

SWITZERLAND:

HOW TO SEE IT

FOR

TEN GUINEAS.

BY

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&c., &c., &c.

"If thou art worn and hard beset
With sorrows that thou wouldst forget;
If thou wouldst read a lesson that will keep
Thy heart from fainting, and thy soul from sleep,
Go to the woods and hills!"

ENTERED AT STATIONERS' HALL.



LONDON:

W. KENT & Co., 23, 51, 52, PATERNOSTER ROW.

Price One Shilling.

18/2.

~~200. C. 103.~~

IN PREPARATION, BY THE SAME AUTHOR,
BELGIUM: HOW TO SEE IT FOR FIVE GUINEAS.
HOLLAND AND THE RHINE FOR SEVEN GUINEAS.
NORTH. ITALY AND SWITZERLAND, GENOA, TURIN,
MILAN, AND VENICE, FOR FIFTEEN GUINEAS.

P R E F A C E .

* * * "I hope, as no unwelcome guest,
To have my place reserved among the rest,
Nor stand as one unsought and uninvited."

As the following practical hints are headed by an introductory chapter, a preface may appear to be a work of supererogation. Many, however, venture forth in the frail bark of authorship, encounter an adverse current of public opinion, and eventually make shipwreck from misapprehension of their aim and purpose.

Before, therefore, my reader enters on the perusal of this little *brochure*, let me first premise that I have made *no attempt at description* of the glorious scenes to which I have referred. The bookseller's counter teems with such works already. Dr. Cheever, Miss Bremer, and a host of others, well occupy that ground, in a style I could not hope to emulate.

Nor do I pretend to have supplied a general plan of tours throughout Switzerland, or minute details of "show places," towns, and routes. This is so well done by Murray, Coghlan, Bradshaw, and others, in their hand-books—especially by the former—that it would be perfectly useless and unnecessary.

I have felt convinced that a large number of my fellow-workers in the commercial world have found that an annual season of recreation is absolutely necessary to the continuance of mental and physical health. That many such have visited some of the most beautiful parts of our own land, and would fain realize for themselves the

novelty and excitement of the first sight of "the everlasting hills," and long to understand the full significance of "the thunder of the avalanche," to traverse a mountain pass, to cross an icy sea, and scale the snowy peaks; but they are under the impression that the gratification of their wishes would involve a very considerable outlay of time and money. -

It is to such I specially address myself. Casting off all formality, to such I offer, in friendly chat, a few words of practical advice—how best to accomplish the object of their desires, planning a mere skeleton of operations, to be filled up from other sources which I have indicated, and supplying such items and scraps of information as I have not met in books already published. I believe *this* ground to be entirely unoccupied, and that such a guide is really wanted, and will be welcomed by many. The result will prove how far these suppositions are correct.

I trust that I may be fortunate enough to induce you, my present reader, and many others, to make this excursion; that thus I may be useful in promoting your health and enjoyment; and that you may return refreshed and invigorated in body—your mind stored with agreeable and useful recollections, and prepared for similar excursions to the Rhine, Germany, and North Italy, to which, and other places, I propose, in the coming season, to offer myself as

Your faithful guide,

HENRY GAZE.

High Street, Southampton.

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SWITZERLAND:

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CHAPTER I.

INTRODUCTORY.

• • • • • "Helvetia,
What pulse but thrills—what Spirit doth not start!
To tread the soil thy patriot champions freed?"



HERE are few things that tend more to freshen and recruit the moral and physical man than a pedestrian trip in good company. The townsman, in his yearly "out," when he stalks over Swiss mountains, that the summer breeze may brush away the cobwebs from his jaded nature, only obeys that yearning for active pleasure which is a characteristic of our race. There is play for the energy of his nature, and something to satisfy a love of danger; for *risk* is the *salt* of such a holiday feast. As a recent writer remarks: "The stories of the avalanches, which have buried so many travellers, are the chief inducements to climb the rugged sides of the 'Monarch

of Mountains,' and thousands of visitors went to hear the late Mr. Albert Smith's description of his ascent of Mont Blanc, simply that they might hear and see the exact distance between him and eternity, in crossing the crevasses in its glaciers."

The overdone business-man, worn with eleven months' routine of duty, gains very solid advantages from the violent exercise and the risks he voluntarily encounters (sometimes at great expense too) in Switzerland.

Look at him as he lands on our shores upon his return, brandishing his *alpenstock*. He would have the world to know that by its aid he has toiled up mountain flanks, that his venturesome head has touched the clouds and braved the avalanche. There is a wholesome spirit, however, breathed into him by his jaunt. He is a fresher, a more genial man than when he shut his ledger up and strapped his knapsack on his shoulders.

Mr. Alfred Wills, in his interesting book, entitled "Wanderings in the High Alps," pronounces the pure air of the Swiss glaciers to be "the finest tonic in all the pharmacopœia of nature;" and says, "That a few days of its irresistible influence will suffice to give strength to the weak, fresh energy to the jaded, and bring back to him who breathes it the calm, unbroken slumbers, which no dreams disturb and no restlessness interrupts. There is no state of body or of mind to compare with that which is the almost inevitable consequence of a pedestrian excursion among the High Alps." I can bear testimony to the truth of these statements, from personal experience; moreover, Switzerland is, on many accounts, admirably adapted for such a tour. A time there was when the expense placed a visit to its glorious scenery beyond the means of those in the middle walks of life; but now it can be reached, under favourable circumstances, in about thirty-six hours, at an expenditure, for mere travelling, of less than fifty shillings. The daily pedestrian excursions can be so arranged, as always to find good accommodation for the night, where, though small may be the amount of your baggage—your

wardrobe ever so limited, your shoes dusty, and clothes soiled by a heavy day's work—yet you may confidently look for as hearty welcome from your host as he gives to the traveller who may just have arrived with his train of mules and attendant guides.

Although it may be urged that our own country has a prior claim upon us, to visit its scenes of beauty before seeking out those of other lands, yet, doubtless, most of my readers have already seen many of the principal spots that attract tourists in Great Britain; and it will also be unanimously admitted, I think, by those who are engaged in active commercial life, who so much need an entire freedom from recollections of ordinary engagements, and an absence of everything that may be suggestive of business—if they have tested it—that the entire change of language, habits, and associations, together with the incomparable grandeur of nature, as viewed in Switzerland, render a visit to its scenes a far greater relief to the mind, and productive of a larger amount of physical vigour and health, than is to be obtained by any other means.

Believing this, I have ventured forth this practical guide; by which I hope to show those who will grant me a perusal, that such a trip as I have described, is not only enjoyable and beneficial, but practicable and within the reach of the large majority of annual seekers after health and pleasure. There are few indeed who cannot command TEN GUINEAS and a fortnight for a summer holiday—of course many will be able to do much more, and for these I have provided extra routes and modes of employing both their time and money; but my special object is to show that the above-named sum is sufficient to enable you, “gentle reader,” if you will, to cross the channel which divides us from our French neighbours. To visit the gay city of Paris. To glide along the 300 or 400 miles of railway, which will set you down on the Swiss frontier—to see Bâle, Berne, and other of the principal towns of “the land of Tell.” To traverse some of the sublime passes among the mighty Alps, rewarded at every new height by magni-

ificent views of their flashing, snowy peaks. To climb the wondrous Ghemmi—to descend into the luxuriant valleys—to follow the windings of the arrowy Rhone and the swiftly-gliding Rhine: to taste the fare and prove the hospitality of the good monks of St. Bernard; to view the glories of sunrise and sunset on the everlasting snows—to hear the thunder of the avalanche—to stand upon the glistening glacier, and peer down into its deep crevasses—to listen to the roar of the cataract—to pass amid the magnificence and sublimity of Chamouni's vale—to bow before the awful face of the "Monarch of Mountains" himself—to stroll by the lovely blue waters of Lake Lemman—to rest amid the deeply interesting associations of Geneva, and by a new route to return to your island home, a wiser, healthier, and a happier man.

This tempting bill of fare, which, I can safely say, does not include half the good things to be had by the way, will whet the appetite of every one who contemplates so rich a feast; and, whilst there is much of deep interest, of soft beauty, and stirring grandeur in "this beautiful land of ours" to reward the seeker, yet the entire change of scenery, manners and customs, language and associations, added to the romantic feeling of adventure and excitement on such a tour as this, in such pure air, are temptations which, probably, it will be difficult to overcome.

If this be so, and you are resolved to see for yourself these "things of beauty," then study closely and carefully the plain and practical hints of the following pages, and you shall pronounce the vision (as all who have ever beheld it have done) to be a "joy for ever."

CHAPTER II.

PRACTICAL HINTS.

“Now for our mountain sport, up to yond hill ;
Your legs are young.”

TIME FOR TOUR.



THE time at which such a tour should be taken, must of course depend upon the convenience of the tourist ; but it is well that it should not be earlier than June, or later than September, so as to avoid the obstacles and occasional dangers of the early and late season — as your time may be valuable, and long, clear days are import-

ant ; perhaps the sooner the period that you can select after the longest day the better. It is also well to fix upon a time which gives you an opportunity of seeing the beautiful effects of moonlight upon Alpine scenery.

COMPANIONSHIP.

By all means have company if you can, for on the long days' walks you have before you—much as there will be to delight the eye—you will find the society of a friend will greatly intensify your enjoyment. TWO I believe to be the best number. You can generally find a double-bedded room at your hotel, so as to rise together in the morning, and not be at cross purposes when you wish to start for your days' pilgrimage. THREE may somewhat lessen the expense in the hire of a *voiture* or *char-a-banc*; but a third person, if desired, may generally be found at your hotel, or on your way, who will be very willing to avail himself of the opportunity of sharing your expenses, and thus greatly lessening his own.

ROUTE.

Before leaving home, endeavour to form a fixed plan of route, and do not be over-persuaded to change it, without very sound and weighty reasons. You will receive numerous hints and plenty of advice—perhaps much of it from those who are not sufficiently experienced to give it—so much, that if you adopt one tithe of it, you will find your time has run out before you have half achieved your work, and probably be involved in numerous difficulties and disappointments.

LUGGAGE.

Do not commit the grave error of encumbering yourself with anything beyond what is indicated in the suggestions of the following chapter. You may then land, with your knapsack as a *sac-de-nuit*, at any hour on the French coast, or cross the frontier at any time, without detention for long examination. You may walk to the railway station without a porter at your heels. You can keep all your equipment in the railway-carriage with you, which is both more convenient and safer than letting it be buried in the luggage-van. On arriving at your destination, whilst others are waiting

for their array of carpet-bags, portmanteaus, boxes, and hat-cases, you may walk off to the hotel to which they are obliged to hire a conveyance, and select the room that appears most in accordance with your taste; nor need you fear that your paucity of baggage will in any degree influence the mind of your host, who is accustomed to travellers on foot, and will pay you as much attention as his other visitors—probably even more—believing you to be more experienced as to what is to be expected of him as your host.

HOTELS.

The best, as far as I can judge from actual experience, are here recommended; nor have any advertisements been allowed insertion except those of well known and tried respectable inns. Before reaching any town, decide to which hotel you will go, and do not be persuaded by the crowd of touters that may, and probably will, beset you on arrival, that “it is full,” or “it is shut up,” or that “it is at a very considerable distance” from the station, but go and judge for yourself as to its suitability.

TABLE-D’HOTE.

In Paris, you will do well to seek a restaurant; but in all other parts of your route I would recommend you, when practicable, to avail yourself of the *table-d’hôte*; you will have a greater variety, and at a lower charge, than if you dined alone, beside the advantage of being thrown generally into highly-educated, well-travelled, and pleasant company.

MONEY.

A complicated system of batzen, rappen, and other coins existed in Switzerland until a few years since; but now coins of equal value and similar name to those of France are in use. The following table will, therefore, suffice for France and Switzerland:—

TABLE OF MONEYS.

			s.	d.
5 Centimes, or 1 Sous.. ..	equal to	0	0½	
100 " 20 " 1 Franc	"	0	9½	
100 Sous, or 5 Francs	"	4	0	
20 Francs, or 1 Napoleon ..	"	16	0	

The copper coins are not current in Switzerland.

s.	d.	is equal to	frs.	cts.	£	s.	d.	is equal to	frs.	cts.		
1	0	1	25	0	10	0	12	50		
2	0	"	2	50	0	12	6	"	15	60
3	0	"	3	75	0	15	0	"	18	75
4	0	"	5	0	0	17	6	"	21	85
5	0	"	6	25	1	0	0	"	25	0

Slight variations of value occasionally occur, but the above table is sufficient for all practical purposes, and is calculated at the ordinary rate of exchange. It will be found best to change one sovereign into French coinage before leaving England, for petty disbursements on landing, and after purchase of your ticket, to take the remaining sum in English gold to Paris, for exchange there, as will be pointed out under the article "Paris."

Although we propose to make the excursion for *Ten Guineas*, yet you had better provide an extra five-pound note, in case of any emergency arising, or any subsequent alteration of your plans.

LANGUAGE.

Though it cannot be denied that a knowledge of the language of any country through which you may pass is an immense advantage, and will greatly enhance the pleasure derivable from association with its people, yet, if you are not conversant with either French or German, this consideration alone should not deter you from going. From Bâle to Leukerbad, in your route, German will do you the most service; thence to Chamouni and Geneva, French is most generally used; but so many of our countrymen are passing

through Switzerland every season, that the hotel-keepers, and many others with whom you would come into contact, have a tolerable knowledge of English, and it is almost certain that either yourself or your companion will know sufficient of either French or German to make your wants known or to inquire your way ; and, even if not, the leisure time at your disposal before you leave, if energetically used, would enable you to acquire enough for what is absolutely necessary.

DIET.

Trout of excellent flavour are caught in some of the mountain streams, and other very choice fish in some of the lakes.

Chamois Venison is often professedly served, but it is highly probable in most cases that it is ordinary goat's flesh, and is certainly not at all equal to the venison to be had at home.

Wild Strawberries are very abundant ; though small they are very sweet, and with the rich cream which is freely supplied with them, they are very refreshing. You will frequently, if in the season, be met on mountain-paths, near any little collection of *chdlets*, with this tempting fare, which will be supplied to you at a very small cost.

Wine.—Though not an advocate of total abstinence principles, yet I have found by personal experience, that under ordinary circumstances, you may walk a greater distance, and with less fatigue, without the use of the common wine of the country ; which it is but little sacrifice to deny oneself—it is of very inferior quality.

Limonade-Gazeuse is sold at most halting places, and is a very refreshing beverage.

Honey of excellent quality is put on every breakfast and tea-table, but should not be used too freely by persons of laxative habits.

GUIDES.

In ordinary weather, no guide is requisite in any part of the way here suggested. Nothing can be more unwise than for an inexperienced Alpine traveller to venture on glaciers or unfrequented mountain passes, without adequate guidance ; but the line of route you will pursue is adopted by so many persons, and the footsteps of preceding travellers, or the mule tracks, will so clearly indicate the path, that you may safely dispense with such services. Where their aid is needful, Swiss guides, as a class, can hardly be too highly spoken of—for their patient endurance, and their obliging, intelligent services. If the weather be very overcast, and snow has fallen so as to obscure the path, it will be best to avail yourself of their direction ; but it is highly improbable that any sufficient cause for engaging a guide will arise.

WEATHER.

“When in the evening the wind descends the valley, it is usually a sign of fine weather ; the contrary when it ascends. The same may be said of the march of the clouds, at all times of the day. When the roar of the torrent and the knell of the church-bell reach the ear, at one time loud and clear, at another indistinct and apparently distant, it is a warning of rain.

“ It is a bad sign when the outline of the distant mountain peaks appears particularly sharp and defined—cut out, as it were, against the horizon.”—*Murray's Hand-Book*.

POSTAL.

All letters for the Continent should be directed in a very bold, clear hand ; the surname, especially, should be large and distinct, or even underlined. A passport, or private address card, must be produced on application at the *Poste Restante* for them. The rates of postage of letters, newspapers, and books, are as understated :—

	FRANCE.		SWITZERLAND.					
	Prepaid.		Unpaid.		Via	Via		
	s.	d.	s.	d.	Belgium.	France.		
Letters not exceeding $\frac{1}{4}$ oz.	0	4	0	8	0	10	0	6
" " $\frac{1}{2}$ oz.	0	8	1	4	0	10	1	0
" " $\frac{3}{4}$ oz.	1	0	2	0	1	8	1	6
" " 1 oz.	1	4	2	8	1	8	2	0
Registration fee for Letters	0	4	—	—	0	9	0	6
Registered Newspapers, not exceeding 4 oz.	0	1	—	—	0	1	0	1
Unregistered Newspapers, &c., Books, and all other printed matter, not exceeding 4 oz. }	0	3	—	—	{ Letter Rate of Postage }		0	3
Ditto, 4 oz. to 8 oz.	0	6	—	—			0	6
Ditto, 8 oz. to 16 oz.	1	0	—	—			1	0

Foreign post paper should of course be used. Two large note sheets, and an envelope, will generally weigh less than the quarter-ounce. Every letter should contain the address of the writer, in order to insure its return if the person to whom it is sent cannot be found.

Newspaper stamps are not available for postage to places abroad. On books and newspapers the pre-payment of postage is compulsory.

THE DAY'S WORK.

