



Interlachen.

From back, & front of our Hotel sounds most unsabbatic greet our ears on this Sunday morning of July 5th - The dull heavy roll of the wooden ball as it struck down the skittles, & the voices of Swiss idlers was the animation before our windows, & on the Lake a packet was getting up its steam for a trip to the Giesbach. The Sabbath at Interlachen, like other places on the continent seems to be kept as a weekly holiday, engrossing the activity of all pleasure seekers. At eleven

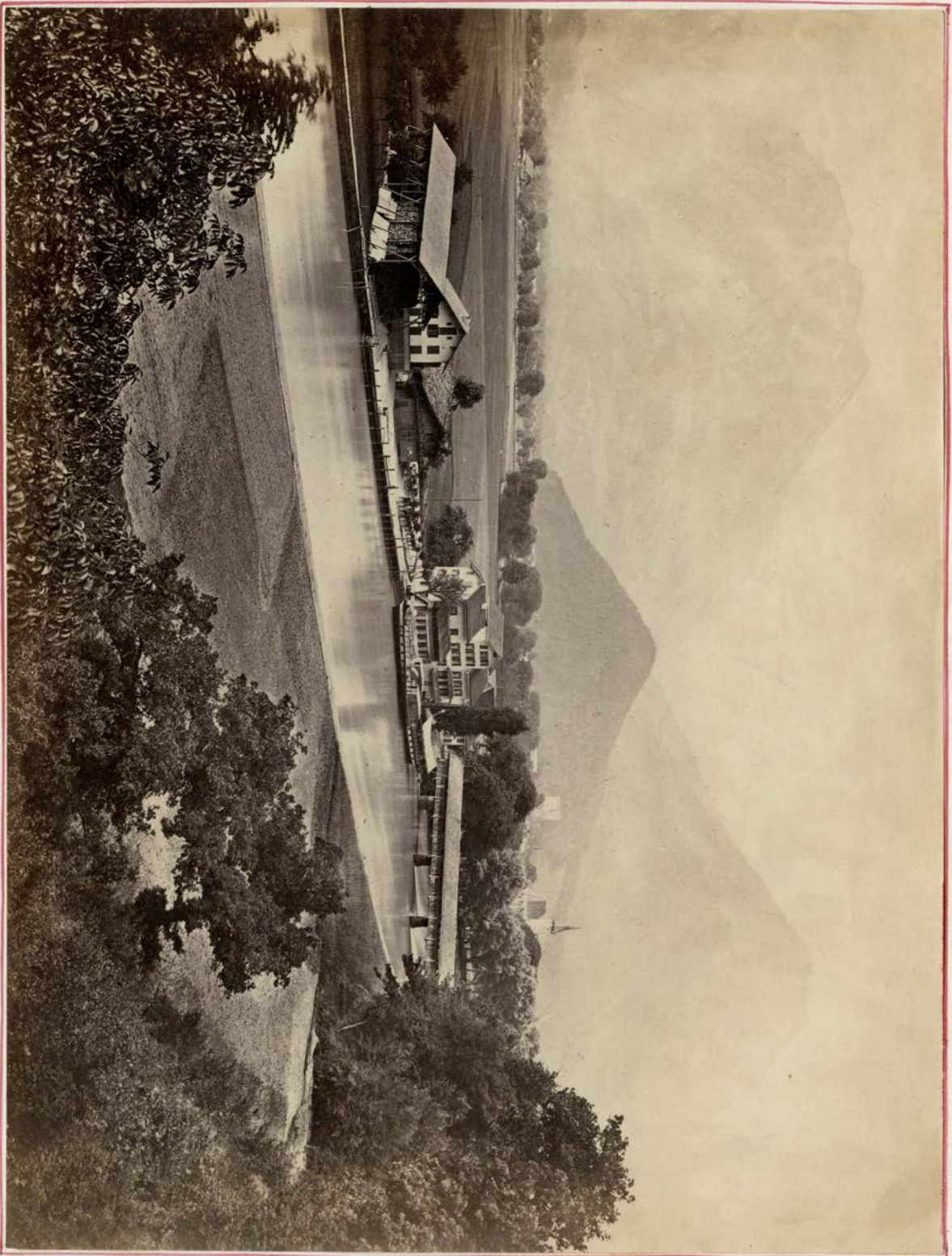
o'clock, the majority of the Club, indeed all who were
not overcome by a state of "sunny somnolence",
went to church. The sermon was pretty good, altho
the doctrines were slightly too much in harmony
with human nature to arouse the hearers to severe
self scrutiny. It was rather religion presented
walking in ~~slippers~~ ~~slippers~~. The clergyman's
voice still rings in our ears, as he spoke of the
blessings of a "little grace" - "a spark of fire is
fire still" &c. He came, at length to be known
by us as "The Rev^d Little grace". The English servi-
ces have a charm of their own, that no traveller who
is wise will omit to realize. How refreshing
it is after wandering for days amongst foreigners,
to meet again with fellow countrymen, & join
them in prayer for dear old England, in the
familiar language of home. In the after part
of the day, we crossed the covered bridge & strolled
towards the ruined tower of Ringenberg's castle.
Mounting its green sward, a group of children sur-
rounded us, & sang one or two pretty hymns.
After tea, we turned on the banks of the Aar,

when we were all charmed with the beauty of
the setting sun, as it shed its blushing rays
into on the blanched cheeks of the lofty
jungfrau. In the old town of Interseen,
we visited the grave yard of the Lutheran church,
where the graves are to be seen labelled after the
manner of shrubs in an English garden; a
black wooden peg, bearing the names of the sleepers.

