

GERMANY.

Swiss Scenery—Local Rivalry in the Picturesque—The Facilities of Travel—Brother Jonathan Averse to Climbing—Characteristics of the Alpine Landscape—The Bristed and Galifet Affair—Fleischmann and the Bonaparte—New Movement in Politics—A Railroad Martyr.

From Our Own Correspondent.

STUTTGART, Saturday, Sept. 4, 1858.

There is as much rivalry, you must be aware, among landscapes as among ladies, and one can never praise the beauty of any particularly lovely region, in the presence of a mixed company, without finding himself suddenly caught up by some loyal worshiper of another and a superior scene. This experience is nowhere so common as in Switzerland, where the lakes, the valleys and the mountains seem to have made their *débuts* in pairs, and where the partisans of this or that marvel of nature exhibit a warmth of passion proportioned to the sublimity of the objects by which it is inspired. The grandeur of the Lake of the Four Cantons, for instance, can never be alluded to without evoking a hymn in honor of the beauties of Lake Lemán. The panorama of the Rigi is sure to bring down upon those who praise it a fiery indication of the superior scope and nobility of the view from the Gábris or the Róthe. Grúndelwald is balanced by Lauterbrúnnen; the Gemmi by the Grimsel; the Splügen rises up over against the Simplon, and the Eggischhorners look down upon the Eigerites. Attribute, then, to my ready adoption of all venerable customs this present letter. For I happened at Interlachen to cross the path of one of your correspondents on his way to Chamounix; and as I presume he has been favoring you with some Cole-ridgean observations on that sufficiently celebrated and certainly respectable valley, I cannot forbear reminding you that in all essentially Alpine characteristics Chamounix is altogether inferior to Zermatt, and Mont Blanc to Monte Rosa. I need not add that my trip has led me this Summer in the direction of the more praiseworthy scenes. And as the Valley of Zermatt is altogether inaccessible by wheeled vehicles, I wish I could say that I had found it filled with our fellow-countrymen. Such, however, was not the case. We Americans on our travels are, as a body, the most luxurious of pilgrims. We frequent the great towns and the highways, eschew all superfluous up-hill work, take to quadrupeds when wheels fail us, and are rarely to be met with among the "eternal snows." At the great Swiss centres we bear no slight proportion of the tax which the Confederation yearly imposes upon sight-seeing mankind. At Vevey and Geneva, Lucerne and Interlachen, John Bull is elbowed by his cousin, but as a general rule, Jonathan drops off when the climbing begins. This is much to be lamented, certainly, for although the climbing of mountains in foreign parts can hardly be considered the chief end of man, yet there can be no doubt that hard work of the muscular sort, taken in moderation, as play, and for the mere love of it, does a deal of good both to body and soul, and would prove the best possible panacea for half the diseases, physical and mental, to which our American humanity is liable. I do not pretend, you will observe, to be above the need of this sermon of mine myself, for my practice is not altogether parallel with my preaching; but I have mended my ways, somewhat, during the past month, and with such positive results of good, that I could find it in my heart to dilate far more extensively than I propose now to do upon the fruitful theme. Nor could a better head-quarters of mountain-walking than Zermatt be asked for. It lies at the top of the Valley of the Visp, at a distance of about twenty-five miles of up-hill walking, off the high road of the Simplon, and in the very heart of the magnificent chain of Monte Rosa. The actual height of the village itself, above the sea level, is about 5,500 feet, and you rise about 3,000 feet in coming up to it from the town of Visp. At Zermatt two hotels are now open, at either of which one fares a great deal better than is to be expected or even desired by reasonable mortals in a place to which everybody must come and everything be brought, after the fashion of two centuries ago. Directly over the village rises the Riffelberg, on which, after another climb of about two hours and a half, you find a small mountain inn, good beds, and the proximate certainty of illimitable glacier-walking and cliff-scrambling. For this is the point from which you may climb in seven or eight hours (if you have faith in yourself and in your knees) to the top of Monte Rosa—a pull which quite puts to shame the conventional facility of the ascent of Mont Blanc—or attack the Adler Pass, the loftiest in Europe, where, at a height of some 12,000 feet you push the eagles as it were from the rock ledges, in order to get a peep at Lombardy and the land of the Po beneath—or stroll to the Gornagrat for such a view of glacier-splendors as can only be paralleled among the "flues and flocs" of the Arctic regions. The Mer-de-Glace of Chamany would literally be like an island in the centre of the vast Gornier-Gletfcher, which, with its enormous dependencies, sweeps from Monte Rosa to the Mischábel-horn on the one side and to the gigantic Matter-horn on the other, a realm of ice larger than many a State of Germany. But the Riffel is not the only, nor in my thought, the finest observatory of this magnificent valley. The Hörnli-berg rises to an equal height with the Riffel on the western side of the valley, and brings you to the base of the Matter-horn—that most impressive of mountains—whose peak of impending granite has thus far defied the attempts of all climbing things, whether quadruped or biped, native or foreign, to scale its stupendous steeps. We went with the best guide in the place to the point from which he thought he had once caught a glimpse of a possible path up this mountain. This was a ledge of rock just below the base of the great leaning Pyramid which crowns the mighty mass. But the said leaning Pyramid seemed quite as high as ever when looked up to from this ledge itself about 11,000 feet above the level of the sea, and the "possible path" resolved itself into a species of fly-stepping not to be attempted without wings, and those good of their kind. A foolish French engineer came to Zermatt too while I was there, to make surveys of the Matter-horn, with the view of blasting and grading a road up its side, for which enterprise he found peculiar facilities in the fact that the Matter-horn only among the giants of the Alps is generally free, in consequence of its peculiar shape, from the masses of snow which rest almost unmelted and always replen-

