

A COW ATE MY GLOVES AND OTHER PROBLEMS

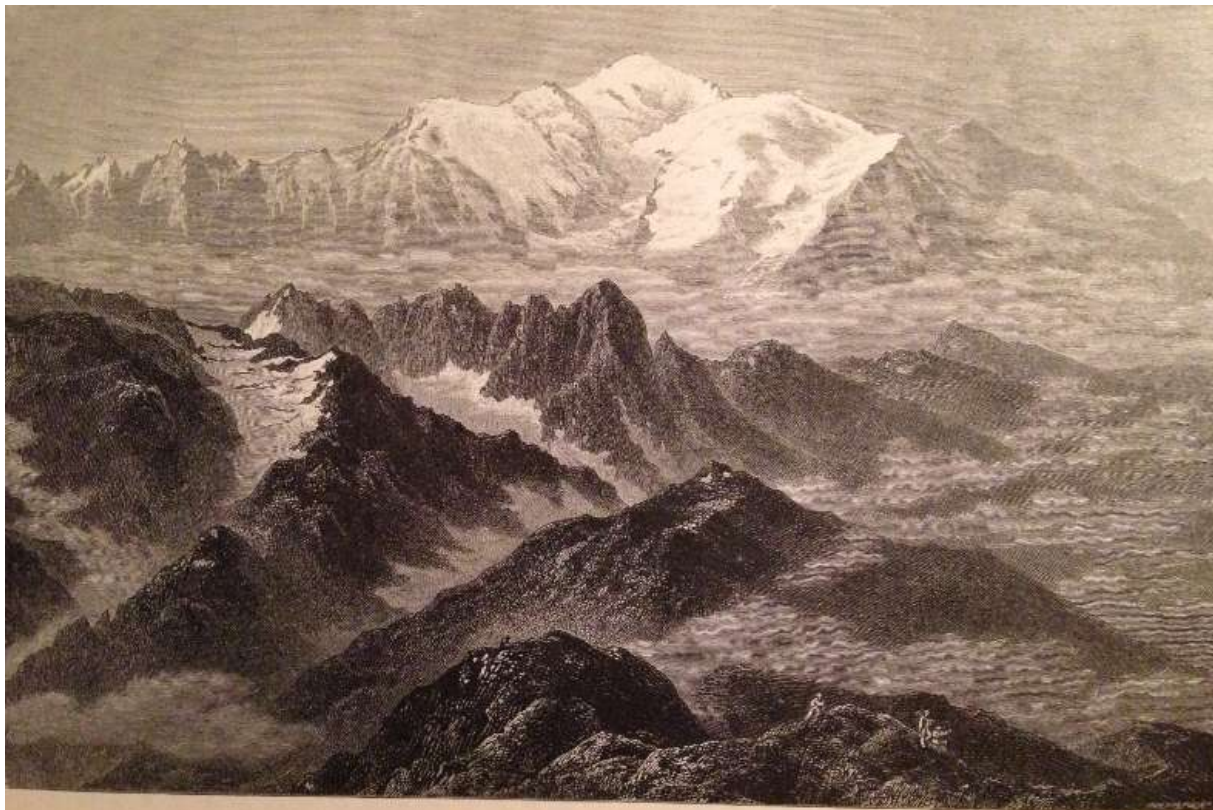
WALKING THROUGH SWITZERLAND

JUNE TO OCTOBER 1826

BY PHILIP WITTINGTON JACOB

EDITED BY GEORGE ELWIN IN 2013

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THE RANGE OF MONT BLANC.

INTRODUCTION: PHILIP WITTINGTON JACOB

Philip Whittington Jacob was born at Faversham on 11th January 1804. He had graduated from Worcester College, Oxford, where he had studied medicine, and was 22 years old when he wrote this diary.

His father was the Reverend Stephen Long Jacob, vicar of Woolavington-cum-Puriton in Somerset, and a fellow of Worcester College, Oxford, and 62 years old in 1826 when this diary was written. His father died in 1851 and the value of the annuities and bequests in his will was £4542. His Mother, Eliza Susanna (né Bond) would have been 51 in 1826.

Philip's eldest brother, Edward, had died in the Royal Navy two years before the diary, aged 24. Philip and Edward would have been close: Edward wrote whilst on home leave in 1823: *Phil and I went to the races Ball for Bridgewater and had a very good one. Last night we were at a party at Miss Fields but had only stupid card playing. Tonight we are to be at one of Dr McMallen's, which I hope will be pleasanter. I think Bridgewater is improving and not quite so dull as it used to be.*

A younger brother, Charles had also died, aged 10, a year before the diary.

Philip had 5 brothers and 2 sisters alive in July 1826. They were, with their ages:

- Mary, 24
- Herbert, 20, in the Indian Army in Bombay: went on to become Major-General
- George Andrew, 19, student at Worcester College Oxford: went on to become a fellow of Worcester College, and Headmaster of Christ's Church Hospital
- John, 14, at Addiscombe School: went on to become Brigadier General and found Jacobabad in what is now Pakistan.
- Sophia Frances, 16
- William Stephen, 12: went on to become Astronomer in Madras: ancestor of the Elwins
- Henry Long, 8

(reference: <http://www.myjacobfamily.com/favershamjacobs/stephenlongjacob.htm>)

Philip Whittington Jacob had graduated in medicine from Worcester College, Oxford, and had then spent some time in Paris gaining medical experience as a surgeon. He then decided to travel to Switzerland over the summer of 1826, both for an adventure and to look at Swiss medical practice.

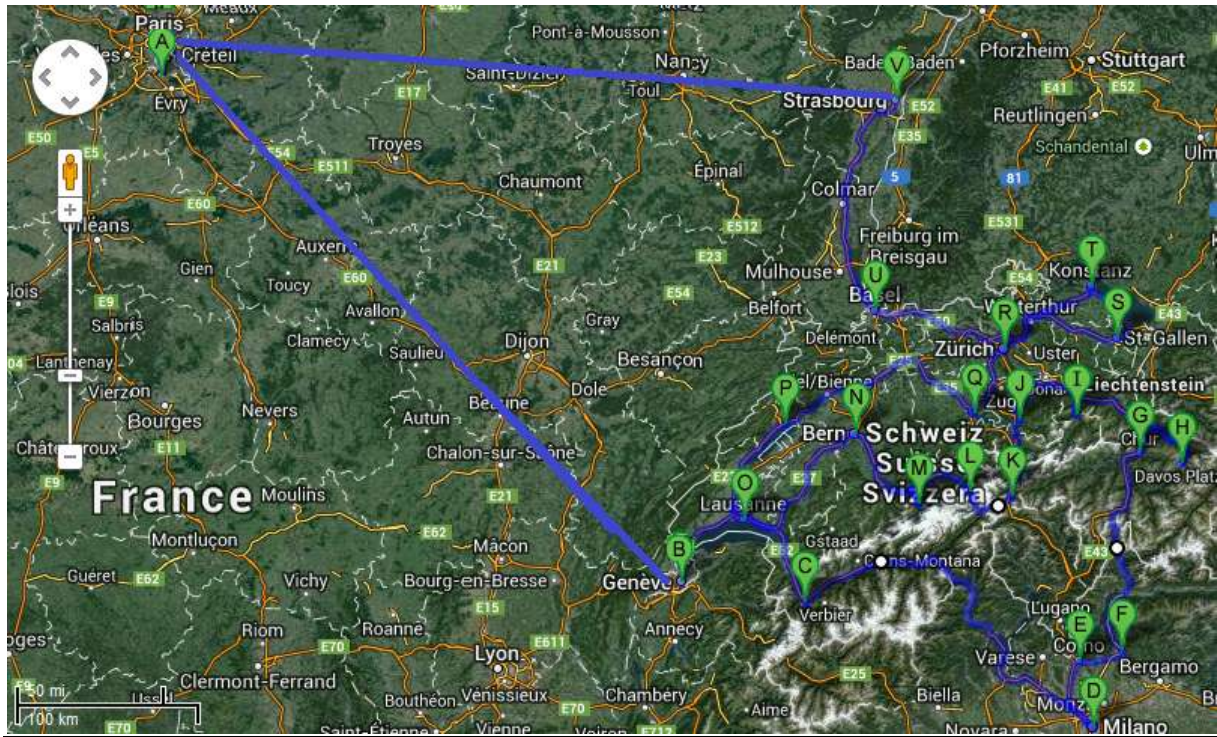
Notes on sources:

The primary source for this manuscript is 4 letters and a journal written by Philip during his travels. Sometimes the writing is difficult to decipher, and some words are missing due to tears in the paper. In places I have had to guess at the missing or illegible word, and these words are shown in italics. Background notes or comments are shown in smaller font. Almost every day of the Summer of 1826 is covered: the journal fills in where the letters are missing. As much as possible I have kept the original wording of the letters, but the journal is written as notes in the present tense, and I have changed this into a narrative in the past tense. Where the letters and the journal cover the same days I show the additional information from the journal in blue.

The old engravings come from two guides to Switzerland published approximately 50 years after 1826 in the possession of John Swan. All of the notes are sourced from the internet.

ROUTE MAP

(see detailed maps for exact route)



A	Paris, France	L	Guttannen, Switzerland
B	Geneva, Switzerland	M	Lauterbrunnen, Switzerland
C	Martigny, Switzerland	N	Berne, Switzerland
D	Milan, Italy	O	Lausanne, Switzerland
E	Como, Italy	P	Neuchatel, Switzerland
F	Lecco, Italy	Q	Lucerne, Switzerland
G	Chur, Switzerland	R	Zurich, Switzerland
H	Davos, Switzerland	S	Saint Gallen, Switzerland
I	Glarus, Switzerland	T	Konstanz, Germany
J	Schwyz, Switzerland	U	Basel, Switzerland
K	Andermatt, Switzerland	V	Strasbourg, France

LETTER 1

Addressed to Mr G.A.Jacob, Worcester College, Oxford, Woolavington, nr Bridgewater, Somersetshire, ENGLAND

Letter starts dated **June 21 1826 in Geneva**



My Dear Parents

This letter though addressed to George (*brother*) is as much to you as if I had addressed it otherwise, as I said in my last letter, but I write a few lines especially to you, to touch upon a point in which you will probably think my conduct blameable. I mean the manner in which I have spent the two last Sundays. With regard to the first I had so far arranged to go on that week from Paris that it would have been exceedingly inconvenient to have put off my departure. As to the second it was the only day in which I could see this part of the country, that is make this voyage. I do not give these reasons as sufficiently good ones, but rather to prevent your thinking that I was careless about it, for I assure you I would have been very glad to have managed it otherwise and I hope not to spend another Sunday in a similar manner.

Believe me dear parents your very affectionate and dutiful son Philip.



Saturday 17th June: Paris to Tonnerre



Saturday last I left Paris at 6 o'clock to start from this place. I had taken my place on the bangnet, which is the outside of the diligence* (**la diligence = French stage coach*), but more comfortable than that of an English stage coach, the seat covered with leather and having an apron in front like that of a gig.

We stopped first at Melun to breakfast (*30 miles south of Paris*). Then having passed through Montereau, at Sens to dine. There is a cathedral at the latter place but I had scarce time to look at even the exterior, which did not seem to present anything very remarkable, though the building from its size had been very conspicuous at a distance.

Sunday 18th: Tonnerre to Semur

Le vieux Semur



During the night we passed through several other places of which I do not know the names, and stopped at 6 at Tonnerre to breakfast.

At four we dined at Semur, a small, ill built town: at the entrance of it however the road passes over a very pretty valley or ravine, the steep and rocky sides of which are covered with gardens and vineyards, quite down to the edge of the little stream which runs at the bottom.

Monday 19th: Semur to Les Rousses

At half past two on Monday morning we reached Dijon, where we stayed till 4. I walked about the town during a part of the time. The streets appeared very good, better than those of Paris in general and I observed some fine public buildings, but I could not see any one moving, of whom I could enquire their manners.

After Dijon we passed through Auxonne and got to Dole at 9½. Here we stayed till nearly twelve, and during the intervals I amused myself in walking about the town and looked at the cathedral which is not very beautiful. The interior has been lately whitewashed from top to bottom and this as you may suppose is no great improvement, even though there be no convex roof as at St David's to contrast with. Its one part (the west end) is fine but the building altogether is very irregular and has evidently been built at different periods.

During the two nights I had passed on the road, having had all the *banquet* to myself* and had stretched myself out upon it and slept pretty well, but at Dole the vehicle has changed and the one in which I proceeded to Geneva was an old rattletrap thing in which besides the inside there was only the front like a gig, very narrow and uncomfortable and just room enough for the conducteur and myself. You may suppose that I did not get much sleep here, however I had slept so well the proceeding night that I was very little fatigued, when I came to the end of my journey.

But to return from Dole, the road was through a very interesting country to Poligny. Soon after leaving which we began to get among the Jura mountains. We first ascended by a winding road to the top of some rocks not much higher than Cheddar Cliffs, we then went for some way, on a nearly even surface, then ascended again, and afterwards up and down, but still in the midst of mountains till we came to a little valley where is situated the small town of Morez, from which is a very steep ascent of about 4 miles to Les Rousses.

Tuesday 20th: Les Rousses to Geneva

I walked up this road and was much please with the scenery which was enlivened by the light of the rising sun. At Les Rousses, which is the last place on the French frontier we were delayed about an hour while the parcels etc were examined by the douaniers* (**customs officers*) and for the first time I was asked for my passport.



About two leagues further we came to St Cergue on the frontier of the Pays de Vaud where my passport was signed by the officer on duty, and from hence walked on before the diligence, and down a very steep ascent where suddenly I came in view of the lake of Geneva, which at first sight appeared very close and having mountains rising up from the water's edge, on the opposite

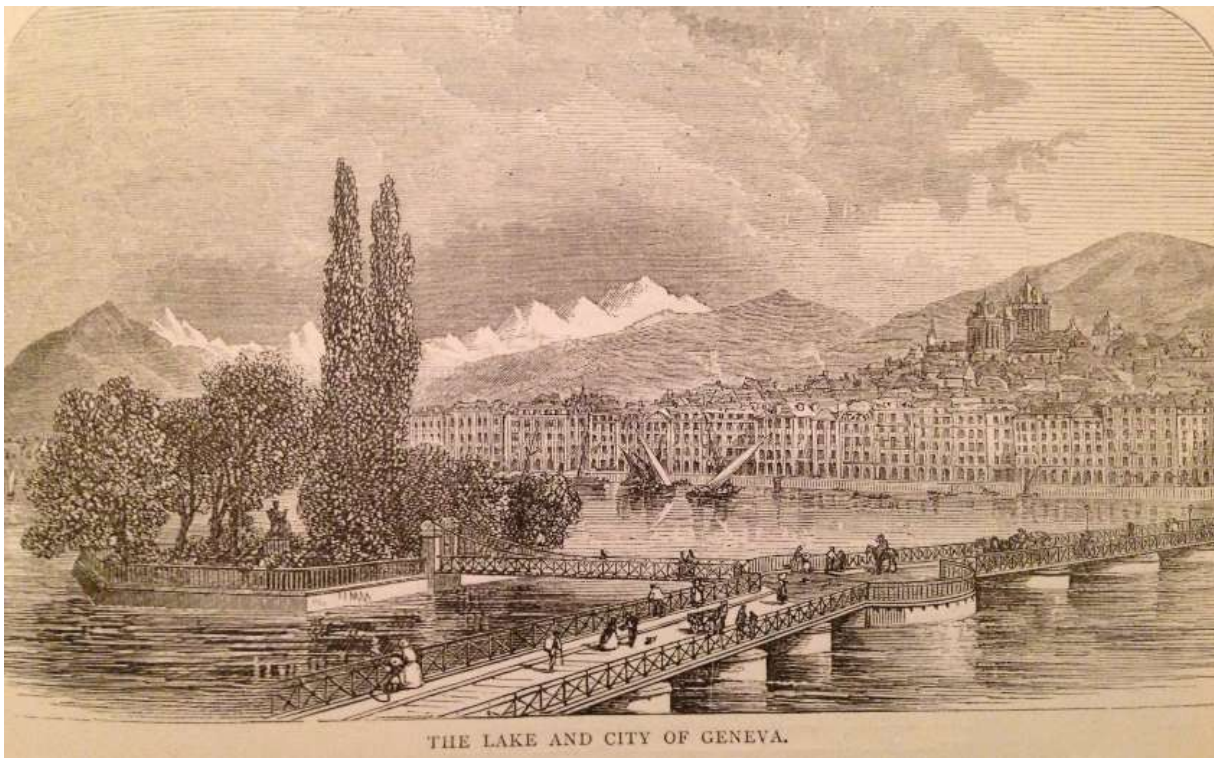
side. But on looking more attentively I found that the lake was still at a considerable distance and that the mountains which border it must be at a distance of 3 or 4 leagues from the water. Behind this range I discovered the summit of Mont Blanc (the outlines of which were so clear and distinct that it was difficult to believe that it was at a distance of nearly 50 miles.



Two hours ride through a very fertile country brought us to Nyon, from whence we went through Coppets, and entered Geneva at one o'clock. My passport was taken at the gate and a card given me as a countermark to get it again when I leave the place. You know probably that Geneva is fortified. There is a regular ditch and wall which defends the town on the land side, for in one side you know it borders the lake. The gates are shut and the drawbridge raised every night at nine. Formerly I believe they were closed at sunset. I shall say nothing more about the town until I am better able to give you a description of it for at present I have scarcely seen anything of it.

Not having received a letter from you in Paris I had expected to find one here. I have however been disappointed.

(The total journey took 3 nights and covered 346 miles).



Wednesday 21st: Geneva/Fernay

I went to the village of Ferney which is about 5 miles from hence but is not in the canton of Geneva. It was at this place as you probably know that Voltaire passed the latter part of his life. I went to his chateau which is a pretty large house with a wall covered with trees. There is one

covered alley which the gardener told me was his favourite walk. The bedroom and sittingroom of the philosopher have been left in the same state that they were in at the time of his death, and the present proprietor of the house permits them to be shown to strangers. They offer nothing very remarkable and in truth I did not visit the place so much from any pleasure afforded one



there, as because I was unwilling to have been near a place so celebrated without having seen it.

I went thither by the high road which was very dusty and unpleasant but in returning I found a cut across the fields and through a wood which was much more agreeable. I observed in three places boundary stones with the fleur de lees on one side and the arms of Geneva on the other so that in some instances a field has half in France and half in Switzerland.

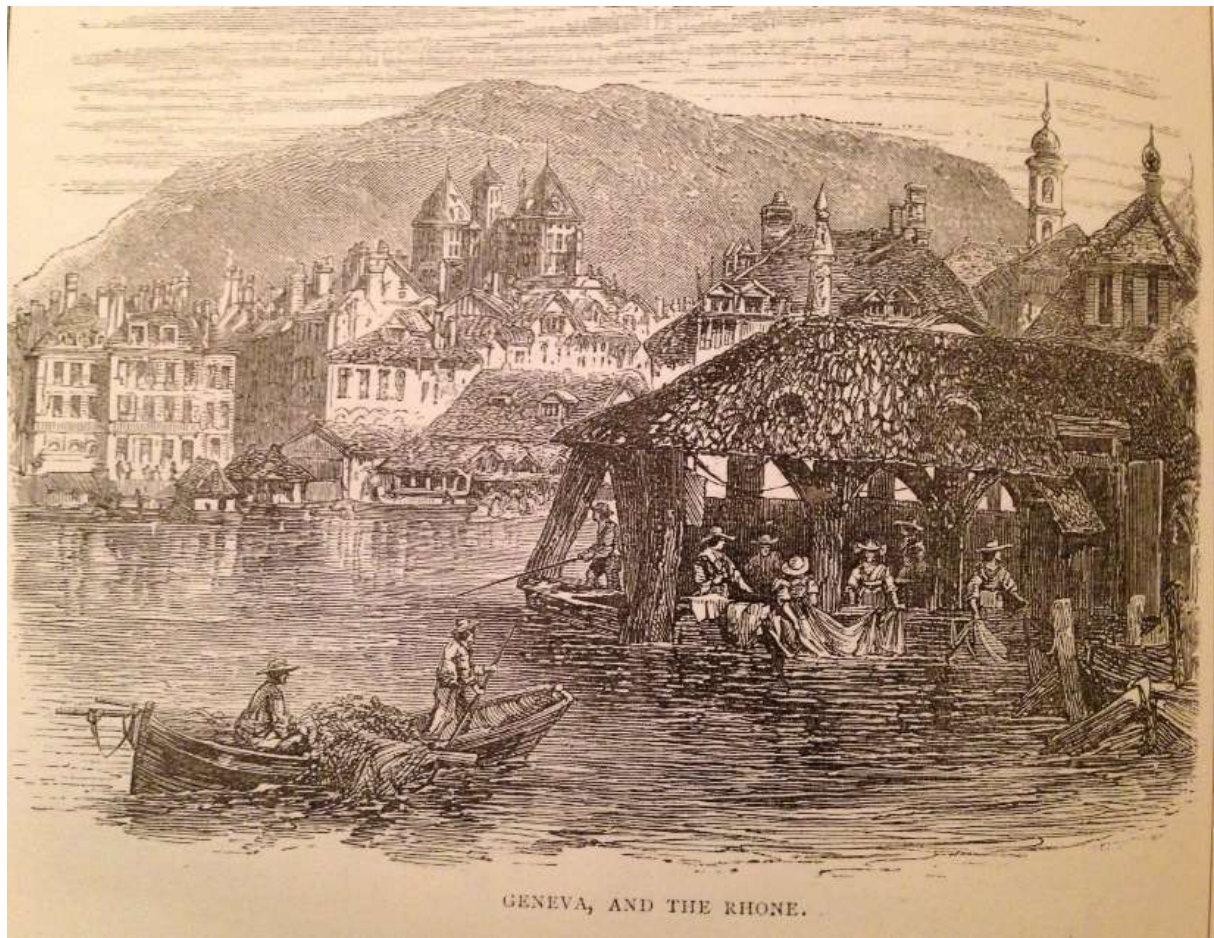
Thursday 22nd: Geneva to Mt Saleve to Geneva

Today I have been to the top of Mt Saleve (*Geneva's local mountain*). The way to it lies through the small town of Collonges-sous-Saleve and the village of Veiri. The foot of the mount is only 4 miles from Geneva but it is five more to the highest point as the path is very winding and it is necessary to walk some way along the top before reaching it. It is however only 3000 ft above the level of the lake. From this mount there is a fine view of the lake of Geneva, the valley to the southwest of the town (which is partly in France, partly in Savoy) and the beautiful valley in the midst of which the river Arve runs with an infinite number of windings and turns to empty itself into the Rhone just below Geneva. Mont Blanc was covered with thick cloud which completely concealed it from me, bit all the mountains to the southwest were very clear. I sat for some time enjoying these delightful views particularly that of the lake which is of a fine deep blue, much deeper than I have ever seen the sky.

Le Salève



Friday 23rd June: Geneva



This morning I went to the hospital with intention of going round with one of the medical men. While I was asking the porter if the surgeon was yet come the physician, M.Morin came in and seeing me there asked if I were a medical student. I told him yes, upon which he desired me to come with him, was exceedingly civil, gave me some information about the hospital which is rather an alms house or poor house than a place for the sick, the latter seldom amounting to more than a hundred, while there are six hundred poor persons who like lodging in the rest of the building. M.Morin had soon finished his visit not having much more than a dozen patients to see. Indeed I observed that two thirds of the beds were empty. Finding that I was an Englishman he talked English to me all the time but in such a manner that it was more difficult of comprehension than French would have been to me.

After this I went to the cathedral or temple de St Pierre as it is generally called. The inside is very fine Gothic. The pillars of grey limestone and not at all injured by time. I could only get a general view of it, for as some refrains are going on I was not allowed to go much beyond the door. The peristyle at the west end is pure Grecian, but the rest of the exterior is partly gothic and partly an order which I cannot make out or perhaps no order at all, indeed it seems to be a strange mixture, and very unlike the interior. From one of the towers I had a good view of the town (which I should think is not much larger than Exeter) and a part of the surrounding country. There



are in the tower two bells, one of which was fished out of the lake about a hundred years ago, and a silver bell about two feet in diameter which is sounded to give the alarm in case of fire. Though small the sound is so loud that it may be heard at a very great distance. The person who showed it told me that last year two young Englishmen who were up there caused great alarm in the town by striking it.

In the afternoon I walked about a mile below the town to the junction of the Arve and Rhone, the waters of which on meeting do not mix so that the one seeming muddy and the other of the colour of the lake (a light blue) a distinct line of separation is seen for some hundred yards after they have met.

I have not attempted to make any excursion round the lake or along the shores of it as I intend to see them from the steam boat which was to make the tour of the lake, but on enquiring again this evening I find that this voyage is put off for a week, which makes it of course too late for me. It goes on Sunday to Vevay (*at the other end of lake Geneva*) but in the first place I am very unwilling to spend a second Sunday in travelling and secondly it does not return the same day which would make me a day longer and increase the expense. I much wish however to see the lake so that I am doubtful what to do and am not in the best possible humour or spirits. Indeed I shall be heartily glad to leave Geneva, for to me there is no solitude so disagreeable as that in the midst of a bustling city, and here as you know I have no one to speak to, and am therefore as much alone as if I were in the middle of an alpine valley far from any habitation.

Saturday 24th: Geneva

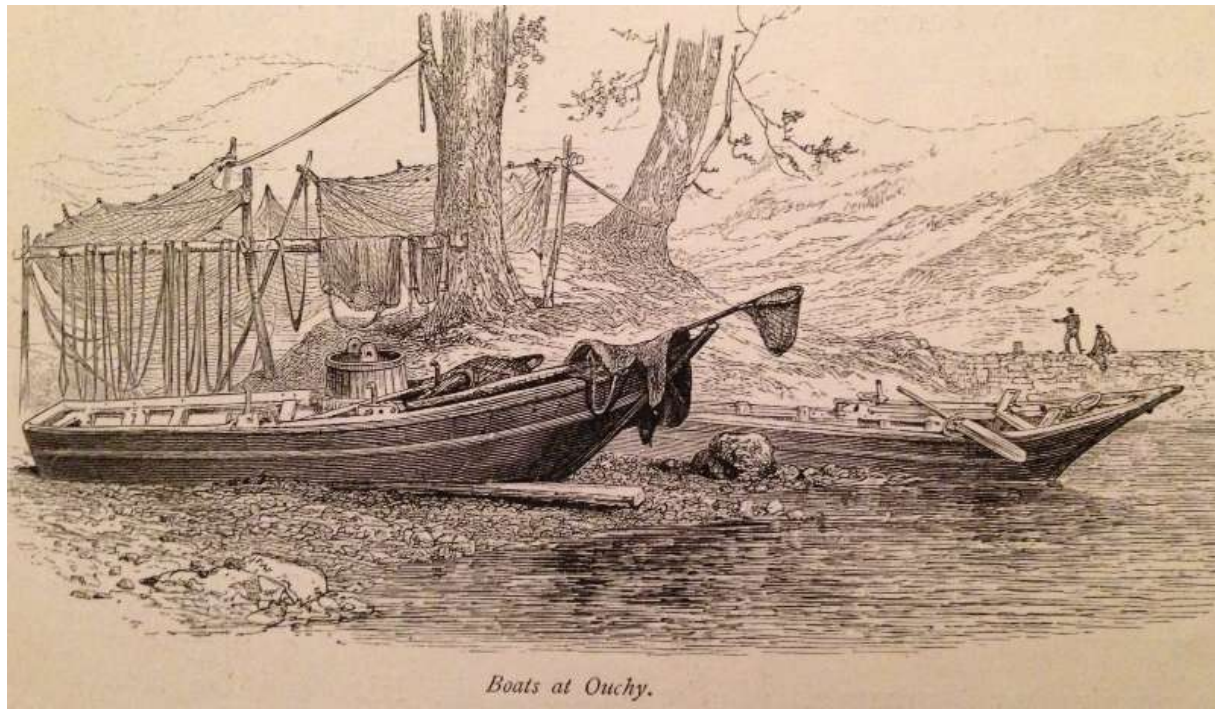
There are I believe no beggars in Geneva, but no sooner do you get into the Savoy or Chablais than you are pestered by them, especially the children. On the top of Mt Saleve where are some pastures I was attacked by three or four groups of them. I was determined not to give anything and therefore found no easy matter to get rid of them. As I began to descend three sturdy boys came up asking for a petit sou. Being then somewhat annoyed by those whom I had left, I turned round sharply on the boys and told them to begone for I had neither grand sou nor petit sou for them, whereupon they scampered off with a look of defiance and placed themselves behind a low wall at a short distance, from whence I fully expected that they would salute me with a shower of rocks. However contrary to my expectations they contented themselves with loud words, which I suppose there intended purpose, for I could not understand them.

There is a botanical garden here which contains a good number of plants which is kept in pretty good order, but names are placed very negligently so that not half of the plants have the right names affixed. Upon the ramparts on the southeastern side of the town is a public walk planted with trees and from one part of this is a small chain bridge across the ditch by which foot passengers may go out of the town. In the botanical garden is a part called the Ecole des Vignes which contains between three and four hundred sorts of grape. They do not however take up much room being planted on the same stocks as are in a common vineyard.

Sunday 25th: Geneva to Vevay to Geneva

This morning at 9 o'clock I left Geneva in one of the steamers which ply upon the lake and have had a very pleasant voyage of 8 hours hither. We kept along the north or Vaudois side of the lake, which is the most beautiful of the two. The shore slopes gently down to the water and is thickly covered with trees interspersed with villages, villas, etc. Between Geneva and Vevay are

the towns of Rolle, Morges, Nyon, etc, besides several villages which are close to the water. Lausanne is at a little distance from the lake and the village of Ouchy serves as a port to it.



Upon approaching Vevay the shore rises more abruptly forming a line of moderately high hills, which are covered with vineyards from top to bottom, and form a semicircle round the land side of the town. The high mountains which before were at a considerable distance from the lake here become gradually closer to it so that a few miles beyond the town there is but a small space left between their bases and the water. The same is the case on the opposite side, so that this end of the lake seems quite shut in by high mountains, sprinkled if not capped with snow, the sides of which makes the lake, though two leagues in breadth, appear no more than half a mile across, and were it not for the houses, the line of which forms in some measure an exterior, it would be difficult by merely looking at them to find out the error. When I was on Mt Saleve I saw much less of the lake than I then supposed. For today, after getting beyond the turn which it makes nearly opposite to Nyon, the waters were spread before us as far almost as the eye could reach, and, at last there was nothing to be seen, but the blue mountains in the distance.



While we are passing a part of the coast which is not very interesting I come down into the cabin, to add a few lines to this letter which I must put into the post very soon after I get to Geneva.

I had desired to be called this morning at four, intended if possible to ascend one of these heights near the town, but having been kept awake by the fleas till near three o'clock I was not inclined to turn out after an hours sleep and so lay till six, after which I walked a mile along the road to Lausanne, and then turned up a pleasant shady lane bounded by orchards and through the village of Craussay, towards the top of the vine covered hills. This however, which seemed so low when seen from the lake and in comparison with the high mountains, was so much higher than I had supposed, that I had not time to go more than half way up, but was obliged to return to the town, in order to be on time for the steam boat, which started at nine. The lake was yesterday a little rippled but today it is as smooth as glass. I scarcely feel the slightest motion from the engine.

I again returned hither almost four hours ago and as I mean to start tomorrow morning, early, for Chamonix, I must finish this letter forthwith.

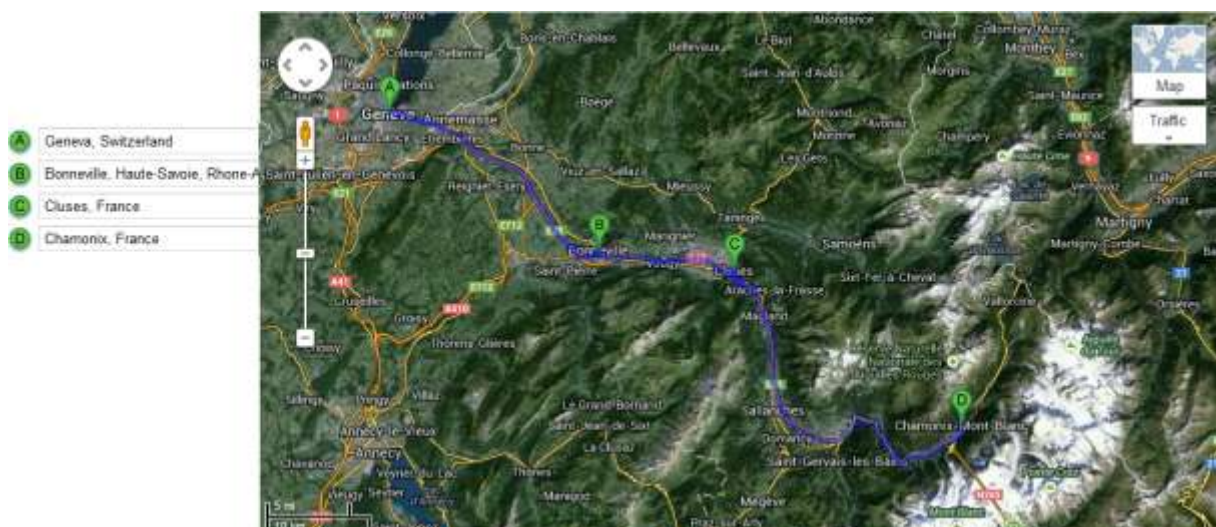
I was so unlucky as lose my pocket knife at Vevay, though vexed at the loss I did not there suppose it is so irreparable, however on my return after going for nearly all the cutlery shops in Geneva, I have not been able to find anything like as pleasant a knife, and am obliged to take up with one which in England I would not have kept a moment, and this thing which would sell for five pence there costs more than three times as much. So much for Geneva cutlery (*somewhat funny given the reputation of Swiss knives today* ☺).

If you are going home very soon after you received this letter, take it with you. If not send it in the post, as I shall not write home from Geneva. I shall not write to you again at Oxford as you will be able to see the letters I send home. Say everything for me to the President and his Lady and remember me to all my friends and acquaintances as before.

Believe me dear George your ever affectionate brother and friend Philip.

I think of being at Milan about the 5th, but shall probably write before that either from Martigny or Brig.

Monday 26th: Geneva to Cluses



Before closing this letter I went to the post office to see whether there might be a letter for me, but to my surprise it was quite shut up and thus this morning, as I intended to start early I preferred

bringing my letter here than entrusting it to a waiter of the Inn. I awaked and left Geneva at five and after a very hot walk have got to here by twelve. The distance is about 17 miles and though somewhat incommoded by the heat and my knapsack I am scarce fatigued and shall go now to Cluses, about 10 miles further this afternoon. The road from Geneva hither is not very interesting but now the valley becomes narrower and I expect that the scenery I shall see during the rest of my walk will be more romantic.

I have not much time to spare therefore shall only add again that **I am your affectionate brother Philip.**

Dear Sophy (*his sister*)

In order to fulfil my promise I will fill up the ends of this letter with a few scraps for your amusement, i.e. if I can find any for as yet have met with no adventures, have travelled with only the diligence (*i.e. carriage*) and seen no Swiss except the Genevese who are as different from the mountaineers as Edinburgh shopkeepers from a real highlander. These Genevese differ however considerably from the French, though they speak their language, they have less politeness and are more sturdy than the people of Paris at least, for of course I know scarce anything of the rest of France. There is only one thing remarkable in the general appearance of the town and that is the manner in which the sides of the streets (for there are no foot pavements) are sheltered from the rain, for the roofs of the houses project arches of wood (which are covered with tiles) in this are supported by long beams for the houses are very high and these same crossed again by other beams to strengthen them so that the whole has a very heavy clumsy



appearance. Perhaps this will enable you to understand my description better. It is only in the four largest streets that this is the case. The rest are too narrow in general to admit of it. In the country near here oxen are more used for drawing than horses, and they are harnessed by a band which is fastened round their horns so that they pull entirely by them. The light one horse carriages which are in use here are something like a gig but with the open part turned to one side so that those who ride in them sit sideways which has a rather strange appearance to me who have not seen such vehicles before. The women of the lower classes here (Vevay) wear strange garment of a very singular shape this would be pretty nearly the section of one of them



so that there is sort of peak on the top like the end of a ninepin. Under these they have black silk caps the brim of which covers their ears and foreheads. Here for the first time I have observed goitres (*swelling of the neck*) in great numbers. I saw several groups of women sitting before their houses who were all more or less affected with this disease, which has a very unpleasant appearance especially when meeting the eyes so frequently.

Tuesday 27th: Cluses probably to Chamonix

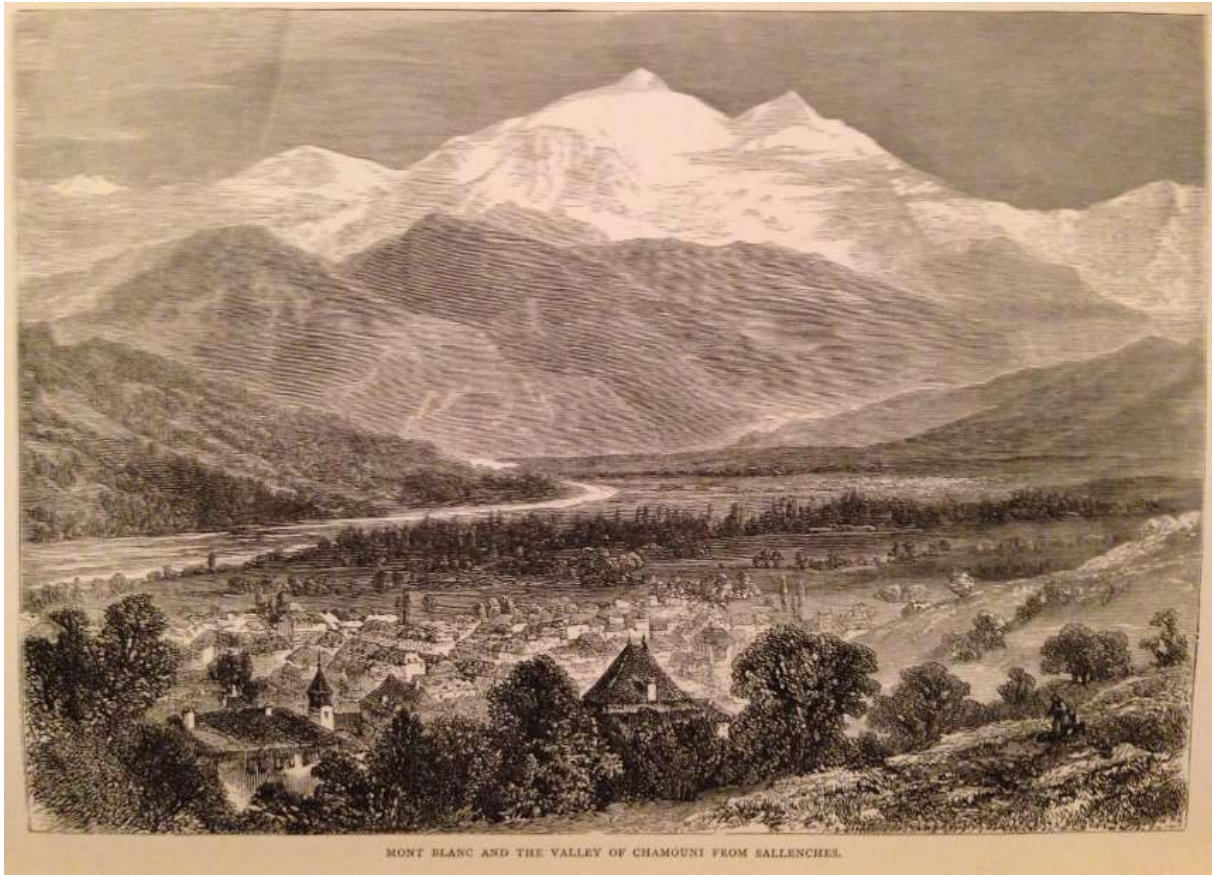
The buildings in and near Geneva are furnished with tin in the place of lead, for instance the pipes and roofs of the churches etc are of this metal. The balustrade round the tower of the church at Annemasse (*just outside Geneva*) and spire etc were either covered, built or made of this metal which being new had a very splendid appearance from a little distance. I was stopped at this place, which is the first on the Savoy frontier, by the soldiers then, to have my knapsack examined, they did not find anything contraband and I was not sorry for the delay as I got a hint from the sergeant as to the manner of carrying my rucksack which has been useful to me.

Your very affectionate brother, Philip.

(This letter must have been posted in Cluses in the morning before he departed for his next destination, probably Chamonix).

Letter No. 2

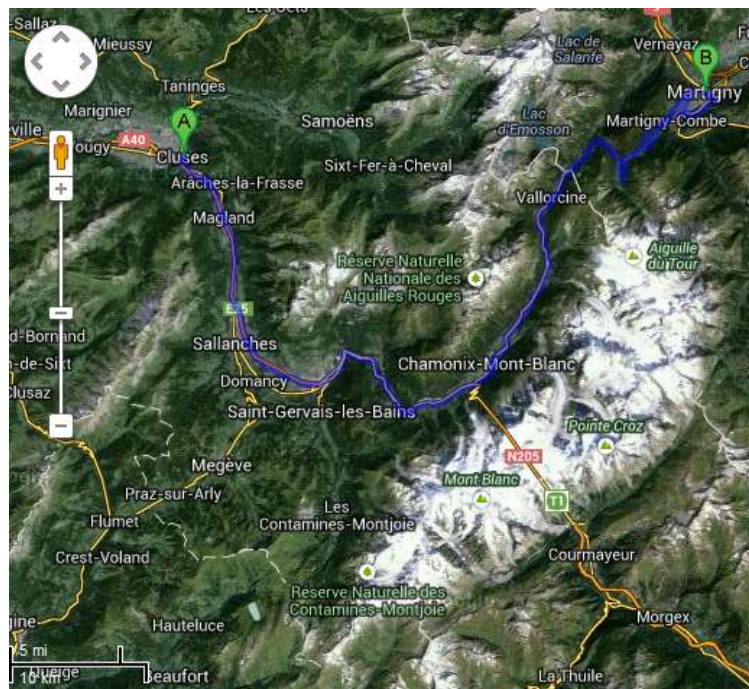
This letter covering 28th June to 8th July is missing.



Cluses to Martigny (9 days)

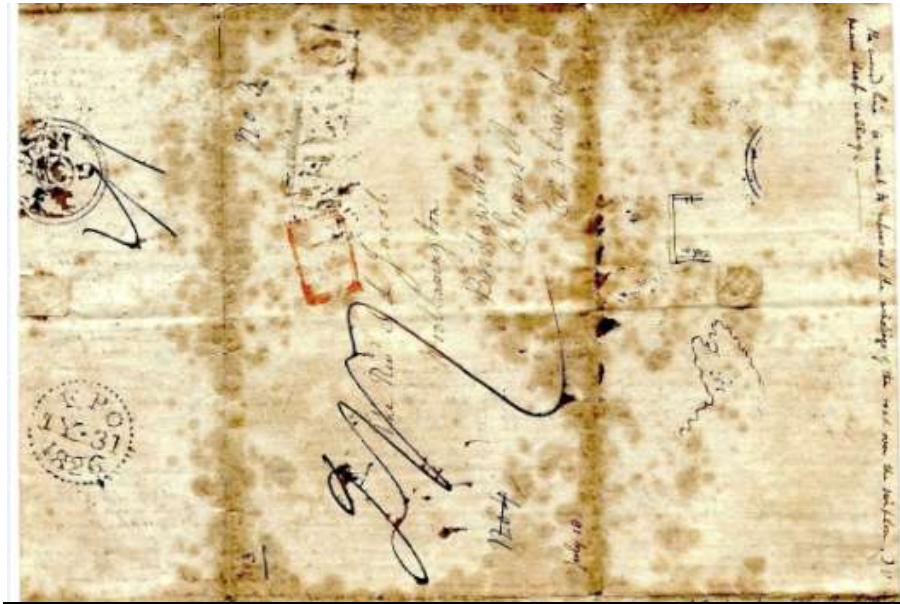
In his last letter Philip was intending to reach Cluses by the night on 26th June. He had then said his intention was to head for Chamonix and then “I think of being at Milan about the 5th, but shall probably write before that either from Martigny of Brig”.

