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+ Clarens. + Sept. 18th 1816.

Yesterday September 17th +1816.+ I set out with H. on an excursion of some days to the Mountains. — + I shall keep a short journal of each days progress for my Sister Augusta. +

Sept. 17th —

Rose at 5. — Left Diodati about seven — in one of the country carriages — a Calash / with our servants on horseback / weather very fine — the Lake calm and clear — Mont Blanc — and the Aiguille of Argentiere both very distinct — the borders of the Lake beautiful — reached Lausanne before Sunset — stopped & slept at Ouchy — + H. went to dine with — Mr. Olieden — I remained at our Caravansera / though invited to the Lausanne / H's friend — too lazy or tired — or something else — to go / and wrote a letter to Augusta. + — —

Went to bed at nine — + sheets damp —
swore and stripped them off & flung them
— Heaven knows where — crept myself up in
the blankets — and + slept + like a child of
a month's existence + till 5 o'clock of

Sept. 10th.

Called by + Berger + my Courier + who acts as
Valet for a day or two the Learned Fletcher
being left in charge of Chattels at Diodati +
got up — H. walked on before — a mile
from Lausanne — the road overland by the
lake — got on Horseback & rode till within
= in a mile of Vevay — the Colt
young but went very well — overtook H. &
resumed the carriage which is an open one —

at Wind at Vevay two hours — the second time I have visited it / walked to the Church — view from the Churchyard superb — within it General Ludlow — (the Regicide's) monument — black marble — long inscription — Latin — but simple — + particularly the latter part — in which his wife / Margaret de Thomas / records her long — her tried — and unshaken affection, — + he was an Exile two and thirty years — one of the King's / Charles' / Judges + a fine fellow — I remember reading his memoirs in January 1815 / at Hathaby — / the first part of them very amusing — the latter less so; — I little thought at the time of this journal by me

of ~~Hardwicke~~ seeing his tomb near him
Brougham who read King Charles's sentence to
Charles Stuart - is buried with a quiet and rather
cantingly but still Republican epitaph - - -
Ludlow's home shown - St Peters still his inscrip-
-tion "Omne Solum forti patria"
Walked down to the Lake side - servants - car-
-riage - saddle horses - all sent off and left
us plenty to do by some mistake - and we
walked on after them towards Clarens - H. ran
on before and overtook them at last - arrived the
second time (1st time was by water) at Clarens
beautiful Clarens! - went to Chillon through
Scenery worthy of I know not whom - went
over the Castle of Chillon again - on our return
met an English party in a carriage - a lady in it.

2/ last asleep! — fast asleep in the most anti-narcotic spot in the world — excellent — I was at Chamouni in the very eyes of Mont Blanc, hearing another woman — English to her party also — exclaim "did you ever see any thing more rural" — as if it was Highgate or Hampstead — or Brompton or Hayes — "Rural" gnotha! — Rocks — pines — torrents — glaciers — clouds — and summits of eternal snow far above them — and "Rural!" — I did not know the thus exclaiming fair one — but she was a — very good kind of a woman. — — — — — — — — — — — — After a slight & neat dinner — we visited the Glacier de Bossons — an English woman has vented herself there lately — (it was not at the time I saw it first) the roses are gone with their

Summer — the family out — but the servants dining at the table on the entrance of the mansion — in same and the table of the saloon — Blanche servants — and sundry chairs (I forget which) servants — and a set of noisy children, — saw all the table seeing — and then descended to the "Bosquet de Julie" "C. C. J." — on Guide talk of Thoureau — when he is eternally confounding with St Preux — and mixing the man and the book — Saw the stoles of a cottage in the village — I saw a young Vaysanne — beautiful as Julie herself — I want again to as far as Chillon to visit the little town from the hill behind it — Sunset — reflected in the Lake — have to get up at 5

tamman - to cross the mountains on horse-
= back - carriage not to be met with - lodged at
my old cottage - hospitable & comfortable -
lived with a Corsican ride - on the
Colt - and the subsequent jolting of the
Chaise - and my scramble in the hot
sun - I shall go to bed - thinking of you
dearest Augusta.)

