, and the bears killed him before he could be got out. Horrible! to be squeezed in the clutches of a beast one has read about in books of savage travel, within sight of your inn and a cabstand."

We shall be glad to linger a little while in Berne. There are so many curious things to see. Amongst them we must not forget the **Museum**, in which is the celebrated dog "Barry"—stuffed—which saved some fifteen persons in the pass of the Great St. Bernard. The environs of Berne are very beautiful. The town itself is much in the Chester style, the houses being built so as to form a series of arcades, under which you may walk for long distances without once going into the open air. On **market days** the streets are thronged with townspeople and peasantry. Long drays drawn by

ponderous bullocks are to be seen laden with farm produce, and stalls innumerable for the sale of cattle bells—for here all the sheep, goats, and cattle wear bells—and the whole scene is one of busy industry. The houses in Berne are lofty, and a peculiarity about them is having at each window an iron balcony, in which is a seat having a crimson or other bright-coloured cushion. There are abundance of fountains in Berne, one, called the Ogre fountain, representing a juvenile being swallowed by a rascally-looking grim giant. The water from these fountains runs down a sub-way in the middle of the principal streets ; this is not generally covered up, and necessitates caution on dark nights, in crossing the thoroughfares, the more especially as, from the very spare use made of gas by the shopkeepers of Berne, the streets present a very gloomy appearance.

But better than these minor details is the enjoyment of the splendid Oberland scenery, the magnificence of which baffles description, and which seldom fails to tempt the tourist forth among the romantic valleys, by the brink of rushing torrents, or under the shadow of lofty pines. Here, too, as throughout these mountainous districts, may oft be heard the Alpine shepherd's rustic horn.

“ On every hill, responsive to the call,
Full many horns their notes of praise prolong,
Whilst whispering grottoes catch the sounds that fall,
And, murmuring softly, imitate the song.”

Very impressive is the wide-reaching expanse of Alpine scenery visible from the Terrace, near the Federal Hall. Many a soul has felt a touch of poetic fire thrilling through its quivering veins, as in the soft cool of the autumnal evening, the gaze has been calmly, yet earnestly directed to the silvery stars and the crescent moon silently gliding above the ice-capped tops of the snow-shining mountains.

In such a vein we may read with interest a little poem I once saw in *Macmillan* and copied. It is from the able pen of W. H. Pollock.

BELOW THE HEIGHTS.

I sat at Berne, and watched the chain
Of icy peaks and passes,
That towered like gods above the plain,
In stern majestic masses ;

I waited till the evening light
Upon their heads descended ;
They caught it on their glittering height,
And held it there suspended :

I saw the red spread o'er the white,
Just like a maiden's blushing,
Till all were bathed in rosy light,
That seemed from heaven rushing :

The dead white snow was full of life,
As if some huge Pygmalion
Had sought to find himself a wife
In stones that saw Deucalion.

Too soon the light began to wane,
Though lingering soft and tender,
And the snow-giants sank again
Into their calm dead splendour.

And as I watched the last faint glow,
I turned as pale as they did,
And sighed to think that on the snow
The rose so quickly faded.

BERNE TO CHAMOUNY VIA GENEVA.

From Berne to Lausanne.

BY THE LAUSANNE, FRIBOURG, AND BERNE RAILWAY.

The ride is through a fine open country, abounding with pleasant prospects and charming landscapes ; but perhaps

the general traveller will not care to alight at any station except that of

FRIBOURG.

(Hotel, Grand Hotel, Zæheringen.)

The town is the capital of a canton, containing a population of 10,904, of whom 1136 are Protestants. It is a curious town, outwardly and inwardly ; it is said to be the divisional line betwixt the German and the French. Go to the upper part of the town, and everybody and everything is German ; to the lower part of the town, and everybody and everything is French. It is a very hilly town ; the streets are steep, and built one above the other, so that in one part the upper street is carried on arches of stone over the roofs of the houses in the street below. There are three things which *must* be seen in Fribourg, and many more which may if time permit. 1st. An **old lime tree**, 14 feet in circumference, its branches supported on stone pillars. It faces the Town Hall and Council Hall ; and as the old tree is fruitful in bearing a good story, sit down beside it and read the following :—

“ When the memorable battle of Morat was being fought, the townspeople of Fribourg stood in the square anxiously waiting for tidings of how the day sped. There was one young fellow in the battle who remembered that the hearts of many of his friends and fellow-citizens were beating painfully in that time of suspense, and as soon as the contest was over, he ran from the field of blood, jaded and fatigued though he was, to bear to them the joyful news that the Swiss had been victorious. Away he sped over hill and dale, and sliding down a rocky slope he grasped a twig which would not bear his weight, but came out by the roots. Rising from the fall, on and on he sped till he reached

the square of Fribourg, where the old men and maidens, invalids and women, were standing with pale faces and clasped hands, waiting his approach. Breathless and exhausted, the blood flowing from the wounds he had received on the field of battle, he could only raise his voice to shout out the word, 'Victory!' and fell dead in their midst. The twig, which he still clutched in his hand, was planted on the spot where he fell, and now that fine old lime-tree stands there as a beautiful memento of the love and courage of that gallant young soldier and the victory of Morat."

2nd. The **Cathedral**, a Gothic building, dating from 1285, with a fine tower 280 feet in height ; but the church has not half the attraction as that which it contains, viz., the organ, which is one of the finest in the world. There are two performances upon it each day, and a delicious hour may be spent here in listening to its strange and marvellous beauty, which will renovate us after our fatigues in exploring the high places of the town.

The bust under the instrument is that of Aloys Mooser, the builder. The organ has 67 stops, and 7,800 pipes, one of them being no less than 32 feet in height.

3rd. The **Suspension Bridge** thrown across the Sarine, a small river, which runs through, or rather below the city, for the principal streets are 200 and 300 feet above it. It has a span of 905 feet, and as you stand in the centre of it, looking down into the wild rocky ravine, you have one of the most striking views that can be seen. This bridge was completed in 1834.

Higher up is another bridge 249 yards long, and 305 feet above the water ; it is fastened into the solid rock, but looks from its slight and delicate make like a mere chain thrown from one side to the other of the ravine.

The following table from the "Practical Swiss Guide," gives the comparative dimensions of celebrated bridges in English feet :—

Fribourg Railway bridge	1278 ft. long.	281 ft. high.
„ Great Suspension	964 „	186 „
„ Small Suspension	746 „	303 „
Clifton Suspension	700 „	260 „
Menai	580 „	130 „
Niagara Falls	1278 „	281 „

Leaving Fribourg, we continue our journey past **Romont**, with its old watch-towers, and then, if the day be fine, the head of Mont Blanc may be seen ; but nothing in the day's journey will perhaps interest us more than the sudden burst of beauty which greets us as we near Lausanne, and gaze upon the Lake of Geneva.

LAUSANNE

(Hotel Gibbon)

Has a population of 26,520 ; and, strange to say, has no cabs or *voitures de place*. It is built on eminences and in valleys, but the streets are badly paved, and unpleasant for promenade. The most direct way to the **Cathedral** is by a flight of mean-looking wooden steps, 164 in number, ascending from the Market-place. The Cathedral, like most Protestant places of worship, is not generally open to the public,—Thursday only being the day on which it can be seen without special application to the sacristan, who resides near to the building. The style of the structure is plain Gothic, simple and massive in appearance. It contains the tomb of the celebrated Victor Amadeus VIII., duke, bishop, pope (Felix V.), and finally monk ; and also several English monuments, one of which is to the memory of Henrietta, first wife of Lord Stratford de Redcliffe, late Sir Stratford Canning. The

Cathedral is celebrated as the arena of a great disputation between Calvin, Forel, Viret, and others, the result of which was the transference of the Episcopal seat to Fribourg, the separation of the Canton of Vaud from the Romish Church, and the suppression of the supremacy of Savoy. The edifice is 330 feet in length, and 143 in width, and the proportions are regarded as being strikingly symmetrical. From the **terrace** of the Cathedral a very fine view of the lake and mountain scenery is obtained. That which was once used as an Episcopal Palace is now occupied as a Court of Justice and a Prison, whilst the ancient Episcopal Chapel is appropriated to the purposes of a Cantonal Council Hall. There is a **Museum**, which contains a good selection of natural history specimens, and a small collection of pictures by the old masters. The Museum is open from eleven till three on Sundays, Wednesdays, and Saturdays.

The schools of Lausanne are in very high repute, and attract pupils in great numbers from Great Britain. There is a Blind Asylum, which was founded by a wealthy Englishman, who resides in the locality, and takes great interest in the works of philanthropy and benevolence for which the city is celebrated. The Montbenon, in the immediate vicinity of the town, is well laid out, and is used as a promenade, exercise-ground, and place of assembly. The slopes and terraces are well planted with vines, the fruit of which is generally very fine. The stone bridge which crosses a deep valley and connects two hills is a very handsome structure. By the side of the road which connects Lausanne with Ouchy, a little above the Beau Rivage Hotel, is a very neat English Church, where service is conducted twice every Sunday. The attendance of English residents and visitors is generally very good. In the Rue de Bourg, the central and chief business street, is an **English Reading Room** and *Circulating*

Library, where the English daily papers are received generally on the second day after publication. Half a franc is charged for a single visit to this Reading Room, and we have more than once very cheerfully given it for a sight of *The Times*, *Punch*, and *Illustrated London News*. All Guide Books of Lausanne refer to the circumstance of Gibbon, the historian, having written the last portion of his great book, "The Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire," in the garden behind the dining-room of the Hotel Gibbon.

FROM LAUSANNE TO GENEVA.

We have now a choice of two ways, either by rail on the West Swiss Railway, or by steambot of the Compagnie Générale. If we choose the former, we shall pass the following stations: Renens, Morges, St. Prex, Allaman, Rolle, Gland, Nyon, Céligny, Coppet (famous chiefly for its castle, formerly belonging to Necker, the famous Swiss banker, and which afterwards was the residence of Madame de Staël), Versoix (which formerly belonged to France), Genéthod, and Chambésy. We name the whole of these places, though some of them are small, because many English visitors have their children or friends at the schools which abound all through the district. There are also houses and châteaux which belong to, or are occupied by, English noblemen or gentry.

The country between Lausanne and Geneva is very pleasant, and gives us some exquisite views of the Lake.

If, however, time is no object, and the steambot journey is preferred, it will be found to present a thousand charms which cannot of necessity be seen and leisurely contemplated from a railway carriage. The route taken by the steamer is as follows: Ouchy, Morges, Rolle, Nyon,

Coppet. The steamers generally run about four times a day ; but all information on such points as these had better be obtained from local time-tables.

We must bear in mind that the end of the Lake nearest to Geneva is by far its most uninteresting part ; and as, in the course of the tour we are describing, we shall again have an opportunity of rowing or sailing on these incomparable waters, where the scenery culminates in beauty, we advise the railway in preference to steamboat.

GENEVA.

(Grande Hotel de Russie et Anglo-Americain Hotel, facing the Pont du Mont Blanc, with uninterrupted view of Mont Blanc and the Lake ; or Hotel du Lac, equally good and equally well situated. The former on the left bank, and the latter on the right.)

Geneva is the most thickly populated town in Switzerland, although it is only the capital of the smallest of the cantons ; population, 62,600. The river Rhone separates the town into two parts ; and this natural division has almost as naturally separated the inhabitants into two classes—the Quartier St. Gervais being chiefly occupied by folk of the poorer sort. The city, like most others on the Continent, where free sentiment and commercial enterprise prevail (and these generally go hand in hand), is being rapidly transformed ; progress and improvement are noticeable everywhere, both in and around the place. The railways which concentrate here have wrought great changes ; for all around acres of fortifications have been cleared away to make room for beautiful private residences and public buildings and institutions.

It is interesting to trace the histories of old and celebrated places, and it is curious to mark the rapid strides of civiliza-

tion in arts, in taste, and in commerce. The history of Geneva may be thus briefly epitomized. It is of Roman origin of course. It had to struggle with the house of Savoy till it allied itself with Fribourg, and then with Berne. In 1798 it was annexed to France; in 1815 it was allied with the Swiss Confederation; but in 1846 a democratic government succeeded the aristocratic government, and since then the course of events has run smoothly. But, as Murray very well says, "Geneva has an historical interest for intelligent travellers far greater than that to be derived from the individual objects of curiosity contained within its walls. . . . From Geneva emanated those religious doctrines from which Scotland, Holland, and a large part of France, Germany, and Switzerland derived their form of faith, and which were transported by the Pilgrim Fathers to the opposite shores of the Atlantic. Here also was sown those political opinions which bore fruit in the English Revolution under Charles I., in the American and the French Revolutions."

The true history of Geneva, therefore, is the history of John Calvin, who in the month of August, 1536, in the twenty-eighth year of his age, entered the town and was expelled. What he afterwards became, and what he did, it is beside the province of this book to particularize; but, to the thoughtful student, there is no more sacred place in Geneva than the cemetery where a small square stone, bearing the initials "J. C.," marks the spot where this world-renowned servant of the Cross sleeps.

In a place like Switzerland, where the tourist wanders from place to place without having before his eyes a programme of sight-seeing which he is bound to get through, as in Rome or Venice, it will be unnecessary to describe places in the order in which they may be seen, but a list is appended of things that should be seen.

The meeting of the waters, the confluence of the Rhone and the Arve, a little below the island, where the eagles (heraldic emblem of the canton) are kept in a cage. It is curious to watch the two rivers as they meet at the junction, but do not blend for a considerable distance; the Rhone an intense blue, which gives you the idea that anything white steeped in it must come out dyed, and the Arve a thick dirty white, struggling side by side until at length they merge into a mottled mass of waters.

The Botanic Gardens, an agreeable promenade. The Hotel de Ville, a massive building, which we may gaze upon and pass by, as there is nothing there to interest us.

The Musée Rath, in which there are some very good pictures to be seen, between eleven and three, gratis.

The Arsenal, containing a few interesting memorials.

The Relief of Mont Blanc. This is in the centre of the English Garden, and is the finest model in Switzerland of the monarch of Swiss mountains and the surrounding country. Free Sundays and Thursdays, from eleven to three; at other times one franc.

Another class of associations may be grouped together thus :—

No. 40, Grand Rue, the house in which Rousseau was born, 1712.

Rousseau's Island, where his statue, by Pradier, stands.

The Cathedral where Calvin preached. **No. 11, Rue des Chanoines**, where Calvin lived and died (1564) in the arms of the devoted Beza.

The Hill Le Champel, on which Servetus was burnt alive.

The Cemetery of Plain Palais, where is the grave of Calvin, already referred to, and also the celebrated Sir Humphrey Davy and De Candolle the great botanist.

The Public Library, founded by Bonnivard, the prisoner of Chillon.

At short distances from the town another series of similar associations may be taken up.

Campagne Diodati, beautifully situate, where Byron (in 1816) wrote the third canto of "Childe Harold" and "Manfred."

Prégny, where the Empress Josephine dwelt after her divorce. Baron Rothschild's magnificent villa is here.

Fernex, where may be seen the house of Voltaire, and the chapel erected by him. N.B. A good text for a sermon would be the inscription that was over it, "*Deo crexit Voltaire.*" Here, among other things, are his bed, arm-chair, and mausoleum, which was intended by the Marchioness de Villette to contain his heart.

Geneva abounds with beautiful suburbs, and no difficulty will be experienced by those who have the time in reaching them. We must not omit to mention one in particular.

Mont Salève (4,527 feet), from which point is seen the Lake of Geneva, the Jura, the cantons of Geneve and Vana, and the summit of Mont Blanc.

In the descent by the back of the mountain, the views of Mont Blanc and the great expanse of open country stretching out from the front of the Salève, are most *magnificent*. A finer landscape can be rarely met with, even in Switzerland.

THE LAKE OF GENEVA.

(*Lacus Lemanus of the Romans.*)

The Lake of Geneva is the largest in Switzerland, being on the north shore fifty-six miles long, and on the south forty-four; it is in shape like a crescent; its surface is 1230 feet above the sea level: the widest part is near Lausanne, where it is eight miles across, and the extreme beauty of its

scenery is between Villeneuve and Ouchy. It has been sung about, written about, preached about; and to select Byron is always quoted, and deservedly, as he is, *par excellence*, the poet of the Lake. Everybody knows the lines—

“ Clear, placid Leman ! thy contrasted lake
With the wild world I dwelt in, is a thing
Which warns me, with its stillness, to forsake
Earth’s troubled waters for a purer spring.
This quiet sail is as a noiseless wing
To waft me from distraction.”

And the lines—

“ Lake Leman woos me with its crystal face,
The mirror where the stars and mountains view
The stillness of their aspect in each trace
Its clear depth yields of their far height and hue.”

A delightful hour or two in the evening may be spent in rowing on the lake in a good English boat (to be hired for two or three francs an hour on the Quai du Mont Blanc), or to take a place in the steamer for a short trip, and if so inclined, select one that has a company of Swiss singers on board to give a promenade concert.

As we shall return to the best part of the Lake of Geneva after visiting Chamouny, we will describe the celebrated spots as we visit them. Therefore for Vevey, Chillon, Clarens, Villeneuve, see pages 131, 132.

FROM GENEVA TO CHAMOUNY.

It will be well to remember that our coupon for the journey must be given up to the clerk in charge of the diligence office as soon as possible, lest the places should be previously taken. The diligences of the Messageries Impériales are arranged for affording the best views of the country,

the after part being open, and there being also two seats in front. When places are taken, they must be described and entered in the register of the office, and on the pay-bills of the conductor. This prevents all grumbling and confusion, as parties can only take their allotted places. Diligences start from Geneva at about seven o'clock in the morning, but this must be ascertained at the hotel or at the diligence office.

The route of the diligence from Geneva is through Chêne. **Annemasse**, about four miles from Geneva, is the first French (formerly Savoyard) village, and the office of the French customs was here ; but there is no detention of the diligence for the examination of passports and baggage : we are "all right," and go on without any interruption. The Castle of Etrambière is passed on the right, at the foot of the Petit-Salève. The road approaches the Arve, and crosses the Menoge by a handsome bridge. At every stage the country increases in beauty, and objects of interest invite our attention. The Môle, a high conical mountain, is right on our front. On a small fir-clad eminence, beyond Nangy, stands the Château de Pierre, the property of an Englishman. Contamine is passed on the left, and two ruined towers of the ancient Castle of Faucigny stand out conspicuously.

Bonneville is one of the most considerable towns on the road, having a population of 2,127. At the foot of this town the Arve is passed by a new bridge ; and on the river side is a monument ninety feet in height, erected in honour of Charles Felix, of Sardinia, as an expression of gratitude for favours conferred on the town, by the execution of works to prevent inundations of the Arve.

We pass on through flat meadows to Vougy and Scionzier, where the romantic Reposoir Valley lies. The ruins of the

Castle of Mussel are seen on an eminence to the left. The village of Cluses, newly built since the fire of 1844, is chiefly inhabited by watch-makers. Beyond Balme, two small cannons are planted, for the purpose of sounding the echoes ; but it is hardly likely the coachman will wish his horse to be amused by the performance. The entrance to a grotto is seen on the side of the rock to the left, which is said to penetrate into the heart of the mountain to the extent of 1800 feet. Passing Magland and on to **St. Martin**, several fine cascades and waterfalls attract attention on the left ; the rocks are exceedingly fine, and the low flat on the right shows signs of the effects of the overflow of the Arve, to which the country is subject. We pass on to **Sallanches**, where the diligence used to terminate its course, and passengers were transferred to small carriages, because of the hilly and stony roads before them. Now there is a new good road all the way, but it is not so interesting as the old. From the bridge here fine views of Mont Blanc are obtained, and we call in the aid of a well-known writer to describe the scene :—

“It was now drawing towards evening, and the air began to be sensibly and piercingly cold. One effect of this mountain air on myself was, to bring on the most acute headache that I ever recollect to have felt. Still, the increasing glory and magnificence of the scenery overcame bodily fatigue. Mont Blanc, and his army of white-robed brethren, rose before us in the distance, glorious as the four-and-twenty elders around the great white throne. The wonderful gradations of colouring in Alpine landscape are not among the least of its charms. How can I describe it? Imagine yourself standing with me on this projecting rock, overlooking a deep piny gorge, through which flow the brawling waters of the Arve. On the other side of this rise

mountains whose heaving swells of velvet-green cliffs and dark pines are fully made out and coloured; behind this mountain rises another, whose tints are softened and shaded, and seem to be seen through a purplish veil; behind that rises another, of a decided cloud-like purple; and in the next still the purple tint changes to rosy lilac; while above all, like another world up in the sky, mingling its tints with the passing clouds, sometimes obscured by them, and then breaking out between them, lie the glacier regions. These glaciers, in the setting sun, look like rivers of light pouring down from the clouds. Such was the scene, which I remember with perfect distinctness as enchanting my attention on one point of the road."