Martigny is a two day walk from Cluses, but he only leaves Martigny for Sion on 8th July. If he left Cluses on Tuesday 27th June and arrived in Martigny on Friday 7th July then he spent 9 nights between. The only thing between these two places is the Mont Blanc range of mountains, so he seems to have spent 9 days exploring this area.



LETTER 3

Addressed to: Rev S.L.Jacob, Woolavington, Bridgewater, Somerset, England.



Letter started **Saturday July 8, 1826 in Sion**

My dear Parents,

Saturday 8th: Martigny to Sion

After a very hot walk I reached this place at half past eleven. The road from Martigny for the first 7 miles is quite straight and runs through a dead flat, which is in some places covered with water. For the remaining 12 it is less flat and a little winding and shaded, or I would have been much more tired with the journey.

Sion, though the capital of the Canton is but a small town of between 2 & 3000

inhabitants. It is surrounded by a stone wall, but has nothing like modern fortification; close to the town and partly in it are two rocky hills about 100 ft high. On the top of one are the walls of an extensive and ancient castle, which served as a palace to the bishop, till burned in 1800 (*the town was plundered by French troops in 1789 and looted again by Swiss opposed to the Helvetic Republic*). On the top of the other is a church, a few inhabited houses and the ruins of a great number of others which have only been deserted 15 years or so. I went to the top of the church from whence I had a good view of the town and the other hill. I have not observed anything peculiar in the manners or dress



of the people except that the women wear very curious bonnets a good deal like a small pie dish, so that the brims scarce project beyond the head.

When I went to the post office to put in my letter I found it shut and was told it would not be open till Monday, as the post only goes twice a week. However having been directed to the lodgings of the postmaster I stated my case and he was so kind as to go to the office in order to receive my letter. By the by of this as well as the last I only paid the postage to the French frontier so that you will be charged more than for the letter I sent from Paris.



Sunday 9th: Sion to Leuk (Loeche)

I had intended to stay the Sunday at Sion, but as the distance from thence to Leuk was given as 42 leagues I thought it would be as well to get over it this morning, by which I save a day. I started a little before five, but I found the way longer than I had reckoned upon, and being also fatigued with my knapsack which is now pretty heavy, I did not get here till past eleven. The first part of the road, like that which I traversed yesterday lay through a swamp abounding in frogs who did not fail to give me plenty of their delightful music. After passing the little town of Sierre the valley becomes much less flat, being broken by numerous rocks and hills, some of which project like huge bastions into the road and rapid stream of the Rhone.



Leuk

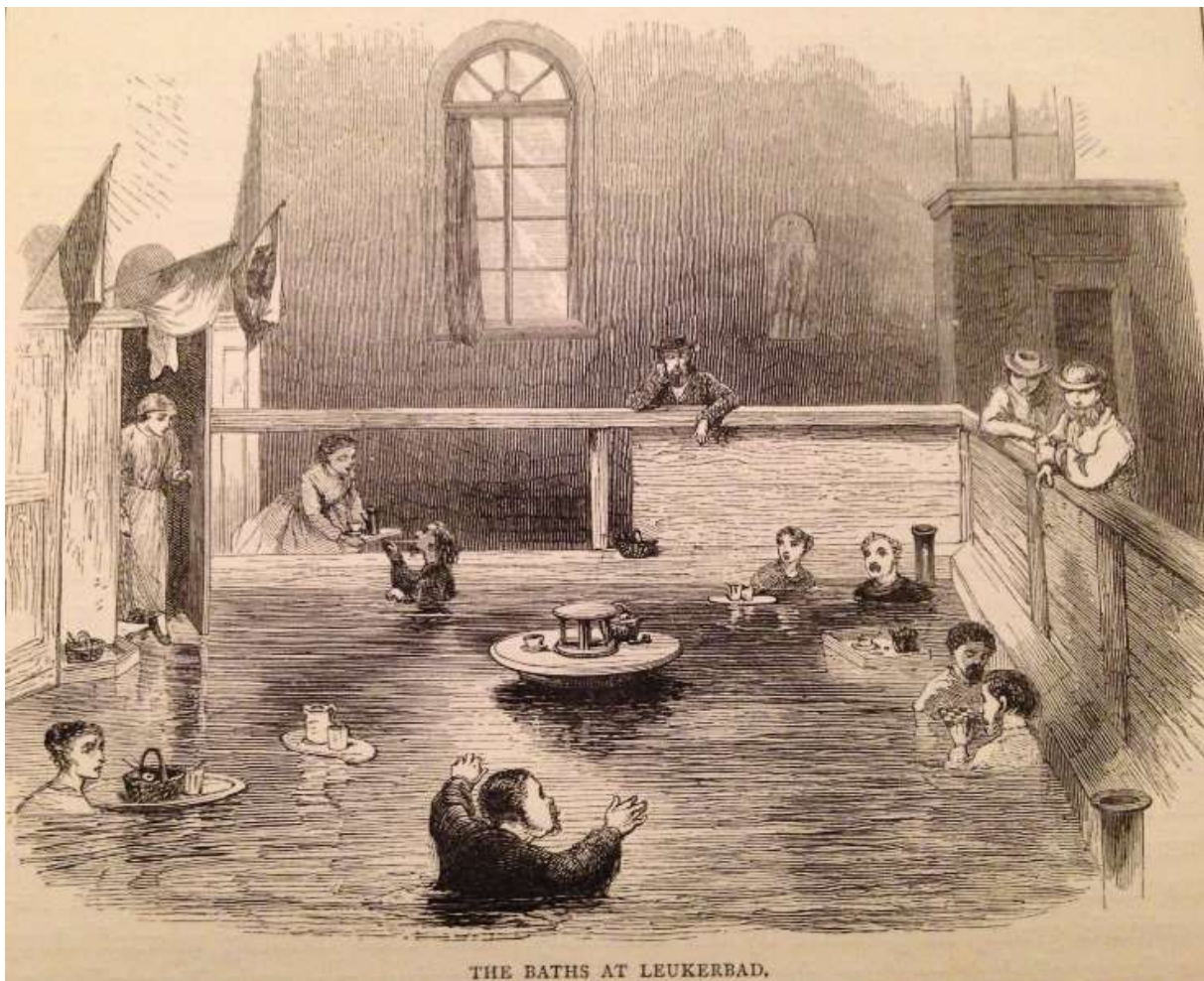


After getting opposite Leuk I was obliged to go a quarter of a mile beyond in order to cross the river by a small wooden bridge, from whence I had nearly half a mile of pretty steep ascents, for the town is situated quite on the side of the mountain.

Monday 10th: Leuk to Baths to Leuk

I walked out this morning to leave the town, which is very small but the houses are as crowded as possible, and so irregularly placed that there is scarce anything that can be called a street in it. Many of them are built of wood supported on poles like a "cornich" in Somersetshire, and the ground below, which is a little excavated, serves as a stable for cows. The people here, as at Sion, speak for the most part German, but they seem to understand a little French, though I have not heard them speaking it among themselves. I am beginning to feel the comforts of a traveller, hot close weather, myriads of flies by day, and hundreds of fleas and bugs by night, are what I have met with at Leuk, and I shall have to encounter the latter once more, as I mean to go this morning to see the hot springs at some distance from hence, and to come back here to sleep.

At 9 this morning, notwithstanding a slight rain, I set out for the baths, but when I had got about 3 miles (a third of the way) the rain increased so much that I took shelter under a tree where I waited about half an hour at the end of which time the storm began to clear up and I continued my walk, which lay high along the side of a narrow winding valley, thickly wooded above with firs and below with walnut, cherry and apple trees. There were several villages in it. Strict as it were upon the side of the mountain in situations which seemed almost inaccessible.

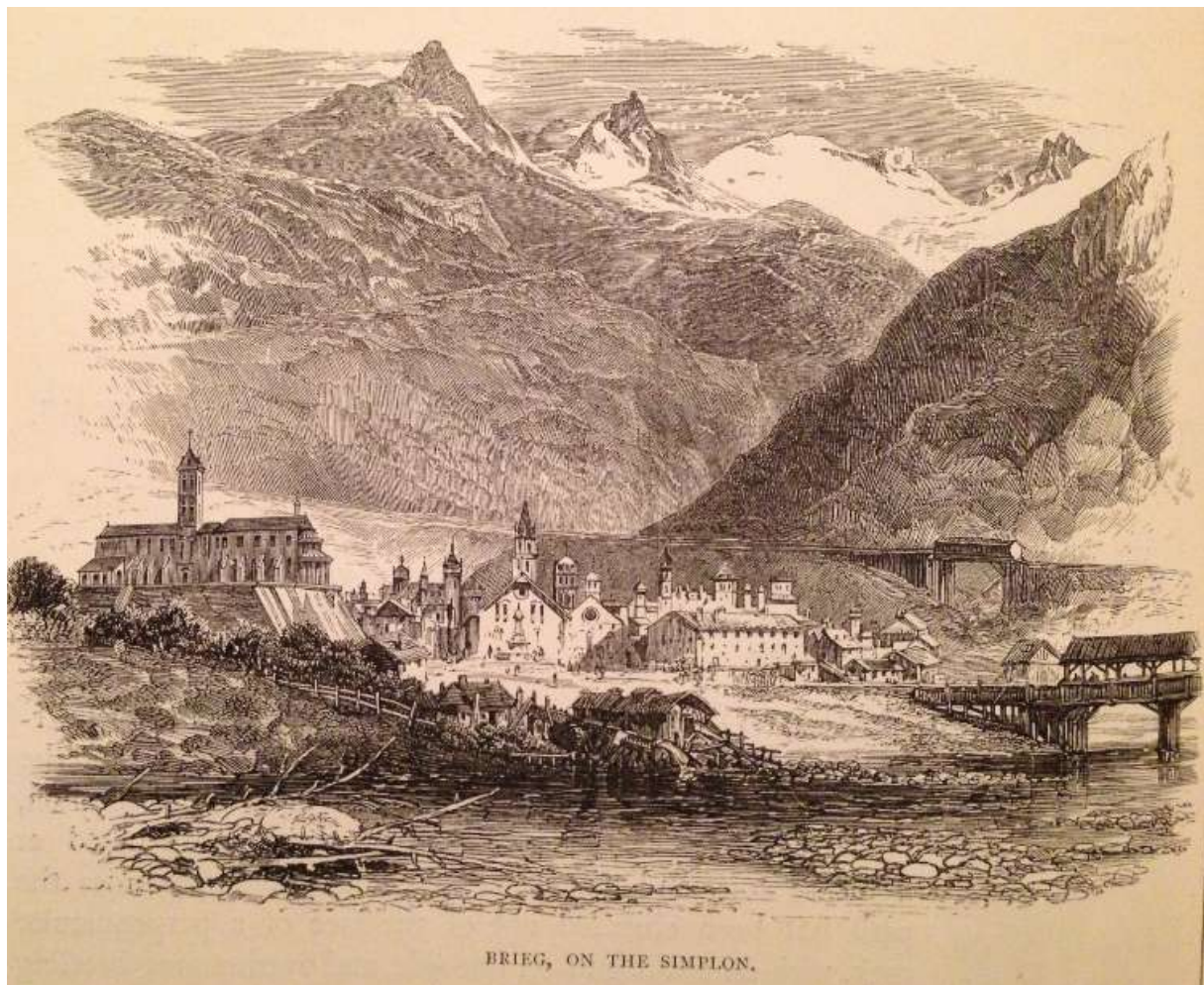


At the upper end in a more level space half surrounded by high perpendicular rocks of limestone, is the village of Baden (which signifies in German baths). Except the two baths all the houses are of wood but much neater than any that I have yet seen. Most of them have German inscriptions neatly carved on the planks in front. On one there was a text from the bible, and below, 'in hope and trust in God, Michael Leuner and his wife Christina Schsehudy built this house'. In the middle of the village are the baths. I went into one division where I saw a number of persons, both men and women dressed in long coarse shirts or gaberdines and sitting in the water up to their necks. Each had a little floating table before him or her on which was placed the handkerchief or a book, etc. There are two other divisions which I did not enter.

The water as it came out of one of the pipes which supplies the bath was almost too hot for the hand. It had a slightly chalybeate taste, but was not disagreeable (*Chalybeate means mineral spring waters containing salts of iron, which were thought to have health giving properties in earlier centuries*). In front of the baths is a covered fountain of the same water. I saw a number of women washing dishes etc in the stream which ran from it. The place seems to be much frequented, though in such a secluded situation. I saw a great number of well dressed ladies and gentlemen walking about.

Just as I set out to return it began to rain. As I had my cloak I walked on for a couple of miles, when it became so violent that I was glad to take shelter in a cowstable close to the road. The storm soon abated, but it continued raining the rest of the way and has not yet ceased to do so.

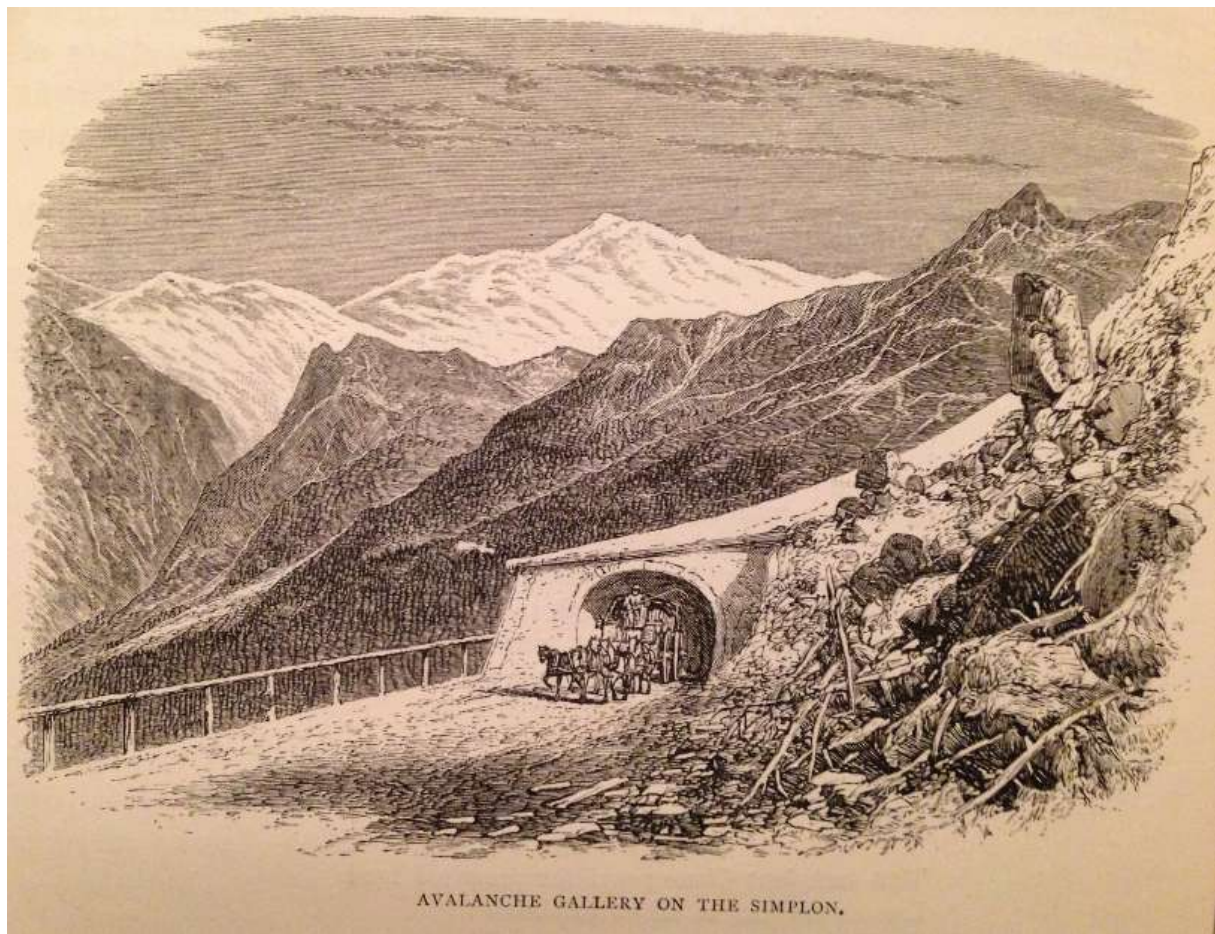
Tuesday 11th: Luek to Brig



I started at 5½ this morning from Luek and after having made about 8½ leagues, was overtaken by a “vintusier” who was returning to Domo d’Ossola. I did not accept his proposal of riding in his carriage, but gave him my knapsack to take to Brig. Being lightened of this I got on much faster and as there was scarce anything to be seen on the way I kept up with the carriage and made the 5 leagues which remained in less than 5 hours. About a league from here I came to a place where a part of the road had been carried away by a torrent, still pretty strong and deep. The men who were at work exploring the damage got the carriage across by pushing the wheels and one of them carried me over on his back.

After making myself comfortable here I separated up all but what was necessary for tonight in my knapsack and have sent it by the same man to Domo d’Ossola so that I shall have nothing to carry in crossing the mountains which will be much more agreeable.

The town of Brig has a singular appearance when seen from a short distance, owing to the numerous spires and little towers which rise not only from the churches and convents but from some of the private houses and are surmounted by domes or other balls covered some with tin, some with micaceous slate which has a silvery lustre, though not handsome it is much neater than either of the other towns in the Valais. The houses are large and well built, but the streets are narrow. On one side of it is the Simplon (*i.e. pass*), behind which street the snowy tops of Monte Leone (*looking South*). On the other side are seen the points of the Jungfrau and other mountains, which separate the Valais from Berne (*looking North*). It seems at first as if the valley of the Rhone ended here, so small (comparatively) is the continuation of it through which the river passes.



Wednesday 12th: Brieg to Domo d'Ossola

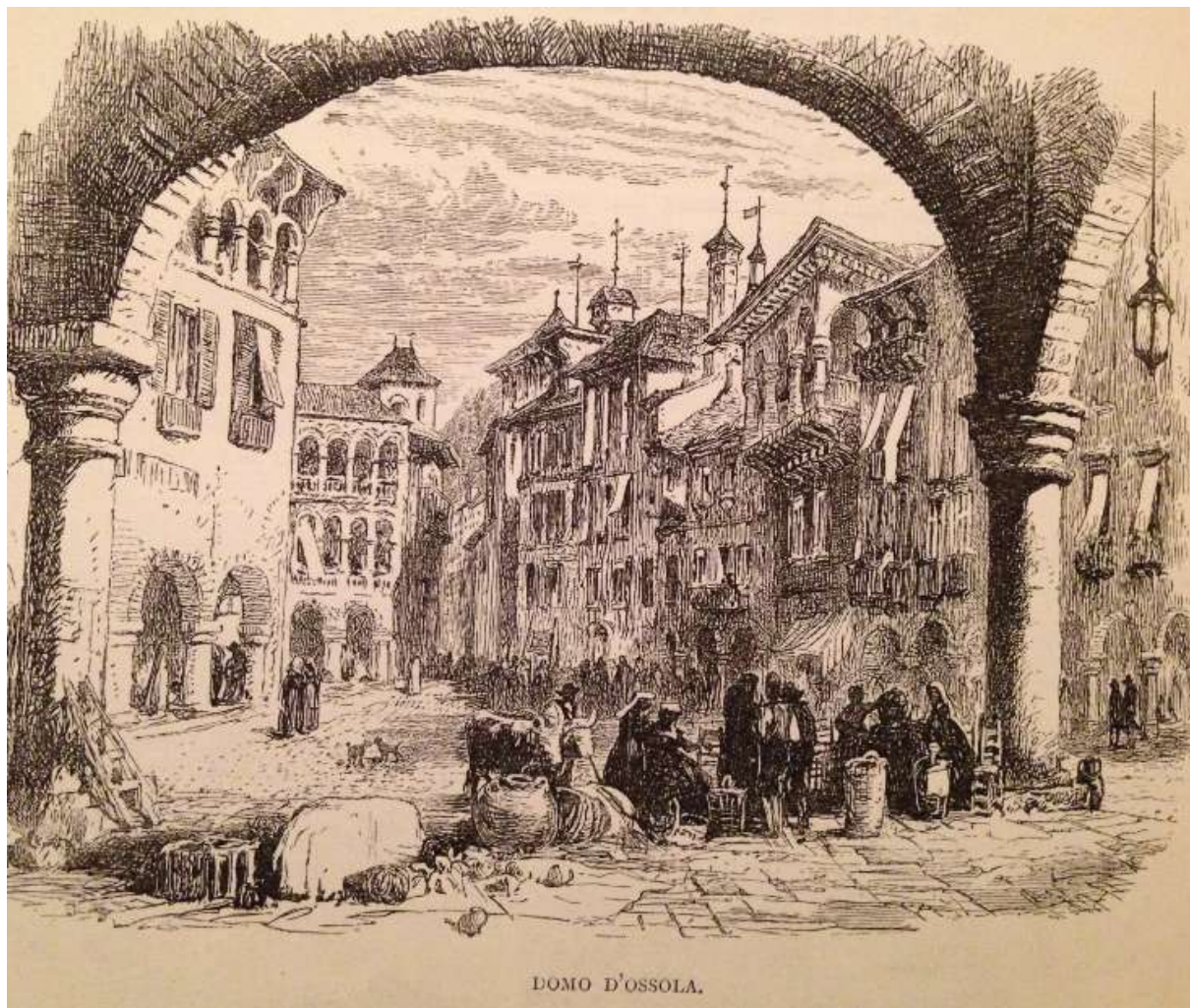
This morning I left Brieg soon after 5 and soon began to ascend the road of the Simplon, which winding through a forest of firs along the side of a deep valley*, brought me in five hours to the summit of the mountain, sort of a plain quite bare of trees, partly covered with snow and offering no trace of human habitation, but the half built and neglected walls of the hospice, begun soon after the road was finished.

In two hours more I came to the village of Simplon, situated in an elevated valley in which arises the Doveria, a stream I shall mention again presently. After resting and getting something to eat at the Inn here, I proceeded on my journey and soon came into a narrow valley (*view back of letter), in which the road is cut from the side of the granite rock. Here at the entrance of the Galerie de Gondo the valley is only a few feet in breadth and the stream rushing down a height of fifty feet is heard roaring at the bottom of this narrow chasm, the depth of which conceals it from view. But in coming out of this gallery, which is more than 700 ft in length, a scene far more striking met my eyes. Here the rocks rise like walls on either side to the height of near 2000 ft, half shutting out the light of heaven. Beyond the eye could discover naught but the mildest rocks half bare, half covered with withered pines, while close to the entrance of the gallery the mountain torrents dashed down, all in white foam, and, passing under a little bridge raised high above the waters, joined the Doveria, which poured along with almost equal violence below. As I stood for some minutes staring on this wild but sublime scenery I was affected in an unwanted manner and tears came into my eyes. Perhaps that moment was one of the most pleasurable in my life.



quit the narrow valley, but on turning an angle the sides again became steep and sheer and presented a scene almost as beautiful as that above.

At last, after passing the gallery of Creool, I came in view of a plain surrounded by mountains, the bases of which gently sloping, were beautiful woods interspersed with pretty villages, villas, churches, etc, and on the other side, at the bottom of a hill I could see the town of Domo d'Ossola. I soon descended into the plain, crossing at the village of Crevola, the bridge over the Dovina supported by three straight pillars near 100 ft high, for the water runs in a deep ravine, and in another hour reached this place.



As soon as I had rested a little I walked out to look about me. The town is close, dirty and quite uninteresting, but I enjoyed the evening walk in its environs, which as I have already mentioned are beautiful. As I walked slowly under the hill I heard the vespers chanted in a little chapel situated on the height, and half concealed by trees.

When I returned to the Inn it was half past eight, and I was just stepping into bed when the servant rapped at my door and told me that a party that had just arrived had enquired for me. I hastily dressed and on going into the salle found my Martigny acquaintance M. Le Baron de Rliglin, his wife and her sister, for I should have told you that on parting we exchanged cards. They had made more haste than I and were just returning from the shores of the Lago Maggiore, where they had spent two days. I drank tea and sat an hour with them.

Thursday 13th: Domo d'Ossola to Baveno

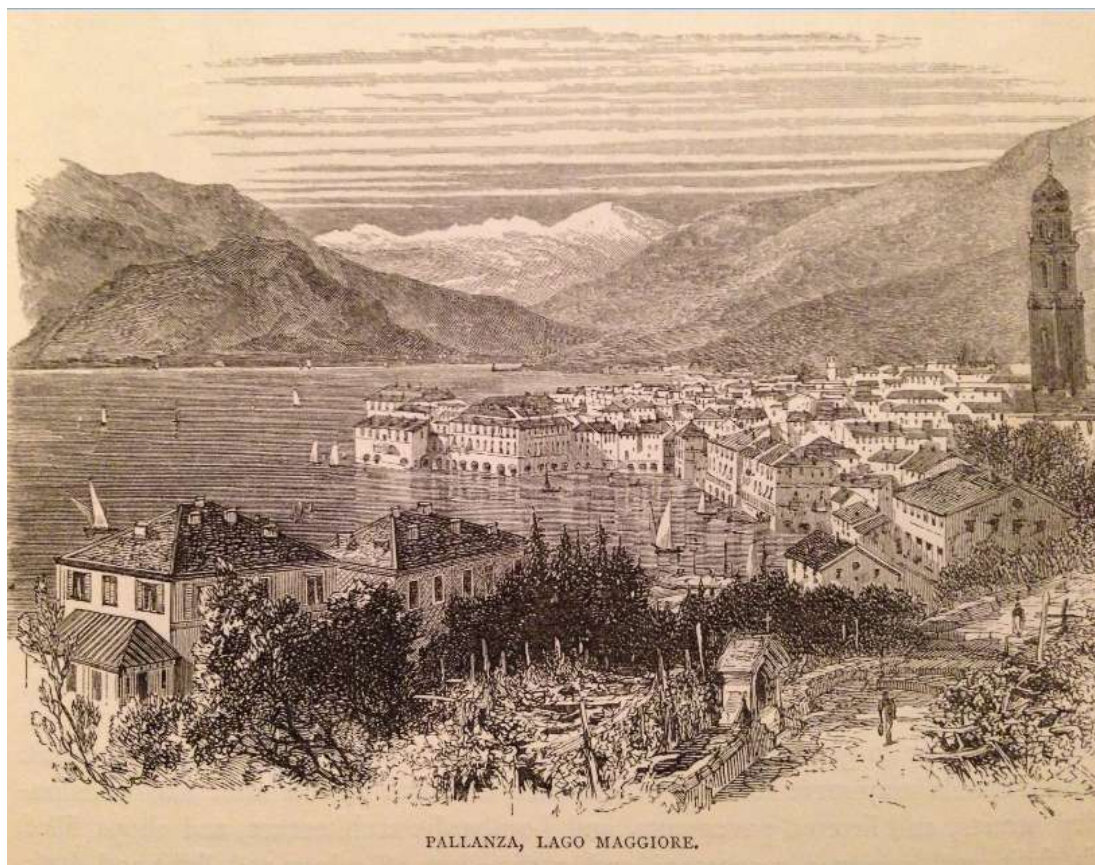
I have just seen M. Le Baron de Rliglin and his sisters start to recross the Simplon, so that it is scarce probable I shall see them again.

Though I walked yesterday fifteen leagues I am hardly at all stiff and hope to be able to reach Baveno, today especially as I shall not be loaded, for I leave my knapsack here to come by the diligence in the afternoon.

I left Domo d'Ossola at 7, and passing through Villa and Vogogna came at 12 to Ornavasso, where I went into an Inn, drank a little wine and water and ate some buns I had bought last night.

(1½ pm) I am now about half a league from thence sitting in the shade of some trees, in a field, near the road, for it is intensely hot. I can see no human being stirring. The road which is straight for three or four miles is quite clear and I hear no sound but the rustling of the leaves and hum of the numerous insects, which are flying around me. I have not yet quitted the road of the Simplon, which here as well as in its whole length from Brig is equal to the best of our turnpike roads. The slope is nowhere more than an inch and a half to a yard and very seldom that, which is really astonishing when the height of the mountains is considered. I have seen nothing interesting in my walk today as far as relates to scenery. I am still in a plain, almost surrounded by mountains, and covered with rich meadows, fields of maize, and vines, which are here led from tree to tree, forming festoons between the branches, thick with bunches of grapes, already as large as ours are when ripe.

After having rested half an hour I resumed my journey, and in two hours reached Feriolo, the first place on the lake.

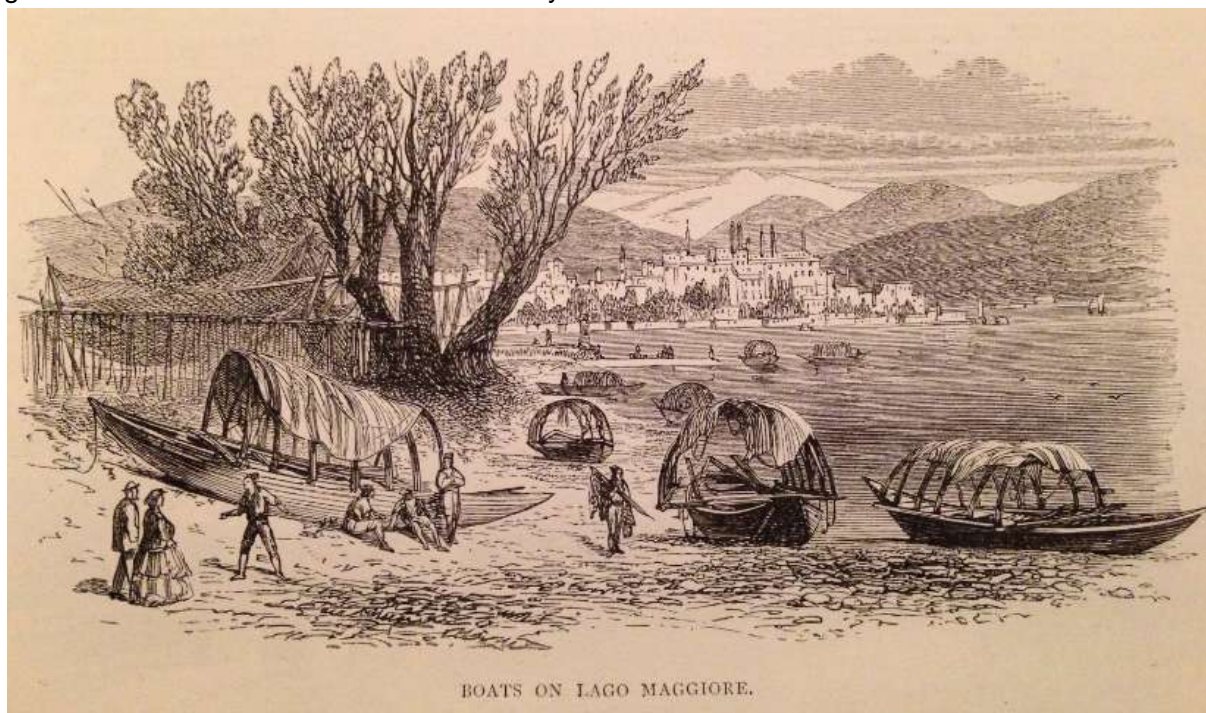


A little beyond this I sat down on the turf close to the water. There was just wind enough to break the bright surface and to waft gently along the shore a fisherman's bark, which seemed unguided by any hand so closely did the steersman lie concealed in its bottom. All was calm and still around me and an hour had elapsed before I could resolve to leave such a delightful spot.

At last however I arose and walked slowly along the road, which is close to the shores of the lake, and in an hour I reached Baveno, a little village, much fragmented on account of its proximity to the Borromee Islands. Here I have taken up my quarters in the only Inn, which is good, and I fear expensive. However, there was no alternative.

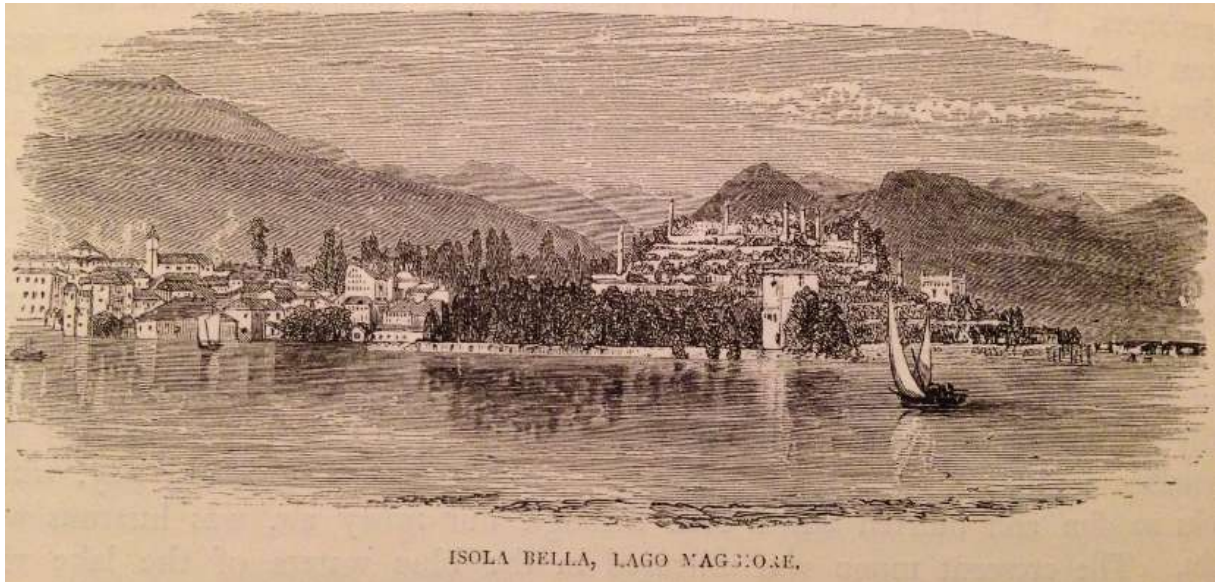
Friday 14th: Baveno to Milan

This morning at 5 I got on board one to the boats on the lake, having agreed with the boatman that after having been to the islands they should take me to Arona, and from thence to Festo, for so far just as we reached Isola Madre, about $\frac{1}{2}$ a mile from the shore a very heavy rain came on and as after waiting some time it did not seem likely to abate, I went over the Islands in the showers. This as well as the other islands belongs to the Count Borromee. It has no buildings but the gardener's house and a half finished palace. Now never inhabited, the end of the island at which I landed is formed of terraces, the walls of which are covered by a hedge of orange, lemon and pomegranate trees, while the ground is planted with flowers in great variety. The rest of the island which is about 12 acres is covered with plantations, principally of evergreens, many of which are of vast size. Amid there I saw several common silver pheasants, which run about the place, and others of great beauty shut up in aviaries. Upon the rocks at the water's edge were large lilacs and other mesclun plants (*i.e. salad plants*), which grew there as if wild. The rain prevented me from seeing everything in the manner I should have wished. However I got a pretty good notion of the whole before I came away.



The Isola Bella to which I next went was once a barren rock. It is now covered with gardens supported on arches, a large palace, besides a number of cottages and a parish church. The palace has not much beauty without, but the rooms are magnificent. Below the principle suite is

one nearly on a level with the water, consisting of a number of rooms, the walls and floor of which are covered with small pebbles of various colours and arranged. These are very cool and are occupied only during very hot weather. The gardens extend from the palace to the other end of the island, which is nearly the same size as the Isola Madre. At the end are ten terraces. The first, close to the water, the last raised nearly 100 ft above it. These are covered with oranges, etc as on the other island, and on one of them, which is of considerable breadth is a grove of orange and citron trees 20 and thirty feet high.



While I was in the garden one of the boatmen came to tell me that two gents had just arrived who were going in the same direction as myself and that if I please they would come into my boat with their three rowers, and that so we should go far more quickly with five. I assented to this proposal, waited half an hour for the two travellers and went over the palace a second time with them, and then we started together. They were two Frenchmen who had arrived at Baveno the evening before and had been at the same hotel as myself so that had I known of their intention I might have arranged with them and hence saved 5 francs. However this was now too late as the boatman had been engaged to Sesto.

The rain ceased before we started again and it turned out a fine day, but before we had gone far I became so sea or lake sick that I could not lift at my head and so lost the view of the shores of the lake, the seeing which had been one of the reasons which inclined me to go by water.

At Arona we landed, and I was obliged to sit on the grass some time before I was well enough to walk up the hill on which is placed the colossal statue of St Charles Borromeo. The pedestal is of granite and 36ft



high. The statue itself of copper and 72ft in height. We mounted by a ladder to the top of the pedestal and thence climbed by means of some iron bars (which fastened the folds of the robe to the stoneworks) to the head which is of one piece and cast. The rest is all sheet copper riveted together. After looking out on the lake through the chinks in the eyes and resting a moment in the hollow of the nose, I was glad to descend as fast as I could for the copper was so heated by the sun that it was like being in an oven, and the air without, which had before seemed so hot now felt quite cool. The statue is so well proportioned that until you are quite close to it seems no more than ordinary size, and there is a great deal of expression in the features.

From Arona I continued our voyage to Sesto Calende, the first town in the Austrian Dominions. Here I stayed an hour to dine, and then started with the two Frenchmen in a chaise (i.e. four-wheeled, horse-drawn carriage) which the landlord agreed to furnish for 30 francs. This was 10 francs less than the regular posting would have been, but we changed only once and therefore went somewhat slower. I am not at all sorry that I took this mode of convenience for I saved a day, and the country from Sesto to Milan is a dead flat, covered with maize fields and vineyards, and consequently offering little of interest.



We got into Milan at 10 and came to the Croce di Malta, which is one of the principle hotels. This will be somewhat expensive, but it is just what I had made up at my mind to when I first thought of coming here and as I have spent but little as yet I can afford to live like a gentleman, for one day at any rate.

Saturday 15th: Milan

This morning after breakfast I sallied forth into the town, and went first to the post office where I did not find a letter from you. After this I visited the Domo or cathedral or which I shall say nothing at first as I mean to see it a second time. In the little gallery at the top of the highest tower I found two Englishmen (both at least 50) with whom I entered into conversation, and as they were just going over the route I had taken I was able to give them some useful information.

On leaving the cathedral I went with them to the police, about passports. Then to the Biblioteca Ambrosiana (a historic library housing the Ambrosian art gallery), where are two rooms of casts and paintings, a few of the latter very fine. Then after walking through a few streets more they separated and one of them, a Mr Lanson of Liverpool, who is staying at the house of his brother long resident here, told me that if I liked to walk with him thither he would show me the way to the Villa Simonetta. Of course I accepted his offer, and he went a little out of his way to show me the amphitheatre, an oval space surrounded by

steps or seats, with buildings at the four sides and capable of containing 40000 spectators. The arena can be filled with water and where has been once a naumachia exhibited there (*staged roman naval battle*). In the principle building is a large room for the reception of the grandees, when any exhibition is given. While I was admiring some beautiful bas reliefs round the upper part of it, the custodian who showed it to me said to me "the great beauty of this room consists in the fine painting". I looked around in vain to see the said painting as was at a loss to understand what he meant, till at last I found out that the painting was what I had taken for bas relief. The deception was so good however that it was only by putting my eye close to the wall and looking upwards that I could convince myself of my error.

When we reached the Borgo di'Ostolani, Mr Lanson desired me to walk in, gave me dinner, and then instead of directing me to the place he had mentioned, walked thither with me. It is about 1½ mile from the town and was formerly a magnificent villa, but is now quite striped and used as a farm house. What renders it remarkable is an echo which is reflected from between the two wings. It will only repeat one syllable, but that very distinctly and a great number of times, at least 50, and whistle was continued for near half a minute, growing of course fainter and fainter. If I made two sounds, one after the other, the highest one always drowned the lowest, or if there was little difference between them they formed a confused sound like the shouts of a crowd at a distance. As I had never before heard an echo which repeated distinctly more than once I was much pleased with it and stayed some time there trying it with various sounds and words.



When we returned I went in to the house with Mr Lanson, took some coffee and sat another hour, during which three ladies came in for a call, and as I was not inclined to loose the only opportunity I might have of talking with a lady here I got into conversation with one of them and came on wonderfully well with the language, I can assure you.

When it began to get dark the two brothers walked out with me to see an illumination in one of the parishes of the city, it being the feast of the Latin Saint, St Maria di Cadmile. When we got to the crowd they turned back and left me to ramble about and see what was to be seen. The principle illuminations were in a fine broad street called The Porte Metro, and consisted in little lamps such as I have seen used for the same purpose in England, and large ones of coloured paper of various shapes, hung in great numbers, partly in front of the houses and partly on cords which cross the street at short intervals. Coming from this street is another, at the end of which is the church. Before this was a large canopy with gold fringed white curtains and brightly illuminated. Within there was stationed a band of music. In this street were numbers of little stalls like those in an English fair, but covered with a different sort of sweets. The crowd was very great. The men all in their Sunday clothes and the women remarkably well dressed. Most of them with neck and head uncovered. The windows and balconies were filled with ladies and I saw others in carriages which paraded slowly through the street. Altogether there was something very agreeable in the sight, and I think myself fortunate in having arrived in time to witness this fête.

Sunday 16th: Milan

I went out this morning for a short time about noon and I looked into several of the churches, which is very differently attended from those in Paris, being at this time as full as possible. Indeed the Sunday is much better observed here. I did not see a single shop open and very few carriages in the street.

In the evening I walked first to the Lansons to return a book he had lent me and went from thence to the Corso, a fine broad street frequented on a Sunday evening like the Mall on St James, or like Hyde Park. There were a great number of carriages and persons on foot, both here and in the public gardens close by. The costume of the women is very graceful at least as far as relates to the headdress. They wear neither cap nor bonnet, but a long black veil fastened to the hair and thrown back over the neck and shoulders.

Monday 17th: Milan

Milan is surrounded by a wall within which, and all round the City is a fine broad road with a double rows of trees on either side. The part of it which is near the Corso is much frequented. Many of the streets are broad, but the greater part of them are narrow, though very unlike the Cité ones of Paris. Indeed I have not yet seen a single bad street. All the houses are handsome, more or less, so that I am at a loss to tell where the very poorer classes live. The streets are very clean and have not only foot pavements, but thin narrow rows of flag stones in the middle for the wheels of the carriages, which thus roll along with very little noise and no jolting to those who ride in them. In the broad streets there are four of these rows.

This morning I have been over the Viceroy's Palace which forms a half square on one side of the Domo. The rooms are magnificently furnished and many of them adorned with fresco paintings and imitations of bas reliefs, done by Appiani (*Appiani Andrea, Italian neoclassical painter*) the artist whose work I so much admired at the amphitheatre. One of these paintings represents the apotheosis of Napoleon. After this I went to the Bossi or Palazzo de Berai, where is the public picture gallery, collection of sundials etc, and also a botanic garden, which is in sad confusion.



