

and broken summits, as clear and distinct as if they had all been within a stone's throw.

Coponex itself, whose church and, I fancy, parsonage I have just described, is a tolerable town and of good size, but the view of it from a little distance is more striking than any afterwards seen. Soon after passing the town, I turned from the high road to a village about a mile off, where I was astonished at the well-looking, well-furnished house that I entered in this out-of-the-way village. The wife of the owner, who was not himself at home, soon provided me with a simple meal, and after some conversation it came out that she could speak English. This in a little village of a dozen houses, far enough from any large town, and in the case of a woman who had never in her extremest wanderings ventured beyond Berne, even in her native country, was certainly not to be expected.

Quitting these hospitable people I made my way by some other villages to the foot of the Jura, and soon began to ascend a high pass near Mont Tendre. It took two hours to get to the top, but every now and then I was amply rewarded by looking back upon the range of mountains behind, which after I had attained some height were seen more clearly and decidedly than I had yet noticed—the whole of the snow-covered portions of the Mont Blanc chain forming the background, while the Dent de Midi, the Dent de Morcles, and numerous others whose names I do not know, and many of which I had never seen before, stood up in bold relief in the nearer distance. The view of the plain between the Jura and the lake was also more interesting than I had expected; it had the appearance of a very flat surface abutting directly against the highly inclined sides of the mountains, and spreading between them to a great extent. In the middle of this plain is a range of hills running nearly parallel to the mountains on each side, and rising in a series of undulations as far as the eye can reach. There is an axis of disturbance accounting geologically for this appearance.

I had a most lovely night for my passage across the Jura. Long after the sun had set to me, and after it had sunk far below most of the mountains, even on the other side of the lake of Geneva, its last beams were tinging Mont Blanc with delicate pink; and when that highest elevation had again become

white, the full moon was seen just resting upon the shoulders of other mountains, its round face apparently of an enormous size, and coloured deeply with the peculiar tint with which it is usually seen when rising through distant mist. By the time I had reached the top of the pass, and began to make the turn to descend, it had risen higher and become bright, giving magnificent effect to the vast and apparently interminable pine forests, which quite filled the view, and clothed not only the terrace on which I was, but also another large and noble mountain then seen for the first time, and frowning in its solitude upon the lower heights which it commanded. The road is excellent, and being almost all downhill, is soon got over. Before long, on making a sudden turn, the forest is lost sight of, and the country becomes open and very hilly. Having picked up a couple of people who were going to the next village to that at which I was to take up my quarters, I had the advantage of their knowledge of the country, and came along a foot-path which I should not have ventured on for the first time by myself. Leaving the road, this path was immediately lost sight of in a quantity of loose stones and naked rock, and then entered a wild gorge, with the bold steep face of a hill of naked rock on each side. Although the actual elevation was not very considerable, I do not think I have ever seen anything more truly bold, wild and grand than these rocks, and they lasted for a long way in the richest confusion, till suddenly on looking down there was a change. Immediately below extended for some miles a placid lake, two or three little villages were seen shining in the bright moonlight, and marks of cultivation and the hand of man were manifested, all giving such a turn to one's previous thoughts and meditations, as only those who have seen and enjoyed similar contrasts can at all understand. Very soon afterwards I was comfortably deposited in an inn, where excellent coffee, bread, butter, and delicious honey quickly dissipated any little feeling of fatigue from my day's exertions.

The Lake of Joux is the largest of three lakes situated in a valley of the same name, and is about six miles long and one broad. The mountains rise abruptly from each bank; and on the east side particularly are very fine, and occasionally bold and romantic. The village in which I took up my night's

abode was quite at the head of the lake, and the morning after my arrival being very misty, I cannot speak with certainty about the scenery towards the other end.

Turning round to the north from this village of Le Pont, there is a path which almost immediately brings one to the foot of a very much smaller lake than that of Le Joux; presenting fine views of mountain and lake scenery on a small scale. Immediately on the right the mountains rise suddenly, arid and bleak. A little further on they begin to be clothed with forest trees and pines, and at no great distance there is a large pine forest, not only descending to the water's edge, but extending across the head of the little lake, and far down into a valley which opens beyond. On the other side the whole of the mountains are clothed with rich green; sometimes dark, and sometimes of that paler colour which denotes cultivation, and is generally accompanied by the pretty white cottage, or the little assemblage of houses forming a hamlet. Unfortunately the morning of my journeying in this valley was at first misty, but after a mile or two it was pleasant to find oneself coming out of the mist, and leaving it as a cloud behind; and still more pleasing to see the cloud gradually lift itself from the surface till it was quite lost in the thin morning air.

