

the morrow to Geneva, but the last three of our twenty-one hours in a *diligence* came near making us renounce it forever. But a good night's rest reconciled us, and we could have tried it again in the morning. The cars awaited us, however, and in a couple of hours or more we were ready to embark on an inviting steamer that was to bear us over Lake Lemman to Geneva.

LETTER XLII.

. SWITZERLAND AND GERMANY.

“CLEAR, placid Lemman,” as Byron calls Lake Geneva, was in one of its best moods as we sailed its entire length on the 21st of June. We passed the Castle of Chillon, immortalized by Byron's verse, and the little island on which the prisoner of Chillon ever looked, “the only one in view.” We were content with a view of the exterior, but we saw many pilgrims going in row-boats to see the pavement of the cellar worn by the steps of Bonnivard and other prisoners. Coasting along the north bank of the lake we saw the beautiful villas and vineyards that skirt its shores, and we stopped every few minutes at some one of the numerous villages which are the favorite homes of Americans who summer in Switzerland.

In bright weather we should have enjoyed a fine view of the Alps, but their lofty heads had begun to attract the floating clouds several hours before, and soon each peak had on its “night-cap.” The clouds soon began to weep, but after a little the sun dried up their tears. Mont Blanc, however, refused to show his sublime head throughout the day, and during our entire stay in Geneva. I always looked for him the first thing on rising in the morning, but, while I could see several of the royal family near him, the monarch himself would not grant an audience.

Geneva shows signs of much business activity and growth. Many of its public buildings are of recent construction, and quite imposing. Its watch factories are run on an extensive scale, turning out over one hundred thousand watches a year. We were most interested in the older part of the town, where we saw Calvin's old cathedral, where the great reformer debated, and preached, and ruled. We had become so used to the cathedral of any city being Catholic that I could hardly realize for a few moments that this one had belonged to Protestantism since the Reformation. The inscriptions on some of the slabs in the floor, with an occasional miter or crosier cut in the stone, were the sole reminders of the reign of Rome. Here we saw Calvin's chair, from which he ruled Geneva with almost imperial sway. The museum contains some of his autograph letters, as well as those of Napoleon, Rousseau, Mirabeau, and many other distinguished men, making one of the richest collections in the world. Luther's handwriting is effeminate, while Melancthon's is as bold as he was hesitating. If chirography is an index of character, then all of these men were mysterious and "hard to be understood." One of the most interesting places in Geneva is an island in the midst of the rapid Rhone, called Rousseau's Island, where stands a bronze statue of this inexplicable man, whose history is so interwoven with that of the city itself.

Leaving Geneva on the 23d of June, we passed through Lausanne, where, in a garden, Gibbon at midnight wrote *Finis* to his great history; and after having some choice views of the scenery of the lake and the Alps, we reached Berne, the capital of Switzerland. Here we first visited the National Council Hall, where meets the unique assembly of this intrepid republic. We learned that the debates are in German, French, or Italian. In the absence

of any language of their own, the two former languages are in general use among the people, many speaking both. The French is most general about Geneva, while German is the language of the eastern part of the country. Italian is spoken in that canton that borders on the lakes of Italy. The president of the council always announces rulings, motions, and resolutions in both French and German, and sometimes an interpreter is employed to render a speech from one language into another while it is being delivered. Switzerland is really ruled by seven men, known as the Federal Council. These are chosen by the Federal Assembly, and hold their office for three years. Each has some department, such as military, finance, commerce, etc., and they jointly constitute the highest executive authority of the republic.

Berne has fewer modern buildings than Geneva, and has a large German element, as one would infer from the names of the streets. Of course we saw the bears for which the city is famous. There were only two of them in sight at the bear-pit, but the usual crowd were around them, tossing them cake and fruit and talking to them in German, which Bruin evidently understood. Bears, bears everywhere! I know not how many are in the bear-pit, but the bear is the favorite in all the wood-carvings; bronze bears abound in every fountain; they are on the coat-of-arms of the city, and they literally run the clock-tower of the city, where a whole troop of bears march around Father Time just before he strikes any given hour, as if to assure the people that they are their sleepless guardians.

Peculiarly fine views of the Alps are often obtainable from the terrace which overlooks the Valley of the Aare, but our visit to Berne was not on one of the favored days, for as Mont Blanc is seen on an average of about once a week only, even at Geneva,

so there are sometimes intervals of days together when the Alps are hid at Berne.