Start as early as possible in the morning on your day's pilgrimage; five or six a.m. is not at all too early. Instead of breakfasting before leaving your hotel, if you can find that there is a suitable place a few miles on the road—which will generally be the case—by all means take your morning meal there. It will be a rest on your way, without loss of time. Some cannot walk any distance before breakfasting without discomfort; in all cases it would be important to ascertain the distance of the first inn on the road, and

then form your judgment. With so much physical exertion before you, a good solid breakfast is absolutely necessary to fit you for its accomplishment. You will thus have seen nature under some of her most beautiful aspects, and be some distance on your way by the time others are leaving the *salle-à-manger*. Then walk another stage, rest and refresh yourself at one of the many beautiful spots in this beauteous land—within sound of the roar of some waterfall, or at the foot of some snow-clad mountain, or by the side of some placid lake—during the heat of the day, and then walk on to your destination, so as to reach it in time for the *table-d'hôte*, which is always held late in Switzerland, to accommodate travellers. Then take an hour's stroll, to get an idea of the neighbourhood, and return to your hotel ; and whilst you sip your cup of *café noir*, or something a little stronger, write up your diary, and make up your cash-book for the day. Even although you may not have intended to keep an exact account of your expenditure, yet I would urge you to do so ; for you will find it useful on future occasions, or for information to others, and interesting for reference as to details, which would not appear in your daily note-book. Then by all means retire early to rest. Everyone goes to bed early in Switzerland, and if you wish for strength and vigour for the coming day's exertion, do you the same. But the chances are, you will need no exhortation to induce you to adopt this suggestion ; fresh air and fatigue will probably prompt a ready acquiescence.

SEA-SICKNESS.

As it is highly probable that many who desire to visit Switzerland are deterred from crossing by the cheap route, or, possibly, even from going at all, from fear of sea-sickness, I cannot do better than offer a few hints on the subject, with a view of alleviating, if not of entirely removing, that distressing malady.

If you have been subject on former occasions to such an attack, and therefore have occasion to expect it, you will do well to prepare

your system by a mild aperient dose, so that the stomach may not be in a disordered state.

Choose a berth as near as possible to the middle of the ship, where, of course, the motion is least felt; in proportion as you approach the bows or stern, you will feel the movement of the vessel, and be liable to these painful symptoms.

If the cabin is not too heated and close, lie down, close your eyes, and try to forget your fears in sleep; or, if slumber will not come to your aid, at least you should try to divert your thoughts from the matter. The more you allow the subject to engage your mind, the more will you be liable to fall a victim to its influence.

The use of creasote and other nauseous compounds has been suggested to afford relief, but even if they succeeded—which they certainly never did in my own case—the remedy I hold to be almost as objectionable as the ailment itself; and have always thought that any one who could prepare an antidote that was really effective should be recognized as a great benefactor. I have therefore great pleasure in calling attention to a preparation styled ANTI-NAUSEA; it is a French invention, but procurable in England (see advertisement). It is really effective; in most cases it entirely *prevents* sea-sickness—in all it greatly *relieves*, and eventually removes it—whilst its taste is by no means unpleasant. Those who dread this visitation should certainly try it; they may then venture across the Channel, almost with impunity.

MEDICAL & SANITARY.

As far as possible, keep a regular and steady pace in walking, so as not to become over-heated, and render yourself liable to take cold; you will also thus cover a greater distance, with less fatigue, than by an opposite course.

Do not drink too freely from the mountain streams or springs; in addition to the excessive coldness of the water, which often produces unpleasant effects, it sometimes occurs that it has chemical

properties, rendering it unfit for quenching the thirst. A little fresh fruit and a morsel of bread are more effectual than water for this purpose. Active exertion in climbing in varied temperatures, and other causes, are almost certain to produce considerable thirst ; it is therefore necessary to suggest these precautions.

It is not advisable to sleep with the windows open in hot weather. The results have often proved it to be most unwise.

At the close of each day's walk, bathe the feet thoroughly; and if tender, sponge them with a little common brandy, or other spirit. Many pedestrians soap the inside of their socks every morning, to prevent blisters; but, though it is an excellent plan, I have not found this necessary, if the boots and socks have been properly chosen.

You may be attacked by illness even amidst these healthful valleys and mountain tops ; it will therefore be well to provide yourself with a few simple and portable remedies for such ailments as you are most liable to.

If you have perspired freely from the sun's heat, it is important to avoid exposure to the falling dew ; and on no account should you remain inactive in the cold air.

Should you get wet clothes and wet feet, and have no opportunity of exchanging the former, or drying the latter, it will be advisable to keep in motion until the natural heat of the body has dried them again.

By attention to these, and the ordinary precautions for the preservation of health, and the daily practice of the healthful and manly exercise of pedestrianism amid such scenes, you will enjoy a sense of freedom, vigour, and power, which will appear almost a new life.



CHAPTER III.

PREPARATORY.

“Some few that I have known, in days of old,
 Would run most dreadful risk of catching cold;
 While you, my friend, whatever wind should blow,
 Might travel Alpland safely to and fro.”



In order advantageously to take such a trip as that proposed, many preliminary arrangements will be necessary. Of course, in making these, some small outlay will be incurred, which is not included in our estimate; inasmuch, as being once provided, they will be available for any future purpose, and therefore are not fairly chargeable upon the tour itself. Among these will be—

1. Guide-Books.
2. Maps.
3. Passport.
4. Knapsack.
5. Outfit, or Dress.
6. Kit, or General Petty Requirements.

GUIDE-BOOKS.

To enjoy fully the varied scenes through which you will pass, you must be well informed in relation to them. The chief points of interest, and the associations of every place on the route, should become familiar to you, even before you visit them. This can only be done by the careful perusal of a good guide-book. I have purchased or seen almost all that have been issued of late years, and believe that there can be no question as to the advantage of purchasing *Murray's Hand-Book for Switzerland*,* notwithstanding that the price is higher than others. It will prepare you for the journey, be an invaluable companion by the way, and the best aid in future days—if, indeed, any should be requisite—in refreshing the sunny memories of your tour. Read it carefully, and form your judgment as to the routes herein proposed; resolving how much you will adopt, and how much reject. Then, as every ounce is of importance to a pedestrian, I would recommend the course I have always adopted myself—carefully cut the stitches which hold the back of the book, select such leaves as afford any information that is likely to be required, and such as cannot be removed without injury, and stitch them up with this guide-book (which is adapted in size to this purpose) in a stout parchment or leather wrapper, not cutting the edges. This you will find will have reduced it to about one-fifth of its previous bulk, besides dispensing with the weight of the advertisements and covers; in fact, it will be a mere pamphlet, and can be replaced in its covers, on your return, with ease.

You will also require *Bradshaw's Continental Guide*; † this contains the times of all the Continental railways, steamers, and

* *Murray's Hand-Book for Switzerland*. The Alps of Savoy and Piedmont. Maps. Post 8vo., 9s. Murray, Albermarle-street, London.

† *Bradshaw's Monthly Continental Guide*. 1s. 6d. W. J. Adams, 59, Fleet-street.

diligences for the month, besides much other valuable information ; but should not be purchased until the month of departure, as, of course, constant changes are taking place. This should pass through the same process as *Murray's Guide Book*, selecting the French, Belgian, and Swiss railways on which you may be likely to travel ; the section containing description of places in Switzerland and Savoy, about 13 pages ; stitch up with this about a dozen pages of plain, and 20 or 30 of closely ruled paper, at the end. On the former you can paste all the advertisements of hotels on the route, from the end of that guide, in case any herein recommended should be full ; the time-tables of the South-Western and Brighton railways ; the Havre and Dieppe steamers, &c., &c. ; or any other printed memorandum or time-table, referring to the route, you may wish to preserve. The ruled paper will serve you for occasional memoranda, daily accounts of expenditure, and a diary wherein to chronicle your impressions for future reference. You will thus not only greatly lighten your load, but get rid of the great nuisance of a number of books ; and will be able readily to refer, in a moment, for any information you may require.

MAPS.

A good map is indispensable to a clear understanding of the route, and more distinctly impresses on the mind the relative position of places than whole pages of description. I have always used Keller's, which I have found correct, and all that I could desire. It is published in Zurich, but may be had of W. J. Adams, 59, Fleet-street, London, at 6s. 6d. or 10s. 6d. ; the latter is by far the best. There is also an excellent map—Leuthold's—which may be had of Lee and Carter, 440, West Strand. If you do not care about such minute details as are to be found on these maps, you will find one that may perhaps answer your purpose provided with *Murray's Hand-Book*.

PASSPORT.

The suspension of the stringent regulations as to passports for France, in the case of English travellers, was expected on all hands to form a very important inducement this season to visit the Continent. At the last moment, however, before going to press, I find it necessary to completely re-write the information under this head, and modify my recommendation; for I very much fear that the change is more nominally than practically useful: for although British subjects may enter France, and travel within her territories on declaration of their nationality, yet, from a letter lately inserted in the *Times*, and from other sources of information, I am inclined to believe that if you leave France to enter Switzerland, you may find some difficulty in re-entering without a passport. I have had a lengthened correspondence with the Swiss and French Consulate and Embassy, but can obtain no satisfactory and official information that I could venture to publish; the result of the inquiries that I have made, would be to suggest the propriety of your obtaining a Foreign Office passport, which may be had by application at the Foreign Office, on the payment of 2s. (inclusive of stamp duty). Full directions as to the mode of application may be found in the article Passports, at the commencement of "Bradshaw's Continental Time Tables." The *visé* is to be obtained at the French Consulate General, 36, King William Street, London Bridge, on payment of 4s. 3d.

Even if unnecessary for France, in one of the letters I have received from the Swiss Consulate General, I am informed "*that it would not be safe for the present to advise travellers to visit Switzerland without a passport.*" The Swiss consular *visé* is procurable at 21, Old Broad Street, City, London, from 10 to 2 daily. The fee is 2s. 6d. Having always procured *visés* myself on visiting Switzerland, and not having found them requisite, I wrote to ask if they were indispensable, and was informed in reply "*I am still to understand that it is not absolutely necessary to obtain the Swiss*

visé in order to enable foreigners to travel throughout the territory of the Confederation."

It is difficult under these circumstances to give positive advice; nor should I be willing to be involved in the responsibility of so doing: but the course I should adopt myself would be to obtain a Foreign Office passport, which lasts for life, and a French *visé*, available for one year. It would be better to pay the 6s. 3d. (although not included in our estimate) and feel free from anxiety, rather than possibly have to dance attendance from Consulate to Consulate, at Bâle or Geneva.

Possibly a distinct official notification may be issued ere long for the information of the public.

KNAPSACK.

The knapsack and its contents is a matter of the greatest importance. It should be reduced to the least possible weight, so as to render you entirely independent of every one. I have often met tourists toiling along the heated, close valleys, or straining every muscle to make the ascent of some difficult pass, completely exhausted by the effort of attempting to carry a load of twenty to twenty-five pounds the whole day—persons who never have been accustomed to such violent physical exercise, who are utterly unfit for it, and who are thereby rendered unable to appreciate the very beauties they have come so far to behold, or else compelled either to engage the services of a hired-porter, or send it on by the diligence, and so deprive themselves of the use of its contents. Do not fall into this great error, but prepare or purchase a suitable one, and take in it nothing but what is altogether indispensable to your comfort and convenience.

Most, I may say *all*, that I have seen, are far too cumbersome, unyielding, and heavily made. Following the suggestions of some old hands at pedestrianism, and combining with this the results of my own experience, I made my own, which has proved a good friend

in several tours, and promises well for many to come. I will here furnish the necessary details for its manufacture, and then you may either have it home-made, or hand the instructions to any person in the trade for direction as to the kind of article you need. You may not think it needful to make it yourself, on the score of economy ; but my object in giving these minute details, is the utter unsuitability of most to their purpose. Procure $1\frac{1}{4}$ yard of American cloth, or light Macintosh cloth. I used black, though a light colour is generally preferred, so as not to absorb the heat of the sun too readily. Cut out your knapsack from a pattern, previously prepared from the

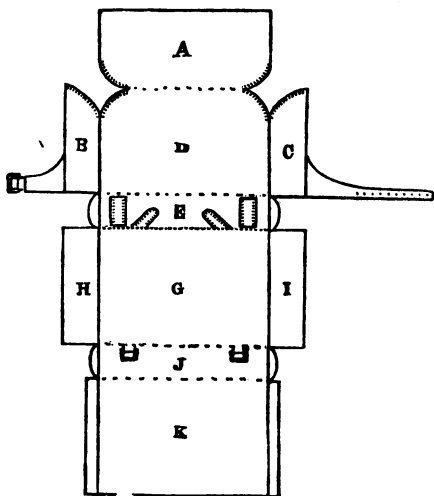


Fig. 1.

design given in the accompanying diagram, which is upon the scale of $\frac{3}{4}$ inch to a foot. The various portions will, therefore, measure—A, 15 inches by $7\frac{1}{2}$ inches; D, 15 inches by 8 inches; E, 15 inches by 3 inches; G, 15 inches by 10 inches; K, 15 inches by 10 inches; J, 15 inches by 3 inches; B, H, C, I, all about 10 inches by 3 inches. If it be then folded, as indicated by the dotted lines, A will fall back upon D, and be overlapped by B and C on either side, and should then be stitched through the three substances, as marked, bound round the circular corners, and the two projecting points L and M be connected by a strap and buckle, the first pocket will be formed; E will be the top of the knapsack; J, the bottom; and H and I being sewn to

the edges of κ , strengthened by the overlapping piece left for that purpose, the outer case will be complete.

Now, let the parts E , J , H , I , all be supported by a piece of thin millboard of their exact size, firmly glued in, and the whole lined with bed-tick or some such material. Then prepare two shoulder-straps (fig. 2) of about 16 inches in length—11 inches of the length to be about 2 inches wide, and the other 5 inches about $\frac{3}{4}$ of an inch wide. The broad part should be



Fig. 2.

slightly padded to ease the shoulder, and holes be punched at half-inch distances down the narrower portion; these will be stitched on to the top, E , in the direction and position shown, and will strap to buckles stitched upon the points indicated in the bottom, J . Now, upon the top, E , place two pieces of leather, about $1\frac{1}{2}$ inch by $2\frac{1}{2}$ inches, and stitch them over by two sides, as shown—loosely, to receive two narrower straps for the reception of your water-proof suit, as indicated (fig. 3); these being united at the top by a cross-strap, will serve as a handle by which to carry in the hand when passing through towns. The only matter now necessary is, upon the two sides, I and H , to affix two small pockets, to project about 2 inches and about 4 inches in depth, secured by a piece of elastic and a button, and your knapsack will.



Fig. 3.

be complete, and assume the appearance shown in fig. 3. It is possible these directions may make the process of manufacture appear an intricate one ; on the contrary, it is very simple; but for those who wish to be saved the trouble, and yet have the precise article indicated, I have made arrangements with Mr. J. B. Baseley, Outfitter, of Southampton (see advertisement page), for their manufacture to this exact pattern, from whom they can be had on remittance of the amount. I may remark, that as he himself has trodden the Alps, it may be fairly supposed that he will understand what articles are suitable for such purposes.

DRESS.

Of course this, to a great extent, must depend on the taste of the wearer ; nevertheless, a few hints may be useful, as to what is likely to be required. Of course, a hat would be out of the question. A felt hat, or what is generally known as a wide-awake, is usually recommended, as shading the face from the sun and rain ; but I much prefer a **Cloth Cap**, with a large peak, which, whilst it is sufficient for this purpose, looks better, and is not so likely to be caught by the wind and carried over some precipice, or buried in the depths of some crevasse to your infinite discomfiture ; nor will it lose its shape by heavy rain, as the former quickly does.

The use of flannel is desirable, as you will be subjected to variations of temperature, against the effects of which it is well to be protected. A light **Gauze Under-shirt** will be sufficient to absorb the perspiration in the heat, or to prevent the cold from striking in a colder atmosphere. A **Coloured Flannel Shirt**, and another in store, will prevent the necessity of taking a quantity of linen, which requires frequent washing ; often causing vexatious delay, and is very difficult to carry without becoming disordered in the knapsack.

A **Coloured Woollen Suit**, such as is generally advertised as "The Tourist's Suit," will not absorb too much heat on the one

hand, while it affords sufficient protection in colder districts. You will do well to provide also a **Waterproof Suit**—a Coat and Cap-cover—which should be the lightest that can possibly be obtained; they may be had not weighing more than a few ounces. This will afford protection both against wet and cold. There is an excellent **Legging** made, called the “**Zouave**,” which has two great advantages; it only comes to the top of the boot, around which it straps so as to fit closely, and therefore is not constantly flapping about in the wind, and splashing in every direction, like those ordinarily worn. It does entirely away with the necessity for a long side-strap (the strain of which is felt at every step), by means of a strong hook at the side, which can be attached or loosed in a moment from an eye sown on to the side seam of the trousers.



Fig. 4.

Nothing so much conduces to general comfort as the feet and ankles being well cared for, and few things tend more to lessen the pleasure of a tour than constant pain and irritation of the feet. The best **Socks** for your purpose are either lambs'-wool or Shetland knit. The experienced pedestrian well knows the difference in a long day's walk between cotton socks and those of wool; he knows that the former soon become hard, damp, and chilly with the perspiration of the foot, whereas the latter enable him to bear fatigue, defend his feet from friction of the boot, secure them from blisters, and in every way minister to his comfort. Of all the personal outfit, every pedestrian will allow that the **Boots** are the most important item; for upon their adaptation to their purpose depends the possibility of walking long distances with ease. Perhaps the best kind are laced, or Balmoral boots. They support the ankles, and can be loosened as occasion may require. They should be very low in the heels, and very light, pliant, and elastic in the waist of the foot. There are some specially made by Mr. J. S.

Carter, of Oxford Street, London (see advertisement), with plates of steel let into the sole, which I can recommend as admirably adapted to their purpose. He has also had an opportunity of ascertaining the kind of article required, from personal experience. The principal matter is to see that the boot-maker furnishes them sufficiently wide in the sole for the toes to have free and full play. If they are not, what must be the inevitable consequences ?