ished, upon the brows of its peers. Three years ago such a scheme might have found favor at the Bourse of Paris. But I fancy our "Crisis" and the "Credit Mobilier" between them have thrown some obstacles in the way of this aspiring Gaul, and I shall expect to see the stock of the "Matter-horn Road Company" quoted at par in Paris just about the time when M. FELIX BELLY'S Inter-Oceanic Canal shall be "opened to the world," or the first batch of Cockneys be winched up the spiral tunnel which a Sardinian of genius is so anxious to bore in a vertical direction from the top to the bottom of Mont Blanc! Meanwhile, it is a comfort to think that there is at least one Alp which nobody is likely to climb for an indefinite time to come. For men become Cockneys in climbing as in everything else, and acquire a dreadful kind of cant about ascensions and views which is inexpressibly disgusting. This year the wonderful snowfalls have made the work of the climbers, however, no sinecure. Out of five gentlemen who reached the top of Monte Rosa during my sojourn at Zermatt, two came down quite disabled—one with his feet frozen, and the other half blind. Of course the five were Britons. Yet I ought to say that one of the earliest names on the "Strangers' Book" at the Mont Ceroni Hotel is that of an American, and though I believe none of our people have yet reached the summit of Monte Rosa herself, I found record of a respectable number of tolerable ascents made by adventurous Yankees during the last few years. For Zermatt is, comparatively speaking, a "new" place. CALAME, the painter of Geneva, first made it much known, I think, about 1840, and TOPFFER gave a charming account of it in his delightful *Voyages en Zig-zag* about three years afterwards. The older of the two hotels dates from 1832, the more recent from 1853. In that year the number of American visitors to Zermatt is registered at twenty against two hundred and thirty-nine English. In the present year I should say the proportion against us has been still more considerable. At the Mount Ceroni I found only seven names registered against the letters "U. S. A.," in which our countrymen delight. And of these seven four were New-Yorkers. Our State indeed preponderated everywhere in Europe during the present season, as you will infer from the list which I send you of names registered at the various hotels through which I have passed in coming from Interlachen to Germany. To New-York also belongs the chief American excitement of the season, which was the talk of Baden-Baden when I flitted through that cheerful and virtuous town. Of course your Paris correspondent will have kept you duly informed of the particulars of Mr. BRISTED'S duel with M. GALIFET, which ended happily enough in a little dinner at Strasburg—but I can hardly expect Paris to do as much justice to our countryman in the affair as Baden, which is a neutral party. Mr. BRISTED'S personal criticisms upon M. GALIFET, published in *Porter's Spirit of the Times*, apropos of the duel in which a certain young Neapolitan noble was last Winter killed by a Frenchman, I well recollect. They were certainly rather strong and quite uncalled for—but the circumstances in which M. GALIFET sought redress for the wrong then done him, go far to justify the substance of Mr. BRISTED'S letter, which maintained, if I remember rightly, that there was growing up in France a disposition to create duels, and to exasperate every difference, however light, between gentlemen, into the occasion for a rencontre—a disposition, in short, to revive the brutal system which flourished in France under the First Empire, and still more luxuriantly under FRANCIS THE FIRST, of "gallant memory." For, instead of addressing Mr. BRISTED by letter in the first instance, or through the intervention of a friend, M. GALIFET, I understand, presented himself at the gates of the pretty *chateau* which our countryman occupies near Baden-Baden, and met the owner on his return from a walk with a point blank presentation of the offending article, and a peremptory demand for avowals, retractions and apologies. Now, the only conceivable object of this course must have been to irritate Mr. BRISTED into some step which should make all apologies and explanations impossible, and such was, in fact, its result. M. GALIFET got his duel, was shot at, returned the favor, and then, through his seconds, was put back—where a more temperate and high-spirited course would have put him at