Leaving this valley to the south, I walked on a short distance through a sort of gorge, and then rapidly descending in a forest of pines, found myself at the head of the valley of the Orbe, one of the most beautiful of its kind in any part of Switzerland. Nothing can be finer than the wildness and grandeur in the upper part of this valley, and the contrast between this and the cultivated and quiet scenery of that part which extends beyond the town of Vallorbe towards Yverdon. A kind of road passes to this village from Le Pont, but I soon quitted it, and made my way down a very steep face of the gorge to the bed of the little river Orbe, where I was rewarded with magnificent views of the naked rocks which rise perpendicularly at the head of the valley. Soon afterwards I reached the village, which is interesting, as Swiss villages almost always are. The houses are built of wood with a staircase outside, and large galleries for shelter against the weather; the pretty wooden tiling on the houses, and the cleanliness both within and without, are always pleasing.

The valley extends for some leagues beyond this point, gradu-

ally opening out and becoming more cultivated till it is lost in the plains near Yverdon, where its river, after performing a full share of useful work by turning numerous water-wheels, terminates its course in the placid lake of Neufchâtel. Although itself very small, the Orbe is among the largest of the few streams whose united supplies keep this extensive sheet of water at its level.

After passing Vallorbe, the road crosses a range of mountains which shut in the valley, and turning up a sort of opening between two of them, I soon found myself in a rather naked, barren district, with here and there some small iron-foundries, offering no very interesting points of view. Soon, however, I arrived near the French town of Jougny, placed on the top of a rather high hill, and seen long before it is reached.

The road up to the town is very steep, and as soon as I got to the top, a soldier, who had been watching me from a little box overhanging the path, busied himself in looking at my passport, and turning over every article in my knapsack; after which he took me to the office of the chief of the police in the town, that my name might be immortalized among those persons, who like myself had been sufficiently fortunate to visit this frontier of *la grande nation*. I found the officer a rather intelligent man, and when he learnt that I was interested in such matters, he showed me some fossils, which he had found in the Jura, near Pontarlier.

He showed me also a medal of Julius Cæsar, which had been picked up in some place near. The extremely perfect state and excellent coining of this medal surpass those of any bronze I had seen, and the simplicity of the mottoes, "Julius Cæsar" on one side, and "Veni Vidi Vici" on the other, set off the simple dignity of the fine head.

The medal was to be sent to Paris, and it was interesting to find a man in this miserable town, far from any society, and in a wild country,—for this outer range of the Juras is not very picturesque,—employing his spare time in making little collections, which at all events showed a wish to improve, instead of occupying his time by smoking and doing mischief.

From Jougny I went on northwards, soon passing again into Switzerland, and travelling through wild, and occasionally even grand scenery; but during the whole afternoon's march, the only people I met were three or four charcoal-burners, bringing the produce of their labour from the forests. This melancholy waste

extends for some leagues, and only opens to a wider extent of waste, in the middle of which a large village and two smaller ones are seen amongst pine forests, through which I found no other guide than my compass and map, without which I should often have been at a loss. Without much variety or very much beauty the road winds on for some miles, till after mounting through another large forest there is a rapid descent, and as soon as the trees permit, a long narrow east and west valley is seen stretching away to the right and left at one's feet, along which a great number of houses are sprinkled in an irregular line, forming a straggling village street, which includes four villages joined in one, and called Les Verrières Suisses. Beyond in the same valley, and towards Pontarlier, is another similar little settlement, which goes by the name of the French Verrières, and in which, as well as in the Swiss, there is a good deal of manufacture going on, and not a little contraband trade.

Leaving this valley, I went still northwards, and after a night spent in an inn a little way up a mountain side, the next morning I crossed into another range of valleys, and after proceeding along the bottom for ten or twelve miles, and again mounting two or three more miles, I found myself upon an elevation looking down into the valley of Locle, over the low range of hills which crosses this valley into that of the Chaux de Fonds. The former of these, in which Locle stands, is small, but very pretty, and well cultivated. Hills surround it on all sides, and of those on the south-west, at the head of the valley, some project forwards and form little ridges, running almost to the town, which add much to the picturesque effect. There are but few trees to be seen, and the hills are almost entirely used for pasture, but I imagine there is a good deal of cultivation in the valley below.