On leaving this I went to the Domo and saw the little chapel beneath the nave, which contains the tomb of St Charles Borromeo. This is solid silver and all around the walls are bas reliefs, of the same metal representing his life and actions.

I have also today been to the Banquers (*bankers*). The exchange is in favour of England, but there is an abominable commission of 3½ percent on gold and as I am obliged to take this metal I lost again what I gained by the exchange, and got less than 25 francs for the pound. The money here is very puzzling. There is the French livre, the Austrian and the Milanese. Each of these is divided into 20 sous, but the relative value is 20 to 17½ and 19¼.

Tuesday 18th: Milan

There are two luxuries at least cheap enough here. I went yesterday evening into a café, had an excellent choice for two pence halpenny, and then went into the first of the largest theatres in Europe, for something less than 6. Unluckily there is no opera just now. I only saw a comedy, of which however I understood at least as much as I did of the first French play I saw at Paris. There was a ballet between two and one *dols* but the dancing was nothing extraordinary. The pit is the only public part of the theatre, the boxes of which there are six tiers and all private. Not a tenth of them were occupied yesterday. I went for a few minutes into one in the fifth row which I found unoccupied and heard and saw much better than I had expected to do from such a height.

I have just visited the hospital, an immense building near one of the gates of the town. The front of it occupies one side of a street and there are 3 quadrangles, the longest of which is at least 200 ft in breadth. I came too late for the visit of the physicians, which was of little consequence as I should scarce have understood what they might have said. I went through several of the wards which were very full. Observed some good regulations which I have not seen in any other hospital, especially the affixing not only the name and disease but the medicine prescribed at the bed head, which is very convenient for a student. Here however it was useless to me for the writing was quite illegible.

I have also been this morning to get my passport as I intend starting tomorrow for Como. I had heard a good deal of the delay, inconvenience and expense which strangers were caused here on account of their passports, however nothing of the kind has happened to me. I have met with more civility than at any other passport office before, was only delayed ten minutes, and did not pay a single sou.

From Como I intend to go to Chiavenna and then over the Splügen into the canton of the Grisons, but I have not yet determined what route I shall take afterwards. I shall most probably write to you again before I get to Berne, which will scarce be before the middle of August. I shall send a part of my things which I can dispense with for a time to that town from hence. The rest I shall carry in my knapsack, which thus lightened will not I hope delay me much.

The streets here are so numerous and so similar that I have completely lost my way almost every time that I have walked out, and nothing could be more civil and obliging than the directions which I receive in answer to the numerous enquiries I found it necessary to make.

If the Milanese are not under the best government, hopefully they certainly do not show any signs of oppression in their countenances, for they are most cheerful people I have ever seen, especially the crowds which I saw at the illuminations and on the public walk on Sunday. A glance however at a newspaper is sufficient to convince you that you are not in a country so free as England or France. Every article in the *Gazetta di Milano*, the only one I believe published, is sent to the censure office before it meets the eyes of the public, and I was quite amused at the contrast between its style and that of the liberal persuasion, and equally liberal newspapers, especially with regard to the Greeks, who are treated as rebels or pirates, while the Turkish government is treated with all respect, honour, etc. I saw by the by in the first Italian newspaper I read an intolerant piece of news viz the distinction of the formidable corps of the Janissaries. I am sorry for it for one reason, that, the sultan being much free will be able to use more vigorous means against the unfortunate Greeks.

Fruit here is abundant and cheap fruit: I think even George might have his fill of apricots for 6.

LETTER 4

Addressed to: Rev S.L.Jacob, Woolavington, Bridgewater, Somerset, England.

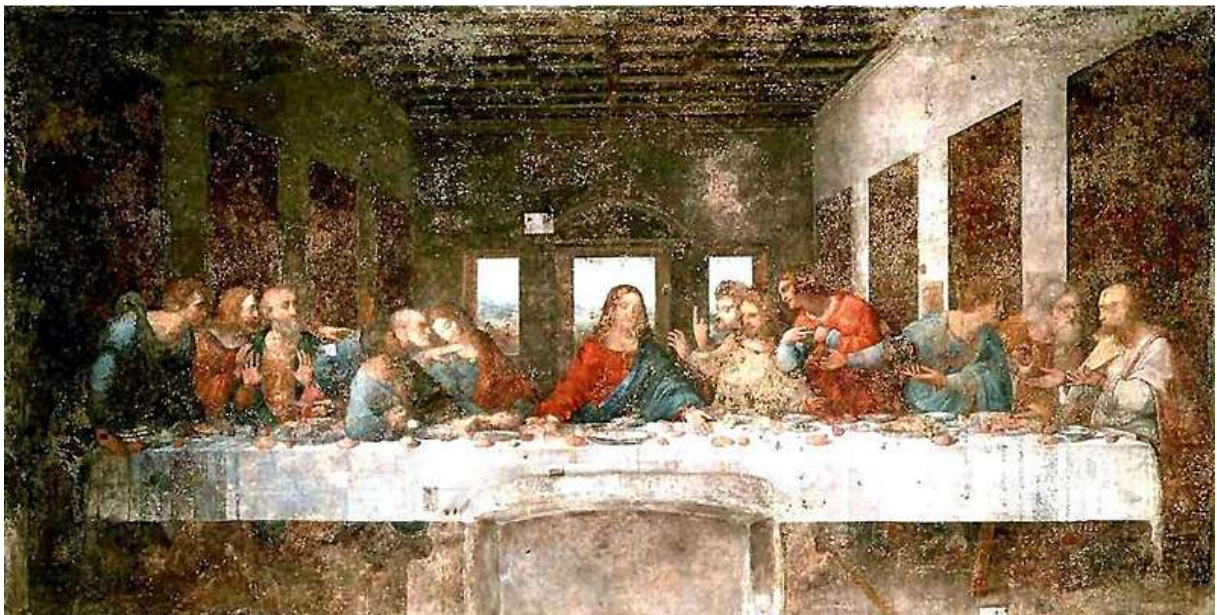


Letter started July 19th, 1826 in Como

My Dear Parents

Tuesday 18th: Milan

After I had deposited my letter at the post office, I went to see the celebrated fresco of Leonardo da Vinci (*The Last Supper*) which is in the refectory of a monastery near one of the gates of Milan (*Santa Maria delle Grazie "Holy Mary of Grace", a church and Dominican convent*). It is very much injured and more interesting from what it has been than what it is now and though I am not sorry that I have seen it, it certainly did not give me any pleasure.



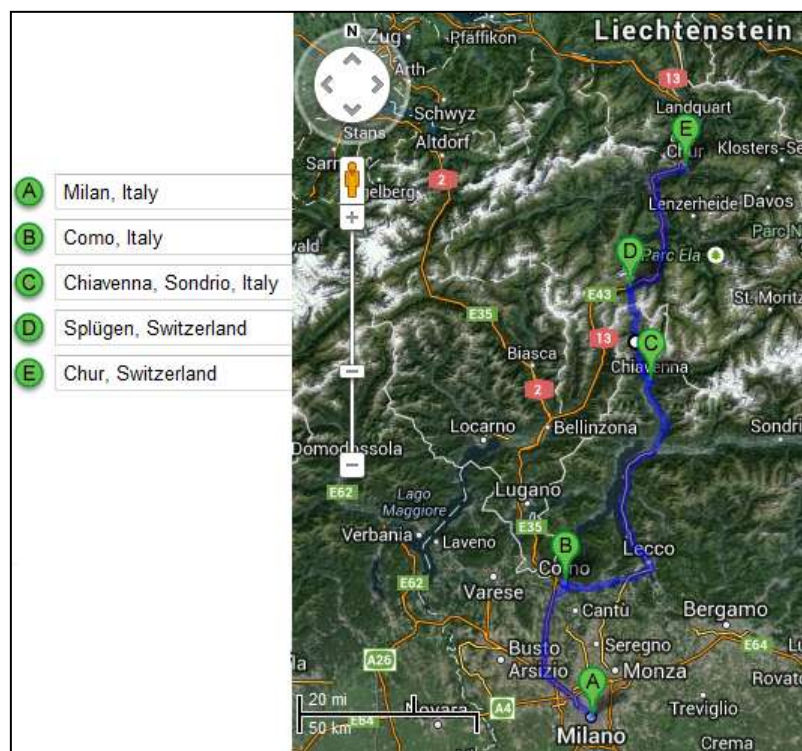
(As early as 1517, the painting was starting to flake. By 1556, fewer than sixty years after it was finished, Leonardo's biographer Giorgio Vasari described the painting as already "ruined" and so deteriorated that the figures were unrecognizable. In 1652, a doorway was cut through the (then unrecognisable) painting, and later bricked up; this can still be seen as the irregular arch shaped structure near the center base of the painting. It is believed, through early copies, that Jesus' feet were in a position symbolizing the forthcoming crucifixion. In 1768, a curtain was hung over the painting for the purpose of protection; it instead trapped moisture on the surface, and whenever the curtain was pulled back, it scratched the flaking paint. A first restoration was attempted in 1726 by Michelangelo Bellotti, who filled in missing sections with oil paint then varnished the whole mural. This repair did not last well and another restoration was attempted in 1770 by an otherwise unknown artist named Giuseppe Mazza. Mazza stripped off Bellotti's work then largely repainted the painting; he had redone all but three faces when he was halted due to public outrage. In 1796, French revolutionary anti-clerical troops used the refectory as an armory; they threw stones at the painting and climbed ladders to scratch out the Apostles' eyes. The refectory was then later used as a prison; it is not known if any of the prisoners may have damaged the painting. In 1821, Stefano Barezzi, an expert in removing whole frescoes from their walls intact, was called in to remove the painting to a safer location; he badly damaged the center section before realizing that Leonardo's work was not a fresco. Barezzi then attempted to reattach damaged sections with glue. The painting was restored from 1978-1999).

In the evening I made the circuit of the town which is I imagine about 7 miles. Several of the gates are handsome, especially two built by Napoleon, one of which was called Porta di Marengo (now called Porta Ticinese).



Having expected that my stay at Milan would be somewhat expensive, I was not sorry to find on paying my bill that the whole of my expenses amounted only to 32 L.

Wednesday 19th: Milan to Como

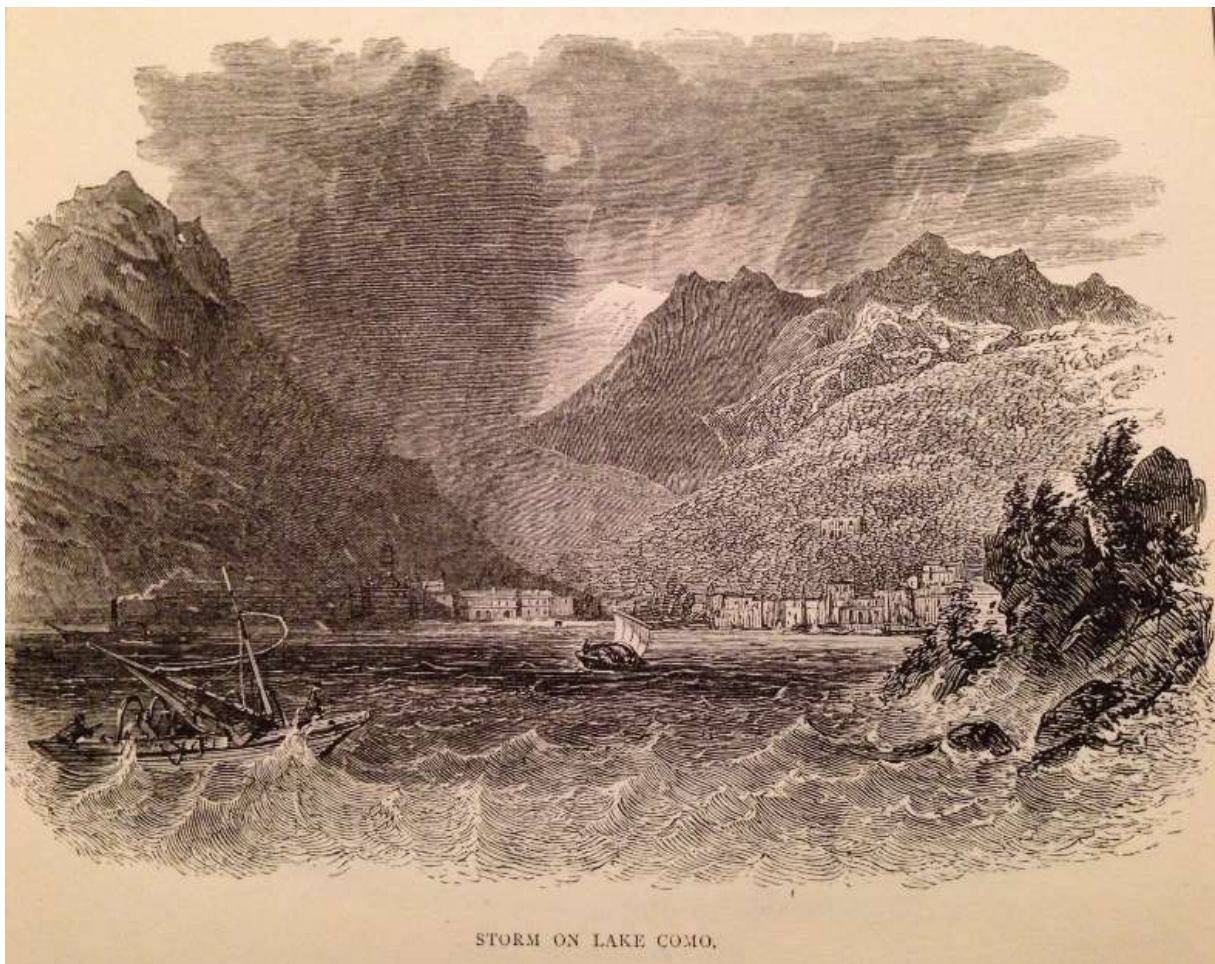


This morning at five I left the Inn and after having confused ½ a score times the way to Porta Comasina, I at last got clear of Milan and proceeded on my way hither. The first 5 or 6 miles I walked in the shade of high hedges of acacia, but after that I was exposed to the full heat of the sun which was almost as great as on the same day last year in England. I scarce know how I should have got on had I not met a cart in which I got my knapsack carried for nearly 10 miles.

As it was I was obliged to seat several times in the shade so that though the distance is only 25 miles it took me 12 hours to walk it.

The country through which I passed is very similar to that between Milan and Sesto. There were however fewer vines and more maize, some of which was 9 or 8 ft high and just in flower, while some was only just above the ground. The latter sowed in the fields, a few weeks ago covered with wheat, is too late to ear, and is used as green food for horses, etc.

On approaching Como the ground became less even and after a short ascent I came to a point from which I had one of the most pleasing views I have yet seen. On one side of the road was a high hill covered with *shrubs* and vines and capped with the ruins of the ancient towers; on the other a little valley so thickly covered with trees that the houses were scarce visible between them; in front the town of Como and a little bit of the lake, the rest being concealed by the hills much extended as far as the eye can reach – from this point of the town the road was adorned by a double row of limes, acacia, mulberry, etc.



My passport was taken at the entrance to the town as at Milan. I went soon after to the police to reclaim it, and desired to have it visa'd for Chiavenna direct or via Locarno, but this could not be done, therefore as I do not like to decide tonight I have left it till tomorrow at 9 when the office will be open. I should not at any rate have started early tomorrow for I have as yet seen nothing of the town which seems to be of considerable size.

Thursday 20th: Como

Having been prevented from sleeping comfortable last night by the heat, I did not feel in a condition to set out on a walk of 25 miles this morning and therefore as there is no place I can stay at nearer than Menaggio I determined upon remaining here, and right glad am I now that I have done so, for, the heat has been so great that I have scarce been fit for anything. The slight exertion of writing made the drops stand on my forehead and when I ventured to take a walk among the vineyards on the side of the lake the water literally streamed from my face.

While I was here I got several insects, especially two specimens of the large cicada, the catching of which however cost me not a little trouble for though they take care to let themselves be heard they generally contrive to keep out of sight. I was very glad to get these insects alive as I had an opportunity of seeing them make their chirping, the manner of producing which is very different from that of the grass hopper.

Except at Geneva and Chamonix, I have seen no bell in the rooms of the Inns at which I have been so that, unless you choose to exert your voice, you are quite at the mercy of the servants, who do not hurry themselves much to serve you.

When I left Paris I was vexed that I could not take any books with me, but I find that if I had brought any they would be useless for writing the journal gives me quite enough to do. Indeed if it were not for a day out of rest now and then, as for instance today, it would be impossible for me to keep my journal, much more to my French correspondence. I always write this (journal) every evening, and then if I am behind time with the others it is less consequence as I can refer to it.

9pm. I am just returned from a little walk by the side of the lake. After clearing Como, I followed a narrow path till I came to a point from whence I could see nearly the whole circumference of this little basin, for as I have said already it is but a very small part of the lake which can be seen from hence. The sky was nearly clear above but there were thick white clouds in the horizon opposite me (the West) and behind these came every moment flashes of lightning, the longest and most vivid I have ever seen. They were so distant that no thunder was heard. The scene was so beautiful that I remained sitting on the side of the hill till it was so dark I could scarce distinguish the houses on the other side.

Friday 21st: Como to Musso

I was horribly annoyed by those abominable insects that I scarce got a wink of sleep till dawn. This prevented me from getting up so early as I had intended. But at 7 ½ I started in a boat which took me to Laglio, a little village on the Western shore of the lake, about 7 miles from Como.

From thence I walked by a narrow rough and steep path to Menaggio, about 18m further. Here I went into an Inn and had some bread and cheese and wine for which the landlord had the impudence to ask 2 francs. I put down the two pieces of silver amounting to about 11 English pennies and after some words he consented to take this.

A short distance beyond Menaggio the road is very steep and rough, but this can be avoided by a shortcut across the water, there are always boatmen ready to take passengers across. The first who accosted me asked 8 francs. I offered him an Austrian lira, about 8 ½ which he soon agreed to take. There was another passenger in the boat, a fine stout fellow who addressed me in very good English. He was a native of this country but had passed 26 years in the Royal and India

navy. I was pleased with the man and he was delighted to find someone with whom he could talk English, so as he was going the same way we walked together. When we got out of the boat he asked me what I had paid and told me that the regular fare was 5 sous. This will give you some idea of the manner in which these rascally boatmen attempt to cheat or rather do cheat strangers who have not all their wits about them. I was not sorry to have met with such a companion for besides showing me the way and telling me the names of the places through which we passed and on the opposite shore of the lake he carried my knapsack a part, and would have carried it the whole walk if I had let him. It is from the shore of this lake that come those swarms of Italians who are to be found all over England, selling mirrors, cheap knickknacks, etc. This man had set out in this way but being disgusted with the trade, and with being called Jew, he gave it up and entered on board of a man o' war. He told me that he lived on the shore of the lake near Argegno, was going to see his brother in law who keeps a little inn at Musso, and that if I chose to stay there he would take down that I should not be cheated. So seeing that the inn looked pretty clean I came in and have got a very decent bedroom with which I am very well contented. When I came into the inn I was addressed in English by a decently dressed man whom by his accent I should have taken to be an Irishman, but he was a native of this village who had settled in Dublin, who had come to visit his country after 35 years absence.

Saturday 22nd: Musso to Chiavenne

I have slept much better in this little Inn than in that at Como which was the best in the town. I have hitherto generally chosen the largest inn and, had I been alone last night should have gone on after dusk to Gravedona rather than sleep here, but after these two instances I shall not be so particular in future. I should have been started long on this. But I am disagreeably detained by the rain which continues to pour past, and here is such a haze that I can scarce see across the lake.

The path by which I came yesterday was along the lake sometimes close to the water, sometimes high above it. Had George been my companion he might have told you in poetic prose "how the grey foliage of the olive contrasted with the dark green of the chestnut and walnut, how above and on either side of the narrow path hung thick clusters of grapes not to be concealed by the broad leaves of the spreading vine, while here and there the rich scarlet blossoms of the pomegranate were seen peeping from the midst of its noble leaves" ... but I must content myself with a humbler style – the great beauty of the lake of Como consists in the numerous pretty trees, villages and villas which border it and in the varying form of the hills, which seem to cross one another so that when in the middle of the lake you seem sometimes to be in a basin or small lake of which it is impossible to see the outlet – but in whichever way it be seen I can scarce imagine that there be any lake I might say any scenery more beautiful – seeing such numbers of vines all along the shore I asked one of the boatmen who took me to Laglio whether the wine made there was good, to which he replied that it was so bad that it took three men to drink a cup of it: one to swallow it, one to hold him, and the third to pour the liquid down his throat. Higher up however it is much better and the wine and red wine at Menaggio was very tolerable.

Rain had abated. I left Musso at 9, but before I had got far it began again (rain) and I had it about 5 miles to Domaso. Here I stopped to get a boat to go to the extremity of the lake, a distance of 10 miles. The first boatman who accosted me asked ten francs. I offered him two which he soon came down to, so after waiting a quarter hour till a violent rain had abated, off I set with a man and boy in a pretty large boat, covered with an awning to keep off the rain, which did not cease the whole way, but every now and then became very heavy.

The upper part of the lake called Mezzola communicates with the rest by a narrow channel in which the current is very strong. Here the boatman got out and towed for a couple of miles after which he had to row against wind and stream all up the Fiume Mera so that we were five hours and a half in going to the Riva, a little hamlet where the boat stops. I took an oar sometimes to relieve the boy but I found it terribly hard work. The boatman must have been very strong to keep at it so long. The shores of the lake which I passed in the boat came very different from those below, steep, rocky, but scantily covered with forest trees. As the road runs close to the water through swampy meadows, which are now in such a state that had I attempted to come other than by boat, I should have had to wade up to my middle in mud and water.



When I landed at the Riva it was still raining and I was told that the roads were in several places flooded and that I must take a carretto (small 2 wheel cart) to go to Chiavenna, about 7 miles further up the valley. The driver of a return car offered to take me for 4 f, but as I was not inclined to be at much more expense I set off on foot in the midst of the rain. When he passed me soon after on the road he asked me again so I offered him an Austrian lira (8f) and this he agreed to take me, after watching me walk a mile to see if I would come to his terms.

The road was very tolerable and the water, which covered it in one or two places, was but an inch or two deep. However as the rain continued I was not sorry to have a lift and to get in here earlier. I mean to stay till Monday morning so that I shall have time enough to look at the town, which is no great size.

Sunday 23rd: Chiavenna

The rain which has continued all day has prevented me from seeing much of the town. I walked through a few streets this morning but saw nothing worth noticing.

In the afternoon I went to one of the churches and stayed the whole service for the first time in a Catholic church. It was very full and I was obliged to stand for there were no seats vacant except near the door of the sermon which was preached high and I was able to understand the greater part and thought it good and very well adapted to the congregation who were almost all working people. It was very different from some which I have heard, or rather parts of which I have heard in Paris, and with the exception of a few Latin quotations



(which however he translated) might have been preached by a protestant clergyman with great propriety.

The weather having cleared up at Sunset (9pm), I took another short walk through the town. It is built entirely upon a rock, which in one part projects so as to form one side of a street. Close round the town are high mountains, the lower part of which is covered with vineyards, supported by numerous wall-like steps, on the rock, which at a little distance seems almost perpendicular.

On returning from my walk I was much vexed to find that my penknife which I carried with me for 2 ½ years has escaped through a hole in my pocket. I would not have lost it anywhere for five times its value, but here the loss is doubly vexatious as I cannot get another for 4 days at least, and I can scarce do without one for one day.

Monday 24th: Chiavenna to Splugen

The rain which continued all night, ceased soon after five and at 6 when I set out on my journey it was quite fine, but when I had walked about ten miles it began again, though fortunately the horizon was scarce clouded so that I could see the tops of the mountains.

Soon after one I reached the inn and the custom house about a mile and a half below the highest point over which the road passes. Here it was like a fair or market, such a number of men, carts and horses were waiting in the open space before the inn. Here I gave my knapsack to a cowman whom I met, to take it to Splugen, where he told me he should arrive before six at the latest. I then walked on wrapped in my cloak and in three hours reached this place.

The rain which had abated a little increased as I entered the village. I walked near through it without seeing a sign, and then I enquired for the inn or one of the inns, for I knew there were two at least. After being directed first here and then there, right and wrong, I at last got into one out of the rain.

After having got something to eat I enquired about the cowman. However he did not arrive till past seven. Meanwhile as I could not go out and had neither book nor paper I amused myself with walking round the room whistling marches and wishing the cowman not further off, but a good bit nearer.

As soon as he arrived I lugged out my paper and here I am writing away. Never having heard of the Splugen (till it was mentioned to me by the young Frenchman at Bonneville), I was surprised to find a fine broad road, very nearly as good as that of the Simplon. The slope is nearly the same, consequently as the mountain is considerably higher the road winds much more. I have drawn two lines on the back of the letter. One represents a part of the ascent, the other of the descent hither. The latter I had not patience to follow, but cut across down the steep, and so did in three minutes what would otherwise have taken twenty. There are several very fine galleries, one of them more than 400 yards long, not cut through the rock but built of stone and intended to support the rock where it has been cut to make room for the road, as well as to protect travellers from the falling of the loose masses of granite with which the sides of the mountains are covered.



I have described to you already three mountain passes so I shall not say much of the scenery through which I passed. It was very wild and bleak and as I walked alone and against the wind and rain I felt a little dismal till I had got a little way on the descent, when I soon got into good spirits again.

Tuesday 25th: Splurgen

I have been obliged to stay a day in this place much against my will, but fearing I had a touch of cholera last night, I was not at all in a fit state for walking this morning. Indeed I scarce came off the bed till one o'clock. It was some consolation to think that even had I been well I should have been detained at least till the afternoon, for the rain fell very hard and all the morning.

At 2 as the sun shone a little I walked out and climbed up a meadow where I found a few plants and picked a handful of the sweet scented orchid Conopsea, which grew there in great abundance.

This valley is 4500 ft above the level of the sea, so that the mountains which surround it, though capped with snow seem of no great width. There are here neither cornfields nor gardens, but plenty of fine meadows which are all kept for hay, for during the summer the cows are driven to the high pastures which in winter are quite inaccessible. Here as in most alpine valleys, wood is very cheap and abundant, and in the houses which are built of stone, much is used as would suffice for ten English houses of the same size. The partitions are made of planks 4 or 5 inches thick and the rooms, ceiling included, are all wainscoted, at least this is the case in the inn at which I am, which is not the best in the place, for according to the new direction I took at Musso, I intend in future always to go to the small inn by which I hope to be able to live cheaper, and so far I have no reason to regret for the little inconvenience which a year ago would have annoyed me. I think nothing of it now.



When I was shown my bedroom, seeing 9 beds in it I asked the servant if it was intended that anyone else should sleep here, to which she answered that she believed not. I told her it was not enough to believe, she must be certain, so she went down and returned with a positive answer. However about ten o'clock a man rapt at the door having first tried to open it and desired to be let in. I said "you can't come in". Says he "I must, this is my bedroom and I must sleep here". Says I "you will do no such thing, you must speak to the servant", whereupon he called to the servant who was not far off and asked somewhat indignantly whether he could not sleep here, to which she replied, nay, nay the English gentleman (herr) is there, whereupon he left the door muttering and I suppose found a bed in some other room. The language here is a sort of German, which however is not very difficult to understand.



Wednesday 26th: Splugen to Chur (Coira)

I was up at 6, and breakfasted at the Inn, and then I started from Splugen at 7, and followed the main road leading hither.

After about 18 miles I entered a narrow pass scarce less humbly beautiful than the valley of Gondo (Simplon), indeed I think it would be more so were the road at the bottom, but as it runs



midway it is impossible to take in the whole heights of the rocks at once. The road was cut from the side of the cliffs, passed through two short galleries and twice crossed the valley on bridges 500 ft above the stream, which rushing from out a very narrow passage formed an eddying basin beneath the bridge and then soon again disappeared between the converging rocks.

I walked about 12 miles in the midst of such scenery and then after passing a high abrupt rock which like a giant seemed to stand sentinel of "enchanted land" I came suddenly into a broad valley and in a few minutes to Thusis a little dirty place dignified with the name of town.

Thusis has one long street, and is very dirty. There is a bridge just before the town over a broad, pebbly bedded small stream, black as styx. There are many cherry trees near the town.

I merely passed through it and kept on my way along the side of the river (one of the two principle branches of the Rhine which, as if the make amends for the confinement it had suffered in the rocky chasm here spreads far and wide converting all the flat part of the valley into a flat pebbly bed. I met with an old woman on the road with whom I had a little talk. She was full of the devastations lately committed by what she called the wicked water (or I might better translate the word naughty).

The sloping sides of the valley were covered with pretty villages surrounded by orchards of cherry, pear, etc, fields of maize and other corn, and higher up were the ruins of several ancient castles.

9 miles from Chur, at the village of Reichenaur (Tamins), is the junction of the two branches of the Rhine which henceforth becomes a considerable river navigable for larger boats. From this place the valley is really flat, and the middle of it are several large mounds which I should have taken for tumuli, especially as the neighbouring mountains made them look smaller than they really were, however on a nearer inspection I found them to be formed of solid limestone with only a very thin covering of earth. It began to rain at Reichenaur and continued to Chur.

Having trusted to the statements in the guide rather than to a measurement of the map, I reckoned the distance from Splugen at 25 miles. I found it however to be a little short of 35. Luckily I got my knapsack carried more than 2/3 of the way, but as it was I did not reach Chur till past seven.

As soon as I entered the town I looked out for a sign, but no sign met my eyes so after having wandered through half the town I enquired for an inn and could not get shown to any but this which is the largest inn in the place.

After eating my dinner or supper, and being pretty well tired I was inclined for bed, but when I

went to turn in I found that said bed though very fit for some poor rich wretch unable to lie down would not suit me at all. It was composed of a straw mattress which did not reach to the tip, but the space was filled by 4 great sacks of hay which raised the incumbent in the bed to an angle of 80°. Besides this were three or four soft pillows so that it was more like an easy chair than a bed. Then for the covering, this was composed of a cotton sheet, thin as tissue paper and a thick feather 'duvet'. Luckily there was another bed in the room, so I lugged out the sack, filled up its place with a bolster or two and with the sheets and counterpane (only of thin cotton) of the other bed, contrived to make something like a comfortable covering, for it was not warm enough to lie with a single sheet, nor cold enough to be smothered under a feather bed. I recollect reading 'some travels in germany' the author of which complains of similar beds but he was much worse off than I for his bed was so short that he was obliged either to sit up "more germanic", or to keep his knees touching his chin.



Sup at 8½. Bed at 9½. Walk 33 miles.

Thursday 27th: Chur to Lantsch

I waked at 6½, and wrote in my room until 8. Then I went out into town, and breakfasted at a café, and read a paper, seeing English news. I bought a penknife. I saw the cathedral, which has a small choir, a much raised altar piece, with a lot of gilding, and bad pictures with absurdly dressed images. There was nothing good in the architecture or decorations.

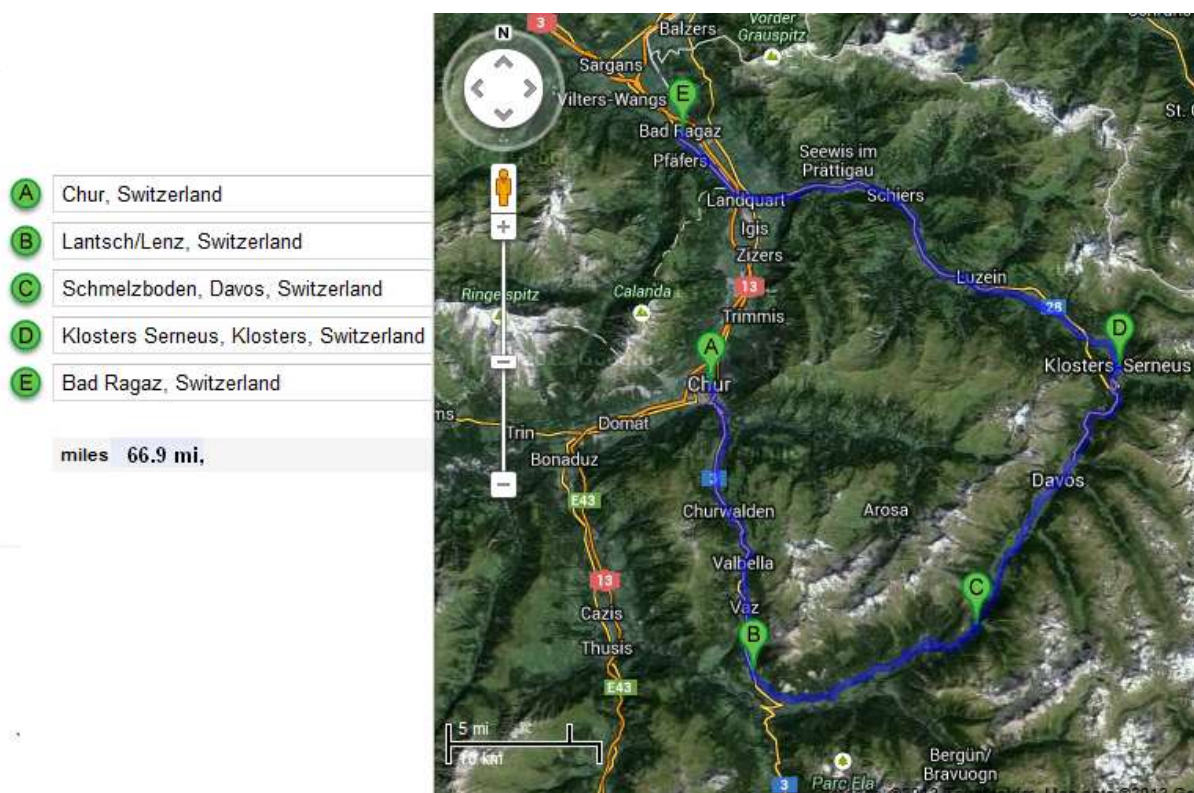
I went back to the Inn, finished writing, and paid my bill, which was extraordinarily small.

I have walked through a good deal of the town which is not large, less than 4000 inhabitants. There are many good houses but the streets are narrow and dirty. According to the excellent principle of not doing things by halves they have taken up the whole pavement of a street before laying down a single stone and as it is still a thoroughfare you may suppose after 10 minutes of rain what a pretty mess it must be in. I cannot see or hear anything which might induce me to prolong my stay here an hour. I shall be off.

I had intended to go straight to Maienfeld (*near Bad Ragaz*) but I now think of making a three days circular diversion which will enable me to see more of the country and inhabitants and to judge of the latter better than I could do in the villages bordering the high road. In those which I shall pass through they speak only the romance of which I am quite ignorant. I shall endeavour to get a few of the most necessary nouns off one of the servants here and might try signs for the rest, unless perchance I meet with someone who speaks German.



In yesterdays walk I met with a plant I had not before seen and which I was very glad to find, the *linnaea borealis*. It was growing in great quantities in the mossy rocks by the side of the road.



At 12 I left Chur, whence came by a steep ascent to the village of Parpan and from thence by a more gentle descent to this place (Lantsch). The road lay at first along the side of a narrow valley and then where this became wider, first through a wood of firs and afterwards over open downs, with only here and there a few stunted fir and larch. I stopped to look at the town and valley covered with vineyards: it was very beautiful. Although there was nothing particular in the scenery, still I felt almost as much pleasure from here as I have done at any time, and I have seldom been in better spirits than this afternoon.

I met with a peasant on the road, and conversed with him, until we came to Churwalden. Here I went into small Inn, and ate bread and cheese and wine. I walked on through Parpan. Beyond here the country was wild, with forests of firs. There were few houses, and no fields. The children beg and are abusive. I cut a stick. The going here was very hard. I was near loosing

my way, but managed to put myself right without asking. I got to Lantsch at 7. The inhabitants here speak Romansch.

Though the road is very bad, scarce passably for any but the light carts used here, it is the principle one to the baths of St Moritz, so that there is here a very decent inn in which German is spoken, so that I have no difficulty yet as to the language. I supped with a Swiss from Berne, going to St Moritz.

Bed at 10. Walked 16 miles. Fine.

Friday 28th: Lantsch to Schmelzboden

I start from Lantsch at 7, after breakfasting at the Inn. I intended to go to Klosters-Serneus, a place about 28 miles off. I walked to Brienz, and from thence to Alvaneu Bad. When I had got on 7 or 8 miles, seeing I had to pass a bridge which I could not find in the map I suspected I had gone wrong, and turned back $\frac{1}{4}$ mile to enquire of 2 women whom I had seen in a field. I fancied they understood my question as they repeated the name of the place and pointed to the same road so I turned back once more and continued my walk 2 or 3 miles further, when I came to a large village (called Filisur).

I asked the name of a man who was passing and who spoke German and on referring to the map I found I was quite out of the way as in order to get into the right roads must have gone back nearly all the way. I preferred crossing the mountains to get to Jenisberg, from which I could see by the map I could soon get into the road I had left.

There was no path so I had to walk and climb amongst the trees as well as I could. As the mountain was here very low I was not long in reaching the top. Hence I descended through a still thicket, only to the river, but nothing like a village could I see. As I knew the path crossed the river, I thought the best plan would be to follow its course till I came to the bridge. This I did with great difficulty for besides the numerous living trees were many dead ones lying in all directions.

Presently I came to a part where I could walk close along the water, but after doing this some time I found myself stopped by a projecting rock, round which the stream rushed deep and strong. In order to avoid going back some way I set about climbing up the side of the mountain which was a very steep bank of earth and fine stones, so steep that I was obliged to dig or cut a place for each foot as I went on. This you may suppose was not a little fatiguing, however at last I got among the trees again and ascended some height. When I had gone a little way, on looking down on the stream I thought it seemed broader and shallower than below, and that I might be able to cross it so I descended again quickly *the slope which I had climbed* with so much difficulty, but when I came close to the water I found that though it might *be possible to cross* unencumbered, it would be by no means as when I was loaded with my clothes and knapsack, so, after *standing a while* as if waiting for it to cease flowing, I was obliged to think about reascending, for there was no possible *way across*.

I had to cut my steps as before, but was obliged to proceed with more caution, the bank being still steeper *than before*. *Gradually I made my way* up the steep side of the mountain, sometimes climbing by the help of the trees, sometimes holding by the heather, till 4 *when I began to think* I am to pass the night there. I fell in with a little path, by following which I came $\frac{1}{2}$ hour to a village.

Here I spoke to a man whom I saw before one of the houses, in romansh, and was not sorry when he said in German "I don't *speak romanch*", allowing me to speak more easily. I enquired the name of the village and found to my surprise that it was Jenisberg, which I had been aiming for when I left Chur behind: so that I had been 7 hours in coming, what according to the map was not more than 2 miles.

It is probable that Philip missed a turning around Alveneu, and ended up in Filisur. From here he would have come through the fields and forest to the Landwasser, which is in a gorge. Following this he then climbed back up through the forest and eventually found the path to Jenisberg. All apparently without a compass.



From this village I walked along the mountain side to a leadmine, about 2 miles further. Though there was nothing extraordinary to be seen here, I had never been in one. I thought it would be a pity to lose the opportunity, so being equipped in miners cap we entered a tunnel about 1000 ft in length, descended one shaft and then came to a place where several men were at work excavating the rock.



After looking at the rock and which here was very rich in ore, I ascended a number of shafts by ladders to the steps of the entrance tunnel, and at last to the light of day. From this place to the road there is a long flight of steps in a gallery, which joins the large building containing crushing or pulverising machines, the washing tringles, etc.

It was getting dark when I came out, and was quite so before I reached the village, with steam/slag which signifies smelting ground, for here are the furnaces etc. I found a very tolerable inn, in which I hope to sleep peacefully as it is now 11 o'clock.



Saturday 29th: Schmelzboden to Klosters

I slept so sound last night that I did not turnout till 6 ½ and then as I stopped to breakfast *I did not set out till after eight*. It is at Schmelzboden that the lead found in the mine I saw yesterday is reduced. The zinc must be sent further *away, for it needs wood for the furnaces, and wood is in no great plenty*, for though there are abundance of firs on the sides of the mountains they dare not cut them down for fear lest the avalanches *come through*. The road which I took passed along the middle of the valley, here broad and covered with meadow, in which a number of persons were busily *cutting the grass for the winter*. They can not of course use wagons for this purpose but carry it in bundles by means of ropes to the wooden buildings where it is stowed away for the *winter*.

I came to a lake about ½ mile across here. I had a bath for the first time in Switzerland, for the rivers are all too rapid that it is quite impossible to bath in them, *except that of Geneva*. After this I passed over some barren uneven ground containing nothing but fir trees, and at the end of this came suddenly *to a place with near 250 houses scattered in every direction over a township valley, covered with bright green meadows, cornfields, etc*. As it lay some 100 feet below *I descended happily* as the sun was shining brightly and the sky was clear all around.

Though on arriving here I had only walked 16 miles I did not feel inclined to *carry on, and came to a little inn and intend to sleep here*. It is at this place that the zinc from Schmelzboden is smelted. I have been to see the furnaces which *are nearby* and the fire is kept in for years. The furnace is traversed by long *copper tubes 18 inches in diameter*. The ore is first in at one end and the *metal is collected at the other*. I saw a fine greenish flame proceeding from the zinc, which *is melting*. A great deal is lost in this way, but the size which is collected is *significant*.

But few travellers pass this way for I was eyed with more curiosity than I have seen. At one place I was hailed by two mowers who *came to the side of the road to speak to me*. They asked where I was going, whither I came from, my country, whether I had heard any news at Chur, *and enquired what is had cost, etc*. All these questions were made with so much good humour and civility that I was very ready to answer them. But as *they had strong accents I could not always understand at first, though upon the whole I continued to make out what they meant*.





The triangles on the back of the letter represent *something* in a village I passed through day before yesterday. *The word for what this was is missing – maybe it is a person.*

Sunday 30th: Klosters to Bad Ragaz

I started this morning at 6¼ from Klosters, thinking to get to Fideris, 10 miles away. *I wanted to go to church, for they are Protestants there. However the service began early and when I entered the village all doors were shut, but someone allowed me in, so leaving my knapsack at the door of the church I went in. The service had not long begun. It was nearly the same as the Catholic service in other places.*



Fideris village church

After this I went into a little inn, and made a good breakfast for 8. I had intended to stay till the evening, but there was no other service and besides I could not get a room to myself. I thought it better to walk on and so came as far as *Bad Ragaz*. I have not anything to say of the scenery I passed through. All the lower part of the valley was converted into a stony waste by the river, which in places swept away large fir trees which had been fixed in the ground to resist it.

Monday 31st: Bad Ragaz to Mols

This morning I set out, first up a steep narrow path shaded by a wood of beech trees, then along open meadows, and lastly I descended an equally steep path to the spa (*Bad Ragaz*), the most celebrated and frequented in Switzerland. There is no village there but one very large building, the rooms of which are *spartan*. It is irregularly intimated in a deep, very narrow ravine, one side of which rises near 900 ft perpendicular. The sun is only seen for a few hours in the summer. Here as at Leuk little attention seems to be paid to the comfort of amusement of the invalids. The room were *spartan*, and it is a dirty place more like a prison room than anything else, and the baths are fit only for Russian boors. However, the inns do not open and the house was quite full, there being in it 880 persons, besides servants, etc. The water is conveyed in pipes from the springs nearby. There were 370 persons at the baths.