The road continues along the picturesque banks of the Arve, and soon the glaciers are visible, and peeps of the great Giant of Mountains are obtained.

CHAMOUNY.

(Hotels, D'Angleterre, and six others under same management).

Within the last few years the character of the village has much changed; it was a quiet secluded spot, and now, in the busy season, it is full of business and bustle. The valley is twenty-eight miles from north-east, traversed the whole length by the river Arve, and abounding in scenes of unrivalled magnificence. Here is a description from the pen of the writer just quoted:—

"The village of Chamouny itself has nothing particular to recommend it. The buildings and everything about it have a rough, coarse, appearance. Before we had entered the valley this evening, the sun had gone down; the sky behind the mountains was clear, and it seemed for a few moments as if darkness was rapidly coming on. On our

right hand were black, jagged, furrowed walls of mountain, and on our left Mont Blanc, with his fields of glaciers and worlds of snow: they seemed to hem us in and almost press us down. But in a few moments commenced a scene of transfiguration, more glorious than anything I had witnessed yet. The cold, white, dismal fields of ice gradually changed into hues of the most beautiful rose colour. A bank of white clouds, which rested above the mountains, kindled and glowed, as if some spirit of light had entered into them. You did not lose the idea of the dazzling spiritual whiteness of the snow, yet you seemed to see it through a rosy veil. The sharp edges of the glaciers, and the hollows between the peaks, reflected wavering tints of lilac and purple. The effect was solemn and spiritual above everything I have ever seen. These words, which had often been in my mind through the day, and which occurred to me more often than any other while I was travelling through the Alps, came into my mind with a pomp and magnificence of meaning unknown before: 'For by Him were all things created in heaven and on earth, visible and invisible, whether they be thrones, or dominions, or principalities, or powers: all things are by Him and for Him; and He is before all things, and by Him all things consist.'

"In this dazzling revelation I saw not that cold, distant, or unfeeling fate, or that crushing regularity of power and wisdom, which is all the ancient Greek or modern Deist can behold in God; but I beheld as it were, crowned and glorified, One who had loved with our loves, and suffered with our sufferings. Those shining snows were as His garments on the Mount of Transfiguration, and that serene and ineffable atmosphere of tenderness and beauty, which seemed to change these dreary deserts into worlds of heavenly light, was to me an image of the light shed by His eternal

love on the sins and sorrows of time, and the dread abyss of eternity."

And now let us visit some of the places of greatest interest to the tourist.

Montanvert (6302 feet) needs no guide, anybody will point out the path; and when once found, nobody need lose it. The ascent can easily be done in two hours. On the way a pine forest, *débris* of avalanches, and other scenes usual in mountain paths will be passed, and by-and-by you will stand face to face with the

Mer de Glace. "Imagine the ocean to have overflowed the mountains in front of you, and to have descended, boiling, foaming, dashing, bubbling, into the valley, thousands of feet below. Imagine the waters in the height of their wild and furious descent to have been miraculously stopped by the Divine fiat, "Be still," and you see before you thousands of sharp and tapering billows, mountain waves arisen and petrified before they burst, snow-crested heights and chasms of the deep. Such is the Mer de Glace. And then imagine the surroundings. To your right, as you look up, are green precipitous banks, covered with shrubs and plants, startling in their contrast with the scenes around, like flowers on a coffin, or garlands in December, or a gleam of sunshine in a railway tunnel, and beyond rises Mont Blanc, approached by walls of barren rock, where the snow can find no settling place. In front and to your left rises a barrier of rocks and mountains and peaks that make you cold and dizzy to gaze upon. There is the *Aiguille du Dru*, shooting up alone like an arrow 6,000 feet above the spot on which you stand. There are the dark awful masses of vertical granite on which no blade of grass will grow, no bird will rest, no snow will *cleave*, standing like evil spirits brooding over the haunts of

death. And you watch the fairy clouds come and kiss their cold hard brows, and think of ministering angels visiting a fallen world. Then imagine the sounds which give tone to these scenes. There is a crash and a tumble, and thunder is echoing all around, and a thousand weird voices seem chuckling at some sad disaster. It is an avalanche that has fallen in the distance. Listen again! You hear the moan and the strain of glaciers grinding each other to powder in a deadly strife. Again, and you hear the war and tumult of cataracts and torrents rushing madly into the hollow vaults and delighting to startle their awful stillness. You say you cannot imagine all this. Very well then, you do not know what the Mer de Glace is, and you cannot understand this passage which I have just read :—‘A scene of unparalleled magnificence arrested my attention on looking around. Engulfed amid the arid, snowy, ice-bound waves of the glacier, the dark pyramids and *aiguilles* shot up as from some baseless platform on either hand. Behind, looking up the valley on our right, vast regions of eternal snow lay in uninterrupted repose where even the marmot or chamois dare not venture. Sea, sky, and mountain were blended imperceptibly with each other, clouds and storms their tabernacle!—the clouds rolling awfully by, writhing around their giant forms like spectres of those old Titans who ‘scaled heaven from such rocky battlements!’”

Everybody should cross the Mer de Glace ; it is easy for ladies or even children, but should not be attempted without a guide, as the steps cut in the ice may easily be missed, and the traveller would as easily get astray, and nervous.

The more adventurous tourist will like to ascend the **Jardin** (9143 feet), for which a guide is indispensable.

it is a tiring journey, but hundreds of ladies undertake it annually.

The descent from Montanvert, after crossing the Mer de Glace, is by the **Mauvais Pas**, which once was a formidable journey, but is now bereft of its horrors from having an iron rail along it, to which the traveller can hold, instead of having to take his chance upon the bare rock-ledge. The

Chapeau, where some glorious views are obtained over the Glacier des Bois, is next reached, and brings us to

The Source of the Arveiron. It issues from the Glacier des Bois, and passes through an arch of ice; sometimes this spot is very beautiful, and at others it has little or no interest, and does not repay the trouble of leaving the direct path to view it. In any case it is dangerous to stand under the ice arch, and instances are recorded in which fatal results have happened.

N.B.—Whatever else the traveller may omit, the above-described excursion *must* be taken.

The Flégère (6,104 feet above the sea) commands such a magnificent view of Mont Blanc, that those who have the time should make the ascent to see the sun set; the journey to the top can be made on mules. While waiting for the sunset, it will be interesting to note a few facts about

MONT BLANC.

And, first, let us realize how wonderful is this giant by means of the following

COMPARATIVE HEIGHTS OF CERTAIN MOUNTAINS IN EUROPE.*

Malvern Hills :	1,444 feet.
Skiddaw	3,022 ,,

* Albert Smith.

Macgillicuddy Reefs	3,404 feet
Snowdon	3,571 ,,
Vesuvius	3,731 ,,
Cairngorm	4,050 ,,
Ben Nevis	4,380 ,,
Grand St. Bernard (Convent)	8,040 ,,
Peak of Teneriffe	12,358 ,,
Jungfrau	13,725 ,,
Monte Rosa	15,540 ,,
Mont Blanc	15,665 ,,

It is curious how much higher Mont Blanc appears from the Flégère than it does from the valley of Chamouny, but even there the actual peak of Mont Blanc does not impress the spectator with the glory and majesty of Nature, as do the marvellous peaks around it, varying from 12,000 to 13,000 ft.

For experienced climbers the ascent of Mont Blanc may perhaps be a treat; the feat has been accomplished by a lady, whether lady-like or not it is not for us to enquire. Murray, speaking of this lady (Madle. d'Angeville, 1838), says, when she reached the summit, she "ordered the guides to lift her over their heads, in order that she might say she had been higher than any one else." Does not this explain much of the secret of Alpine climbing?

Jacques Balmat, of Chamouny, was the first to plant his foot on the summit. Then Dr. Paccard. Then Saussure, the celebrated French Naturalist. But the most popular ascensionist was Albert Smith, and it is rather amusing to descend with him from "the heights," to contemplate the following:—

"The undertaking so long anticipated is all over, and I am sitting in a little top-bedroom of the Couronne, at Geneva, into which my good friend, Madame Berseth, has been obliged to thrust me, and settling the expenses with Jean Tairraz. The sunset, the glaciers, and the *Mur de la*

Côte, have come down to a matter of "little bills." He first gives the hotel account after the ascent. It is as follows:—

NOTE No. 1.

	Francs.	Cents.
103 bottles lost	50	
18 breakfasts to guides	22	50
18 suppers to do.	35	
6 bottles of London porter	18	
	<hr/>	<hr/>
	125	50

So it will be seen our racing with the bottles was not without some of the expense attached to that sport in general. But it was better to throw them away than to fatigue the men with the thankless task of carrying them down again. They were charged at a high rate, as everything is at Chamouny; because, it must be remembered, in such a wild and secluded place the transport becomes very expensive.

"I next receive his own account:—

NOTE No. 2.

	Francs.	Cents.
16 guides	1600	
18 porters	108	
3 mules	18	
The boy	4	
1 lantern broken	1	75
Milk at the Châlet	1	50
Extra pay to porters	5	
Expense due to Julie at the Pavillon des Pèlerins	16	
Nails for shoes	3	
	<hr/>	<hr/>
	1757	25

Adding these together, we make—

	Francs.	Cents.
Provisions for ascent	456	
Subsequent expenses	125	50
Tairraz's guides' accounts	1757	25
	<hr/>	<hr/>
	2338	75

This divided by four—the number of tourists—gives about 585 francs each. Had I gone up alone, of course the expense would have been greater.

“Not without vivid recollections of a delightful and wondrous journey, thus safely and happily accomplished, and of the excellent humour and courteous attention of my companions—with a recommendation to all whose time and constitution will permit, to make the same excursion, is this plain narrative concluded.”

For the benefit of those who have made or who propose making the ascent of the Flégère on mule-back, we append Mrs. Stowe's account of her journey, extracted from her “*Sunny Memories*.”

“As the mules are most determined followers of precedent, every one keeps his nose close by the heels of his predecessor. The delicate point, therefore, of the whole operation, is keeping the first mule straight. The first mule in our party, who rejoiced in the name of Rousse, was selected to head the caravan, perhaps because he had more native originality than most mules, and was therefore better fitted to lead than to follow. A troublesome beast was he, from a habit of abstract meditation which was always liable to come on in most inconvenient localities. Every now and then, simply in accordance with his own sovereign will and pleasure, and without consulting those behind him, he would stop short and descend into himself in gloomy reverie; not that he seemed to have anything particular on his mind,—at least, nothing of the sort escaped his lips,—but the idea would seem to strike him all of a sudden that he was an ill-used beast, and that he'd be hanged if he went another step. Now, as his stopping stopped all the rest, wheresoever they might happen to be, it often happened that we were detained in most critical localities, just on the very verge of some

tremendous precipice, or up a rocky stairway. In vain did the foremost driver admonish him by thumping his nose with a sharp stick, and tugging and pulling upon the bridle. Rousse was gifted with one of those long india-rubber necks which can stretch out indefinitely, so that the utmost pulling and jerking only took his head out a little further, but left his heels planted exactly where they were before. His eyes, meanwhile, devoutly closed, with a look of meekness overspreading his visage; he might have stood as an emblem of conscientious obstinacy.

“The fact is, that in ascending these mountains there is just enough danger to make one’s nerves a little unsteady: not by any means so much as on board a rail car at home; still it comes to you in a more demonstrable form. Here you are, for instance, on a precipice two thousand feet deep; pine trees, which, when you passed them at the foot, you saw were a hundred feet high, have dwindled to the size of pins. No barrier of any kind protects the dizzy edge, and your mule is particularly conscientious to stand on the very verge, no matter how wide the path may be. Now, under such circumstances, though your guide assures you that an accident or a person killed is a thing unknown, you cannot help seeing that if the saddle should turn, or the girths break, or a bit of the crumbling edge cave away—all which things appear quite possible—all would be over with you. Yet I suppose we are no more really dependent on God’s providence in such circumstances, than in many cases where we think ourselves most secure. Still the thrill of this sensation is not without its pleasure, especially with such an image of Almighty power and glory continually before one’s eyes as Mont Blanc. Our own littleness and helplessness, in view of these vast objects which surround us, give a strong and pathetic force to the words, ‘The eternal God

is thy refuge, and underneath thee are the everlasting arms.'

"I like best these snow-pure glaciers seen through these black pines ; there is something mysterious about them when you thus catch glimpses, and see not the earthly base on which they rest. I recollect the same fact in seeing the cataract of Niagara through trees, where merely the dizzying fall of water was visible, with its foam, and spray, and rainbows ; it produced an idea of something supernatural."

The *Glacier des Bossons*, *Cascade des Pélerins*, and *Cascade du Dard* are worth visiting, if the tourist is making a lengthened stay.

FROM CHAMOUNY TO MARTIGNY, OVER THE TÊTE NOIRE.

UPON reference to our book of coupons it will be found that we are provided with one mule or one guide for the journey before us. At first we may be inclined to think what is the use of the guide without the mule, or the mule without the guide ? But it is assumed that nobody who belongs to the gregarious family of mankind will travel alone if he can possibly help it, and therefore, supposing our tourist has a companion, the *two* coupons will provide both guide and mule, and then the journey will be made by "ride and tie," or "turn and turn about." But if there is a larger party, or a party is made up at the hotel, as may almost always be done, it will be easy to arrange to take more mules than guides, and with a merry party bent on pleasure there ought to be little fear of "falling out by the way."

There is yet another course open, and Mr. Cook shall describe it, in a letter written by him to the *Swiss Times* in 1872 :—

A REVOLUTION IN ALPINE TRAVELLING. CARRIAGES
OVER THE "TÊTE NOIRE."

To the Editor of "The Swiss Times."

Sir,—During the ten years that I have been engaged in planning, promoting, and personally conducting tours to and through Switzerland, I have seen many and important advances in the facilities afforded for travelling through this attractive country. The Rigi Railway is as wonderful and imposing in its success as in its structure ; but I was scarcely less surprised when at Chamouny on Tuesday last to learn that it had been found practicable to convey tourists by carriages over the Tête Noire, between Chamouny and Martigny, and having with me parties of twenty-six travellers, with tickets provided for mules, I determined to test the convenience and safety of this new mode of crossing the famous pass. Impressed with the importance of the change, I at once entered into conventions with the proprietors and directors of the carriage traffic at Chamouny and Martigny, and the system was tried on Wednesday, under the most adverse circumstances. The day proved one of the most trying of Alpine travels, rain falling heavily more than half the way, and on the highest parts of the road the wind blew furiously. But we ascended the road of the Tête Noire, descended and crossed the valley of the Trient, ascended and descended the Col de Forclaz with the utmost safety, and with infinitely less discomfort than those who had engaged saddle mules for the day. There were thirteen carriages from Chamouny on that day, and I did not hear of the slightest accident to any of them.

We were twice delayed by the storms at the Tête Noire and the summit of the Col de Forclaz, but the actual travelling only occupied about $6\frac{1}{2}$ hours ; and I am persuaded that in favourable weather, allowing an hour for rest and refreshment at the *Tête Noire Hotel*, the journey may be comfortably effected in 7 hours.

We were only required to walk twice up the steepest parts of the road, and altogether we did not spend over 20 minutes in walking. I have crossed the Tête Noire many times, but never with half the ease of Monday last, despite the hostility of wind and rain.

In the terms of the convention with the Prefect and other officials at Martigny a strange anomaly exists. The muleteers and mules from Chamouny to Martigny pass over the road free both ways ; but the guides with mules from Martigny to Chamouny have to pay a large percentage of the twelve francs received for mule or guide, to keep the Swiss road

in order. Moreover, in making the long ascent of the Col de Forclaz, about 7 miles, an extra mule has to be engaged for each carriage. This necessarily increases the rate for the journey taken that way, and gives a premium to the Chamouny proprietors and guides. The State makes and keeps the road in order over the French-Savoy territory ; but in Switzerland the expense falls on the proprietors of mules and guides, whilst over the same road the French subjects pass free. This is an anomaly requiring rectification before the carriage scheme can work smoothly.

The host of guides at both Chamouny and Martigny are excited with jealousy, and are trying to frighten travellers against the new mode of conveyance ; but I am persuaded it is as safe as travelling in the saddle, and the guides must look to the additional numbers brought into the district for other engagements, which it is hoped will soon counterbalance their loss of employment on the main road. I anticipate that this carriage arrangement will soon double the traffic over the Tête Noire, and thus the interests of all will be advanced. I only add that the carriages are on springs, and are arranged for two, three, or four travellers, with a moderate amount of baggage.

I am, yours very respectfully,

BERNE, *August 9, 1872.*

THOMAS COOK.

Mr. Cook has attempted in vain to take advantage of the return journey of mules and guides for the accommodation of large parties, and for the reduction of charges ; even this cannot be done, as it is a law of the district that mules or guides going from Chamouny to Martigny, or *vice versa*, shall not be allowed to work both ways, to the prejudice of each other ; and the guides are not allowed to make special agreements, which would tend to the fostering of a spirit of competition and rivalry. At Chamouny a list of guides is kept by the official appointed to superintend the business, and the men and the mules can only be taken in rotation. The money received goes into the common fund, and the guides receive from that fund the several amounts due to them for the work they have done. Throughout Switzerland this system of almost parental government prevails very

extensively, and in such a country it has its advantages, where commerce and employment are necessarily very limited, and where rivalry and strife would lead to most unhappy results. This principle of paternal government extends to the cultivation of crops, the gathering of the vintages, and the manufacture of wines. In reference to the gathering of the grapes intended for wine, no man can "do as he likes with his own," if his will is not in accordance with the regulations of the Syndic, or magistrate of the place. Grapes may be gathered for the table, or for family use; but the wine crop can only be gathered on the days appointed for its collection; and on those days almost all the people turn out to pick the ripe fruit. The Federal Post Diligences are under the management of the Confederated States, or Cantons, and the Electric Telegraph is controlled by the same authority; hence the great privilege of being able to send a short message to any part of Switzerland to which telegraph wires extend, for half a franc. The telegraph is established over most of the tourist lines of travel. A wire, like that which connects Balmoral with London, for the special interest and advantage of Royalty and the Government, runs alongside of the road from Geneva to Chamouny, and from Lucerne to the summit of the Rigi; thus, for a trifling sum, enabling tourists to bespeak rooms in advance, or to ascertain if accommodation can be had.

A choice of routes is given; either by the Tête Noire or the Col de Balme. The latter is to be chosen if the traveller is proceeding from Martigny to Chamouny; while the former is infinitely to be preferred in the journey to Martigny from Chamouny. For particulars see Cook's Tourist programmes.

The Pass of the Tête Noire is twenty-three miles, and can be done easily with a mule in ten hours, which will allow

two hours for rest and refreshment. The first part of the journey is by carriage-road to Argentière by fine glacier scenery, then by a bridle-path to Valorcine, the chief village of the valley, where traces of avalanches may be seen.

The scenery now becomes wilder, grander, and more tenderly beautiful, as we ascend through a pierced rock, and arrive at the

Tête Noire (3917 ft.). This is the usual halting-place, and all that heart can wish (or appetite) may be obtained at the Hotel de la Tête-Noire.

While resting here and arranging the flowers, which in all probability have been picked on the road, it may be interesting to read an account of them from a well-known pen:—

“You cannot think how beautiful are these Alpine valleys. Our course, all the first morning after we left Chamouny, lay beside a broad, hearty, joyous mountain torrent, called, perhaps from the darkness of its waters, Eau Noire. Charming meadows skirted its banks. All the way along I could think of nothing but Bunyan’s meadows beside the river of life, ‘curiously adorned with lilies.’ *These* were curiously adorned, brodered, and inwrought with flowers, many and brilliant as those in a western prairie. Were I to undertake to describe them, I might make an inventory as long as Homer’s list of the ships. There was the Canterbury bell of our garden; the white meadow-sweet; the blue and white campanula; the tall, slender harebell, and a little, short, tufted variety of the same, which our guide tells me is called ‘Les clochettes,’ or the ‘little bells,’—fairies might ring them, I thought. Then there are whole beds of the little blue forget-me-nots, and a white flower which much resembles it in form. I also noticed, hanging in the clefts of the rocks around Tête Noire, long golden tresses of the laburnum. It has seemed to me, when I have been travel-

ling here, as if every flower I ever saw in a garden met me somewhere in rocks or meadows.