Passing the walnut grove, & the church, some
one mentioned the cloisters, which awakened
a desire too ensnaring to be resisted; we
must waltz thro' them at this shadowy hour,
& visit the sleeping cell of the Poet's hero, at
Interlachen. So we passed under the
old archway, & groped like Paul Fleming
in the Gothic corridor, & wound up the steps
of the round tower. Reaching the
first stage, we turned into a large, wooden, trian-
gular balcony, overlooking, on one side a garden &
the buttressed apse of the church. Here we stayed
awhile, looking at those lancet windows, and
limestone mouldings, & perhaps might have

reverted lounge, had not a servant girl with a candle in hand opened the door, exactly as in the experience of Paul Fleming, - Inez (was it the same servant maid?) and was she looking for the landlord, with the "great eyes, & green coat," to bring her another lodger for the "wainscotted chamber that looked South, towards the Valley of Lauterbrunnen."

No; - we were rather too numerous a party for her latticed room, & from our untimely visitation rather inspired her with awe than joy. - So we left the time-stained balcony, to finish by a mount into the "Extinguisher". But the tramp of fourteen feet aroused not the owls, but surely the Bailiff, who abode in that elevated story, - he opened his door, candle in hand wherewith he sought to inspect us & enquire our business. But he was



INTERLACHEN STEAM-BOAT STATION.

not a man with romance in his soul, possibly
poor mortal, he had not read Hyperion & so
could not intuitively comprehend why seven
members of the Junior, United, Alpine Club
should wish to wind round the tower, at that
roasting time of night. He thought, we sought
our hotel; but not ours, it was A. W. Longfellow's
that we desired to inspect. - So we left
the Bailiff - a figure not to be forgotten, as the
square little man, in white waistcoat & drab
hat stood shading the candle with his hand. -
He beat a hasty retreat, laughing at the
predicament of servant girl, - the Bailiff, and
ourselves.



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THE JUNGFRAU

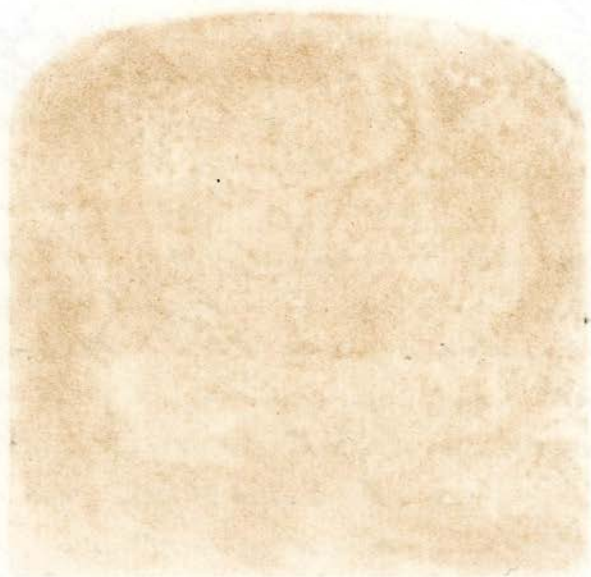


SABBATH MORN AT INTERLACHEN

"Oh! loveliest vision of this lovely land!
Oh! fairest mountain of this mountain land!
So vivid is thy presence, the closed eye
Beholds thee still, and yet thou seem'st to fly
The earnest gaze of open eye, that fears,
Some fairy like illusion here appears.
Patches of cultivated green, hedged round
With trees, while nearer, road, whose only sound
Is foreign tongue of peasant Swiss, - such scene
The plain that lies 'twixt thee, & me, between -
Round, & about thee hangs a veil of blue,
Tho' scarcely blue in truth, is the soft hue

That does not hide, but only serves to show
With more delicious charm, - a fuller glow,
The varying undulations of thy shape,
The sombre robes of pine that closely drape,
Relieved with spots of sparkling herbage green,
To pile all adown the sides, where floods have been
In winter past, making deep scars, and scars,
Each now a mark of beauty on us gleams,
And seems but as the dimpled lines we prize
When o'er a maiden's face the happy smile doth rise.
Thine ample skirts in many a graceful fold
Descend to earth, whilst round white clouds ^{too}
Repose upon thy breast, and there have lain
An hour, or more, and look as if again
They did not care to move, and claimed the rest
All things enjoy this Sabbath morn so blest. -
The lazy movement of a cloud betrays
At intervals thy bosom smooth, where graze
In careless indolence, the happy goat;
About thy head, the white clouds also float
And there keep guard, as if o'er some holy seat
Of God, but clear against the bright azure,
We see the sides, - the sloping front, all pure
Are cut in rugged rocks, where chamois leaps,
There, gainst the sky, a level line it keeps,
Looking for angels' waltz, a fitting place, -
Another side, the clustering trees embrace,
And form a fringe from cloudland e'en to base.