The foot being so much wider than the sole of the boot or shoe, however much room there may be in the upper part, it will project over the edge without support, both on the ball of the joint and in the other places marked. Corns will probably be formed ; or, if the upper part be also small, the foot folds into a crease up the centre of the sole, and soft corns are the result. The right plan is, to let the maker take a pencilled outline of the foot on paper, and however wide or unsightly it may appear, to have a sole as wide as the foot ; and thus you may walk an almost unlimited distance without knowing fatigue, in a manner that any who have not made the experiment will hardly credit.

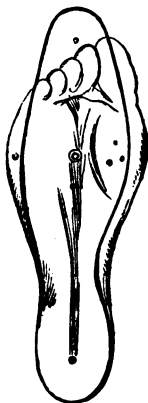


Fig. 5.

GENERAL REQUIREMENTS.

And now for your kit, or list of petty sundries : let them be as few as possible—only what you consider to be absolutely necessary. The following I have generally found sufficient, in addition to those already referred to in wear :—

Soap. This is never provided at Continental hotels, unless with an extra charge ; and therefore should be taken, in a piece of oiled silk.

Nail and Tooth Brushes.

Shaving Apparatus, if you have not abjured its use.

Slippers. These should be very light, but not so thin as to prevent your being able to relieve your feet, after a long day's walk, by strolling about any halting place you may have reached.

Pocket Compass. Useful, with the guidance of your map, when in doubt as to your way.

Stud Buttons. To prevent the coat blowing open, and exposing the chest to the wind when heated by violent exercise.

Linen Rag and Court Plaster, in case of a fall or trifling accident.

Needles and Thread, for you must become your own tailor if a button gives way, or any little mishap occurs.

String. A few yards often useful, in case of a broken strap or other fastening.

Purse. Stout and strong, for the heavy silver coinage, 5-franc pieces, &c.

POCKET KNIFE.

NAIL SCISSORS.

WAX MATCHES.

POCKET COMB.

TWEEZERS.

PAPER AND ENVELOPES.

PENS & PORTABLE INKSTAND.

EXTRA FLANNEL SHIRT.

„ SOCKS.

„ HANDKERCHIEF.

SHIRT COLLARS.

NIGHT DRESS.

BRACE AND SHIRT BUTTONS.

SPERMACETI OINTMENT.

Such of these smaller articles as are often in requisition, together with the map and guide Book, should be carried in a **Tourists' Bag**, which may be made of the remaining material from your knapsack, of the form shown in fig. 6, to be hung around the neck by a leather strap and buckle, about an inch in width, and fastened by a button and piece of elastic cord, or a common brass lock; or you can procure a better finished and much stronger article, as advertised by Mr. Baseley.

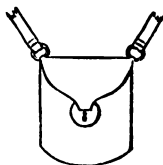


Fig. 6.

Thus equipped, you will be in a position to make your tour independently, and will be provided for almost every emergency. Do not be dismayed at the array of articles it is proposed to obtain for your trip. You will find a large proportion you will probably have by you, and the remainder may be purchased at a very small outlay, except the Waterproof Suit and Tourists' Suit; and even if these have to be bought, it must be remembered they will be permanently useful, and will save the wear of other articles of equal or greater value. It was, therefore, not thought to be necessary to calculate upon this outlay as forming a part of the estimate of expenses of this excursion.



CHAPTER IV.

ROUTE.

FIRST DAY.

LONDON TO PARIS.

"The tree tops now are glittering in the sun,
Away! 'tis time my journey were begun."



WE shall of course take London as a starting point, for not only are a large proportion of summer tourists resident in the metropolis, but all within any reasonable distance of the Great City will find it the cheapest and best plan to start thence, and avail themselves of the through fares advertised by the various railway companies.

The first point for which we shall make will be Paris. This may be reached by several routes, but various objections render some of them unsuited to those who are anxious to see as much as is practicable with the least outlay of time. The routes are:—

1. Rail to Dover; Steamer to Calais; Rail to Paris. *Time*, 11½ hours.
Fares: 1st Class, £3 1s. 6d.; 2nd Class, £2 4s. 8d.

2. Rail to Folkestone; Steamer to Boulogne; Rail to Paris. *Time*, 10½ hours. *Fares*: 1st Class, £2 12s. 10d.; 2nd Class, £1 18s. 2d.
3. Rail to Southampton; Steamer to Havre; Rail to Paris. *Time* varying, see Time Table. *Fares*: 1st Class, £1 8s.; 2nd Class, £1. Return tickets: 1st Class £2 10s.; 2nd Class £1 16s.
4. Rail to Newhaven; Steamer to Dieppe; Rail to Paris. *Time* varying, see Time Table. *Fares*: 1st Class, £1 8s.; 2nd Class, £1. Return tickets: 1st Class, £2 10s.; 2nd Class, £1 16s.
5. Steamer direct to Boulogne; Rail to Paris. *Time* varying, see Time Table. *Fares*: 1st Class, £1 8s.; 2nd Class, £1.
6. Steamer direct to Calais; Rail to Paris. *Time* varying, see Time Table. *Fares*: 1st Class, £1 8s.; 2nd Class, £1.
7. Steamer direct to Dunkirk; Rail to Paris. *Time* varying, see Time Table. *Fares*: £1 11s.; £1 3s.; 17s. 6d.

Nos. 1 and 2. The fares are too high for our purpose, though admirably adapted to those who suffer from sea sickness, and to whom economy is no object.

Nos. 5, 6, and 7, occupy too much time, have a long sea passage, and cost as much as—

Nos. 3 and 4, between which our choice will lay. I give the preference, personally, to that *via* Southampton and Havre; though both the routes meet at Rouen, and enter Paris at the same point. By either of these lines you may obtain through tickets, available for four days: 1st Class, 28s.; 2nd Class, 20s.; or double journey tickets, available for one month—1st Class, 50s.; 2nd Class, 36s. For the sake of distinctness, we will suppose you have chosen the route No. 3 (see advertisement). The steam packets leave Southampton at times varying according to the state of the tide at Havre (as notified in the Company's Time Tables) from 4.30 to 11.45 p.m.; we will suppose an hour between these, say 8 p.m. To save this steamer, leave Waterloo Station at 5 p.m., providing yourself with a second-class through return ticket, for 36s.; or, if you like, you can go by this route and return by No. 4, at an extra cost of about 4s. As this train arrives at 7.30 p.m., you will have ample time to walk to the pier whence the packet

starts, which is but a very short distance from the railway terminus; and with your light knapsack, there will be no occasion to avail yourself of the omnibus waiting for the passengers. Your ticket frees you of all tolls and pier dues; and if you leave the carriage at once on its arrival, and step out quickly, you will get on board in time to make a selection of your berth, before the arrival of the omnibus with the bulk of the passengers. If the boat leaves at a later hour, you can then stroll up the fine High-street, and obtain some little idea of this beautiful town; but do not run the risk of losing your passage by so doing. After having taken refreshment, which can be obtained at a reasonable charge on board, as there is nothing to see on a night passage, and you will require rest to prepare you for your long journey of to-morrow night, I would advise you at once turning into your berth, and if possible get into a sound sleep, which will perhaps so aid the precautionary measures you may have taken, as suggested in a previous chapter, against sea sickness, as that you will only wake to find yourself rounding the jetty at Havre in the grey of the following morning. If you leave Southampton at the time proposed, or at any earlier hour, you will probably arrive here sufficiently early to obtain refreshment, and go on by the train which usually leaves about 7 a.m., and reaches Paris at 1 p.m.

There are many hotels at Havre, I have tried four or five of them; but, as far as my experience goes, none are to be highly recommended. You will probably only take a breakfast here; and that you can get at Wheeler's Hotel, as well as anywhere—it is near the landing place, and on your way to the railway station, to which you may walk in about ten minutes; any one will direct you across the two basins, and bearing away to the right, it is just outside the boundaries of the town. The express trains on the French lines of railway are but slow affairs at best, yet one feels tolerably safe as to life and limb; and one can put up with slow travelling whilst passing the vine-clad hills of Normandy, the

picturesque chateaux, the glimpses of the Seine sparkling in the sun, the costumes of the *paysans*, and the thousand and one peculiarities which distinguish this land from our own. Time quickly slips along whilst occupied in observing these things, and ere you are aware of it—passing tall chimneys, factories, and divers signs of manufacturing energy in full operation—you are whisked through a tunnel, and are in view of Rouen. How rich in association is this city! The tall and beautiful spires of the two cathedrals seem to beckon you to stay and examine them, and of course a few hours might pleasantly and profitably be spent here; but I presume those who are bent on a trip to Switzerland have seen the principal places *en route* before, and will lose no time in making for the object of their journey; if not, of course a stay can be made at any point as far as your time will permit, and you can then revert to the original plan. I may mention that there is a very good Buffet, or refreshment-room, at the station at Rouen, at which the train generally stays about a quarter of an hour. The charges are very moderate. About one o'clock, you will probably be about 140 miles from Havre. The hill of Montmâre, with its wind-mills, the Arc-de-Triomphe and the domes of the Invalides, and the Pantheon in the distance, will show you that you are not far from the gay city of Paris. I would suggest that you walk to the Boulevards, proceed to and cross the Place de la Concorde, and take a warm bath in one of the floating bathing-houses on the Seine. This will refresh you after your night in a close cabin and the long railway ride, and brace you up for the fatigues of the coming night. Thence go by the Place du Carrousel, to the Palais Royal. Here you will find several money changers, who will give you at the rate of twenty-five francs and a few centimes for each English sovereign. Change about £7 10s.; and if you have only the Ten Guinea route in view, this, and your £1 worth of French money changed before leaving, together with the purchase of your ticket, will complete that sum. Here, at any of the restaurants,

you may now get a good dinner—of soup, four courses and a dessert, bread, and half-a-bottle of tolerably good wine—for two francs: the waiter expects two sous. I have tried several, and can recommend Tissot, Frères, at the north end of the great quadrangle, as one of the best. Tell them you are in haste, leaving by rail, and you will get the various dishes served quickly after each other, and be easily able to reach the station of the Strasburg and Bâle Railway, at the end of the Boulevard Sebastopol, in time for the train—which leaves at hours varying from 6 to 10 in the evening—reaching Bâle, the next point for which we shall make, at from 10 a.m. to 2 p.m. the next day. In order to compass this journey within the limits of the proposed expenditure, you must needs travel by third-class. It is ever a principle, with tourists of any experience, to pay as little as possible for transit from place to place. I think it is too common a fault of the English, when on the Continent, to travel by first-class with one another; by which means they lose nearly all contact with the people themselves, and are but little able to form a correct opinion of their character and customs, which may account for the misrepresentations so common in English books of travel. The very poorest are so courteous and polite, so ever willing to converse, and afford information on any subject in their power, that it is a real pleasure to mix with them. The third-class fare is a little over 32 francs for the 323 miles, and there is no disguising the fact that this long ride, great part of it by night, in a third-class carriage, is very fatiguing; but an old hand at these matters will find plenty to amuse and interest him by day, and at night will pull his cap over his eyes, make a pillow of his knapsack, wrap his coat around him, and readily forget himself in sleep. If you can fall into friendly chat with your fellow-passengers, I can safely promise you an amount of politeness in return, that one does not so often meet with in third-class carriages at home as one could wish. At Troyes, 104 miles, and about five and a half hours on the road, is a good Buffet, where you can get a

supper, and relieve your legs from their confinement ; you will also have an opportunity of getting a cup of coffee at several stations in the morning ; and you will find that a firm resolve, and an indifference to trifling discomforts, will bring you to your journey's end far less tired and weary than you had perhaps anticipated. For those, however, who feel they could not stand a night thus spent—which is really the only fatigue worth the name whilst on the tour, except the similar run on returning home—there is a third-class train which generally leaves Paris about 4.45 p.m., reaches Troyes at 10.15 ; and thence you can proceed at 11.30, by second-class cushioned carriages, in which you may readily sleep, and reach Bâle about 9 a.m., instead of at mid-day or later. To those to whom the difference of expense is of no consequence, this greatly lessens the fatigue and shortens the journey, allowing a little more time, also, for seeing Bâle.



SECOND DAY.

BALE TO LUCERNE.

“ Who first beholds those everlasting clouds,
 Those mighty hills, so shadowy, so sublime,
 As rather to belong to heaven than earth,
 But instantly receives into his soul
 A sense—a feeling that he loses not—
 A something that informs him 'tis an hour
 Whence he may date henceforth and for ever.”

WE will suppose that you have now reached Bâle, that in forty-two hours you have left London, and, besides crossing the Channel, you have swept by nearly 100 railway stations, and are now about 650 miles from home, and ready for the refreshment of a good wash, to be succeeded by a hearty breakfast, lunch, and dinner all in one.

Walk from the station to whatever hotel you may have selected. Passing on towards the cathedral, a few inquiries will enable you to readily find it. The *Hôtel du Sauvage*, near the cathedral, and the *Hôtel de la Tête d'Or*, on the banks of the Rhine, over which it has a fine view, are both so good, that one does not know which most to recommend. You will be shown into a comfortable room; and none but those who have tried it know what a wash, a clean shave, and a hearty meal, under such circumstances, will do to revive wearied physical frames and brighten jaded spirits. You will now feel quite competent to take a hasty look at Bâle. I do not intend to attempt, in the circumscribed limits of such a work as this, to point out every object of interest on the route; that is most efficiently done by your *Murray's Hand-Book*. It is my purpose simply, as it were, to prepare a framework. The filling in can be obtained from that and other sources. Do not omit to go out on to the bridge, look down on the swiftly-rushing Rhine, and around, to catch a glimpse of the chief points of attraction and their relative position. Hard by is the gigantic Three Kings' Hotel: it has a great reputation; but Murray does not speak well of it, and I have never chosen it for my temporary abode when passing through Bâle—one always feels, that notwithstanding the excellent arrangements in some of these very extensive Continental hotels, one is lost in such a multitude of guests; nor can you have the instructive and pleasant conversations with the host that you may obtain in a less-pretending house. I do not wish to disparage the hotel-keepers of our own country; but I am sure, all who have had any experience will acknowledge that those of most Continental hotels, if there be any difference, are perhaps better informed, more gentlemanly, and better educated than many of our own. They take the head of the table at the *table-d'hôte*, and usually lead the conversation, referring with great freedom to all the leading topics of the day; and many useful hints may be obtained from them by a practical tourist, who really wants to see and know

the people of the country he is visiting, rather than to seek principally for English society, which he may at any time enjoy at home. Yonder you will see the odd-looking red sandstone spires of the cathedral, nearly the highest in Switzerland. Now work your way towards it, and to the terrace behind it, called Die Pfalz. Here, under the shade of the fine old lime-trees, lean over and look at the hills of the Black Forest in the distance. Villas and gardens creeping down their sides, and happy-looking homes nestling amid the foliage at their feet ; on your right is the flying-bridge, constantly crossing and re-crossing the Rhine, by an ingenious contrivance, being propelled by the swiftness of the current alone, without the aid of manual labour ; and on the opposite side, in front of the grotesque old houses with their gable ends, are the picturesque but suitably-dressed townspeople, whilst now and then a pine-raft glides by on its way to the mouth of the river. The whole forms a picture altogether foreign in its aspect, and one that will certainly rivet the attention when seen for the first time.

But you must reach Lucerne this evening. Your train will leave probably about five. The journey will occupy from three to three and a-half hours. Knapsacks are quite an institution here, so that no notice will be attracted by your bearing yours—every schoolboy carries his school-books, every traveller his necessaries in one ; so buckle on yours for the first time, and walk to the station of the Swiss Central Railway, and take a third-class ticket to Lucerne, which will cost you five francs for the fifty-six miles. You will be struck with the comfort and convenience of the carriage. It is of the usual width, but fully twice as long as ours in England, and the roof considerably higher ; seats are ranged along each side at right angles to the sides of the carriage, a free passage being left along the whole length of the centre of the vehicle. Probably you will find eighty persons seated as your fellow-passengers, a door at each end, and a platform connects one portion of the train with another, and thus at times you may be enabled to see through

nearly its entire length. A guard is attached to each carriage, and announces the name of the station before reaching it, then taking the tickets and affording any information required. The flat country is soon left behind; passing some peat diggings and coal mines, the ground becomes more hilly, and the character of the houses and the costume of the people merge into a style more essentially Swiss. After a twenty-three miles' run, crossing the river Aar, you reach Olten. Here you may have to stop half-an-hour before you can proceed by another train to Lucerne, a distance of thirty-three miles. Some time before reaching that beautiful city, you will catch peeps of the distant peaks, and your attention will be fully occupied by the growing beauty of the ever-changing scene; till suddenly you find yourself at the terminus, on the very edge of the lake, where a steamer waits to carry you, free of cost, a two minutes' run across to the principal quay of Lucerne. Your first view of this lovely lake will fully repay you for the trouble and expense of your journey—smooth as glass, clear as crystal, sailing-boats and steamers skimming its surface, beautiful and romantic-looking little villas studding the gardens on its banks, which by rapid slopes run up to gigantic hills, and then away to the left; the famous Righi mountain, up which so many climb to see the glorious sunrise or the wondrous landscape view which it commands; whilst, on the right, the snow-capped peak of Pilatus pierces the very clouds. On landing at the quay, you cannot do better than walk across to the Hôtel du Righi, which is highly recommendable, a large and comfortable house near the borders of the lake, commanding splendid views of the Alps. Your chamber will be charged in proportion to the number of stairs you have to ascend to it; but to one who is about to cross the Great Scheideck, the Ghemmi, and the Tête Noir passes, and who wishes to be economical, this will be of no importance—besides, the air will be fresher and the view probably more extensive. A little refreshment, and an hour's quiet at one of the side tables of the *salle-à-manger*, making up your note-book, a quarter of an hour's walk to see the

effect of the moonlight on the mountain and the lake—if you are fortunate enough to be favoured with its presence—will well conclude your second day.