Higher up the gorge, above the river which runs in the bottom there is a path of planks leading to them, the view from it is said to be very impressive. But as there is no railing a door has been put up where it passes though the rock, and in order to enter it is necessary to pay for the key, take a guide etc, so as I did not think it worth so much trouble, not to mention the expense, I gave it up, and carried on along the path, which crossed the valley by a bridge of rock and then ascended flight of steps, partly wooden partly cut from the rock.

I walk along upper part of village and monastery of Pfeffers. Then descend through woods etc to Bad Ragaz.

I paid my bill. The landlord attempted to cheat in giving change: he speaks French. I started from Bad Ragaz at 1½.



I carried on a while from Bad Ragaz intending to sleep at Walenstadt. As I could find out no footpath I was obliged to follow the hot dusty highroad through a flat uninteresting country, partly swamp, partly with orchards (I say flat but there were very high mountains on either side) for about 10 miles. When, seeing some pedestrians come out of the fields, crossing a stile, I asked

if that were a footpath to Walenstadt. I was told no, but to Mols, a small village on the side of the lake through which I had intended to pass tomorrow. As I had little wish to see Walenstadt (a small dirty town containing as far as I can learn nothing worth attention) I took this path, which led over meadows, through woods and crossed two little hills, from one of which I had a good view of the town (Walenstadt) 1¼ mile to the right.

In the first village I came to (Flums) there were so many roads and paths that I had to enquire 3 times. *Twice I went wrong, but put myself right without asking.* At the last I was told you can't miss the way, but before I had got 100 yards I was stopped by a woman who asked if I was going to Mols so pointed out another path as the right. After this I steered by an old ruin which I knew I must pass, but again after passing it got a quarter of a mile out of the way when I met a person who put me right, at last by quick walking I reached the village (Mols) soon after seven, and entered a little town, *close to the lake*, where I have found clean linen, great civility and a good supper.

So I am well contented I daresay. I own one of the younger ones would laugh at the washing apparatus I have several times got. Today for instance I have got no jug, and plate for basin and a towel girdle in silk.

Bed at 9¾. Sleep well. 28 miles. Fine.

AUGUST

Tuesday 1st: Mols to Glarus

I was up at 4½, and mended my drawers until 5.

(Writing at 11am). Having paid my bill, at which amounted to no more than =9d, I started at 5½ from Mols and followed the narrow footpath which led along the shores of the lake. I stopped half an hour to bath. *I saw a chestnut and lime tree growing together. Beyond Mühlehorn I was overtaken by peasant. I conversed with him and he carried my knapsack.* I walked but slowly on so that it was 9¼ when I reached the village of Kerenzer (8 miles), where I stopped to breakfast. *The woman serving me was very civil.*

I was off again at 11. From thence I have walked on a couple of miles, and have stopped here to enjoy the beautiful view and to rest in the shade a few minutes. I stopper at 11½ to rest, and wrote a little of this letter. The opposite side of the lake is bounded by a chain of mountains which rise up like a wall from the water in scarce more than 50ft, in others 500ft. In the slopes above the former are situated 2 villages, which however can have no direct communication with the lake. On this side the coast is at first long and sloping, but afterwards resembles the opposite shore. So that the village I have left as far as this spot is separated by a precipice from the water to the lake. The sky is without even the appearance of a cloud. The blue lake is smooth as glass. Below me



is a little plain opening to the SE and NW. In the latter direction I can see for a long way over the lake of Zurich, which is not more than 16 miles from hence. I was so pleased with this view that I thought when I look out my paper and pen I should be able to give you something like a description of it but I find I have quite failed. Indeed I fear my descriptions in general are very stupid, but I assure you the writing of them gives me pleasure, if the reading allows you none, so I hope you will tolerate them at any rate.

The end of the lake is low and swampy. I passed through forests of firs and beach. I descend at Mollis: a large village, with many good houses. I saw children coming out of school in great numbers. After Mollis I took the high road.

The heat was so great and the way so much longer than I had reckoned that I did not get to Glarus till 5. However I have had time enough to look at the town which is small and contains nothing remarkable. It is situated in a flat valley surrounded by high mountains. I have first taken a little walk out of the town and have been much pleased with the views around. It has one broad street, and many good houses, some of wood. Potatoes cultivated in great quantities, but there are very few vineyards. The people are civil, and all salute. The women are employed in farm working.

The closeness of the evening is still more than the burning heat of the day and I am scarce fit or inclined for anything but to offer myself up to bed, especially as I was up soon after 4 this morning.

Bed at 9. Fine and hot. 19 miles.

Wednesday 2nd: Glarus to Schwyz

I got up yesterday morning before six and would have started immediately, but was vexatingly detained, waiting for some linen I had given to be washed, till past 8, so that when I set out the sun was very hot. I passed through Riedern, and then ascended an irregular valley for about 2 miles, and then descended into a space surrounded by perpendicular rocks, in the middle of which was a pretty little lake about a mile long, and ¼ mile broad. This spot was praised up as very beautiful in the guide, but I did not think it anything very extraordinary. The Klonthalensee is a long oval, surrounded by steep mountains. One side is nearly bare. There are large quantities of wood heaped up along the edge. There are fine meadows, with mowers at work. I bathed in the lake. I was teased by *fabani*. The water a few feet below the surface was very cold.





After leaving the lake I walked on through meadows, then through wood of sycamores, then wilder parts, bare or covered with firs. I ascended a hill, then descended again. Lastly ascended a part of the mountains about 300 ft above the level of the valley, to Pragel pass, which was quite bare, and had a Chapel on top. I got quickly along the top of this, which was level and covered with short grass, but the descent was not always so easy, for as the path was formed of large irregular slippery stones, some caution was necessary to escape falling. I descend the rough, difficult path towards Muotathal.



At last I came into the Muotathal and to the village of the same name situated in it, arriving there at 5. From Glarus to this place, 25 miles, there is no village or even hamlet. There is a convent here, and the church is large and neat. There are scarce any cornfields. There are here and there chalets, and I saw a number of haymakers in the valleys, of whom I could enquire the way for the path was in some places obliterated and not easy to find again.

I had thought of stopping at Muotathal but as there was nothing particular to be seen there, and I had still near 3 hours daylight I pushed on for Schwytz. The inhabitants of this valley, which I traversed in its whole length, are very different in features from any of the Swiss I have hitherto seen, and they speak such a dialect that I could scarce understand them or make them understand the few simple questions I had to put. They are tall, with high, round foreheads, and long noses, and light hair.

The valley terminates in a narrow pass, through which the path runs at a considerable height above the river, for you may always take it for granted that in every valley there is one river at least. There was a bridge across the river, and very thick woods.

At emerging from this I came in view of the town of Schwyz, beautifully situated at the foot of a long low sloping mountain covered by green fields and trees, quite to the top. The sun had just then just set and by the time I got down into the little plain it was pretty dark. I passed through the village of Ibach, and walking on at a quick pace I came at 1/8 into the town. I entered the first inn I came to, which turned out to be a fine one at last. I see a number of English titles in the travellers book, which I looked at last night. You may suppose I was not sorry to super, having eaten nothing since breakfast at Glarus.

When I got to my bedroom again I was not at all inclined for writing and rushed in forthwith.

Bed at 10. Very hot. Fine. 32 Miles.

Thursday 3rd: Schwyz

I got up this morning at 4 $\frac{1}{4}$ but was occupied more than two hours in darning my socks, which give me a good deal of trouble in this way. I have attempted to walk without them but have not yet been able to walk a whole day without getting my feet sore.

I am now going out to look at the town, and then shall walk to Brunnen, on the shore of the lake. Here I mean to take a boat to see the Hohle Gasse, a spot where William Tell is said to have shot Gessler, and thence proceed to the end of the lake from whence it is but a short walk to Luzern.

The Habsburg emperors of Austria were seeking to dominate Switzerland. Gessler, the newly appointed Austrian Vogt of Altdorf, raised a pole in the village's central square, hung his hat on top of it, and demanded that all the townsfolk bow before the hat. William Tell visited Altdorf with his young son and passed by the hat, publicly refusing to bow to it, and so was arrested. Gessler, intrigued by Tell's famed marksmanship, devised a cruel punishment: Tell and his son would be executed, but he could redeem his life by shooting an apple off the head of his son, Walter, in a single attempt. Tell split the apple with a bolt from his crossbow. But Gessler noticed that Tell had removed two crossbow bolts from his quiver, not one. Before releasing Tell, he asked why. Tell replied that if he had killed his son, he would have used the second bolt on Gessler himself. Gessler was angered, and had Tell bound. Tell was brought to Gessler's ship to be taken to his castle. But, as a storm broke on Lake Lucerne, the soldiers were afraid that their boat would founder, and unbound Tell to steer with all his famed strength. Tell made use of the opportunity to escape, leaping from the boat. Tell ran cross-country to Küssnacht. As Gessler arrived, Tell assassinated him with the second crossbow bolt along



a stretch of the road cut through the rock between Immensee and Küssnacht, now known as the Hohle Gasse. Tell's blow for liberty sparked a rebellion, in which he played a leading part. That fed the impetus for the nascent Swiss Confederation.

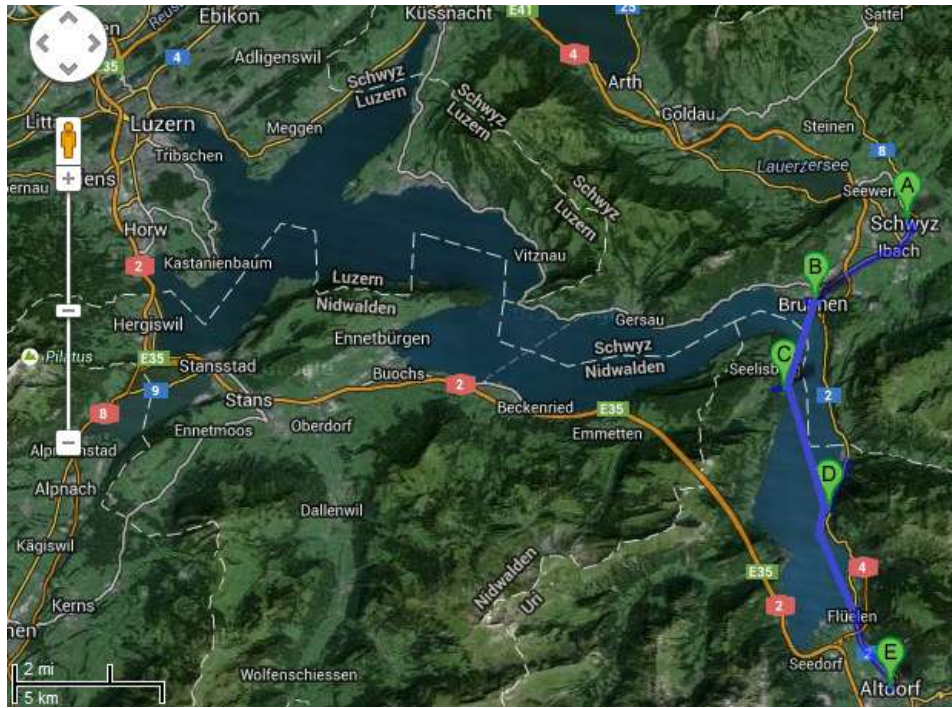
This letter is so very full that I think it best to close it at once, and put it in the post here.

Love to Mary, George, Sophia, John, William and Henry. Remembrances to all friends who ask after me. Believe me my dear parents your very affectionate and dutiful son Philip.

The weather is now exceedingly hot. Though not to agreeable for walking I hope it may continue for it is far better than rain.

DIARY

Letters No 5 and 6 from 3 August to 16 September are missing; this period is however covered by Philip's diary



AUGUST

Thursday 3rd: Schwyz to Altdorf

I was up at 4½, mended my socks until 6, slept again until 7, wrote until 8½, and then had breakfast. I walked about town, and saw the cathedral, whitewashed inside and out no beauty. There are no good street, but the houses are in general good. Beggars are numerous. Women wear a headdress on Sundays. I put my letter for home in the post.

I started at 11 to walk to Brunnen. From here I took a boat, which first stopped at Grutli, said to mark the place where past conspirators met. (*Rutli: The conspirators took an oath which lead to the founding of the Old Swiss Confederation*).



There are 8 fountains in small shed or house, but are locked up. The rocks near Grutli are singularly stratified, resembling masonry.



The boat then crossed across the Bay of Uri to the Tellen Platte (where the Tell Chapel is located) – a small chapel close to the lake. Fresco paintings on the walls represent the history of William Tell – much effaced. The ground around the chapel is steep but woody.



I landed at Fluelen. There was a girl there in the full costume of the canton. She was pretty, especially the bonnet. From here I walked on to Altdorf, where I arrived at 3 ½.

I went to a small Inn. The people were very civil. The landlord had been in England. After dinner I walked with his son to a terrace before the Capuchin monastery. There was a fine view of Altdorf and rest of valley. We then went to the Magazine, where soldiers were marching. There is one good street in Altdorf, and scattered, but good houses. There is a Tower in a central place on spot of a battle.



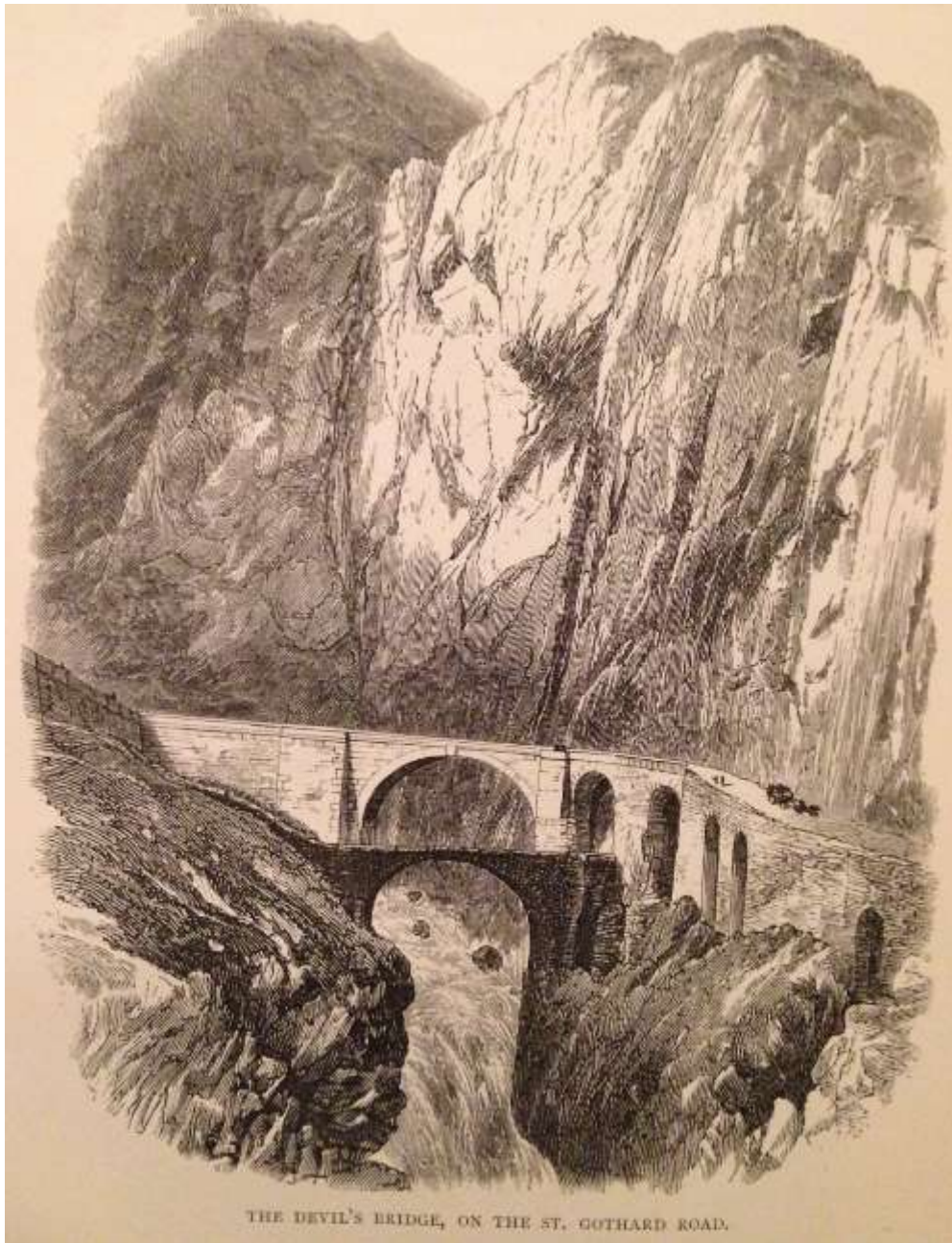
I sat in my room for the rest of the evening.

Walked 5 miles. Very hot.

Friday 4th: Altdorf to Andermatt

I was up at 4 ¾ - my watch had stopped. After breakfast in the Inn I started at 5½. The road as far as Gurnellen was good but winding. From thence the way was narrow and paved with granite pebbles. I pass over several bridges. The road levelled and without knowing it, I came across a waterfall, but there was nothing very beautiful in the scene.





I passed a tall perpendicular granite rock on one side of the road, (*Thomen Rock*), and then entered a low dark dirty passage (*Gotthard pass*) with nothing in the least picturesque about it, unless it be the sudden view of the valley of Unterez on emerging from it. The valley is flat, and contains only meadows. There are scarce any trees except for one clump of firs above the village. I attempted to find a small inn, but was obliged to come back to a large one at the entrance of the village of Andermatt. I saw J Collyns name in travellers book – he had written a great deal of nonsense in English and a little in French. The village is mostly composed of wooden houses, but some good stone ones. The church is very large for the place, but not handsome. Between Altdorf and this place there were a vast number of beggars, especially children, but I met or saw scarce anyone on the road.

Bed at 9. Fine, hot. 28 miles.

Saturday 5th: Andermatt to Airolo to Andermatt

I was up at 5½, but had to wait ½ hour for Breakfast. I started at 6½. I left the valley at the village of Hospental and began to ascend. The pass was barren, with long granite rocks, and climbed through 4 flats of high valleys, through which passed the Reuss river.

Lake at St. Gotthard Pass (2.106 m)
Ticino - Switzerland



At 9½ I reached the Hospice - a miserable little building situated on the top of the mountain in an irregular plain, principally occupied by 5 small lakes from which the two rivers arise. There was a great deal of snow, but it was very hard.

The descent was steeper and interrupted by melting snow.

I reach the village of Airolo in hour and half, where I rested until 11. I had to pay a toll – 2 Milan SOUS (probably for crossing from Switzerland to Italy). I met a young Swiss from Bale in the morning. I reach the Hospice again at 11½ and Andermatt at 3½.

I had looked at a collection of minerals from St Gotthard, at the village of Muotathal: principally quartz, some fine pebbles, and also much asbestos. The passage of St Gotthard is the wildest and most bare, and I may add the least interesting of any of the alpine passages I have seen; even less so than St Bernard.

I dined at the Inn with young Englishman: there was another English party also there.

Bed at 10. Fine and hot, rainy. 20 miles.

Sunday 6th: Andermatt to Realp

I was up at 6½ and walked 5 miles to Realp, arriving at 9. The valley was nearly the same as below. All the people were at church. I went to the Inn, which was connected with the church. The Curé (priest) was a monk and lives in the Inn. His library is in my bedroom: all Latin and German.

I was in doors most of the day, reading the Bible and writing letters, etc. I dined at 6 on boiled potatoes.

Bed at 9. Rainy. 5 miles.





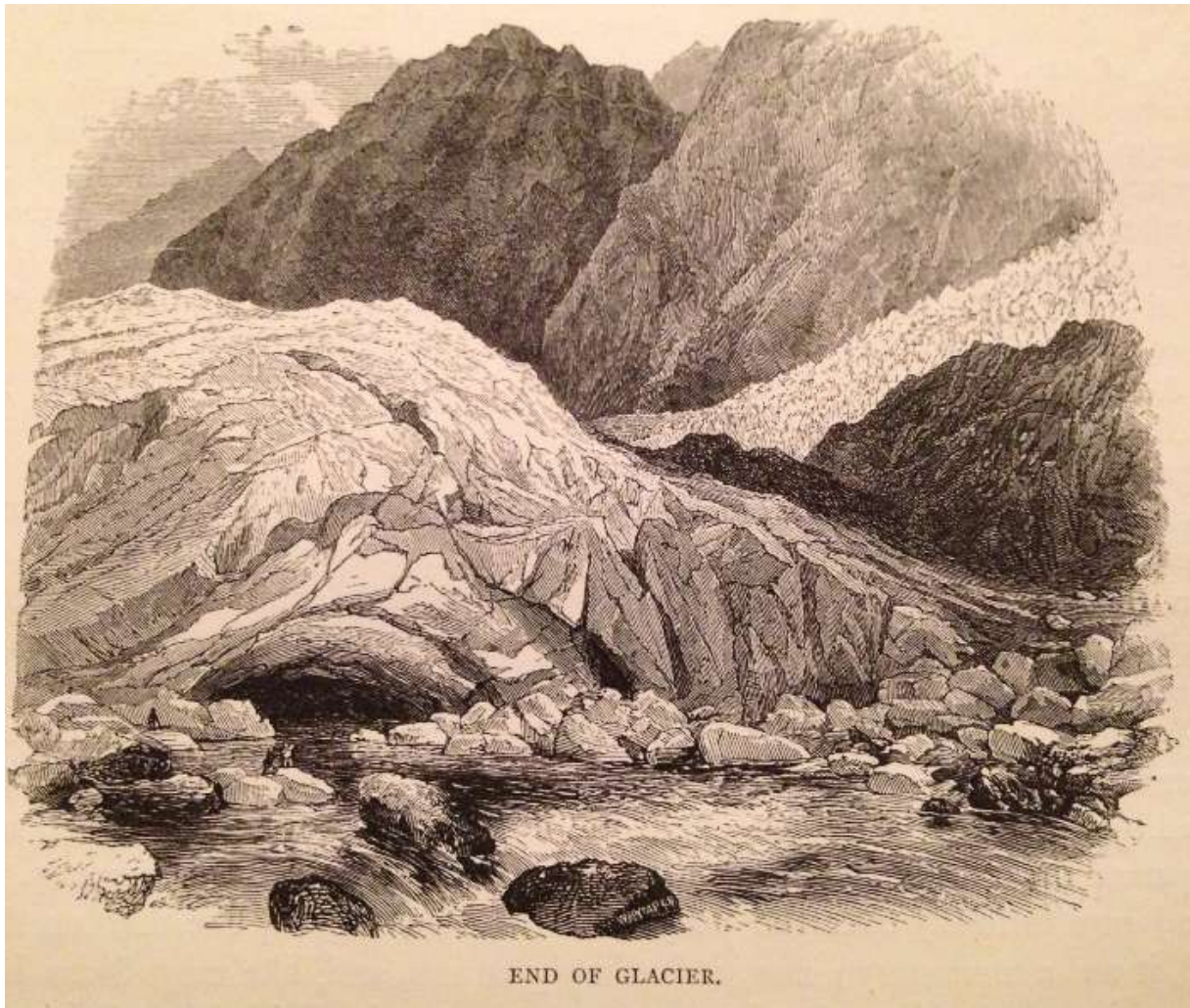
Monday 7th: Realp to Guttannen

I was up at 4½ and breakfasted at the Inn. I start at 6, walking along side of an ascending valley, and then across to top of the Furka peak, arriving at 9, and then descended rapidly to the bottom. The glacier of the Rhone descends from the top of the mountain and hills, up at the extremity of the valley. Before reaching it I was obliged to wade across torrents more than a knee deep.

The path runs along edge of the glacier, almost 40 feet above it. I crossed the Rhone, and enquired of a man in a chalet, but did not well understand him.

Rhonegletscher





END OF GLACIER.

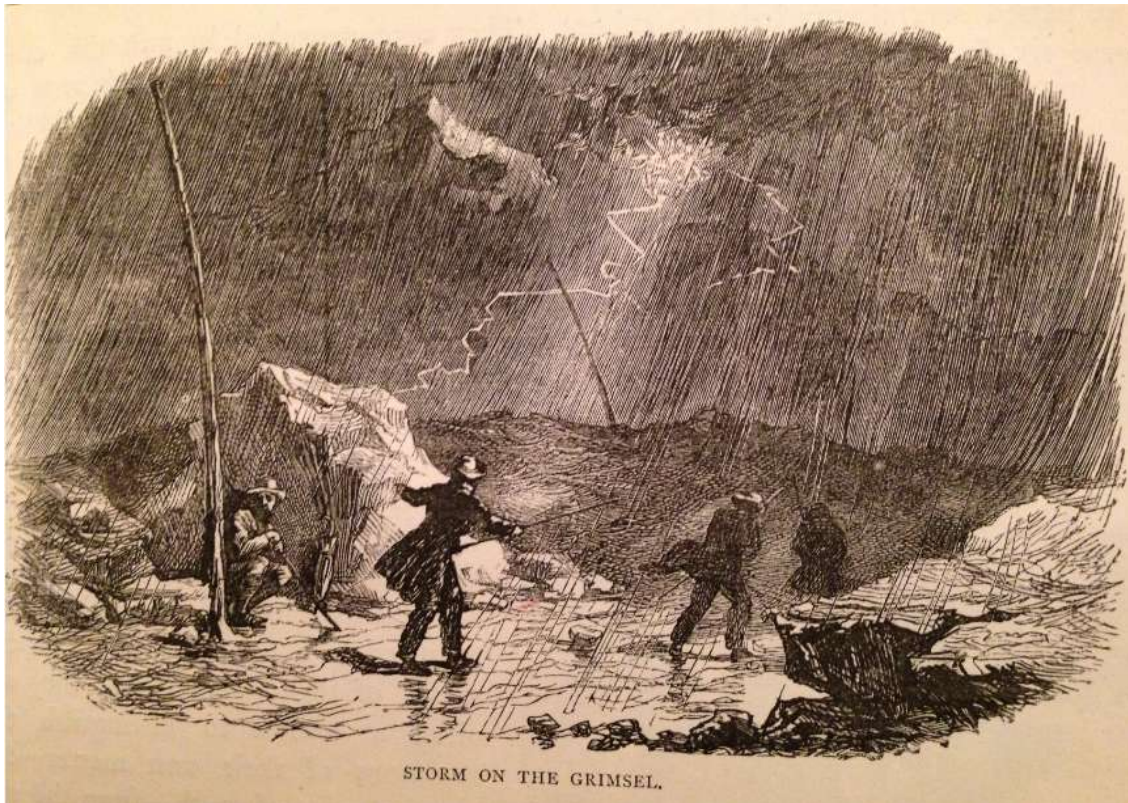
I came to the foot of the Grimsel pass but saw no path. I started to climb up: it was rather difficult, and I was obliged to use my hands and knees.

Near the top I found the path, and followed it to the first lake. There were magnificent views from thence: snowy mountains in every direction. Round the lake were masses of gravel and smooth granite, extending to 100 ft or more.

I again had some difficulty in finding the path. I stepped from stone to stone, guided by *marks* which led up the Sidelhorn (mountain) which I reached at 12, going round it the wrong way.

I was put got on the right trail again, but then went wrong again. I pass a trail bridge. A man came down and directed me. I set off over a bridge. I fell down and knock my knee, so rested on a block of granite, and ate lunch there.





I crossed the Aare river for the first time. The path was paved with granite: a pretty smooth surface, but sometimes very slippery. I cross the Aare again, twice more. There was a fine waterfall at one of the bridges (maybe handegg fall). At *Ratericht* (now flooded) I found a cottage, where I ask the way. The man showed me the way to a magnificent fall of Aare formed by the *Gelmerstutzbach*, 150 ft, perpendicular, very fine rainbow. I returned to the cottage. The spoons etc were cut from yew. There were 4 people at the cottage: they looked healthy and clean, and well made good specimen of Haslians (the valley is called Haslital). I pass through a forest of firs, and cross the Aare twice more. *(Note: several place names in the Grimsel section of the diary are nearly illegible).*



I reach at 4 the village of Guttannen, and went to the only Inn there. Travellers are obliged to write their name etc in a book for this purpose – a symptom of aristocratic government. My legs are inflamed from having been exposed to the sun, and are rather sore.

I dined at 5 on boiled mutton. After dinner I walk out in the village. There was a troop of children, some begging. The homes are all wood, but neatly built. The women are remarkably tall, well made and with fine features. Some of them are very handsome. The men are nothing remarkable.

(Hasli became affected by the modern era comparatively late, in the second half of the 19th century with the booming of tourism in Switzerland, and it preserved a rich tradition of folklore into the 20th century. In 1846, Johann Georg Kohl travelled to Hasli, describing both its natural landscape and its population. Kohl recorded a tradition claiming Scandinavian origin of the people of Hasli, telling of a march of 6,000 Frisians and Swedes exiled from their homes by a famine. The names of the leaders of the immigrating Swedes is reported as Restius and Hastus. Kohl describes the architecture of the Meiringen church as reminiscent of North Frisian and Scandinavian types).

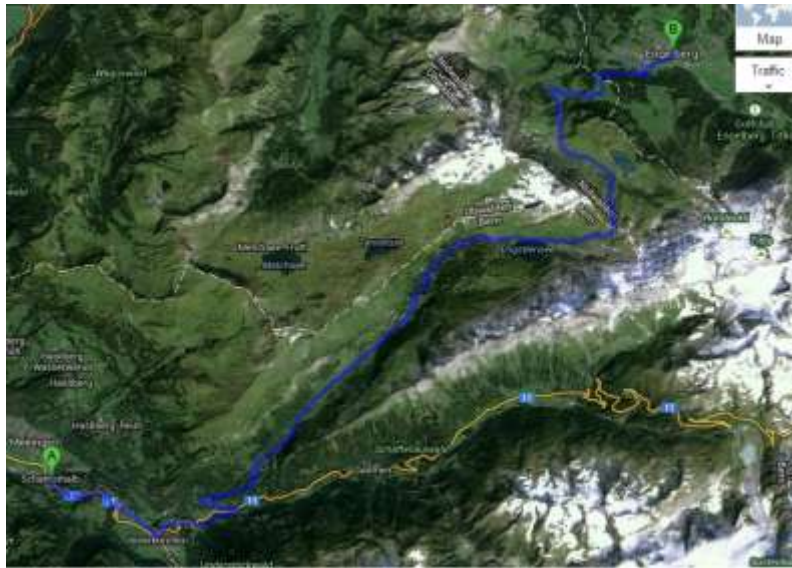
Bed at 9. Fine. 30 miles.

Tuesday 8th: Guttannen to Indorf

I was up at 7, and had breakfast at the Inn. I talked with two parties of German travellers going over the Grimsel pass. I started at 11, and walked slowly on. I fell in with a party of English, and walked with them to Indorf (*possibly now called Schattenhalb*). Going into the Inn there I met a young German and his wife, and gave them information about the Grimsel, etc, and talked with them for 1 ½ hours. I dined at 6, and then walked in the village. Talk with hay makers, ect. A young Swiss arrived, going next morning over the Jochstock pass with a guide.

Bed at 9½. Fine. 6 miles.

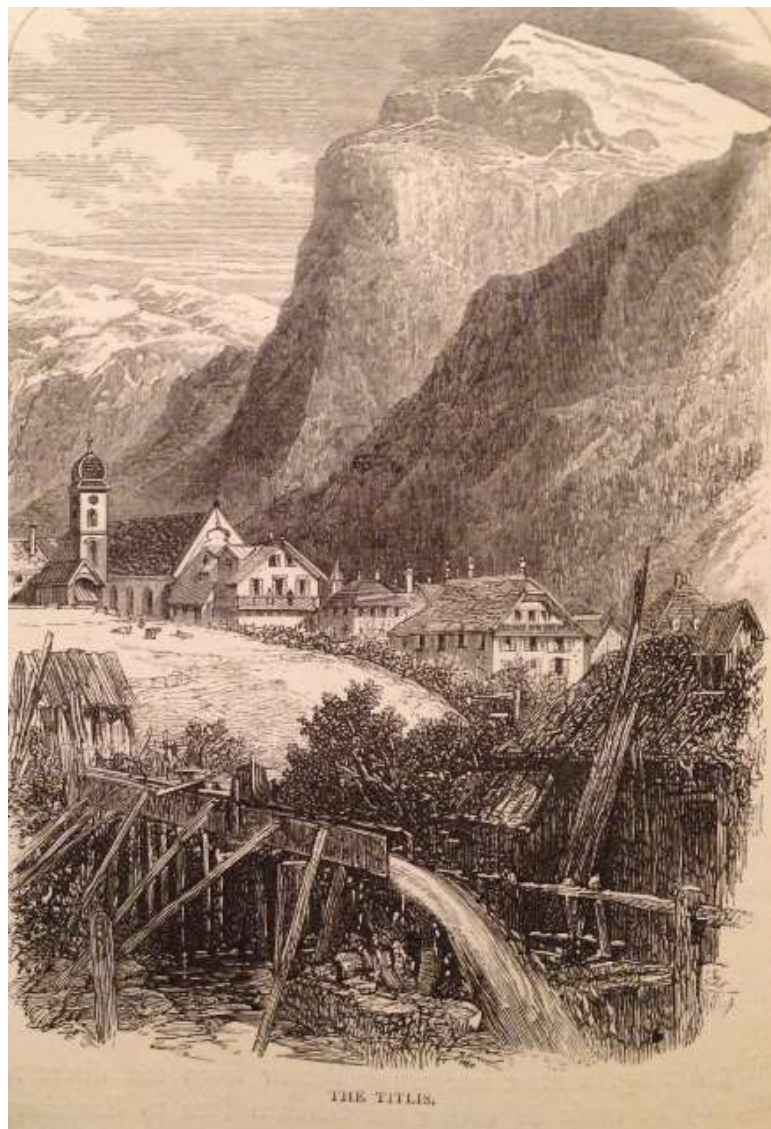
Wednesday 9th: Indorf to Engelberg



I got up at 4½, and had breakfast at the Inn, and then start at 6 with the Swiss and Alps guide. We went through a well wooded narrow valley, and then through open and wooded spaces, with perpendicular rocks on either side. There were waterfalls in one of these, coming out from the middle of a rock by several openings. There was a fine view of lakes and 3 peaks covered with snow.

We passed through a valley with a small lake at the foot of Titlis mountains (*Engstelensee*). I could hear the cracking of the glaciers.

We reached the top of Jochstock pass at 1. There was very little snow here, and a fine view of the mountains, Luzern, etc. The descent was very rough, with loose slates and stones, and unstable ground.



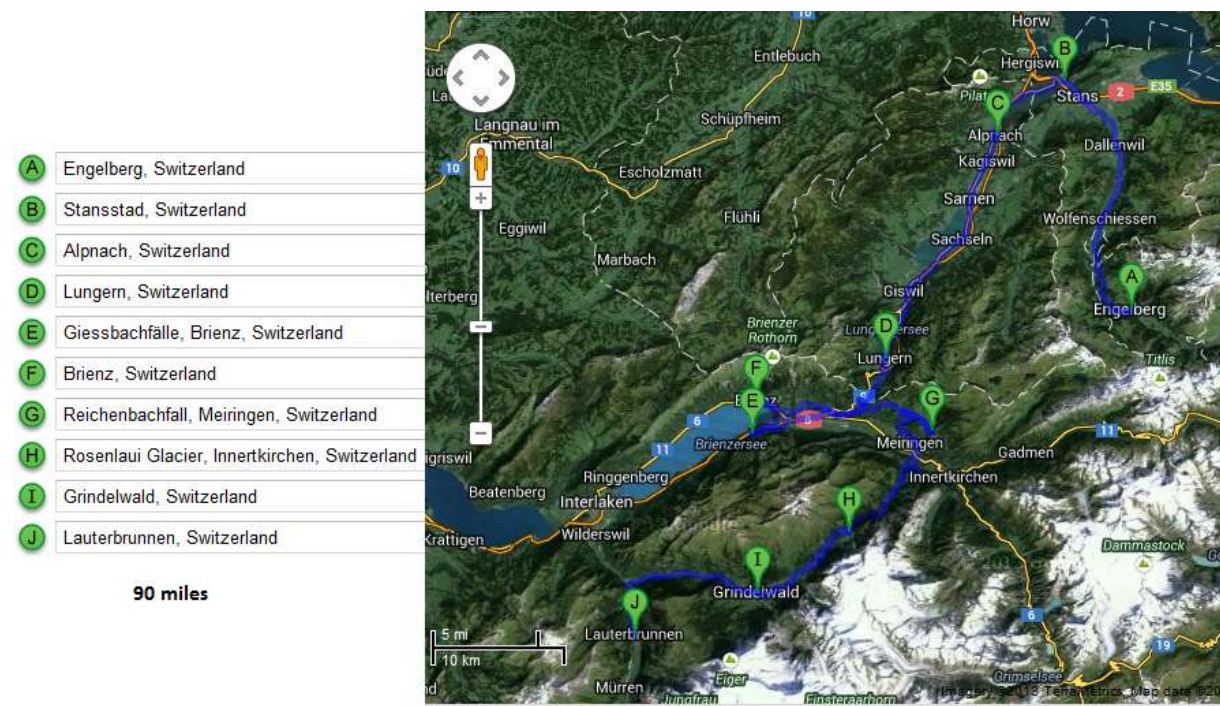
We pass near the Traubsee (lake), where there was a large fields of fine cows, and then descended into the valley of Engelberg and reaching the village at 3 went into the Inn.



I dressed etc, and then went to see the M.Muelly models, and the monastery church, etc. The rain came on very hard, and the mountains were all concealed by clouds. It cleared up a little towards sunset. I ate at 5½, and then felt very sleepy after dinner, so I lay on my bed until 8. The air was very sultry. Then I wrote, etc until 9¾.

Bed at 10. Fine, rainy. 24 miles.

Thursday 10th: Engelberg to Alpnach



When I got up at 5 I saw a great number of people coming out of the monastery church.

I started at 6. The descent from the valley was pretty steep. I passed through Wolfenschiesen, where there were also large numbers of persons coming out of the church there. The women were dressed in regular costume, with a high breastboard, and a bonnet like that of *Mori*. I arrived at Stans at 10 ½, and had breakfast at the Inn. I saw the Rathhaus, where there was a portrait of Landemmans etc, but the church was nothing remarkable, but there was a statue of von Winkelried in the place before the church (*In 1386, during the Battle of Sempach, a soldier from Stans, Arnold von Winkelried, is claimed to have thrown himself on the pikes of the Habsburg army which led the Swiss to victory*). There were soldiers exercising there as well. There were only two short regular streets in Stans, but the houses were



pretty good. The rest of the houses were scattered. There were a number of trees and fruit trees etc around the village, making pretty walks.

Heavy rain came on, so I stayed in the Inn until three. Then I started for Stansstad, but took the wrong road. I went on for a mile, but was forced to come back to Strans. I met the soldiers, going towards Thun. Finally I get to Stansstad at 4. I had to wait until 4½ for a boat. One rower was a woman – there are many women rowing. The rain begin again while on the water, and the mountains are covered with thick clouds. I reached Alpnach at 5½, and went into a large Inn. The landlord was very civil. I dined at 6½.

The Children have been begging all the way from Engelberg, which is very troublesome.

Bed at 8½. Raining. 17 Miles.

Friday 11th: Alpnach to Brienz

I was up at 5, and breakfasted immediately. The guide came to go up Mt Pilatus, but we gave up going there on account of the cloudy weather. I start at 6 with a medical student from Strasbourg (Kirschleger). We walk over flats, and then along the lake (Sarnensee), passed the hill at Kaiserstuhl, and then along the lake of Lungern. We dined at Lungern. There was an English party there.



We passed Brunigen, through the forest, and reach Ponery at 4¾, where we went to the Inn. Then I went to the end of the lake, to Geiessbach. I ascended to the top, and passed behind one of the falls - very fine. I went to Schulmeis (*maybe Schweissenalp*). There were trees and houses close by. I bought an engraving, and then returned to the boat, and crossed to Brienz, where I arrived at 8. There was an English lady and gent in the same room as me. I talked French with her, and she translated partly the conversation to him. He did not understand any of this but English.

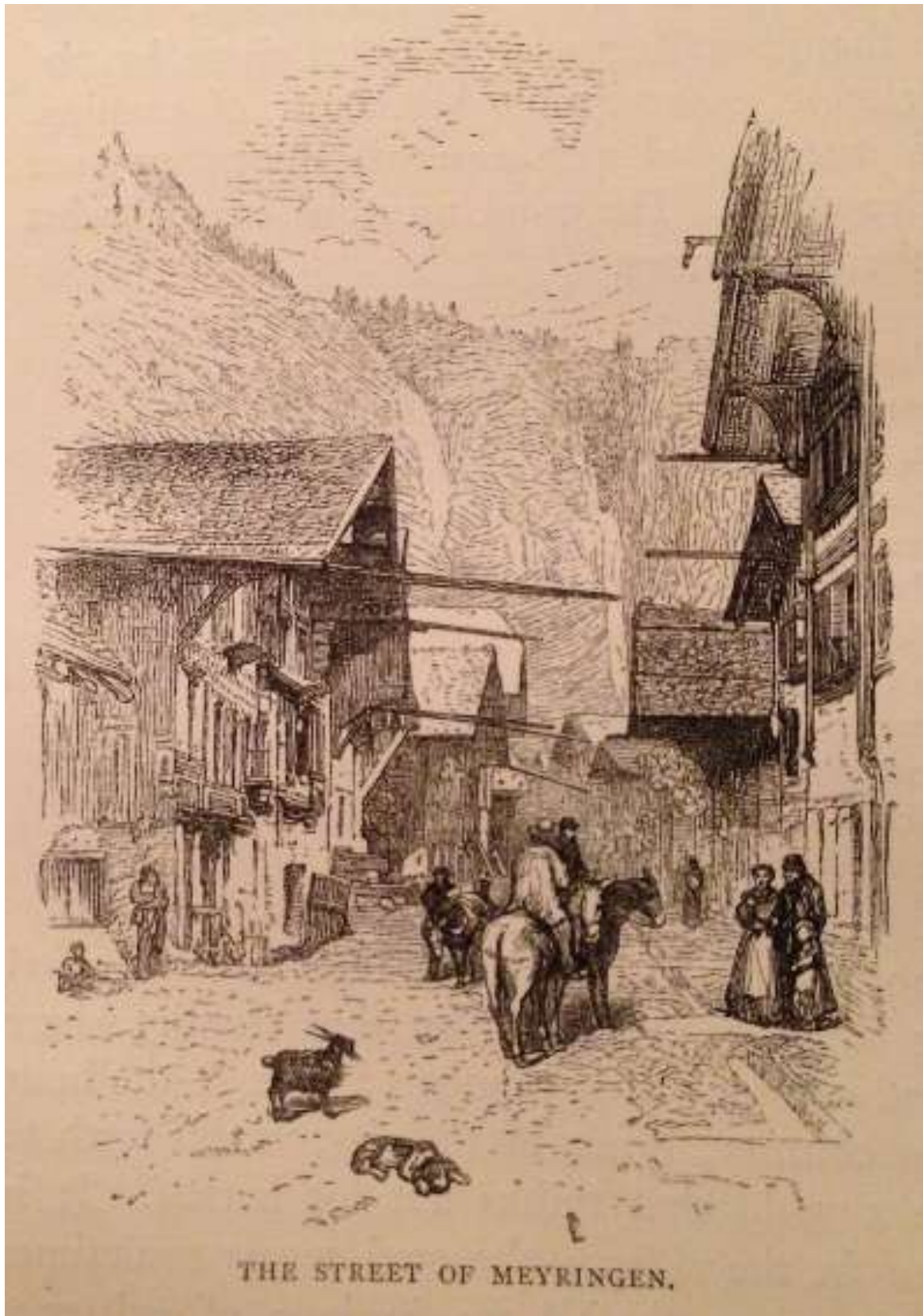
Bed at 10½. Showery. 28 Miles.