The cars, which we resumed after a five hours' stay, bore us amid just such hay-fields as abounded along our entire route through the country. Hay-making seems to be the largest part of farming, the short season preventing the growth of cereals to any extent. Everywhere the women lent a helping-hand in the hay-field, not simply to turn and dry the hay, but after it was cured bearing it in peculiar baskets on their backs to some distant hay-mow. While we were admiring the beautiful Swiss cottages, whose projecting eaves almost hid the little window-panes, the lifted clouds gave us a most charming view of Jungfrau, the "young woman" of the Alps! It was but for a moment, yet the memory is for all time.

We reached Interlaken after a pleasant ride on Lake Thun. Brienz is the lake on the other side of it that gives the town its name, "Between the lakes." It was just such a quiet place as we desired for the Sabbath. Christians traveling on the Continent know the hunger for the word which is due to the long fast from English preaching. The English and Scotch Churches send over preachers during the summer months, who may feed the hungry travelers and invalids gathered on the Sabbath in the more popular of these resorts. Interlaken is one of these, possessing numerous hotels, whose guests constitute the major part of the population. We found a good feast awaiting us at the Scotch Free Church, where the Rev. Peter Richardson preached an admirable sermon, remarkable for its terse and sententious style. It was the first that I had heard on the Continent. Notwithstanding the heavy rain in the afternoon, we each thought that we could digest another, which we found not less appetizing than the morning one. We stopped to

make the acquaintance of the minister, whose broad pronunciation only lent an added charm to his fresh and spiritual thinking. That Sabbath will stand alone in our experience. The company of worshipers gathered from all parts of the English-speaking world enjoyed in silence, save when broken by song or the minister's voice in sermon or prayer, the richest fellowship of saints.

In the morning we visited the celebrated Grindelwald Glacier, some eighteen miles distant from Interlaken. Our carriage served us as far as the village Grindelwald, an excellent mountain road following the course of the Lutschine until it left the valley to gradually ascend the natural pass between the mountains. We were early enough in the season to see the water-falls at their best, while the supply of water was greatest. The white crests of the Eiger, the Mettenberg, and the Wetterhorn, were only half revealed as we left our carriage and mounted on the most awkward and bony farm-horses to climb the mountain path that should lead us somewhere near the foot of the upper glacier. Imagine the stately trot of a couple of fence-posts and you have the gait of my noble steed whenever he reached a stretch of level ground. Then I sighed for an Egyptian donkey.

Below us in the valley was the lower glacier, nearly hidden from sight by its moraine, or load of gravel and stones. Reaching the end of the bridle-path, we walked about a mile farther, until we reached the more beautiful of the two glaciers. There it rested, an immense mass of ice almost perpendicular near its base and gradually sloping up toward the eternal snows that, melting, give it life. Once, as is evident from the glacier scratches on the rocks, it filled all this valley and was the source of a respectable river, whose increased volume probably made *one* the now divided lakes of Thun and

Brienz. The little peasant girl who volunteered to act as our guide led us directly to the grotto cut in the ice. How long since it was hewn we were unable to learn, but probably many years, although the motion of the glacier doubtless causes a little additional work every year or two—the water rushing through one opening in the roof, while occasional fissures in the ice require at times the use of an umbrella for protection. We entered single-file, and walked two or three hundred feet to the end of this grotto of enchantment, lighted by the sunshine only through the clear crystal walls and arched roof hundreds of feet thick. We could see very little difference between the light in the grotto and that out under the open sky, the ice with its covering of gravel and small stones being only like so much frosted glass. Leaving the grotto, Bishop Marvin and I climbed up the side of the glacier and saw the torrent at its source, whose roar we had heard while below. By watching our steps we could have climbed up to the dizzy height where the snows form a perpetual covering. Returning I noticed in different parts of the valley just such glacier scratches as I had seen, when a student, on the mountain tops in Connecticut.

From Interlaken a ride in one of the miniature steamers on Lake Brienz brought us to Giessbach, where we saw the beautiful cascades leaping from a total height of two thousand one hundred and forty-eight feet. Giessbach Falls, while far inferior to Niagara, both in sublimity and size, still have a peculiar beauty of their own. At night they are illuminated by Bengal lights. After an elaborate *table-d'hôte*, served by Swiss girls in their neat white bodices, the ringing of the bell summoned the guests out on the terrace to see the illumination. A couple of rockets were fired, when instantly a blaze of light burst upon each cascade,

and in several instances behind it, adding greatly to the effect. These lights continued burning several minutes, changing from white to red and green, and finally were extinguished as instantaneously almost as they were kindled. After a refreshing sleep I awoke with the roar of the cataract in my ear, and was tempted to an early stroll up among the winding walks and bridges that lead to the very top. The spray, flashing like myriads of diamonds in the first sunlight, was far more beautiful than the strange combination of rubies and emeralds of the night before.