THIRD DAY.

LUCERNE TO MEYRINGEN.

“Far up yon rugged Alp the forest leaves,
Fanned by the breath, and flickering in the beam
Of starry skies: a wilderness of leaves,
Through which at intervals the glacier streams
Leap forth in silver!”

You must rise early. This you can readily do; every one retires so early, that it is no effort to be astir by 5 a.m.; and to do a good day's work, it is necessary to be up at that hour. Prepare your knapsack, and complete your arrangements for starting before leaving your room, so that you may know exactly what time you have at your disposal. You would like to see something of Lucerne before you leave by the steamer for Alpnach; but very little time will suffice for this purpose. Go to the Kappellbrucke, a long and quaint-looking wooden bridge, and look up at the odd pictures over your head, and down into the swiftly-flowing Reuss, which, like a Venetian canal, flows between the houses, built down into its waters. A glance into the principal church will be all that is necessary. It has no peculiar object of interest to examine. A few minutes will bring you in sight of the gigantic lion, carved from the rock, in memory of the Swiss Guards who fell in the French Revolution, defending their sovereign. Full descriptions of all these objects will be found in your selected leaves of *Murray's Hand-Book*. Then back to breakfast. You will be in full view of your steamer, as

it lies just in front of your hotel window, so that you need not miss it; and by 7 o'clock, you will be on your way up an arm of the lake, under the shadow of Mount Pilatus, to Alpnach. You may pay this fare separately, then hire a vehicle to Lungern, and walk over the Brunig Pass to Meyringen; or, what is far better, you can take a ticket on board, which will clear your steamer fare and that of the diligence to Lungern, for about $4\frac{1}{2}$ francs. Take an outside place if the weather is fine and clear. Get your ticket as early as possible after being on board, or the best seats will all be engaged. One hour will bring you to your landing place; take your seat in the diligence; read the account of the great Alpnach slide, constructed for the removal of the timber from the extensive forests on the surrounding heights to the lake, and thence by the Reuss into the Rhine.

Alpnach is a small village, of less than 1,500 inhabitants, and has nothing to demand special notice. Passing through six miles of beautiful scenery, which does not receive half the praise it deserves, you reach the lovely little lake and town of Sarnen. Here, at the entrance to the Oberland, you will probably be beset by troops of beggars, pestering for alms. The district is overwhelmed with them.

Strange that, amidst forms of nature which one would think so well calculated to ennoble human nature and rouse lofty aspirations, that every one almost should degrade themselves to ask alms. Deformities, palsy, and all kinds of diseases are paraded to excite pity; this is bad enough, but that able-bodied men and their families should come from off their own farms, as they often do, to ask charity, shows an amount of moral degradation sad to contemplate. Although full of beauty, no point demands special attention until the lake of Lungern is reached, which, independent of its situation, is remarkable for having been tapped or drawn off, to a great extent, by the energy of the people of the district. It lays high, with but a slight border on one side to hem it in from the valley; and fear being excited lest

it should burst its banks and inundate the district, it was resolved to partially drain it, hoping that the land thus exposed might pay for the labour expended. 500 men gave 19,000 days of free labour, £5,000 was expended in material, and at last a tunnel, 1,390 feet long, was carried up to the bed of the lake, and in ten days it sank to the level of its mouth.

Nearing Lungern, you enter a long avenue, overhung by fruit-trees : walnuts, the oil of which is used for illumination, and some little for edible purposes ; chestnuts, used as food when roasted, and as a substitute for cheese ; plums, the dried fruit of which is sold in this country in gay boxes, and known as French plums ; apples, pears, &c. All, I believe, belong to the curé of the village, but are picked by any one, and are so plentiful that the children are rolling rosy-cheeked apples along the road, for balls, that would



GROUP OF GUIDES.

delight the heart of an English child. Here you are beset by a group of guides, who have followed you for some distance, to escape whom you had better take refuge in the little inn here, and dine. The picturesque dress of the waitresses, with their braided hair, their white, stiffly-starched sleeves and open-laced bodices, will form quite a feature in your entertainment. Here you may purchase your *alpenstock*, which you will soon be able to put into requisition. Some are ornamented with so-called Chamois horns, and other useless adornments; but the best for your purpose are those with a simple round knob upon the end, upon which you can lean. It should be light and somewhat flexible, not too thick, and will cost about one franc and a half.

On issuing from the door, you will find a little crowd anxious to conduct you over the Brunig, which is about as necessary as a guide over the Downs in the Isle of Wight, or elsewhere. True, the pass is about 3,700 feet in height, which is some 150 feet above our highest Welsh mountain—Snowdon, but the way is so clearly defined in this and all the regularly traversed paths, that with Keller's map, a pocket-compass, your hand-book, and a light convenient knapsack, a guide is altogether unnecessary. When guides are really required, none can be more competent for their duty, more self-denying, or more reliable, than the guides of Switzerland; but when you have pleasant companionship, the presence of a guide is, to say the least, an unnecessary expense. Unused, possibly, to lengthened walks on a somewhat steep ascent, you will probably feel the necessary exertion somewhat fatiguing, and your knapsack, light as it is, something of an encumbrance; but you have barely nine miles to walk, and will readily be able to accomplish your task. This route is chosen as a preparation for crossing the Great Scheideck and other passes of greater altitudes, and that the grandeur of the objects by which you are surrounded may gradually increase with each day's journey, until they culminate in the view of the great monarch himself. In many places on

these passes you may make a considerable gain of time, and lessen the distance, by cutting off angles and long detours, which are necessary for the mule track, on account of the steepness of certain parts, which you can readily climb, especially with the aid of your *alpen-stock*. Practised mountaineers would pronounce your *baton* an altogether unnecessary appendage here, but to a novice it is unquestionably of great service.

Glimpses may be here and there had of the vales of Lungern and Sarnen, and their placid lakes, and the route which you have been traversing during the morning, until you arrive at the Col, or summit of the pass, where new and grander scenes open upon you. The beautiful valley of Hasli bursts upon the view in all its magnificence. Far away down lies the village of Meyringen—your night's destination—here and there dwellings scattered and half hid among the luxuriant foliage of the trees. On every side cascades are leaping into the streams that intersect in every direction the corn-fields and orchards, which here, being sheltered from the north winds, are most flourishing and productive. Around the whole of the valley is a rich belt of firs and dark green foliage ; on the other side the stupendous fall of the Reichenbach. Beyond is the Grand Scheideck, to cross which is your next day's work ; and far away, for a glorious back ground, the snowy tops of the Eiger, the Wetterhorn, and the Faulhorn. The descent is somewhat abrupt and steep, and in a few minutes you will reach a little mountain *auberge*, where, if you are weary, you may rest, and refresh yourself with draughts of water, milk, or sips of eau-de-vie, or kirschen-wasser—perhaps the best is a combination of the three first named.

Having descended to the foot of the pass, you cross the valley—here about three miles in width—and soon enter Meyringen. Passing up a long street of rustic-looking houses, at the extreme end will be found the Hôtel Couronne, where I propose you should halt for the night. There is another—Hôtel Sauvage—which is well spoken of ; but I have more than once found every comfort and

attention at the Couronne, in addition to which the post-office and diligence bureau are on the premises. Some tourists go on to Reichenbach, where there is a good hotel, to spend the night ; but Meyringen, I think, is greatly to be preferred. It is more centrally placed in the valley, and commands views of the whole district. It is also nearer to the falls of Alpbach, which are certainly worth a visit. If the moon be well up, you get beautiful views of the snowy peaks under its soft light, which are all lost when under the shadow of the sides of the valley at the Reichenbach ; in addition to which, the roar of the falls in such close proximity is not desirable throughout the night. If you have time, and are not too tired, which you will hardly be, engage your room, leave your knapsack, and walk over the plain to the Alpbach. It has been the cause of great dangers to the district. Before making its leap into the valley, it flows over a soil easily disintegrated and washed away ; and, when swollen by rain or snow, it rolls along like a stream of mud, with pine trees, and even blocks of rock, carried in its stream. Occasionally these collect, so as to stay its progress for a time ; and then, becoming too strong, it bursts its temporary barriers, and flows over the country. In 1762, such a catastrophe occurred, and Meyringen was buried twenty feet deep in rubbish, as marked by a line painted on the church walls. To prevent the recurrence of such an event, a dike of stone, 1,000 feet long, by 8 feet thick, has been built to guide the stream into a fit channel. You may climb up to where it strikes the earth, making it vibrate with the shock ; and higher still, to a ledge running under or behind it, along which you may pass. The effect of looking through the falling stream is grand indeed.

A hearty meal and an hour's quiet writing will now sufficiently rest you to go out as far as the bridge over the Aar, and see this beautiful valley under another aspect. The modest stars will have stolen forth, and the moon will have illumined the distant peaks, throwing her veil of soft light on those "gigantic regal barriers of nature," revealing new features to the eye. Groups of

villagers are often standing under the projecting eaves of their romantic-looking houses, and here and there you may find them joining in singing their national airs or songs of the Canton, all ready to bid you a courteous *Gute Nacht* as you return to your quarters for the night, which, as the sleep of the pedestrian is sweet, will invigorate you for the grander sights, though somewhat more fatiguing work, of the next day.



FOURTH DAY.

MEYRINGEN TO GRINDELWALD.

“ Above me are the Alps—
 The palaces of Nature—whose vast walls
 Have pinnaced in clouds their snowy scalps,
 And throned Eternity in icy halls
 Of cold sublimity, where forms and falls
 The avalanche—the thunderbolt of snow!
 All that expands the spirit, yet appals,
 Gather around their summits ! ”

Soon after five you will be preparing, and by six be on the road. The aid of guides will be volunteered, but is altogether unnecessary. Cross the Aar by the wooden bridge—your worthy host will direct you, and other tourists will be on the way ; once strike the path which you will readily find near the falls, and the great difficulty would be to lose the way. The ascent of the first 2,000 feet is rather steep and rugged ; the way lies here and there over huge blocks of rock and clayey soil, and in wet weather is very slippery. It will test your powers a little ; and though but a short distance, will probably occupy an hour and a half. The Reichenbach falls make five distinct leaps, each of which is worth diverging the short distance from the path to see. You can go out to the edge of the rock, your

companion holding on to your *alpenstock*, and get sublime peeps. The upper and first leap is the finest of all. The large stream of water thunders down into a kind of basin, dashing and foaming for awhile like a boiling cauldron, and then again down to the valley to join the Aar. The approach to this, the grandest of the falls, is fenced in, and a rude hut erected, which you are invited to enter, paying half a franc to see the torrent. Against this, and at all such places—not on the score of economy, but on principle—I protest. You can get a peep without entering the building; and if even you could not, it is well to discourage the inclosure of these beauties of nature, which should be open to all, and not made a means of extortion from every visitor. This practice prevails in our own country, in the Isle of Wight and other places, where the soft beauty, or the wild, romantic aspect of nature is utterly destroyed by the introduction of gravel-paths, steps to assist your progress, and railings in every direction to check it; while, probably, the entrance to the whole is through a bazaar of curiosities *supposed* to be collected on the spot. Having completed the first ascent, it being your first attempt, if you are fatigued, you will find a little wooden hut, where you may rest, and where a ruddy-faced, healthy looking milkmaid will be waiting to supply you with milk or *limonade-gazeuse*. You will now enter a gorge, on the side of which lies your path, the mighty rocks dying away on either side into the distant mountains; whilst beneath, all the way, in its dark, deep bed, dashes the mountain-stream, hastening on to its leap into the valley. Numerous waterfalls are streaming from the height in every direction, one of which is called the Ropefall, from its great height, and its slender, steady stream. On every hand throughout your tour, you cannot but be struck with the profuse richness and beauty of the Alpine flowers which enamel the grass, and even skirt the snowy slopes—daisies, violets, anemones, snowdrops, primroses, and numberless others—some of which may be new to you. Should you wish to preserve them, nothing can be more simple. Provide a

small blank book of white paper, not glazed, and with stout covers, so as to protect its contents, a couple of strong India-rubber rings to secure it, and a needle and white cotton or thread run through the last page, so as always to be at hand, and your apparatus is complete. Whenever a flower tempts you, simply place it between the leaves and shut it up, till at your first leisure moment you can stitch them in, and make such memoranda in connection with them as you please. At various points of your progress there are remarkable echoes, and at more than one of these you will probably find a mountain herdsman, with what appears to be a log of wood about nine feet in length, but which proves to be an Alpine horn—a tube formed of pieces of pine-wood tightly bound together. To call forth these echoes, he places the larger end on the ground and the smaller to his mouth, and blowing till his red cheeks seem ready to burst, elicits from the rude instrument a cadence of a few notes, which reverberate and re-echo from cliff to cliff, rock to rock, and peak to peak, till they die away in the far distance, and you find a rough hand extended for an acknowledgment of the musician's services. He will allow you to attempt a similar feat, though the probabilities are you will signally fail. His would appear to be weary, solitary, and ill-paid work enough; but there is generally an air of cheerfulness and contentment on the face that would bespeak the opposite to be the case. Here and there you come to a saw-mill, with machinery of the most rude and simple, yet apparently efficient character; by sawing the trees before bringing them down to the valley, of course a large amount of labour is saved. The mill is worked by a water-wheel, kept in motion from one of the numberless mountain-streams at hand. This wheel is connected with a crank attached to the lower end of the saw, whilst the upper end is secured to a long elastic pole, and thus the necessary action of the saw is obtained; and by the quantity of boards and saw-dust around the pits the means are evidently effective for their purpose. It would be well to step aside and see this simple machinery, which the men

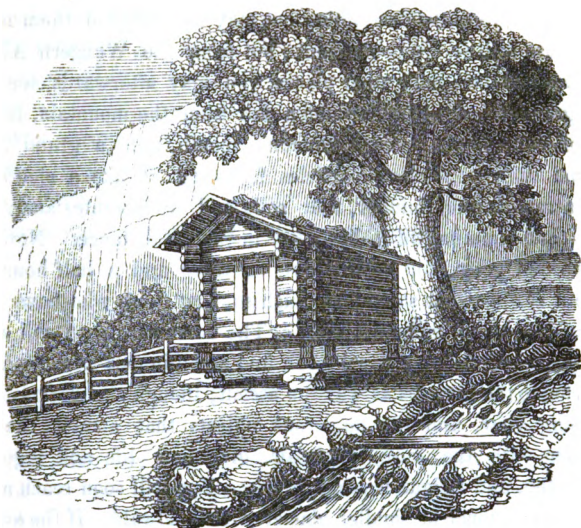
will readily admit you to see, and will explain. You will now be getting within view of the peaks of the Englehorn, Wellhorn, and Wetterhorn, the latter of which is 12,000 feet in height; and though very difficult of ascent, the summit has been reached by Mr. Wills, and a very graphic account of the circumstances may be read in his interesting book. Ere long, the path, which has been a continuous ascent, will subside to a level, and then descend towards the Inn and baths of Rosenlauri. It is a great convenience, that on all the principal routes your hunger can be appeased at convenient stages, at places where you would least expect to find such accommodation; and when you take into consideration the short season during which they have any passers-by, the utter isolation of their situation, and the great difficulty and labour that must attend the conveyance of everything to such places, you will not be surprised that, although the charges are by no means extortionate, yet that, of course, they are rather higher than at hotels situated in more favourable spots. You had better take what refreshment you require before proceeding to examine the Rosenlauri glacier, as it is not necessary to return to the inn in order to pursue your way to Grindelwald.

The path to the glacier, which you will have seen in the distance, creeping down between the Englehorn and Wellhorn, starts directly from the front of the little inn, and leads you, in less than half an hour, through a forest of firs to the smooth, bare rock, at the foot of the glacier. Here, two or three guides are located in a temporarily erected hut, to afford you aid in its examination. This will not involve you in any danger; but as this, we will suppose, is your first sight of so wondrous and beautiful a spectacle, you may be glad to avail yourself of the help of one, if only to answer the many questions that will certainly arise in your mind. He will conduct you over a great chasm by a rough wooden bridge, down the deep, dark, jagged sides of which you can look, two or three hundred feet, to the roaring torrent below; and see amid the

gloom the white foam of its dashing, leaping waters, or throw down huge blocks of stone or ice, which dance from side to side, crashing and splintering till they strike the bottom, and the cavernous depths re-echo like thunder. Then you may climb into the glacier itself by steps cut by your guide, and enter its deep caves of cerulean blue. Thousands of tons of ice—above, below, around—whilst dancing, glittering through the “pure serene,” the sunbeams light up this glorious temple of nature with floods of golden light.

These glaciers are perhaps the most sublime features of the Alps. They are produced by the snow falling from the tops of the higher mountains into the hollows and clefts around, and forced down into the valleys; and as it melts when it reaches a warmer temperature, it is re-supplied from above. At first the snow is, so to speak, a loose, dry powder; with variation of temperature it partially thaws, and then crystallizes in larger pieces. This process is constantly repeated, till solid blocks are formed, pierced by thousands of clefts and fissures, overlapping each other in the wildest confusion. They have been likened to a sea which has been suddenly frozen when violently agitated, and yet this is but a poor comparison. The caves and crevasses, as they are called, are so enormous, the colour so beautiful, the forms of the blocks so various, and the whole effect so irregular, that though perhaps this is the best idea that can be given, yet it is infinitely more striking and grand. A thin coating of dry snow, so to speak, prevents its surface being very slippery, so that they can be crossed in safety if due care be used. There are altogether about six hundred of these glaciers, larger or smaller, among the Alps, covering an area of about a thousand square miles.