*It is probable that this was Frédéric R. **Kirschleger**. He was born on 7 January 1804 (in Munster, Haut-Rhin), so would have been 22 years old in 1826. He had very similar interests to Philip: he was a physician and botanist. He studied in Strasbourg, and then worked as an intern of pharmacy, first in Ribeauvillé, afterwards in the dispensary at Hôpital Civil of Strasbourg. The year after this diary he studied medicine in Paris. In 1829 he returned to his hometown of Munster as a doctor, resigning from this position several years later in order to become a professor of botany at the school of pharmacy in Strasbourg (1834). In 1845 he founded the Société d'Horticulture du Bas-Rhin, and in 1862 established the Société philomathique vogésorhénane (Philomatic Society of the Vosgés-Rhine). Among his numerous writings is a highly regarded work on the flora of Alsace and neighbouring regions, *Flore d'Alsace et des contrées limitrophes*, published in three volumes from 1852 to 1862. He died 15 November 1869.*

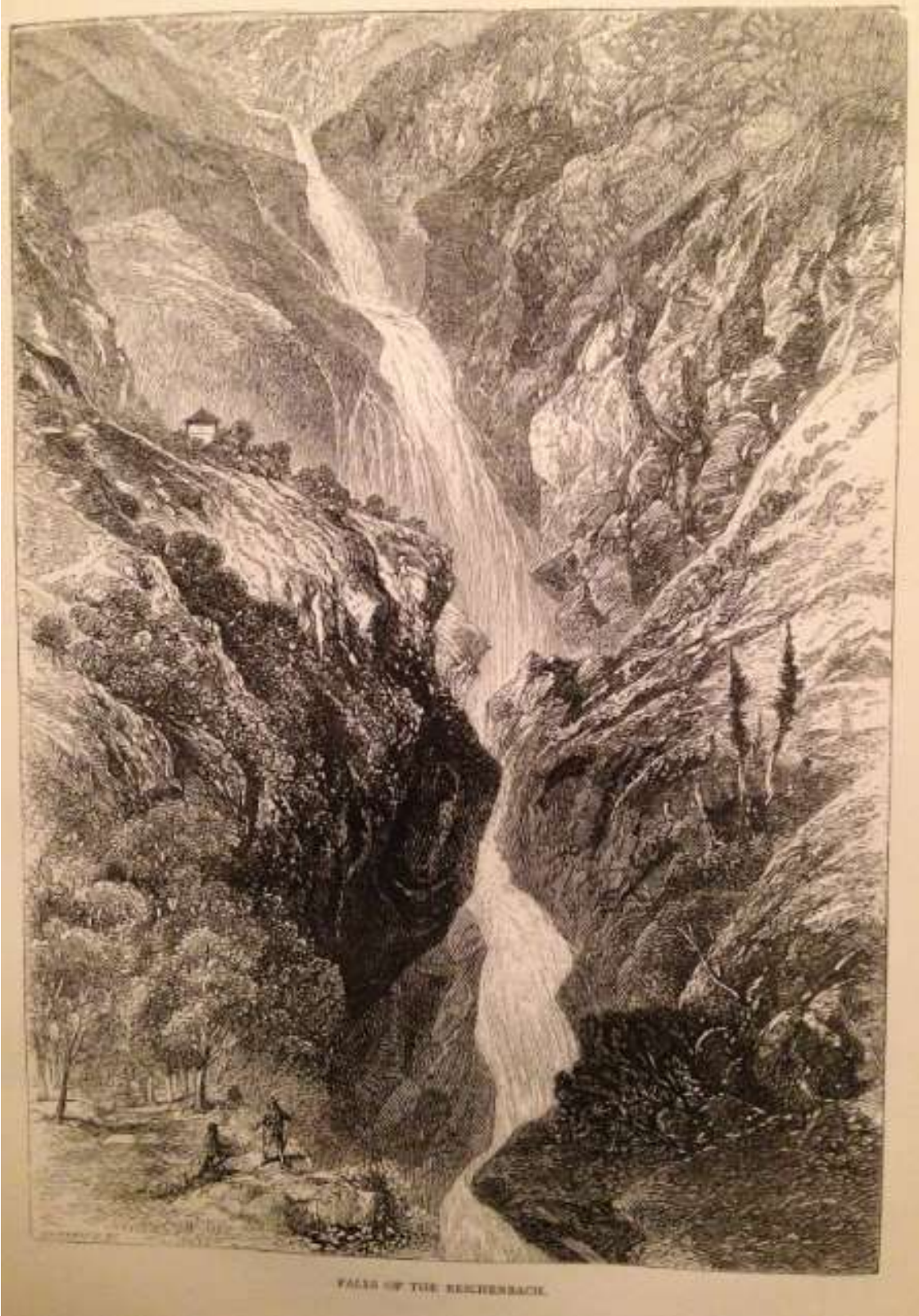
Saturday 12th: Brienz to Grindelwald

I was up at 5, and start with Kirschleger at 6. I got to Meringen at 8½. There were many English there.



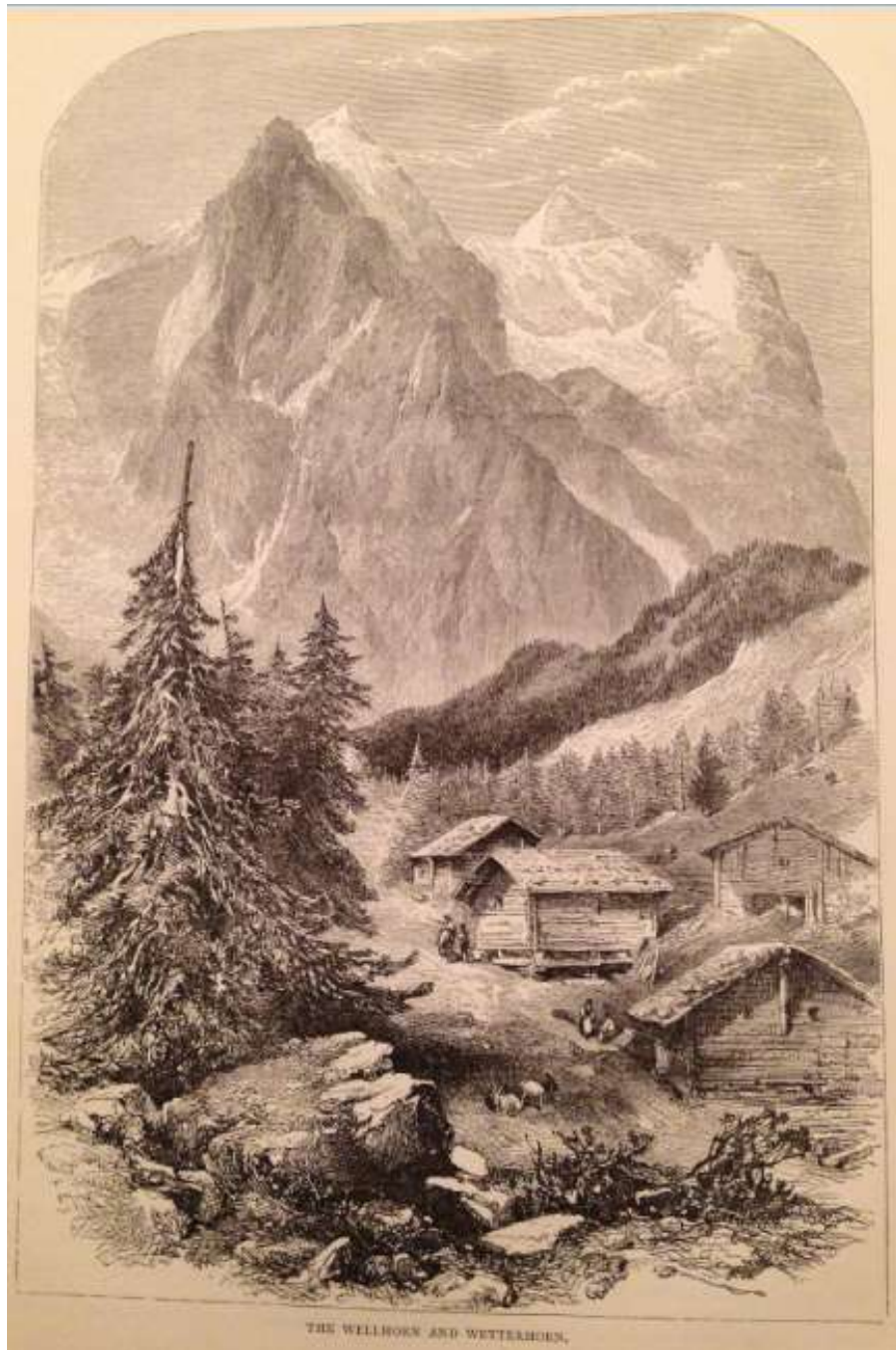
I saw the Reichenbachfall - very beautiful, and then we walked on up a steep ascent, and then along the valley to Rosenlauri, where we lunched in the Inn

(Reichenbachfall is the location where Sherlock Holmes fights to the death with Professor Moriarty at the end of "The Final Problem" first published in 1893).



Then we walk on to cross the Scheidech. We were overtaken by party of English ladies, with a very insolent servant. I found a number of plants, but some cows ate my gloves. There was no snow near the path. The descent was through trees, with boggy ground here and there.

(Grosse Scheidegg (el. 1962 m.) is a high mountain pass in the Bernese Oberland in Switzerland, connecting Grindelwald and Meiringen. The pass lies between the Schwarzhorn and the Wetterhorn).



We pass by two glaciers, and got to Grindelwald at 6½.

There was an epitaph in church about a young clergyman who fell into hole in glacier in 1821. I went to the Eagle Inn, and supped at 8.

Bed at 9½. 30 Miles. Fine.

AN ACCOUNT OF THE CIRCUMSTANCES OF THE DEATH OF MR. JEAN AIME MOURON, WHICH OCCURRED AMONG THE GLACIERS OF GRINDELWALD, ON 31st OF AUGUST, 1821.

(Copied from a Swiss Periodical.)

The interest which has been excited in most of our Cantons, by the death of the Rev. Mr. Mouron, of Chardonue, compels his friends to give to the public some information as to this unhappy event. It will be a useful work for travellers, who may hereafter visit the same spots: and at the same time it will be a memorial of the interesting person who fell a victim to his researches.

The Rev. Mr. Mouron, left Yverdon on the 22nd of August, and travelling by Neufchatel, Berne, and Thoun, he came to Unterschlen. From thence he pursued his journey to Lauterbrunnen and Grindelwald, at which place he rested on the 24th of August. His name is to be seen in the Inn book with this date affixed. It is written so legibly, that if his friends had enquired for him carefully, there could have been no reason to doubt the identity of the person, but they were ignorant at the time the accident happened, that he had ever been at Grindelwald.

The next day he crossed the Scheidech with a guide, and returned by Meyringen to Interlaken, which he chose as the centre of his excursions. He went again to Grindelwald, where he seemed drawn by an irresistible force. He asked for a guide to the Mer de Glace, which he regretted not to have seen; this is the name given to a sort of field of ice, which rests on the top of a smaller glacier, and which is divided into two branches; of which one lies on the S. E. towards the Schreckborn, and the other to the S. W. towards the Wieshscherhorn. Mr. Mouron departed on the 31st of August with his guide for that place, and followed at first the path which extends from the bottom of the valley about three quarters of a league, and crosses fields and woods of pine. The glacier is easily seen shining through the dark and sombre foliage of these trees. At nine o'clock they arrived at a shepherd's hut, where they reposed a moment, and then pursued their route. At a short distance from this the path begins to run along the edge of a frightful precipice, and you find yourself raised several hundred feet above the glacier, in which you contemplate with admiration and ter-

ror, the pyramids, and numerous fissures; on the opposite side the tremendous rocks of the exterior Eyger rise into sight, intersected by little patches of turf, which feed several flocks of sheep and goats.

Near the top there is a round hole, called Heiterloch, or the Trou Serein, through which the sun shines twice in the year on the church and church-yard of Grindelwald. The path does not become dangerous, till it approaches a projecting rock, where it is so narrow, that you can only just place your feet close together, and the guide warned Mr. Mouron, that if he were subject to the vertigo, he ought not to attempt to pass. He replied smiling there was nothing to fear about his head, and went to the end with safety. After two leagues of difficult ground, he attained the glacier; they were then obliged to descend, and again climb up some steep declivities of ice, and often walk on a track exceedingly narrow, between deep and frightful crevices, before they arrived at the Serenberg, which is a grassy mountain, situated between the two branches of the glacier, on which are scattered some chalets which serve for shelter to the shepherds and their flocks. Mr. Mouron halted in one of these, and shared his provisions with the shepherd and his old guide. A sweet cheerfulness pervaded his manner, his conversation shone with that cordiality and benevolence which was so natural to him, and which secured the love and esteem of all who knew him. The shepherd accompanied him for some distance from his home, till they reached a heap of stones upon the glacier.

In ten minutes they arrived at the gulf, where he was to be swallowed up. It is a kind of well, which a stream formed by the meeting of the ice and which runs strongly after rain, and in hot weather, has hollowed out. The opening is about seven or eight feet in breadth, and from twelve to fifteen in length. The bed of the stream is five or six feet below the level of the ice, its sides are steep, and the water rushing precipitously down this abyss forms a noisy cataract.

As you approach nearer to the mouth, whether standing up or crawling, it is impossible to see the bottom. There is nothing to be seen but walls and sharp ridges of ice as smooth as a looking-glass, from the continual washing of the water. On the eastern side from the inequality of the ground the approach is both difficult and dangerous. The western side is level, and on that side Mr. Mouron and his guide came up. They stopped a few minutes at some distance from the edge. The guide wishing to give him some idea of the depth of the gulf, recommended him to wait, whilst he returned to pick up a stone; he stooped to pick one up, raised himself up and looked about him, but saw no one. In an agony of astonishment, he approached the gulf, but saw nothing but the stick of the unhappy traveller, planted firmly in a cleft, on the opposite side some few feet below the edge.

In his distress he walked round the opening, and called with all his might. No answer, all was "death-like stillness."

It appears that while the guide turned his back, Mr. Mouron, went up closer to the edge of the gulf, to get a nearer view of the abyss, and that in order to do this he leant on his mountain pole, which must have slipped from the weight of his body.

The guide not being able to render any assistance, returned in haste to Serenberg, and brought back the shepherd, with whom he redoubled his efforts to assure himself if the unfortunate man was still in being, but all was useless. They descended to the village below, where they announced the melancholy event. Two travellers from Berlin, friends, were rambling among the neighbouring mountains, one of them had staid below and the other hearing this news, thought at the moment it was the death of his friend they were deploring, but his return soon after allayed all his fears. A happiness which was not granted to the friends of Mr. Mouron.

The clergyman of Grindelwald, engaged that very evening four strong courageous men out of his parish, to ascend the glacier above, notwithstanding the darkness and the heavy rain which was falling. They were perfectly ignorant who it was that had met with his death at this spot, and even if they had been liberally rewarded for their services, humanity alone could have enabled them to brave such dangers. After ascending by a rugged road for some way, they arrived at the mouth of the gulf, where they let down a lantern, and followed the light with their eyes. They called and listened attentively, longing to hear some sound, some noise which might lead them to hope, that the unfortunate man still lived. Hopeless attempt; the roaring of the cataract was all which they could hear, and after some farther trial which proved equally hopeless, they descended to the village, where they arrived in the middle of the night. The next morning the Pastor of Grindelwald sent to the bailiff of Interlaken, with an account of the fatal occurrence. From Interlaken the report reached the government of Berne, and from thence to Lausanne.

The very illegible manner in which Mr. Mouron had written his name the second time at the Inn, gave rise to many mistakes, and caused much anxiety to those persons who had relations of that name. Two Vaudois

officers, coming from the camp at Thoun, visited the Mer de Glace on the following Monday, the 3rd of September, and they raised such a monument as the nature of the place allowed, close to the gulf, of stones built up in the form of an altar, on which they engraved these words, "To the memory of an unfortunate." Let them receive here a tribute of gratitude, for the kind proof of their interest and affection for the memory of their countryman.

As soon as the news of the melancholy event had been widely circulated, the friends and relations of Mr. Mouron left the Canton of Vaud, from all sides, to go up to the glacier, that they might hear all details, and use every means that were possible to recover the body. A feeble hope was excited by the manner in which his name had been written, and this led them on, and hastened their steps; but as they approached nearer to the fatal spot, melancholy forebodings, and proofs, alas! too certain, soon convinced them, that they should never again see among the living the relation they so fondly loved. Religion alone could at this sad hour furnish any consolation, and soften the bitterness of their grief. Mr. B—— of Yverdon, an intimate friend of Mr. Mouron, arrived the first at Grindelwald, he soon after commenced the ascent of the glacier, accompanied by the old guide and the shepherd of Serenberg. "I visited," said he, "every spot where my excellent friend had been. The guide related to me all he had seen and heard. I did not feel overwhelmed with grief, on approaching close to the gulf, for I felt that it was not there we must seek my friend, he had gone to a higher place, to the seat of everlasting peace and happiness. I recollected that if the weakness of man was incapable of raising his body, from this bed of never melting snows, that the Almighty Power of the Son of God would himself cause it to rise on the great day of resurrection. Oh! the beautiful grandeur of these spots, and the occasional crash of a falling avalanche, just interrupting the silent stillness, how it inspires the mind with religious awe, makes man feel his littleness, and nothingness, and leads him to turn his eyes upwards to Him who is infinite in power and greatness."

This first expedition was devoted to sounding the depth of the gulf, which was found to be from 125 to 130 feet, and also to deciding upon the best means of making the descent. On their return to Grindelwald, two more relations arrived, Mr. C. and another friend of Mr. Mouron. It was finally settled that they should re-ascend the next day the 11th of September with the men and necessary instruments. In consequence of this arrangement fifteen workmen, including the four who had already been on the glacier, on the evening when the accident occurred, and the friends and relations of Mr. Mouron, and the worthy pastor of Grindelwald ascended the glacier together.

On their road they cut down two pines, each of which was carried by two men; but at the place where the path becomes dangerous from the projection of the rock which has been mentioned before, it was impossible for the two bearers to proceed in their march so as to preserve their equilibrium, and to keep from falling down the abyss beneath. It was necessary, therefore, for one alone to undertake the pass, and the shepherd of Serenberg

Sunday 13th: Grindelwald

I was up at 7. I wrote, and then went to church at 10. I looked at some plants, and sat in room for a while. Then I walked to the glacier. I fell in with two English ladies for a while, and show them the way to the glacier. I wrote down the names of plants for them. I supped at 6, at the table d'hote. There are lots of English here. The valley of Grindelwald is more varied and beautiful than that of Chamonix. The inhabitants dress neatly, and are in general pretty. Girls sang under the window in the evening.

Bed at 10. Fine.



Monday 14th: Grindelwald to Lauterbrunnen

I breakfasted and then started at 6½, with Kirschleger and another German. We walked slowly up the ascent of the Wengern Alp. There were several parties of travellers, German and English. We reached the chalet at the top at 12.



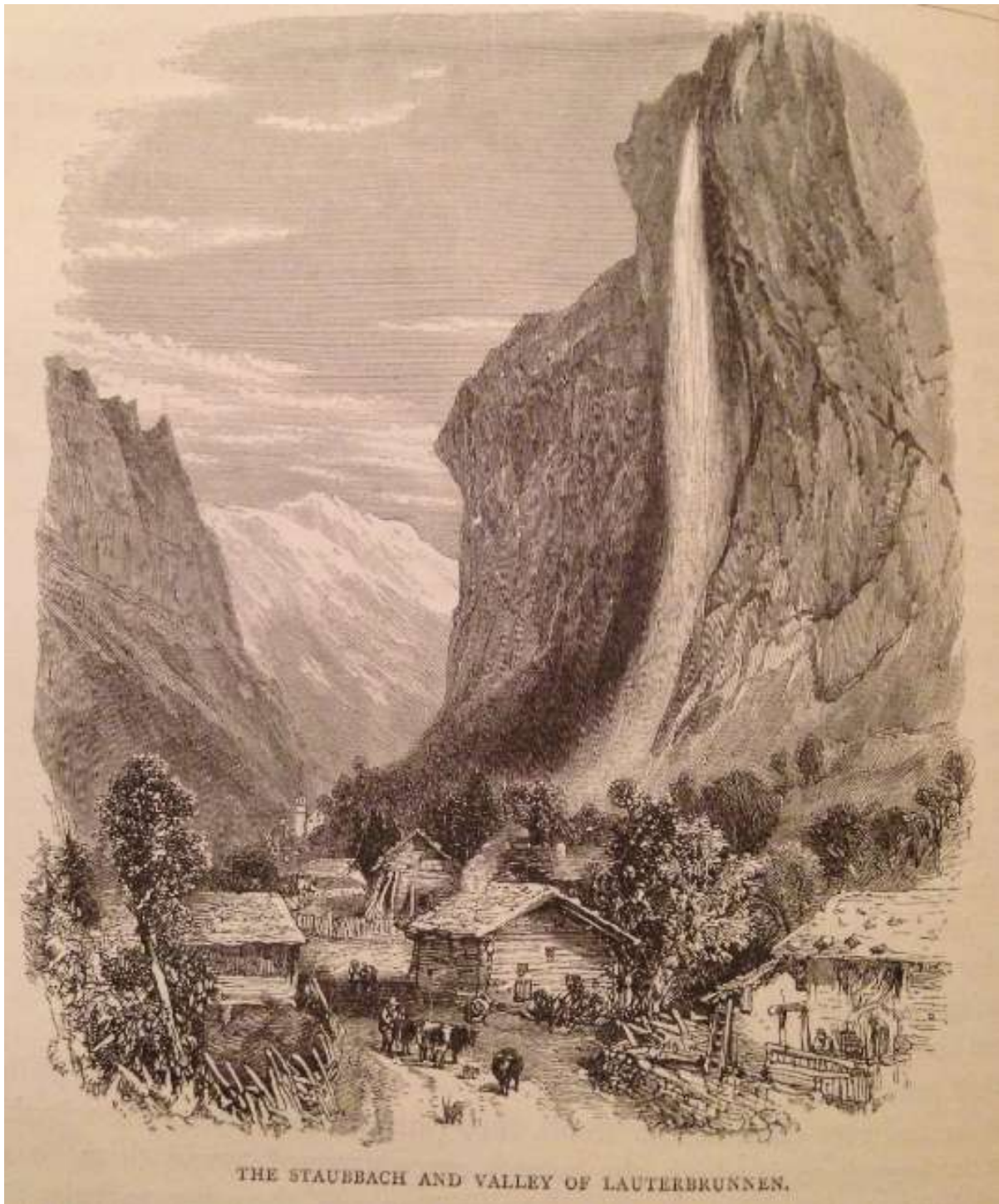
The Kleine Scheidegg (elevation 2,061 m, 6,762 ft) is a high mountain pass below and between the Eiger and Lauberhorn peaks in the Bernese Oberland, Switzerland. It connects Grindelwald with Lauterbrunnen.

Kleine Scheidegg is among the most celebrated mountain passes in the Swiss Alps because of its position just north of the point where the Bernese Alps makes a salient angle, whose apex is the Eiger. From there, a series of high peaks rise in line towards the northeast, on the left side of the trail that follows a direct route from Meiringen, southwest across the Grosse Scheidegg, to Kleine Scheidegg. On the south side of the apex at the Eiger, the still higher summits of the Mönch, Jungfrau, Gletscherhorn, and Mittaghorn follow in succession from north to south.

Hidden by the Eiger from the vantage point of Grindelwald, the Mönch and Jungfrau break upon the traveller at Kleine Scheidegg in full grandeur, rising from the narrow gorge of the Trümmlental. Three comparatively large glaciers, with several minor accumulations of ice, are found in the hollows and on the shelving ledges of the three peaks that rise above the Trümmlental. The Eiger Glacier lies in the recess between the Eiger and the Mönch. This is separated by a huge projecting buttress of the latter mountain from the Guggi Glacier. Farther on is the Giessen Glacier, formed, at a higher level than the two last, on a shelf of the northwest side of the Jungfrau.

I left my companions there, and walked on to Lauterbrunnen, there at 2½. The view into the valley from above was very beautiful. The descent into the valley was very steep.

There was one large and good Inn. The servants all speak French.



THE STAUBBACH AND VALLEY OF LAUTERBRUNNEN.

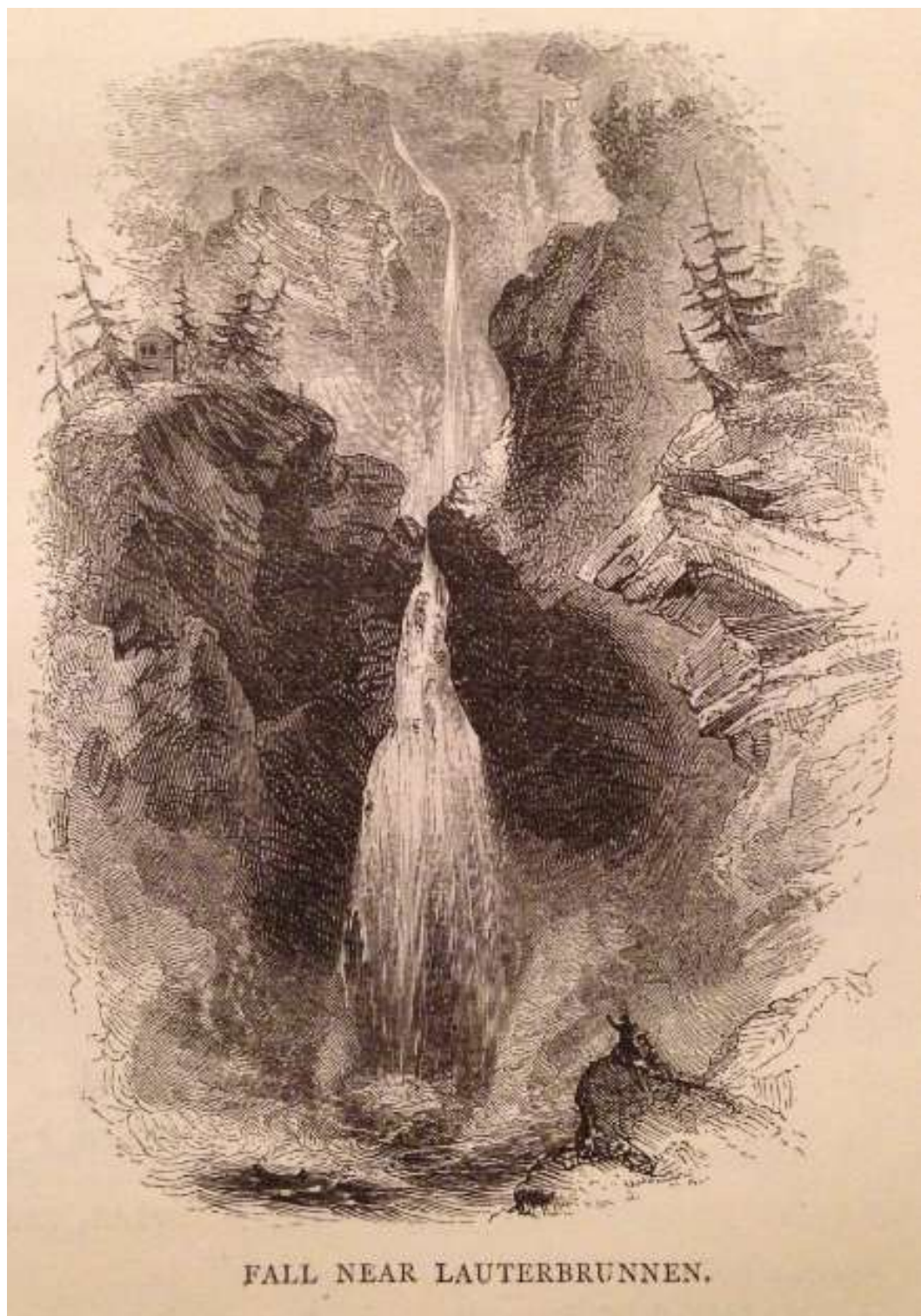
Kirschleger arrived at 3½, and I walked with him to the Staubbach falls. The stream was small but very pretty. Seen from one side it was quite transparent. The valley was not more than ½ mile broad, with perpendicular rocky sides, and with many streams falling from them.

The village of Lauterbrunnen was much scattered, and the children beg. There are fine views of the mountains (Jung Frau, Mittaghorn, etc).

We walked to the Schmadribach falls at the end of the valley.

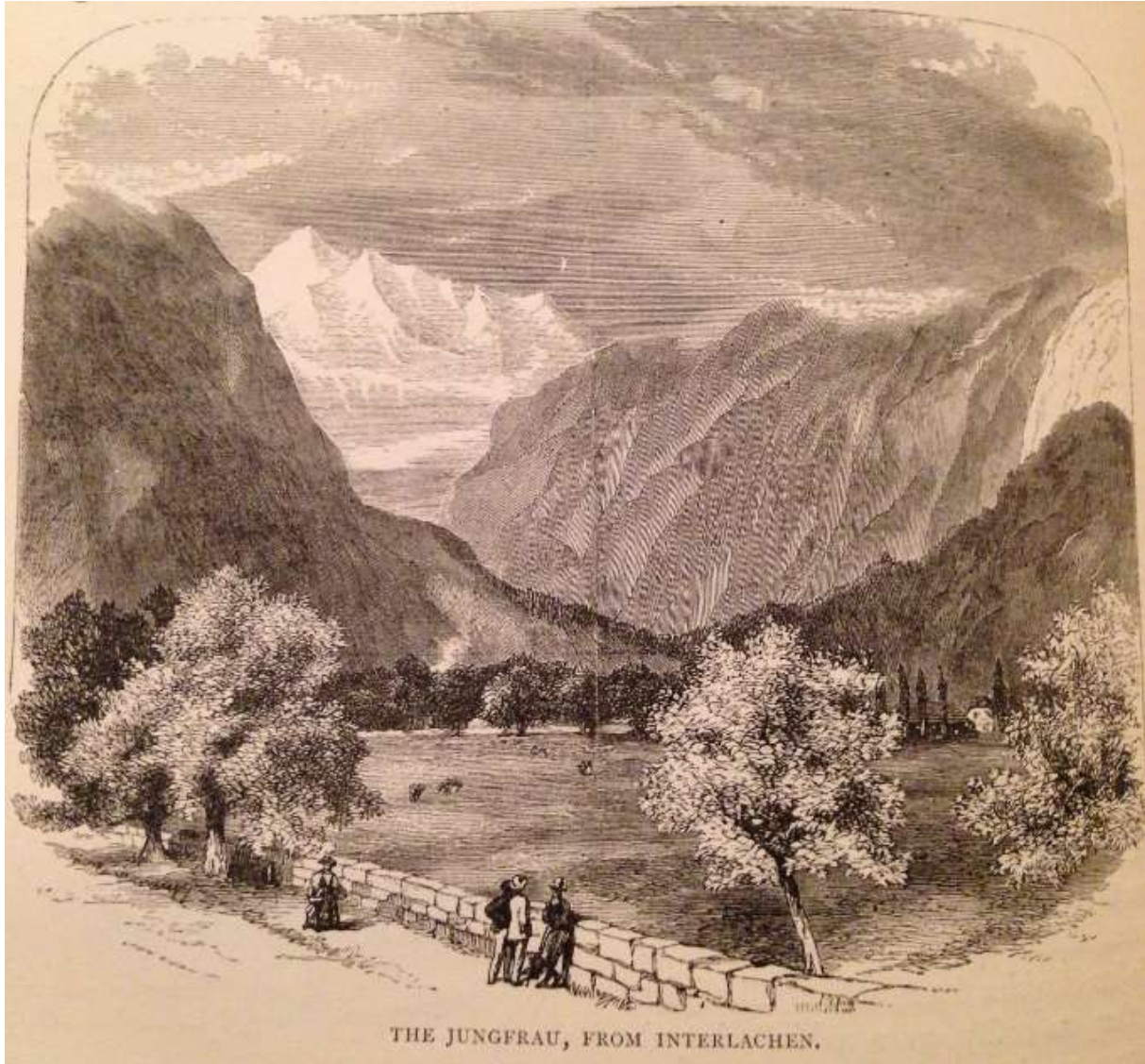
I supped at 7 at the table d'hote.

Bed at 9½. 18 miles. Fine/rainy.

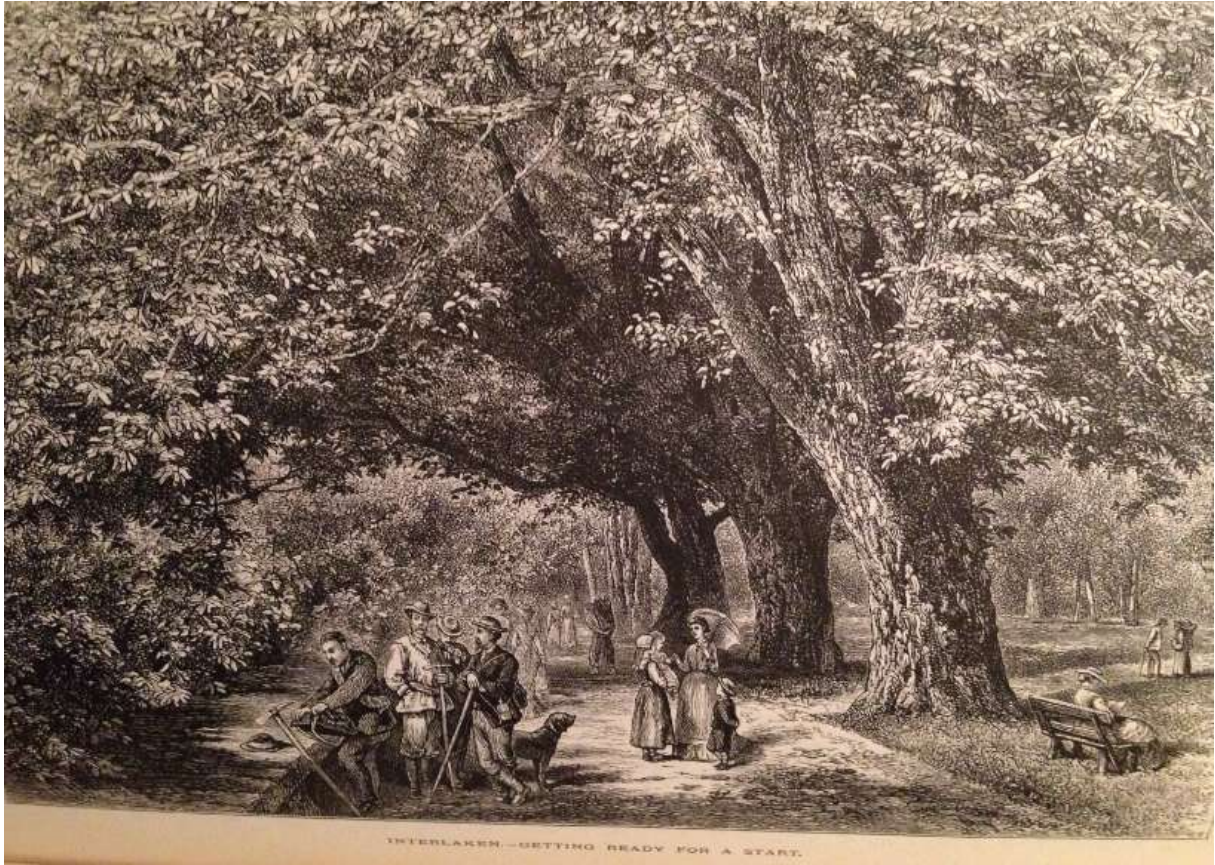


Tuesday 15th: Lauterbrunnen to Thun

I was up at 5, and started at 7 with my two companions. We descended the valley to Interlaken. The valley in some parts is very narrow, and the sloping sides are very little cultivated. We breakfasted Interlaken.



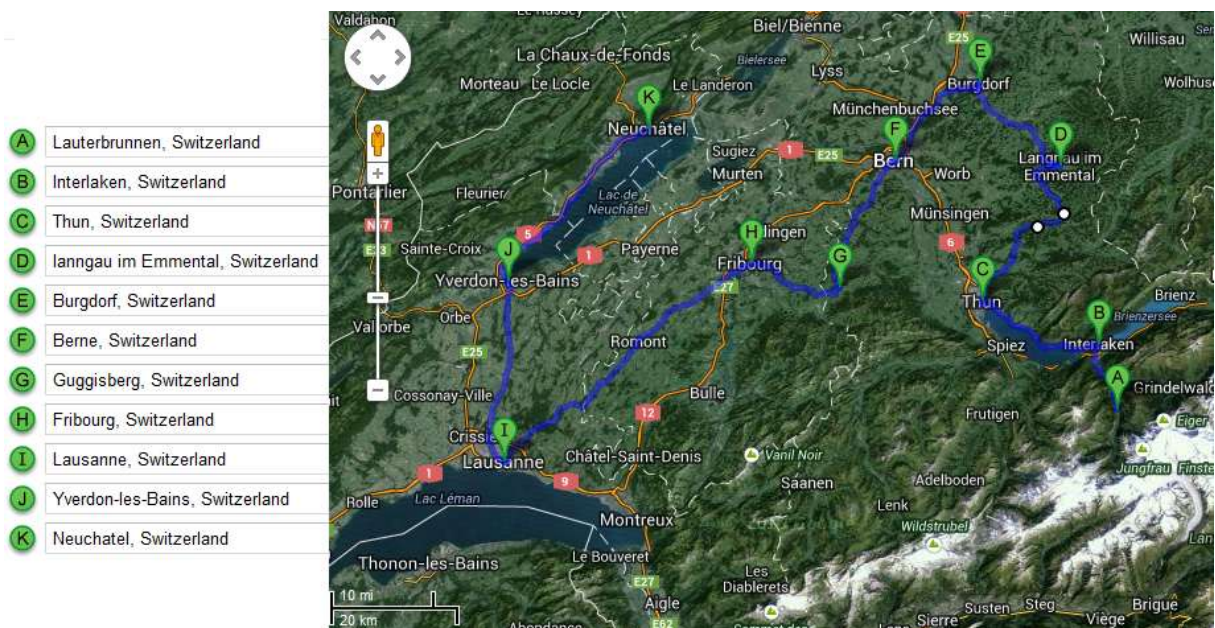
We walk to a pavilion on a neighbouring height, from which there was a pretty view of the plain between lakes (*Lake Thun and Lake Brienz*). There are a number of good houses here.



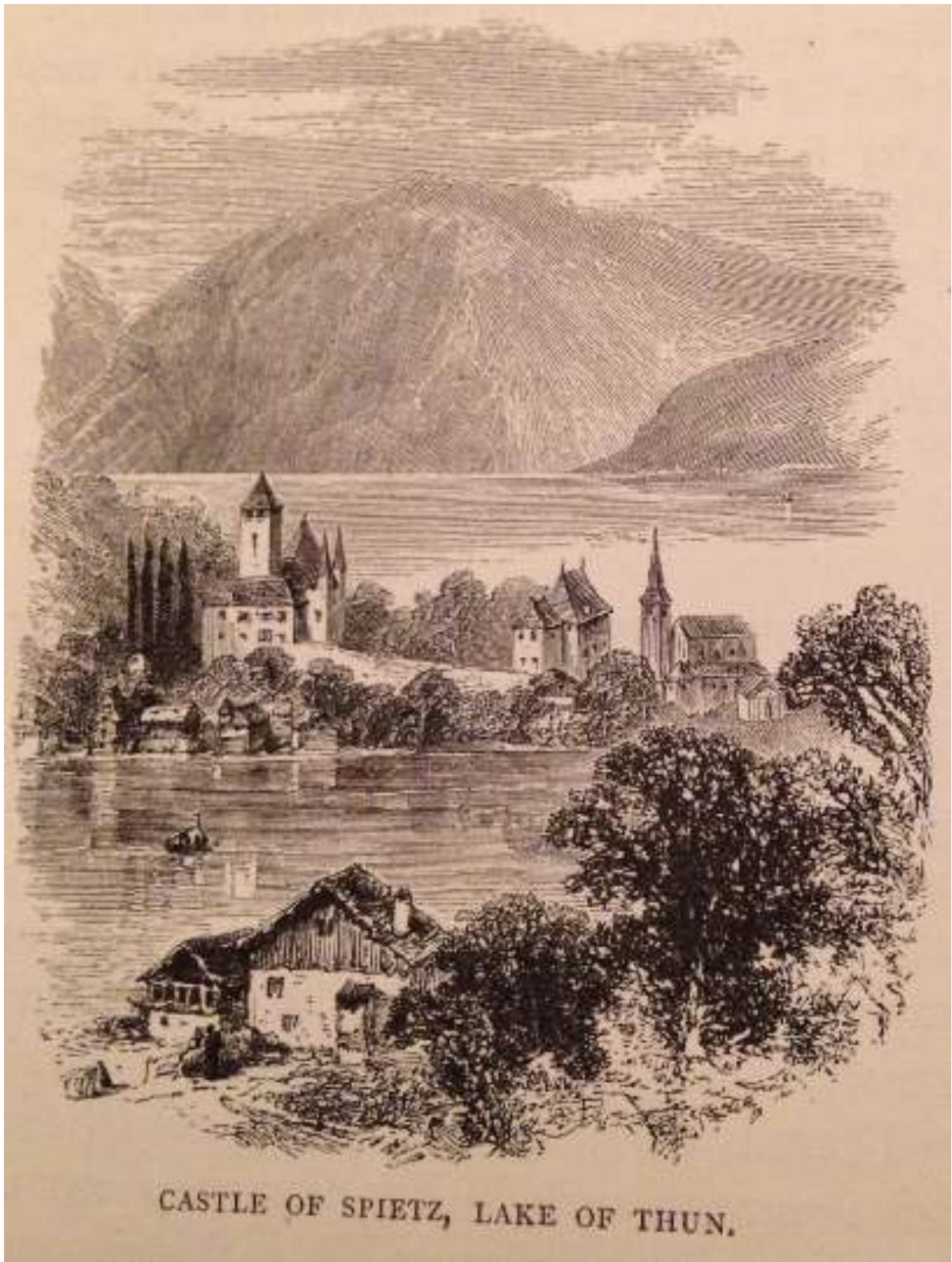
We started at 2½, walking to the Thunersee, and then took the mail boat, arriving at Thun at 5½. The environs of the town are very pretty, with a great number of fruit trees. I bathed in the lake ½ mile above the town.

I had supper at 8½ on the table d'hote. There was a surly Englishman, so I talked with a Swiss Colonel. After supper I walk about town by moonlight.

Bed at 10¼. Fine. 15 miles.



Wednesday 16th: Thun to Emmental



CASTLE OF SPIETZ, LAKE OF THUN.

I was up at 6, and walk about town. The houses are in general good, with projecting roofs, and seats in front of them. Our street has a raised foot pavement, with shops below it, level with street.

I ascended the church tower, situated on top of the hill. There were beautiful views of the country around: a well cultivated plain of considerable extent. The winds were very considerable. There was a castle opposite the church upon the same hill. The town is surrounded by stone walls with round towers.



I breakfasted at the inn, and then walked with Kirschleger to the soldiers camp. There were 3000 men there. The soldiers tents were very small, and the officers tents were not much better. They were arranged in 5 rows. The men exercised separately according to canton. They were very

disorganised and unsoldierlike. Their lines were like this:



There were not many spectators. We arrived back in Thun at 10½.

