

Original Communications.

THE TOURIST IN SWITZERLAND.—II.
From the note book of our Travelling Correspondent.

The valley of the Rhone has become wider, and in the centre of it stand two towering rocks, the highest seven hundred feet above the valley. Around the base and on the lower slopes of these rocks, the town of Sion is built. On the top of the highest, a castle has stood, ever since the 13th century—the castle of Tourbillon. Its location rendered it the impregnable fortress of the old prince bishops of Sion, whose rule for many centuries extended over all this portion of Switzerland.

On the lower eminence stands a pile of buildings forming a very pretty picture. It is a monastery. The buildings extending downwards towards the town, almost meet some of the houses built on the steep rocky side of the eminence. The town has four or five thousand people, and is a neat looking place. Many of the buildings are fine, large and expensive, though now old and dilapidated. They tell of the wealth of the place three and five centuries ago, when the Bishops were wealthy and powerful, drawing tribute from all the country round. We read of the Bishop of Sion as one of the important potentates called by the Emperor Charles V., to attend the Diet of Worms and other councils held in the days of Luther. There are a few modern-looking houses in the town, while the orchards and shubbery in the suburbs give it an air of comfort. We observe in one of the gardens a good-sized swing for the children, which looks as though the children here were like those in our own country—fond of fun.

The hotel, "The Golden Lion," gave us a good dinner, and we were soon off for the cars, the first we had seen since we touched Lake Maggiore in Italy. The embankment for extending the railway up the valley we had followed for many miles during the day, but judged that the road did not pay or it would have been pushed farther. We had noticed along the valley large rounded mounds, apparently of earth, 100 feet high or more, and covered with vegetation, located at different points along the valley, sometimes directly in the centre, but generally near one side and opposite the gorges in the mountains, down which the streams came to join the Rhone. We judged they must have been, in former ages, the deposit from glaciers that filled these lateral valleys or gorges, and that the large *tumuli* in the centre of the valley, were at one time the end of a great glacier that filled the whole Rhone valley.

MARTIGNY.

We are soon approaching a round tower on the mountain side, to the South of the road. It is built of stone, partly ruined but repaired and evidently occupied. Its base is five hundred feet above us, and it must be from 150 to 200 feet high. The cars come to a halt, and we are at the town of Martigny. A look at the map shows us what the tower was built for. At Martigny, the river bends at a right angle, sweeping around the base of the high mountain opposite, which seems to be the end of the mountain wall we have been following all day, forming the Northern barrier of the valley. For sixty miles, the Rhone has run a comparatively straight course South-west. It now bends at a right angle short around to the Northwest, and in 25 miles more empties into the Lake of Geneva.

This old tower is built right at the corner, and commands a view of the valley down to the lake and up to Sion. Back of it, comes in another valley, whose stream, the Dranse, joins the Rhone at this point—so that in the old feudal days this Robber tower commanded the whole country. It is called La Batia, and was built in 1260 by the Bishops of Sion. It was used not only as a stronghold, but as a prison, and dark deeds, deeds of persecution, suffering and anguish would wait out from the old walls, if walls could speak.

Here at Martigny, travellers leave the cars for Mt. Blanc, twenty-four miles to the South. The road is too narrow for carriages, so that the trip must be made on mule backs. The weather being quite cold and the prospect of fatigue quite certain, we concluded to go on to Geneva, and if the weather permitted, to ascend to Mt. Blanc from that point by the stages; though the route across from Martigny, over the Tete Noir and the Col de Balme, is far more picturesque and desirable.

It is from here, too, that tourists start for the St. Bernard pass, one of the most wild and romantic which cross the Alps, and whose hospice, 7,600 feet above the sea, is said to be the highest habitation on the globe. Reader, don't do as I did, be so near to St. Bernard and not go to it, so near to Mt. Blanc and never feel its cold. If you have a sick wife with you, who can't endure the trip, leave her in good hands in Geneva, and take at least two or three days, so as to be able to say that you have slept in hot-sun, between the feather beds of the St. Bernard Hospice, with the white snow covering all the ground around you; that you have crossed the Mere de Glace, Alpine stock in hand, and have heard the Alpine horn echo in the vale of Chamouni.

TOURISTS.