The village of Locle is not seen until, descending from the high ground, one comes suddenly upon it. It is very large, and there are a multitude of little knots of houses in all directions and at various distances, making the environs pretty. The place itself is well built, and after a fire which took place some five years before my visit, destroying a vast number of houses, the town had been rebuilt on a much larger scale, and in much better style than before. The inns are numerous, and appear excellent; the churches are well built; but of course, in a large commercial village which has worked itself recently into importance, one could not expect much architectural beauty.

The business of watch-making, for exportation on a large scale, has long been carried on in these valleys, and it was interesting to notice, in approaching the place, that in almost every window some part of a watchmaker's apparatus might be seen, while even in the public-houses by the road-side, both men and women were sitting before the windows with their little vices screwed to benches before them, working away as if watches were the thing of all others which nobody in the world could possibly do without.

Going on from Locle the road soon crosses the hills which separate this valley from that of the Chaux de Fonds, and passing through that village continues northwards towards other smaller and less important places, as far as Noirmont, about four leagues from La Chaux de Fonds. It was quite dark long before I got here, and although I knew myself to be in the neighbourhood of houses, there was nobody about, and I could not find the inn. At length there appeared the welcome sight of a sign, and a lofty pole with a dead clump of leaves at the top, which experience had taught me had some mysterious allusion to lodging, coffee, bread, and other matters. I went in and found some people in the kitchen,—an enormous wild-looking place with a few charcoal ashes giving a dusky red light to everything; and finding that I could be accommodated for the night, I allowed myself to be ushered into the public room, where was a scene which reminded me of the interiors of Teniers.

I was on my way again about half-past seven next morning, and although rainy and miserable enough at starting, yet by the time I had got a few leagues it cleared. For some distance the road was not remarkable for beauty, but at about the fourth league I reached a summit, and saw before me the beautiful valley in which stands the village of St. Braix. Just opposite to where the road enters the valley, there is a natural escarpment of the limestone, which offers a perpendicular face, quite naked, except where here and there a few pines have planted themselves in recesses which the eye cannot perceive, and which add to the wild and picturesque appearance. Passing down into the valley, the road goes through the village, and winds along under the perpendicular rocks for a long time, till suddenly it turns to the left, into another lovely valley richly cultivated; the adjoining hills being clothed with forest trees, and little villages peeping out here and there, showing symptoms of life. Still further on and about half-way up the valley the mountains

on each side close in, and the path continues through a mere gorge, with the rocks on each side rising suddenly to a very considerable height. At one point the rocks project suddenly to some distance to meet those opposite, and it has been necessary to cut a short tunnel to allow a passage. Immediately after this the valley widens, and from presenting a spectacle of severe grandeur, becomes smiling and rich. Between this and Porrentruy there is one more fine valley, but as I passed through it while a thunder-storm was travelling in an opposite direction, I saw little of its beauty.

The valley in which Porrentruy is situated is not very extensive either in length or breadth. From the top of a low ridge crossed in entering it from the south, the eye reaches from one extremity to the other,—the little town of Porrentruy and the village of Alle, about two miles and a half distant, looking like two sentries keeping guard over the fertile hollow between them. A narrow and not very deep, but rather noisy stream runs past the village to the town; and the high road passes along its banks beneath an escarpment of limestone rocks, which have probably been brought into their present state by the long-continued action of water. Descending from the ridge into the valley towards Porrentruy, the town is seen more plainly. It appears pretty and picturesque from a distance, as it is furnished with several little round Swiss towers, with conical caps on their tops, resembling those so well known and so effective in the mountain scenery of the country. Unfortunately, as is too often the case, a further acquaintance does not improve, or even confirm, the first impressions; and the perfection of knowledge to which I afterwards attained on the subject only left the following unbiassed account in my note-book:—"It is a walled, ancient place, with streets of dirty-looking badly-built houses, with churches and market-places to match; and is surrounded by some very useless defences, which are hardly more picturesque than they would be efficacious."

CHAPTER THE SECOND.

MEETING OF THE FRENCH GEOLOGICAL SOCIETY AT
PORRENTROY.

