

wander along this enchanting lake; and though the exhausted brain fails at length, the objects of interest do not.

From this lake we might turn our course easterly, and soon find ourselves amid the glacial regions of the Oberland Alps, scenes full of deep and thrilling interest. But let us rather turn southerly, and, following down the great valley of Switzerland, find our way among the Alps of Savoy, where the same phenomena attain their maximum of interest and sublimity, and the great monarch of the Alps is seen, wearing his hoary crown. As we pass along towards Lake Lemman, if the air be clear, the Bernese Alps loom up in unrivalled majesty; and as we sail over Lake Lemman, Mont Blanc, with some of its nearly equal associates, shows its distant yet impressive form. Passing without notice the almost unrivalled beauties of Lemman, and following up the Arve through its stupendous gorges, we catch views of Mont Blanc, as we approach it, that possess overpowering sublimity. At length, Chamouny is reached, a lovely vale in the midst of Alpine wonders. From thence we first ascend the Flegère, thirty-five hundred feet above the valley, and sixty-five hundred above the ocean; and there we get a fine view of Mont Blanc and the Aiguilles, or Needles. Here distances are vastly diminished to the eye, and you seem in near proximity even with Mont Blanc; and, in fact, should any adventurous visitors have reached the top of that mountain, a good spy-glass will show them from this spot.¹

On the opposite side of the valley from the Flegère, and at about the same height, is Montanvert, the most convenient spot for traversing the glacier called the Mer de Glace. If, however, one would see the lower extremity of that glacier, and the Arveron issuing from it, he must pass along the right hand side of the stream, and then he can follow up the glacier to Montanvert; and strange would it be if, in doing this, he should not hear and see the frequent avalanche.

¹ When I visited this spot, in September, 1850, I was so fortunate as to get sight of a party that had just commenced the descent from the summit of Mont Blanc. To the naked eye they were invisible, but the whole train could be distinctly seen through a telescope. This was the third party that had ascended that mountain in the summer of 1850. I doubt not that the dangers have been exaggerated, and that the excursion will become common.

There are other points of great interest around Chamouny, which I have not noticed, some of which I visited, but not all. I have mentioned only the most common.