Whole troops of tourists got into our train here at Martigny. Many had green veils tucked around their hats. Each one carried an Alpine

stock, branded around the upper end with the names of the various passes that had been crossed and the notable places visited. The green veils were to protect the eyes from the glare of the sun upon the ice fields, when crossing the great Glacier, the Mere de Glace, where these travellers had been during the day. Some of the men had knapsacks strapped on their backs, revealing how they had been doing the Mt. Blanc and St. Bernard region on foot; the true way to enjoy Alpine travel if you have the strength to endure the fatigue. A school of nearly one hundred boys and girls got on the train. They had been touring it also, at least for the day. The girls wore flat hats and carried their picnic baskets, while the boys—many of them—carried their Alpine stocks and had knapsacks on their backs. Their consequential air told plainly that they had been for the day full-grown tourists. Just think of a school picnic among Glaciers and in view of Mt. Blanc! It certainly puts all our American excursions far in the shade.

They are all aboard now, and we start again down this glorious valley.

We bid good-bye to the old tower on our left, remembering that it has formed a prominent feature in the landscape for six hundred years, looked upon by crusaders, watched by gallant knights, honored by cowed monks, feared by pious reformers, a landmark for the tramping armies of France as they dragged their cannon over the Simplon route for battle in Italy.

On our right, the high mountain range is out of almost perpendicularly, revealing wonderfully twisted and folded stratas in its rocky layers near the top—telling of fearful convulsions in nature in bygone days.

Presently a fine waterfall comes into view, tumbling grandly out from the rocky hillside, a few yards from the road. The Fall is one hundred and fifty feet high, the water descending in one unbroken leap, about twenty five feet in breadth. Some of the water is caught by cross seams in the rocks and runs down in white foamy streams on either side of the great fall. This is said to be the largest body of water in any one cascade in Switzerland. A trough near the base of the fall carries off a portion of the water to run a little factory near by.

ST. MAURICE.

The town of St. Maurice next comes into view. It lies in a flat between the river and a wall of perpendicular rocks, which rise five hundred feet, with little shelves of vegetation here and there, and the slope back covered with underbrush to the top. It is a very ancient town, said to have been founded by the Romans in the second century. The buildings have an ancient look. The cathedral tower is square and massive, built of rough stone, with a short dumpy spire, surrounded by four smaller spires at the corners of the tower. Right against the perpendicular wall of rock, and higher than the top of the cathedral spire, is stuck a house, apparently the dwelling-place of somebody. There is a little shelf in the rock, apparently a foot or two broad, with some bushes growing on it, but no room to stand a house upon. How they get up and down without a windlass or derrick, we could not conceive. Certainly there is no accounting for taste in the selection of a site for a dwelling-house. An old Roman tower stands upon the edge of the river as we leave the town. The mountain crowds the tower so closely, that the railway is cut through the rock at its base, and we emerge into the daylight upon the river bank to look back upon a beautiful picture. At the tower, an old stone bridge of a single arch spans the Rhone. The town beyond partly appears as one looks under the high arch. The river has a high strong wall of masonry on each side, to keep its rushing torrent from tearing away town, and tower, and bridge. The high mountains on either side come down and make so narrow a valley, that you wonder where there is any room for the town. In a moment, the scene is shut out by a turn in the stream, and we find ourselves in a wider valley.

JOHN FAREL.

The towns of Bex and Aigle are soon passed. They have a home-like, country look, with pretty gardens and orchards, flowers and fruit in profusion—pretty shaded cottages and white fences. Here John Farel, in the days of the Reformation, taught school, after being driven out of France by persecution. When he had gained the confidence of the people as their pious and benevolent school master, he began to preach to them Christ, as the One of whom to ask pardon for, sin, and not the priests. Rapidly the infection of his holy life and holy teaching spread among these honest simple people. They embraced the Protestant faith by hundreds.

These pretty groves about Bex and Aigle, with the grand old mountains looking down on either side, were the scenes of many of his meetings, in which he unfolded Christ to eager listeners.

As night approaches we emerge upon the shores of Lake Geneva at Villeneuve station, where we leave the rail and are conveyed to Hotel Byron. This we find to be a new first class hotel, one of the very best we have met in Europe. Its location upon the shores of the lake, with the towering mountains behind it and a lovely flower garden in front, with delightful walks laid out almost to the waters edge, makes it a charming spot after tea, we look at the register of the Hotel, to see who is here; very few Hotels in Europe keep a register, and it is often with difficulty you can find who are stopping in the same house with you.