IN the town of Porrentruy, as described at the close of the last chapter, it may well be imagined that the arrival of forty or fifty persons at once would produce no slight effect. The inns were crowded; and it was only by certain judicious inquiries after eminent scientific persons, and an intimation that I desired to be *taken in* in a scientific sense, that I managed to obtain half a bedroom and a whole bed. Probably indeed my appearance was not very prepossessing, as the knapsack of walking geologists does not generally include many things that are not absolutely necessary, and I was at that time looking as little like a gentleman as an utter neglect of the elegances of the tailor, hatter, and shoemaker could make me. As soon, however, as I obtained a room and lodging, I made myself as decent as the state of my wardrobe permitted, and went from hotel to inn, and from inn to public-house, inquiring after the people I expected, and those whom I either knew or had introductions to. I soon found that none of the eminent French geologists had come, and that of those who were present all but one were engaged at a grand dinner then going on, and given to the Society by the Canton of Berne. The one exception, however, was sufficient for me; and I found in M. Morelli, of Milan, an agreeable companion, and one who could give me just the information that I required. I saw no one else that night, but retired to rest, and prepared for a geological expedition planned for the next day, the object being partly to investigate the geological structure of the neighbourhood, and partly to prepare for the solemnities of the approaching evening, when there was not only a dinner to be eaten, but a ball to attend.

According to appointment, there was a considerable muster at "The College" soon after half-past five, in spite of a driving rain, which threatened complete discomfiture to every garment short of a macintosh. The members present consisted of a

motley group from almost all nations under heaven. Besides the French, Swiss, and Germans, who seemed to be about equal in number, there was a Russian, a Belgian, an American, and (when I appeared) an Englishman; and I must say that nothing could have exceeded the perfect cordiality and friendly feeling which seemed to animate every one, without exception, and united the whole party into one joyous brotherhood, determined to find amusement and instruction in every object and every incident that presented itself.

The principal men of European reputation present were, Dr. Louis Agassiz, of Neuchâtel, decidedly the first; Professor Studer, of Berne, then a rising and very able geologist; Professor Thurman, of Porrentruy, who had written a valuable memoir on that part of the Jura range situated in the Canton of Berne; M. d'Omalus d'Halloy, the author of a work on geology, and who has studied his own country (Belgium) extremely well; and M. Cœninghausen, who some years ago made an expedition to England, and published works on the geology of our south-western coast. Besides these, and M. Braun, of Carlsruhe, an excellent mineralogist, I cannot recall any names of note.

We now started upon the expedition, which was, we were told, to last till two or three o'clock, and show to us the valley of dislocation immediately south of Porrentruy, disclosing the geological series from the Portland oolite, on which the town stands, across the Kimmeridge clay, and through the Coralline oolite and Oxford clay, to the Great oolite.

Leaving the town and proceeding southwards, we began to rise gradually, and soon attained a moderate elevation, whence the chain of the Vosges in France, and the mountains of the Black Forest in Germany, formed a beautiful finish to the extensive prospect which opened upon us. I may remark here that I was astonished at the fine outline which the range of the Vosges presents, and learnt for the first time that the valleys within the chain, and the general character of the country and its inhabitants, are as interesting, and even picturesque, as the scenery which attracts so many travellers to Switzerland and Germany. But this by the way, and as a hint to future tourists in the east of France.

After a brief pause on this rising ground to collect our forces, which had been rather scattered, in consequence of a

little foraging which had gone on in a village through which we had passed, we continued to ascend till we reached the principal summit of the Portland oolite, beyond which there is a very slight descent, and a narrow and inconsiderable valley, enclosed on the other side by the lower beds of the oolite, which have here been lifted up, and form the highest part of the ridge; while in the valley itself there occurs a bed of clay, probably identifiable with our Kimmeridge clay. To explain this appearance more clearly—and it is one of the phenomena of disturbance most frequent in this part of the Jura—let the reader imagine a succession of strata, of which the three uppermost are limestone, clay, and sandstone, lifted up into a ridge by a force from below. It is not difficult to conceive, that in lifting up such a series, the edges being firmly kept down by pressure, the upper bed, not defended from above, will break, and be exposed to very rapid degradation by atmospheric causes, as soon as the effort which raised the mountain has ceased to act. Thus, after some time the broken capping of stone will be destroyed; the clay, which comes next, being soft, is easily washed away; and nothing remains but the part originally lowest, now forming a central ridge higher than the other beds. But, again, the capping of upper oolite spoken of as broken, would only be much injured within a moderate distance of the line of extreme pressure, and therefore along the sides of the hill it would be more solid, and less liable to injury. Just so we find it: we have an irregular ridge, not so high as the central one; then a valley, caused simply by the more rapid washing away of the clay than the stone beds; and lastly, in the centre, the stratum lowest in formation, highest in accidental locality. This description of one very numerous class of disturbances in all hilly countries, especially the west of Switzerland and the east of France, may be useful to those not much accustomed to geological generalizations; and it need only be added that I have here described a simple case of a “saddle” or “anticlinal axis,” a word in common use amongst geologists.