Returning by the same route for about a quarter of an hour, a narrow path bears away to the left, and will eventually lead you to the main track to Grindelwald. Ere long, passing through a forest of pines, you will reach a collection of *chalets*, where cheese-making



CHALET.

is carried on ; and where, if you have any curiosity as to the process, the inmates will be glad to show it in full operation. 'The last ascent to the ridge of the Grand Scheideck (6,500 feet) is now before you ; the effort of surmounting it is well repaid by the view it commands : the rich green valley of Grindelwald, studded with wooden houses, surrounded by gardens and patches of wheat, hemp, and flax, seated in the midst of the grandest scenery ; the glaciers dipping from the mountain-side right down to the village ; and the snowy heads of the Wetterhorn, Mettenberg and the Eiger, with their sides covered with forest firs, as seen by the light of an evening sun, complete a group of Alpine scenery of inconceivable magnificence. You may here, perhaps, have your first sight of an avalanche. I have passed without seeing any ; though the last time I crossed the Grand Scheideck

I was favoured with the sight of many. They are here, generally, but small ; and often, the description one may have read of them may at first cause a little disappointment ; but from the Wengern Alp and the Mer de Glace, and other places, you may afterwards see them on a grander scale—first a sudden fall from the mountain, like the puff of white smoke from a cannon's mouth, then a grand fall of ice and snow—the finer particles following it like a cloud, and then a report like thunder, that rolls and reverberates among the snow-clad summits, till it dies away in the far distance. Now over the stunted grass, for some three or three and a half hours, the descent is somewhat steep ; so much so, that those who have mules cannot ride them, and must walk. The downward path will at first be a great relief, but you will soon find a continuous descent almost as trying to the muscles as was the ascent ; though the glorious, ever-changing view, and the numerous objects that attract the eye, together with the pure, fresh air, give new life and vigour at every step, and fatigue is scarcely felt. You will soon reach a point opposite the upper or smaller glacier of Grindelwald. If the evening is not too far spent, which it will hardly be, as you were so early on the way, it may be well to diverge from the main route by a foot-path, and pay it a visit, regaining the mule-track a little lower down. Though not so clear as Rosenlauri, which is one of the most beautiful of its kind, yet its transparent azure walls, its vast ice blocks, its crystal caverns in such a magnificent rocky frame, will repay for so short a divergence from your way. Grindelwald will now be reached, where there are two hotels : the Aigle Noir, almost the first building as you enter the village on the left—and the Ours, at the other end. Experience would lead me to recommend the former, a wooden erection of thoroughly Swiss aspect, backed by a good garden stretching down almost to the great glacier, which the back of the hotel completely overlooks. There is another building, a sort of extension or appendage of the same hotel, on the other side of the way, to which, if the first is

nearly full, you may be conducted. If possible, do not accept a room there, as not only is there discomfort in having to go into the open air every time you leave your chamber for the public room, but I have heard from those who have tried it, that their slumbers have been greatly disturbed by the mirth of the guides and others who occupy a portion of the building. You will be at no loss in such a place to spend the evening pleasantly; your day's work will have inclined you to rest and calm unbroken slumber, which no dream can disturb or restlessness interrupt.



FIFTH DAY.

GRINDELWALD, BY THE WENGERN ALP, TO LAUTERBRUNNEN,
INTERLACHEN, AND THUN.

"The virgin mountain—wearing, like a queen,
A crown of everlasting snow."

"This bold, this pure, this skyborn waterfall."

ALL who have ever made the excursion from Grindelwald to Lauterbrunnen, over the Wengern Alp, in favourable weather, have considered themselves well repaid. There is a much quicker means of reaching Lauterbrunnen by the Char road, but it has not one tithe of the beauty and grandeur of the other route. As the main object of crossing the Wengern Alp is to see the Jungfrau and the principal of the Oberland mountains in close proximity, and to see and hear the avalanches rolling down into the valley, which alone separates you from the "Maiden Queen," clear, bright weather is a *sine quâ non*; and if you are not thus fortunate, you had better go

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your way by the ordinary road, than incur the labour of ascent, without the probability of adequate reward. We will suppose the fates have been propitious, that the clear shining of the sun, and the anticipations of your host or some weather-wise guide promises you a fine day, and you have resolved to go over the Wengern Alp.

You must start betimes, for your day's work is rather a long one. The length of time necessary to make this excursion is variously estimated at from five to seven hours. Be on your way by six, and allow yourself the seven hours, that there may be no mishap as to time, and you will reach Lauterbrunnen by one; then set apart an hour and a half to luncheon or dinner, and an examination of the great Staubbach fall, which will bring it to 2.30 p.m. It is about eight miles hence to Interlachen and Nehaus; as you may loiter a little on your way through Interlachen, allow two hours and a half for this distance, and you reach the foot of the lake of Thun, Nehaus, at five; the last steamer generally leaves for Thun at 5.30 or 6 p.m. Your Continental guide, or inquiry at your hotel in the morning, will enable you to ascertain this; and a watchful eye on this arrangement of the day will enable you readily to accomplish this plan without the least difficulty, and you will be richly repaid; for, in the few short hours of a single day, you will have seen grand mountain summits; heard the roar of avalanches; stood under the spray of gigantic waterfalls; crossed fertile plains; walked the streets of a fashionable Anglo-Swiss colony; steamed over a lovely lake in full view of ever-varying scenes of beauty; and reached one of the most picturesque of all Swiss towns.

It is hardly necessary here to refer at any length to the route over the Wengern Alp, as your *Murray's Hand-Book* most minutely describes the whole (Route 25, C.). No guide will be necessary, with ordinary care. A sharp ascent brings you to the summit of the pass, some 6,600 or 6,700 feet in height, where there is a mountain *auberge*, from which grand views of the Monch, Eiger, Wetterhorn, &c., are obtained. Now over a level plain for one and a

half to two miles hence to the inn at Manlich, where you are directly under the shadow of the Jungfrau (14,000 feet). What a magnificent view is here! Dr. Cheever says, in speaking of it: "As Mont Blanc is the monarch of mountains in Europe, so is the Jungfrau the maiden queen, with her dazzling coronet of sky-piercing crystal crags, like gems for ever dropping from their setting, her icy sceptre and her robe of glaciers, with its fathomless fringe of snow." Well may he praise it; for it is indeed beautiful—its summit one mass of glaciers, discharging every now and then avalanches into the intervening valley—a scene of grandeur that is indescribable. Should the warm influence of the sun's rays loosen some of the huge masses while you are on your way, you will be enabled to realize what no description will fairly convey—the echoing thunder of an avalanche. Hence, over a gentle slope to the ridge separating the valleys of Grindelwald and Lauterbrunnen, down a steep zig-zag path, which eventually leads you across the bridge and by Lauterbrunnen Church, and nearly opposite to the wondrous Staubbach fall, springing nearly 1,000 feet from the edge of this splendid gorge—a valley whose sides have evidently once met, but which, by some grand convulsion of nature, are now separated. The body of water, though very large, is so acted upon by the wind and the resistance of the air, that it does not fall, as you would expect from such an altitude, with terrific force; but, as it has been described, it seems to float rather than fall, dancing down in ten thousand little jets of white foam, dissolving into showers of mist, and then re-uniting, it reaches the earth in a compacted stream, making the ground vibrate with the shock. Nor is this the only cascade to be seen; twenty or thirty others are in view, hanging like silver threads over the face of the rocks, thus accounting for the name of the district—Lauterbrunnen—nothing but fountains. Passing along the banks of the foaming Lutschine, as it rushes over its rough and rocky bed, you will reach a very good inn at Lauterbrunnen, where you may lunch or dine, and rest after the morning's walk. Murray says five hours

will suffice for the excursion ; but you will probably find, having loitered here and there to admire the scene before you, seven hours and a half have elapsed since you left your hotel in the morning. Do not leave Lauterbrunnen later than 2.30, and if you are not too fatigued, you may walk to Interlachen. It is a perfectly level, good road for about eight miles ; but if you prefer it, you may probably obtain a return *char* that has brought tourists from Interlachen in the morning, to cross the Alps to Grindelwald ; if so, he would gladly take you on very cheaply. The tariff from Interlachen to Lauterbrunnen, stopping two hours and returning, is only eight francs ; so that for three or four francs you may ride all the way, which will be the most desirable course to adopt, especially as you lose nothing of the view, the road lying a considerable part of the distance over an open plain. Inquiry for a *char* should be made immediately on reaching Lauterbrunnen if you wish to secure one.

Interlachen is the chief resort of the English in Switzerland, and is, in fact, quite an English colony ; being centrally situated, it admits of excursions to all parts of the Oberland ; great temptations, too, are offered in the way of cheap *pensions*, or boarding-houses. It is finely situated, commanding a view of both the lakes of Thun and Brientz, and behind rises the splendid Jungfrau. There is also an English Protestant service here every Sunday. A very superficial survey of the place will suffice ; it has no special attractions beyond its convenient and beautiful situation, and, after a walk in front of its fine row of hotels and boarding-houses, and past the post-office, up its principal street, you will be quite willing to wend your way along a shaded road to Nehaus, a distance of two miles and a half, which you can walk, or reach by the diligence for a franc.

The beautiful lake of Thun, at the end of which the place of embarkation is situated, will be still more appreciated after the three days among the rocks and hills. The fare is one franc ; the time occupied in reaching Thun is rather under an hour and a quarter ; the steamer does not call at any station on the way, but passes

many points of great beauty and interest. In about a quarter of an hour may be seen the cave of St. Beatus, in the face of the rock above the lake: according to traditional authority, he was a native of our own country, and having chosen this spot for his hermitage, performed such miracles as to make the spot renowned. Another quarter of an hour, and the deepest part of the lake is reached, opposite the Nase or promontory; at which point, on every hand, you get striking views of the Niesen, the Stockhorn, the Eiger, and the Monch, as the vessel speeds its way onwards, until you enter the river Aar; and, before you are aware of its close proximity, Thun, in all its picturesque beauty, bursts upon the eye. The Hôtel Belle-View (see advertisement) is situated just outside the town, but commands such fine views, and is so highly spoken of, that it is certainly worth a trial. The worthy host is proprietor of the lake steamer. The Hôtel Baumgarten (see advertisement) is also very recommendable. It is finely situated, with grand views, moderate charges, and an obliging landlord. There is a diligence leaves Thun daily in summer, about 3 p.m., for Frutigen; you had better ascertain its time and place of departure, booking your seat for the following day, or you may be frustrated in your plans on the morrow; the fare is $2\frac{1}{2}$ francs. You will probably find time, before retiring to rest, to wander about this quaint, antiquated town; to see the old chateau of its former lords, the Counts of Kyburg; and to climb the steps by the church to obtain a commanding view of the town, the lake, and the distant Alps.

SIXTH DAY.

THUN TO BERNE AND FRUTIGEN.

“ Here beauty and primæval nature dwell,
Ever green forests, fountains ever clear.”

You would hardly like to pass through Switzerland without paying a visit to its principal city, Berne; in addition to which, it is really well worth the few hours you can devote to the purpose. You will hardly be prepared, perhaps, to leave by the early trains at 5·30 or 6 a.m.; but there is another generally about 8·30, which will bear you within its walls by 9·30, and allow you between four and five hours for its inspection. From personal experience, I can strongly recommend the Hôtel Maure (see advertisement), in the principal street, to any visitor, both on account of its excellent position, its comfort, and the personal attention of its worthy landlord, M. Regli. Berne has a population of nearly 28,000 souls, and for the last twelve years has been the seat of the Swiss Government. It stands on a bold promontory of land, nearly surrounded by the Aar, and has an imposing appearance from the approach by rail. On entering the city, its wide, clean streets, with their streams of running water, the arcades or covered walks before the shops, the gaily crimson-cushioned windows, the numerous fountains, the fine public buildings, and the variety of picturesque female costumes, all tend to engage the eye of the traveller.

Visit the Cathedral, a gothic building erected A. D. 1421; the balustrade around the top, and many other particulars of its architecture, are worth an examination; not forgetting the carvings in stone over the principal doors, of “The Last Judgment,” “The Wise and Foolish Virgins,” &c. Entrance may be obtained on payment of a small fee, but it is hardly worth your while, as your time is so

short. In the open square before the doors is a bronze figure of Erlach, the hero of Laupen.

The bear is the armorial badge of the town, and there is hardly a place on which the eye can light—where it is possible to place a representation of one—that it is not to be found. Nor are the good citizens content with stone representations, but they have also some living specimens, which every visitor makes a point of seeing. An English tourist, by some extraordinary accident, last season, fell over into the pit, and was destroyed; but how such a calamity could have occurred it is impossible to conjecture, as there is every protection against such a disaster.

Should the Museum be open, there are some specimens in it worth a visit; it is accessible generally on Tuesday, Thursday, and Saturday, free; and at other times can be seen on payment of a small fee.

From the platform near the Cathedral a splendid view may be had, if the weather be clear, of a grand mountain panorama, including all the principal of the peaks of the Oberland Alps; and from the Engi Terrace, outside the town, a still finer view is unfolded. It should certainly be visited; you may stand beneath the shade of the trees for an hour, to watch the effect of sunlight on their snowy heads, as the clouds pass over the horizon.

In the main street are three towers: one bears a tablet with a huge figure of a giant, another is used as a prison, and the third has a clock, which, as each hour strikes, gathers an admiring crowd to witness certain mechanical contrivances; as you are on the spot, it will be as well to see them. They are, however, of a very puerile character; and if you have seen the great clock of Strasburg, you will not be much struck with the exhibition. The fountains bear an endless variety of adornment, though all are more or less ornamented with representations of bears; one of the most peculiar is that of a figure devouring children wholesale, whilst from his pockets, and every conceivable part of his dress, protrude the heads of others that he is storing up for his next meal. By the time you have

seen the sights of Berne, and lunched or dined, it will probably be near the departure of the train for Thun, to which you should return not later than 2 p.m., so as to arrive about 3 p.m., or at such time as to save the diligence in which you were to book your place last night. If you find it impracticable to return in time, or the whole of the places were engaged, or should the conveyance be withdrawn from the road (which is hardly probable), you can hire a one-horse *voiture*, which would accommodate three, for 18 francs, and a *bonnemain* throughout to Kandersteg ; it is a distance of 23 or 24 miles. If only two in your own party, you would have but little difficulty in finding a traveller glad to join you, or two or three, so as to take a two-horse vehicle which holds five or six, and costs 35 francs ; so that you might reach Kandersteg for about 7 francs. The diligence fare is only 2 francs 25c., but it does not go further than Frutigen, and you would then have to walk or hire on the remaining 8 miles. If you go by diligence, it will be well not to proceed to Kandersteg the same night, as there is an inn at Frutigen which will prove an excellent halting place, and those at Kandersteg are not highly spoken of. The Hôtel Helvétie (see advertisement) is an exceedingly good one ; it has recently undergone several improvements, and is certainly the best in the district. It is also less likely to be over-crowded than those at Kandersteg, to which place the majority of tourists generally proceed ; the eight miles to the foot of the pass, and the walk over, are easily done in the day.

The road to Frutigen first skirts the edge of the lake of Thun, then crosses the Kander, passes the end of the Simmenthal, and proceeds up the beautiful valley along by the side of the river, till you reach the grandly situated village of Frutigen itself.

SEVENTH DAY.

FRUTIGEN TO LEUKERBAD.

“How fearful, even upon the steadfast ledge,
To lean and watch where leaps the boiling surge,
Like lightning through the abyss.”

If you hire a *voiture* for the eight or nine miles to Kandersteg the tariff is 8 francs, and a trifle for drink-money; for which the driver will take you a mile and a half beyond Kandersteg to the foot of the pass, whence it is about fourteen miles' walk to Leukerbad, though it is perfectly practicable to walk from Frutigen, over the pass, to Leukerbad in a day. A pass of nearly 8,000 feet in altitude is before you, fully a mile and a half of perpendicular height above the sea; therefore the sooner you stick your *alpenstock* into the path, and lay your back to the work, the better; you will not have mounted, however, more than 500 to 600 feet, before you will be amply repaid by the view up the valley whence you have come. You can look right down on to the village below, and trace the windings of the Kander, which appears so close, that one might throw a stone into its waters. The first ascent achieved, you pass the boundary of the cantons Berne and Vallais, and begin to cross a level plateau. Now descending for a little, you will find, even here, some few *chadlets* and herds of cattle, goats, &c. It is but poor pasturage, and liable, during even the summer months, to be covered with snow, though it is uncommon to find it of any depth in the summer season; you will be no sooner seen than beset by the herdsmen and their children, for a small alms; and they look as if they wanted it, running about but very poorly clad in this inhospitable region. Their huts are but very sorry shelter, even for cattle. You then ascend to the Schwarnbach, which stands 7,000 feet above the sea; magnificent in situation for a tourist to behold but a very poor place for a home. It was originally simply a lonely

châlet, but a sad story of murder connected with it has brought it into great notoriety. Werner, the German poet, made it the subject of a tragedy; people then came from far and near to see the spot, for whom refreshment was provided; and thus at last it became a little inn, whose shelter and good cheer you will gladly avail yourself of. The host seems glad of visitors, as well he may in this lone spot. He is very communicative, and once told me that for four months of the previous winter not a soul had passed his door. The pathway being completely blocked with snowdrift, the food and fuel for that long period is obliged to be stowed up during the summer. Under these disadvantageous circumstances, every atom of both provision and firing, having to be brought up by mules from the valleys below, at great cost and labour, the tourist must not begrudge a liberal payment for what is supplied to him. Two miles farther on, still ascending, is the Dauben See—a little lake supplied from the neighbouring mountains—immediately on passing which you reach the Col, or summit of the pass, 7,600 feet above the sea. And here what shall I say?—words seem to fail. The wondrous view beggars all description. Murray says it is one of the grandest even in Switzerland. Climbing a rock on the left, you stand on the edge of a sheer precipice, whence you can look straight down thousands of feet into the great Gorge of the Dala. Leukerbad lies as if right under your feet, its little houses like bird-cages, and its fields, gardens, and orchards mapped out as if on a chart—the Dala threading its way down to the great valley of the Canton Vallais, and beyond Mont Cervin, and a grand chain of others, whose peaks the fleecy clouds leave clear and sharp against the azure sky, whilst the golden hues of a setting sun will, by the hour you reach this point, be tinging the snowy heads of range after range around with crimson glory.