“There is a strange unsatisfying pleasure about flowers, which, like all earthly pleasure, is akin to pain. What can you do with them?—you want to do something, but what? Take them all up, and carry them with you? You cannot do that. Get down and look at them? What keep a whole caravan waiting for, your observations! That will never do. Well, then, pick and carry them along with you. That is what, in despair of any better recourse, I did. My good old guide was infinite in patience, stopping at every new exclamation point of mine, plunging down rocks into the meadow land, climbing to the points of great rocks, and returning with his hands filled with flowers. It seemed almost sacrilegious to tear away such fanciful creations, that looked as if they were votive offerings on an altar, or, more likely, living existences, whose only conscious life was a continued exhalation of joy and praise.

“These flowers seemed to me to be earth's raptures and aspirations—her better moments—her lucid intervals. Like everything else in our existence, they are mysterious.

“In what mood of mind were they conceived by the great Artist? Of what feelings of His are they the expression—springing up out of the dust, in these gigantic wastes and desolate regions, where one would think the sense of His Omnipotence might overpower the soul? Born in the track of the glacier and the avalanche, they seem to say to us that this Almighty Being is very pitiful, and of tender compassion; that in His infinite soul there is an exquisite gentleness and love of the beautiful; and that, if we would be blessed, His will to bless is infinite.

“The greatest men have always thought much of flowers. Luther always kept a flower in a glass on his writing table;

and when he was waging his great public controversy with Eckius, he kept a flower in his hand. Lord Bacon has a beautiful passage about flowers. As to Shakespeare, he is a perfect Alpine valley—he is full of flowers ; they spring, and blossom, and wave in every cleft of his mind. Witness the *Midsummer Night's Dream*. Even Milton, cold, serene, and stately as he is, breaks forth into exquisite gushes of tenderness and fancy, when he marshals the flowers, as in *Lycidas* and *Comus*."

Leaving the hotel, we enter the forest of Trient ; and when we have passed the village of that name, we join the road from Chamouny over the Col de Balme ; then we ascend again till we reach the summit of the **Col de la Forclaz**, where a view as different from any we have hitherto seen, and yet as perfect as a view can be, bursts upon the sight. It has been described a thousand times, but no description can convey an adequate idea of the scene. Here is one account, which is a good word-picture :—

"At our feet, as if we were looking down at it out of a cloud, lay the whole beautiful valley of the Rhone. I did not know then that this was one of the things put down in the guide book that we were expected to admire, as I found afterwards it was ; but nothing that I saw anywhere through the Alps impressed me as this did. It seemed to me more like the vision of 'the land that is very far off' than anything earthly. I can see it now just as distinctly as I saw it then ; one of those flat Swiss valleys, green as a velvet carpet, studded with buildings and villages that look like dots in the distance, and embraced on all sides by magnificent mountains, of which those nearest in the prospect were distinctly made out, with their rocks, pine trees, and foliage. The next in the receding distance were fainter, and of a purplish green ; the next of a vivid purple ; the

next lilac ; while far in the fading view the crystal summits and glaciers of the Oberland Alps rose like an exhalation.

“The afternoon sun was throwing its level beams in between these many-coloured ranges, and in one of them the ruins of an old Roman tower stood picturesquely prominent. The Simplon road could be seen dividing the valley like an arrow.”

And now down, down, down, until we arrive at

MARTIGNY.

(Hotel Clerc.)

There is little to see at Martigny, and it is tame after the scenery we have lately left, but we must take a stroll to the

Bridge, which is one of the best specimens of Swiss covered wooden bridges. Martigny is, however, an important place, as it stands in the centre of a series of celebrated spots. From here the ascent of the

Great St. Bernard can be easily made in about ten hours (it is about twenty-five miles). The approach to St. Bernard suggested Longfellow's noble poem “Excelsior.” We welcome another pen to describe the scenery here. “What a bewildering, what a sudden change ! Nothing but savage, awful precipices of naked granite, snowy fields, and verdureless wastes ! In every other place of the Alps we have looked upon the snow in the remote distance, to be dazzled with its shining effulgence—ourselves, meanwhile, in the region of verdure and warmth. Here we march through a horrid desert—not a leaf, not a blade of grass—over the deep drifts of snow. And this is the road that Hannibal trod, and Charlemagne, and Napoleon ! They were fit conquerors of Rome, who could vanquish the *sterner despotism of eternal winter.*”

It is usual to stay the night in the Hospice (8131 feet) ; no charge is made, but of course no one would avail himself of the accommodation without contributing liberally to the institution. It was founded in the year 174, and everybody has heard of the noble work accomplished by the devoted monks and their faithful dogs. A piano in the room set apart for visitors was presented by the Prince of Wales.

The Morgue will be seen with interest by those who indulge in visiting chambers of horrors. (This brief account is deemed sufficient, as the Brethren on the Mount take an interest in giving all particulars of the place.) Carriages may now be obtained for the Great St. Bernard journey. See Cook's Tourist Programmes.

From Martigny a detour may be made to Sion, and over the Simplon to Arona, for which see p. 177.

No one should visit Martigny without paying a visit to the **Gorge du Trient** ; it is but a short distance from the Vervayaz railway station, and may be easily reached as a distinct excursion from Martigny, or as we resume our journey towards the Lake of Geneva we may halt here *en route*, and the time between the arrival of our train and the departure of the next will give us enough time for examining the place. For half a mile the gorge can be ascended (charge, one franc) by means of a wooden platform attached to the rocks ; it is a sight to take away the breath, the river foaming and dashing at your feet, the rocks (420 feet high) hemming you in, and so closely meeting overhead that the sunshine never enters. At the firing of a cannon a hundred echoes seem to take up its deafening roar. The gorge extends for a distance of eight miles, until it stops hard by the Tête-Noire Hotel.

Not far from here is to be seen the

Pissevache, a fall of some two hundred feet. Above the fall a fine view is to be obtained of the Glacier of Mont Velan, connected with the Great St. Bernard.

FROM MARTIGNY TO VILLENEUVE.

This is perhaps the most interesting of all the Swiss lines, as it passes **St. Maurice**, where there is plenty to see, especially in the ancient abbey, with its olden works of ecclesiastical art in gold and silver, including Queen Bertha's famous chalice. There also is the Emperor Charlemagne's curious MS. of the Gospels; also several richly carved stalls. The field where the Theban Legion were martyred is a little farther on, just outside the town, which took its name from the Theban leader, St. Maurice. The legion consisted of 6000 men who had fearlessly embraced the bright truths of Christianity, at a time when the renunciation of heathen doctrines was regarded by the Romans as a crime punishable with death. In A.D. 286, with the rest of the Roman army, the Theban Legion—one of the most courageous in the world—crossed the Alps, and on arriving here were commanded by the Emperor Maximian to sacrifice to the gods. Bravely refusing, every tenth man was mercilessly slain. Again went forth the harsh and cruel mandate, again the Theban Legion refused to dishonour themselves by renouncing the Christian faith, and again their numbers were decimated; the terrible ordeal being repeated again and again until the whole legion had perished rather than prove false to the religion of their Redeemer. Was not this a mighty sacrifice, a magnificent example of Christian heroism? Yet we have no picture, no poem on the subject. Perhaps our singers felt the theme too great for their muse, even as our painters found the subject too grand for their pencils.

Bex, famous for its salt works. **Aigle**, a famous summer resort, but curious to look upon, as the houses are built of black marble found in the neighbourhood. The Swiss women also in their Chinese-like hats attract attention.

Besides these towns, the journey is in the valley of the Rhone, and it is enough to say this without adding the remark that every step of the way is beautiful. We pause at

Villeneuve (or at Bouveret if we have so elected, and in this latter case we shall have changed carriages at St. Maurice), intending from this place to visit the classic places on the Lake of Geneva, see p. 108.

We are now in a region of poetry, sentiment, and loveliness. "The locality," we are told, "is celebrated in every notebook, delineated in every sketch-book of every sentimental tourist from the days of our grandmothers; for before Byron sang, and when Chillon was nothing more than it now is—an old French-like chateau, very suitable for its present use, a military magazine—the locality was the region of sentimentality; for here Rousseau had placed his Julie and St. Preux; and Clarens and Meillerie, and all that is real or unreal in the 'Héloïse,' are here or hereabouts." Even so. Everything appears fairy-like and poetical.

Villeneuve recalls us from our abstraction. The view is not a mere fanciful vision, but a glorious and soul-inspiring fact. Here come other tourists, friends from Geneva and Lausanne, who, preferring the lake scenery, have arrived hither by boat. They are loud in their eulogiums of the numerous views from the deck of the steamer, and the countless scenic enjoyments of the passage. It was superb, delightful, entrancing. Mr. Laing speaks highly in praise of this part of the country. "The snowy peak, the waterfall, the glacier," says he, "are but the wonders of Switzerland; her beauty is in her lakes—the blue eyes of this Alpine land.

The most beautiful passage of scenery in Switzerland is, to my mind, the upper end of the Lake of Geneva, from Vevey, or from Lausanne to Villeneuve." Again, "the margin of the lake is carved out, and built up into terrace above terrace of vineyards and Indian corn plots; behind this narrow belt, grain crops, orchards, grass fields, and chestnut trees have their zone; higher still upon the hill-side, pasture grass and forest trees occupy the ground; above rises a dense mass of pine forest, broken by peaks of bare rocks shooting up, weather-worn and white, through this dark-green mantle; and, last of all, the eternal snow piled up high against the deep blue sky; and all this glory of Nature, this varied majesty of mountain land, within one glance!" Well might the same eloquent and gifted writer observe, that "It is not surprising that this water of Geneva has seen upon its banks the most powerful minds of each succeeding generation. Calvin, Knox, Voltaire, Gibbon, Rousseau, Madame de Staël, Byron, John Kemble, have, with all their essential diversities and degrees of intellectual powers, been united here in one common feeling of the magnificence of the scenery around it. This land of alp and lake is indeed a mountain-temple, reared for the human mind on the dull unvaried plains of Europe."

If one end of the lake of Lucerne may be called the land of Tell, surely this end of the lake of Geneva may be called the land of Byron. Everywhere we are brought into contact with him. Ten minutes' walk from Villeneuve we come to the "Hotel Byron," and ten minutes' from that we reach the

Castle of Chillon. Apart from its historic interest the Castle is impressive, with its solid walls and towers, and its strangely isolated situation on a rock, connected with the bank by a wooden bridge.

Over the entrance is the inscription—"God bless all who come in and go out." The story of the prisoner, immortalized in Byron's poem, has been the subject of controversy; and when the sentimental tourist sheds a tear over the pavement worn down by the tread of his hero, or touches with sad fingers the iron ring in the dungeon by which he was bound to one of the pillars, and then discovers that he has been misinformed as to the facts of the case, he may feel a twinge of chagrin. It will be well for him, therefore, to study the following, which is extracted from Baedeker's Guide:—

"Chillon! thy prison is a holy place,
And thy sad floor an altar—for 'twas trod,
Until his very steps have left a trace
Worn, as if the cold pavement were a sod,
By Bonnivard!—may none those marks efface,
For they appeal from tyranny to God."

"The noble author of these exquisite lines has invested this spot with much of the peculiar interest which attaches to it, but it is an error to identify Bonnivard, the victim to the tyranny of the Duke of Savoy, and by him confined in these gloomy dungeons for a period of six years, with Byron's 'Prisoner of Chillon.' The author calls his poem a fable, and when he composed it he was not aware of the history of Bonnivard, or he would, as he himself states, have attempted to dignify the subject by an endeavour to celebrate his courage and virtue. The following brief particulars of a man with whose name these gloomy walls are so intimately associated may be acceptable to the traveller as he contemplates the spot. Francis Bonnivard was born in 1496. He was the son of Louis Bonnivard, Lord of Lune, and at the age of sixteen inherited from his uncle the rich priory of Saint Victor, close to the walls of Geneva. The Duke of Savoy having attacked the republic of Geneva, Bonnivard

warmly espoused its cause, and thereby incurred the relentless hostility of the Duke, who caused him to be seized and imprisoned in the castle of Grolée, where he remained two years. On being restored to liberty he returned to his priory, but in 1528 he was again in arms against those who had seized his ecclesiastical revenues: the city of Geneva supplied him with the munitions of war, in return for which Bonnivard parted with his birthright, the revenues of which were applied by the Genevese to the support of the city hospital. Bonnivard was afterwards employed in the service of the republic, and in 1530, when travelling between Moudon and Lausanne, fell into the power of his old enemy, the Duke of Savoy, who caused him to be confined in the castle of Chillon. In 1536 he was restored to liberty by the Genevese forces of Nögelin; he returned to the republic, and was made a citizen. Bonnivard's subsequent existence was a stormy one, and he died in 1571, at the age of seventy-five years."

The Castle of Chillon is also celebrated as being the place where a part of the plot of Rousseau's celebrated "Nouvelle Héloïse" is laid.

Clarens is all poetry, and little else, and Byron must again describe it to us, in the place which none would feel as if they had visited, did they not read it here:—

" Clarens! sweet Clarens, birthplace of deep love!
 Thine air is the young breath of passionate thought;
 Thy trees take root in Love; the snows above
 The very glaciers have his colours caught,
 And sunset into rose-hues sees them wrought
 By rays which sleep there lovingly: the rocks,
 The permanent crags, tell here of Love, who sought
 In them a refuge from the worldly shocks
 Which stir and sting the soul with hope that woos, then mocks.

Clarens ! by heavenly feet thy paths are trod—
 Undying Love's, who here ascends a throne
 To which the steps are mountains ; where the god
 Is a pervading life and light,—so shown
 Not on those summits solely, nor alone
 In the still cave and forest ; o'er the flower
 His eye is sparkling, and his breath hath blown
 His soft and summer-breath, whose tender power
 Passes the strength of storms in their most desolate hour.

' All things are here of *him* ; from the black pines
 Which are his shade on high, and the loud roar
 Of torrents, where he listeneth to the vines
 Which slope his green path downwards to the shore,
 Where the bow'd waters meet him, and adore,
 Kissing his feet with murmurs ; and the wood,
 The covert of old trees, with trunks all hoar,
 But light leaves, young as joy, stands where it stood,
 Offering to him and his a populous solitude—

A populous solitude of trees and birds,
 And fairy-form'd and many-colour'd things,
 Who worship him with notes more sweet than words,
 And innocently open their glad wings,
 Fearless and full of life ; the gush of springs,
 And fall of lofty fountains, and the bend
 Of stirring branches, and the bud which brings
 The swiftest thought of beauty, here extend,
 Mingling and made by Love, unto one mighty end.

'Twas not for fiction chose Rousseau this spot,
 Peopling it with affections ; but he found
 It was the scene which passion must allot
 To the mind's purified beings ; 'twas the ground
 Where early Love his Psyche's zone unbound,
 And hallowed it with loveliness ; 'tis lone,
 And wonderful, and deep, and hath a sound,
 And sense, and sight of sweetness ; here the Rhone
 Hath spread himself a couch, the Alps have rear'd a throne."

Vevey (Grand Hotel de Vevey) is a delicious place
 in which one would love to linger. The views of the

lake and mountain scenery are exquisite, and the town seems designed for quiet pleasure. There are baths, rowing boats, a beautiful tropical garden, and a charming church (Saint Martin's) a little way out of the town. In the graveyard attached lie the remains of Ludlow, one of the judges who condemned King Charles I. to death, and Broughton, who read the sentence to the Martyr-King. There are two very lengthy inscriptions in Latin.

At Vevey there is held at irregular intervals, dependent upon good wine years, a curious festival called *la Fête des Vignerons*, under the auspices of a guild called "l'Abbaye des Vignerons." I was present at the last fête, held in 1865. Crossing from *Bouveret*, a miserable little neglected place where I had passed the night, I found at four o'clock in the morning, the unseemly hour fixed for the commencement of the fun, that Vevey was all alive; bells ringing, guns firing, banners waving, and—rain falling in torrents. A little later on, thousands of persons were strolling about, waiting for the rain to cease and the fête to commence with a grand allegorical procession. Every canton, with every peculiarity of local costume, was represented in the crowd. The head-gear was something fearful and wonderful. At ten o'clock the booming of cannon announced that the procession was on its way. Windows, roofs, and trees were thronged. And then came the procession—the Vintners with scarfs and medals, resembling the Masons or Foresters we see at home; then young men and maidens in dresses of all nations; then followed cars drawn by bullocks and horses. In one a girl at work with her spindle; in another a cooper carrying on his trade. Then came the Queen of Beauty in a car of exquisite grouping; then Ceres, then Pallas, then Bacchus, and all surrounded and accompanied with troops of representative characters—satyrs, fawns, gods,

shepherds, reapers, troop upon troop. One of the prettiest things was the harvest-home cart, with the farmer and his children a-top ; and then followed tiny children leading pet lambs, and a bevy of charming girls leading, with strings of flowers and garlands, bullocks and other fat beasts. Never before had I seen so beautiful and interesting a procession ; the nearest approach to it is perhaps the Preston Guild.

Then followed, in the vast amphitheatre (for which seats were selling at twenty francs a-piece) competitions, between the different cantons represented, in songs and dances and sports. There was to have been a Venetian fête on the lake at night ; but the rain continuing, it was postponed till the next day ; so I did not wait for it, but had seen enough of the Fête des Vignerons to feel justified in recommending any whenever it takes place again, to make a point of seeing it if possible.

FROM VEVEY TO NEUCHÂTEL.

A short but lovely ride brings us again to Lausanne, and as we have before visited this interesting town (see page 102), we shall only tarry here as long as may suit our convenience, and then take the train again for Neuchatel. The ride is again very pleasant. We pass the wooden town of **Cossonay**, and after a time arrive at Yverdon, at the south-western extremity of the Lake of Neuchatel. Now we curve round the beautiful lake, having fine views of the Jura mountain. **Grandson** has a picturesque old castle, overgrown with ivy. **Concise** is celebrated for a battle against Charles the Bold of Burgundy. **Boudry**, from whence the Creux du Vent is ascended. (A strange phenomenon is to be seen here.) There is a basin at the top of the mountain, like a crater ; and when the weather changes, clouds of vapour roll within

it, but do not quit the hollow. A gunshot produces a rattling echo resembling that of a volley of musketry. Those who have not an opportunity of witnessing this strange phenomenon may produce a very miniature representation of it by filling a tumbler with smoke from a cigar, and witnessing the action of the atmosphere upon it—it will surge and roll like the sea.

NEUCHÂTEL.

Grand Hotel du Lac.

The city contains a population of 13,321 and is the capital of the canton from which it takes its name. It occupies a most interesting position on the slopes of the Jura, rising from the beautiful lake at its base in the form of an amphitheatre. The general aspects of the city are peculiarly inviting, the streets being open and admirably clean, and the principal buildings presenting a substantial, if not elegant, appearance. By the shore of the lake are rows of beautiful trees, which afford a delightful shade to promenaders. There is also a good supply of convenient seats facing the shore, and on a pedestal is fixed an instrument by which the names of the mountains within sight are identified. The Jura range of hills skirt the lake on the opposite side of the city, and on the back of that range are the Oberland Alps, most of which are covered with snow. The panorama, as viewed from the lake, is extremely interesting. There is about the people of the place an air of moral dignity and social comfort which well accords with the appearance of the place itself. Scholastic institutions, of the first class, abound both in the city and the surrounding localities, and it is hardly possible to walk abroad without recognising, by eye and ear, *groups of charming English pupils*. The endowments of

the city are rich and extensive, comprising schools, hospitals, and a very interesting museum. The latter, with one or more of the schools, runs parallel with the lake, at a short distance from the shore. A statue of a noble and native benefactor of the place, Davy de Pury, adorns the chief open space. This gentleman bequeathed to the city four and a half millions of francs.

A large hospital has recently been erected. There is a chateau, the ancient residence of the princes of Neuchâtel, and adjoining the palace is a cathedral. "Our first impressions of Neuchâtel were almost as though inspired by the melodies and enchantments of a world of bliss. Gathered under the pleasant shades of the trees on the border of the lake, and occupying every available seat, were hundreds of inhabitants and visitors. It was evening—a lovely summer evening—when the sun had just retired over the Jura range, and a full moon rose in magnificent splendour. Several rowing parties were on the lake, singing in strains of cheerful melody, while on shore a band was playing. A quieter, lovelier scene we never beheld, and the whole appeared to be quite free from every outward symptom of immoral taint or vicious indulgence. The reflection of the moon seemed to stretch almost across the lake, whilst the waters showed not a ripple, save what was caused by the striking of the oars. No wonder that such a place should be selected as suitable for the great purposes of youthful training." There is near the lake a pillar containing a barometer, thermometer, udometer, and an instrument for ascertaining the height of the water of the lake. A spur of the Jura mountains, called the **Chaumont**, may be ascended with very great interest, as it commands, at an elevation of over 3,600 feet, fine views of the surrounding lakes and the Bernese Alps, the eye reaching as far as Mont Blanc. There are in

the neighbourhood charming places of resort, which offer an inducement to tourists to tarry there for a day or two.