It will be apparent, from all that has been said, that the inclination of the beds is exactly opposite on the two sides of the hill or ridge; for it is just as if one took sheets of paper, and bent them so that the middle should be the highest part, when the sides would shelve away like the two sides of the roof of a house, each in a different direction.

After having viewed the position of the beds and the nature of the disturbance at Monturban—or Mont Terrible, as the place is usually, but mistakenly, called—we visited a curious gorge in the oolite, extremely narrow, and walled in on each side by perpendicular rocks, which occasionally projected more or less into the gorge, and almost closed the passage through it. Then, going on, we passed a thick bed of Kimmeridge clay, and saw another singular appearance in the oolitic beds, where a sudden escarpment seemed to terminate a nearly flat table-land of the Portland rock; so that we came upon the overhanging edge of a precipice, and looked down perpendicularly more than a hundred feet, without having been aware, till the very moment of reaching the edge, of this sudden change of level.

This was a very interesting place, as well for its geology and picturesque beauty, as for the extraordinary abruptness of the escarpment. But some of our party discovered at no great distance a small house, where a substantial luncheon had been prepared. Instantly the geology and the picturesque scenery were neglected; and before many minutes were past the whole party was seated before some extempore tables, discussing with the most hearty good will a capital meal, which was not unnecessary, considering the labours we had undergone and those in prospect. As soon as appetite was satisfied, some Germans began singing choruses. Before long, songs were called for, and given in various tongues: one person danced a Tyrolese dance, accompanying himself with his own voice: the Russian danced in the manner of his country: and this scene taking place in the parlour of a little road-side public-house, with hammers, knapsacks, bags of all kinds, and other accoutrements lying about, combined to make it one of the most amusing adventures I ever had. It was truly delightful, too, to see how completely everybody threw himself into the fun of the thing, and seemed to enjoy it perfectly for its very absurdity.

After our singing was over, we marched forth again, and visited a bed of lias brought to the surface by a disturbance similar to that of Monturban, of which it almost forms a part; and when we had obtained satisfactory ideas and collected fossils at this point, we proceeded to a bed of gypsum at no great distance, and then returned to Porrentruy by some carriages which had been ordered to attend us, and which we found at a neigh-



bouring village. By this time the weather had cleared, and only the beginning and ending of our walk were rainy.

As we arrived at our hotel by about half-past three, and were not to dine till five, we had time to make our toilets, and prepare for a grand dinner given by the town in our honour, and followed by a ball. The dinner was by no means first-rate—indeed, I have the authority of French and German, Russian and Italian, Swiss and American, for calling it, as it really was, execrable. I am almost sorry to put it on record, the thing was done with such hearty good will; but the fact is undeniable. I should not forget, however, the giant of the table—a huge trout, nearly three feet long, brought in on a board because no dish could hold it, and as unfit to eat as it was extraordinary to look at. After dinner we were regaled with a geological dessert, consisting of *sucrifactions* of terebratulæ and other shells; of a model in sugar of the Mont Terrible, or some other Jura mountain; and last, not least, of a number of real ammonites and terebratulæ, put up in paper, with crackers; showing a fine example of the connexion of the physical sciences in thus enlarging the mind of the maker of bon-bons, while the philosopher with no less astonishment found a fossil where he had been accustomed to look for barley-sugar. After dinner and two or three toasts—the dinner having lasted three hours—most part of the company joined the ladies above, where dancing had already commenced. The ladies were—as ladies always must be—charming, and as there was a pretty sprinkling of Germans and one Pole, there was no lack of variety; but, however difficult, I must neglect them, that a line or two may be devoted to the dresses of the gentlemen. Among our number there were a very few who had come provided for such emergencies; and one especially, a handsome young exquisite from Paris, was attired in the very pink of fashion, with hair covering about four-fifths of his face, and gold and jewels about as large a proportion of his waistcoat. Contrasted with these was the dress of the rest of us, which may be thus described:—Coat with or without tails, and adapted in various ways for walking, but not for dancing; waistcoat nothing extraordinary; trowsers all colours but black; and the feet covered with thick boots, or high walking shoes. This being our condition with regard to appearance, the dances of all kinds, waltzes, gallopades, and contre-dances, were kept up notwithstanding with great