Here is written in broad hand: George B. McClellan, wife, children and servants. A man of taste certainly to linger in such a lovely spot. Further down we come to the name E. K. Smith, Burlington, N. J., U. S. A. We send our cards to his room and soon hear his tap at our door. No words that I can pen in this letter can describe the luxury of the next hour or two. We were old school mates; had studied together five of six years in boyhood, and separated when we graduated, he to go into the ministry and I to work and delve as a merchant. Old days, old studies, old professors, old classmates all came up in review, and on the shores of this glorious lake we were boys again for one evening.

It was the old story. He was worked to death almost, his nervous system all broken down under his severe labors, as principal of St. Mary's Hall, at Burlington, and was out recruiting his wasted energies; enjoying this first respectable holiday in twenty years of labor, as it was mine, also.

What we had each been seeing in our travels took a secondary place; but we exchanged valuable hints about routes and things not to be missed in our journeys.

From our window we see the old castle of Chillon in the uncertain evening light and we drop to sleep enjoying the prospect of the next mornings examination of its poetic halls and dungeons and towers.

G. W. M.

OUR IRISH PRESBYTERIAN VISITORS.

MR. EDITOR.—The *United Presbyterian*, of Pittsburg, recently contained the following item: "Rev. Messrs. J. S. — and W. — M. I., of the Presbyterian Church of Ireland, are at present in our city. They come among us on a mission from their respective congregations for help in removing pressing debts incurred in building houses of worship. They are excellent brethren, standing high in their Church at home, and in all respects worthy of the warmest fraternal attention. Their cause, too, is one that commends itself to the liberality of our people."

Any of our Presbyterian papers in this city might make an announcement similar to that contained in the first sentence of the above paragraph. For some time past, and, indeed, ever since Gladstone carried his resolutions for Irish Disestablishment and Disendowment, we have had such visitors among us, appealing to the liberality of our churches. Now, sir, have they any such claims on us as the above paragraph puts forward?

(2.) In general, every minister of the Irish General Assembly (and no others have come among us), receives from the British Government a sum in gold equal in amount to the average salary paid our New England pastors in currency. New England, too, pays more liberally than do other sections of the country.

(1.) Ulster Presbyterians have grown richer by the war, which has left us much poorer. They evinced very little sympathy for us during the struggle, which created such a demand for their linen and cut off our cotton. They come to us because they have purely fabulous ideas of our resources, and any amount of assurance in claiming our aid.

(3.) Irish Presbyterians have less claim on our aid while taking aid from Caesar also. Other bodies in Ireland (Seceders, Covenanters, Methodists, Baptists, Wesleyans), do without Government aid, but only the Baptists and Methodists ask our help.

(4.) The churches represented by these Irish brethren are not poorer, but richer than the average churches of America, but also far more stingy. They need to be thrown upon their own resources, in order to the development of these congregations, made up of well-to-do farmers and prosperous linen manufacturers, who dole out £50 to £70 a year to their ministers, and our gifts will only encourage their meanness.

(5.) In particular, (to illustrate general facts,) take two gentlemen who have recently asked aid in this city. One, when questioned, confessed that there was no pressing need for American liberality. His people were prosperous; his support was sufficient; their house of worship and manse were good. They only wanted to raise money for a permanent fund, which, with its accumulating interest, might exempt them from any of the future contingencies of Disendowment. Another, on a recent Sabbath evening, preface his appeal for a collection with the *naïf* announcement that his congregation was neither poor nor needy.

(6.) The public have a natural dislike to giving when a large per centage is sliced off to pay the expenses. How is it in this case? These brethren come here, travelling from city to city, as sight-seers, and generally end on the prairies (we suppose it will be San Francisco hereafter.) They, of course, deduct the entire expense of their expensive trip—such a one as only a few of our best-paid pastors could take—from what the congregations to whom they appeal contribute. How much reaches the manse and building funds at home? Have we not a right to ask?

Be it noted, that, in making these remarks, I have no wish to reflect on those Irish Presbyterian clergymen—several of them known to me,—who have visited us for pleasure and to enjoy reunion with friends long separated from them, and who have paid their own way, without presenting themselves in *forma pauperis*. Nor are my remarks prompted by any hostility to the Irish Presbyterian Church. She was the Church of my childhood, though not of my fathers, and deserves only my profoundest respect. As a be-

liever in "the Establishment principle" of Drs. Begg and Gibson, I think she is right in accepting the aid of the State. If its loss will develop the liberality and generosity of her members, in their dealings with her hard-worked and ill-paid ministry, I shall rejoice to see her lose it.

