

1802. THURSDAY

Monday I am this instant arrived at Brunnen from a little village without a name in the neighborhood of Schwytz at which I slept or rather took last night. I have made my promised visit to the Chateau; where I was received most kindly - most affectionately. I have left it with a regret that has been upon me most heavily, & am now in my way for the passage of Gothard. I had 3 principal objects in Switzerland. The fall of the Rhine, the lake of Lucerne (which I see as I lift up my eyes from the paper) & the passage of Mount St Gothard - the two first have disappointed me - the third been recompensed by other beauties I did not expect - the 3rd remains to be proved. I left Berne (from whence I sent you a letter) on Sunday noon by the Diligence for Aarau, where I slept that night & which is within 3 or 4 miles of the Chateau. I walked over the next morning & found them the lady who had invited me her brother & a cousin (her sister they had left among the mountains for the benefit of her health. The lady is at this time mistress of the Chateau which it belongs properly to her eldest brother, who with his family is at this time emigrated. But I forbear to enter into the history of the family in a letter, which I shall probably send off from Geneva. I proposed to myself leaving them on the Wednesday but could not refuse one day more (not from the violence of their pressing we were upon too good terms for that - I know I have been blind not to see that the longer I staid the more welcome I was) & yesterday morning early I left them. She insisted on my taking her carriage & pair of horses & domestics ^{as} far as Fugg, which she said was 6 leagues, but which I found had been miscalculated, as it turned out more than 11; that is near 40 miles! - If any relation or friend of mine should travel in Switzerland she begged me to give them a letter of recommendation to her (but don't mention that out of the family for there are very few people I should chuse to introduce them - as they live in great simplicity (more now than before the revolution having lost a great deal) they are quite common if faint, & rare, I believe, among the noble families in Switzerland. No more at present.

Thursday
Milan Friday Evening 12 August.
The Italian valley This city is a little out of my way, but I found it so beautiful that I passed it as far as the lac Maggiore & from thence to Milan I have come entirely by water, there being a very rapid canal from the extremity of the Lake at Sesto, to this city. I arrived yesterday evening, went to the opera. Looked about the town today.

at the famous cathedral & depart for Asto again tomorrow morning early
I have been feasting on peaches & grapes ever since I have been here &
tis most charming to see them in the markets & streets bushels & bushels - the
peaches 3 pence a pound, even to strangers, who are easily cheated - I
bought 10 nectarines this morning for 4 pence or rather 3 1/2 pence.
the weather is prodigiously hot - 2 degrees (Reaumur scale) be-
yond its usual at this season, as I am informed by ^{I suppose} an intelligent
Milanese Gentleman, whom I met this evening on the Corso, & whom
I was slightly acquainted with at Paris.

I have made the passage St Gothard on foot alone with out a guide, since
~~some~~ of the frightful stories some of the innkeepers told me of deserters
& thieves, & the poor women found with her throat cut & the pedlar
murdered! I don't suppose that I ran foolish hazards - I took the opinion
of the most sensible & informed people I could meet with, & found that the
danger was nothing. I have made prodigious walks (for me) - the
day I spent at Gubio I walked above 30 miles all mountainous
(pavement or loose stones all the way - my feet next morning were ten-
der, & luckily I found turf for the most part, ^{that day}) From Arn Steg
to Tirol - the next day 25 miles in the Alation valley.
The 3^d day I chiefly rode on horse back - the weather was be-
come furiously hot. This 3^d day I speak of was Monday. I reach-
ed Locarno (on the Lacc Maggiore) that evening. I embarked
next morning about 11 o'clock; my boatmen continued rowing
all day & all night (with slight refreshments & visiting the
Borromeo isles) at 5 yesterday morning they put me on board
a vessel on the Milan Canal. In the evening I reached this
city. Mount St Gothard is nothing (when you have no cannon to drag off your
& the snow is off) I would engage to pass it safely in the darkest night -
Devil's bridge, of which I have heard so much said, is on a very
curious spot & highly romantic, but as for the wonderfulness of its
construction, - I would engage to rebuild it myself (with the help of a
mason) any day. I have talked with people of the Country
- they know very well there is nothing singularly difficult in building
such an arch over the narrow chasm - tis prayers only that secure
these wonders. The Italian Valley is very beautiful - not precisely be-
cause the grapes grow over your head (tho' that is true, & they were already
ripening) but everything conspires to render it interesting. tis custom
to be time - indeed for the present.