Mem. The Corporal who showed the wonders
of Chillon was as drunk as Blucher - (and to
my mind as great a man.) He was deaf
also. and thinking every one else so roared out
the legends of the Castle so fearfully (that he
got out of humour -) however we saw all things
from the Gallows to the Dungeons / the
Potence & the Cachots / and returned to
Clarens with more freedom than belonged to

the 15th Century.

(at Casino - the only book except the Bible, a translation of Cecilia / Mrs. Burney's Cecilia / and the owner of the cottage had also called her dog, a fat Pug ten years old - and hideous as Sin, after Cecilia's (or rather Delville's) dog Isidore.)

Sept 19th

Rose at 5 - boarded the carriage round & crossed the mountains to Montbrison on horseback and on Mules and by dint of scrambling on foot also, the whole route beautiful as a Dream and to me almost as indistinct - I am so tired for though healthy I have not the strength I possessed but a few years ago.

At Mont Dorant we breakfasted & afterwards
on a steep ascent — dismounted tumbled down
& cut a finger open — the baggage
also got loose and fell down a ravine
till stopped by a large tree — swore —
recovered baggage horse tired & dropp=
=ping — mounted Mule — at the ap=
=proach of the summit of Dent Ja=
=mant — dismounted again with H & all
the party. Arrived at a lake in the
very nipple of the bosom of the Moun=
=tain left our quadrupeds with a Shep=
=herd & ascended further came to
some snow in patches — upon which my
forehead's perspiration fell like rain
making the same dints as in a sieve

the chill of the wind & the mon-
=d me giddy — but I scrambled on &
upwards — H. went to the highest
pinnacle — I did not — but paused
within a few yards at the opening of
the Cliff — in coming down the
Guide tumbled three times — I fell
a laughing & tumbled too — the des-
=cent luckily soft though steep & slip-
=pery — H. also fell — but nobody hurt
The whole of the Mountain superb —
A Shepherd on a very steep & high cliff
playing upon his fife — very different
from Arcadia where I saw the
pastors with a long Musquet in-
=stead of a crook and pistols in

their Girdles / our Swiss Shepherds'
pipe was sweet — & his tune a-
=greable — saw a cow shayed — an &c.
that they often break their necks on
& over the crags — descended to Mont
=boron pretty-scraggy village with
a wild river — and a wooden bridge —
H. went to fish — caught one — our
carriage not come — our horses mules
&c. knocked up — ourselves fatigued —
(but so much the better — I shall
sleep)

The view from the highest point of today's journey comprized on one side the greatest part of Lake Leman — on the other — the valleys & mountains of the Canton Fribourg — and an immense plain with the Lakes of Neufchatel & Morat — and

all which the borders of these and of the
Lake of Geneva inherit — we had both sides of
the Jura before us. in our point of view, with all its
in plenty.
In passing a ravine — the guide recommended
strenuously a quickening of pace — as the stones
fall with great rapidity & occasional damage —
the advice is excellent — but like most good
advice impracticable — the road being so rough
for this precise point — that neither mules nor
mankind — nor horses — can make any — —
violent progress. — Passed without any fractures
or menace thereof. — — — — —
The music of the cows' bells / for their wealth
like the Patriarchs is cattle / in the pastures
which reach to a height far above any mountain
in Britain — / and the Shepherds' shouting to
& playing on their reeds
us from way to way / where the steeps opened

almost insensible with the surrounding scenery
realized all that I have
ever heard or imagined of a pastoral exis-
tence — much more so than Greece
or Asia Minor — for there we are a little
too much of the valor & magnificence —
and if there is a sword in one hand you are
sure to see a gun in the other — but this
was pure and unmixed — solitary — savage
and patriarchal — (the effect I cannot
describe) — as we went they played the
"Ranz des Vaches" and other airs by way of
farewell. ~~Adieu~~

I have lately repeopled my mind with
Natura.