Through the Brunig Pass by *diligence* to Alpnach, thence by steamer over the Lake of the Four Cantons to Lucerne—such was our route from Giessbach. The scenery was often charming, but never rising to the sublime. At Lucerne we exchanged our steamer for the one that touched at Vitznau, on the east shore of the lake, where we took the cars up the inclined railway to the very top of Mount Rigi. The engine backs us up the mountain; and seated with our faces toward the lake, from which we were slowly rising, we found ourselves filled with awe, as the steamers diminished into so many ducks swimming on the lake, while all about us stood the peaks of the Alps, looking like white-robed specters. My sensations on thus rising into the clouds, and holding communion with those pure, majestic forms, were akin to those which I imagine a disembodied spirit to have in entering upon the sublime experiences of the unseen world. It was not a time for enthusiasm. There was a strange silence in that crowded car. It was the hush and stillness of deep thought. From what depths to what heights! The very chill of the atmosphere was suggestive. We were literally changing worlds! At length the valley, the lake, the mountain slopes, have all disappeared, and we see nothing but the

white Alps looking upon us with the grim visage of death. But our train does not stop in a graveyard, for eager hotel-runners wait our coming, and the spell of the strange ascent is broken by their disorderly scramble for guests.

We are too late for the sunset on Rigi; can we see the Alps by sunrise from this Pisgah of Europe? The polite porter, in his gold-lace cap, says that the Alpine horn will blow at 3:15 A.M. on the morrow, and that we shall then have time to dress and climb the hill back of the hotel, whence the finest view can be obtained. The Alpine horn! None can hear it to forget. The horn itself is about a yard and a half long, and there is *no end* to the sound it sends out; at least, so we thought the following morning. In vain did we say, "A little more sleep, a little more slumber." Our tormentor seemed to be at our very door, and the sound waxed loud and louder. The echo rang through and through the house, louder, it seemed, than the original blast. It recalled the same echo at Grindelwald, where also the *pistol-shot* increased in volume until the hills reverberated a *cannon-shot*. We sprang from our beds, and heeding the warning, posted in every room, not to wrap ourselves in the bed-clothing, we donned our clothes and soon stood shivering on the hill-top, dancing about to keep from freezing, but watching with delight "the purpling East." The finest view is a few minutes *before* sunrise, when there is light enough to see every mountain top with the utmost distinctness, and before the rays of the sun begin to attract the mists from the lakes. There was the whole range of the Alps from Sentis to Pilatus. The Monch, the Eiger, and the Jungfrau, that had been so coy before, were now surprised, and stood revealed in all their beauty and purity. Below us more than four thousand feet lay Lakes Zug and Lucerne, their unruffled bosoms

sharing the awful stillness of these snow-clad peaks. It needed but a precentor, and a hundred voices would have burst into "Praise God, from whom all blessings flow." The sunrise itself was nothing remarkable. In fact, a few shifting clouds more than once intervened for a moment, but not long enough to hide the glistening whiteness. In a few minutes it was all over, as the gathering mists began to settle about each summit, and the appearance of one peak especially made many a tourist glad, as he recalled the line:

If Pilatus wears his cap, serene will be the day.

We had spent the night and morning in December; we descended again to live in June. Laying aside our overcoats, we embarked on Lake Lucerne, charmed with the scenery of its eastern banks, which almost rivals that of Como. Switzerland is an American paradise. Its handsome villas and hotels are filled with pilgrims from Great Britain and America, and the banks of this lake are a favorite resort in summer. Lucerne itself is a pretty place, but chiefly attractive for its surroundings. We lingered to see the famous "Lion of Lucerne," a monument to the Swiss soldiers who fell in defense of the Tuileries in 1792. The design is by Thorwaldsen, and is a dying lion twenty-eight feet long, transfixed by a broken lance, but sheltering the Bourbon lily with its paw. It is hewn out of natural sandstone, which is also shaped so as to hold it in a sort of a grotto.

We passed an hour or two in Basle, seeing its great Protestant cathedral, located on the bank of the Rhine, and noticing signs of substantial prosperity in this wealthiest city of Switzerland. We did not forget the Basle Missionary Society, which has its head-quarters here, and whose operations reach to the most distant parts of the world. Happy those cities of wealth that know the luxury of such giving!