Vast heights above—vast depths below—pretty *châlets* on the mountains' sides—lovely meadow slopes, covered with Alpine flowers—immeasurable ravines on every hand. How marvellous is

this place ! Take a plumb-line, and let it hang over the edge of the precipice, and for 1800 feet, it will not touch the rock below. How, then, shall you get down to yonder village of Leukerbad ? No descent could be made but for the engineering skill which, in 1736, constructed a pathway that took five years of unceasing labour to complete. A zig-zag groove, cut out of the rock by blasting and other means—a mere shelf as it were—in many places only three or four feet wide, and nowhere exceeding five or six feet, with, for the most part, no parapet or protection, and every here and there overhanging the path below—this needs a steady eye. Take care you have as little impetus as possible as you come to the end of each slope, or you may go down with unexpected and unintentional velocity. The mules are accustomed to carry bulky loads of hay, &c., down this steep incline, and learn by experience to keep near the edge, lest the dimensions of their burden should cause it to strike against the face of the rock, and precipitate them to the bottom. This persevering preference for the edge, when with *you* for a burden, is certainly more exciting than pleasant ; nor will you be sorry that you are a pedestrian, if you meet a traveller thus ascending the slope. A very striking sight it is to look back upon the precipice. No path is discernible from below, and those you just now may have passed look like flies upon a wall. You now enter the suburbs of Leukerbad. The costume of the ladies, especially, is peculiar. The dress is very short, reaching only to about the knee ; and all wear a low-crowned beaver hat, trimmed with coloured ribbons, forcibly reminding one of the Buffetiers one sees at the Tower of London.

You, cannot do better than put up at the Hôtel de la Maison Blanche, a plain but thoroughly comfortable house ; make it one of your first duties to secure a place in the diligence for the coming morning to Sion, and having refreshed yourself after your long day's walk, you can see nearly all that is to be seen the same evening.

In front of your hotel is one of the hot-springs for which this place is noted. The water discharges itself into a stone trough—that which is unused running away to the river Dala close by.

The water, which has a sickly and unpleasant taste, is about 124° of Fahrenheit. I possess an exact account of the proportionate number of grains of sulphate of lime, potass, magnesia, soda, and iron it contains; but I will inflict no such chemical bore on my readers. There are about twenty of these in the village, to which you may see the patients come with mugs and glasses, to enjoy the healing draught. The prescribed dose varies from *five to ten glasses of this warm, nauseous beverage, before breakfast*. All the household washing is conducted in the open air—the washers being supplied by Dame Nature with *hot water, gratis!* which is streaming and steaming in every direction.

One mile and a half hence are the “Ladders,” one of the sights of the district, a rude contrivance for communication between the baths and the village of Albinen; a series of unsteady ladders, used by men, women, and children, and requiring a special and somewhat humorous adaptation of the female costume; but it is doubtful if you will have time to visit these, either this evening, or before leaving the following morning.



EIGHTH DAY.

LEUKERBAD, OR LOECHE-LES-BAINS, TO MARTIGNY AND ORSIERES.

“Now where the swift Rhone cleaves his way between
Heights which appear as lovers who have parted.”

Your diligence will probably leave at 7·30 or 8 a.m., which will allow you but little time to see the celebrated baths of this place, but a few minutes will suffice for the strange spectacle. There are

several bathing-houses. Enter the largest, and you will behold a scene so ludicrous, that it is next to impossible to convey a correct impression of it. Before you are a series of vats, like tan-pits, about 18 by 30 feet each, containing from fifteen to twenty people—men, women, and children—dressed in gowns, all seated on stone seats around the bath, up to their chins in hot water, steaming away as if in a wash-tub. They commence the series of baths by going in for one hour daily, then two, and so on up to five or six hours per diem, for the removal of skin diseases. To while away so long a time, every conceivable mode of occupation is allowed—boards are floating about—they play chess, draughts, backgammon, and cards. There are floating trays, with capital breakfasts, of which some are partaking. Others are reading newspapers and books, and some are even writing. Their friends, and the public generally, are admitted, and a brisk conversation goes on; they leaning on a rail overlooking them, whilst the bathers, up to their necks in hot water, are gabbling away in French or German. Some are sitting silent in the corners; some are laughing and singing; some having a private *tête-à-tête*; some chasing each other round and round; and others slyly squirting water at each other with their fingers. The general effect is so irresistibly odd, that one can hardly repress a hearty laugh. After this ordeal is over, the bathers have to go to their hotels to bed for one hour, and you may see them in their bathing dresses, with a coarse outer wrap, the long hair of the ladies streaming down their backs, running stockingless in all directions to their inns.

The weather being favourable, and you having secured an outside place, you will greatly enjoy your ride down the magnificent gorge of the Dala, over mountain fragments, under rocky heights, crossing and re-crossing the stream which dashes along the bottom of the ravine—in one case 160 feet below the bridge which spans it. As you whisk round some of the corners, and down the steep incline, and hear the smart smack of the driver's whip, you will

almost fear that he will urge the horses over the edge into the deep glen below. This is one of the finest rides you can possibly enjoy, and your attention will be demanded at every turn of the road by some new phase of natural beauty till you reach Leuk, and the great valley of the Canton Vallais bursts upon the view, fifty miles in length, stretching away on either hand—on the left by the Great Simplon Pass to Italy ; and on the right to Martigny, St. Bernard, and Mont Blanc. The arrowy Rhone intersects it, winding among its rich farms and vineyards down by the Old Castles of Sion, and away to Lake Lemman. By the side of its swift waters you will speed your journey the whole day, a lofty range of mountains shutting in the view on every side, but intent on your intended visit to the good monks and sagacious dogs of St. Bernard.

Leuk, at which place you have now arrived, is a small, dirty, and unimportant place, of about 600 inhabitants. Another mile, and you are on the Great Simplon road, on reaching which you turn to the right, and hasten on to Sierre and Sion, between thickly-wooded hills, and here and there a sight of snowy peaks beyond. Now a patch of maize, and then a small vineyard—here a stone quarry—there a *chalet*, perched upon the height, giving variety to the scene ; but your level is too low, the air too close, the view too circumscribed, the general aspect of the whole too tame to be so enjoyable as the scenes through which you have been passing. In addition to which, the degradation and filth of some of the inhabitants, the constant importunity for alms, and the prevalence of *goutte* and *crétinism*, make it a matter of satisfaction to reach Sion, whose castle-crowned hills, rising in the midst of the valley, you have long seen in the distance. This is the principal town in the valley, and though only containing a population of about 3,000 souls, has several churches, convents, and a hospital. Here you will probably have time to take refreshment before the departure of the train to Martigny, which is reached by rail in less than an hour for about 2 francs, third-class.

Martigny has no inducement, in itself, to tempt you to stay. It is situated in a low, flat, swampy district, desolate and unwholesome. It derives its importance solely from its central position, being at the foot of the St. Bernard Pass, on the road to the Great Simplon, close to the passes of the Tête Noir and Col de Balme to Chamouni, and on the route to Geneva; besides which, if you are to visit the Convent of St. Bernard, and return to Martigny the following evening, it is important for you to get as far as possible on your way this evening. You will probably have reached Sion about 1 o'clock, dined, walked round the town, left by about 3, and be ready to start from Martigny between 4 and 5. As you will have been riding all the day, you will have no difficulty in walking the first ten miles to Orsieres, which may be easily done in from three to four hours. As you will stay at Martigny the following evening, choose your hotel. You cannot do better than go to the Hôtel de la Tour. Select what is indispensable for one night, which you may readily contrive to get into your pockets, and leave the whole of the remainder in your knapsack, in care of your host; and thus disencumbered, you will readily reach Orsieres and, possibly, if you are a good walker, Liddes the same evening.

Leaving Martigny, you pass through the Bourg or suburb of Martigny, and cross the river Dranse, near the banks of which your journey lies the next twenty or twenty-five miles. The route is like most other mountain passes, a deep narrow valley, overhanging granite rocks on each side, and a rapid stream tumbling and roaring through the middle; by the side of which, and sometimes crossing it, is the road you must pursue.

At every village and roadside *chdlet*, your sympathy will be excited by some miserable *crétin*; and near the pig-sty looking tenements are sure to be seen at least one in every knot of bystanders with a huge *gottre* hanging from the neck. And thus, amidst grand natural scenes and sad physical moral degradation, you pass by Valette and Bourvenier, and cross and re-cross the Dranse

to St. Branchier. Here, two branches of the Dranse unite, and three valleys—Martigny, Bagnes, and Entremont—meet. Your way is up the latter, till after about one hour and a quarter you arrive at the village of Orsieres. If time will permit, you will do well to go to Liddes, which you may reach in one hour and a quarter, where you may get accommodation for the night, though perhaps not equal to that at Orsieres, where there is a very good hotel at which you may rest. Engage your mule for the morrow, and prepare yourself for an interesting visit to the celebrated Hospice.



NINTH DAY.

ORSIERES TO THE HOSPICE OF ST. BERNARD AND RETURN TO MARTIGNY.

“That house, the highest in the ancient world,
And destined to perform from age to age
The noblest service. Welcoming as guests
All of all nations and of every faith.”

“The scene—the hour—the convent’s mellow chime,
Revive the legends of departed time.”

THE charge for a mule hence to the Hospice is six francs, or if you return the same day, seven francs. You will probably choose the latter; or you may obtain a *char* for two or three persons to St. Pierre, which is as far as the *char* is available, and the mules to go on to the convent, for about the same rate each traveller; or, what is a good plan, you may walk up to the Hospice, which you can readily do hence in about five hours, where, or near to it, on your way, you will be almost certain to meet with return *chars* and

mules, by which you can descend the whole way to Martigny at a very low fare. Many engage conveyances to the Hospice, and then proceed to St. Remy and Aoste; and as the muleteer will have received not only his fare up, but a return fare, he will gladly receive almost any engagement as a clear gain.



CHAR-A-BANC.

The *char-à-banc*, to which we have several times referred, is the most comical of all the odd vehicles one sees on the Continent; such a road as this, narrow and rugged, would be impracticable to ordinary conveyances; the springs would be broken, and the whole frame become disjointed. It is light and small, intended for two persons, though three often travel in one. The body is placed sideways securely on the wheels, with a flat cover overhead about the size of a large tea-tray, with curtains to draw around the back; while the driver is perched on a little board about a foot square

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in front, and the luggage piled on a similar board behind. In this you may travel, crab-fashion, where you like, for, as the late Mr. Albert Smith used to say, "There are few places, except the wall of a house, which a *char-à-banc* would not venture to ascend. It looks unnatural and ill at ease upon a smooth road, but put it on a mountain pass, rough with blocks of granite and the *débris* of an avalanche, and it will jolt and bump gaily on, seeming to revel in its difficulties."

To accomplish the whole of the arrangements of the day, it will be absolutely necessary that you be on your way by 5 o'clock. You can breakfast at Liddes, or St. Pierre, as the case may be. At any rate, make it your aim to reach the convent by 10 o'clock; you can then remain there till after the luncheon served at noon, and without difficulty, by either of the proposed plans of return, reach Martigny the same evening.

Leaving Orsieres, the scenery, though not very remarkable, becomes gradually more interesting. The road passes through Liddes, where it is very picturesque; for the ascent is not all the way amongst those regions of snow and dreariness, in which most pictures represent Napoleon upon a horse prancing in the wind, and of astonishing spirit, considering the work he has gone through. Grape-vines are clinging to the mountain side, and the rich pasture of the valley below spreads away, dies into the reddish brown of the mountain, and is finally crowned by rich dark shrubbery; the cattle bells mingling their melody with the roar of the impetuous Dranse. Thus you at length reach St. Pierre, the last village up the mountain. Here the road becomes far wilder, and here it was that the great Napoleon encountered his greatest difficulties in his wondrous passage of the Alps. The cause of this expedition, and the attendant circumstances, have become such familiar matters of history, that no recapitulation of them is necessary here. But none but those who have seen the pass can form any adequate idea of the extraordinary difficulties he successfully overcame.

The cannon, dismounted from their carriages, were laid in hollow trunks of trees, and dragged up by sheer force over the rugged road. It was a tremendous effort to get them to the summit; but the descent was even more difficult, from the danger of the cannon rolling down the precipices, and carrying the soldiers with them. M. Thiers, the great French writer, has written a stirring account of this wonderful enterprise of Napoleon's, in his "History of the Consulate and Empire," in which he gives the narrative of the passage of these 60,000 men, with all their *matériel*, to the other side of the Alps, across rocks and glaciers, at the worst season of the year, when the snow was melting, chiefly by night—to avoid the avalanches loosened during the day by the heat of the sun: passing through these sterile valleys in the midst of eternal winter, where no food could be found for the men or forage for the horses.

Now you pass the Cantine, as it is called, the last human habitation on the way, and enter a broad, stony valley—a perfect Arabia Petra: the glaciers dip down on every side, and here commence the tall black poles placed to point out the way when the snow has hidden the track. In a quarter of an hour you reach the spur or foot of Mont Velan, a steep ascent, where Napoleon nearly lost his life. As has been previously remarked, he crossed the mountain—not upon a fiery steed, which would be utterly unsuited for such a purpose, but wrapped in his grey cloak, mounted on a quiet, sure-footed mule, and led by a young guide who had no knowledge of the importance of the personage he thus escorted to the hospice. It is said the guide in his simplicity told him all the particulars of his obscure existence, particularly the distress he felt at not being able, on pecuniary grounds, to marry a young girl belonging to the valley. Thus Napoleon—sometimes listening, sometimes chatting to an occasional passer-by—had reached this point, when the mule's foot slipped, and had not the strong and quick-sighted guide put forth his arm, France would not have had to boast of her great Emperor, and England would have saved

millions of her money and some of her bravest sons. Scarcely had Napoleon reached his destination when he wrote a note, handed it to his guide, and bade him present it to the paymaster of the forces; on doing so, he learned with surprise the high position of Buonaparte, and found that he had given orders in this note for him to receive sufficient money to purchase a house and land, and, in fact, with everything to enable him to marry and realize his dreams of love.

Now, rounding a point, you will come in sight of a low brick building, which, on entering, you find to be the lower Morgue, or dead-house. The floor is bestrewn with human bones: arms, legs, ribs, and skulls, all bleaching in the cold wintry blast. It is a depository for the remains of those whose bones are occasionally found on the pass; largely consisting, it is said, of the skeletons of soldiers who perished in Napoleon's great Alpine passage.

Thence, still pushing on, you at last make a short turn, and there, nearly 9,000 feet above the sea level, you suddenly behold the walls of the solitary but welcome hospice, so full of interesting associations.

I do not intend to enter upon a lengthened history of this place; suffice it to say, it was founded about the year 851—about 1,000 years ago—by Bernard, of a noble family of Savoy. This being, until Napoleon executed the Great Simplon road, the only way of importance over the Alps to Italy, great numbers passed, and still pass over it, and this house was established for their succour. To accomplish this purpose, a body of monks spend a portion of their life here, devoting a part of their time to an examination of the various routes, assisted by their servitors, or "*marroniers*," and also by the world-famous dogs of St. Bernard. You will find that there are two buildings, one of which is evidently the principal—a long, heavy, stone erection, with many windows; the bottom story used as a stable for the mules and the dogs. Several guides are usually loitering about, and in front of the steps leading up to the door will be lying some of the celebrated dogs—large, strong limbed

creatures, of a brownish hue, some with patches of white. They are very quiet, rarely barking, except on duty. Ascending the steps, you will find yourself in a stone passage or corridor, intersected by



ST BERNARD.

another at right angles ; and mounting another short flight, will be met by the P^{re}re Clavandier, or Bursar of the hospice, and will perhaps hardly be prepared for either his costume or his polished and gentlemanly manners. The monks wear a long and very

becoming black silk gaberdine, close fitting to the body, a conical black cap, surmounted by a tuft, and black silk stockings and high shoes, quite in the style of the higher order of Catholic priests. When, in the company of a friend, I paid this interesting spot a visit, he in the kindest manner bade us a hearty welcome, and conducted us to a chamber—both the windows and the doors of which were double, to protect the inmates from the cold. The beds were placed against the left wall, and on the right everything that was absolutely necessary to our wants, though of course of the plainest kind ; little pictures of saints hung upon the walls, and the beds were covered with plenty of thick blankets and eider down cover-lids to insure the visitors' comfort.