Sept. 20th

Up at 6. Off at 8. — the whole of this
days journey at an average of between

from two thousand seven hundred - to three thousand foot above the level of the sea. this valley the largest - narrowest - & considered one of the finest of the alps - little traversed by travellers - saw the bridge of La Roche - the bed of the river very low & deep between immense rocks & rapid as angry - a man & mule said to have tumbled over without damage - (the mule was looking at any rate, - unless I knew the man I should be both & bravance him fortunate) - the people looked free & happy and rich (which last implies neither of the former) the cows superb - a Ball nearly kept into the Chaban - "agreable compagnie in a post chaise" - Goats & Sheep very

thriving — the mountain with enormous
glaciers to the right — the Eletzerberg —
further on — the Schreckhorn — nice names
so soft — very lofty & craggy — patched
with snow only — no Glaciers on it — but
some good Spanelettes of clouds. —
Past the boundaries — out of Vaud — & into
Bern Canton — French exchanged for —
bad German — the district famous for
Cheese — liberty — Indepenty — & no taxes —
H. went to fish — caught none — strolled
to river — saw a boy a kid — kid fol=
=lowed him like a dog — kid could not get
over a fence — & climbed fifteen times — kid
myself & helped kid — but nearly overset both
self & kid into the river — dined here about
six in the evening — — nine o clock — going to bed —
(H. in next room — knocked his head against the
door — and exclaimed of course against doors) —

not tired today — but hope to sleep near the
— tops. — Women gabbling below — —
read a French translation of Schiller — —
good night — Dearest Augusta — — —
— — —

Sept. 21st

Off early — the valley of Simmenthal as
before — entrance to the plain of Thun
very narrow — high rocks — wooded to the
top — river — new mountains — with
fine glaciers — Lake of Thun —
extensive plain with a girdle of Alps —
walked down to the Chateau de Schadau —
view along the lake — crossed the river in
a boat rowed by women — (women rent
right for the first time in my recollection)
Thun a very pretty town — the whole
days journey Alpine & proud. — —

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Sept 22.? —

Left Thoun in a boat which carried us the length of the lake in three hours — the lake small — but the banks fine — rocks down to the water's edge. — Landed at Neuhause — passed Interlachen entered into a range of scenery beyond all description — or precious conception. — Passed a rock — inscription — 2 brothers — one murdered the other — just the place fit for it. — — — After a variety of windings came to an enormous rock — Girl with fruit — very pretty — blue eyes — good teeth — very fair — long — but good features — reminded me rather of Ch.

basket some of her pears - and patted
her upon the cheeks - the expression of
her face very mild - but good - and
not at all coquettish. - - - - -
Arrived at the foot of the Mountain
the Jung-frau - i.e. the Maiden -
Glaciers - torrents - one of these torrents
nine hundred feet in height of visible
descent - lodge at the Curates' - set
out to see the valley - heard an
Avalanche fall - like thunder - saw
Glaciers - enormous - Storm came on -
thunder - lightning - hail - all in
perfection - and beautiful - - I was

on horseback — Bride wanted to carry my cane — I was going to give it him when I recollected it was a sword stick — and I thought that the lightning might be attracted towards him — — kept it myself — a good deal encumbered with it & my cloak — as it was too heavy for a whip — and the horse was stupid — & stood still every other peal. — Got in — not very wet — the Cloak being staunch — H. not through — H. took charge in cottage — met man — umbrella — & cloak — I lent the Curate's when I arrived — & after him. — Bride's Curate's house — very good indeed — — much better than most English Vicarages —

it is immediately opposite the torrent I spoke of — the torrent is in shape 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 — it's immense height (nine hundred feet) gives it a wave a curve — a spreading here — a condensation there — wonderful — it's indescribable. — I think also the whole — that this day has been better than any of this present excursion

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Sept 23.d —

Before mounting the mountain — went to the torrent [illegible] in the morning / again — the sun upon it forming a rainbow of the loveliest of all colours — but principally purple and gold — the bow moving as you move — I never saw anything like this — it is only in the Sunshine. — — — —