J. Mead. Junr.





Le Trümmelbach near Lauterbrunnen.

In the Hotel du Lac, at the early hours of four in the morning, there was a bustle amongst the voyageurs. At 4.30 the daily demolition of bread buns & honey took place. Once more, we trust our baggage to the care of the Post-Office, to be forwarded to Newchâtel, and at 5.30, we rolled off in our cabriolet, - leaving Interlachen with Longfellow's

farewell thought rising to our hearts, - "The sun
of life will set ere we forget thee."

A kindly word for "Hotel du Lac". Chosen at
random from the list in Babiker's guide book,
we rejected the famous 'Jungfrau', as also the
'Belvedere', - and we had no reason to regret our
decision.

On this day we were to cross the Grengen Alp;
- Our route lay through the valley of Lauterbrunn,
which was again all loveliness; its verdure
laden with a heavy dew, was studded over
with transparent crystals, that in the sunlight
were diamond prisms, & in the shade a carpet
of pearls. - The frowning castle of Munspeun-
gen had a glance of good humour, to cast
this morning over its flowery meadows. It
brought to our minds other mornings, & other
loungers on its green turf, - even the time
when Mary Ashburton sat & sketched
its ruins, whilst Paul Glemming, sitting
at her feet, spun that dreamy legend of the
Goar student Hieronymus, and of his love

for the fair Hermione.

We were glad of another ride through the fountain-peopled, and cliff-shadowed Valley, to receive a still deeper impression of the grace of the one and the majesty of the other.

At Lauterbrunnen, we dismissed our carriage henceforward, to depend solely on our feet & alpenstocks, for locomotion.

Armed with our satchels, we started, and set at naught the extortionate demands of a swarm of Guides, that beset us, who, seeing our independence, came down in their terms. One pursued us who became guide, & porter, in one, ingeniously packing all our belongings into a sort of wooden chair, which was fastened on his shoulders.

We made a salaam to the Taubach, then crossing the river, we came to the usual soilage of zigzags, from the top of which says a writer, "The Valley of Lauterbrunnen presents the aspect of a mere trench, - the Taubach is reduced to a thin thread, & its upper fall,

& previous windings, before it makes its final leap are exposed to view, & looked down upon.

On the sword was stationed a man & some boys with a horn. It is a wooden tube, from five to six feet long, bound round with split withs of willow. This he rested on wedged-shaped hollow trough, & blew as we approached. He must have practised long to emit such a flow of mellow, sonorous sounds, from so unmusical-looking an instrument. The notes died away in softest cadence, which notes were taken up by the mountains & reverberated by them again & again. We had scarcely a moments interval to remark on their sweetness, - when the rocks echoed the same notes in fainter strains, - another pause, & we heard their vibrations still lingering among the clefts, till they expired in but a musical sigh. - The last steps of the mountain gained, we halted to enjoy our extensive view. To the left we had the Jungfrau & her satellites, sheathed in snow, to the right, Interlachen,

loating in the sun, - the sunnen castle, and
ground, - the lakes of Thun, & Brienz, the ice
mass that divides them, looking like a mere
ribbon of land. More distant still rose the Pisen,
& many others, whose names were unknown
to us. Half an hour's walk brought us to the
"Hôtel de la Jungfrau," - close upon the summit
of the Mengers Alp, opposite which rose in
almost military line, - the pointed Eiger,
the cowed Mönch, the glistening Jungfrau,
- the Silberhorn, - the Schreckhorn, - justly
called "The Empress of the Valley" - Longfellow
calls them "The Apostles of nature, whose ser-
-mons are avalanches." We were hardly seated
beneath the awning, in a shaded angle of the sun
when the alarm was given, & from a buttress
of the Jungfrau toppled a ledge of snow, sweeping
with it in its descent other beds of loose
snow, till reaching an accustomed groove, it
swept like a cascade, & struck in fury on the
stone rampart below. Across the high pas-
-sures, we walked among herds of four, to give

thousand head of cattle, - well favoured & fine
they were, & ornamented like those of the
Palais, - with collar & bells. -

Reaching the col of the Alp 6,690 feet above
the sea, our view was very grand, including
the Wetterhorn, & lesser Lamberhorn, in addi-
-tion to those already named. Ruskin who
compares the Swiss Alps to a "group of children
standing on a table", speaks of the most
majestic scenes being produced by some of the
peaks, where they "apparently walk to the edge
to look over, & thus shew themselves suddenly
above the valley in its full height". Such is the
case with the Wetterhorn, & Eiger at Grindelwald.
Immediately before us lay a very valley of deso-
-lation, the broken branches, & blanched stems
of the trees, standing as mocking remnants
of their former growth. Byron & others have
attributed ^{the devastation} to avalanches, but the distance of
the mountains made that supposition appear
incredible. - Looking adown the long, gradual
slope to Grindelwald, we were deceived as in