In reproaching the begging tours of some of her ministry, I speak for many of her children who reside among us, who have felt their faces blush and their ears tingle for shame, in view of the utterly needless meanness of most, if not all, of these appeals. I beseech the readers of this article not to encourage such appeals by giving one cent to them. If we have anything to give, let it be to the persecuted and truly needy churches of Bohemia, whose representatives are even now among us, and whose claims have been endorsed with a full knowledge of the facts by the two General Assemblies.

ON THE WING.

A PRELUDE TO VACATION.

BY CHARLES A. SMITH, D. D.

It is said that the very sight of a sea-shell will sometimes recall with such power the memory of the sea that its murmurs seem to fall distinctly upon the ear, and you are transported at once, as if by magic, to the sandy beach, and gather all the inspiration that comes from the surging and dashing waves. Whether in all cases the presence of one of these conchological reminders of old ocean's roar and turmoil would secure all the advantage, and save all the expense of a visit to Long Branch or Atlantic City, I am not prepared to say. Perhaps it is a question that commends itself quite as strongly as many others to the consideration of those economic philosophers, who are intent upon discovering the ways and means by which the largest possible enjoyment may be combined with the smallest possible outlay. Everybody knows, or ought to know, the empire which the imagination holds, not only over the determinations of the will, but over the functions of the physical man also—so that health and disease come and go at its bidding. The law of association that binds the shell to the sea forever, and conveys through it the music of the sea to the ear and the soul, is established beyond all controversy. But whether this law can, under any circumstances, be made so to quicken and stimulate the imaginative faculty, as to render unnecessary the use of the bath, and to be equivalent for the fresh breeze that snatches health for the invalid from the leaping spray; is a problem yet unsolved.

Pending this question, it may without hesitancy be affirmed, that to read of cool zephyrs on a hot summer's day, is as invigorating as anything can be, with the exception of the zephyrs themselves. So I write for those who amid city walls, and with fan in hand, have not yet enjoyed the exquisite relief afforded by fine scenery, and a temperature suggestive of the bracing, welcome air of early autumn.

We are off for the hills of Berkshire—not the Berkshire of England, but of Massachusetts—which boasts of a greater area than its British namesake, and a surface quite as beautifully varied and well-wooded, and in place of the Thames has the head branches of the Hoosick and the Housatic, which furnish valuable water power; while for Windsor forest and park, Williams' College, with its sacred memories, is at least a fair and full equivalent.

But before we wander among the hills and along the streams, let us gather the fragments of pleasure that fell to our lot on the way, so that nothing may be lost. I know very little about the Rhine with its vine-clad slopes; but I knew a great deal about the Hudson with its palisades, and mountain gorges, and richly carpeted acclivities, and the dense woods, and the vistas that reveal the secluded, cheerful looking homes of culture and taste, and the distant mountain range that has penciled an imperishable line of beauty on the sky. In a gallery of paintings, very much of the effect depends upon the light that falls on the pictures, and the relative position of the beholder; and so you change from place to place in order to obtain the best possible view. And so very much of the inspiration of this bright verdure, and these thick forests, and the abrupt lofty hills that are so near to each other as to mingle their deep shadows and make them more dense, depends upon your mode of travel. If you want to study nature in her grandest and gentlest moods, eschew the railroad—for it will afford you only one-sided glimpses, and through the oft repeated scream of the whistle, and the chook-e-te-chook of fast revolving wheels, neither bird song nor music of rippling cascade will greet your ear.

It was our good fortune to take passage on the *Drew*, one of a noble line of steamers that are worthy of the river on which they float. The boat itself is a study. It moves so quietly on the water as to suggest no hint of the vast machinery and the mighty force by which it is propelled. The table is excellent. And the beds are as clean and elastic as beds can be.