A fine terrace skirts the lake, and rows of lime, chestnut, and other trees are in luxuriant growth. One remarkable clump of trees, probably 90 to 100 feet high, are to be seen near the Bellevue ; and skirting a basin of the lake, we arrive at a magnificent grove of trees, all of gigantic dimensions, under which are placed seats overlooking the water, and having a splendid walk and drive under this most ubrageous of boulevards. On the terrace first named is an ingenious contrivance for distinguishing the various mountains in the vicinity. A brass plate, forming half a circle, has the names engraved on its outer margin, and a style, fixed by a pivot, works from one end of the half-circle to the other ; when the side of the style coincides with a line on the brass plate opposite—we will say Mont Blanc—spectator looks along the style and over a sight something like that on a rifle, and, if the weather is clear, it distinctly marks the mountain we have mentioned. At Vevey there is an improvement upon this, for there the position of all the chief cities on half the horizon are delineated.

BIENNE.

Bienne is eighteen miles by railway from Neuchâtel, and takes one hour or thereabout to accomplish the journey ; it is therefore an easy excursion, supposing that no coupon has been taken to include it. The town itself has little to recommend it, although the tourist will be interested in visiting some of the watch-making manufactories which abound here. The great attraction of the place is the lake a miniature affair after those we have already visited, being *only ten miles* long and two broad ; but everybody takes a

boat, which may be obtained at any village on the lake, and rows to the picturesque island of **St. Pierre**.

It was here that Rousseau dwelt for two months in 1765, after he had been turned out of Paris, and had been stoned at Motiers—which stoning, by the bye, appears to have been a persecution by street boys, for boys will be boys all the world over. He came to this island home, and he wrote enthusiastically of its peace and tranquil beauty. The room in the little inn he occupied is still preserved just as he left it, by order of the Government of Berne, except that it is scribbled all over with the names of tourists.

We are inclined to think that those who care little for the memory of Rousseau will care little for Bienne.

And now our grand tour in Switzerland terminates. From Neuchâtel we travel to Pontarlier, Dôle, Maçon, Dijon, and Paris ; but as we shall now proceed to describe other routes, we defer an account of the return journey to Paris for the present.

It will be found on p. 186 to p. 192.



Tours in East Switzerland.

FROM BALE OR OLTEN TO ZURICH.

THE route from Bale to Olten has been already described (see p. 52); we will therefore take up our description from

Aarau, the next station beyond Olten. Aarau is at the foot of the Jura mountains; the capital of the Canton of Aargau, pleasantly situated beside the river Aare, over which is a suspension bridge.

Wildeg is an insignificant place; but it has a picturesque castle and a mineral spring.

Schinz is a fashionable watering-place, with celebrated sulphur baths. The castle of Hapsburg is here, once the seat of the Imperial Family of Austria, but now a ruin.

Brugg, a pleasant and pretty place, once belonging to the House of Hapsburg; its old towers are very quaint and curious. Near here the Aar, the Reuss, and the Limmat, three of the principal rivers of the country, join and travel in company under the name of Aar, until they reach *Koblentz*, near Waldshut,—not to be mistaken for Coblenz on the Rhine. A mile to the south-east of Brugg stands the **Abbey of Königsfelden**, “founded by the Empress Elizabeth and

Agnes of Hungary, on the spot where the Emperor Albert, husband of the one and father of the other, was assassinated two years before. How much religion went in those days to the building of an abbey, we may judge by the ferocious revenge which Agnes, unable to lay hands on the conspirators themselves, took upon their families and friends, when, on occasion of the butchery of sixty-three guiltless victims before her at one time, she exclaimed, 'Now I bathe in May-dew!' The actual murderers succeeded in making their escape, with the exception of Wart, who was undoubtedly present, though his share in the deed is disputed. He was sentenced to be broken alive upon the wheel; but the usual 'stroke of mercy' was denied, and he lingered for two days and two nights before death relieved him from his sufferings. I know few stories more affecting than that of the devotion of Wart's wife in the hours of his long agony. During the day she concealed herself in the neighbourhood, and as soon as it was dark, eluding the guards, she contrived to climb up to the scaffold, and kneeling by his side through the slow and terrible night wiped away the sweat of anguish from his brow, and whispered into his ear the consolation of faith and love. Before the morning broke she hastened away to hide herself near the spot, and to pray that when she came again she might find him dead. There came in the morning a gay troop of knights to see the sight, and bitterly spoke one when he looked upon the un mutilated face. 'Are there no crows in your country?' was his stern demand. It was the cruel Agnes in disguise. Strange indeed it is that two such passions should have a common origin of woman's affection—that the same source should send forth such sweet waters and such bitter!"

Brugg was the birthplace of Zimmermann, the author of the well-known book on "Solitude."

Turgi is a junction, and the only interesting thing about it is, that it has a refreshment-room, where we can usefully employ ourselves while the train waits. Then on to

Baden, which is the oldest of the watering-places of Switzerland; its ancient name was Aquæ Helvetiæ. It was visited by fashionable Romans, and now fashionable cosmopolitans visit it to the number of 15,000 annually. Its springs are good for rheumatism, catarrhs, and almost everything else. A curious fact connected with this place is, that it was an ancestor of Baden-Baden; that is to say, it was once a "hell" of the Romans, if all accounts be true; for it is said the Wurfel Wiese, or Dice Meadow, is so named on account of the dice found in it.

Passing Altstetten, where there is a junction to Lucerne, we arrive at

ZURICH.

(Hotel de Belle Vue, delightfully situated on the shore of the Lake. Ask for "Belle Vue au Lac.")

ZURICH is the capital of the canton, and is the most famous manufacturing town in Switzerland, its staple trade being the manufacture of silk and cotton. It has a population of nearly 57,000, most of whom are Protestants. The history of the city possesses some interest. "After having had the honour to be entrusted with the direction of the interests of the Swiss Confederation, it allied itself with Austria, and was besieged by its former allies; but subsequently it made its peace with the Confederates, and was restored to its former rank, and afterwards justified fully the confidence placed in it by the courage its citizens displayed in the wars in which the Confederation was engaged against Burgundy, Austria, and the French."

It was at Zurich that the great battle was fought in 1799,

when the Russians were driven from it by the French under Massena ; and as they fell back on the Rhine, whence they were driven, there perished 13,000 men.

But greater warfare than this has Zurich known, a warfare which has ennobled and not brutalized, whose weapons were not fleshly. Near to the time when Luther was shaking Germany with the pen and the tongue (1519), Zwingli stood up the champion of the Reformation at Zurich, which soon became the centre of the new doctrines in Switzerland. Here he laboured night and day, turning many against himself for a time it is true, but eventually turning thousands to worship God in truth. Then (1531) came the inevitable war between the Catholic and the Reformed cantons. The five cantons of Lucerne, Zug, Schwyz, Uri, and Unterwalden declared war against Zurich and Berne, and their troops advanced to Cappel, only a few miles from Zurich, when a battle was fought, October 11, 1531. And here Zwingli fell. "When the first ranks had fallen and the rest fled, Zwingli, with a halbert in his hand, which he stretched across their course, in vain attempted to restrain their flight, calling out to them "not to fear, for that they were in a good cause ; to commend themselves to God, and stand their ground." He appears to have been first beaten to the ground by a stone, and afterwards on rising, or attempting to rise, to have been repeatedly thrown down and trodden upon by the crowd. At length he received a wound in the throat from a spear, which he supposed to be mortal ; when, sinking down on his knees, he exclaimed, "Is this to be esteemed a calamity ? They can kill the body, but the soul they cannot touch." When the soldiers came to strip the slain, he was found yet alive, lying on his back, with his hands clasped together and his eyes lifted up to heaven. He was asked if he wished a confessor to be sent for ; then if he would invoke the Virgin ;

and on his declining both, he was immediately despatched. When the body was discovered to be that of Zwingli, it was condemned by a military tribunal to be cut in quarters, and then burned to ashes; which barbarous but impotent sentence, with other indignities, was accordingly carried into execution."

Zurich boasts of many distinguished names. Conrad Gesner, the celebrated naturalist, was born here, March 26, 1516. A wonderful life was his, full of labour, and the books he produced of a learned and scientific nature would take a page to catalogue. Moreover he designed and painted over 1500 plants, and left five volumes consisting entirely of figures. He was buried in the cloister of the Great Church in Zurich, 1565. Solomon Gessner, too, the poet and painter, was born here in 1730. Who has not read the "Death of Abel" with delight? He died in Zurich, and his monument will be seen with affectionate pleasure by many tourists. And Lavater, the thoughtful, amiable Lavater, was born and lived here. Zimmermann dwelt for some time near here on the lake, and wrote in one of his letters, "I can never recall these sublime and tranquil scenes which I have enjoyed in the company of Lavater without the most intense emotion." Lavater met his death in Zurich, when the town was entered by the French army, as already mentioned. There are several versions of the story of his death, but the most credible is that which says that he was shot by a French soldier while dressing the wounds of his dying comrade. The perpetrator of the crime had but a few hours before received the hospitality of the man he thus cruelly slew. Although Lavater knew who it was that had shot him, he refused to divulge the information, notwithstanding a large reward had been offered by the French commander, Massena, for the discovery of the murderer. Lavater lingered

for more than a year, much of which time was spent in extreme bodily torture consequent upon his wound.

But we must not linger over the names of the good and great who have helped to make Zurich famous. Our business is now to look round the town. Zurich is divided into two parts by the rapid river Limmat. The lake, at the north end of which the town lies, is twenty-six miles long and three wide. It is and ever must be the chief pride of Zurich, and the greatest attraction to strangers. "It is the Windermere of Switzerland; its character is beauty—beauty of the very highest order, but mingled with the picturesque; and although the banks of the lake never approach the sublime, yet the sun and cloud-capped Alps of Glarus and Uri rise above them, and form a background such as Switzerland alone can offer." Villages, vineyards, the woody heights of Albis, ruins, gay scenes upon the lake, are a rough abstract of the scenery.

Now for the sights.

The Gross-Münster, or Cathedral, is old, plain, and interesting. Here Zwingli preached.

The Bridge, with its four arches, commands fine views of the lake.

The Library, containing, some say 45,000, and others 70,000 volumes, with many valuable MSS. and autograph letters, a bust of Lavater, a portrait of Zwingli, and other curiosities.

The Hohe Promenade, with a fine view, and the burial-place of Lavater close at hand.

The Arsenal, containing two great curiosities, if faith be brought to assist in their inspection; viz., the cross-bow with which Tell shot the apple from his son's head, and the battle-axe used by Zwingli in the fatal engagement at Cappel.

We may also mention as worthy of a visit, if time is no object, the *Augustine Church*, containing a few good pictures; the *Botanical Gardens*, with pretty views and fine specimens of Alpine plants; but if the visitor's time is limited, we should recommend a rowing-boat (forty cents an hour or thereabouts) for a little quiet enjoyment.

From Zurich a very agreeable détour of twenty-five miles and a half may be made to

ZUG,

or it may be reached more easily from Lucerne (eighteen miles) in about forty or fifty minutes, according to the class of train. [Starting from the Lucerne station, the railway passes under the Gibraltar, a favourite ascent, and uniting with the Swiss Central Railway, crosses, by means of a long iron bridge, the river Reuss. Passing **Ebikon**, in about ten minutes **Gislikon** is reached. Here, in 1847, during the war of the Separate League—which seemed the forerunner of the great political commotions which disturbed Europe in the following year—several sharp conflicts took place. The line enters the lovely valley of the Reuss, and at **Rothkreuz** a fine view of Zug is obtained. Near **Chaam**, the railway crosses the Lorze, as that river emerges from the Lake of Zug, recrossing the river just before skirting the northern bank of the lake. The Lorze forms a channel of communication between the Lake of Zug, starting from Zurich, and the Lake of Egeri.]

The population of Zug is between 3,500 and 4,000, of whom only a few are Protestants. The place contains various objects of interest. Among these is the **Arsenal**, wherein is to be found the ancient standard, stained by the blood of its gallant but unfortunate bearer, Pierre Collin, who

perished at the battle of Arbedo, in 1422, when 3,000 Swiss valiantly but fruitlessly strove to maintain the field against 24,000 Milanese. A more desperate struggle has seldom been recorded in the pages of history. The Churchyard should also be visited; it abounds with a large number of gilt crosses. In the Church of the Capuchins is a painting of the Entombment, by Fiamingo. The Cathedral and the Town Hall must not be omitted; nor St. Michael's Bone House, where are to be seen numerous skulls, duly labelled and inscribed with their respective pedigrees. At the **Hotel du Cerf**, the "Stranger's Book" contains the signatures of the unfortunate dinner party who perished a few hours afterwards in the Goldau Landslip. This was in 1806, when, a large portion of the Rossberg, penetrated by the heavy rains, was precipitated from a height of 3,000 feet into the valley below, swallowing up four villages, with upwards of five hundred of their inhabitants, together with several visitors. The traces of the disaster are still to be seen at **Goldau** and **Lowerz**, to which places a railway is now in course of construction from Zug. They can be speedily reached direct by rail from Lucerne. From Zug the ascent of the Rigi can be made with comparative ease.

The Lake of Zug is most beautiful, and possesses many points of interest. The adjacent country is highly picturesque; the richly-wooded banks, with the distant hills, and, to the south, the stately Rigi, forming a romantic background worthy of the artist's pencil. Small steamers are continually plying in various directions across the lake, affording tourists every facility for visiting the more interesting portions of the surrounding shores. Among these is the famous battle-field of **Morgarten**, where, in 1315, the Swiss signally defeated the adherents of Hapsburg and their allies. Near here is also to be seen the place where, in

1798, the Swiss made their last stand against the growing power of the French Republic. On other parts of the lake are the Castle of Thunenburg, the Gubel, the Fenter See, the village of Chaam, and the Convent of Frauenthal. A more delightful or pleasant neighbourhood cannot be found.

Another very pleasant excursion from Zurich is by boat to Richtersweil, opposite Rapperschwyl, and then on foot or coach (postwagen) to

EINSIEDELN

(Population, nearly 8000), a curious town of inns and houses of accommodation ; for Einsiedeln is a place of pilgrimage, and stands in relation to Switzerland, as the Holy House of Loretto does to Italy, or as Jerusalem does to Palestine. It has an enormous abbey, or monastery, or church, or all combined, and in it is the Sacred Image, which brings sometimes as many as 30,000 pilgrims to worship at its shrine. The yearly average is 150,000. The building is sacred, because, says tradition, it was consecrated by the Saviour Himself ; and the Black Virgin is sacred, because she has wrought miracles. The story may be condensed thus :—

In the days of Charlemagne the abbey was founded by Meinrad, Count of Sulgen, who devoted himself to the care of the black marble image of "The Virgin," given him by Hildegarde, Abbess of Notre Dame, Zurich. Where the image came from is more mysterious far than the wonders it is said to have wrought. Some have supposed it to be an Egyptian figure of Isis, with the infant Horus in her arms. Others have thought that in an age when curious and fantastic metaphors and symbols abounded in eloquence and art its origin might have been suggested by the text of Scripture, "I am black, but comely" (from which St. Ber-

nard is said to have preached twelve sermons). Be this as it may, the image is black, and Meinrad built it a shrine ; and moreover he kept two ravens. He was murdered in 861, and the murderers were tracked by the ravens, who croaked and flapped and hobbled till they attracted attention to the ruffians, who were executed. So there was no doubt he was a Saint, and a church was built over the spot where he dwelt. When the church was finished, it must needs be consecrated, and for that purpose the Bishop of Constance was to perform the ceremony ; but the night before the day fixed he started up at midnight, and heard a multitude of the heavenly host singing, and by-and-by he was told by a special revelation from heaven that the church needed not consecration from him, as the Saviour Himself had come and performed the ceremony. This statement Pope Leo VIII. devoutly believed (?), and issued a bull to that effect, and granted indulgence to all pilgrims who should worship at the shrine of Our Lady of the Hermits.

Plenary indulgence being a blessing not to be scoffed at, pious papists have, for 900 years and more, availed themselves of it, and the great Festival day (September 14) presents a sight at Einsiedeln at which the world may well wonder.

In 1798 the French plundered Einsiedeln, and carried away the Black Virgin. But the monks got it again, or else one like it, and to-day it, or the duplicate, may be seen by tourist or pilgrim.

“ The revenues of the abbey cannot be otherwise than enormous ; for, independently of the sums paid for masses, besides many other contributions never forgotten by the devout, they receive a large accession from the benedictions bestowed upon rosaries, crosses, and images. Thousands and tens of thousands of these are bought by the pilgrims,

and are carried to the Abbé, who, for the kiss bestowed upon each, receives one, two, or more francs, according to the means of the possessor. There is another thing to be considered in estimating the revenues of Einsiedeln ; many of the poorer pilgrims are the bearers of the offerings of others. Those who would willingly benefit by the virtues of the sacred image at Einsiedeln, but whose temporal concerns interfere with the duties of a pilgrimage, seek out some poor pilgrim whose earthly kingdom is less, and whose piety is greater than theirs ; and to him the duties of a representative are confided. Two or three florins are generally given for his prayers, and other sums for the purchase of masses for the souls of friends, all of which, let us charitably hope, find their way into the channel intended for them."

Hepworth Dixon gives the following graphic description :—

"St. Meinrad's Cell has grown into a church, an abbey, and a town. An open space—like that of the Piazza of San Pietro, on a smaller scale—divides the sacred edifice from the town ; a wide and windy open space, in which a hundred thousand pilgrims might have room, in one of their great festivals, to kneel before the Banner and the Cross, as these are carried past them by a line of priests and nuns.

"This open square has more than passing hints of Rome. The abbots, who conceived the work, were princes of the Holy Roman Empire, and the builders kept their faces firmly fixed on Rome. The Convent and the Church are Romanesque ; the esplanade, the statues, and the steps, Italian. Everything within them, and about them, has been planned and executed in the Roman spirit. In the centre of this square a fountain drips and sings ; a flight of stairs leads up to the basilica ; and two arcades of stone sweep round a portion of the front, in modest imitation of Banini's colonnades.

“Much water must be tasted in this public square. The fountain dripping in the centre, called ‘Our Lady’s Spring,’ is said to be a wonder-working source. Einsiedeln is a place of miracles ; but greater than all other miracles are those effected at Our Lady’s spring. A statue of the Virgin stands below an open canopy, on seven grey marble shafts, and having on the apex an Imperial Crown, surmounted by those emblems of her queenly rank—a globe, a crescent, and a star.

“A wonder-working source, the pilgrims say it is, at which the blind are made to see, the dumb are taught to speak, and perishing souls are purified from sin. A legend runs that once upon a time our Lord Himself sat down beside this Virgin’s spring, as He, in other seasons, sat by Jacob’s Well, and, having cooled His lips with pure and copious draughts, rose up and left His blessing on the waters evermore. When first a pilgrim comes into the town, he hurries to this fountain in search of grace. But here a trouble touches him. Instead of throwing out the water by a single jet, Our Lady’s fountain drops it into troughs by fourteen different beaks,—the beaks of mystic birds and beasts,—in bronze. From which of these bronze beaks our Saviour drank no legend tells. Of fourteen, only one is blessed. To find that one without a guide is hopeless ; and the fervent pilgrim, to be sure of drinking from the true one, has to drink from all.

And again, “A church of ample size, arranged with choir and altar, and adorned with paint and gilding in the newest Roman style, is all a-blaze with lights and thronged with worshippers. In glow of colour, and in warmth of life, the scene is Spanish and Sicilian. Above, on groin and vault, on shaft and niche, are saints and angels, arabesques and flowers, alive with red and blue, and tricked with bars and

rims of gold. Below, the floors are rich with monks and nuns, with youths and girls ; the men with cloaks and wallets, and the girls with red and yellow skirts. A man is kneeling here and there ; but, as in Italy and Spain, the female pilgrims count as five to one. Two altars in the nave appear to draw more pilgrims than the rest,—although a pilgrim needs to take these altars all in turn, lest he should vex some powerful saint. These favourites are the altars of St. Rosary and St. Meinrad, both of which are bright with paint and lamps. Above St. Rosary is painted Jacob's Ladder, with the angels tripping up and down, and in a scroll these words of Scripture, 'Surely the Lord is in this place.' St. Meinrad is depicted in his desert cell. Each altar has a separate crowd, and in a church so vast each crowd has room to pray apart ; but when the mass commences in Our Lady's chapel, every eye is turned, and every head is bent towards this miraculous shrine. Our Lady's chapel, dark and sombre, stands beneath the painted dome, and in the centre of a painted nave, as those who built it meant that it should look—a tomb in one vast field of flowers.