As soon as you are sufficiently rested, go out a short distance towards the Italian side, to the stone on which is marked the boundary line between the two countries, near which a Roman temple once stood, dedicated to Jupiter ; many very interesting relics from which are treasured up at the hospice. Here a Roman road once led down into the valley, of which traces may be most distinctly seen. The scene, looking towards Italy, is but dreary, wild, and uninviting ; so return towards the hospice, and take a peep into the Morgue, or receiving house for the dead bodies of those who are found on the mountains, overtaken by the sudden storms to which this district is liable, or by the fury of the avalanche. It is close to the main building, and is a sad sight ; but one which should be visited by every tourist. Then return to the visitors' room of the convent, whence a door opens into the museum, which contains an interesting botanical and mineral collection, besides several specimens of natural history, the antiquities before referred to, and a few engravings and paintings. Turn over the leaves of the visitors' book ; amidst a multitude of less important names, it bears the signatures of some of our greatest literary celebrities, many of the most noted of Alpine adventurers, and some of the most famous of our aristocracy. Amongst them the Prince of Wales's modest,

simple autograph, *Edward*, whilst to the names of his suite are appended their full titles and dignities. You will notice a piano, presented by the Prince as a mark of his appreciation of the kind attention and welcome shown to him; a valuable gift, and greatly appreciated by visitors as well as monks. I have many pleasant reminiscences of an evening spent here a season or two since. The log fire banged, and crackled, and blazed cheerily on the hearth; a good meal of soup, meat, light puddings, preserves, and dessert, with capital wine *ad libitum*, had been freely served up to us. The piano was opened, and the company generally being invited to its use, my friend pressed me to sing of the "Monks of Old," and what a jovial crew they were; but I did not wish to cast any reflection on such kind hospitality. Some persons present excused themselves, by saying they were not conversant with sacred music, such as was adapted to a monastery. "Oh!" said one of the monks, "that does not matter;" and sat down himself and played a lively polka. A monk thus engaged was somewhat a peculiar sight, and called forth a merry laugh. The ice was now broken, one and all joined; and English, Scotch, and American airs made the evening pass right merrily.

But by this time "refection bell will call," a liberal repast will be provided, and an opportunity afforded of free conversation with the monks over the dinner-table. You must not too long indulge yourself in this gratification, but make your way to the chapel, which having inspected, you will not fail to drop into the *Tronc aux aumônes*, which hangs on the wall, a sum at least equal to what you would have paid at any hotel. No payment will be asked for or hinted at, your offering will be perfectly voluntary; although the expenses attendant upon such an institution must be large indeed—the number of poor crossing the pass and receiving relief, at certain seasons of the year, being far greater than is generally believed. Your mule driver will by this time have become impatient, and although you might easily find inducement to spend a longer season

here, you must hasten down the pass—any further reference to which will be of course unnecessary, as your route is unavoidably the same as that by which you made the ascent, for you cannot reach Martigny by any other ; though being seen from precisely the opposite point of view, you will find that much will strike the eye which was then unobserved.

TENTH DAY.

MARTIGNY BY THE TETE NOIR PASS TO CHAMOUNI.

“ Oh, dread and silent mount, I gazed upon thee
Till thou, still present to the bodily sense,
Didst vanish from my thought ! Entranced in prayer,
I worshipped the Invisible alone.”

THIS walk the pedestrian can easily accomplish in the limits of a day ; it is about twenty-five miles ; can be walked in nine or ten hours, and is an excursion abounding in magnificent views of every conceivable kind. Gorges, rocks, waterfalls, forests, ravines, glaciers, defiles ; and, to crown all, the great Mont Blanc itself. No guide is necessary. There are two routes by which to enter the valley of Chamouni, either over the Col de Balme or by the pass of the Tête Noir. The former commands a magnificent view of the whole valley, and the Mont Blanc range ; but when one must be chosen, I would give the preference to the Tête Noir, which has a continuation of grand views, though none perhaps equal to the Col de Balme.

The route is fully indicated in your hand-book : through the Bourg Martigny, as on your route of yesterday, across the river Dranse ; then up the Forclaz, where you should take your last view over the great valley of the Rhone, with its fertile pastures,

and down at your feet the town of Martigny which you have just left; then over the Col de Trient down into the valléy, and on, under the shadows of the overhanging rocks, till you reach the solitary little *auberge* dignified by the appellation of the Hôtel de la Tête Noir. The accommodation here of course is rough; but one evening, when overtaken by a storm on this pass, I gladly found shelter and most willing and kind attention from the host. Shortly after leaving this inn, the grandest part of the pass is reached, a wild, craggy gorge, the road through which almost overhangs the raging torrent which dashes along far below, and then pierces a projecting rock by a short tunnel. Masses of rich verdure are flowing in wild drapery down the savage cliffs; around, fir and pine trees clothe the mountain sides, and above stand out their snowy heads, forming striking contrasts to the rich dark green foliage that intervenes.

In one hour and a half you may reach the Barrière d'Argentière, the frontier where the examination was always made of baggage and passports; but I presume that now these forms are considerably modified. I am informed that at the annexation of Savoy to France, the station was removed to the boundary line on the Forclaz. Two hours more, and surmounting a ridge, the grand valley of Chamouni opens out before you. On the left, is seen the main chain of the Alps—seven great glaciers seaming their rugged sides, and streaming down to the valley; on the right, the Aiguilles Rouges, the Flegère, and the Breven; midway in the valley the village of Chamouni; and then, towering above all, the monarch—Mont Blanc—

“With his glorious robe of glaciers,
And his diadem of snow.”

A few miles amidst these scenes, which so engross the mind that physical fatigue is forgotten, and you reach Chamouni.

If you left Martigny at six in the morning, allowing time for your stay at the Tête Noir inn, you may reach Chamouni without any

effort by four or five in the afternoon, in good time for the *table-d'hôte*. The hotels here are exceedingly numerous. In consequence of the natural grandeur of the valley, visitors during the season flock here from all parts of Europe and America ; a large amount of accommodation is therefore necessary. Chamouni possesses no manufactories, and is a place of no importance except as to its situation. Irrespective of these inns, it is a mere village of insignificant houses, in contrast to which rise the gigantic hotels De l'Europe et d'Angleterre, the Hôtel Royal de l'Union, the Hôtel du Mont Blanc, and others. The first is that at which the late Mr. Albert Smith sojourned when here. His room is shown as possessing special interest to some, and is let at a higher rate on that account. Though an excellent hotel, it is so thronged from the recommendation it received at every repetition of the celebrated entertainment of the ascent of Mont Blanc, that I should recommend the Hôtel Royal or the Hôtel de l'Union ; they both belong to the same proprietor, and I have found the greatest comfort and attention at these houses. The Hôtel Couronne is, I think, cheaper, but not quite so well situated ; and as your stay is for so short a period, I should prefer the former. There are many others, which doubtless have their merits ; but of these I cannot speak from personal experience. The Hôtel Royal is the best situated of the two ; and if you can, get an upper room at the back of the house, which commands a fine view of the summits of the ranges and of the glaciers, on which you may see moonlight and sunlight effects, at times when you would not wish to sally forth to observe them. You will find a walk after dinner in any direction will repay you, either across the valley or towards the Glacier de Bossons. You are surrounded on every hand by some of the most stupendous scenery in the world ; it is an almost inconceivable sight :—the central and concentrating scene of the grandeur and glory of Switzerland. Although there are two or three diligences daily between Chamouni and Geneva, they are often full ; and it will be best to engage your place this

evening for the next day but one, if you wish to ride the whole distance. A better plan, however, would be to walk to Sallenches as subsequently suggested. You will find attached to the hotel a large reading-room and a library, and will meet with English papers of a later date than will be likely to have reached you from home. Applications will be made to you by the guides for the privilege of escorting you on the coming day ; but, with the exception of the Mer de Glace, which I propose you should traverse, there is no necessity for one : for that expedition you may obtain a guide at the Pavilion, almost on the spot.

If you have a few days to spare, and desire to penetrate into the heart of Mont Blanc and its profound valleys, to see the terrific precipices, the yawning chasms and crevasses of the glaciers, and stand amidst scenes of wild and savage solitude, no place is so well suited for your purpose as Chamouni ; and you will be repaid by a state of rude health and physical energy which makes it "life to live," as one has said. "Upon the plains and valleys we hardly know what the true delight of living is. The ruddy cheek, the bright, clear eye, the cheerful countenance, the elastic step, are the favours which nature bestows with unsparing hand on those who dare to penetrate to the arcana of her wildest and most rugged sanctuaries." Moreover, for such excursions the Chamouni guides are well qualified—hardy, robust, energetic, and sagacious, and are themselves enthusiastic in their profession. The difficulties which were some time since experienced from the stringent rules for their government, are now so far modified as to prevent inconvenience, and the expense of their services is but small. If your plans permit you to spend a few days here, you will be repaid ; but our scheme will only allow you one whole day beside that on which you arrive—a considerable part of which is spent in the valley.

ELEVENTH DAY.**AT CHAMOUNI.**

“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, amidst their maddest plunge.
 Who made you glorious as the gates of heaven ?

* * * * *

God ! let the torrents, like a shout of nations,
 Answer ! And let the ice plains echo, God !”

START as early as possible, so as to allow yourself a long day, and crossing the fields, you will arrive at the foot of the Montavert, up which, for 2,000 feet, winds a zig-zag pathway, in some places steep and rough, yet traversed by mules ; you pass through a forest of fir trees, here and there commanding views of the smiling and verdant valley below, until you reach a plateau about 6,500 feet above the sea, near the edge of the Mer de Glace. There is a house here where refreshment may be obtained, and where even sleeping accommodation may be had, and the aid of guides obtained. The scene here is indescribably grand—miles of glaciers lying with their “stiffened billows” stretching away to the foot of granite and icy crags beyond. The lofty pinnacles or needle-like rocks, the Aiguille de Dru, the Aiguille du Moine, and the stupendous Aiguille Verte (13,000 feet), only 2,000 feet below the monarch himself, giving a magnificent background. No snow can cling to these jagged spires, and they rise in beautiful contrast to the eternal snow.

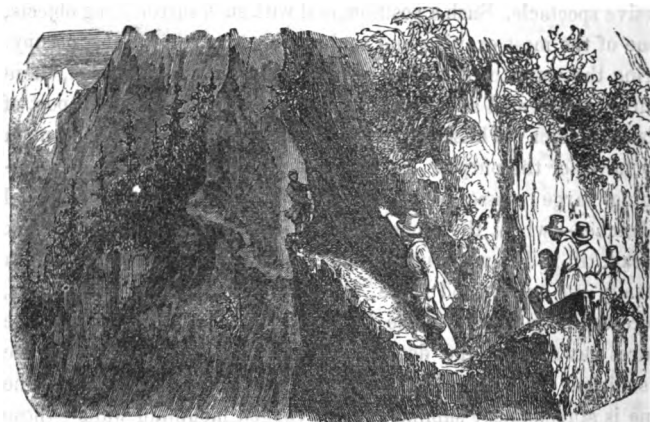
An opportunity is here afforded of an examination of one of the finest Swiss glaciers—it may be crossed to the other side, so as to descend by a steep path into the valley again ; but a little time will be well spent, under proper guidance, in a close examination of its *moraine*, and some of its larger crevasses. It is estimated by scientific men, that in some parts these glaciers are 600 to 800 feet

deep; and, as may be supposed, to look down these deep fissures whilst crossing them, and in their icy vaults and opening gulfs of rich deep azure to trace the rills and torrents gathering from the melting mass, to form at last the full-grown Arve, is a grand and impressive spectacle. Such a position, and with such surrounding objects, is one of the most exciting and soul-stirring you can possibly occupy. During the warmth of a fine sunny day, after a dull season, these fissures, are formed at frequent intervals, splitting with the report of distant thunder; whilst occasionally the guides will fire a cannon they have for the purpose, by which they frequently succeed in dislodging large masses of snow for the production of artificial avalanches—whilst the report is taken up and re-echoed from peak to peak, till it dies away in the faint murmur of the distance. With a steady eye and a good guide, you may go higher up the glacier, where the huge blocks of ice lie in still greater disorder, and the fissures yawn wider and deeper. When you reach a piece of ice of sufficient dimensions to feel safe, halt and look around. The scene is stupendously sublime; these rugged mountain walls—those pinnacles like Gothic towers—this wild frozen sea—the thunder of the cracking ice—the roar of the avalanche, far away among the mountain tops—the dull, sullen echo of the ice breaking up at the end of the glacier, and the founts of icy cold water gurgling in the opening gulfs, together, with the excitement of your critical position, produce a sensation that will never be obliterated.

But you must now get to the other side. Cross the *moraine*, and descend to the valley by the Mauvais Pas; it is a narrow path, sometimes hardly wide enough for two feet, in the side of the rock which towers hundreds of feet above, and overhangs the glacier far below. The illustration on the following page will convey some idea of this remarkable descent to the valley.

It must have well deserved its name (dangerous path) at one time, but precautions have been taken by driving iron rings in some places into the rock, through which a rope is passed for the

safety of the traveller. This will at last conduct you to the Chapeau, which commands a fine view of the icy sea just where it is the wildest, and is ever falling and toppling down to the source of the



MAUVAIS PASS.

Arve below. Here it is split in all directions, and heaved up into waves, peaks, minarets, and pinnacles ; whilst, beneath, it is traversed by galleries and passages of cerulean blue and grand stalactite caves, into which you may peep from above to form some idea of their hidden grandeur. Here you can discharge your guide, who will exact a very small fee for his services.

This excursion on the glacier is described in *Murray's Guide* as dangerous, and two guides are spoken of as being taken ; but when I visited it, in company with a friend, for the first time, we had only one guide, and with ordinary care, found no cause for apprehending danger.

To those who are interested in glacier explorations, I cannot do better than recommend Professor Tyndall's ably written book,

“The Glaciers of the Alps.” It is full of philosophic research and personal narratives of the most interesting character.

Having reached the valley, if the weather is favourable, you should cross it to the other side, and ascend the Flegère, the path up which is immediately opposite the foot of the Mer de Glace; and you may reach the cross from which the desired view is to be obtained in about two hours from the valley. The ascent of the Flegère is made with the object of obtaining a grand panoramic view of the whole range, from the Col de Balme to the Glacier de Taconnaz; a grander view still is to be had from the Breven, but as its ascent and descent occupy a whole day, it is only to be recommended when the tourist has plenty of time at his disposal. Near to the cross on the summit is a little *chalet*, where your hunger may be appeased, and whose windows look out on the glorious scene. You are here about 3,500 feet above the valley, or 6,350 above the sea-level. The Mer de Glace is immediately before you, stretched out like a map amidst a splendid group of Aiguilles, and on your right and left are the four great glaciers—Du Tour, D’Argentière, des Bossons, and Taconnaz; if the day be clear, the Grand Mulets, the Grand Plateau, and the topmost peak of Mont Blanc will be plainly visible, and almost the crevasses in the glaciers on its sides. This ascent of the Flegère gives some idea of the immense height of the giant mountain, for, after toiling up to this eminence, you appear to be as much below its lofty head as when in the valley beneath. There is a good telescope here, in the use of which you may spend a most interesting hour, by comparing the plan of the chain of Mont Blanc from *Murray’s Hand-book* with the scene before you. The descent may easily be accomplished, and Chamouni reached in about two hours.

The duties of the *table-d’hôte* will now engage your attention, duties which, it is probable, your mountain excursion will have well qualified you to discharge; then you will have time in the evening to visit the Cascade des Pelerines. It is formed by

the waters issuing from the Glacier des Pelerines high up the mountain side, down which it leaps, still gathering impetus, until, in a condensed column, it takes one deep plunge to the earth; where, meeting



CASCADE DES PELERINES.

with an obstacle to check its progress, the whole column of water rebounds, and forms a parabolic arch of about sixty feet in height, of great beauty, and most remarkable in its appearance. Its prodigious velocity and force has, I believe, lately removed the stone which was

placed there by nature to produce this second and peculiar fall; but a substitute has been supplied by the guides in the neighbourhood, fearing lest the fame of their valley should suffer.

The shades of evening will now be gathering, and you will be glad to loiter homewards. I well remember thus returning one fine summer's evening in July. The moon rose clear and bright, betokening fine weather for the morrow; and as we returned, the last thin cloud melted from the heights, and then—glorious against the dark blue sky—rose that stainless summit, "Europe's loftiest altar-place." No skill of painter, or words, however eloquent, could give a just idea of that scene of glory, as the clear, bright moon herself rose behind the mountain, throwing her lovely light from peak to peak, whilst the smooth mantle of snow reflected it like a burnished shield of silver.

TWELFTH DAY.

CHAMOUNI TO GENEVA.

"Lake Lemman woos me with its crystal face,
The mirror where the stars and mountains view
The stillness of their aspect."

THE diligences, in one of which you have perhaps previously engaged your place, will probably leave from six to seven in the morning, as the distance to Geneva (about 50 miles) occupies some ten hours to accomplish. Arrange to go by the earliest departure, if possible, by which means you get better choice of conveyance to St. Martin, or Sallenches; you are less likely to be over-crowded, and will be better waited on, as a first visitor, if you lunch where you take the diligence, and you also arrive earlier at Geneva. In consequence of the difficulties of the road, the first 13 miles are traversed in a

voiture, strong and rough, without springs, and in which you will be well jolted ; but, that one can ride at all in such a place, is almost more than is to be expected. If the weather permit, endeavour to secure an open vehicle—there is much to see on every hand. Passing the Cascade des Pelerines, the foot of the Glacier des Bossons, and Les Ouches, you turn, lose sight of a great part of the valley of Chamouni, and commence the descent of the Montets, down which you are expected to walk ; but the scenery is of so grand a character, that you will not object, and you may walk leisurely, for you are almost sure to outstrip the vehicle. $4\frac{1}{2}$ miles from Chamouni you reach Servoz, where the horses are generally put up to bait for half an hour ; then 3 miles of winding road and slow ascent conduct you to Chède, and another $5\frac{1}{2}$ miles to Sallanches, or 6 miles to St. Martin, at one of which places you exchange your voiture for the diligence that is to convey you to Geneva. On the way between Chède and Sallanches you pass the road which conducts to the celebrated baths of St. Gervais, which are situated amidst grand scenery, and whose waters have similar properties to those of Leukerbad, and are highly recommended by Paris physicians. If you are disposed to be economical, you may walk the thirteen miles to Sallanches, and save five francs. It is all down hill, and there is plenty of time if you leave Chamouni early to reach Sallanches before the departure of the conveyance to Geneva. It is a course I should myself adopt and recommend.