the first—in a position to explain his grievances, and to accept a proper atonement for the same. Nothing, in short, could more brilliantly illustrate the horrible absurdity of "explanatory duels" than this whole case. But, as an exposition of the style of the actual régime in France, it is still more worthy of notice, and in this aspect it acquires a new value from the commentary afforded by the correspondence of the PRINCE PIERRE NAPOLEON BONAPARTE with General DE FLEISCHMANN, on the subject of certain "imputations" upon the historical character of Prince LUCIEN BONAPARTE, his father, contained in a book just edited, not composed, by the General. The book in question is a volume of the memoirs of Count MIOT, whose daughter General DE FLEISCHMANN married, and who was Governor of Corsica in the time of the first NAPOLEON. The Count relates a conversation of his own with JOSEPH BONAPARTE, in which the latter gave him an insight into the views entertained by NAPOLEON with regard to his brother LUCIEN. On reading this attack upon his father's memory, Prince PIERRE NAPOLEON sits down, and addresses to the General DE FLEISCHMANN, not a letter of inquiry and remonstrance, couched in courteous language, but a violent and vehement denunciation of the Count DE MIOT, with a final suggestion to the General himself of swords and coffee. The General, who is an aged officer in the immediate service of the King of Wurtemberg, replied in the calmest and most high-bred tone to this extremely vulgar and insolent epistle, but could not refrain, as an old warrior, from intimating that if the Prince were resolved to be deaf to reason, he might count confidently upon receiving arguments more appropriate to his condition and his character. Whereupon the Prince, sending the whole correspondence to the *London Times* as an advertisement, valiantly and sensibly declines any explanation, but would be charmed to fight General FLEISCHMANN'S son! The end of all this uproarious and indecent conduct is not yet, and it is not, perhaps, unchristian to indulge a wish that the young DE FLEISCHMANN may have an opportunity of meeting out to this Imperial Tybat his just deserts. But what are we to think of a Government which allows such scandals to be perpetrated by a near kinsman of the Sovereign, and in the open light of day? There is nothing, even in the shameful history of our own municipal riots and public disorders, of so dark augury, it seems to me, for the social order as frowns upon the future of France from this unchecked license of brutality and bluster, under the immediate shadow of the Supreme authority of the State. The French Press, of course, is silent upon the subject, but we may be sure that the civilized intellect of France is taking account of all these things, while the Prefects are prating about "the salvation of society," and the ignorant priesthood are swinging their censers and jingling their offertories before the "modern Augustus." In Switzerland and Germany the actual state of France is freely commented upon with a singular unanimity of condemnation, distrust and contempt. The next-door neighbors of the "Empire of Peace" appear to be most oddly skeptical in regard to that wonderful institution. They hang up the portrait of NAPOLEON III here in the hotel Marquardt with his brothers of Wurtemberg and Russia, and they do full justice to his ability and his intentions, but these good people of the Rhine and the Danube have long memories, and they know that France is never so dangerous as when the padlock is on her lips. They will not contest the point with you if you quote Frenchmen to prove that France is unfit for freedom, but they point to the fall of the old monarchy, of NAPOLEON, of CHARLES X, and LOUIS PHILIPPE, and ask whether it is safe to conclude therefrom that France is fit for slavery. Nor is their interest in the answer to this question diminished by the present state of their own affairs. All over Germany the need of a new political organization is making itself felt with yearly-increasing power. The demise of a second German crown into the hands of a Regent does not mend matters much. The mistakes of 1848 have not been thrown away upon a people who are becoming more and more practical as they have a larger intercourse with the busy life of modern times, and the dream of a United Germany is fast ceasing to be a dream. The next European convulsion will mediatize more German princes than the Congress of Vienna.