Our run in Germany was mostly in the Valley of the Rhine. Save occasional glimpses of the hills of the Black Forest, we saw mostly a level country, well cultivated and apparently fertile. The numerous fields of hops betokened the land of Gambrinus, and a rosy-cheeked passenger recommended "the famous Strasburg beer." The chief attractions of Strasburg to us were its great cathedral and its wonderful clock, and as being the bone of contention between France and Germany. Its immense fortifications, through which we had to approach the city, show the stress laid upon it as a strategic point. Prussian bayonets have conquered the hand of the city, but its heart is French. All that we spoke with much prefer the gay French rule to that of the niggardly conqueror, all of whose means is necessary to keep up his immense army. "See there, and there, and yonder!" said the custodian of the cathedral; "Prussian shells made these holes in our beautiful spire, and threw our great organ from the gallery to the floor, and we have had to spend a million francs in repairs." "Would not King William help to repair the damage?" "Too poor," was the answer, with the characteristic French shrug of the shoulders. The unfinished cathedral is a remarkable building, with the tallest spire in Europe, and doubtless in the world, measuring as it does four hundred and sixty-five feet from the pavement. The old woman at the door was unwilling to sell tickets to the extreme top, so that we contented ourselves with a somewhat lower ascent, which, however, commanded an equally fine view. The numerous storks' nests on the chimney-tops, with their awkward builders clambering up the roofs, make a unique picture. The sculptures of the door-way are remarkable no less for their size than their designs, which represent scenes from the life of the Virgin.

Who has not heard of the wonderful clock in the

south transept of this cathedral? I did not see it at noon, when the twelve apostles appear and move round a figure of Christ, but was present at 7 A.M., when old age came out to strike the last quarter, and an angel struck the hour, while a third figure reversed the hour-glass. The clock, with the globe to show the course of the stars, and a perpetual almanac, the dial giving the mean time and another showing the course of the moon, and many other mechanical devices, is most wonderful in that it is self-regulating.

Baden-Baden is one of the most beautiful cities that we visited in all our tour. Since gambling has been prohibited it has not ceased to be the principal watering-place in Germany. Another class of people taste its warm waters in the beautiful Trinke Hall, and assemble in its gorgeous Conversation Haus, or wander in its lovely park. The town itself is somewhat distinct from the park, which is the center of interest, but the hot springs are in the old town, and the primitive Roman baths are now giving way to palatial bathing-houses for pleasure-seekers and invalids.

Heidelberg is a larger place, and has more of local interest in its university, but the charm of its surroundings is much like that of Baden-Baden, only wilder. We greatly enjoyed a three-hours' stroll through the forest which skirts the town, and to its castle, the largest and most picturesque in Europe. Its architecture is rather composite, owing to the different ages of various parts, and the whole is now an ivy-grown ruin. In one of its cellars is the great Heidelberg Tun, a monster cask or hogshead, more than a hundred years old, and holding forty-nine thousand gallons of wine. A stair-way is built around it to enable visitors the better to realize its vast proportions. The old occupants of the castle lived right royally, as is evident from the space given to the

kitchen, with its immense fire-place for roasting a whole ox. The castle is so solidly built that when the French attempted to blow it up the part of the wall that became detached fell in an unbroken mass into the moat, where it yet remains. Whoever looks for a fine building in the Heidelberg University will be much disappointed. The eight hundred students room where they choose and do mostly as they please—which means largely practice with the sword for their famous duels—while the learned professors, who have given the university its reputation, lecture in comparatively small rooms or halls to such as care to listen.

Frankfort-on-the-Main interested us by its fine buildings in one part of the city, but more by the dilapidated houses of the old German style of architecture, which still remain in the Juden-Strasse, or chief street of the Jews' quarter. In one of these miserable houses, now untenanted, and with a chain and padlock fastening its door, was born the Rothschild who founded the present *ruling* dynasty in Europe. A group of Jews chatting on the street eagerly responded to our question, and pointed it out with manifest pride. It is a three-story building, made of plaster and timber, and with a projecting roof. With all their wealth, the Frankfort branch of the family maintain a becoming simplicity. Their immense banking-house here is a brick building, with nothing to distinguish it save the iron grating of the lower windows. It was in Frankfort that this family first began their immense business as money-lenders to European governments, which was possible in the first instance by the warm personal friendship of the rich Landgrave of Hesse. The foundation of their fortune was laid by having for eight years the free use of five millions in silver, during the troubles incident to Napoleon's wars. Their same rich friend knew that it was safest with

them, and subsequently allowed them the use of it for several years long r at only two per cent. per annum. It is said that the family made a million dollars by learning the result of the battle of Waterloo some eight hours before it was known in England. The five sons of the founder became associated with him in the banking business and made one firm, although their business was divided into five branches. Established in London, Paris, Vienna, and Frankfort, they control largely the finances of Europe. Within a period of some twelve years their loans to European powers have amounted to about four hundred millions of dollars. England, Austria, Prussia, France, Naples, and even Russia and Brazil, look to them for money. They make war and declare peace, according as they furnish or withhold the sinews of war.

From Frankfort we go to Mayence, where we embark for a run down the Rhine.