“A small black shrine, with figures carved in wood, and painted white, with open grill in front, and two small entrance doors,—this chapel is about the size of the Holy Sepulchre. Six lamps were once kept burning at the shrine ; each Catholic canton in the League supplying oil for one undying lamp ; but now the Radicals are masters, they have let these lights die out for lack of oil. No light is wanting now ; for every pilgrim has it on his soul to give one dip at least ; and every corner of the shrine, from grill to shaft and ledge, is reeking with the stench, and cracking with the heat of melting wax.”

THE BLACK FOREST.

It is to be regretted that comparatively few English travellers seem to realize how easy of access is the Black Forest from Switzerland, or how full of interest are the wild out-of-the-way and secluded hamlets scattered throughout this pleasant region. A new world of interest is opened to the tourist ; for although there are many lakes, and many mountains, and many cities, there is but one Black Forest, " which, although so vast, contains not a single city. Its quarter of a million of people dwell for the most part away from one another, now in the hollows, gathering into hamlets ; sometimes along the roads, in house groups of two or three ; but usually in the forest cottage-farm—if such a description be understood, which resembles no other abode in the world."

It is not our intention to enter here upon any description of the Black Forest, as it would be beside the purpose of the present volume, but merely to point out that it may be included in a trip to Switzerland, either going or returning.

FROM ZURICH TO COIRE.

The first part of the journey, that is to say, from Zurich to Rapperschwyl, may be made by steamboat for a small fare, or the whole journey may be made by rail. The railway from Zurich to Coire passes through a beautifully diversified region. Crossing the placid *Sihl*, the road ascends in a wide curve, then crosses the rapid *Limmat* ; and after passing Oberlikon, and the river *Glatt*, Wallisellen is reached. We are now in the Lancashire of Switzerland. Cotton mills are continually met with, especially in the neighbourhood of **Uster**, the church of which, with

its pointed tower, and the picturesque castle—which unites utility with romance, by combining the treble function of courts of justice, gaol, and inn—form conspicuous features of the landscape. Everywhere, too, we meet with the picturesque farms which form such a speciality of the country, and which rival in cleanliness and neatness those of Holland ; for your true Swiss is as particular as are the Dutch in these matters : it is natural to them. Mr. Laing says, “The great charm of Switzerland, next to its natural scenery, is the air of well-being, the neatness, the sense of propriety imprinted on the people, their dwellings, their plots of land. They have a kind of Robinson Crusoe care about their houses and little properties : they are perpetually building, repairing, altering, or improving something about their tenements.” Another characteristic which will be noticed by the tourist, is the prevalent custom of placing Scripture texts, either painted or burnt into the wood, over the cottage door. As we, with dilating souls, proceed onwards, the stately *Alps* of *Glarus* and *Schwyz* form prominent elements of the picture. Approaching *Zonen*, the Alpine character of the route becomes more intensified, the *Mürtschenstock*, pierced through by a natural cavern, and other remarkable mountains come gradually into view. At *Rapperschwyl* we reach the western extremity of the Lake of Zurich, where we are joined by those who left Zurich by steamboat for the purpose of enjoying the charming scenery of the lake, along the edge of which we proceed as far as *Schmerikon*. The numerous towns and villages passed by us are noted for their manufacturing industry, and contribute not a little to the national wealth of the Federation. Passing *Schänis*, where the French and Austrians met in hostile array in 1799, we approach the *Linth canal*. The *Linth* is a rushing rapid river, fed by glaciers, and carrying with it masses

of deposit and rubbish which at one time blocked up the bed, until the canal was cut at an enormous expense; and the result was, that the fevers and plague, produced by the malaria from stagnant pools and swamps, was removed, inundations were prevented, and the wilderness of rubbish was turned into a fertile plain. There a beautiful view is obtained of the **Valley of Glarus**, with its imposing range of snow-crested mountains. Here, too, the railway, canal, and ordinary road run side by side for some distance round the foot of the Biberlikopf mountain, 1770 feet in length. Previously to this we obtain a glimpse of the lofty peak of the Weggis chain, and of the symmetrically-proportioned Glärnisch, the latter being nearly 9000 feet high. At **Wesen** we skirt the southern side of the **Lake of Wallenstadt**, almost equal in mountainous grandeur to the far-famed Lake of Lucerne, but only twelve miles in length, and about three wide. Here the rocks are of such a precipitous character, that a series of tunnels have had to be hewn out of the solid stone. The first two of these are pierced with apertures on the side nearest the lake. The scenery on emerging from the tunnels is magnificent, especially between the first two. Here we behold, on the opposite side of the lake, the **Bayerbach waterfall**, and, on the heights above, the little village of Amden, while beyond leap the falls of the Serenbach. At **Murg** the glories of the lake unfold themselves without reserve, tempting the tourist to alight and enjoy the wondrous combination of mountain, lake, valley, and forest, which here form such a grand and imposing spectacle. Near Wallenstadt a splendid view of the entire length of the lake is obtained, bounded on each side with lofty mountains, conspicuous among which rise the stately horns of the **Mürtschenstock**. Crossing the romantic valley of the Seez, past the Castle of the Ischudi ;

past the Church of St. George, to which many a pilgrimage has been made by pious devotees ; and we are at **Saigans**, the junction of the line to Rorschach and Romanshorn, on the shore of the Lake of Constance, where the surrounding scenery becomes wilder and more awe-inspiring, mountain range succeeding to mountain range, until the eye becomes dazzled with the magnificence of the scene. Instinctively we recall the words of Coleridge's famous hymn :—

“ Ye ice-falls ! ye that from the mountain's brow
 Adown enormous ravines slope amain—
 Torrents, methinks, that heard a mighty voice,
 And stopped at once amid their maddest plunge !
 Motionless torrents ! silent cataracts !
 Who made you glorious as the gates of heaven
 Beneath the keen full moon ? Who bade the sun
 Clothe you with rainbows ? Who, with living flowers
 Of loveliest hue, spread garlands at your feet ?—
 God ! let the torrents, like a shout of nations,
 Answer ! and let the ice-plains echo, God ! ”

We are now in the glorious **VALLEY OF THE RHINE**, which here, as in the more famous portions of its course, is profusely studded with remains of castles and mansion fortresses, which once formed the impregnable homes of the numerous bishops and nobles against whose cruel and unreasoning tyranny the people banding themselves together into “The League of the House of God,” and similar organizations, successfully revolted.

Ragatz is annually crowded with visitors, who flock to the baths, the mineral water of which is conveyed from Pfäfers by tubes or wooden pipes made of hollow pine trees, and reaching a distance of 12,500 feet. The old baths of Pfäfers is considered by many to be one of the finest sights in Switzerland, being constructed between walls of frowning height, in a gorge which is traversed by a wooden pathway ;

but those who have visited the Gorge du Trient will scarcely care to visit Pfäfers simply for the sake of the gorge. Between Ragatz and Coire are many indications of the great flood of 1868, which here, as in other parts of Switzerland, caused great damage. But there are also pleasing indications of fertility between the two stations of Mayenfeld and Zizers, about midway between Ragatz and Coire. At Molinära on the left is the summer residence of the Bishop of Coire, surrounded by an excellent farm.

COIRE, OR CHUR.

(Hotel Sternbock : The best hotel in the place, situated on the bank of the river Plessur, which falls into the Rhine a short distance from the town.)

Coire forms the capital of the Canton of the Grisons, and is deeply interesting to the lover of national liberty. The whole of the canton is worth exploring, and its history studying.

Baedeker says "the canton is remarkable for the variety of its scenery, climate, productions, and language, as well as for its national peculiarities and political constitution. The country is a complete network of mountains, about 150 valleys, and a great number of snow-clad peaks. Barren rocks are surrounded by luxuriant cultivation, wild deserts, where winter reigns during three parts of the year, lie amid forests of chestnuts under the deep blue sky of Italy." At Coire we enter into a new world. Its history stands apart from that of the rest of Switzerland ; the language spoken is the Romansch, an unknown tongue to the world at large, although the people can nearly all supplement it with German or Italian ; and the tourist who has time to spare

will find this town to be one of the most interesting headquarters he can find in Switzerland.

There are many points of interest for the fleeting tourist to note as he passes by.

The situation of the town is extremely picturesque; narrow and irregular streets, but abounding with good views. It is a walled town, with about 8000 inhabitants. The lion of the place is the

Cathedral, or church of St. Lucius. St. Lucius is of doubtful origin, but the legends say he was a King of Scotland, and suffered martyrdom here. The church dates from the eighth century, and it is a treasure-house of many curious relics, some of them of considerable value. The old capitals and curious nave, and antique crypt; the raised choir, and a hundred other things, including the very old organ, and some paintings by Rubens, Holbein, and Dürer, will all repay careful inspection.

The Episcopal Palace, not far from the church, is also very ancient, and it is said that the chapel is one of the earliest Christian edifices extant. It is in an old Roman tower called Marsol, in which tower, says tradition, St. Lucius was murdered in the year 176. Above the Cathedral is a very fine walk, commanding extensive views of the Viâ Mala and the Splugen.

An interesting note in "A Physician's Holiday" describes a curious custom in Coire.

"We had very indifferent rest in our inn, owing to the over-zeal of the Chur watchmen, whose practice it is to perambulate the town through the whole night, twelve in number, and who, on the present occasion, certainly displayed a most energetic state of vigilance. They not only called but sung out every hour, in the most sonorous strains *and even* chanted a long string of verses on the striking of

some ; and as the Weisser Kreuz happens to be in a central locality, with a street both in back and front, we had rather more than an average share of this patriotic and religious demonstration. I suppose the good people of Chur think nothing of these chantings, or from habit hear them not ; but a tired traveller would rather run the risk of being robbed in tranquillity, than be thus sung from his propriety during all the watches of the night. Through the kindness of a friend I have obtained an accurate version of these elaborate night-calls, and I give in a note the words, as an interesting illustration of manners. Although the words are in modern dress, and the verses are the same as, or very similar to, those chanted in many different parts of Germany, there is little doubt that they are, like the custom itself, really very ancient."

WATCH CHANT AT CHUR.

"Hear, ye Christians, let me tell you
 Our clock has struck eight,
 Our clock has struck nine, etc.
Eight—only eight in Noah's time
 Were saved from punishment. *Eight!*
Nine digests no thanking:
 Man, think of thy duty! *Nine!*
Ten commandments God enjoined:
 Let us be to Him obedient. *Ten!*
 Only *Eleven* disciples were faithful:
 Grant, Lord, that there be no falling off. *Eleven!*
Twelve is the hour that limits time:
 Man, think upon eternity! *Twelve!*
One,—O man, only one thing is needful:
 Man, think upon thy death! *One!"*

From Coire there is a very extensive diligence service of the Swiss Federal Post. The Splügen route is known to very many of our readers as one of the most interesting leading to Italy. But there are several other diligence

routes to Andermatt, by the Ober Alp, and to several places in the Engadine, including St. Morritz, Samaden, Silvaplana, etc. There is also a direct diligence service to Bellinzona and Magadino, by the Benardine pass. At present we can only call attention to these various roads, but hope in another season to have the facility of issuing through tickets to all places which are united to Coire by diligences, and to describe all the routes in full detail.

Coire to Schaffhausen,

VIA CONSTANCE.

FROM COIRE TO RORSCHACH.

THE line carries us back to Sargans station, from whence we take a more northerly course, following the stream of the Rhine to the Lake of Constance. We again pass through interesting villages between the mountains, till we come to a plain but very fertile country. Near to Haag station is a bridge over the Rhine, in the road to Feldkirch, the first town in the Austrian Tyrol. The Rhine here constitutes the frontier of the Swiss and Austrian States. **Rheineck** is a pleasant place, situated at a bend in the river, which has here grown into a wide stream. Travellers who are seeking the Molken-Kur or Whey-Kur alight here for Heiden, said to be one of the healthiest and cleanest towns of Switzerland. A post-wagon or diligence runs twice a day to Heiden, and the fare is two francs. Those who wish to visit **Bregenz** can easily make the excursion from Rheineck. There are some fine views to be obtained, and Adelaide Proctor's poem will be read with unusual interest.

“ Girt round with rugged mountains,
The fair Lake Constance lies ;
In her blue heart reflected,
Shine back the starry skies ;

COOK'S SWITZERLAND.

And, watching each white cloudlet
 Float silently and slow,
 You think a piece of heaven
 Lies on our earth below !

Midnight is there ; and silence,
 Enthroned in heaven, looks down
 Upon her own calm mirror,
 Upon a sleeping town;
 For Bregenz, that quaint city
 Upon the Tyrol shore,
 Has stood above Lake Constance
 A thousand years and more.

Her battlements and towers,
 From off their rocky steep,
 Have cast their trembling shadows
 For ages on the deep;
 Mountain, and lake, and valley,
 A sacred legend know,
 Of how the town was saved one night,
 Three hundred years ago."—etc., etc.

RORSCHACH.

(Hotel Seehof.)

Behind the town, which has a population of 3492, is a hill called the Rorschacher Berg, which commands a view of the entire length of Constance and the Alps of the Grisons. There are some old castles dotted about on hills, some good baths not far off from the town, and very pretty walks and drives, and the air is said to be very beneficial to invalids. It is not, however, a place to choose for a lengthened stay.

A large traffic passes through here or by the coast steamers from Romanshorn, across the lake to Lindau, where it is transhipped from steamer to railway for Bavaria, Austria, etc.

It was a busy place during the late war, as it was the route selected for traffic from the eastern line of France.

The trip to Bregenz can be made from this town by steamer.

Those who have come thus far principally to see the Lake of Constance can run quickly from here to St. Gall, Winterthur, Aarau, for Olten, Basle, or elsewhere. It is an hour's journey from Rorschach to

SAINT GALL.

(Hotel Hecht.)

The railway ascends to a very considerable elevation, until it reaches the town, which is described as one of the highest in Europe. It has considerable cotton manufactories, and is sometimes called the Manchester of Switzerland.

It has a population of over 16,000, and has an episcopal residence, and a Catholic population of about 5,000.

Winterthur is a wealthy town; it once was free, but gave up its freedom and became subject to Austria. For over 400 years it has belonged to Zurich.

From Winterthur to Zurich is but a short stage, and presents no features of very startling interest.

ROMANSHORN

Presents few attractions; it is a pleasant little town, by the Lake of Constance, which is eight miles in width, between here and Friedrichshafen; we shall therefore take the steamer without delay, and enjoy an hour on the

LAKE OF CONSTANCE.

This spacious reservoir of the Rhine is over forty miles in length and eight in width ; it is a glorious sheet of water in fine weather, but rather turbulent in storm, being elevated about 1,300 feet, and not protected by lofty mountain embankments ; it is by no means an uncommon thing for tourists to suffer from sea-sickness when being rocked on its bosom. There are some fine views from it, especially of the Appenzell Alps, including the snow-clad Sentis and the Vorarlberg Alps. Lake Constance would probably be considered very beautiful, were it not in Switzerland ; but being there, it suffers from odious comparisons with its fairer neighbours.

The position held by the lake is curious, as it forms the boundary of five different states, *viz.*, Baden, Wurtemberg, Bavaria, Austria, and Switzerland, to each of which states a portion of the coast belongs.

CONSTANCE.

(Hotel Hecht.)

Constance once had a population of 40,000, now it has but 10,000; but it is "looking up," and may again increase as most of the Swiss towns do.

There are plenty of pleasant promenades—good fishing in the lake and in the Rhine (inquire at the Hotel du Brochet)—a fine swimming bath, and plenty of pretty views. Moreover there are steamers always at hand to take the tourist away as soon as he wishes to leave.

It is not so much perhaps for its own sake as for its associations that Constance is famous. As Geneva is *the city of Calvin*, and Zurich the city of Zwingli,

so Constance is the city of Huss. The Dominican convent may still be seen where he was confined for four months ; it is now a cotton-printing establishment. The house in which he was arrested is pointed out, near to the Schnetzthor. The field where he suffered martyrdom, yea, the very place in which the stake was driven, are all pointed out. And all these places are worth visiting, if in these times, when the tendency is growing on every hand to fall back into the old superstitions, to liberate us from which the blood of true martyrs was shed, we can imbibe one breath of that earnest spirit which shook the world, or hold our poor candles to their bright torches, which sent a light across all the ages.

It was before Luther preached in Saxony that John Huss preached in Bohemia. He was, as D'Aubigné calls him, the John Baptist of the Reformation.

One cannot look at the prison of Huss without recalling some of his prophetic visions. "One night the holy martyr saw in imagination, from the depths of his dungeon, the pictures of Christ that he had had painted on the walls of his oratory, effaced by the pope and his bishops. This vision distressed him ; but on the next day he saw many painters occupied in restoring these figures in greater number and in brighter colours. As soon as their task was ended, the painters, who were surrounded by an immense crowd, exclaimed, 'Now let the popes and bishops come! They shall never efface them more!' And many people rejoiced in Bethlehem, and I with them, adds John Huss. 'Busy yourself with your defence rather than with your dreams,' said his faithful friend, the knight of Chlum, to whom he had communicated this vision. 'I am no dreamer,' replied Huss ; 'but I maintain this for certain, that the image of Christ will never be effaced. They have wished to deface

it, but it shall be painted afresh in all hearts by much better preachers than myself. The nation that loves Christ will rejoice at this. And I, awaking from among the dead, and rising so to speak from my grave, shall leap with great joy.'"

Nor can we walk out to the suburb of Bruhl, on the Zurich road, where he was burnt at the stake, without thinking of the remarkable pun and prophecy he made as he was entering the flames, in allusion to his own name, which signified, in the Bohemian tongue, a goose. He said, "Are you going to burn a goose? in one century you will have a swan you can neither roast nor boil." And in one century came forth Luther, who had a swan for his arms.

With recollections such as these we shall visit with pleasure

The Hall of the Kaufhaus, where the celebrated and infamous Council of Constance had their meetings, and by whose acts John Huss and Jerome of Prague were executed. And

The Cathedral, founded in the eleventh century, and rebuilt in the sixteenth. It is a fine Gothic building, the nave supported by sixteen monolith pillars. We shall look out for the light-coloured stone which marks the spot where Huss stood when the cruel sentence of death was delivered, and we shall hear again the echoes of his cry, "Lord Jesus, forgive my enemies," as the holy man knelt down before his tyrants.

FROM CONSTANCE TO SCHAFFHAUSEN.

There are two courses open to us here : the first is to go by steamer, which takes about three hours, from *Constance to Schaffhausen* (between four and five hours from

Schaffhausen to Constance); or by rail one hour and a quarter.

The former is by far the more interesting route, and we therefore describe it first. We pass under the handsome railway bridge, through the narrow passage, into the

Untersee; and soon we have the pretty little village of **Ermatingen**, on the promontory to our left, and the charming island of

Reichenau on our right. We notice, too, near the village of Berlingen,

Arenenberg, where the late Emperor Napoleon III., spent some years before he made his ambitious attempt on Strasbourg. Then the nunnery of

Feldbach, and many pretty glimpses of chateaux peeping through leafy groves, till we arrive at

Stein, which is a fine old town. After leaving Stein, the river narrows. We come at length to Diessenhofen, where the river is crossed by a narrow wooden bridge. It was here that the French army effected a safe passage of the Rhine in 1800, under Moreau, before the battle of Hohenlinden. And then

SCHAFFHAUSEN.

(Population, 11,000.) It takes its name from its ancient use—"ship-houses" or "skiff-houses." A charming town for the sketch-book. Quaint, antique, over-lapping houses. There is an old

Cathedral, early Romanesque, dating about 1400. The great bell, with its inscription, "Vivos voco, mortuos plango, fulgura frango," which suggested to Schiller the idea he has worked out so perfectly, of his exquisite "Lied von der Glocké."

A curious old Roman tower and fort, called the Castle of Munoth, is worth observing.

Besides these, there are few sights to detain the visitor who is, or ought to be, anxious to visit

THE FALLS OF THE RHINE.

(Hotel Schweizerhof, immediately facing the Falls.)

At the outset let me warn the tourist not to build his hopes too high ; many are disappointed with the first view of the Falls. They are not equal to Niagara, they differ altogether from Reichenbach, they are the Falls of the Rhine ; and as there is one glory of the moon and another of the stars, so one fall differs from another in glory.

The *dry* details are as follows : The Rhine, above the falls, is about 300 feet wide ; the height of the falls is about 60 feet on one side, 45 feet on the other, and the water rushes in three leaps, with a volume of about 80,000 cubic feet per second, and then falls into a large basin.