I sat in the Inn until 12½, and then started for Emmenthal. I gave my knapsack to Kirschleger who was going to Bern by diligence.

I passed through Schwarzenegg and Rothenbach, but was then wrongly directed. I walked this way and that, and enquire of some women, but they were very stupid, and didn't know the way. At last I was directed to the Fischbach valley and from thence get to Signau, but I had to do the last 1½ hour by moonlight. I saw a great number of raspberries descending the hill above *Rocksteltern*, and there were many charcoal burners in the wood on top of the hill. The people on the road were in general less friendly than those hither to met with. There were bleaching grounds near Signau. The road was very good.

The houses in Emmental were wooden, but large well built and very neat. The women were good looking, very neat and clean.

Bed at 10. Hot fine. Walked 22 miles.

Thursday 17th: Emmental to Berne

I was up at 6, and started at 6½. I breakfasted at Lauperswil, and met a French traveller in the Inn. He was a botanist, come to see M.Schaerer, the cryptogamist who lives in village (*Ludwig Emanuel Schaerer: Lichenologis: born 1785, died 1853: High school teacher in Bern, then priest in Lauperswil and Belp*).

I left the road, and walked along the river. I followed a shady path, and then came to a steep bank. I climbed up this and then crossed a meadow, and regained the road. I passed through Hasle and got to Burgdorf at 12½. I walked up to the castle, and then down into the town. The streets are good: the houses are all of stone, and in general supported on arches. The church is upon the hill on one side of the town, with fine views of the country. In the west the town is surrounded by a stone wall, with a great number of small round towers. I left Burgdorf at 1½, and stopped at 3 at Hindelbach to dine.

Schloss Burgdorf



The country from Signau to Berne is hilly or rather undulating, very fertile and well cultivated, with a great number of fruit trees. Some of the houses were thatched. *Mist wasser* is much used. The road passed through a forest, 1½ leagues from Berne, and then the last part was through a planted avenue. There was a beautiful view of the town from the hill. My passport was taken at the gate. I went to the Inn, and found Kirschleger therein.

Bed at 9½. 30 miles. Fine hot.

Friday 18th: Berne



I was up at 6, breakfasted at 8, and then went to the postoffice and got some letters. There was a parcel from Mrs Haag, and money from Marenaud. I sat in my room and wrote all the morning. Kirschleger started for Bienne at 8.

I went to the Hospital, and enquired for Hallen, but he was not in Berne. I walked about town, round the ramparts etc. The streets are in general handsome. The houses are built of freestone, with the 1st floor projecting beyond the ground floor, supported on arches, under which is the foot pavement. The Rue de Justice, Grande Rue de l'Eglise, etc are particularly handsome. I walked on the ramparts on the side where the river does not run. There were deer and 4 bears in the ditch. I was back at the Inn at 6½, and supped at 8.

Bed at 10. Fine.

Saturday 19th: Berne

I was up at 6, and went to the Hospital, where I walked round with M. Leuch (*he is recorded as performing a caesarean section on a lady in 1832*). He is a very good surgeon. He has a technique which lets a lumbar abscess evacuate gradually by making a small oblique opening and putting nothing over it. Hydrocele always treated by incision. He has performed lately caesarean operations with success: the woman is still well after 5 weeks. The hospital contains 120 beds, and is nearly full.

I made acquaintance with a student named Rusch, and walked with him in town, and then left him at 9½. I breakfasted, and then wrote etc, until 1½. I call on him again, and then saw the church. There was a good view from the top of tower. I visited the museum, where there was a good collection of Swiss finds, a fine dog of St Bernard, bear's fur, chamois, etc. The insects were nothing. There were some minerals, and a poor model of the Bastille, and portraits. There was a botanic garden, but it was very poor and in wretched order. The library was well kept, and tolerably rich. There was a mint: a neat building near the hospital at present not used.

The Burger Hospital is a large building with quadrangle for decayed citizens. The anatomical museum was pretty good. Injection preparations are not well done. There are many specimens of monstrosities: 2 foetus joined together by sterna which are at the sides forming one vast thorax, a lamb with two bodies (skeletons), 2 heads, etc. I bathed with Rusch in a tarn at 6½. The stream was very rancid and deep. Afterwards I walked with him and another student. There was a view of the mountains: the French Jura was very high and distinct. I returned to the Inn, and had supper at 8½. I went for a walk by moonlight. There was scarce anyone in the streets.

I saw criminals (both men and women) sweeping the streets in the morning. The principal buildings in Berne are the Munster, Heiliggeistkirche, Christoffelturm, Stadthaus, Mint, Hospital, Burger Hospital (*Oberer Spital*), Museum, Granary, Cornmarket, Aarberg Gate etc.

Bed at 11½. Fine.

Sunday 20th: Berne

I was up at 7½, and went to the French church at 10. The Reformed and Catholic services are performed there alternately during the Sunday. The service is similar to that of French church in Threedneedle Street, London.

I sat in the Inn and wrote until 2. Then I went to the Munster German service. There was a very long and unintelligible sermon and I came out before it finished.

I walked in the evening with Rusch and another student, on Kirchof etc.

I supped at 8, and then went to get my passport at 9½.

Bed at 9½. Fine.

Monday 21st: Berne to Fribourg

I was up at 6, had breakfast, and was off at 7¼. I passed through Koniz, and then 4 villages not given in map, and then Schwarzenburg. I arrived at Guggisberg at 4, and dined there. The people are very civil, and well attired. The country between Berne and Guggisberg is fertile and

one passes here and there through fine woods. From the hill at Guggisberg there are fine view over the flat pass of the Canton. The women wear short petticoats reaching just below the knee.

I left Guggisberg at 5 o'clock, and descend a steep hill. There was a view over Canton Fribourg, and I come into it soon after passing the river Sense. The women here are very different in features from the Bernese. They are slovenly and have dirty hair, worn in a long plait wound round the head. I got to Fribourg at 9¼, where I was stopped at the gate to have my name etc taken down. I saw the town by moonlight, part of which lies in a hollow. Soon below the gate was a long and steep descent. I went to the Inn, where the people speak French.

Bed at 10½. Fine, hot.

Tuesday 22nd: Fribourg

I was up at 6½ and mended my socks etc, and then breakfasted. I was confined too soon by rain until 2½. I lay on my bed from 9½ till 12, writing letters.

At 2¼ I walked out into town. The lower part of it is at the bottom of perpendicular rock, 100ft high. The upper part is on the side of the hill, and some of the houses are cut out of the stone, terraced, one above the other. Large lime trees are in place, planted in commemoration of the battle of Morat (*a battle in the Burgundian Wars in which the Swiss Confederate arm defeated Charles I, Duke of Burgundy*). There are four columns round it to support the branches. The cathedral is a handsome, gothic building, with a bas relief over the great door showing the torments of the damned and St Peter opening the gates of heaven. There are 5 convents and 5 monasteries in the town, and also a large college of Jesuits. There is an extensive school building, erected by the Jesuits near the Poste des Etangs. There are also reservoirs nearby. The costumes are only worn on Sundays. Hair is spread upon bolsters and rolled round head like a turban. The Defile de Golternin is a narrow pass, leading from the lower part of the town, containing mills, forges, etc, worked by the water.

I dined at 6, and then walked out again about town until dark. Then I wrote. The landlords daughter showed her costumes.

Bed at 10. Rainy till 2½. Fine.

Wednesday 23rd: Fribourg to Lausanne

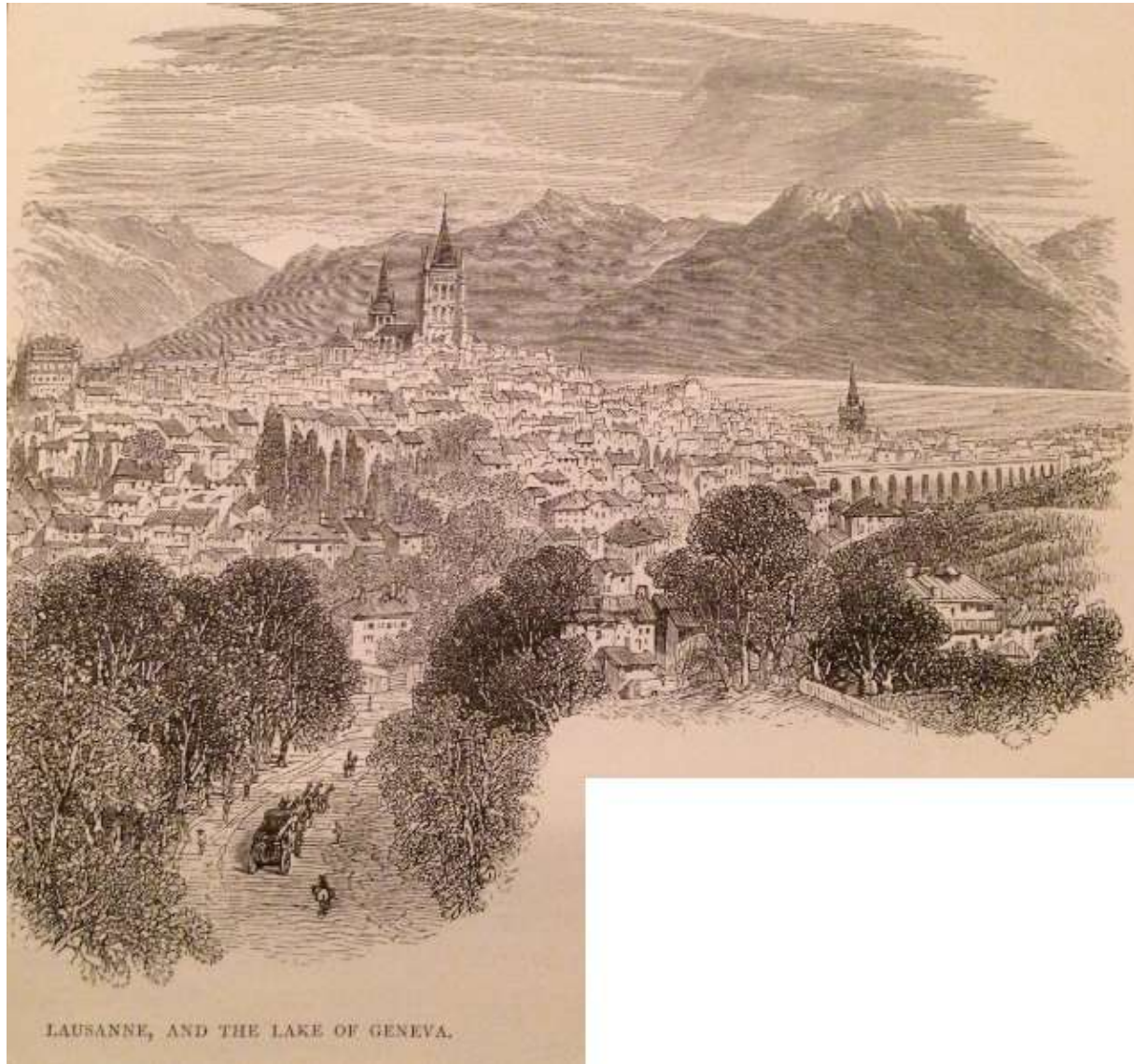
I was up at 5½, and then off at 6. My passport was demanded at the gate, but I heeded not the demand. I had breakfasted at the village of Cohn or Gotans (*Chenens*), not down in map, 8 miles from Fribourg.

After another 7 miles I came to Romont, in a pretty situation on top of hill, but with nothing remarkable within, so I pass through without stopping. I arrived at Rue at 2 o'clock, and dined here. Then I travelled on through Marfragain at 3½, and passed through Stuthens, and then came onto the Canton road. There was a very pretty view of the valley from the side of the hill. The road pass through fine forests. I nearly missed the way at Carrouge. The road was a very good ascent, through forests, but not steep. I walk up it, and then had a quick view of the lake from the descent. I fell in with a baker 2 miles from town, and I paid for a Frenchman to carry my knapsack, 1½ mile.

I arrived at Lausanne at 8¼, where I went into a little Inn. I couldn't get a separate bedroom, so I left it and looked out for another. I come to large Inn where the people were very civil. I walk out in the town for a few minutes: the streets were all lighted.

Bed at 9½. Walk 39 miles. Fine and hot.

Thursday 24th: Lausanne



I was up at 6½, with a slight headache. I breakfasted at 8, and then walked about town. The streets are not handsome. They are irregular, ill paved, with no footways. The front of the hotel de ville is small, but handsome. The cathedral is pretty well not extraordinary. The interior is somewhat like that of Fribourg. There is a screen of black, heavy marble. The Choir was bare and empty. It was burnt last year by lightning. There are many monuments in the aisles round the choir. The handsomest of Mrs Stratford Canning (*Stratford Canning, 1st Viscount Stratford de Redcliffe 1786-1880 was a British diplomat. In 1814 he was appointed Envoy Extraordinary and Minister-Plenipotentiary to Switzerland, where he, along with the other allied representatives, helped negotiate Swiss neutrality and a new Swiss federal constitution. His first wife, Harriet died in her 27th year at Lausanne in February 1817, probably in childbirth.*) A service is held three times a week, not in the body of the church but in a small chapel at the west end. It was well attended.

I walked up to the Bois de Sauvatelin, where there was a fine view of the town. I could see a broad part of the lake, and great part of Canton Vaud. I had a fine promenade on the west side of the town. I met Professor Clams and family there, and walk with them to town. I found Riessen there, and walked about a short while with him. I borrowed Schaller's William Tell off him. Then I put letters in the post, one home and one to Ashford. I ascended again to the signal with Riessen. I found two young Germans there, and converse with one of them. I supped with them all and Riessen at a restaurant.

I was back to the Inn at 10. I asked what to pay, and was charged double price so I refuse to pay it. The waiter was very insolent.

The women of lower classes in Lausanne are very plain. The girls in the shops are pretty.

Bed at 11. Fine. Very hot.

Friday 25th: Lausanne to Yverdon

I was up at 6½, and took leave of Riessen. The waiter was very insolent about the bill. The landlord was ill, and not visible. I lay down 4½ francs, and refused to pay more. He threatened to send horsemen after me etc etc.

I started at 7, and ascended the hill. The view of top of Mt Blanc was very clear. The weather was excessively hot. I breakfasted at Echallens, at the Inn there. The honey was remarkably good.

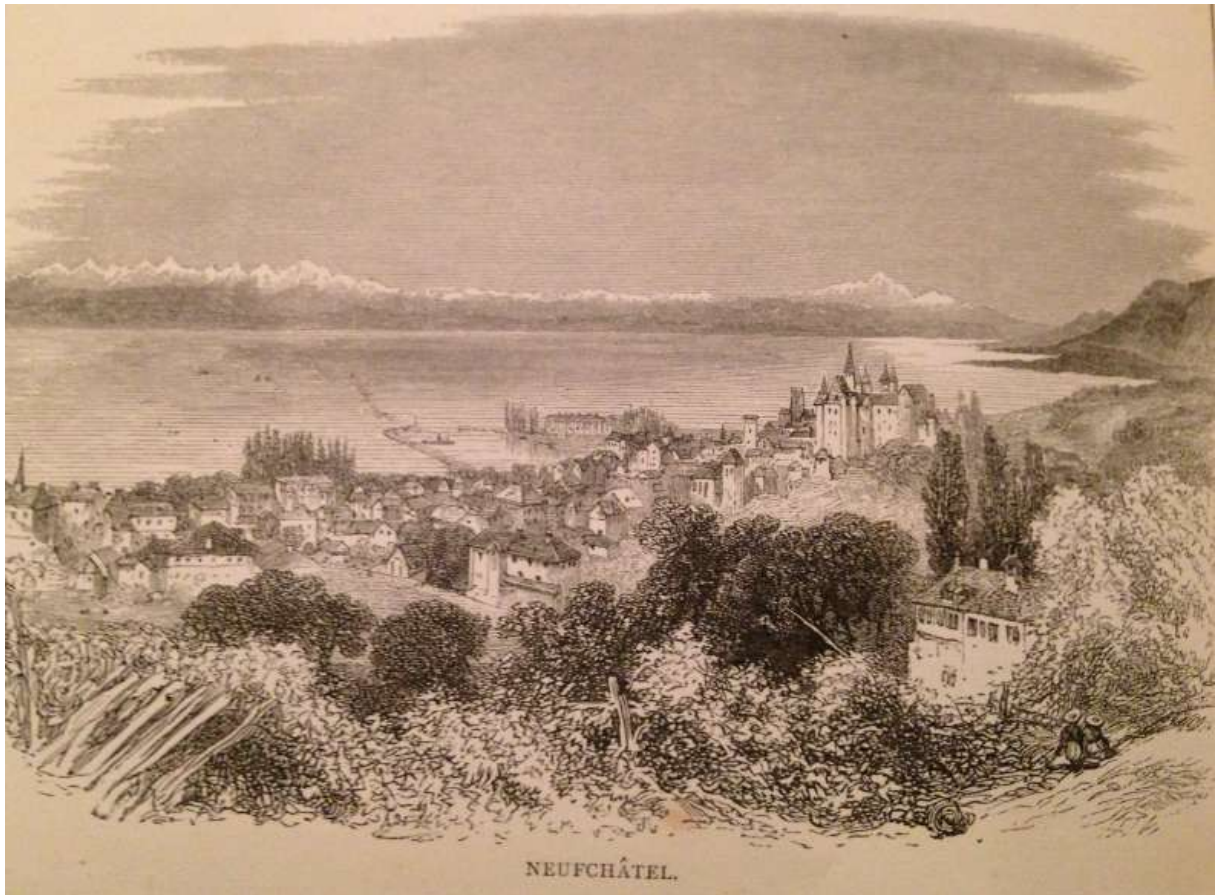
I started again at 11½, but lay down in the shade for an hour near Vuarrens. I rested again and finished a letter to Frensel near Yverdon, and put it in the post there. The country from Lausanne to Yverdon is open, and in general fertile, but there are no vineyards. There was a good deal of bustle at Yverdon etc. The sandy end of the lake much resembles the sea. There were fine vineyards nearby. The town is small, and crowded, with towers at each end. I went to the Inn, and dined. Heavy rain came on, so I returned to the Inn.

Bed at 10. Fine, hot. 23 Miles.

Saturday 26th: Yverdon to Neuchatel

I was up at 6½ and walked to Concise, where I breakfasted. My passport was demanded by some Vaudois soldiers. I saw a notice that no damage is allowed, stuck up in the Inn at Concise. I walked on to Chez-le-Bart, where I got on board a steam boat. I converse with a young Prussian there.





I reach Neuchatel at 1½ and went to a small Inn. I walk about town, and saw the Cathedral. There was a view from the top of the tower, and statues of ancient counts of Neuchatel. The streets were neat and broad, and the hotel de ville large and handsome. There was nothing but vineyards around it. The shores of the lake are pretty but nothing remarkable.

I dine at 5, and remain at the Inn until 9. I was not able to have a good bedroom. Only a small one was offered, full of bugs. So, I left the Inn to go to the Falcon.

(Bed at 9½. Hot, close. 12 Miles).



Sunday 27th: Neuchatel to Neuveville

I was up at 8, and had breakfast at the Inn. After church at 10 I sat in my room and finished my letter to Hatchet. Then I dined, and then went to church again at 3.

I started out at 5, and got to Neuveville at 9¼, where I supped. There were vines along the road the whole way. The villages were large and neat, with many gents houses. I was low spirited all day, but felt better after leaving Neuchatel.

Bed at 10½. Close, rainy. 12 miles.

Monday 28th: Neuveville to Solothurn

I was up at 8, and had breakfast. I went in a boat to Sankt Peterinsel. I walked about the island, in pleasant woods. It was difficult finding the house. It was prettily situated, surrounded by orchards and vineyards. Some rooms were very poor, one wall covered with inscriptions, and there was a trap door in a corner near the stove. I come back to the boat, and landed at *Glenezfre*. I walk on through Bienne, a neat town. There was a planted promenade near the lake, with an avenue of limes from the lake to town. The shores of the lake here were very low. There were vineyards all along the lake, and for some way beyond. The Bienne road to Solothurn is not particularly interesting. I got there at 6 ½ in heavy rain, and went to the chief Inn.

Bed at 10. Dull, rainy. 26 miles.

Tuesday 29th: Solothurn to Rohrbach

I was up at 6, and walked about town. I had breakfast at 8, and then went to see the church of St Ursus, with fine views of the environs from the church tower. The architecture was Grecian, with Corinthian pilasters within. The façade had pillars, a fine flight of steps, and fountains with jets d'eau on either side. I walk to the hermitage of St Verine, walking principally through wood, very pretty. Here, at the end of a narrow valley or chasm, between two rocks, was a chapel hollowed out of stone, small and low. There was another chapel near. A building behind the alter represents the town of our Saviour. The inside of this was scribbled over, but there were no English names. Solothurn is not a handsome town and the streets are irregular. There is no hustle or mischief, but then there are very few shops. The old walls and towers remain within modern fortifications.

I started at 12½, and came out, up to Derendingen. I was shown footpath here, and was told it is shorter way to Huttwil. I came at six to large village, and suppose it to be Huttwil. I went into the Inn, and had supper. But, I found out that I am not at Huttwil, but Rohrbach. An interesting little girl sat in the room while I was at supper. I talk to her, and she played the piano tolerably, and good humouredly.

Bed at 10½. Dull. 19 Miles.

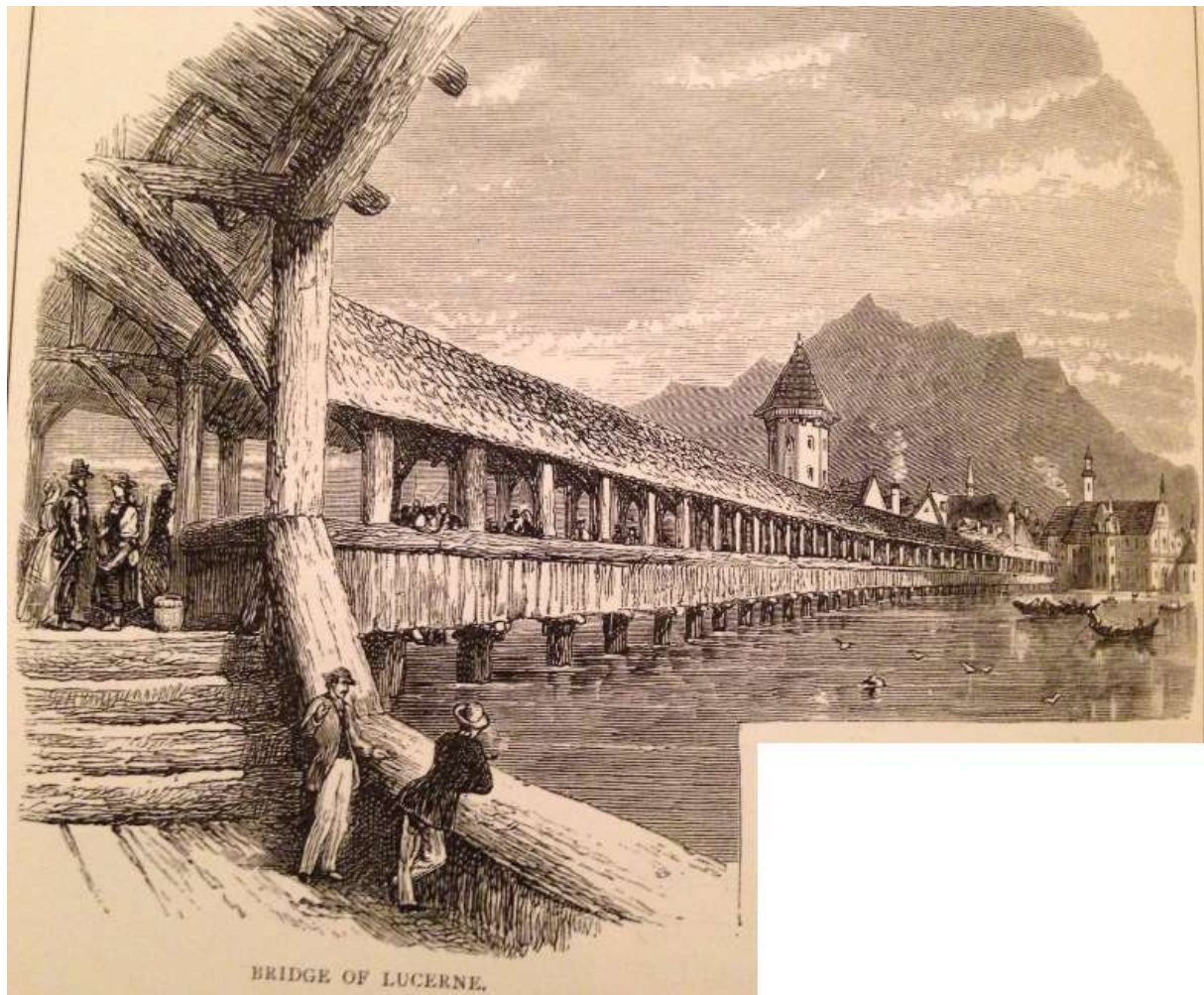
Wednesday 30th: Rohrbach to Luzern

I was up at 6 ½, and walk through Huttwil. I came into the Canton Lucerne. All the women wear regular costume. The people are not so friendly as in Berne. There was a fine view of mountains

from the road. I stopped at Willisau to breakfast, and a girl mended my glove. I got to Sursee at 2½, and walked along the lake. The shore was low and reedy, and I saw wild ducks there.

I got to Sempach at 4½, and went to the Inn for lunch. The landlord showed the way to the chapel, 1½ mile from town. A painting on one side represents a battle, and on the other are the arms and names of those engaged in it. At one end were banners etc. I returned to Sempach, and then walked on to Luzern. There were fine views of the mountains before me and the lake behind. The road passed through thick fir woods in one place for ½ mile. I reach Luzern at 9¼. I tried the Angel Inn but it was full. Then I tried the Meale Inn. The soldiers were very impudent. My bed was tolerably good, but the fleas were troublesome. I sat up to mend my socks.

Bed at 11. Very fine. 39 miles.



Thursday 31st: Luzern

I was up at 5½. I walked through Kriens and then the rain came on, so I turned back, and went to the Rossli Inn, and breakfasted there. I walked about town, and got a passport, paying 20 for it. There are very long bridges, paintings all along the roofs. The cathedral is not very handsome. The rooms in the Stadthaus are beautifully panelled, with carved paintings representing



Swiss battles etc. There is a figure of a giant with an inscription about a great bone on wall at the entrance. In the arsenal there is ancient armour from Sempack and Duke Leopold's shirt of mail etc. I tried on the helmet, and had difficulty getting it off. (*The Battle of Sempach was fought on 9 July 1386, between Leopold III, Duke of Austria and the Old Swiss Confederacy. The battle was a decisive Swiss victory in which Duke Leopold and numerous Austrian nobles died. The victory helped turn the loosely allied Swiss Confederation into a more unified nation and is seen as a turning point in the growth of Switzerland*). I saw the Lion monument near the Linch gate. It was hewn out of solid sandstone rock, and had a pool before it. There was a model in a shop near, with a copy very like it. I saw Piffers relief of Switzerland, which is coarse but very accurate.

PIFFER'S MODEL.

Upon our arrival at Lucerne, we sent a letter of recommendation to General Piffier, a native of this town, and an officer in the French service. He received us immediately, with his usual civility, and showed us his topographical representation of the most mountainous part of Switzerland, which well deserves the accurate attention of the curious traveller. It is a model in relief; and what was finished in 1776, comprised about sixty square leagues, in the cantons of Lucerne, Zug, Bern, Uri, Schwitz, and Underwalden. The model was twelve feet long, and nine and a half broad.

The composition is principally a mass of charcoal, lime, clay, a little pitch, with a thin coat of wax; and is so hard as to be trod upon without receiving the least damage. The whole is painted with different colours, representing the objects as they exist in nature. It is worthy of particular observation, that not only the woods of oak, beech, pine, and other trees, are distinguished; but also that the strata of the several rocks are marked; each being shaped upon the spot, and formed with granite, gravel, calcareous stone, or such other natural substances as compose the original mountains.

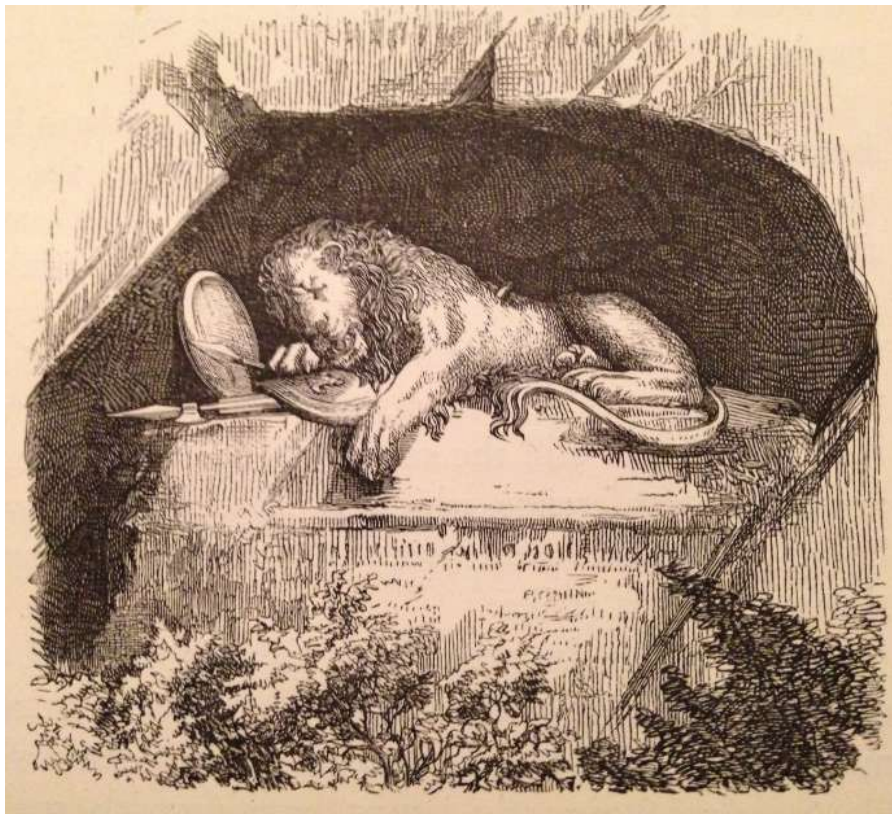
The plan is indeed so minutely exact, that it comprises not only all the mountains, lakes, rivers, towns, villages, and forests; but every cottage, every torrent, every bridge, every road, and even every path is distinctly and accurately represented.

GENERAL PIFFIER has already been employed in this work about ten years, with the most astonishing patience and assiduity: he has himself made the plans upon the spots, taken the elevations of the mountains, and laid them down in their several proportions. In the prosecution of this laborious performance, he has been twice arrested for a spy; and in the popular cantons has frequently been forced to work by moon-light, in order to avoid the jealousy of the peasants, who think their liberty would be endangered, should so exact a plan be taken of their country. As he is obliged to remain some time upon the tops of the Alps, where no provision can be procured; he generally carries with him a few she-goats, whose milk supplies him with nourishment. Indeed his perseverance in surmounting all the difficulties, that necessarily have arisen in the course of this undertaking, is almost inconceivable. When he has

finished any particular part, he sends for the peasants and *edgeways* who reside near the spot, and bids them examine accurately each mountain; whether it corresponds, as far as the smallness of the scale will admit, with its natural appearance: then, by frequently retouching, he corrects the deficiencies. He takes his elevations from the level of the lake of Lucerne; which, according to Mr. de Sauffure, is about fourteen hundred and eight feet above the Mediterranean.

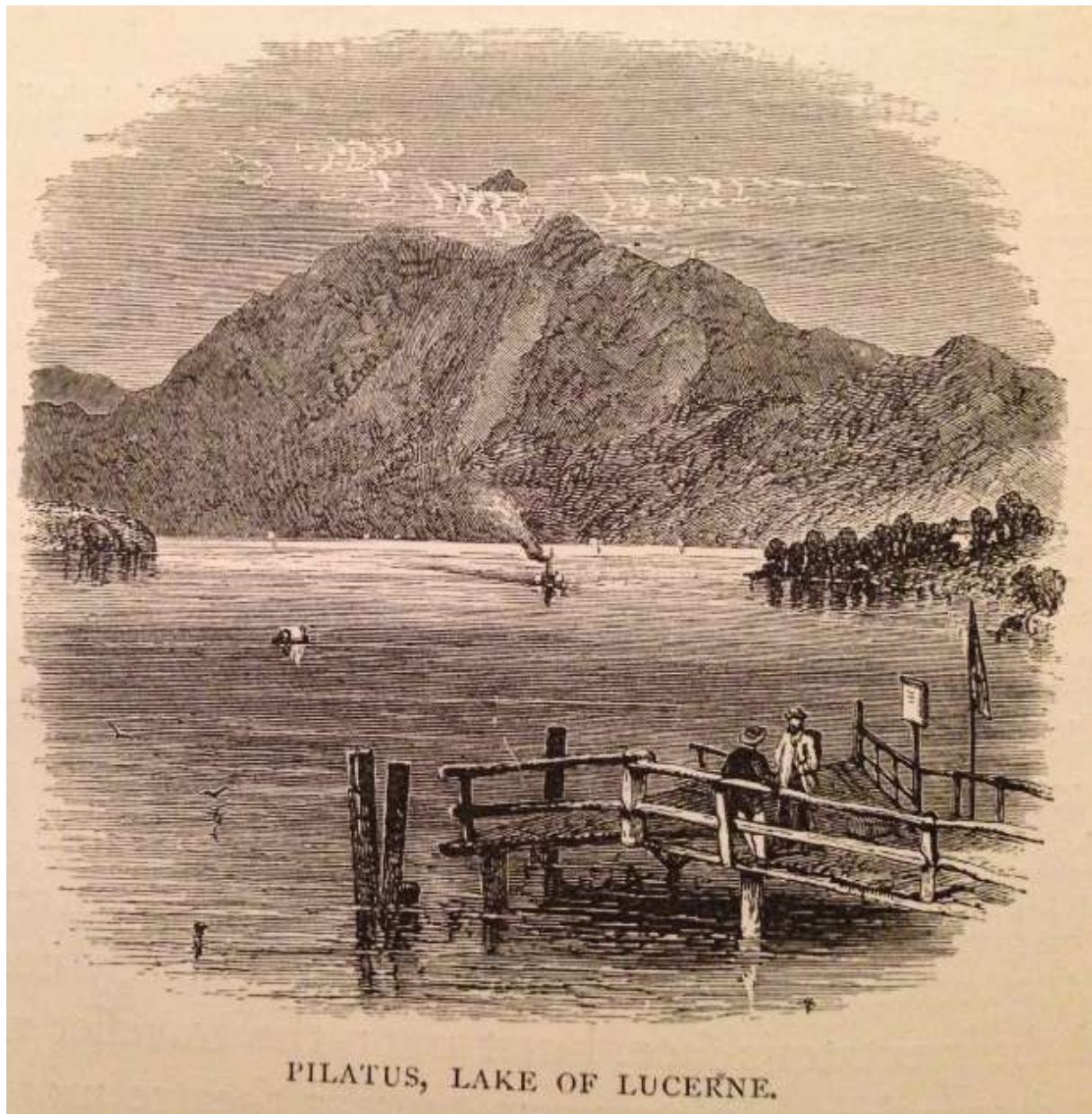
This model, exhibiting the most mountainous parts of Switzerland, conveys a sublime picture of immense alps piled one upon another: as if the story of the Titans were realized, and they had succeeded (at least in one spot of the globe) in heaping Ossa upon Pelion, and Olympus upon Ossa. The general informed me, that the tops of the alps which crossed Switzerland in the same line, are nearly of the same level; or, in other words, that there are continued chains of mountains of the same elevation, rising in progression to the highest range; and from thence as gradually descending towards Italy.

I walked with an Englishman in the evening to see the Lion, and then along to Allenwinden (a road in Luzern). The houses above the town have a pretty view from their gardens. An old gent there give me information concerning Mt Pilates.



Bed at 10½. Dull.

SEPTEMBER



Friday 1st: Lucerne to Mt Piliatus to Eigenthal

I was up at 6, and walked to Hergiswald, where I breakfasted. The boy from Inn showed me the way to Eigenthal. In 2 miles I hired a guide there. At first he asked for 50 which was too much: we finally agreed on 30. We started through the Wiss valley, through meadows, and then ascended the steep sides of mountains, and then along the edge of a precipice, through woods of firs, and then descended again, and then ascended a heathy steep to Knappstein, quite at the SW end of the mountain (*Mt Pilatus*).

The **Knappstein**, which rises above the **Wid-derfeld**, and is easily attained from Bründlen by the Ober Alp, is so called from the **Knappstein**, or 'Rocking Stone,' on its summit, which, after being fortuitously detached from the great mass of rock, has maintained its balance, and can be moved and poised on its pivot without danger.

There was no rock stack (*marker*) to be seen but a heap of broken rocks: the guide could not tell when the stone was broken. We descended from Knappstein, and came to a chalet on the alp.

From thence we descend to see the Domenic Loch: a narrow cavern, at the mouth of which stands a stone resembling a man in armour but without a helmet, with his back against the rock.

We climbed up a steep rocky path, then over fine long grass, which two men were mowing, and descended a little, following the edge of a precipice, and got to Tomlishorn. We sat there for 20 minutes. There was a fine view over the lakes of Sarner and Luzern. The sides of the rock were crumbling. I push down some pieces, and these detached others and kept up a hail of stone for a minute or more.

We descended to Tumli chalet, and then by a circuitous route to a high barren and dismal valley, containing only a few knarled and blasted firs. We came to the foot of the Esel (=Mt Pilatus): the wind was very strong here. We walked over the back of loose stones, which was very tiresome, and then climbed up rocks for a few yards, nearly to the top. There was the most magnificent view of lake of Luzern, with the town coming in from the SE.

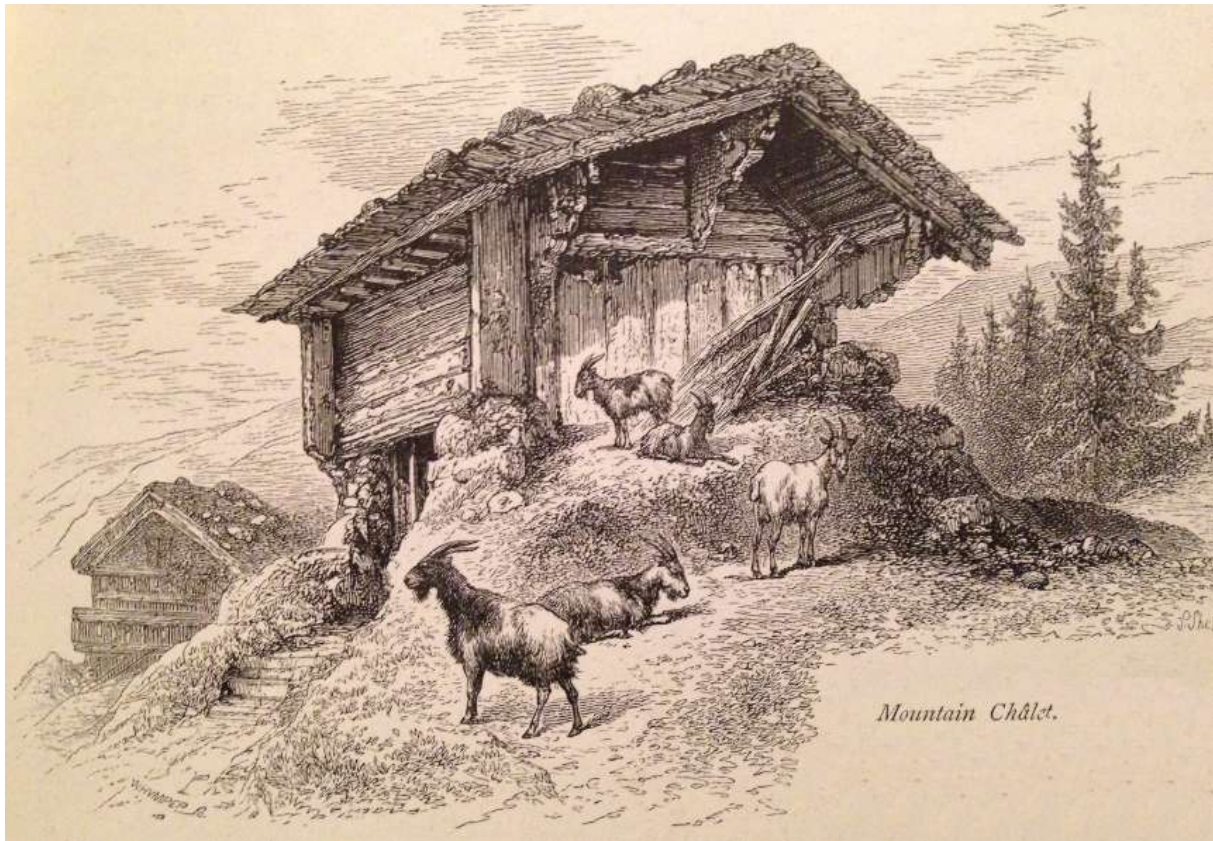
At sunset we descended from the Esel and walk along the edge of the precipice a short distance, and then entered the Kreasen, or Kirsch Loch. There was a skanty pole about 30 ft long: the limestone was slippery and difficult to descend. I got down at last with the help of the guide. Then we came directly to another precipice, along which the path lay for about 60 ft. It was very dangerous. I followed the guide, but felt considerable fear especially in the middle. I hesitated about putting my feet forwards: the guide was very active and attentive. I got over it at last, and then descended a steep bank of loose slaty stones, then over a steep bank. It was soon coming on very dark, so the guide proposed to sleep in a Chalet. I refused, so we were soon stumbling at every other step. At last we came to a path which led to Eigenthal.

I knocked up the people at the Inn, at 9¾. I got supper: butter milk and fried potatoes. The beds are miserable, so I did not undress. I was abominably tormented by fleas, so did not fall asleep until dawn.

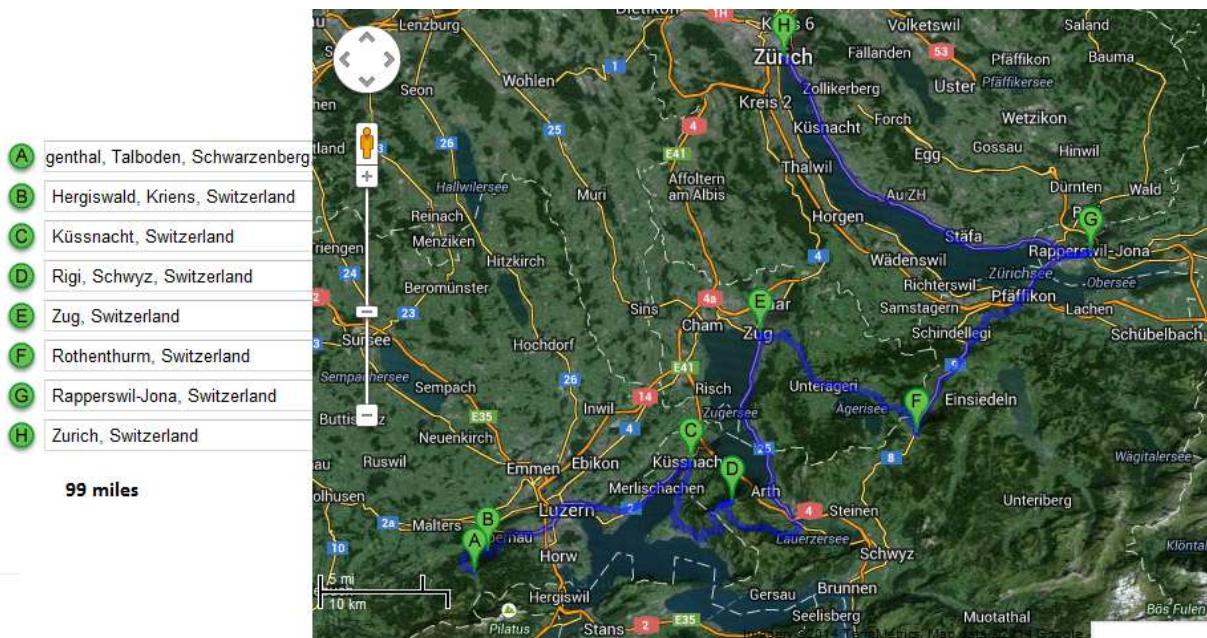
Bed at 11. 35 Miles.

