

Unterseen.

Up at 4.30 a. m., - breakfast quickly  
over, - & we were soon seated in a rickety  
old carriage, drawn by a pair of rough-looking  
horses, in haste to catch the steamer at  
Spiez, on Lake Thun. The hills in our  
descent to Grutigen were very steep. The  
chalets along the road were of greater pre-

tensions than any we had seen, - the  
gardens & idier, & some enterprize dis-  
played in a new Hotel with tastefully  
planned grounds but was not all this  
easily accounted for? - We were in a  
Protestant Canton. Our path dimin-  
ished not in beauty altho we left behind  
us Rienthal, & the triple-crowned -  
Bluntis Alp. We started the base of  
the Risen, & the Dockhorn, & passed the  
entrance to the tempting Simenthal.  
Soon we drove up to the Castle of Spiez  
that stands so picturequely, at the foot  
of the Risen. We were rowed in a barge  
over the green waters of Lake Thun, to  
meet the steamer which presently came  
in sight. The scenery that we passed  
in our half hour's sail, must be seen, to be  
conceived. - We floated past a panorama  
of great beauty; - we were only sorry that



Castle of Ober Ober at Spiez.

our limited time would not permit us to steam up the lake to Thun, there to obtain the celebrated view from the churchyard. —

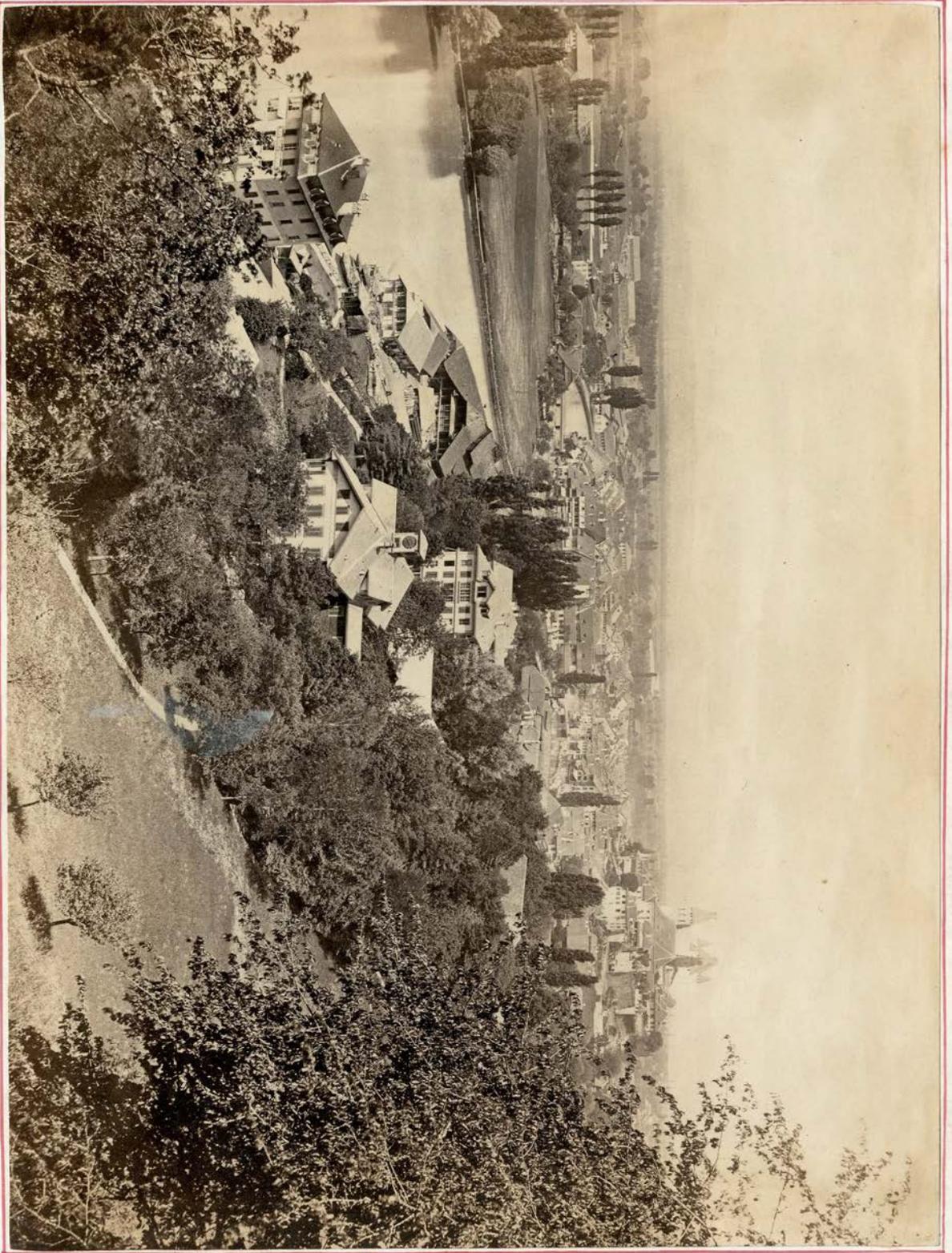
At Newhaus, a village built on an isthmus between Thun + Brienz we landed, & took a carriage for Lauterbrunnen, & the Staubbach.