Geneva Sunday 15th August. I arrived here last night from Leoux
having made the passage St Simplicien. The town is quite full of English
who I have seen none (scarcely yet) having been obliged to go to an hotel
left frequented by strangers, as all the prominent ones are full. I left
Milan on the Friday morning in company with two Germans, whom I
left at on the Lake Maggiore on Saturday & proceeded that afternoon
in a return route from Mergozze (at the extremity of the lake
to Domo d'Ossola - was pretty hot - a strange road - saw a wag-
gon returned close by me, & expected the same fate personally.
From Domo I walked on a foot, expecting to reach a little village
at 2 1/2 leagues distance that evening - not being aware that it lay
out of the road, I missed it, & at night fall found myself in a terrible
forlorn place - a path among the rocks & precipices & torrents. I found
a little lonely house, where I saw nothing but women & a child - they told
me, if I walked on a mile further I should find an albergo, but
added that I could not possibly find the way in the dark. I did not
like to turn back - at last they gave me some straw in an out-
house over a sort of stable - it was rather desperate there were some
entrances both by doors & by holes ^{left} in the floor. I had no arms
I was now not far from the piedmontine bendable.
A dog barked & fringed about the building, about in
the morning after I was laid down & kept me awake some
time. I raised me up from my straw at every
noise I heard, & indeed I saw figures gliding along in
the moonshine - at last I slept quietly till day break
I had not taken off even my boots. I rose & walked 30 miles
that day all mountain ascent & descent. I crossed St Simplicien
& arrived at Brig in la Vallée about 6 o'clock, anticipating
the pleasure of rest - but oh how disappointed! Brig was
full of ~~strangers~~ & more than full of people - there were
several hundred workmen employed by the french on the new
road they are building along the passage St Simplicien with all the Com-
muniens & c. moreover it was a fair day. I trotted from one end of
the town to the other back & forth & forward unable to procure a bed
or a place to rest in, till I was ready to cry with fatigue & vexa-
tion. At last I slept in a stable with 5 snoring stamping, halter rattling
horses & 7 or 8 men - but I had a clean sheet, which with the straw
composed the whole of my bedding. In the morning I was fresh & recov-
ered - for the wind had blown in me during the night & cooled the fever
which I had suspected to be coming on. Next day Monday I was driven to
the Capital of la Vallée, by a sleeping Volturier, who ran the ches alter-
nately against the rock & the edge of the precipice - to every dangerous road
which you have a careful driver. From Sin I walked off on Tuesday morning, ra-
ther late & excessively hot to Marlyng, 20 miles course without stopping
in 6 hours. There I dined & was ready to set off again to the surprise & chagrin of the
hostels who wished to detain me till next day. But I found a return cart, which took me

to St Maurice, & from thence I walked a short league to Bea. On wednesday
 day from Bea to Lausanne, a long long walk considering that I did not set off
 till near midday (for I was lazy) & that I performed the whole on foot
 except 3 miles. It is above 30 miles & such heat. I arrived at the Lion
 D'or at Lausanne at 10 o'clock at night. I had a letter to a citizen
 of Lausanne (from a Parisien) & whom I found very civil & very
 hospitable. Moreover I met with an English man, an intimate acquaintance
 who of short standing, who is travelling with his lady. These things induced
 me to stay at Lausanne thursday & friday. I walked & rode out with my

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friends, & pass'd my time very pleasantly. Yesterday (Saturday) I
 came hither. I had a letter from Miss Williams to a Minister, who
 I find sensible & hospitable. If I could stay till Wednesday evening
 he would introduce me to all the persons here at a tea party
 given by somebody. But I think to be off before that time for
 Chamouni, & from thence to Grenoble in my way to Marseille
 but tis all uncertain - except that I must go to Marseille
 & from thence to Toulouse, where I mean to rest awhile.
 Direct to me Poste restante at Toulouse. I have no letters here at present
 & I am suspended, but not much
 Y. Dubois & Son. T.M.