Ascended the Wengren Mountain — — at noon reached a valley near the summit — left the horses — took [illegible] my coat & went to the summit — 7000 feet (English feet) above the level of the sea — and about 5000 above the valley we left in the morning — one side our view comprised the Jungfrau with all her glaciers — then the Dent d'Argent shining like truth — then the little Giant (the Kleiner Eiger) & the great Giant (the Grosser Eiger) and last not least — the Wetterhorn

the height of the Jungfrau is 13000 feet above
the sea — and 11000 above the valley —
she is the highest of the range — heard the
Avalanches falling every five minutes nearly —
as if God was pelting the Devil down
from Heaven with snow balls. — from where we
stood on the Wengen Alp — we had all these
in view — on one side, — on the other the
clouds rose from the valley curling
up perpendicular precipices — like the foam
of the Ocean of Hell during a Springtide
suffering — and immeasurably deep in appearance —
the side we ascended was (of course) not so pre-
cipitous a nature — but on arriving at the
summit we looked down upon the other side
a boiling sea of
cloud — dashing against the rocks crags on which
we stood! — these crags on one side quite perpendicular
to descend — quite a quarter of an hour — began
to descend — quite clear from clouds on that side of the
mountain — in passing the mass of snow —
I made a snow-ball & pelted H. with it —

got down to our horses again — eat something —
remained — had the avalanches still —
came to a marsh — H. dismounted — H.
got well over — I tried to help my horse
over — the horse ~~rush~~ rush up the chair — & I
course he & I were in the mud ~~to~~
together — bemired all over — but not hurt —
Laughed & rode on. — arrived at the
Grindenwald — tired — mounted again & rode
to the higher Glacier — twilight — but distinct —
very fine Glacier — like a frozen hurricane —
Starlight — beautiful — but a devil of a
path — never mind — got safe in — a
little lightning — but the whole of the
day as fine in point of weather — as
the day ~~before~~ on which Paradise was made. —
Passed whole woods of withered pines — all withered —
trunks stripped & barkless — branches lifeless — done
by a single winter — ~~mind~~ their appearance
reminded me of my family. —

Sept 24th —

Set out at seven — upset at first — — passed the
Lach Glacier — the Mountain Wetterhorn on the
right — crossed the Schaideck mountain — came
to the Rhone Glacier — said to be the
largest & finest in Switzerland — I think
the Bossons Glaciers at Chamouni — as fine
H. does not — — came to the Reichenbach
waterfall — two hundred feet high — lifted
to rest the animal in the valley of Oberhasli —
horses — rain came on — drenched
the a little — only 4 hours rain
known in 8 days — came to Lake of Brientz
then to town of Brientz — changed — H.
hurt his head against door — — In the evening
four Swiss peasant girls of Oberhasli came &
sang the airs of their country — two of the
were beautiful — the tunes also — they sang too
that Tyrolese air & say which you love — Augusta
it — they are rich singing — Dearest — you love
how I should like to hear this — you do not
the airs are so wild — original & at the same
time of great sweetness.

23 The dancing is over – but below stairs I hear the notes of a fiddle which rode no good to my night's rest. (The Lord help us! I will go down & see the dancing.

Sept 25th

The whole town of Brentz were thoroughly gathered together in the rooms below – pretty music – & excellent Waltzing – none but peasants – the dancing much better than in England – the English can't Waltz – never could – nor ever will. One man with his pipe in his mouth – but danced as well as the others – some other dances in pairs – and in forces –

and very good. — — I went to bed but the rowing continued late & early. — Brienz but a village. — — Rose early. — Embarked on the Lake of Brienz. — Rowed by two women in a gay boat — one very young & very pretty — seated myself by her — & began to row also — presently we put to shore & another woman jumped in — it seems it is the custom here for the boat to be manned by women — for — of five men & three women in our boat — all the women took an oar — and but one man. — — — — — — — Left to Interlaken in three hours —

pretty Labor — not so large as that
of Thorn. — Dined at Inowlaczlaw —
girl gave me some flowers — &
made me a speech in German —
of which I know nothing — I do not
know whether the speech was pretty
but as the woman was — I hope so —
Saw another — very pretty too — and tall
which I prefer — I hate short
women — for more reasons than one —
Then sailed on the Lake of Thorn —
till about half of the way — got —
our horses round — found people on
the shore playing at a rock with