To enjoy the prospect thoroughly, several points of station must be observed.

1. The Schloss Laufen, immediately over the falls ; admission to the grounds, one franc. Very interesting castle and grounds, most picturesquely situated. In the rooms of the castle will be found one of the choicest collections of Swiss sculptures, photos, water-colour paintings, and other works of art.

2. Känzli, a balcony with a splendid view.

3. Zur Fischtz, overhanging the troubled sea of waters. This is the most imposing place of all. The deafening roar, the giddy flow, the waters above, below, around, impress one with feelings of awe.

And to enjoy it more thoroughly still, it must be seen in

the light of the sunset, in the pale and melancholy moonlight, and, if the fancy so dictates, illuminated with magnesium and Bengal lights. The best time in the year for witnessing a mighty rush of waters is in June or July, when the snow of the Alps is melting.

Two descriptions—one from the pen of Dr. Forbes, and the other from the great word-painter, John Ruskin—will be read here with interest.

Dr. Forbes says : “ We walked out on the terrace in front of the hotel to enjoy the view of the falls by moonlight. The evening was as lovely as the day had been—warm, cloudless, and without a breath of wind. The huge white mass of tumbling foam lay straight before us, the only bright spot in the dimly lighted landscape, and attracting and fixing the eye exclusively on itself. No sound was heard but the one continuous roar of the water, softened by the distance, and seeming to fill the whole air like the moonshine itself. There was something both wild and delightful in the hour and its accompaniments. The mind yielded passively to the impressions made on the senses. A host of half-formed, vague, and visionary thoughts crowded into it at the same time, giving rise to feelings at once tender and melancholy, accompanied with a sort of objectless sympathy or yearning after something unknown. The ideas and emotions most definite and constant were those of power and perpetuity, wonder and awe. What was now impressing the senses and the mind seemed a part of something infinite, which they could neither comprehend nor shake off ; the same mass, the same roar, the same rush day and night, year after year, age after age, now and for ever ! ”

John Ruskin says : “ Stand for an hour beside the Falls of Schaffhausen, on the north side, where the rapids are long, and watch how the vault of water first bends unbroken

in pure polished velocity over the arching rocks at the brow of the cataract, covering them with a dome of crystal twenty feet thick, so swift that its motion is unseen except when a foam-globe from above darts over it like a falling star ; and how the trees are lighted above it under all their leaves at the instant that it breaks into foam ; and how all the hollows of that foam burn with green fire, like so much shattering chrysoprasi ; and how, ever and anon startling you with its white flash, a jet of spray leaps hissing out of the fall, like a rocket bursting in the wind and driven away in dust, filling the air with light ; and how, through the curdling wreaths of the restless crashing abyss below, the blue of the water, paled by the foam in its body, shows purer than the sky through white rain cloud ; while the shuddering iris stoops in tremulous stillness over all, fading and flushing alternately through the choking spray and shattered sunshine, hiding itself at last among the thick golden leaves which toss to and fro in sympathy with the wild waters ; their dripping masses lifted at intervals, like sheaves of loaded corn, by some stronger gush from the cataract, and bowed again upon the mossy rocks as its roar dies away."

Linger about here as long as you can ; every fresh hour will reveal some new beauty. The fisherman will delight in the river, which abounds in trout and salmon. Artist, author, poet, musician, will gain some new inspiration. The care-worn man of business will drink in the very essence of rest and recreation, and the thoughtful man of whatever class will come away with a new song of wonder and adoration.

From the Falls of Schaffhausen the tourist will go to

Neuhausen, only a few minutes' distance, and will then take train to Olten or to Basle, as his route may lie.

Alpine Tours.

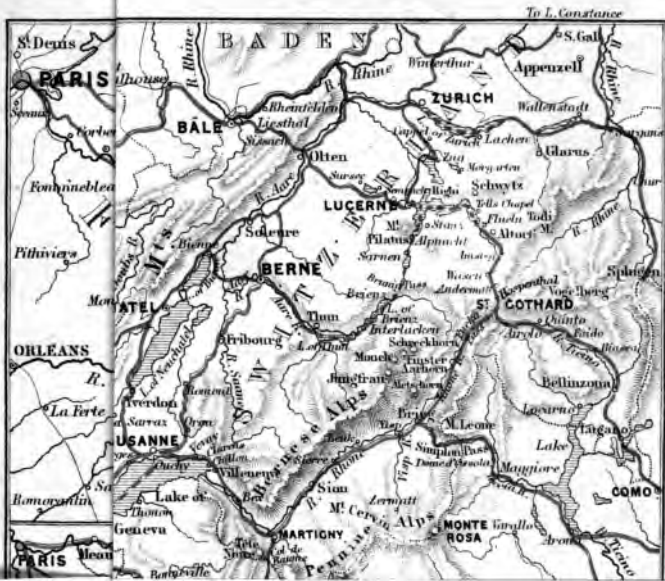
I. FROM COIRE OVER THE SPLUGEN PASS.

“IT would seem as if God had placed a huge barrier of rocks and mountains between Italy and Switzerland ; the one land so full of balmy skies, of orange groves, of golden visions and witching associations of the past, where the sun pours his effulgent beams alike on the high and lowly born, the priest and the people, and the pulses of life flow on as pleasantly as though life were one happy dream that would continue for ever,—and the land of sterile rocks, of cragged mountains, hardy mountaineers, and rugged peasantry ; but man has brought his indomitable will to bear, has pierced the caverns of the mountains, has made a path along the steep declivities, and built passable roads, exhibiting the greatest degree of engineering skill and recklessness of expense, in order to ensure safety to the traveller, and to open to his admiring gaze the stupendous wonders of Creation.”

At Coire, the railway carriage is exchanged for the diligence, and the ascent towards Splugen by the Viâ Mala is commenced. Passing through the little village of Ems, we reach **Reichenau**, in the Château of which Louis Philippe then Duc de Chartres, seeking refuge from the fury of the French Revolution, resided from October 1793, to July 1794.

under the assumed name of Chabot. The road becomes wonderfully grand as we proceed. Town after town, and village after village is passed, until, arriving at **Thusis**, our feelings of expectancy become almost unbearable, for we know that we are now fast approaching the world-famous **Via Mala**—yet there is much which we cannot afford to miss. “Even on the summits of these rocky and barren crags, in this wild and romantic region, there are houses and churches, perched like doves on the roofs of high buildings; dark-brown goats are also browsing on the cliffs; vegetation appears, and the sides of the road are starred with beautiful spring blossoms.” Crossing the **Nolla**, a very remarkable view is obtained. The valley of the Rhine is encircled by a guardian chain of lofty mountains, on a lower one of which stand the ruins of a castle, said to be the most ancient in Switzerland, dating nearly 2,000 years ago! The **VIA MALA**, at last! This, says an experienced writer, is “a remarkable fissure, five miles long, a few feet wide, 1,500 feet high, formed by a natural convulsion,—as is obvious from the sides sharply corresponding—made available by human art for every requirement of traffic or travel. The carriage road, perfectly protected by a parapet, is hewn out of the rock, from 200 to 500 feet above the thin Rhine, which moans away below. Mrs. Fowler says: “I have been on the Devil’s Bridge, on the St. Gothard’s Pass; but at the Verlohrenes Loch, or Lost Gulf at **VIÂ MALA**, on the Splügen, it is as though the grandeur of nature had been concentrated on this wild spot. It looked as if a great convulsion had thrown up these perpendicular mountains fifteen hundred feet high, then rent them asunder, just wide enough to make a passable road, and had sent a narrow bottomless stream through the great gorge, down *so deep* that our eyes could scarcely follow it in its slug-

SWITZERLAND & ITALY.



gish course." Leaving the Viâ Mala, we enter the valley of **Schams**, the green meadow and neat cottages of which form a grateful relief after the gloomy terrors of the awful chasms from which we have just emerged. Passing Zillis and Andeer, with their ruined castles and legendary associations; we enter a kind of minor Viâ Mala, known as the Roffna Ravine, through which the bright waters of the Rhine precipitate themselves in a remarkable series of cascades and falls. As we leave the gorge behind us, the spacious snow-fields of the Einshorn reveal themselves to view; while further on, the noble Alpine landscape of the Rheinwaldthal bursts into view. We are now in the little village of **Splugen**, 4,800 feet above the level of the sea. Here we stop for refreshments. Off again. Over the Rhine, through the long wooden gallery, and up, by means of numerous zigzags, to the summit of the Splugen Pass. Lofty indeed is our altitude above the green vales of Switzerland and Italy.

"But what mortal was ever satisfied? Scale Mont Blanc and Monte Rosa, and another mountain more lofty will surely be scaled. We are at the summit, but do they not tell us of one mountain that is 10,000 feet above us still?" So man can hardly weep like Cæsar, because he has gone to the top of the highest mountain. Crossing the frontier, we commence the descent into Italy. We are now in one of the most magnificently splendid countries in Europe. "I have crossed by Mont Cenis Pass, the St. Gothard, and the Simplon; and though each has its own peculiar attractions, yet the Splugen Pass is truly the most magnificent road over the Alps. No one can go over this road, and enter into the spirit of it, without feeling that the mind has been enlarged by this communion with nature in her noble grandeur."

This opinion is held by all who have become acquainted with the characteristics of the different routes. On again,

along no end of zigzag paths, through numerous galleries, and we are in the tiny village of Campo Dolcino. Mrs. Fowler, who crossed from Italy, over the Splugen, into Switzerland, eloquently describes her emotions at this stage of her journey. "What a magnificent map was spread before our gaze! God's mountains mantled with the purest snow. How exquisite were the robes that adorned that early morning! The flying snow-flakes sparkled like diamonds, as the bright sunbeams reflected the colours of the rainbow through them. We began to feel that we were approaching the region of glaciers, of eternal snow, for every mountain-top, far and near, was covered by the snow. We were conscious that we had left far behind us the sweet flowers that had peeped out of barren rocks and covered the road sides, the almond and cherry trees full of blossom, the green grassy meadows and fields of grain, the goats and the sheep, the things of mortal sense, and were fast drifting to the Infinite. How contemptible all the petty annoyances of the world seemed in those lofty Alpine regions! How trivial the little bickerings, the selfish strivings, the mean jealousies of everyday life! How the soul longed to burst its narrow confines, to bask in ineffable love and wisdom, to grasp the beginning, end, and purposes of creation, to utter the words of that beautiful hymn, 'Nearer, my God, to Thee!'" On through the Liro Valley, the rugged aspect of which is somewhat softened by the rich luxuriance of the vast chesnut forests below. How rapidly the features of the landscape begin to change their aspect! We are leaving the regions of firs and pines, of overhanging precipices and romantic waterfalls, of frowning rocks and yawning chasms, for a land of beautiful vineyards, stately olive groves, and golden cornfields. **Chiavenna** at last. Very charming is the *locale* of the town. It is *situate* on the Maira, at the entrance to the Val Bregaglia.

The Falls of the Maira near here form a perfect picture. On again! Down steep declivities, past dark ravines, ruined castles, foaming cascades, tremendous precipices, fearful gorges, and gloomy caverns. Still onward! Over swift rushing rivers, behind us the realms of eternal snow. Corn-fields, vineyards, and mulberry groves again. Hark! the song of the Italian peasant. Sunshine, flowers, and the music of birds. It is Italy, beautiful Italy! We are approaching the plains of Lombardy. Through **Riva**, by the edge of the **Lake of Como**, to **Colico**, where the steam-boat is waiting to convey us across the silvery waters of the beautiful lake, whose name raises bright dreams, realised only by those who have crossed its glittering surface,

“Broke into gold by many a fairy prow!”

and whose distant sails

“For floating birds we take,
Bathing in azure wave their plumes of snow—
Wherein shore, tower, and town their mirror make.”

II. FROM MARTIGNY OVER THE SIMPLON.

From Martigny to **Sion**, where the railway terminates, the road exhibits numerous traces of the frightful inundations frequent here. In Martigny we are shown water-marks which prove “that sometimes the whole valley is flooded up to the first-floor windows, and all up the valley there are similar indications of torrent desolation. These devastations are principally during the spring, when the snow has begun to melt.” We are now in a region of ancient castles. Every eminence seems to have had, at one time or another, its own particular fortress. At **Sion** there are two such edifices in ruins, another castle becoming observable as the town is more closely approached. Here the shale mountains are

beautifully terraced like those of the Rhine. One hour is sufficient to exhaust the sights of Sion, so taking our places in the diligence, the word to start is given, crack goes the whip, and off we start for the Simplon. A mulberry plantation here, a ruined castle there, and we are at **Sierre**. Over the Rhone, past hills formerly the resort of brigands, past Alpine villages, glistening church towers, waterfalls, castles, rocks, valleys, snow mountains, alternations of sterility and fertility, onward we go, taking little heed of the "handsome old market town" of **Leuk**; **Susten**; **Tourtemagne**, with its splendid cascade, 150 feet in depth; **Viège**, or **Vispach**, whence numerous tours may be made to the glacier region of Zermatt; and we are in **Brigue** (Brieg), where the work of ascent really commences. Here we bid farewell to the romantic valley of the Rhone, and enter upon the land which Mr. Laing quaintly epitomises as one of "avalanches, snows, glaciers, winding roads, with cataracts and precipices below, and clouds and blue sky above, and all the other romance furniture of Alpine scenery." The road now pursued by us was constructed by Napoleon, after the famous battle of Marengo. The scenery becomes wilder and grander at every turn. Bridge after bridge is crossed, gallery after gallery gone through, houses of refuge passed by, and then comes the stupendous panorama of the Alps, the real grandeur of which is beyond the power of words to paint, and which forms a sight well worth the whole cost of the journey from England. In the distance is an eagle soaring majestically through the air; below us is heard the distant Alpine horn, or the shepherd's melodious pipe, its notes commingling with the tinkling of numerous sheep bells. Higher and higher we rise, from the very roots of the mountains, the picture varying in beauty at every turn; now the dizzy precipices below, now the craggy heights above. At

last we reach the little village of **Simplon**, situated about six thousand feet above the level of the sea ! We have already crossed the highest point, marked by a cross, and loitered a few minutes at the **Hospice**. We are now commencing, through "a black and craggy rending asunder of the granite Alps," our descent into Italy ; "a foaming torrent cutting summersaults below at every step, and straight up, above the gloomy precipices, the lowering clouds of heaven." Marvelous are the winding tunnels which commence after passing the famous **Gorge of Gondo**, said to be "the wildest and grandest in the Alps." These gigantic tunnels are hewn out of a solid mass of rock, which seemed to impede the further progress of the road, and which took eighteen months to excavate—100 men, in gangs of eight, working in turns day and night. As we emerge from the tunnels a scene of stupendous majesty meets our eyes. Hissing and roaring, the boiling waters of the Frassinone dash over the rocks above into the tremendous gorge below. On either side rise rocks more than 2,000 feet in height, the whole forming a picture of almost terrific sublimity. More cascades, more fearful ravines, more lofty crags, and we are in **Gondo**, the last Swiss village. Soon we reach **Isella**, the frontier town of Switzerland and Italy. **Crevola**, with its rock-gallery, gorge, and bridge, passed, we find ourselves in a completely new country. To quote Bædeker's excellent guide-book, the region here is very striking. "The country has a thoroughly Italian aspect ; the balmy air, the trellised vines, the waving fields of Indian corn, the rustling of the quick-eyed lizard, the loud chirping of the crickets, the glittering villages, the graceful campanili,—all tell of that fair land, which, 'kissed by the breath of heaven, seems coloured by its skies.'" "Now the scenery softens," says another writer ; "the **Val d'Ossola** expands, a charming relief and contrast to past

horrors. Luxuriant verdure, plants, vines, insect voices, mellowing tints, the very air 'breathing of the sweet south,' yes, this is Italy indeed!" There is little to detain us at **Domo d'Ossola**. We are too impatient to reach Arona. More and more delightful becomes the journey. Nothing can exceed its highly picturesque character, especially as we approach **Fariolo**. After passing numerous granite quarries, and the famous quarry "out of which man's skill has disinterred the whole of Milan cathedral," a perfect maze of vineyards, olive groves, corn fields, and chesnut plantations, arrests our gaze. Here, too, the beautiful **Lago Maggiore** suddenly bursts into view, heightening inconceivably the rich glories of the landscape. In the distance is seen **Isola Madre**, one of the numerous charming islands which stud the lake. Reaching **Baveno**, we proceed over a road, almost wholly supported by granite pillars, by the side of the famous lake, and passing numerous villas and gardens, find our conveyance rattling at full speed through the sunny streets of Arona, where we make a halt in our long and interesting journey down south.

III. FROM LUCERNE OVER THE ST. GOTHARD.

(For account of journey from Lucerne to Altdorf, see p. 71-76.)

At Flüelen we exchange the steamboat for the diligence, and commence the journey towards the St. Gothard, a route which has been characterised as "solemnly beautiful." Between Flüelen and Andermatt the botanist will find much to occupy his attention. At **Altorf**, or *Altdorf*, a colossal statue of Tell marks the spot asserted as being where the *Swiss hero* unflinchingly aimed at the apple unfeelingly placed

on the head of his youthful son by order of the detested Gessler. We can almost imagine we perceive the sturdy patriot, his features pale with emotion, but his lip unquivering, his hand steady as a rock, preparing for the fatal shot. How well Sheridan Knowles has pictured the scene in his famous drama! Hearken to Tell:

“Keep silence, every one!
 And stir not for my child’s sake! And let me have
 Your prayers—your prayers—and be my witnesses,
 That if his life’s in peril from my hand,
 ’Tis only for the chance of saving it!
 Now, friends, for mercy’s sake, keep motionless
 And silent.”

Who glories not in the noble deeds of Tell? A little further on we pass **Burglen**, the birthplace and home of Tell; then, crossing the **Schachenbach**, in the waters of which the hero perished while struggling to save a child, and, skirting the meadow forming the popular meeting-place of the canton, we reach **Klus**. **Silenen**, **Amsteg**, and several minor places follow in rapid succession, the road rising as we proceed, and the scenery everywhere being of the most romantic description imaginable. After leaving **Amsteg**, the road crosses the **Reuss**, which here dashes madly along, foaming and leaping over its rocky bed. We have now fairly commenced the ascent of the **St. Gothard**, which is not, as many suppose, a single peak or eminence, but a mountainous group, presenting many peculiar features. The region now being traversed by us has occupied a prominent position in modern continental history. In the valley of the **Reuss** and its surrounding neighbourhood several of the deadliest struggles occasioned by the outbreak of war between France, Germany, and Russia, in 1799, took place; the French, after their defeat of the Russian general, occupying the

road as far as the Hospice of St. Gothard, the building of which was used by them as fuel. Crossing and recrossing the Reuss several times, and passing **Wasen**, **Wattigen**, and **Goschenen**, with its glacier landscape, we enter the awe-inspiring defile of the **Schöllinen**, and arrive at the scene of wild and savage desolation, in the midst of which is situate the famous **Devil's Bridge**, so fitly described in Mr. F. A. Mackay's eloquent sonnet :—

“ Winding 'neath rocks impending, and o'er steeps
 Dread in their awful altitude, the road
 Leads through a pass whose grandeur is a load
 Upon the awe-struck mind : the wild Reuss sweeps
 From precipice to chasm, where it keeps
 Boiling and fretting till it throws abroad
 Mist clouds ; then, chafed and flying from its goal,
 Like fiery steed, o'er crag and crevice leaps.
 The thunder rolls among the mountain peaks ;
 The echoes seem gigantic in their home,
 (Now answering deep as voice Promethean speaks.)
 Towering aloft where the fleet chamois roam,
 'Mid pines and cottages the church oft seeks
 To build its shrine where prayerful Switzers come.”

Here a tremendous battle was fought in 1799, between the French and Austrians, numbers of whom perished in the abyss beneath. The bridge is a modern structure ; the old bridge, the ruins of which, covered with creeping plants, being yet visible, was blown up by the Austrians while being forced by the French, during the conflict alluded to.

From the “Paradise Lost” of Milton, to the “Satan” of Montgomery, the certain gentleman who haunts mysterious places, has been the burden of poets' song. The following well-known lines are very graphic :—

“ Called the Devil's Bridge :
 With a single arch, from ridge to ridge,
 It leaps across the terrible chasm
 Vawning beneath us, black and deep,

As if, in some convulsive spasm,
The summits of the hills had cracked,
And made a road for the cataract,
That raves and rages down the steep !
Never any bridge but this
Could stand across the wild abyss ;
All the rest, of wood or stone,
By the Devil's hand were overthrown.
He toppled crags from the precipice,
And whatso'er was built by day
In the night was swept away ;
None could stand but this alone."