We had but driven two miles beyond Interlachen, when we were suddenly overtaken by a fearful thunder storm.

Our horses, terror stricken, drew up, & backed  
our carriage close to the shop of a kindly  
cordwainer (breaking the shaft, however,  
who rushed out to assist us to alight, - his  
boy being sent to collect chairs for us from  
the neighbours. - He staid in the Swiss  
cobbler's shop until the storm abated, wh.  
from its severity was soon over. -

Our route now lay thro' meadow land,  
where stood the Castle of Unspunnen, "like  
an armed warder at the gate of the enchanted  
land" - with square tower, & rounded turrets.  
Three miles further, & we enter the Valley  
of Lauterbrunnen, - of which a recent writer  
says, "in the way of a valley there is nothing  
like it, - the crag - the torrent the lonely cha-  
let, the rock of the hunter, the eternal Alps  
& all the delicious fittings up of turf & tree,  
are here strewed about by a mighty hand". -  
Crossing the White Buschine, we come to  
the base of a colossal precipice called the

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Amunflue. - Throughout the valley, the massive dome of the "Jungfrau," the Virgin Queen of the Oberland" rose before us, - its snowy drapery being a strong contrast to the greenness below.

Reaching the Papricornus, the third of July 4 showers that fell in our three weeks ramble.

But we were literally <sup>in</sup> the Valley of Mountains, so could not complain. - After our luncheon

of 7 courses, we made our way to the Taubtach or "Dust-fall," one of Switzerland's most celebrated waterfalls. - Wordsworth calls it - "This bold this bright this sky-born waterfall", & as you look up the face of the cliff 900 feet high, & see nothing but clouds above, you feel the force of the simile. - It differs in character from many waterfalls, being one perpendicular stream, which by the action of the air, & the friction of the rocks, gracefully spreads itself into a fan-shaped veil of gephyrous motion, that quivers & sparkles in the sun. -

Beyond the Taubtach yet another fall leaped into the valley, - an attendant maiden on

This Queen of waterfalls, - The Staubbach -

"And like a downward smother the slender stream  
Along the cliff to fall, & pause, & fall did seem."  
And still further the lines from the Lotus-  
eaters apply to the Valley of Lauterbrunnen  
"A land of streams! some, - like a down-  
ward smother,

Slow dropping veils of thinnest lawn did go,  
And some thro' wavering lights, & shadows broke,  
Rolling a shumberous sheet of foam below." -

The road from the Fall to the Sun was popu-  
lated with carved-wood stores, & juvenile mendicants  
offering a flower or a pebble for sale. Of these,  
Lafroze says - "They beset the devious footway,  
leading up the hill side in a long line to a con-  
siderable height, just like a train of gun powder  
only waiting the traveller's approach to explode".

Bright sunshine welcomed us back to  
Interlachen where we took up our quarters at  
"Hotel du Lac", standing on the margin of the  
Lake Brienz. - The ladies having got pos-  
-session of the long absent trunks, - dazzled our

eyes with almost forgotten splendour, while we strolled about the Mursaal, & took note of the many Hotels, which are a principal feature of the place. A noble avenue of walnut trees stretches in front of these pensions. - We rambled out that evening until the stars appeared over the walnut trees, & "the fair lady Luna" came out to grace the charming scene. Not until late could we induce our tired feet to quit the walnut avenues, & panoramas of the Jungfrau for the comfortable rooms of the "Hotel du Lac," with its remarkably clean-curtained little bedrooms.



The Starbuck,



*"The virgin mountain, wearing, like a queen,  
A brilliant crown of everlasting snow,  
Sheds ruin from her sides; and men below  
Wonder that ought of aspect so serene  
Can link with desolation."——*