In Switzerland just now, material interests absorb all the attention of the people. They have completely netted the Confederation with telegraphic wires, and they are building and boring in every direction now for the great railway system which is to unite them with the east and the west, the north and the south of Europe. Of course they are fighting savagely over the arrangement of this system, and the canal question never shook New-York more thoroughly to the centre than did the railway war the land of TELL. It has just unmade one President and made another. Mr. FREY-HEROSE, who has just lost his election, being loudly lamented over by the Schaffhausen journals as the "illustrious martyr of the East and Western line." I don't think the wildest political imagination ever soared higher than this in Tammany itself. A railway "martyr" is indeed a new creation. The said East and Western line, be it known, is the opposition line to the Central of Switzerland Railway, now far advanced towards completion, but both lines are really needed for the full development of Swiss traffic, and will no doubt be eventually built. Within the last four years seven of the chief centres of railway: Basle, Schaffhausen and Constance in the North, St. Gallé, Zurich

and Corie in the East, Berne and Lucerne in the mid-land region. Another year will connect Berne continuously with Geneva and Lausanne. By Basle, Switzerland is now linked in an unbroken chain of railway and steamer with Paris, Brussels, Amsterdam, London, Hamburg and Berlin. By Constance, she is bound as closely to Stuttgart, Munich and Central Germany, while three several western lines connect her with the South and centre of France, and so with the Mediterranean. It was a novel sensation to meet at Lausanne two Spanish gentlemen who had come from Barcelona direct and all the way by steam. Throughout Switzerland everything betokens a great and general activity in the people. Locle, Neuchâtel and in particular Chaux-de-Fond, the great seats of the watch manufacture, look as new and brisk and busy as the best towns in England or America, and even the sad, desolated, *crétineuse* Valais shows signs of great life since I last traversed its picturesque valley some eight years ago. The lead factories of the Da-laschlund, and the iron works of the Hôtscithal are both in busy operation, and the railway surveys have been made for a line from Martigny to the foot of the Simplon Pass, which I should say can hardly fail to be an extremely profitable undertaking, did I not fear to wound the susceptibilities of your readers by using the word "profitable" in connection with railways. At any rate, however, I must say a word for the Swiss constructors, who certainly do their work admirably. The central line from Basle to Berne, for instance, is capably laid through a sufficiently difficult country, with few extravagant curves and fewer inclines—the trains run smoothly, and the carriages are models of comfort and convenience. They are built upon the same plan with our own, or rather our plan as modified by the Austrians, and are, I think a decided improvement upon our cars. Each compartment will carry from twelve to eighteen or twenty persons, the cars being divided by partitions, with doors so as to escape the nuisance of those long draughts of air, smoke and dust, which are the greatest drawbacks upon the comfort of our cars, while they avoid the absurdity and worse than absurdity of the English system, which isolates each particular carriage from all practical connection with the rest of the train. It is amazing that our British cousins, with the examples of America, Austria, Russia and Switzerland before their eyes, will still persist in building carriages which expose their inmates to all sorts of unnecessary perils and discomforts. Even the French and Germans, who have not fully profited by our system, manage matters better than the English, for they have established a sort of platform running alongside the carriages, by which the guard passes from one end to the other of the train with perfect ease, though not, of course, with perfect security. To pass from the close, dusky, isolated, low-roofed English railway carriage, of the first class, to the elegant, roomy, well-connected, well-ventilated first-class carriages of the Continent, or even to the neat, comfortable, safe and tasteful second-class cars of Switzerland, is like stepping from the deck of a Dutch lugger on to that of a Peninsular or Transatlantic steamer. II.