Away, through the granite tunnel of **Uerner Loch**, across the **Valley of Uri**, where winter reigns during eight months out of twelve, past **Andermatt**, and **Hospenthal** with its ancient tower ; the mountain road becoming steeper as we ascend its numerous windings. The route becomes more and more impressive as we reach the summit of the pass, and the tourist's sketch-book is frequently in active requisition. At **Albergo del St. Gothard**, 6,500 feet above the level of the sea, we pass the famous **Hospice**, where superior Newfoundland dogs may be purchased, at somewhat high rates, by those fond of canine companions. It is in the St. Gothard that the Rhine, Rhone, and Reuss have their source.

Hepworth Dixon, in "The Switzers," says :—

"Her cardinal peak is Galen-stock,—the peak now towering on our right,—a fount of light and beauty in this sombre realm, which ancient shepherds, coming up the valleys of the Rhone and Reuss in search of fortune, called the 'Pillar of the Sun.' He is the Saul of the St. Gothard group,—above the tallest of his brethren : Gerstenhorn, Lucendro, Mutt-horn, Spitzberg, Six Madun,—though all these mountains are of Anak breed. Three glaciers hang above his hoary neck, and shiver down his sturdy sides ; the Tiefen glacier on his northern flank, the Siedeln glacier on his

southern flank, and the Rhone glacier (which has many feeders) on his western flank. These glaciers drip by different ravines, and descend to different seas. Above his summit floats a canopy of cloud, from under which at times leap fire, and wind, and hail—those rival demons of this upper air, which shake and daze the earth in their plutonic and magnetic strife. About his feet, low down among the ruts and wrecks of ice, lie caves of wondrous beauty and uncounted wealth. Three years ago a cave was entered by this Tiefen glacier, when the noblest crystals in the world were found. The rock was topaz. Fragments lay about in heaps, each broken piece a hundred pounds to two hundred pounds in weight. Some fifteen tons of topaz were removed from this great hiding-place of nature in a single year. What sage can count the marvels yet in lurking near this Pillar of the Sun ? ”

Crossing the *Ticino*, we approach the spot where the Russian General Suwarow, seeing his grenadiers waver under the fearful fire of the French, caused a grave to be dug, declaring he would be buried at the place where, for the first time, his soldiers had retreated. The effect was electrical. With a loud cry they furiously charged the French, driving them back to Lucerne ; the Devil's Bridge, destroyed a second time by the French, being crossed by means of planks suspended from the soldiers' scarves. Descending the **Val Tremola**, a wild and dismal valley in which avalanches are not uncommon, we reach **Airola**, where is an ancient tower more than a thousand years old, and where the sound of the Italian language reminds us that we are almost in another country. The route now becomes exceedingly beautiful ; picturesque ravines, mouldering ruins, foaming cataracts, huge masses of rock, and *other romantic features* imparting fresh charms to the land-

scape. The canton of Tessin, which reaches from the St. Gothard to the lake of Como, although forming part of Switzerland, is decidedly Italian in character, and it is difficult for the tourist to believe that he has not yet quitted the soil which produced a Tell. Passing **Faido**, the scenery becomes more Italian in appearance. The masses of snow which encumbered the roadside have completely disappeared, and everywhere the prospect reminds us of the artistic productions of Claude. The rich sunshine sparkles on the roofs of the numerous church towers, cascades leap in a thousand fantastic forms over the time-beaten cliffs, while here and there the mulberry, the fig, and the vine lend fresh attractions to the view. Passing in swift succession the towns of **Giornico**, where 15,000 Austrians were ingloriously routed by 600 Swiss in 1478, **Bodio**, and **Poleggio**, we reach **Osogna**, situated at the base of a rocky peak. Two or three small villages follow, then the **Moësa** is crossed, and the road, passing **Arbedo**, where in 1422, 3000 Swiss were defeated by 24,000 Milanese, brings us within view of the frowning walls and lofty turrets of **Bellinzona**. The position of the fortress-town was formerly one of great strength. Nothing can surpass the superb character of the landscape at this point. To reproduce it in full beauty is utterly beyond the skill of the artist, even were he possessed of the genius of a Turner. Near **Cadenazzo** we emerge from the charming valley of the Ticino, through which we have so long been pleasantly travelling, and, after passing through a rich chestnut wood, and past various mountains and villages, arrive at **Lugano**. We are now approaching the frontier. Passing by the east side of the **Lake of Lugano**, we arrive at **Melide**, where the lake is crossed by means of a stone dam, erected some years since at a cost of 700,000 francs. At **Mendrisio** is **Monte Generoso**,

“The Rigi of Italian Switzerland,” and a favourite resort of the experienced botanist desirous of enriching his collection with specimens of the *flora* of the Southern Alps. Geological fragments are also plentiful. At **Chiasso** we take our leave of Switzerland, and in a brief period of time find ourselves resting in the hotel at **Como**, by the shores of its beautiful lake ; where the smiling waters reflect the golden skies—

“Cloudless as the depth of woman’s eyes,
Ere love and all its cares have filled the hours
With hope and fear.”

(For a fuller account of all the passes into Italy, see
“Cook’s Tourist’s Guide to Italy.”)



“Home!”

BY RAIL TO PARIS, VIÂ PONTARLIER, DÔLE,
DIJON, &c.

From Neuchatel.

THE railway from Neuchâtel to Pontarlier, the French frontier station, skirts the side of a valley of singular interest and variety, and affords a fine illustration of engineering skill and prowess. Sharp curves, heavy gradients, numerous and singular cuttings and tunnels, are its chief characteristics, whilst the views from various points are inconceivably beautiful. The valley is rich in pastoral and rural beauty, and the mountain slopes, from base to summit, display the most fresh and beautiful foliage of trees, herbage, and grain. Many a charming landscape might be sketched from various points of this valley and its surrounding eminences.

At **Pontarlier** station we are reminded by the costumes of the gens d'armes, and the examination of luggage, that we have re-entered French territory. But here, as at other customs places, but little scrutiny is made. The station and custom-house authorities all seem disposed to treat English tourists most forbearingly.

Dôle is a stopping place, but the only note left us by those who have availed themselves of staying there is compressed into one word, "Doleful." From Dôle we proceed to Dijon, where the route from Geneva joins; we therefore break off to describe this other route, taking up the thread again at Dijon.

BY RAIL TO AMBÉRIEU, MACON, AND DIJON.

From Geneva.

Bellegarde is the last Swiss and the first French station, where our baggage will be examined and passports are called for, although not from British subjects. The Rhone unites here with the Valserine, and the region round about is very romantic, the rivers winding amidst rocks, crevices, and channels of singular natural formation. The most curious formation of rocks here, called the Porto du Rhone, is a great cleft, and when the water of the river is low it is lost to sight for about one hundred paces.

Culoz is a station for which a special tourist coupon is provided, with the design of affording facilities for visiting Chambery (the recent capital of Savoy now ceded to France), Mont Cenis, and Italy. Around the Culoz station to the left the valley is expansive, flat, and marshy, being frequently subject to inundation from the overflow of the Rhone. Passing along through the ever-changing scenery of the deep valley by the side of a river, the train winds its course past several small stations, and skirting the bases of romantic rocks, until we reach the village of

St. Rambert, nestling at the foot and on the slopes of high and precipitous rocks. On one prominent point there is a *monument* of the saint from whom the place derives its

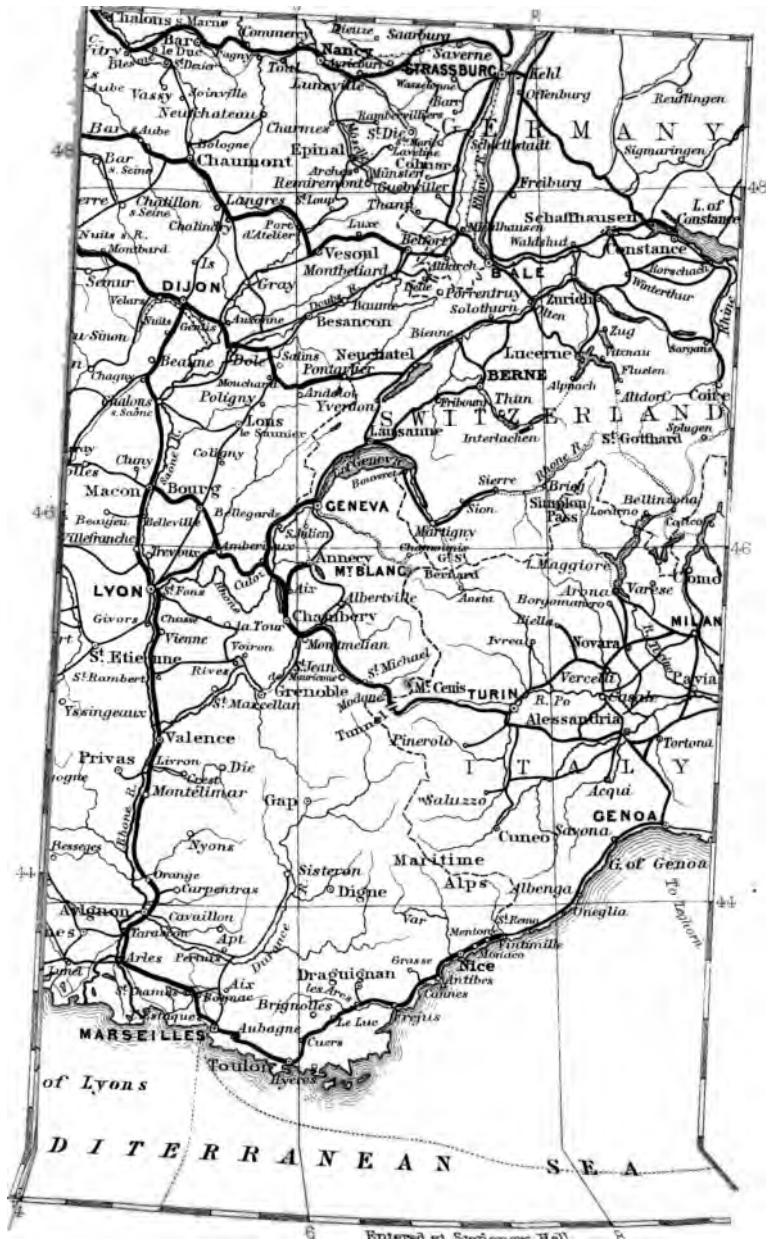
name, and he stands with hands outstretched in blessing. No one can observe this monument without drawing a moral lesson.

Ambérieu is a junction station for Lyons. The country between Ambérieu and Maçon is peculiar for the richness of its meadows and the fertility of its arable soil. It was here that on the 18th of May we saw hay-making and wheat in full ear. The vines are planted in rows, forming divisional fences of plots of land, which look like English garden allotments. The thorny acacias which line the banks of the railway are beautiful in the extreme, having a very healthy appearance, and, in their season, covered with exquisite white flowers. Hemp, flax, and various kinds of plants and herbs, grow here very luxuriantly, and Indian corn is most rapid in its growth. In July we have seen the first great broad leaf, and in September stalks six feet or more in height, with immense ears of grain shooting from their sides. Water melons, pumpkins, and other descriptions of vegetable marrows, grow about here in great profusion. The meadows are also better stocked with beasts and sheep than in any other part of France that has come under our notice. As we have generally happened to be crossing this route at sunset, the view has been most delightful, the vast expanse of the firmament, and every little stray cloud that was floating in the heavens, being tinged with hues of extraordinary magnificence. Here we begin to lose sight of the Jura Mountains, and have to strain our eyes to catch a farewell glimpse of the Apennines.

Maçon (Hotel de l'Europe). This is the junction of the main line for Lyons and Marseilles. Here we shall change carriages, and those who wish to do so may go on to Lyons, which is a distance of only forty-one miles, or

those who are weary of the rail may break the journey here if they choose. Macon is the birthplace of Lamartine, and is the centre of a large Burgundian wine-growing district. Everywhere the hill-sides are covered with luxuriant vineries, and who does not know the universal bottle labelled Macon? If we happen to see any of the Maconnais women, we shall be struck with the peculiarity of their head-dresses, consisting of a curiously-shaped black felt hat, placed over a white cambric cap.

Dijon (Hotel Jura). Here the line from Neuchatel and Dole join, and continue to Paris. The town of Dijon contains over 35,000 inhabitants, and presents interesting features of attraction for tourists. There are four beautiful churches, one of which is well seen from the railway, as the train emerges from the station. There is also a Protestant church, and a rather celebrated University. The old palace of the Dukes of Burgundy (of which province Dijon was the ancient capital) can be seen, and within its precincts is a museum, containing marble tombs of two of the ducal family. There is also a gallery of paintings, and numerous ecclesiastical relics. The station **Refreshment Room** is one of the best, if not the very best, in France, and we used to regret that the trains were not allowed a longer time on the outward journey. This regret has ceased, as arrangements have been made for a longer stay at Dijon, to enable tourists to get a good meal. A famous place is Dijon for fruits in season, and florists will look out for the famous Dijon rose amongst the forests of flowers that are seen *en passant*. The country around Dijon is rich and beautiful. Away again! Past ancient fortresses, half-ruined abbeys, stately cathedrals, picturesque chateaux, peasants' cottages, tradesmen's villas, blooming gardens, silkworm nurseries, cherry orchards, walnut groves, rocky defiles, and at last we reach





Tonnerre, where there is a very capital refreshment-room, and a sensible practice prevails of ticketing the prices of pastry, fruit, etc. Having spent our twenty minutes here, we again seat ourselves in our carriage, and by-and-by pass

St. Florentin. Near here Thomas à Becket was in exile, and heard the words while officiating at the altar, "Thomas, Thomas, my church shall be glorified by thy blood." Stephen Langton, to whom we owe the Magna Charta, was banished from England by King John, and found a shelter in St. Florentin. We pass La Roche, Joigny, Sens, Montereau (where in 1814 Napoleon beat the Allies) at the junction of the Seine and Yonne, until at length we reach

Fontainebleau, and the last place *en route* for which a break of journey is provided by the coupons. A strange place is Fontainebleau. Jules Janin characterises it as a labyrinthine mass of vast galleries, immense saloons, amphitheatres, giants' staircases, mysterious passages, sweet retreats concealed in the wall, balconies of marble and bronze. Then the gardens. What words can describe the glories of these? But even as we ponder on the soft reminiscences conjured up by the name of Fontainebleau, we have left far behind us the town with its grand old forest, so full of mystery, of melodious sounds, of byeways, profound caverns, winding paths, waves of sand, dew-enamelled flowers, and all the rich poetic charms of nature.

Good accommodation may be had at the Hotel de Londres, and at one or two other hostelries of the town. The **Château**, or Royal Palace, is generally open to visitors, and the gardens and grounds will afford interest. The arrangements include an English garden. The **lake** is famous for an immense stock of patriarchal carp,

which have been so accustomed to be fed by visitors that they congregate in masses near the margin, and a basket of bread is offered for sale on the bridge, for the amusement of visitors, who invest freely their sous for the pleasure of feeding the domesticated finny inhabitants. A drive through the forest is exceedingly interesting, affording opportunities of seeing the result of some wonderful convulsion, by which rocks, trees, and *débris* appear to have been jumbled together in wild confusion. A spring of beautifully coloured water, resembling in the glass fine red wine, must be tasted by every visitor. The oaks of Fontainebleau Forest are remarkable for height and straightness, some of them attaining from 70 or 80 to 100 feet, resembling in their trunks some of the fine larches of Dunkeld, in Scotland. The forest and château both possess great historical interest. It is a special privilege granted to the holders of Cook's tickets to make a break of journey at Fontainebleau, and it cannot fail to be appreciated by all who avail themselves of it.

The railway runs through the forest or the Royal wood of Fontainebleau, and is for a long distance protected on each side by a fence of beautiful dwarf firs and juniper. Passing the picturesque city of Melun, Cisson, Brunoy (one of the seats of the late Duke of Wellington), Charenton le Pont (famous for its lunatic asylum), we at length reach Paris, where we linger or proceed by any of the routes described in the opening of this book (see pp. 13-45), as time, cash, or inclination may dictate.

General Remarks about Tours and Tourists.

IT is a great mistake to suppose that travelling in Switzerland is so very difficult that it may not be undertaken by ladies, or by persons not of the strongest mental and physical calibre. True, the more strength the better, both of mind, lungs, and limbs ; but even delicate persons may, with tolerable ease, reach the famed scenes of Geneva, with the enchanting surroundings of its lovely lake, more than fifty miles in length and ten to fifteen broad ; the singularly beautiful and attractive associations of Interlacken, Berne, Lucerne, and many other charming places, requiring no extraordinary travelling efforts. The aspiring and the ambitious may travel as high as lungs and legs will carry them, and they will still leave untrodden and unexplored vast regions of snow-clad eminences ; but for the quiet and the unambitious there are lake and valley scenes of vast extent and inconceivable beauty and interest. It would seem almost as though nearly all visitors to Switzerland were subject to the contagion of the daring and the romantic, and could not content themselves without just doing as much as human nature is capable of accomplishing, or bearing as much as poor feeble humanity can endure. There is, too, a natural

desire, after travelling from 700 to 800 or 1,000 miles to reach the frontiers of this famed Alpine country, to make another, though it be an almost hazardous, attempt to reach a few of the more marked and celebrated localities. Hence, every visitor to Geneva wants to see Chamouny and Mont Blanc, and few like to return without a visit to the world-famed monks and dogs of Mount St. Bernard. Others get easily to Interlaken, but when at that Brighton or Scarborough of Switzerland, everything seems tame without making the journey over the Gemmi or Brunig passes ; and the falls of the Geissbach must be seen. So also at Lucerne, one of the loveliest of all the lakes in creation pales before the sublimity of ascending 5,000 feet to the summit of the Rigi. And thus it is that all Swiss tourists are impelled to acts of daring and adventure ; and even delicate, corpulent, and what might be considered at home almost lazy folk, mount mules and horses, not for an easy and pleasant ride, but to endure a shaking, often harder to be borne than the fatigue of a long pedestrian journey.

And the benefit of all this, when done in moderation, and only taxing the strength inspired by the occasion, without undergoing too much fatigue, it is impossible to estimate. The weary man is taken out of himself, and a new life inspired within him ; the man who has been cribbed, cabined, and confined, takes a new lease of life, and brings home strength to bear ; and all, of whatever age or grade, however strong or weakly, must come back, if they have rightly used their holiday, with nobler sentiments, enlarged ideas, and profounder reverence for the Mighty One whose hands have fashioned the mountains and the valleys, the lakes and the rivers into such exquisite form and beauty, that all countries look towards Switzerland, and crown her as the Queen of all lands for *magnificence of scenery*.

As there is some misapprehension as to the benefit to be derived to health from a Swiss tour, we are led up to a note upon

SWITZERLAND AS A HEALTH RESORT.

The value of a tour in Switzerland to those desirous of recruiting their health, weakened by over-study or exertion, is annually becoming more and more recognised, a circumstance likely to occasion a considerable increase each year in the number of tourists, proceeding to that magnificent and grandly picturesque country. It is well known that Her Majesty found her health considerably improved by her short sojourn in the vicinity of Lucerne; and many eminent physicians are beginning to strongly recommend the bracing air of the Swiss mountains to those suffering from congestion of the brain, nervous diseases, dyspepsia, and various other maladies. Professor Tyndal, Mr. Dodson, M.P., and other well-known public men, have repeatedly spoken enthusiastically in favour of the romantic land of Tell as a place where those accustomed to considerable mental exertion may derive a vast amount of rest and relief. Where a residence of more than two or three days is intended in any particular locality, the mountain villages should be resorted to if practicable. A metropolitan journal of high repute says that—"Twenty and even ten years ago it was difficult to find any comfortable place of residence five or six thousand feet high; but now such places may be counted almost in dozens. Formerly ladies, and even men occasionally, would boast of having slept in a hospice; and places of that sort, where there was no accommodation or desire for your continued residence, were the only places of shelter within, or close up to, the regions of perpetual ice and snow. But the

great increase of travellers and the laudable, however sneered at, efforts of the members of the Alpine Club, have pushed hotels in abundance high into the upper regions of Switzerland, wherever suitable spots can be found free from the danger of avalanches, easily accessible on mules by mountain paths, and with some opportunity for easy walking in the neighbourhood."