In the vicinity of the Bründlen Alp are two very interesting grottos. The one is called the Dominic-loch, from a mass of whitish stone at the entrance resembling a human figure placed at a table, and seeming to guard the grotto from intrusion. This recess is not to be approached without considerable danger. It has been imagined to be the work of some deserters from an ancient Roman legion, who took refuge in this solitude. It is supposed to have been originally accessible, until the rock about it gradually fell away, and thus intercepted the approach. A man named Huber, of Krienz, was the first who endeavoured to penetrate it. He caused himself to be elevated with ropes, but perished in the enterprize from the breaking of one of them. Previous to this catastrophe, he had declared his belief that the statue was the work of man. It was by some supposed to be nothing more than an aggregation of stalactites. At length Ignatius Mait, a chamois-hunter, encouraged by a society of geologists, and under the direction of Colonel Charles Pfeffer, undertook the investigation in 1814, and with complete success. He found the pretended statue to be a rock full of crevices, besides which was another resembling a table. This natural sculpture is called Our Cornell, or 'St. Dominick.'

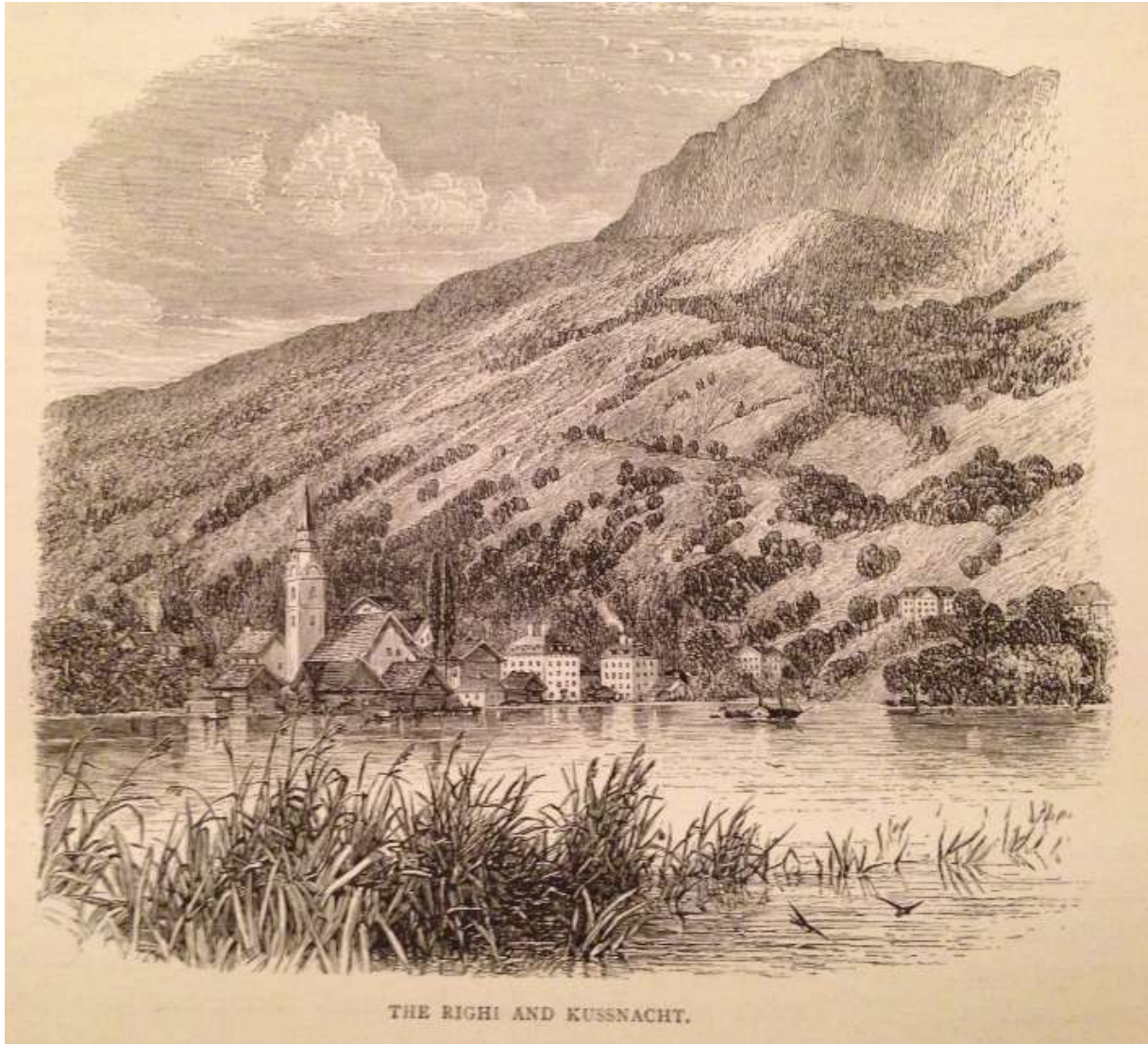
The seven peaks of the mountain which rise above the Bründlen Alp are the Esel, Oberhaupt, Band, Tomlishorn, Gemsmattlin, Widderfeld, and Knappstein. The Esel is difficult and dangerous of ascent, but commands a view more extensive than that from the Righi Culm. The Oberhaupt is ascended by the Kriesenloch, or Kirschenloch, or 'Cherry Hole,' but not without danger; the band has so sharp an edge on the summit that it affords no standing room. The Tomlishorn is the highest peak of the chain. The Gemsmattlin is approached by the Ober Alp and Widderfeld; but the path is very fatiguing and dangerous: Tomlishorn can be reached from this peak.



Saturday 2nd: Eigenthal to Rigi



I was up at 6, and walked to Hergiswald. I had breakfast here and then walked on to Luzern. Here I got my knapsack, and bought a book (William Tell) and then proceeded to Kussnacht. I saw Tell's chapel near there. There was a painting over the door representing him shooting Gessler, the apple, in the boat, and the meeting at Gusse, but it was not divided into compartments. There were no rocks near the place.

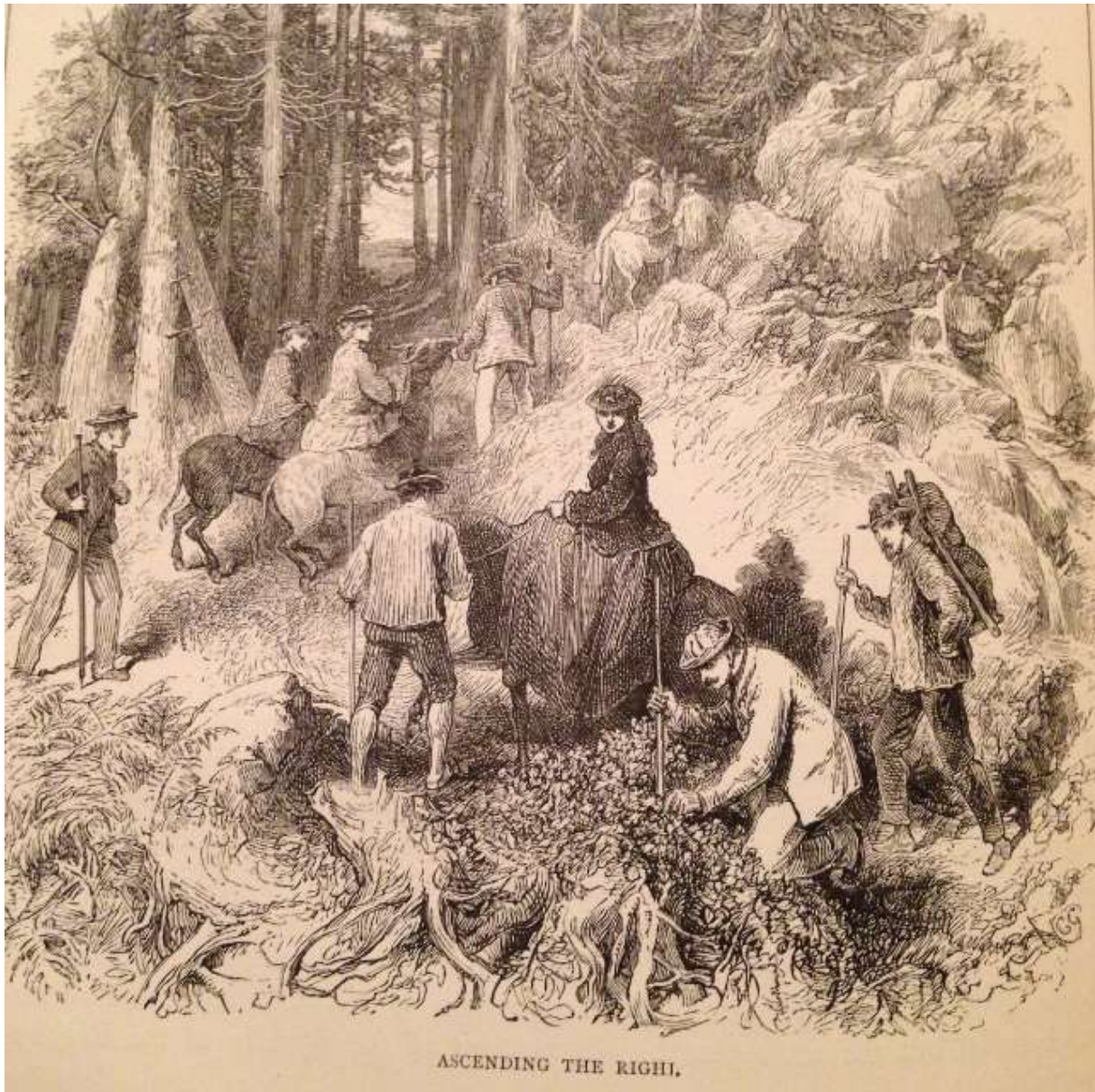


From hence I ascended by a good but steep path towards Rigi. I came to a tolerable Inn, which was full of English and German students. The mountain was covered with clouds, but it cleared up a little at sunset. There was the reflection of red clouds on the lake: chequered sunshine and shadow and was very pretty. I sat up writing. There were young men over head singing and stamping. I knocked with a stick on the ceiling. The noise became louder. I knocked again. They come down to ask why I knocked, but were peacefully inclined. They went away good friends. We shook hands and there was no more noise.

Bed at 11¼. Fine. 25 miles.

Sunday 3rd: Rigi to Zug

I was up at 4, and went to Rigi summit. There were nearly 60 persons assembled there, some wrapped in blankets. The sky was rather clouded but the sun rise was very fine, with the clouds most brightly coloured. The *Memer* mountains were the first to be illuminated, then Pilatus clean to the south and west, but the sky on the other sides was dull, but the lakes were very clear. The clouds in the hollows resemble lakes, and those on the ground look like heaps of snow.



I stayed 1½ hour there, and then descended to the Inn. I dress, and had breakfast.

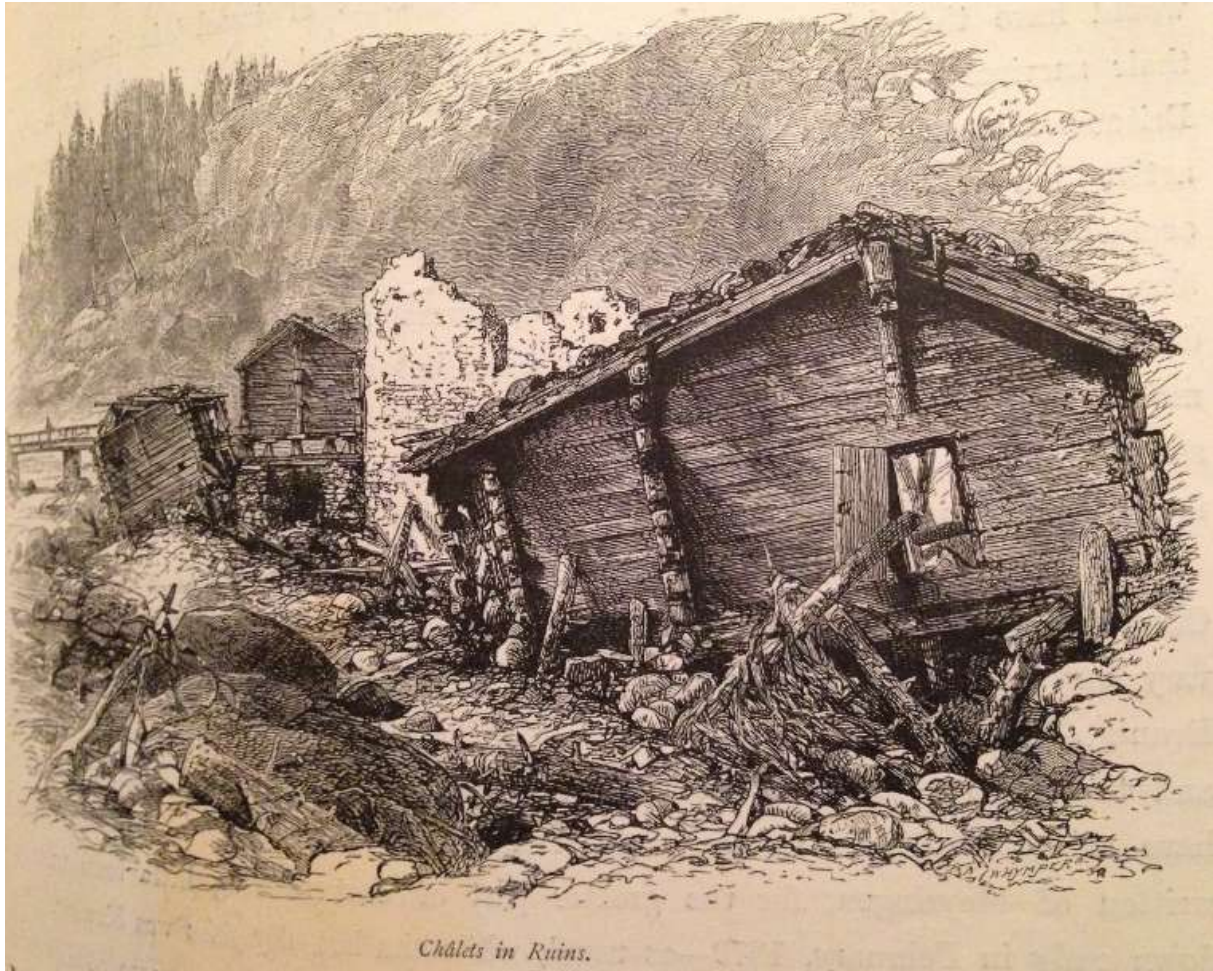
I start at 8½ with some German students. On the descent I was overtaken by an English squire and his lady; a very agreeable woman. I give them a plan of the town of Grimsel, and they were much obliged by it. I parted from them at Goldau. I agreed with Schmidt to meet him at Einsiedeln. *(In 1806 heavy rains triggered a landslide of 120 million tonnes from the Rossberg which destroyed Goldau. The event destroyed 111 houses, 220 barns, and two churches in a disaster area of about 20 km², parts of which were covered with debris to a height of 30–70 meters. It resulted in the confirmed death of 457 people).* Only a church and 2 houses have been rebuilt at Goldau. There are masses of rock which are very large and widely spread, giving a most desolate appearance.

I walked up 1 mile to Arth, a large village, where I waited an hour for a return boat. I crossed the lake. The banks very pretty, covered with woods.

I reached Zug at 4½ and went to the Crown Inn. I dined at 5, and then walked in the evening about town. I saw the cathedral: nothing remarkable. There were bones piled up in the chapel at

one corner of the church yard. Graves were covered with flowers, stone basins and iron ladles for sprinkling holy water. There was a small promenade by the lake: very pleasant in the evening. There were numbers of large fish leaping. Girls on the beach nearby were singing. The Zugar woman do not wear any costume.

Bed at 10. Fine hot. 12 miles.



Monday 4th: Zug to Rothenthurm

I was up at 7, and breakfasted at the Inn, and then started at 10. I stopped in a wood a mile from town, and sat down and read William Tell for 1 hour. Then I walk on to Ageri county, through finely wooded forests: very beautiful. I enquired at Ageri for Morgarten. The hill was pointed out. I steered straight for it as there was no path. The ground was very uneven. I went out of line of sight several times. There was a flock of sheep on the hill: very tame, licking my hands. The top and side of the hill was very uneven. It was a sloping, irregular place for a battle, and there was no memorial of any kind visible. *(The Battle of Morgarten occurred on 15 November 1315 at Morgarten (now part of Oberägeri) and near neighboring Sattel. It began when a Swiss Confederation force of 1,500 infantry archers ambushed a group of Austrian soldiers of the Holy Roman Empire near the Morgarten Pass. The Swiss, led by Werner Stauffacher, thoroughly defeated the Austrians, who were under the command of Duke Leopold I of Austria).*

I descended straight to Rothenthurm, walking along a barren uninteresting valley, and then across a hill, to a considerable village, largely composed in great measure of inns. The monastery was very extensive. At the end of the village church, in front of it was a chapel containing an image. Close to the entrance was an image covered with jewels, with a face quite black. Several persons were kneeling round the chapel, repeating the pata nosta etc. Votive pictures hung on wall near the entrance. I enquire for a certain inn, but it was long ago shut up. The village was bustling, with persons from many different cantons assembled there. The fountains before the monastery had 16 pipes. In the streets were numbers of pilgrims repeating latin prayers.

Bed at 11. Fine. 20 miles.

Tuesday 5th: Rothenthurm to Zurich

I was up at 6 and started at 6½. There were chapels along beside the road, but for ¼ mile the valley was quite uninteresting. There was a pretty steep ascent, and then a view of the top of Zurichsee, and then a descent to Pfaffikon. The banks of the lake there low and reedy. I crossed bridge only two paces long, and came to Rapperswil, surrounded by ancient walls and towers.

I breakfasted there at eight, and start again at 11 ½. I had walked 3 miles when the rain came on, so I stop at 3¼ in a wood, and then walked on along the coast of the lake.



There were numerous villages with scarce houses scattered almost everywhere along the road, and many very neat vineyards, free from weeds. The fruit trees were loaded and houses well built and whitewashed. The inhabitants were tolerably neat, but had no costume.

I reached Zurich at 7, where my passport was demanded. I searched for an inn, walking a long way about town. I came at last to the Stork, a large inn. Here I met a young French advocate from *Poutalier*, and conversed a good deal with him. I supper at the table d'hote, talking to a Bernese family, with a pretty girl.

The streets of Zurich at first sight somewhat resemble those of Paris: generally plain and dirty.

Bed at 10. Rainy. 32 miles.



ZURICH CATHEDRAL.

Wednesday 6th: Zurich

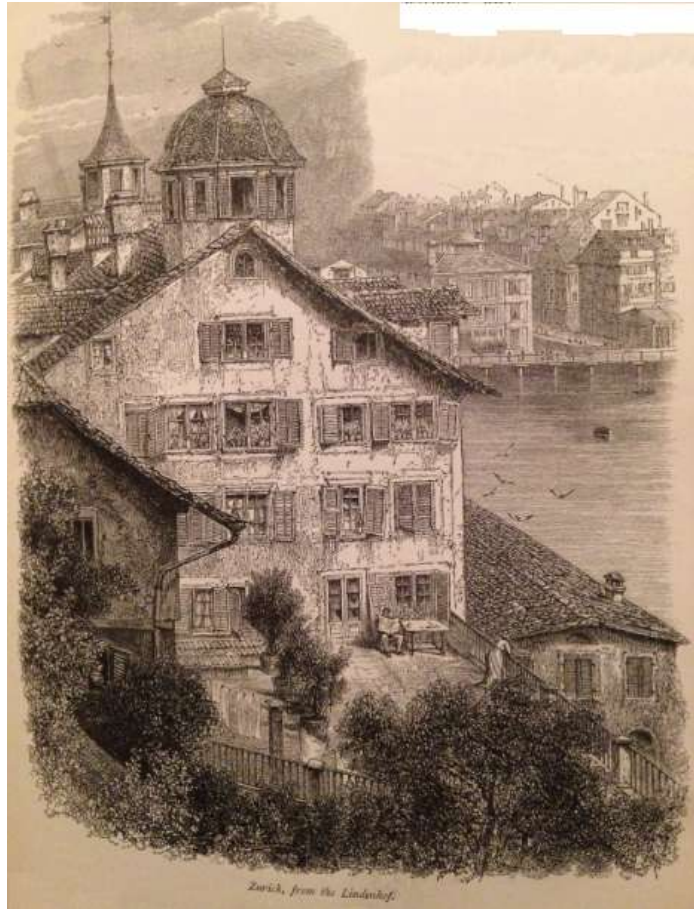
I was up at 7, and went to the hospital to enquire for the address of Meyers. I called on him and give him a letter. He was very civil, and went with me to the hospital. I saw various practices including things to dress compresses. There were short tough splints and very clumsily applied bandages. On the leg outer splints of reed were applied with linen. The bed wards were very crowded, and maniacal patients were mixed with others, even though there is a separate mad house belonging to the hospital. The physician's say prescriptions over the bed in latin in a solemn tone as if they had been incantations.

I return from the hospital to the Inn, and breakfasted. I sat in the room until 12^{3/4}, and then went to a sale de manger. I saw Mr Clams and family, and talked to them while dining. I then went to Meyer, and he introduce me to another student who walked about town with me. I saw the monument to Gessner on public promenade: simple but somewhat heavy, with no beauty. (*Conrad Gessner 1516–1565 was a well known as a botanist, physician and classical linguist. His Historiae Animalium is considered the beginning of modern zoology*).



Conrad Gessner memorial at the Old Botanical Garden, Zürich

I passed by the orphan house: a handsome building, and went to the library. There is a model of part of Switzerland by Muller, and a cabinet of natural history. Nothing remarkable there but a very large salmon weighing 40 lb caught in the Limmat, and a trout nearly as large. The Cathedral is not handsome but there is a good view from tower of the town. I visited the blind asylum, where the people reckon by means of pointed pieces of wood which stick in a board with holes, and read words pricked with a pin, very readily. The botanical garden was neat but the plants were not arranged. $\frac{1}{4}$ mile out of town, the river Limmat is rapid, but shallow. The boats are flat bottomed, long and narrow. The Stathaus is handsome, close to the river, and adorned with busts with Latin mottos beneath them.



I supped at the table d'hote. There was a family from Luzern; a father and two daughters. I conversed a good deal with one of these ladies.

Bed at 10 $\frac{1}{2}$. 5 miles. Dull, showery.

Thursday 7th: Zurich to Mosnang

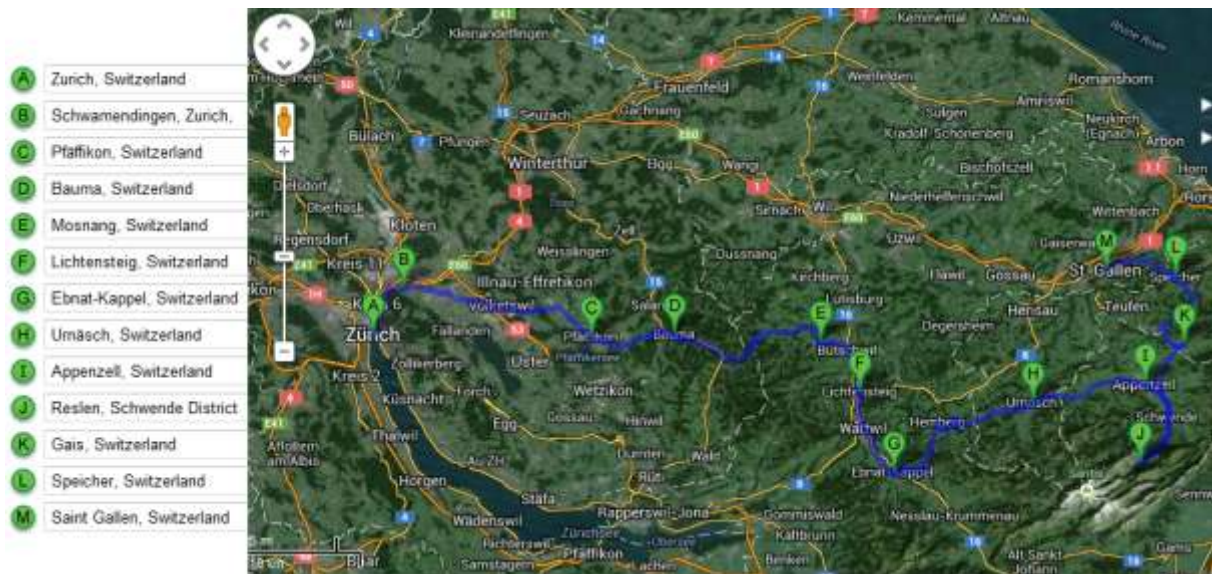
I was up at 6 $\frac{1}{2}$, and started at 7, walking by the Luzern family's carriage to Schwamendingen. There was a general thanksgiving day, with all the people going to church. I breakfasted at a village a little beyond Dubendorf. The road was bad and dirty and winding. I got to Pfaffikon at 2. The lake was pretty, but the shores in some parts were reedy. The village was dirty in the middle, but had neat houses round it.

I got to Bauma at 4 $\frac{1}{2}$, where I met great numbers of persons coming out of the church. This village was pretty and neat. I walked through Steg and by several hamlets, reaching the top of Hulftegg at 6 $\frac{1}{4}$. I descend through two villages, and came at 7 $\frac{1}{2}$ to Mosnang: a large village. I went to the Crown, a good inn.

Rainy, then very fine. 32 miles.

Friday 8th: Mosnang to Appenzell

I was up at 6, and walked through 2 villages. I met numbers of persons going to church, it being thanksgiving day for Catholic cantons. The St Gallen costumes are gay, varying much on different persons.



I breakfasted at Lichteinsteg, really a small town. The village of Wattwil was handsome. The capital of Ebnat has 2 large churches one Catholic and the 2nd protestant. I went up into this church, which was quite full. The women were all in black. I only stayed 20 minutes, and then walked on to see St Johans (*Nesslau-Krummenau*), then on to Enetbuhl.

From thence I travelled by a rough and sometimes swampy path over the Schwag Alp to Urnasch. Mt Santis lay close on the side, bare and steep, and sprinkled with recent snow. The valley from Urnasch to Appenzell was covered with fine meadows with thickly scattered houses. There are looms frequently in the cottages. There were several handsome wooden houses with turf roofs near Gonten. The turf resembles ours, but large fires of wood branches and then up at these in it. I met several persons on the road, who were very friendly, and always saluted. The men wear a sort of leather scull cap and red waistcoat, and the women a low waistcoat, corset and red petticoat.

I got to Appenzell at 7½. It was nearly dark. I went to the Cross Inn, and supped. The landlady was young, and conversation civil.

Bed at 10. Feet sore. 30 miles. Very fine.

Saturday 9th: Appenzell

I was up at 7, and sat in my room, mending my trousers. I washed at 9, and then started at 11½, walking through Wissbad. I ascended Sattel, along a narrow and steep path. I met a young traveller there. There view was very fine over the Tyrol mountains, Bodensee, and country around, and Rheinthal. The horizon was very clear except towards the southwest.

I descended the most part of the way, along a very steep and difficult path, and then along the same way as coming here. I was overtaken by man playing a flute, and walked some way with him, and with another man who had been collecting roots on the mountains. He showed me the root of acorns.

I was back at Appenzell at 6½.

Bed at 9½. Very fine. 16 miles.

Sunday 10th: Appenzell to Gais

I was up at 7³/₄, walking to Gais. The people had just gone into the protestant church. I left my knapsack at the inn and went to church. The sermon on conscience was pretty intelligible.

I breakfasted at 11, and then sat in my room until 2, when I went to the afternoon service.

I sat in my room until evening. I began a letter to Frensel, and read the German papers. I supped at 8¹/₂, with a young man from Sargans. He was a very agreeable companion, and understood English. Gais is celebrated as a spa town.

Bed at 10¹/₂. Dull, rainy. 3 miles.

Monday 11th: Gais to St Gallen

I was up at 6. I had a bout of arder. I walked slowly over a steep hill to Trogen. This was a handsome village, with many large houses. I walked another ¹/₄ hr to Speicher, where I breakfasted, and then got to St Gallen at 12, and went to the Lion Inn. I called on Rusch with a letter, but he was not at home. I walk about town until 2, and then called again. He went with me to the height close to the town. There was a fine view from it, of the surrounding country, which was rather rich and fertile, with a vast number of bleaching grounds.



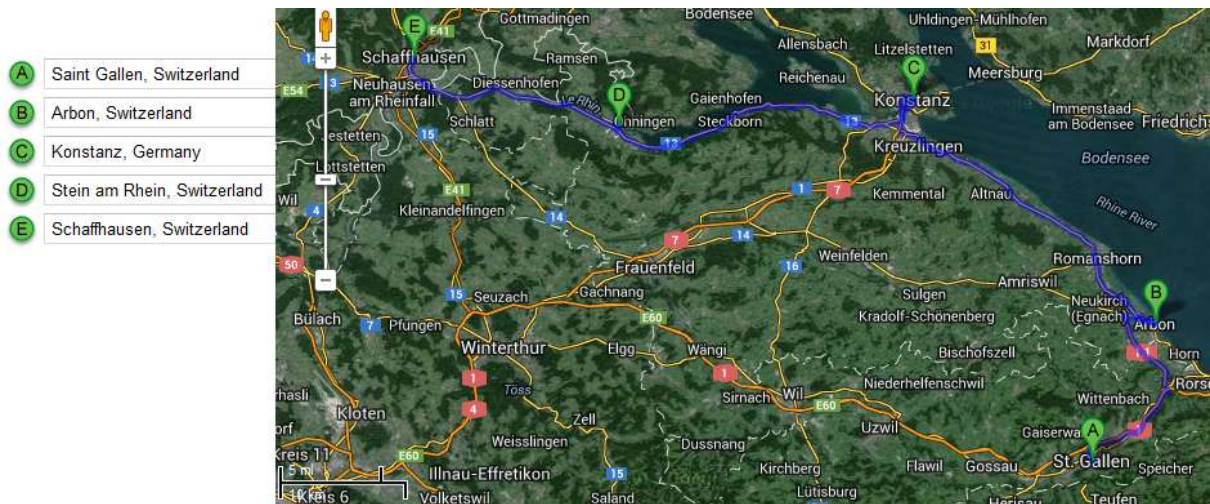
The interior is one of the most important baroque monuments in Switzerland

I walk to *Brouha* (*place unidentified*) to see the new bridge there, which was solid and handsome. I sat in the Inn there ¹/₂ hr, and then went back to town at 7. The town of St Gallen has very irregular gates and no walls. The monastery has a catholic church. There is also a set of protestant churches. The streets of the town were somewhat bustling, and good for carriages.

Bed at 10¹/₂. Walk 20 miles. Fine.

Tuesday 12th: St Gallen to Constance

I was up at 7. Rusch call for me, and we walked to the Catholic church, but the architecture was not remarkably handsome. The paintings on the ceiling were well executed.



I started at 9½, walking for 3 miles with an old gent from St Gallen. I arrived at Arbon, a little dead and uninteresting town. I was stuck near here because all travellers in the canton must get their passports vised, to avoid the pain of being sent a long way back. The country from Arbon to Constance is very fertile, with vast numbers of pear and apple trees. The view of the lake here and there is very clear and pretty. I met people coming from a fair at Constance. The women were not pretty, nor neatly dressed.

The houses were ill kept, and there was much grass in the outer streets, and it was very dull. I walked about a long time in search of an inn. I went to the Eagle, but they were very uncivil, taking me for a *Cousner*, so I was obliged to wait. I left to it, going to the *Recht* Inn. Here the people were very civil, but I was obliged to sleep outside of the house. I saw Mr MacMurdo there, and gave him information about Switzerland. I walk on a promenade close to the lake by moonlight.

Bed at 12. 28 Miles. Fine, hot.

Wednesday 13th: Constance to Mainau

I was up at 5¼, and sat with Mr MacMurdo.



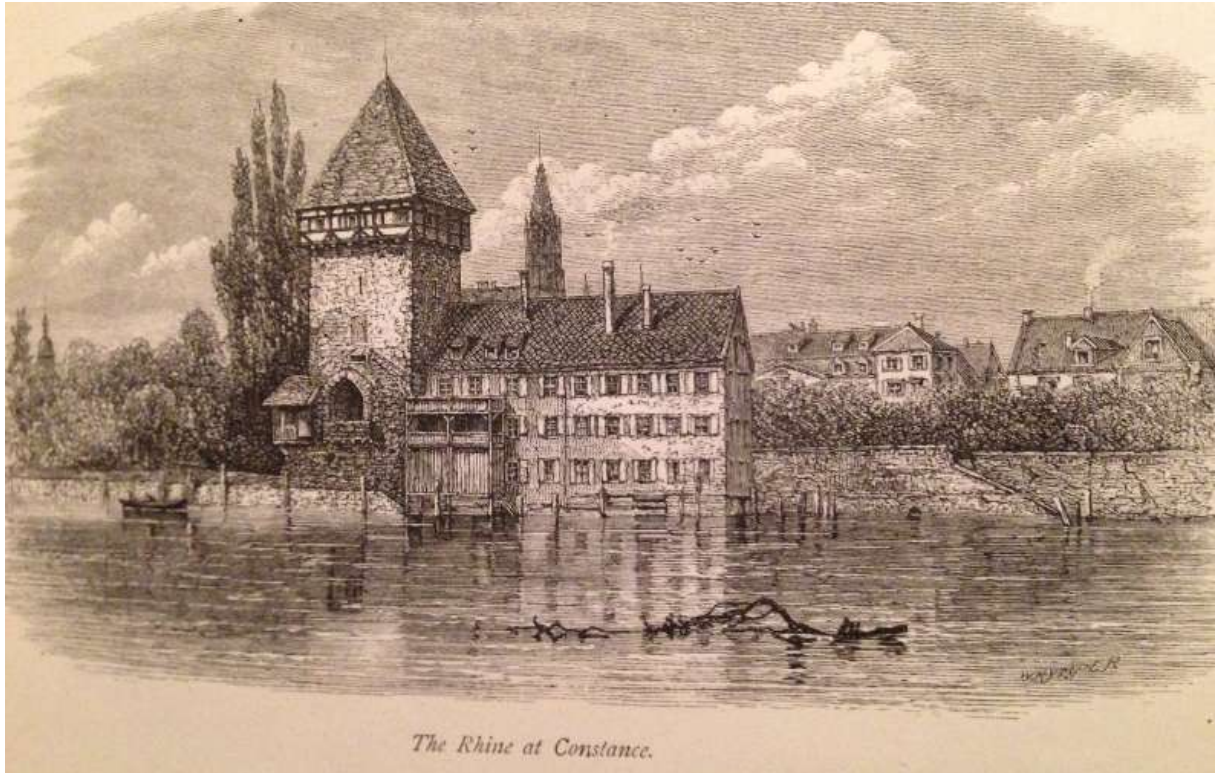
I walked to the Islands of Mainau, passing a great number of vineyards. I went a roundabout way to get there, arriving at 9. The bridge from the land to the island was wooden, narrow with rails. The water here is not more than 2 feet deep, and there are great numbers of fish. The island is kept covered with vineyards and orchards. There is a chateau at the top, on the north side, with a fine view over the lake shores.

I returned by a shorter way, arriving back at 10, and breakfasting at the Inn. I saw the Cathedral, and ascended the tower for a fine view. I saw the *Consilium Senal*, which is now a clothes market, but which had more than 10 or 11 upright wooden pillars in the middle, antiquities shown in small room partitioned off at upper end. (*Konzil (Council building) built in 1388 and originally used as a warehouse: from 1414-1417 the council of Konstanz was held here to elect a new pope.*)

The weather very hot from dawn, so I went to bed until 3.

Starting a 3 o/c, I followed a flat and dusty road, reaching France at 9¼. I went to the Stag Inn.

Bed at 10 o/c. 30 miles. Fine & hot.



Thursday 14th: Constance to Schafhausen

I was up at 7, breakfasted and then walked about town. The fore street is very small but neat.

I start at 10 o/c, walk along a flat dusty road to the bridge on the river Thur. Here I missed the way. I cut across a hill. The road was narrow and difficult to find. I come at last opposite to Stein am Rhein. There was a beautiful view of Rhine and part of the Untersee. I followed the high road to Diessenhofen, passing through it, and proceeding to Schafhausen, arriving at 8. The view of the town and river by moonlight is very fine. I went to the Ship Inn, and ate super at the table d'hote.

Bed at 10. 26 miles. Fine, hot.



Schaffhausen, from the River.

LETTER 7

Addressed to: Rev S.L.Jacob, Woolavington, Bridgewater, Somerset, England.



Letter starts dated **Sept 16th 1826 in Aarau**

My Dear Parents,

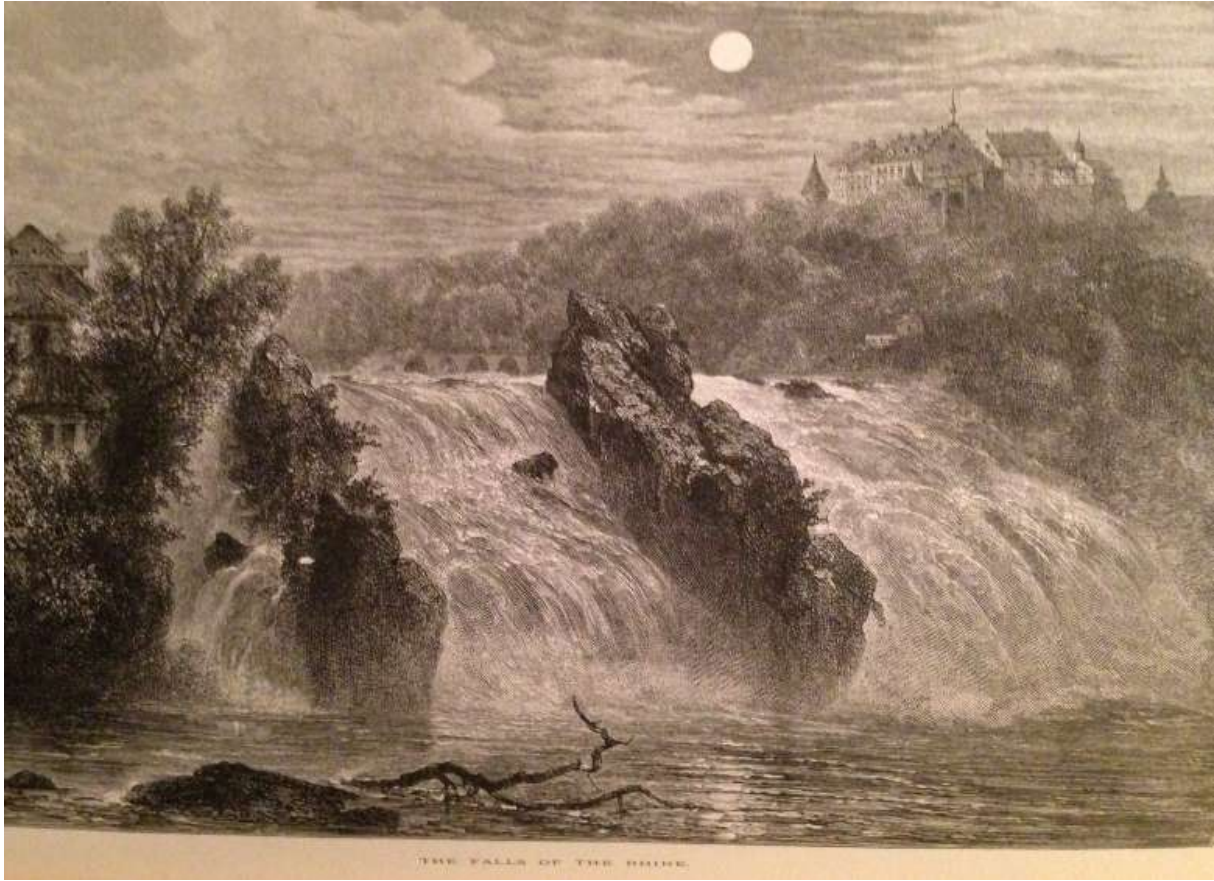
Friday 15th: Shafhausen to Kaiserstuhl

I was up at 7 o/c, and walked about town).

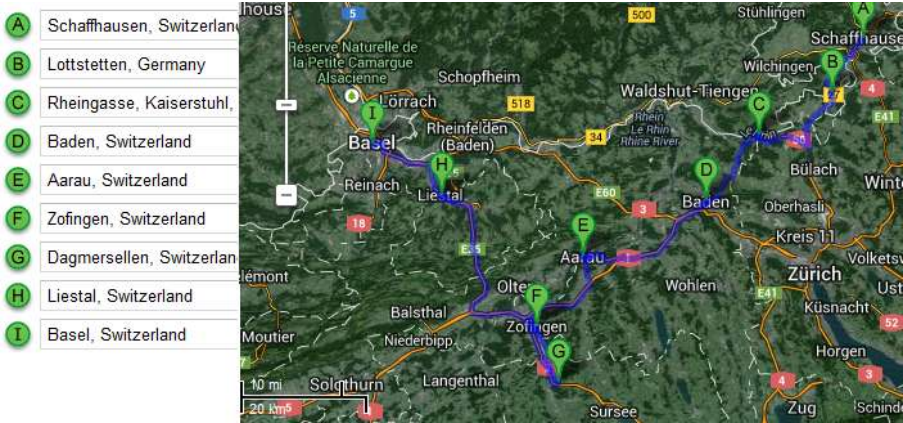
When I finished my last letter at Shafhausen, I had not seen anything either of the town or the celebrated waterfall. Of the former I have not much to say. It is the most ancient in appearance of any that I have seen. Many of the houses are adorned in front with fresco paintings of various kinds, and almost all, whether shops or private dwellings have a sign at least written over the door. There seemed to be a good deal of bustle and business there, but the streets are most wretchedly paved and I found walking about them very fatiguing.

At ten o'clock I left the town *walking by high road towards Laufen* and proceeded along the southern side of the river towards the fall; the sound I had heard the evening before proceeding from a little fall or rather roughness of the water close to the bridge. That of the great cataract was not audible at a greater distance than $\frac{1}{2}$ mile.