Now we are out in the stream, and quickly pass the limits of the city, and leave its dense sweating population far behind. Take off your hat, and bare your forehead to this gentle wind that brings the scent of clover-fields, and tells of busy bees and garnered honey. How refreshing it is. How it calms the impatient nerves, and exhilarates the feelings. The sun has finished his

work for the day, and the gorgeous coloring of crimson and purple has left the clouds to their unborrowed, sober hue. Now the full moon flings its mild rays upon river and forest, and the soft light dances in the rippled water, and hangs like a beautiful veil upon the landscape, concealing yet revealing. Go to bed if you will, and court upon your pillow the visions of dream-land—but I'll stay on deck, and look out upon these dim outlines of trees, and massive rocks, and quiet cottages sheltered beneath the hills; and upward through the cloudless

"Abyss

In which the everlasting stars abide."

Nothing disturbs the deep serenity of the night, save the solemn sweep of the ponderous wheel, whose movements are so steady and majestic that they sound like the bass in some grand hymn of nature. Now and then along the shore, the railroad train speeds gracefully by, waking the echoes of the hills, and many a weary human sleeper, with its sharp, shrill, discordant music. Opposite Catskill you pass the place where Church paints his pictures. He owns a somewhat rugged farm here, which he intends to cultivate and beautify at his leisure. It is a well-selected spot for inspiration, if one had a soul that can be swayed by nature's grandest and most lovely forms. In front of the estate of the artist, and near the river, is the home of Mr. Gillette, the brother of the church historian. Sunrise finds you at Albany, that ancient Dutch city which can boast of bricks shipped from Holland, and exhibit many a fire-place surrounded with tiles that were baked and painted on the other side of the ocean. There is a staid sobriety here that laughs at emulation, and winks knowingly at progress. Though the law-makers of the State are building a new capitol that will involve an expenditure of ten millions at least. Church architecture has also improved greatly of late years. It is relief to look upon this steady, deliberate growth, in contrast with the expensive enterprise that is ever pulling down and building up. Albany is favored with good schools and preaching. The Astronomical Observatory and Geological Rooms are worth visiting. If you want a good meal you can obtain it at the Delevane House, which was designed by its founder, whose name it bears, as a monument to the cause of temperance; but has fallen from that high moral position.

A ride of fifteen minutes brings you to Troy, and thence in two hours you reach Williamstown, through a landscape beautifully diversified, and dotted with small manufacturing villages. At the depot the students are in waiting for their friends, and now pleasantly settled in our temporary homes, we are ready for the Sabbath, and the baccalaureate, and all the coming exercises of commencement week.

In my next I will tell you about Dr. Cuyler, and his theme, and other matters.

MISS ELLA MARY LIGGETT.

We have been gratified to notice in an account of the recent commencement of Vassar College, Poughkeepsie, N. Y., that the performance of this young lady elicited so much approbation. One of the principal New York journals speaks of it as follows: "The very best piece of the morning was 'Our National Triangle,' by Ella Mary Liggett, a prairie flower, from Leavenworth, Kansas. All through her address she drew mirth-provoking illustrations, and in a gentle way, rapped Horace Greeley's 'Political Economy,' tossed a few words at his 'Salt Essays,' and declared, in eloquent terms, her favor for Liberty, Union, and Free Trade, the 'National Triangle.' During her splendid address she was frequently interrupted by applause, which was deafening when she concluded."

Miss Liggett, as some of our readers may be aware, is a grand daughter of the late Daniel McMillan, of Xenia, Ohio, one of the most loved and honored in the Eldership of the R. P. Church, and well known for the excellence of his personal character, and his great liberality in sustaining all our operations. Her father, Rev. J. D. Liggett, is a highly respected minister, at Leavenworth, Kansas, and we are glad to know that his labors have been greatly blessed.

We trust Miss L., who is emphatically one of "the seed of the righteous," may have "help of God" to fulfill the cheering auguries with which she thus enters on her career. The College where she has received her education stands among the foremost of the Female Literary Institutions in our land, and we hope she will add to its fame. We have been pleased to notice that while the course of instruction it furnishes is so complete in English literature, the Sciences, Ancient and Modern Languages, and various accomplishments, particular attention also is paid to the health of the pupils. The paper from which we have made the preceding extract mentions, "that the members of the present graduating class are all strong in body, possessing admirable physiques, and it seems so to happen that the strongest in body even of these take the honors. All who were present this morning concede that Miss Ella Mary Liggett, of Leavenworth, Kansas, and Miss Anna Maria Glidden, of Portsmouth, Ohio, made the finest addresses of the day, and both of these ladies possess a powerful physique, and are perfect pictures of health."

The Czar of Russia has conferred hereditary nobility on the Biblical scholar, Tischendorf.