The wonderful active influence of Alpine air in restoring the mind and body to their naturally healthy tone and condition, has long been known to continental physicians ; but the comparative expense of a Swiss tour in former years had hitherto proved a serious obstacle in the way of a journey to Switzerland being recommended by British medical men, save to patients possessed of ample means. Messrs. Cook and Son's Swiss tourist arrangements have, however, completely obviated many of the difficulties and inconveniences formerly experienced by those whose pecuniary resources are comparatively limited, and hence the ever-increasing popularity of the various Swiss tours which have been organised by them.

Mr. Dale, whose pen has been used for many good purposes, makes the following remarks in a paper on "Summer Holidays : " we insert them with a respectful wish that they may be read, not only as statements, but as advice.

"The physical benefits which come from a month among the mountains or by the sea, are obvious ; but summer holidays may have other uses which, perhaps, are not so often thought of. Apart altogether from any direct intention to employ the pleasant leisure for the highest ends, most men are the better for it. A precocious child, after reading the inscriptions in a churchyard, which recorded *the incomparable virtues of the dead lying beneath, wondered where they buried all the bad people ; and I have*

often wondered, when away from home, where the ill-tempered and irritable people go for their holiday. How genial every one seems to be on a Rhine steamer! Who was ever known to be out of temper on Loch Katrine? Meet a man at the Furca, and walk with him to the Grimsel, and you are sure to find him one of the most kindly of the human race. Share a carriage to Inverary with people you chance to meet at Oban, and you think it would be charming to travel with them for a month. Extortionate bills and rainy weather may ruffle the temper for a moment, but so far as I have observed, if a 'tourist ticket' is ever issued to a cantankerous man (of which I have serious doubts), he no sooner gets it into his waistcoat pocket than it acts like a charm. If we could only keep some of our acquaintances always on the top of a Highland coach, or crossing Swiss passes, or climbing Welsh hills, what a happy thing it would be for *them*—and for us! No theological reading does them half as much good as 'Murray' or 'Bædeker,' and a volume of 'Black' is more useful to them than a score of sermons."

Will it be out of place to make one remark of a character unusual in guide-books? It is with reference to **Sundays abroad**, and the few words of advice offered are not given in the spirit of Pharisaism, but rather as in friendly confidence. Too many tourists—we speak from long observation—seem to forget that the obligations binding them to the observance of Sunday at home are equally binding abroad, nay, more so, for in thousands of instances all that our foreign brethren know personally of English Protestantism is learnt from English tourists, and it is the more incumbent now that so many thousands flock abroad annually, that our national religion should not be misrepresented. Apart,

however, from the question of moral obligation and the intuition of conscience, it is in the power of every tourist to support and strengthen the many agencies for doing good which are organized in most of the large cities on the continent, by attending the services of the Sabbath. Another motive, a lower one still, but a very important one notwithstanding, is, that nothing adds more to the enjoyment of the mental and physical labours of a tour than an occasional day of perfect rest and quiet. For these reasons, and many more which we could give, were this the time or place, we trust no apology will be needed for our remarks on English Sabbath keeping abroad.



List of Works Consulted and Quoted.

Conway's Switzerland.
Vacation Rambles (*Olim Juvenis*).
Roby's Tour.
Switzerland and the Swiss.
Ruskin's Works.
Byron's Works.
Hepworth Dixon's Switzers.
Old Merry's Travels on the Continent.
Longfellow's Golden Legend.
D'Aubigné's Reformation.
Cook's Excursionist (largely).
Editor's Note Book. "
Anne of Gierstein (Sir W. Scott).
Ferguson's Swiss Men and Swiss Mountains.
Fredrika Bremer's Two Years in Switerland.
Murray's Guide.
Bædeker's Guide.
Black's Guide.
Ball's Guide.
Cook's Guide (largely).
Practical Swiss Guide
Ebal's Guide (antique).
Continental Bradshaw.

Jones' Regular Swiss Round.

Albert Smith's Mont Blanc.

Berne Local Guide.

Alcot's Travels in Europe.

Forbes's Physician's Diary in Switzerland.

Mrs. Stowe's Sunny Memories.

Calvin and the Swiss Reformation.

Encyclopedia, Newspaper Articles, English, American, and Swiss, etc., etc., etc.

Papers written specially by Arthur Sketchley, Thomas Cook, Edwin Hodder, J. Plummer, Mrs. N. Fowler, and others.



Appendix.

AS intimated in the prospectus of this Guide Book, one of the main objects of its publication is to illustrate and exemplify the tourist system established by Messrs. Cook and Son. The innumerable programmes and announcements issued by that firm have fully advertised throughout the length and breadth of the land the extent of their tourist operations, and the facilities they offer to the travelling public; and this entirely obviates the necessity and desirability of dilating in these pages upon the unquestionable advantages of such a system, embracing in its ramifications every nook and corner of the civilised world. It shall be our purpose rather to indicate with brevity the best manner in which the pages of this Guide-book may be utilised as a handbook and supplement to Cook's Travelling Tickets. The Appendix will, for the sake of simplicity, be divided into the following sections:—

I.—Programme of Routes, and an Index, shewing the pages in the Guide-book proper, at which may be found the information appertaining to each place.

II.—Explanation of "Cook's Hotel Coupons."

III.—List of Hotels at which the Coupons are accepted.

IV.—Hints and Suggestions to Tourists.

PROGRAMME OF ROUTES.

The following is a selection of a few of the principal Paris and Swiss Tours advertised in "Cook's Excursionist." The fares are not quoted, as they are liable to fluctuation; but the "Excursionist" is published at frequent intervals during the tourist season, and contains the latest and fullest information on all points of fares, routes, etc., etc.

ROUTE I.—London, Dieppe, Paris, Fontainebleau, Dijon,
consult pages 13, 16, 38, 191, 190,

Maçon, Culoz, Geneva, Lausanne, Fribourg,
" 189, 188, 105, 102, 100,

Berne, Neuchâtel, Pontarlier, Dijon, Paris, Dieppe,
" 93, 138, 187, 190, 38, 16,

London, or Paris, Calais, London,
" 13, 40, 43, 40.

ROUTE II.—London, Paris, Troyes, Belfort, Mülhausen, Bâle,
consult pages 13, 16, 46, 46, 47, 47,

Olten, Lucerne, Alpnacht, Brunig Pass, Brienz,
" 54, 55, 79, 79, 85,

Giessbach, Interlaken, Thun, Berne, Fribourg,
" 85, 88, 92, 93, 100,

Lausanne, Geneva, Culoz, Maçon, Dijon, Paris,
" 102, 105; 188, 189, 190, 38,

London,
" 13 and 40.

ROUTE III.—London, Paris, Fontainebleau, Dijon, Pontarlier,
consult pages 13, 38, 191, 190, 187,

Dôle, Neuchâtel, Berne, Lausanne, St. Maurice,
" 188, 138, 93, 102, 130,

Martigny, Tête Noire or Col de Balme, Chamouny,
" 128, 121, 112,

Geneva, Culoz, Maçon, Dijon, Paris, London,
" 105, 188, 189, 190, 38, 13.

ROUTE IV.—GREAT OBERLAND, CHAMOUNY, AND ALPINE
TOUR.—Bâle, Zurich, Coire, Splügen Pass, Colico,
consult pages 47, 144, 159, 173, 177,
Como, Lugano, Bellinzona, St. Gothard Pass,
" 186, 185, 185, 184,
Hospenthal, Flüelen, Lucerne, Alpnach, Brienz,
" 183, 76, 55, 79, 85,
Giessbach, Interlaken, Thun, Berne, Fribourg,
" 85, 88, 92, 93, 100,
Lausanne, Villeneuve, Martigny, Chamouny,
" 102, 131, 128, 112,
Geneva,
105.

ROUTE V.—EAST SWISS TOUR.—Bâle, Neuhausen, Falls of
consult pages 47, 172,
the Rhine, Schaffhausen, Constance, Romanshorn,
" 170, 169, 166, 165,
Rorschach, Coire, Zurich, Zug, Lucerne, Bernese
" 164, 159, 144, 148, 55, 79
Oberland, Berne, Lausanne, Geneva,
" to 93, 93, 102, 105.

ROUTE VI.—BERNESE OBERLAND, AND CENTRAL ALPINE
TOUR.—Bâle, Olten, Berne, Bernese Oberland,
consult pages 47, 54, 93, 79 to 93,
Lucerne, Flüelen, Hospenthal, Furca Pass,
" 55, 76, 183, 76,
Rhone Valley, Brigue, Sierre, Martigny, Bouveret,
" 77, 178, 178, 128, 136,
Lake of Geneva, Geneva,
" 108, 105.

COOK'S CONTINENTAL HOTEL ARRANGEMENTS.

Next in importance to the free and pleasant working of tourist tickets for France, Switzerland, and Italy, are the collateral arrangements for the accommodation of parties travelling with the tickets. Before issuing a single ticket for Switzerland in 1863, Mr. Thomas Cook made a special visit to the country, for the purpose of selecting in each principal city, town, and place of tourist resort one good reliable hotel, where, on fair terms, his travellers might be assured of safe and comfortable accommodation ; and now, after the test of eleven seasons, we have abundant cause for satisfaction with the selection which he made, and the numerous additions which have since been made to the hotel list. We have in a very few solitary cases had complaints of seeming inattention ; but on investigation of the allegations we have generally found that there has been misapprehension and mistake on the part of the tourist or the hotel proprietor. We scarcely have heard of a single instance in which explanation and redress have not been cheerfully accorded when the irregularity has been proved.

In the character of the hotels selected there is great diversity of style and management : in some instances we have entered into arrangements with the proprietors of the largest and most pretentious-looking establishments, whilst in other places the less showy in appearance and profession have been preferred ; but in all cases the freedom and comfort of the visitors have been the objects chiefly sought. In this our selection has been singularly fortunate, for the same ends have been attained in palatial establishments and in houses of plainer style and of fewer external attractions. *Take for example the Victoria at Interlacken, a house*

patronised by the highest classes of all lands, and yet so free and easy in its arrangements and management as to accord with the simpler tastes of those moving in humble spheres, where the prince and the respectable peasant sit at the same dinner-table, free alike from contemptuous hauteur and servile inferiority. There have we seen ladies and gentlemen "dressed for dinner," in the highest style of fashion, and at the same table worthy hard-working tourists of the knapsack and pedestrian classes, all seeming to be quite at home and dining together in happy accord, as there are no stiff regulations to expel from the table any of decent attire and respectful behaviour. Thus also is it at many other hotels that might be named. And if on the one hand it requires the exercise of unusual assurance for those of quiet and retired habits to mingle with the very *élite* of "society," on the other it bespeaks a feeling of the very nobility of humanity for the most select in their own circles to cordially sit at table with large crowds of earnest and hungry tourists, in establishments more apparently designed for the unassuming ranks ; and many a glorious display of such intercommunion have we seen in the Swiss hotels of our choice.

The **Hotel Coupon** business, which was commenced as a friendly arrangement of mutual interest to ourselves, to hotel proprietors, and tourists, has far exceeded our most sanguine anticipations ; and as its benefits become better known, they will be more highly appreciated by all who are interested in the success of the scheme.

Of the 200 hotels now on our Continental List, there are few with which we are not personally acquainted ; and the growing advantages felt by the hotel proprietors in the system that we have established for them, tells with increasing power to the advantage of the coupon holders.

The hotel coupons are arranged as follows :—

1st coupon (yellow).—*Breakfast*, specifying of what it shall consist.

2nd coupon (white).—*Dinner at table d'hôte*, with or without wine, according to the custom of the hotels.

3rd coupon (blue).—*Bedroom*, including *lights* and *attendance*.

These are the ordinary features of continental hotel life, all else being regarded as extras, and as such they are left to be paid for by supplemental coupons or cash.

The coupons are arranged in the form of little currency notes, and they are made most decidedly *personal* by imprinting on their front the "image" of their founder, with his autograph at foot. The notes are accepted at full value at one principal hotel in each of the chief cities, towns, and places of tourist resort in Switzerland, Italy, on the banks of the Rhine, and at a great many places in France, Germany, Holland, Belgium, Austria, &c.; also for meals on board the Great Eastern Channel steamers and the Rhine steamers.

The coupons can only be used for the *appointed* hotels, a list of which is printed and attached to the cover of the coupon books. If received at unauthorised hotels, they will not be paid for by Thomas Cook and Son.

SUPPLEMENTAL AND EXCEPTIONAL ARRANGEMENTS.

In London tourists may be accommodated *en route* to or from the continent at Cook's British Museum Boarding House, 59, Great Russell Street, Bloomsbury, at 6s. per

day, for bed, breakfast, and tea, with meats. (Hotel Coupons accepted at their full value in payment.)

Hotel coupons are also accepted at the London and Paris Hotel and Refreshment Rooms, Newhaven Wharf. Coupons are accepted for meals on board the Great Eastern Channel steamers, and on the Rhine steamers.

Special Coupons are issued for Vienna, available at the Hotel de France.

For Paris, hotel coupons at special rates are issued for the Grand Hotel.

In Paris, the other hotels in Messrs. Cook and Son's connection are not equal in appearance and style to those of the continent generally; but the proprietors having long evinced a kindly interest in promoting the comfort and convenience of excursionists and tourists, the coupons are allowed to be accepted at the London and New York Hotel, Place du Havre; Hotel St. Petersburg, 35, Rue Caumartin; at the Hotel Beretta (late Londres), 8, Rue St. Hyacinthe, Rue St. Honoré. For these hotels, accommodation cards are also issued at the rate of 8s. per day, including meat for breakfast.

At Rouen, Mrs. Daniells, widow of the late interpreter at the station, who keeps a small hotel, the Victoria, near the station, wishes to accept coupons from parties breaking their journey there.

Additional charges are made on the coupons as follows:

At Baden-Baden, at the time of the races, 2 francs per day.

At Rome, from the first of December to the end of April, from 1 franc to 3 francs per day, according to the class of rooms, are now agreed to as extra charges, but new arrangements may have to be made in consequence of Rome being now the capital of Italy. Whatever change is made, notice will be given thereof.

At the Rigi Kulm Hotel, 1 franc extra is required on the bedroom coupon. All these extras can be paid by supplemental coupons or cash.

Conditions and terms of repayment for unused coupons are printed in the coupon-books.

Any complaints which parties have to make as to the use of the coupons, or the conduct of hotel proprietors or servants, to be addressed, in writing, to Thomas Cook and Son, Ludgate Circus, Fleet Street, London.

Coupons can be obtained at the offices of Messrs. Thomas Cook and Son, Ludgate Circus, Fleet Street, London; Cases Street (opposite New Central Station), Liverpool; 43, Piccadilly, Manchester; 16, Stephenson Place, New Street, Birmingham; 15, Place du Havre, Paris; 22, Galerie du Roi, Brussels; 40, Domhof, Cologne; 90, Rue du Rhône, Geneva; and also at the Hotels London and New York, Paris; Swan, Lucerne; Trois Rois, Bâle; Trombetta, Turin; Victoria, Venice.

Repayments for unused hotel coupons can only be made at the Chief Office, Ludgate Circus, Fleet Street, London, and no agents are authorised to repay for any not used.

Hotels in the East.—A special series of coupons is provided for Alexandria, Cairo, Suez, Port Said, Jaffa, Jerusalem, Beyrout, Constantinople, and Athens.

For Scotland and Ireland also a special series is provided, as per programmes.

EUROPEAN AND EASTERN HOTELS

WHERE COOK'S COUPONS FOR HOTEL ACCOMMODATION WILL BE ACCEPTED.

Hotels in France and French Savoy.

<i>Amiens</i>	. . .	Hotel de l'Univers.
<i>Amphion (Lake of Geneva)</i>		Grand Hotel des Bains.
<i>Annecy</i>	. . .	Hotel d'Angleterre.
<i>Bagneres de Biggore</i>		Hotel de France.
<i>Bordeaux</i>	. . .	Hotel de France.
<i>Boulogne</i>	. . .	Grand Hotel Christol.
<i>Calais</i>	. . .	Hotel Dessin.
<i>Cannes</i>	. . .	Hotel Gray and Albion.
<i>Chambezy</i>	. . .	Hotel de la Poste.
<i>Chamouny</i>	. . .	Hotel d'Angleterre, and 6 other Hotels
<i>Dieppe</i>	. . .	Hotel Queen Victoria.
<i>Dijon</i>	. . .	Hotel Jura.
<i>Fontainebleau</i>	. . .	Hotel de Londres.
<i>Gorges du Fier</i>	. . .	Châlet Hotel.
<i>Hyeres</i>	. . .	Hotel des Iles d'Or.
<i>Lyons</i>	. . .	Hotel de l'Europe.
<i>Macon</i>	. . .	Hotel de l'Europe.
<i>Marseilles</i>	. . .	Hotel du Louvre et de la Paix.
<i>Mentone</i>	. . .	Hotel Grande Bretagne.
<i>Modane</i>	. . .	{ Grand Hotel International. Station Buffet.
<i>Nice</i>	. . .	Grand Hotel.
<i>Pontarlier</i>	. . .	Hotel de la Poste.
<i>* Paris</i>	. . .	{ Grand Hotel (Special Coupons). Londres et New York, Place du Havre. St. Petersburg, 35, rue Caumartin.

* See special note on cover of Hotel Coupons.

<i>Rouen</i>	.	.	Smith's Albion Hotel.
<i>Semnoz Alps</i>	.	.	Chalet Hotel de Semnoz.
<i>Toulon</i>	.	.	Grand Hotel.

Switzerland and the Alpine Districts.

<i>Alpnacht</i>	.	.	Hotel Pilatus.
<i>Andermatt</i>	.	.	Hotel Trois Rois.
<i>Baden (Switzerland)</i>	.	.	Hinterhof.
<i>Bale</i>	.	.	Hotel Trois Rois.
<i>Berne</i>	.	.	Hotel Belle Vue.
<i>Bellinzona</i>	.	.	Hotel de la Ville, and Hotel l'Ange.
<i>Bex</i>	.	.	Hotel des Bains.
<i>Brienz</i>	.	.	Hotel de la Croix Blanche.
<i>Brigue</i>	.	.	Hotel de la Poste.
<i>Constance</i>	.	.	Hotel Hecht.
<i>Coire</i>	.	.	Hotel Steinböck.
<i>Falls of the Rhine (Neuhausen)</i>	.	.	Schweizerhof.
<i>Fluelen</i>	.	.	Hotel Croix Blanche et Poste.
<i>Fribourg</i>	.	.	Hotel Zæheringen.
<i>Geneva</i>	.	.	{ Grand Hotel de Russie et Aglo-Ameri- Hotel du Lac. [cain.
<i>Giessbach</i>	.	.	Hotel Giessbach.
<i>Grindelwald</i>	.	.	Hotel de l'Aigle Noir.
<i>Hospenthal</i>	.	.	Meyerhof.
<i>Interlacken</i>	.	.	Hotel Victoria.
<i>Lausanne</i>	.	.	Hotel Gibbon.
<i>Lauterbrunnen</i>	.	.	Hotel du Capricorne.
<i>Leukerbad</i>	.	.	Hotels des Alps and Belle Vue.
<i>Lucerne</i>	.	.	Hotel du Cygne (Swan).
<i>Lungern</i>	.	.	{ Hotel du Lion d'Or. Hotel Oberwald.
<i>Lugano</i>	.	.	Hotel du Parc.

<i>Martigny</i>	.	.	Hotel Clerc.
<i>Meyringen</i>	.	.	Hotel du Sauvage.
<i>Montreux</i>	.	.	Langbein's Hotel Beau-Séjour au Lac.
<i>Morges</i>	.	.	Hotel des Alpes.
<i>Neuchâtel</i>	.	.	Grand Hotel du Lac.
<i>Ragatz</i>	.	.	Hotel Quellenhof.
<i>Rigi</i>	.	.	Hotel di Rigi Kulm.
<i>Rorschach</i>	.	.	Hotel Seehof.
<i>Samaden</i>	.	.	Hotel Bernina.
<i>Sarnen</i>	.	.	{ Brunig Hotel.
			{ Hotel de l'Oberwalde.
<i>St. Gall</i>	.	.	Hotel Hecht.
<i>Sierre</i>	.	.	Hotel Belle Vue.
<i>Splügen</i>	.	.	Hotel de la Poste.
<i>Thoune (Thun)</i>	.	.	Hotel Belle Vue.
<i>Thusis</i>	.	.	Hotel Via Mala.
<i>Trient</i>	.	.	Hotel du Glacier de Trient.
<i>Vevey</i>	.	.	Grand Hotel Vevey.
<i>Vernayaz</i>	.	.	Hotel des Gorges de Trient.
<i>Zurich</i>	.	.	Hotel Belle Vue.

Hotels in Italy.

<i>Alassio</i>	.	.	Hotel de Londres.
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