

curving over the rock, like the *tail* of a white horse streaming in the wind—such as it might be conceived would be that of the “pale horse” on which Death is mounted in the Apocalypse. It is neither mist nor water, but a something between both : its immense height gives it a wave or curve—a spreading here, or condensation there—wonderful and indescribable.

Fair is the Valley of Lauterbrunnen, says Longfellow,\* with its green meadows and overhanging cliffs. The ruined castle of Unspannen stands like an armed warder at the gate of the enchanted land. In calm serenity the snowy mountains rise beyond. Fairer than the rock of Balmarusa, yon frowning precipice looks down upon us ; and, from the topmost cliff, the white pennon of the Brook of Dust shimmers and waves in the sunny air !—

“ This bold, this bright, this sky-born waterfall.”

The *Falls of the Aar*, at Handeck, have been celebrated by Wordsworth in a noble sonnet :— †

“ From the fierce aspect of this river, throwing  
His giant body o'er the steep rock's brink,  
Back in astonishment and fear we shrink ;  
But, gradually a calmer look bestowing,  
Flowers we espy beside the torrent growing ;  
Flowers that peep forth from many a cleft and chink,  
And, from the whirlwind of his anger, drink  
Hues ever fresh, in rocky fortress blowing :  
They suck—from breath that, threatening to destroy,  
Is more benignant than the dewy eve—  
Beauty, and life, and motion, as of joy :  
Nor doubt but He to whom yon pine-trees nod  
Their heads in sign of worship, Nature's God,  
Those humbler adorations will receive.”

The Falls of the Aar, if not equal in beauty to the Staubbach, are its superior in magnificence. The rock over which the river rushes in a tremendous mass of dark swirling waters is upwards of 200 feet in perpendicular height, and the gorge which seems to swallow up the foam and thunder and headlong impetuosity is a very abyss of gloom. The quantity of water is so great, that it sweeps more than half-way down in one continuous, glancing, and apparently solid sheet, before the wind breaks it up into shivering foam.

Near the beautiful vale of Meyringen, the small but furious stream of the *Reichenbach* descends the rocky declivity in a succession of headlong leaps, extending in all over 2000 feet. Rock, and crag, and mossy boulder ; pine-wood and roaring torrent ; precipitous cliffs and ledges drooping with wild-flowers, combine in a picture of more than ordinary impressiveness.

The *Waterfall of the Sallenche* is situated near Montigny, in the Valais. The

\* [Longfellow, Prose Works : “Hyperion.”]

† [Wordsworth, Poems : “Memorials of a Tour on the Continent,” xiii.]