spirit till a late hour. A very short time was allowed for rest after these exertions; since at half-past three the next morning we were again disturbed, that we might be ready to depart at four on a second and longer expedition, and one which seemed to be the chief object of the meeting. Accordingly, before daylight there was to be seen, in the "salle à manger" of the principal hotel, the whole assembly of savans, deeply engaged in the discussion of coffee; and outside the house a corresponding train of carriages, each with one or more animals attached. Before very long, and after some clamouring to obtain every vehicle of any kind in the place, we were all packed somehow or other, and proceeded on our way. The carriages were extraordinary: some resembled cabs, others looked more like carts: and there was one of a kind which every one who has been in Switzerland must remember, with the seat sideways, and so ingeniously contrived, that, under ordinary circumstances, the whole beauty of a district may be passed by without giving the traveller the trouble even of admiring it. When we were all deposited, we proceeded at a moderate pace for an hour or two, when we stopped to walk up a hill where the coralline oolite was exceedingly well exposed on the surface of some highly inclined beds. There was here, also, a proof of the slow deposit of the limestone. One of the most plentiful fossils in these beds is a species of *Spatangus*, of which numerous specimens, some extremely large, might be observed along the exposed surface of the bed, but always in the same position as they had lived and died, presenting to view either the lower side or the mere impression of the upper surface, but nowhere exposing any portion of the convex part of the shell. It is clear that the bed has been formed gradually round the shell, while the latter was resting quietly at the bottom of the ocean. When we had passed this spot, a turn of the road presented a most interesting prospect. Just before us, looking north-east, a conical hill rose finely and boldly from a group of other hills which formed an amphitheatre around it; and while this amphitheatre was richly wooded with forest trees, there was also a perpendicular escarpment exposing a synclinal axis in the conical hill, leaving bare a succession of terraces of coralline and Portland oolite, which met at an obtuse angle in the natural section of the beds.

Between this point and the town of Délémont the road is

pretty, but not remarkable ; but beyond that town we went for a short distance down the valley of the Byrse, which all who have travelled between Berne and Bâle must remember as amongst the most beautiful of the Swiss valleys. The river, indeed, passes through deep cuts in the mountains which border it, not only beyond Délémont, but also more to the south, between Moutier and Courrendlin ; and after passing the latter town, it crosses a wide tertiary valley for some miles to Délémont, and then almost immediately becomes shut in, romantic rocks rising suddenly on each side to a considerable height. On these stood formerly strong castles ; one on the west was built by the Romans to overawe another on the east, which the early inhabitants of the country had erected for their defence, but of which all traces are now lost. One tower of Roman work still remains, and a chapel stands before it, also extremely ancient, and perched on the very pinnacle of the rock ; so that, when seen from below, one can hardly fancy that there is sufficient room even for the foundations of the building. This chapel, so romantically placed, is as curious in its interior as in its situation and appearance. It contains two or three paintings, in a style resembling that of the early Flemish school ; and one of them said to be as much as eight centuries old. These are in the chancel ; and the other walls of the church are covered with more than a hundred of the most extraordinary and even ludicrous pictures, left there “ *ex voto* ”—that is, in consequence of vows made by sick people, and for friends in distress. It is utterly impossible to conceive anything more truly absurd : the perspective is worthy of a Chinese artist, but the faces and dresses are essentially European ; and the funny-looking children in squabby Dutch petticoats, contrasted with their papas in bright blue coats, with gilt buttons and very short square coat-tails, and mammas in all the magnificence of wide frills and gay colours, are inexpressibly droll. The view from a cross just outside the chapel is very extensive and interesting, as it commands not only the whole length of the gorge through which the river runs, but also the longitudinal valley which it is just leaving. There are not wanting in the distance, ancient ruined castles and village spires, to add the interest which man could contribute. I should not forget to mention that we were here received by a deputation from Délémont, and requested to partake of a very handsome