grandeur — they blew it up near
our boat — only taking us a minute
before — more stupidity — but they
might have broke our noddles. —
Got to Thorne in the evening —
the weather has been stealth the whole
day — but as the end part of our
tour is finished, it don't matter so —
in all the desirable part — we have
been most lucky in warmth & clear-
=ness of atmosphere — (for which
"Praise me the Lord.") — —

can

Sept 26th —

Being out of the mountains my journal must be as flat as my journey. — — From Thun to Bern good road — hedges — villages — industry — industry — and all sorts of tokens of insipid civilization. — — From Bern to Fribourg. — Different Cantons — Catholics — Forbid a field of Battle — Swiss beat the French — in one of the late wars against the French Republic. — Bought a dog — a very ugly dog — but "true mechant" this was his great recommendation in the owners eyes & mine — for I mean to watch the carriage — he hath no tail — & is called "Mutz" — which signifies "Short-tail" — the ie apparently of the Shepherd dog genus. — — The greater part of this tour

on foot - and on mule. — (the filly which is one of two young horses I bought of the Baron de Vivy) carried me very well - she is young and as quiet as any thing of her sex can be - very good tempered - and hopefully neighing - when she wants any thing - about is every five minutes - I have called her. Biche - because her manners are not unlike a little dogs - but she is a very tame pretty childish good tempered. —

Sept 20th —

Saw the tree planted in honour of the battle of Morat - 340 years old - a good deal decayed — Left Fribourg — first saw the Cathedral - high tower — [illegible] — over both the baggage of the Nuns of La Trappe who [illegible] Marandy from their late

abode in the Canton of Fribourg — afterwards a coach with a quantity of Nuns in it — (Nuns &c —) proceeded along the banks of the Lake of Neufchatel — very pleasing & soft — but not so mountainous — at least the Jura not appearing so — after the ~~Bernese~~ Bernese Alps — marked Gibraltar in the dusk — a long line of large trees on the border of the Lake — fine & sombre — the Auberge nearly full — with a German Princess & suite — got rooms — (in hope to mark Diodati the day after tomorrow — and I wish for a letter from you my own dearest Sis. — May your sleep be soft and your dreams of me. — I am going to bed — good night.)

Sept 29th

Passed through a fine & flourishing country — but not mountainous — in the evening reached Auberge which commands by far the fairest view of the Lake of Geneva — tonight — the Moon on the

the entrance & bridge something like that of Durham

Lake — on grove on the heights — and of very noble trees. — Here Tavernier / the Eastern traveller / bought for, built / the Chateau because the site resembled and equalled that of Erivan / a frontier city of Persia / here he finished his voyages — and I this little excursion — for I am within a few hours of Diodati — & have little more to see — & no more to say. — —

end of Mr Murray's Extracts

In the matter for this tour (9 or 13 days) I have been very fortunate — fortunate in a companion (Mr H.) fortunate in our prospects — and exempt from even the little petty accidents & delays which often render journeys in a wild country — disappointing. — I was disposed to be pleased. I am a lover of Nature — and an Admirer of Beauty — I can bear fatigue — & tolerate privation — and have seen some of the noblest views in the world. — But in all this — the recollections of Pittsburgh — & more especially of recent & more home desolation — which must accompany me

I through life — have prayed upon me here —
and neither the music of the Shepherd — the
crashing of the Avalanche, — nor the torrent —
the mountain — the Glacier — the Forest — nor
the Cloud — have for one moment ~~[illegible]~~
lightened the weight upon my heart — nor c=
=nsoled me to ~~[illegible]~~ lose my own wretched
identity in the majesty & the Power and
the Glory around — above — & beneath me. —
I am past reproaches — and there is a time
for all things — I am past the wish
of vengeance — and I know of none ~~[illegible]~~ like
for what I have suffered — but the hour
will come — when what I feel must be felt —
& the — but enough. — — — —
To you — dearest Augusta I send — and for you — I
have kept this word of what I have now felt —
Love me as you are beloved by me. — — —