It will probably be nearly 11 a.m. before your conveyance reaches Sallanches, for the progress is but very slow—only about three miles an hour. It will be well to take some refreshment here, for which you will have sufficient time whilst waiting for the diligence; as no equally suitable opportunity will occur until you reach Geneva, about 37 miles hence, the journey to which will occupy about five hours. In crossing the bridge from Sallanches to St. Martin, a fine view is obtained of Mont Blanc ; and as it may be the last you may enjoy with any distinctness, it should not be lost. The road from here is excellent ;

the scenery, though less grand than that amidst which you have lately moved, is still very striking; and you must not omit to look for the Fall of Arpenaz. Though not a large body of water, it has much beauty, and bears some resemblance to the Staubbach; it is the highest waterfall in the whole district. Eleven miles from Salenches you reach Cluses, which is very romantically situated on the Arve. It was burnt down about 17 or 18 years since, but has been rebuilt, and now carries on a large trade in the manufacture of watches. From Cluses it is eight miles to Bonneville: it lies at the foot of the Môle and the Brezon, both between five or six thousand feet in height. It has suffered much from inundations, caused by the overflow of the Arve; but the King of Sardinia having directed the construction of works for their protection, the inhabitants have erected a column nearly 100 feet in height, surmounted by a statue, as a mark of their gratitude. The remaining 17 or 18 miles have no characteristics that require remark; the road passes through Nangy, Annemasse, and Chêne, to Geneva.

The first impression of this fine city will certainly be favourable; it is delightfully situated at the end of Lake Lemman, and when approached from the water, is certainly very imposing. A row of fine buildings, with broad quays before them, encircle the whole of the western end of the lake, presenting every appearance of prosperity. The shops are exceedingly good; those of the watchmakers and jewellers, especially, will attract notice. One of the finest buildings, and one of the first reached on entering Geneva, is the Hôtel Metropole. On my visit, having taken up my abode at this house, I fully expected, from the elegant fittings of the apartments, the great attention that was shown, and the excellent *table-d'hôte* that was served, that I should have a heavy bill to discharge; on the contrary, it was most moderate, and I have much pleasure in strongly recommending it. (See advertisement.)

You will have sufficient time the first evening to walk along the grand quay, on the margin of the lake, and to pass along the prin-

cipal streets, so as readily to find the various objects of attraction you propose to visit on the morrow; not omitting a promenade among the trees, shrubs, and tastefully laid out walks of the Ile des Bergues.

THIRTEENTH DAY.

GENEVA TO MACON AND PARIS.

“ I heard the distant waters dash,
I saw the current whirl and flash;
And richly, by the blue lake's silver beach,
The woods were bending with a silent reach.”

GENEVA is rich in historical associations—a place of so much importance, and so beautifully situated, that one is tempted to linger here; but, as you are nearly 400 miles from Paris, which you should reach to-morrow, it is best to leave as early as possible, and break the journey a little at Macon. The third-class trains are not very convenient as to time, and occupy a long period on the journey; but the difference in the expense on so long a run is, of course, very considerable. The best suited to your purpose will probably be that leaving Geneva about one o'clock. This traverses the distance to Amberieu, and thence to Macon, 115 miles, in six hours and a half; arriving, therefore, soon after 7 p.m. The third-class train to Paris generally passes through Macon from Lyons about three hours after this, leaving about 10.30 p.m., and reaching Paris, 275 miles, at 11.50 a.m. the following morning. The third-class fare is thirty-nine francs, or about £1 11s. If you are anxious to have a longer stay at Geneva, and object to the discomfort of the carriages and length of time occupied in the third-class journey, you may leave two hours later, and reach Paris nearly seven hours earlier, by travelling first-class express. The fare is about seventy francs, or

£2 16s.; of course there is but little comparison in the relative comfort of these two modes of reaching Paris. To those to whom the 25s. is not of importance, the relief from nine hours' third-class travelling is worth the consideration.

Having decided on which course to pursue, you will know what time is at your disposal, and will energetically use it. The "sights," so called, are not very numerous, and are so minutely described in your hand-book, that I shall not attempt any reference, except to recommend you not to leave without a visit to the Botanic Garden—not remarkable so much for its collection of botanic specimens as from the fearful tragedies enacted upon its site. In the year 1794, it became to Geneva what the Place de la Concorde was to Paris. On this spot some of its best citizens were cruelly butchered, and fearful atrocities were committed. The Cemetery of Plain Palais—here lie the remains of Sir Humphrey Davy and John Calvin, the latter simply marked by the initials "J. C.," on an unpretending headstone.

You should also visit the Cathedral, built in 1124, the place where Calvin preached. The canopy of his pulpit still remains. In one of the three towers is the largest bell in Geneva; in another, the musical clock or chimes; and also a large silver fire-bell. The library contains many interesting autograph letters of celebrated men, and ancient MSS.



GENEVA CATHEDRAL.

The inspection of these, and other points of interest to which reference is made in your hand-book, together with a due preparation of the inner man for so long a journey, will fully engage you till the hour of departure. You will probably have seen the railway station in your perambulations ; it is but a short distance from your hotel, and is readily to be found. As there is no place of any considerable importance on the route to Amberieu and Macon, the first 115 miles, it will be sufficient to remark, that Bellegarde, twenty miles on the way, is the frontier station, where the baggage will pass under examination—a matter that will be almost entirely formal in your case, with your unpretending knapsack. From Amberieu the main line proceeds to Lyons ; but you diverge to the right till, at Macon, you reach the Paris and Lyons Railway. Between Paris and Macon there are upwards of fifty stations. Brief but sufficient descriptions of Chalons-sur-Saône, Beaune, Dijon, Fontainebleau, and Melun will be found in the selected portion from Bradshaw's Continental time-tables, under the head of France ; though many of these will be passed during the night, so that you will be quite unable to get even a glimpse of them. As we remarked of the long railway ride to Bâle, there is no disguising the fact, that this is a fatiguing journey ; but your experience on that occasion will have suggested to you how best to adapt yourself to the circumstances. An occasional nap ; now and then a stoppage at one of the buffets or refreshment-stations ; the change of passengers ; and the many little events of so long a ride, together with the rich feast of recollections that you will now be able to pass before your mind, will help to wile away the time until you near the gay capital on the following morning.



FOURTEENTH DAY.**PARIS TO HAVRE, AND ACROSS THE CHANNEL TO SOUTHAMPTON.**

“Two voices are there: one is of the sea,
One of the mountains—each a mighty voice.”

“Adieu to thee fair land! a vain adieu;
There can be no farewell to scenes like thine:
The mind is coloured by thy every hue.”

If you have travelled by the express train, you will have reached Paris between five and six in the morning, and have ample time for a further inspection of its splendid buildings and public monuments; or you can proceed by the 7·25 or 12 train to Rouen, so as to see its cathedrals, and other sights, proceeding to Havre by a later train, as may best suit your departure from that port. Probably, however, you will have had so long a confinement in the railway-carriage during the night, that you will prefer to put off any onward movement until it is absolutely necessary.

Supposing, on the other hand, you have travelled third-class, and your train arrives in Paris about noon, you can proceed usually at one o'clock to Havre. This only leaves you one hour to go from one station to the other—a distance of about three miles; but by the use of a voiture, you can accomplish this in half that time, and there is excellent accommodation provided at the station of the Chemin de fer de l'Ouest for washing and refreshment, on payment of a small fee. This season no such train is yet advertised, but one at 4 p.m., reaching Rouen 7·55 p.m., and leaving that city one hour later, reaching Havre at 11·15 in good time for the steamer that generally leaves at 11·45. The times of these boats are previously advertised, and if you find, as is sometimes the case, that they leave at an earlier hour, you will have either to travel from Geneva by express, and on from Paris by the 7·25 or 12 train, or you can

proceed to Dieppe and cross to Newhaven. By proper examination of the time-tables before departure, a time may be selected which will serve your purpose, both for leaving London late on starting, and for your return by a late boat from Havre. At any rate, it should be fully planned before leaving Geneva, or you may find yourself at Havre too late for the vessel, and have to wait two days for the next departure—time which would be invaluable in Switzerland, but which would hang heavily in such a place as this.

As you will have previously travelled upon this line, no remarks are here necessary upon it, or relative to Havre; and we will, therefore, suppose you have safely arrived at the port of departure. There is only one form necessary now to be complied with before leaving, that is, to obtain a “ permit ” to embark, without which you cannot do so; but it is instantly supplied on application to the authorities—attendance being given for the purpose at the Hôtel de Ville, near the railway station, before the departure of each packet.

As your voyage is by night, and under similar circumstances to your passage or arrival, you cannot do better than adopt a similar course; and if you have a dread of sea-sickness, do not forget the precautions given under that head. You will probably arrive at Southampton sufficiently early the following morning to breakfast, and go on by the 8·40, or some early train, so as to reach London in the morning of that day; and thus complete a clear **FOURTEEN DAYS' HOLIDAY**, at an expense in accordance with the preceding plan, and shown in a collected tabular form on the next page, of **TEN GUINEAS**. Your journey is over, and your pleasant reminiscences will begin. I trust you may find, as I have done, on returning from such tours, your physical strength renewed, your mind refreshed and stored, and your energies recruited for effort and duty; you will then readily agree with the justice of the remarks of the writer of a book of travel, published some twenty years ago—a book which first inspired in my own breast a strong

desire to see the beauties of other lands. Says he, "If you would know the blessings of liberty, the irksomeness of restraint, the necessity of forbearance—if you would ascertain your temper and be rid of prejudice—in short, if you would become wiser, happier, better—TRAVEL."

With more time, and at greater expense, you may see all that is here suggested to be seen with ease; but if you would enjoy it to the utmost, and would fully appreciate health and strength, economy and independence, ROUGH IT. I say emphatically, ROUGH IT!

And now, my reader, our companionship is over—our journey at an end. I am sensible of the many defects in the service I would willingly have rendered you. Having never met with a similar attempt at guidance to that which I have offered you—I have exerted myself as best I could to supply you with just that of which I have myself most felt the deficiency—I have presumed on a free and friendly style of conversation with you. If I have afforded you real practical aid and advice, and ministered to your enjoyment, I am well repaid, and can sincerely say, my pleasure has been no less than yours.

"While allured
From vale to hill, from hill to vale led on,
We have pursued through various lands a long
And pleasant course."



TABLE OF EXPENSES.

PREVIOUS to the details of hotel and other expenses some few remarks are necessary.

It should be a rule, before engaging rooms at any hotel, to ascertain the charges made for meals, apartments, and attendance; also to stipulate that no demand shall be made for wax candles, or other extras. I should be sorry to be misunderstood as wishing you to endeavour to abate a fair charge for anything, but oftentimes if no questions are asked, money is thought to be of little importance, and the bill is made out accordingly; of course there are many honourable exceptions, but it is a fact that cannot be denied, that often two persons may be in the same hotel with similar accommodation at very different charges.

A good plain BREAKFAST is often supplied for one franc, but can be had at almost any hotel, with eggs, &c., for one and a half franc.

DINNER should not exceed two and a half francs, and a later meal, TEA or SUPPER, one or one and a half franc. If you dine at a late and expensive *table-d'hôte*, a simple cup of coffee or tea will probably suffice, so that the cost will not be augmented.

APARTMENTS are charged according to the story to which you ascend; a few stairs will be of no consequence, and you may then obtain a very comfortable room for one and a half franc.

The charge for ATTENDANCE varies from half a franc to 75 centimes; it should not exceed the latter amount.

The total of these disbursements is seven and a half francs, or six shillings. Judicious management may limit the outlay to five shillings, which is the sum generally calculated for such purposes by experienced tourists; it certainly need not exceed the larger amount.

Four of the days being spent in transit, you cannot dine at the *table-d'hote*, and will only be able to obtain a hasty morsel at the buffets on the various railways. Two of the nights will be spent in the Havre steamer, and two on the rail, so that no expense will be incurred—five francs, or four shillings, will fully cover each of these days.

The calculation will, therefore, be as follows :—

HOTEL EXPENSES.

			<i>frs.</i>	<i>cts.</i>		
Breakfast	1	50		
Dinner	2	50		
Supper	1	25		
Apartment	1	50		
Attendance	0	75		
10 Days at			<hr style="width: 100%;"/>	<hr style="width: 100%;"/>	are 75 francs, or	£3 0 0
			<hr style="width: 100%;"/>			
Breakfast	1	0		
Dinner	2	0		
Supper	1	0		
Other refreshments	1	0		
4 Days at			<hr style="width: 100%;"/>	<hr style="width: 100%;"/>	are 20 francs, or	£0 16 0
			<hr style="width: 100%;"/>			
			£3 16 0			
			<hr style="width: 100%;"/>			

TRAVELLING EXPENSES.

					£ s. d.
Return ticket to Paris	1 16 0
				<i>frs. cts.</i>	
Railway—Paris to Bâle	..	32	15		
Do. Bâle to Olten	..	2	5		
Do. Olten to Lucerne	..	2	95		
Steamer—Lucerne to Alpnach	..	1	20		
Diligence—Alpnach to Lungern		3	20		
Steamer—Nehaus to Thun	..	1	0		
Railway—Thun to Berne and return		2	55		
Diligence—Thun to Frutigen		2	25		
Do. Leukerbad to Sion		8	0		
Railway—Sion to Martigny	..	1	55		
Mule—Orsieres to St. Bernard and return	7	0		
Diligence—Sallenches to Geneva		9	50		
Railway—Geneva to Amberieu		7	20		
Do. Amberieu to Macon		4	25		
Do. Macon to Paris	..	27	15		
				112 0	
				Which is equal to about	4 9 6
					<u>6 5 6</u>
Hotel expenses				3 16 0
Travelling expenses				6 5 6
Bath at Paris, Alpenstock, Steward's fees, and Sundries, say					0 8 6
					<u>£10 10 0</u>

TABLE OF MOUNTAIN HEIGHTS.

	English feet above the sea-level.
The highest Mountain in the World—Dwalagiri, Himalaya ..	29,000
The highest Mountain in Europe—Mont Blanc ..	15,760
The highest Mountain in Great Britain—Ben Mc Dhui ..	4,390
The highest Mountain in England and Wales—Snowdon	3,571

The principal mountains, passes, and lakes seen on the proposed route are:—

Mount Cervin	14,836
„ Jungfrau	13,720
„ Mönch	13,510
„ Eiger	13,060
„ Velan	12,370
„ Wetterhorn	12,200
„ Breven	8,500
Pass of St. Bernard	8,200
„ Ghemmi	7,540
Dauben See	7,280
Mount Pilatus	7,116
Wengern Alp	6,690
Great Scheideck	6,480
Flegère	6,350
Montanvert	6,303
Righi	5,676
Brunig Pass	3,668
Lake of Lungern	2,420
„ Thun	1,755
„ Sarnen	1,715
„ Lucerne	1,406
„ Geneva	1,142

The above heights, selected from the Table in *Murray's Hand Book*, are calculated principally from Leuthold's Map, and are reduced to English feet.

SKELETON ROUTES.

To be accomplished at about the same cost, and in the same time as the previous route.

ROUTE A.

1st Day.—London to Southampton by rail, and on by steamer to Havre.

2nd Day.—Arrive Paris say 1.15 p.m., and leave for Macon 10.35.

3rd Day.—Arrive Macon 12.45; on by steamer, down the river Saone to Lyons, and sleep.

4th day.—At 7.10 rail to Geneva; arrive 12.45, and sleep.

5th Day.—To Lausanne and on to Vevey.

6th Day.—To Freiburg and Berne.

7th Day.—To Thun and Kandersteg.

8th Day.—Over Ghemmi to Baths of Leuk.

9th Day.—To Viege and on to St. Nicolas.

10th Day.—To Zermatt.

11th Day.—At Zermatt; excursions, &c.

12th Day.—to Visp.

13th Day.—To Sierre and Martigny.

14th Day.—By rail to Villeneuve, and steamer to Geneva.

15th Day.—To Paris.

16th Day.—To Havre, Southampton, and London.

ROUTE B.

1st Day.—Leave London in the evening, reach Southampton, and leave for Havre.

2nd Day.—Arrive at and see Bâle.

3rd Day.—To Lucerne.

4th Day.—To Fluellen, Devil's Bridge, and Hospenthal.

5th Day.—To the Grimsel Hospice by Furca Pass.

6th Day.—By the Falls of the Handek to Meyringen.

- 7th Day.—To Grindelwald.
 8th Day.—To Lauterbrunnen by Wengern Alp, and on to Interlachen.
 9th Day.—To Thun and Berne.
 10th Day.—To Freiburg and Vevay, or Villeneuve.
 11th Day.—To Chillon, Lausanne, and Geneva.
 12th Day.—At Geneva, and start for Paris.
 16th Day.—Arrive Paris, and on to Rouen and Havre, leaving 11.45 for Southampton.
 14th day.—Arrive Southampton and on to London.

ROUTE C.

Includes a portion of Switzerland not visited in the other Tours, and will very pleasantly occupy a fortnight amidst the most superb and varied Alpine scenery.

London	Via Mala.
Southampton.	Splugen.
Havre.	Benhardin.
Paris.	Bellinzona.
Bâle.	Faido.
Zurich.	St. Gothard.
Schaffhausen.	Amsteg.
Zurich.	Fluellen.
Wallenstadt.	Lucerne.
Ragatz.	Bâle.
Pfeffers.	Paris.
Coire.	Havre.
Reichenau.	Southampton.
Tusis.	London.

A series of other tours will be found also at the commencement of *Murray's Hand-Book*, and in the *Continental Railway Guide* (Section Switzerland and Savoy).