At the fall itself I was by no means disappointed, for though far less grand it was much more beautiful and varied than I had expected. From a distance of several hundred yards the stream (which is here very broad) has its progress broken by the irregularity of the rock, which forms its bed. It runs on this with increasing force till it reaches 3 irregular rocks which rise up from the bottom, and then dashes down between them a height of 25 or 30 ft. It is these rocks which are the most fantastic shapes and covered above with green bushes and shrubs which render the fall so beautiful, for the water, instead of descending in a smooth even sheet was broken in every direction and seemed to be converted the moment it left the horizontal plain into flakes of snow of the most dazzling whiteness. I had a very good view of it both from above and from a sort of wooden gallery which has been built close to the water so that the spectator is there well wetted by the spray which arises from it. The sound even in the latter situation was by no means so great as it has been represented to be and it was not necessary to speak much louder than usual in order to be heard distinctly. [A boy demanded money.](#)





After waiting more than ½ hours before I could make the ferryman hear I crossed the river just below the fall, [in a flat bottomed and very light boat](#), and continued my walk by a footpath which led through a forest of beech and firs in the direction of the stream. Here I killed a viper, the only one I have seen in Switzerland. After leaving the wood I cut across the fields, [to Rheinau](#), in order to avoid the high road, but I got so much out of the way by doing so that I was obliged to return to it. [I crossed a steep valley, and then followed a road to Jestetten, and then a footpath to Lottstetten, and then the high road to Kaiserstuhl.](#) I trudged on (part of the time under a heavy shower) to Kaiserstuhl, a small town on the southern side of the Rhine.

The grand duchy of Baden irregularly interdigitates here with the Swiss canton, so that my days walk lay through Schaffhausen Zurich, Shaffhausen Baden Zurich, Baden and lastly Thurgau. There were however no frontier posts, so I had not the inconvenience of producing my passport or answering official questions.

[On reaching Kaiserstuhl I went to the Crown Inn. Bed at 9½. 25 Miles. Fine and rainy fine.](#)

Saturday 16th: Kaiserstuhl to Baden to Aarau

[I was up at 6 o/c, and walked by a hilly and bad road to Baden. The country around it was pretty, and the baths and village around them were in a hollow a ¼ mile from the town. I breakfasted at Baden.](#)

[I walk on by the high road along the Reuss and through fertile country to Brunegg. I entered the town but there was nothing except a stable, so I came out again and walked towards Aarau. I looked for the fortress of the Hapsburgs, but only saw houses on top of a steep hill, covered with wood, and no path to it, so I passed by.](#)

I got my knapsack, carried 9 miles. The woman in the villages beyond Baden wear Berne dress.

Today I have walked from Kaiserstuhl to this town (the capital of the canton, i.e. Aarau), a distance of about 30 miles, and as for the most part I came along the high road. I have been more tired than I have ever been before in this country, but I still am very far from being knocked up. The country through which I passed was very fertile and well cultivated. I crossed the Limmat and Reuss, two of the largest Swiss rivers, with their termination in the Aar, I don't know that I have seen anything else worth mentioning. There is however something very fine in the Swiss rivers, independent of the scenery on their banks. They are so deep, clean and smooth and yet seem to run with such force and rapidity that you might say nothing could resist them.

I think you will have been already somewhat amused with my adventures. I have now one to relate which perhaps you will think more disagreeable than any. On entering Aarau (at 6½) I went into a second rate Inn (the Crown Inn - it was a little uncomfortable), which however seemed quite good enough for my purpose and in truth I got a quite comfortable bed and a good bedroom. I supped in the common room.

The bedroom however contained 3 beds. This is so common a thing in the Swiss Inns, which have very few single bedded rooms, that I thought nothing of it. I went to bed a little before ten, and fell asleep almost immediately, but was waked again in half an hour by the servants who wrapped at my door and desired I would let her in that she might make the other two beds for two students who were just arrived. I answered that I was in bed, and that I must be alone and that she must find some other room for said students. After a few words she went down and presently up came the landlord. He was sorry to disturb me but had no other room vacant and could not send away his guests, so I told him I should get up and go to some other Inn, and as he persisted I climbed out, dressed and repacked my knapsack and sallied forth.

The Inns are half filled with students going to Zofingen, which as I have already mentioned is not far from Aarau, so that at the first I went to I could not have a room. However I soon found one, here, the Golden Ox, and have slept very comfortably. As this is the principle Inn I suppose I shall have twice as much to pay as I should have done at the first, but though I will put up with almost any inconveniences at Inns for the sake of saving money, I must have a separate bedroom, especially when as to day I want to sit in it for several hours. I can assure you that on this occasion I was not the least out of temper, but rather amused at the adventure, and at thinking what a nice story it would make for my letter here.

The Inn was actually very comfortable, and there was only a moderate charge.

Bed at 11. 30 miles. Fine.

Sunday 17th: Aarau

I was up at 9, breakfasted and went to church. The congregation were principally workers. The church is half catholic and half protestant.

I walked about town, and went to post office, and got a letter from Fresnel. He is going away from Paris, and the letter was full of stuff. I felt out of spirits and uncomfortable. I lay on the sofa for 3 hours, and then walked out again in evening. Put letter in the post for J.

There is not much to be seen in Aarau. Its inhabitants are principally protestants, but the largest church serves both for these, and the catholics, like one which I mentioned at Berne. This canton was once a part of Berne, and most of the women wear the costume of that canton, which I was very glad to see once more.

I had super at 3 o/c. The landlord is very civil and the Aaron is a pretty large Inn, but nothing remarkable

Bed at 10.

Monday 18th: Aarau to Zofingen

I was up at 6 and walked to Koliken, where I breakfasted. Then I walked on partly by footpath through woods to Zofingen.

I left Aarau at 6 this morning, and walked to Zofingen, which is about 10 miles from it. As soon as I got there I went to the Inn, which the Berne student, **Rusch**, had mentioned and found to my annoyance that he was not arrived, however after waiting some time I found the student, Meyer, I had seen at Zurich and he good-naturedly walked about with me and took me in to the dinner. I had of course to pay for this but it was very little (only 45 sous). There were about 200 students assembled. They dined at 11½ in a large building outside the town. **There were toasts, clonking glasses, songs and speeches. Many plates were broken: The dinner was good, and very abundant.** I am by no means sorry that I went, for their dress, their appearance, their songs and toasts were all new to me and I was not a little amused with them. Towards the end of dinner they got a little noisy and threw about bits of bread, and the napkins. However it ended without any other damage than the breakings of a few plates and 2 panes of glass. .

After dinner they dispersed in various directions, but the largest party went to a village where they sometimes eat in, near the Inn, smoking and drinking beer and others amused themselves with billiards and skittles.

I came here with Meyer, and remained some time a spectator here and then returned to the Inn at 5, got my knapsack and walked on to Reiden, a village about 11 miles off, intending to sleep there in order to go to a "frey schießen" or shooting match at a neighbouring village tomorrow morning. When I arrived, which was just at dark I went to the best Inn, but found it full of the country people dancing and merry making, and that I could not have a bed there. Then I went to the other Inn but found it the same. **The Inns were full of peasants dancing. The women all wear Luzern costume, and all are plain or ugly.** So after looking a while at the dancers I was going to start again, but found it was raining as hard as it could pour.

I waited a little while and then having thrown on my cloak I set out in the rain, wind, thunder and lightning. The latter was vivid and I understand now better than I ever did before the meaning of the line: "in our eyes blue lightnings flash" for it flashed in my eyes several times in such a manner as to make me start. I saw numerous "ignes fatui" (*phosphorescent light that hovers or flits*).

At last after 4 hours walk I came to this village, **Dagmersellen at 9**, which has two Inns. At the first I went to I was told I could not have a bed, at the second I have a bedroom it is true, but the bed considerably resembles that which I had on Mt Pilates, and its inhabitants (the fleas) have already made me feel their presence in a very sensitive manner. **There was only one sheet of canvas. I sat writing, faintly hearing the fleas.** The being tormented by fleas is by no means an

evil which I can accustom myself to. On the contrary, each attack seems more than the former and I do most earnestly hope this will be the last. In almost any other canton I might sleep comfortably in the smallest Inn, but in this filthy place it is far from being the case as I find now for the third time.

You will think I dare say after reading the preceding that I was quite uncomfortable enough, but when I write it the worst, by far the worst, was yet to come. The room I was in contained 4 beds. A little before eleven while I was writing up came the two beastly fellows who were to occupy two of the beds, this was more than I could stand so I packed up my knapsack, went down stairs and told the landlord as civilly as possible that I could not remain in the bedroom, but would be obliged to him if he would give me a long candle that I might sit up in the room below and that if sleeping I would lie down on the table. Upon this to my no little astonishment the woman began abusing me in a most insolent manner because I did not choose to sleep in the same room with these two very respectable gentlemen, and said that if I was not satisfied with such a good bedroom I might sleep in some place, the name of which I could not understand *The wife was very obscene*. I replied that since they chose to treat me in such a manner I would not stay a minute in the house, and was going out, when she demanded a *baty* (i.e. payment) for the trouble I had given. Being not in the best possible humour I replied that I would not pay a single *batzen* (i.e. coin). Upon which she desired her husband to seize upon my knapsack and as he attempted to do this I snatched it away and held up my fist to prevent his taking it. At this he flew at me, seized me by the collar and being a stout man was near dragging me on the floor. However I partly disengaged myself and sat down upon the bench. He then uttered most violently abuse and gestures that I not knowing what his rage might lead him to do and being quite in his power, hollowed out as loud as I could for help, *calling out "murder"*. I did not expect that anyone would come, but it had the desired effect of making him leave his hold, and then seeing it useless to contend any further I was obliged to put up with the insult I had received. I threw down the *baty* and walked out wishing him, his wife and house somewhere else.

Luckily the rain had ceased and the moon was shining brightly. I could not tell where I should be able to sleep, but thought it the best plan to go back to Zofingen, which I reached at one o'clock. All the Inns were shut up and dark, except the one where I had been in the morning and there the students were singing, dancing and making merry with no small voice. I requested to have a room here but was told that this was quite impossible for every hole and corner was occupied already. I was however determined not to turn out again and at last the landlady, who was very civil, had a sofa brought down and put in the common room. On this I lay down, but sleeping was quite out of the question, for if the fleas I had brought from the cursed first house at Dagmersellen had not kept me awake, the noise above me would have done so.

I am very glad that no such adventures happened to me on my first coming to Switzerland. It would have very probably disgusted me and prevented me going so far. Of all the other disagreements I have met with I could say (in Latin):

A photograph of a piece of aged, yellowed paper with handwritten Latin text in cursive script. The text reads "Hoc olim meminisse juvabit".

But I in truth it hurts my pride a little to recollect that I have been treated as a vagabond, collared and insulted, abused by a rascally landlord of a vile village pot house.

Tuesday 19th: Zofingen to Lichtinstall

I saw this morning at 6 very little refreshed, and could not even get water to wash comfortable (which after a sleepless night is more especially wanted). You will easily imagine that in such a state I was not inclined to go to the frey schießen (*i.e. shooting match*). So, having made a tolerable wash, I started for Basel and come without stopping to this place (Lichtinstall), which is about 12 miles from it and 24 from Zofingen. Here I made myself comfortable, got an hour and a half nap, and am now as well as possible.

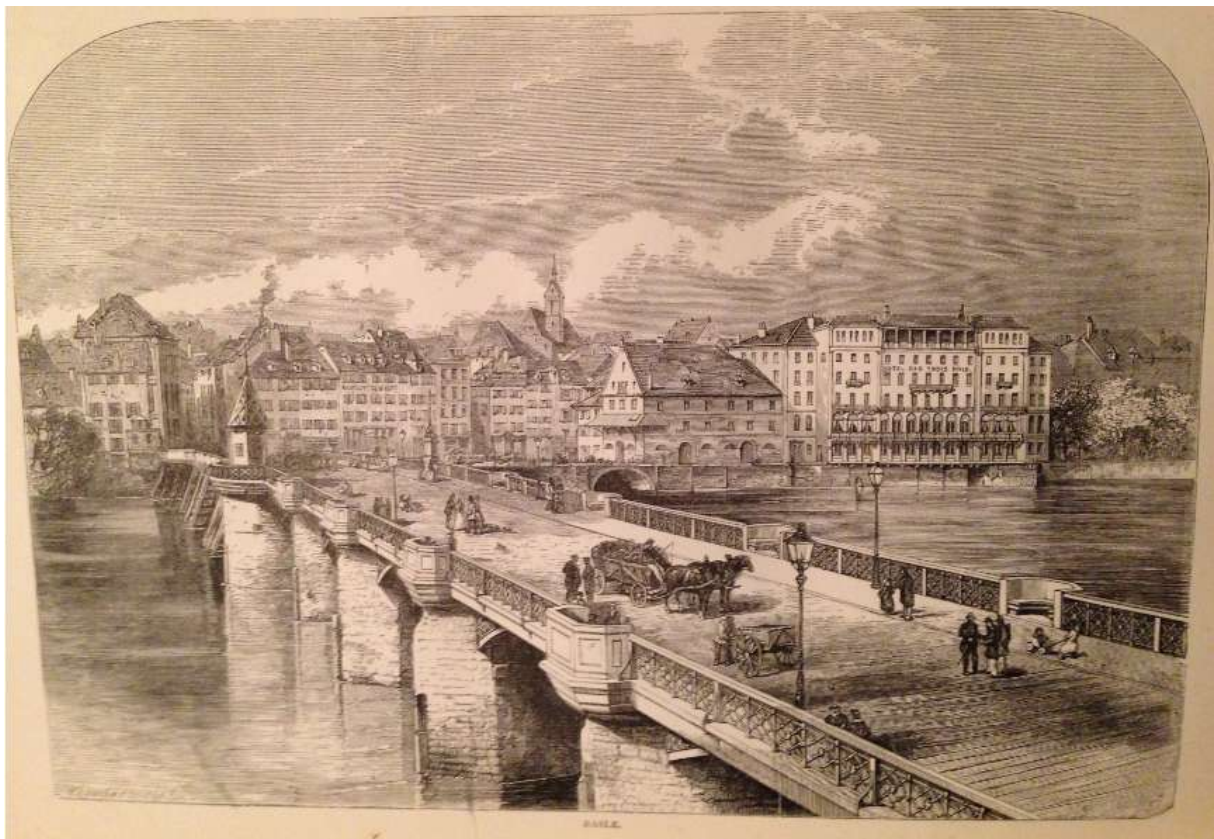
On the way I passed through Aarburg and Olten. There were pretty but confined views on either side, with the road ascending the Hauenstein. My passport was demanded at the 1st village in Basel. The road goes along a valley from Hauenstein to Sissach. I got to Liestal at 2¼, and dined at 3½, and then walked about town, but did not see anything remarkable. I mended my clothes.

Bed at 10. 24 Miles. Fog and hot, fine.

Wednesday 20th: Liestal to Basel

I was up at 6½, and left Liestal this morning and breakfasted here at the Sauvage Inn, Basel. The walking was not very agreeable for I was for the greater part of it enveloped in fog, accompanied by drizzling rain. On arriving at Basel at 10¼ my passport was checked at the gate.

I walked about town, and bought some fruit and fine grapes and peaches. Fruit here is very abundant and cheap. For instance fine grapes and peaches the former 2d a pound, the latter 4 a dozen, so that for a franc I have had a regular feast.





After seeing the Rathaus, I proceeded to the library. Finding the door shut I enquired of a gent who was passing when it would be open. He answered that he did not know the hour at which it would be open to the public but that he could procure me admittance forthwith, so having rung the bell he spoke to the professor who is librarian there and they went together over the place with me, which was much pleasanter than if I had seen it at the regular admission time. This library contains a room filled with pictures painted by the celebrated Holbein. **One is in compartments representing phases of death, and is extraordinarily fresh and new.** There are also a number of roman antiquities found in the ruins of Augusta Rauricorum about 6 miles from hence, and a number of curious and ancient books, among which is a copy of Erasmus's *Stultitiae Laus* (*In Praise of Folly*, written while Erasmus was staying with Sir Thomas More: it is considered one of the most notable works of the Renaissance and played an important role in the beginnings of the Protestant Reformation), on the margins of which are a number of pen drawings by Holbein, some of which are very laughable. At the museum to which I next went I found nothing very interesting except a good collection of insects by which I was able to name most of those which I have found.



Hans Holbein's witty marginal drawing of Folly (1515), in the first edition, a copy owned by Erasmus himself (Kupferstichkabinett, Basel)

I sat in my room the rest of the day, as the weather was very rainy. I supped at 8, a la carte, and then afterwards went to a Café, and read the French and German papers.

Bed at 10¼. Foggy dull. 12 miles.

Thursday 21st: Basel to Colmar

I breakfasted at the Inn, and then walked about town. I saw the Winterburg garden, but the botany was in a sad confusion, and it is bounded on one side by prisons. I saw prints of costumes. I dined at 4.



The rainy weather has prevented my going out of the town. I have been a little disappointed here, for I had intended going down the Rhine to Strasbourg, but can find no boat going thither before Monday, so that I am forced to give up this plan. I should have liked very well to walk there, but in the first place having no good map of the country I should be obliged to keep on the high road which runs at some distance from the Rhine, and in the second, I should most probably have bad weather, at least it is very unsettled at present. I was however some time in making up my mind to travel in diligence, which I detest, but at last took my place for this evening at five, so that in an hour and a half more I shall have left Switzerland, probably for ever, and notwithstanding the disagreeable occurrences I have lately met with, I shall do so with considerable regret.

I started in the diligence at 5¼. There was a German physician in the Coupe with me. The diligence stopped at St Louis, for passports to be vised and luggage examined. My engravings were near being seized.

The diligence was detained so long at the first French village, which is scarce a league from Basel, by the custom house officers, that it was quite dark when we started again and I could see nothing of the country between Basel and Colmar.

Friday 22nd: Colmar to Strasbourg

We had arrived in Colmar at 4, and stayed there until 6¼, leaving it at sunrise. The day started fine, but cold.

After this however there was little to be seen. There were the Vosges at no great distance, but the road ran through a flat and very fertile country, covered with maize, potatoes, and especially tobacco, of which large quantities were hanging before the houses to dry.

We stopped to breakfast at the fortified town of Selestat, and reached this place (Strasbourg) which is also strongly fortified at two o'clock. As soon as I had made myself comfortable I called on the student whom I made acquaintance with in Switzerland (Kirschleger). I did not find him at home, so I walk about town, and bought some fruit. Kirschleger called at 4¼, and I walked about

town a short time with him. I dined at 5 with 8 Englishmen, and then Kirschleger came to me to me in the evening and walked about the town with me, though it was too late to see any of the lions. We walked also with another student, a good botanist. We went to a café and played a game of chess. I was back at 8½, and went to bed at 9. My room is uncomfortable, and the floor boards are no comfort, and water is difficult to be got.

Saturday 23rd: Strasbourg

I was up at 6 o/c, and went to the Hospital see Kirschleger. I went around with the Medicin. There was nothing particular to be seen. The wards were small and crowded. Dr Branco mentioned that Professor Jager of Vienna had successfully treated many cases of decided scrofula (*painless growths on the neck caused by tuberculosis*) by large and repeated does of Soda sulphates. I breakfasted at Inn, and then walk with Dr Branco. I saw the barracks, which were filthy. I went to the Church of St Thomas, and saw the monument of Marshal Saxe there (*1696–1750, a Saxon soldier who became Marshal General of France*), and then saw the pre gothic Muster, which was handsome within and without. One tower was unfinished, but there was a fine view from the upper part of the other. The town streets were in general narrow, but some of them were handsome.



Tomb of Maurice of Saxe in Saint Thomas's church, Strasbourg, by Jean-Baptiste Pigalle.

I dined at a restaurant, which was dearer than in Paris. I saw the botanic garden, which was tolerably well kept and pretty rich. I booked a place in the Diligence (for Monday).

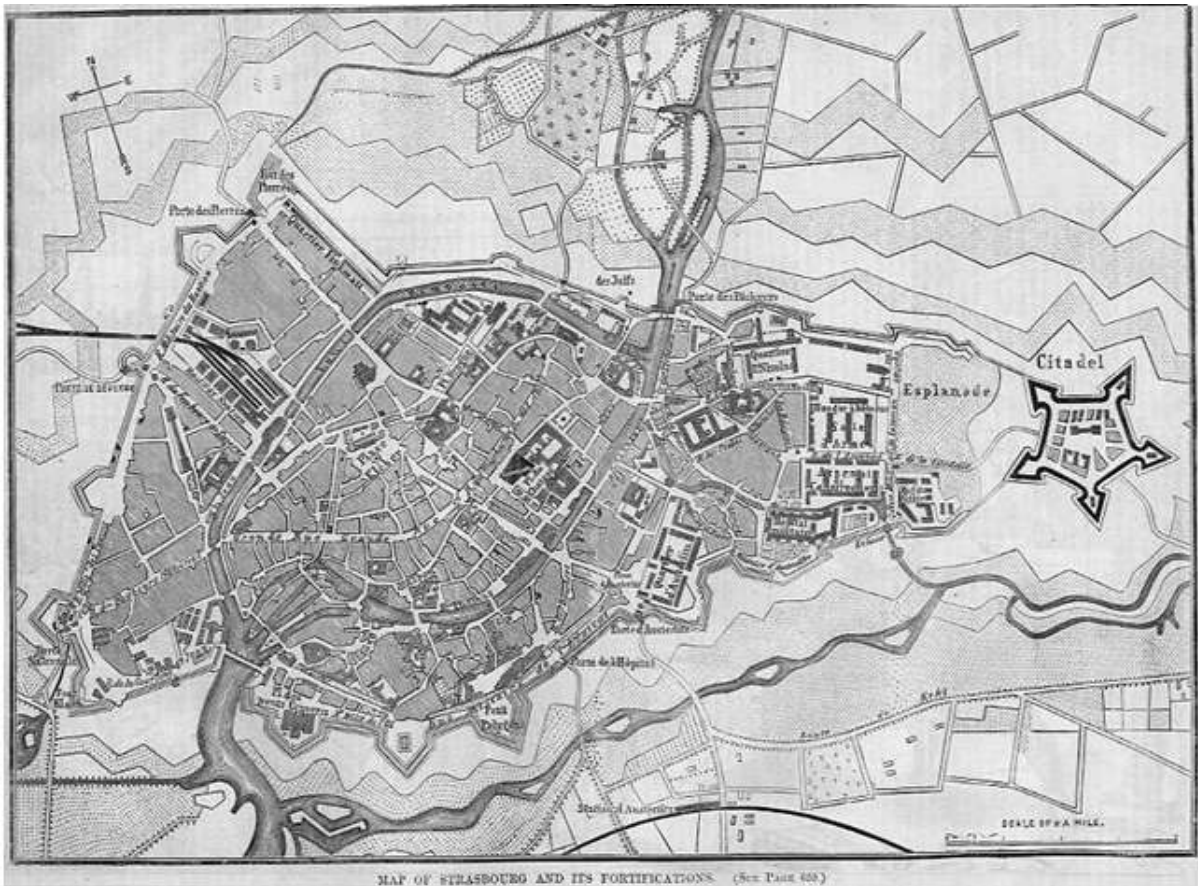
Bed at 10. Fine.

Sunday 24th: Strasbourg

I was up at 8¼, breakfasted, and went to the church service, which was in German.

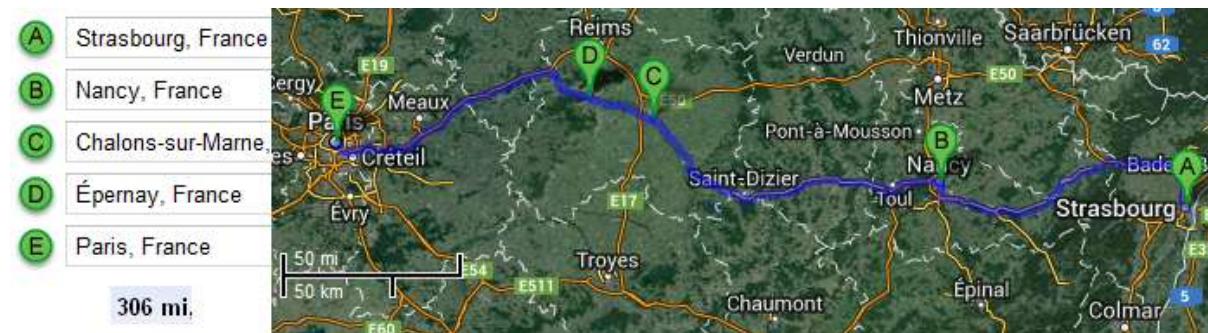
After church I went to get my passport. The man there was very civil. After this I called on Kirschleger.

Had not today been Sunday I should not have stayed as long here, for I could easily have seen all that is worth seeing in one day. The cathedral, the tower of which is the highest in Europe, is a beautiful building, but is imperfect, one of the towers having never been completed. The language of the country is German, but all the inhabitants of Strasbourg speak French more or less. They were said not to like the French, although Alsace has formed a part of France now more than a century, and I observed that in enquiring the way, which in such a large town I had often occasion to do, if I spoke French I had a laconic if not uncivil answer, whereas if I spoke German the person addressed me always as civil as possible.



Strasbourg is traversed by a small moat which never falls into the Rhine, but is a mile and a half from this river. I meant to have walked to it this afternoon to see the bridge of boats which crosses it. To get there I had to pass through the citadel which is situated between the Rhine and the town. Though a short distance, it looks like any small village, though it is most strongly fortified. I passed ditch after ditch and rampart after rampart, and thought I never would get out of the place. When I came to the outer gate my passport was demanded and the person who looked at it told me I could not go any further. I replied that I merely wished to walk as far as the river and did not even intend to cross the bridge. He said that my passport was for Paris and not Germany and refused to let me pass, so I had nothing to do but return. If this is not carrying the farce of passports too far, I do not know.

I walked about in the evening with Kirschleger. We went to the theatre stage, but only for a few minutes. I dined at a restaurant.



Journey Times and distances: Strasbourg To Paris				
Place	Distance	Duration	Day	Time
Strasbourg			Monday	7
Nancy	95	21	Tuesday	4
Nancy	changed carriage	2	Tuesday	6
Chalons	100	22	Wednesday	4
Chalons	possible break	2	Wednesday	6
Epernay	21	4	Wednesday	10
Epernay	horse changed	2	Wednesday	12
Paris	89	20	Thursday	8
Average speed approx 5 miles per hour				

Monday 25th: Strasbourg to Nancy

I left Strasbourg at 7 on Monday morning. The diligence had no outside place or cabriolet so that I was obliged to make the coupé, where singularly enough my companions were two Englishmen, strangers to me and to each other. The first part of the road lay through a rich country, similar to that between Colmar and Strasbourg. After this we passed some low hills forming a part of the Vosges. Of the ground we passed over after dark I can of course say nothing.

Tuesday 26th: Nancy to Chalons sur Marne

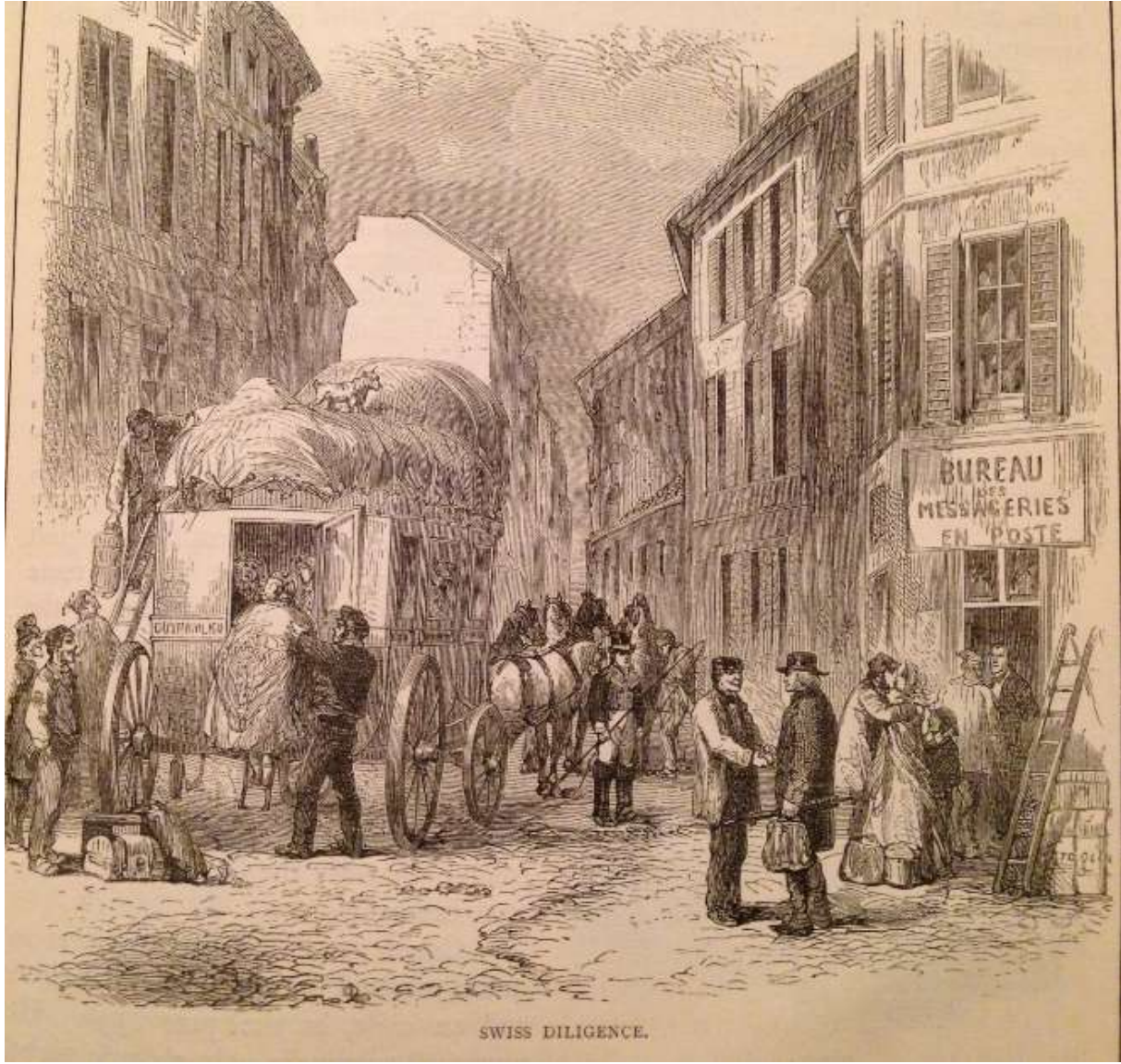
We reached Nancy at 4 in the morning, but did not start again until six and then in another carriage, luckily a cabriolet in which I got a place. By the little I could see of Nancy I should think it must be a beautiful town, much more so than Paris.

The country beyond Nancy was very pretty and by no means so flat as I had supposed, though naturally I did not think so much of it, having just come out of Switzerland.

Wednesday 27th: Chalons sur Marne to Epernay and beyond

We left Chalons sur Marne at 6 am and came in four hours to Epernay. Here, while the horses were changed, several of the passengers including myself went into a little Inn to drink some Champagne, at 25 sous a bottle, which is very cheap even on the spot where it is made. We all found it good and two of the party carried off some, which they distributed at dinner. I walked up the hill close to the town. I met several donkeys loaded with grapes, and helped myself pretty freely from the panniers giving a few sous to the driver, who was very much contented. These grapes of which the best champagne wine is made are small and by no means so good as those which I got at Strasbourg or Basel.

Beyond Epernay the vineyards were filled with gatherers and every now and then we passed horses and donkeys laden with beautiful purple grapes. The day was showery and just at sunset there came down one of the heaviest rains I have ever seen. My waterproof cloak defended me pretty well, but I could not prevent it running down at the side wetting the seat and my trousers, so as to render me very uncomfortable for the night for there was no possibility of getting dried.



Thursday 28th: Paris

I was therefore heartily glad to reach Paris this morning at 8 o'clock. As soon as I could get my knapsack I proceeded in a fiacre (*four-wheeled, open, hooded vehicle drawn by two or three horses*) to the Rue Copeau, where on alighting at the hotel I was much vexed at finding that my friend, Fresnel, whom I had hoped to see before his departure had left Paris two days ago, and second that no letter had arrived from you.



Resting coachmen at a fiacre

HÔPITAL DE LA PITIÉ, rue Copeau.—The disorders and civil wars during the regency of Marie de Médicis having greatly increased the number of paupers, Louis XIII. issued a decree for the erection of hospitals in different parts of Paris for their reception. Five houses in the rue Copeau were purchased by the magistrates, and this hospital was built upon their site. It took the name of *Pitié*, because its chapel, which was handsome, was dedicated to *Notre Dame de la Pitié*.

Fresnel had however, as I had desired him, engaged a room here for me and put my things in it, so that I had no trouble in this respect. After I had dressed and breakfasted I lay down an hour on the bed, but could not sleep, so I went out. I got a warm bath which refreshed me very much, and called on Nâchet, whom however I did not find at home. In my way back from his house I met with an adventure which is too long for insertion here, so at present I will only say that though it cost me a few franks and some trouble, keeping me running about till six o'clock. It was the most agreeable I have ever met with, since I was able to do an essential service to some poor persons who without my assistance would have seen a most miserable dilemma situation.

Notwithstanding this fatigue, I am by no means particularly tired or sleepy and shall not go to bed much before my usual hour, which is now fast approaching.

Friday 29th and Saturday 30th: Paris

No record

OCTOBER

Sunday 1st: Paris

I was beginning to get uneasy at not hearing from you, when at last your letters arrived this morning. As I mentioned that I should be in Paris by the 1st of October at the latest I wonder you did not write a little sooner.

I am much hurt my dear father at the manner in which my uncle* (*Probable Edward Jacob of Faversham, surgeon, who also held reasonable sized estates there inherited from his father, mayor of Faversham) and some of your friends (whose names you do not mention) have spoken of me to you. I was aware that my uncle was not pleased with me on my first visit and therefore endeavoured to do away the disagreeable impression that second, and I thought from his manner in parting that I had succeeded in doing

so. I certainly did thank him for the books and but he was perhaps displeased at my declining his offer of taking some of these at the time. I did so because I should not have had time to read them in London and they would only have been an encumbrance to me, but I am sure I did not refer then with anything like contempt or disdain, and was far from thinking that he would have been displeased. But whatever may be the cause of his displeasure I will endeavour if possible to efface it on my next visit to Faversham.

The lectures at the Ecole de Medicine do not begin till the middle of November. I have given up my plan of staying here till the end of the year, but the dissecting rooms will be open tomorrow and if I can get anything to do I shall remain about a fortnight longer. It will not be very pleasant for I have not a single person to speak to, the few acquaintances I had being all out of Paris, but I shall have the more time for reading.

Should I find that I can get nothing to do at La Pitié, I shall leave Paris on Friday, go by steamboat to Rouen, thence to Dieppe, spend Sunday with Mr Barely and the Mrs A. , and then proceed via Brighton to London as you proposed. I shall be obliged however to remain a fortnight at least at London, for I wish to get my diploma before I am come to you.

Hôpital de la Pitié,

No. 1, rue Copeau.

This hospital was founded in 1612, for the reception of paupers, and is so called because its chapel was dedicated to *Notre Dame de la Pitié*. In 1657, it was appropriated as an asylum for the children of beggars. It afterwards was opened for the reception of orphans and foundlings, who, during the revolution, were called *élevés de la patrie*. In 1809, these children were removed to the asylum in the *rue St. Antoine*, and the *Hôpital de la Pitié* was annexed to the *Hôtel Dieu*. This hospital contains six hundred beds distributed in twenty-three wards. The *dames religieuses de St. Thomas de Villeneuve* attend upon the patients.

Thanks to George for his part of the letter. I do not believe it requires any especial answer or observation. The paper was so blotchy that I had some difficulty in reading my dear fathers writing, and part of Mary's was perfectly illegible. I could make out however Sophia's commission which shall be complied with. I think I shall have pretty near as many books to bring to England as George says he shall take with him to Oxford, for as French books cost more than double the price in London I shall supply myself with some of the most important French medical works while I am here.

I am not surprised that you should not have received my number 6 (letter) as it was despatched only on the 15th of Sept. from Schafhausen, and would probably take more than 10 days in coming to you.

On looking again at your letter I see by a few words on the outside of it half effaced by the postmark that you have got my no 6 and also a letter from Herbert (*Philip's brother in the Indian Army in Bombay*). I am particularly glad of the latter and as you did not think it worthwhile to say more I conclude he was well.

Monday 2nd: Paris

On enquiring again this morning at La Pitié I find there will be nothing to be done there until Friday. This is very vexatious, especially as I am not certain of being able to get work then. However I have determined to wait at any rate until the 6th.

Although I know you desired to hear from me very soon I was unwilling to dispatch this letter until I knew whether I should return to England immediately or not. I have now determined upon remaining here some time longer, how much longer I cannot tell, as it will depend upon circumstances and it would be useless for me to stay for any fixed period which I might afterwards have occasion to change.

I should like to have the essential part of the regulations made lately at the college of surgeons. I should think they might easily be compressed into a few lines, and Sophia could write them out in the next letter which you send me.

You may see by my having abandoned the fine writing (i.e. small) that I have no longer so much to say as when I was in Switzerland. You must not be surprised if my next letter should be a very short one.

Not having been to the opera before here, before I set out for Switzerland, I went thither on Monday last, but after all that I had heard about the splendour of the scenery I was completely disappointed and most thoroughly tired.

Winter is coming on fast here. The weather is cold, the streets covered deep with mud, and the trees in many places almost stripped of their leaves, and altogether I find it rather dismal.

Not a word is said about John in your last letter. I hope he is going on well at Addiscombe (*i.e. school*). Love to Mary, Sophia, George, William and dear little Henry. To my aunt and cousin if they be still at Worlvington, and **believe me your very dutiful and affectionate son, Philip.**

Dear Sophy,

I am sorry to disappoint you again, but on enquiring at the booksellers I find that the Paris edition of Scott's poems is in 7 volumes, price 40 francs, which cannot be had separately. The two last volumes contain Halidon Hill, Harold the Dauntless (*The poem recounts the exploits and the personal spiritual journey of a doubtful knight errant - Harold the son of Danish Count Witikind: who seeks to recover his lands and wed a suitable spouse. Scott described it as "a strange, rude story"*) and some other short poems very inferior to those which you wish to have. The Lady of the Lake and Lay of the Last Minstrel have been printed separately and may be bought at the price I mentioned before. You can determine whether you will have the books under these circumstances or whether you would prefer some others instead, and let me know in the next letter.

Your very affectionate brother, Philip.

This is the last we hear from Philip. We leave him undecided exactly when to leave Paris. Maybe he found some work at La Pitié and stayed until the end of the year or maybe he travelled back shortly after sending this letter.



On leaving he would have gone by steamboat to Rouen, thence to Dieppe, and then proceed via Brighton to London, where he would have spent a fortnight getting his diploma.

Then he would have travelled to Woolavington for a reunion in the Vicarage with his father, mother, two sisters and four of his five brothers.

At some point after this he would have again visited his uncle in Faversham. It had probably been the family intention that Philip should become a partner in his uncle's medical practice, but this never happened.

He became a surgeon in Guilford, and was mayor on four occasions, putting down the notorious 'Guy Riots' in that town. He expanded his linguistic interests to become an eminent linguist in Eastern and European languages.

In March 1838 he married Sarah Anne McLean, but they had no children. In later life he married again, at the age of 72, Hannah Eliza Hadden, from Aberdeen.

He died at 6 Wellington Place, Woodbridge Road, Guildford, on 26th December 1889, aged 85.

His diary and letters were kept by his niece, Mary Jacob, daughter of William Stephen Jacob, and passed down to me, her great grandson.

APPENDIX: This page shows how difficult some of the cross writing is to decipher:

[The image shows a page of a handwritten journal with dense, overlapping cursive text. The text is written in two columns, with the second column starting on the right side of the page. The handwriting is highly stylized and difficult to decipher. A date "June 27, 1826" is visible in the upper right corner. The text describes a journey, mentioning a "baggage" and "leather" and "the lake of Geneva".]

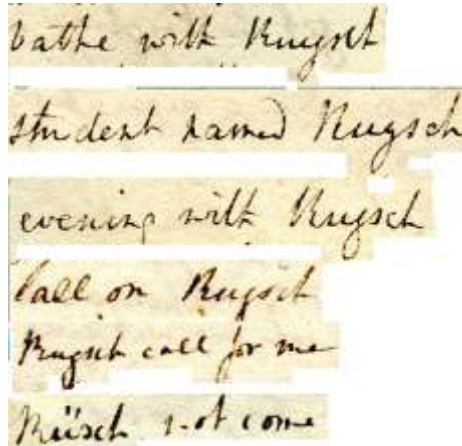
APPENDIX: Some but not all of the people mentioned in the letters and journal:

<i>Name</i>	<i>Job</i>	<i>Location</i>
<i>M.Morin</i>	<i>Physician</i>	<i>Geneva hospital</i>
<i>M.Le Baron de Rliglin, wife, sister</i>		<i>Lago Maggione</i>
<i>Mr Lanson</i>		<i>Milan/Liverpool</i>
<i>Jemina</i>		<i>Staying with his parents</i>
<i>J Collyns</i>		<i>Andermatt</i>
<i>Kirschleger</i>	<i>student</i>	<i>Strasbourg</i>
<i>Mrs Haag</i>		<i>a parcel from</i>
<i>Marenaud</i>		<i>money from</i>
<i>Hallen</i>	<i>student?</i>	<i>Berne</i>
<i>M.Leuch</i>	<i>surgeon</i>	<i>Berne Hospital</i>
<i>Rusch</i>	<i>student</i>	<i>Berne</i>
<i>Professor Clams and family</i>		<i>Lausanne</i>
<i>Riessen</i>		<i>Lausanne</i>
<i>Frensel</i>	<i>student</i>	<i>Paris</i>
<i>Schmidt</i>		<i>Rigi Einsiedeln</i>
<i>Meyers</i>	<i>surgeon</i>	<i>Zurich hospital</i>
<i>a father & two daughters</i>		<i>Luzern</i>
<i>Mr MacMurdo</i>		
<i>Meyer</i>	<i>student</i>	<i>Topringen</i>
<i>Dr Branco</i>		<i>Strasbourg</i>
<i>Prof. Jager of Vienna</i>		<i>Strasbourg</i>
<i>Mr Barely and the Mrs A</i>		<i>Brighton</i>

APPENDIX: Many of the names are difficult to decipher and the closest approximation has been used, for example:

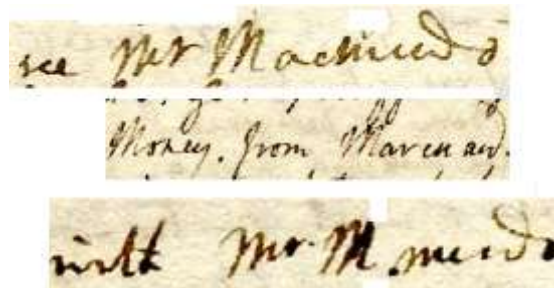
Rusch:

Saturday 19 th August	Berne	I made acquaintance with a student named Rusch
Saturday 19 th August	Berne	I bathed with Rusch in a tarn at 6½.
Sunday 20 th August	Berne	I walked in the evening with Rusch
Monday 11 th September	St Gallen	I called on Rusch with a letter.
Tuesday 12 th September	St Gallen	Rusch call for me
Monday 18 th September	Zofingen	the Berne student, Rusch



Marenaud and MacMurdo:

Friday 18 th August	Berne	money from Marenaud
Tuesday 12 th September	St Gallen	I saw Mr MacMurdo there
Wednesday 13 th September	St Gallen	sat with Mr MacMurdo



Riessen:

Thursday 24 th August	Lausanne	I found Riessen there
Friday 25 th August	Lausanne	I was up at 6½, and took leave of Riessen

