

Here we dined & rested, & started as late as we fairly
could, on account of the heat. The mounted horses at
4, great heavy cart-horses, that lumbered along in a
slow, sure-footed way that was pain & grief to poor,
suffering me - I thought certainly I was finished
mortally, & speculated that my poor poor horse had
but to be laid in the little burying ground at Zermatt;
but after an hour I got more accustomed to it, & when
we reached Stalden, 1st 1/2 hours, I thought it best to hup
on & have it over, than stop at the poor looking town
with the prospect of more tomorrow morn. - The valley
was narrow & picturesque, sometimes very narrow, then
spreading a little & giving a chance for fields, & wherever
was a green patch by ear, however apparently inaccessible,
it was cultivated, often a house, & large one, & hamlet or
many. I am sure they cannot live in winter. - The road
was mostly good, in a few years they say char-a-bancs can
pass, but in some places the zigzags are steep & sharp,
& sometimes the narrow path led high up along steep
precipices, or round round a hollowed shelf in rolling
stones that made one nervous. But I consoled myself
by thinking 20 ft. would do it quite as well as a 100, & so
tried to forget it & admire the valley, growing wilder, the
rushing streams foaming & tumbling down the sides, & occa-
sionally the pretty patches of green & pine trees - The

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May dear Sue.
Fin'd Geneva, July 18th.
Tuesday morn. (July 18th) we were up &
breakfasted early for Charles & later on early train to
d'Annem. Took up Elie - Lizzie & Katherine set out
two hours later to join him, & make an excursion up
the valley of the Rhone to the glacier, & join us later at
Zermatt - Dr. Gray went & worked at the Herbarium, &
I moved down stairs & began my strength from to many
flights. The back room was not so pleasant, & I missed the
fine air, but it was less fatiguing - Mr. Rodman (Emma
Mottley) came & made me a very pleasant call with
Miss Hurlbut, who was to leave next day with them on
a visit to Interlachen & so to Paris, on her way home -
Dr. Gray & I were to have gone to take tea with Mr. Man-
celle, whose daughter is married to Prof. De Candolle's
eldest son, & see the sun set view of Mt. Blanc -
But a wretched haze had settled over everything,
& I was mourning over the girl's chance of seeing the
view of the eastern end of the Lake - There was no
shadow of a chance for Mt. Blanc, so we sent word
we should not come - Took instead a carriage & see
Anna Gray a little while, & then a drive round the
old town & along the eastern shore of the Lake -
The next morn. Elie appeared early, had come

route as ourselves, we went to the same hotel, & took
next day a carriage together, still farther up the
valley to Triip. The r.r. stops at Sierre, & then comes
one of those grand high roads, which is shame
all our road-making at home, which continues
up the valley to Triip, where branches to Saas Marg.
go over the Simplon, & also continues up ^{by the Rhodan Valley} Grate
over the Furca 8,000 feet high, to the St. Gothard, another
high way into Italy from the Lake of Lucerne. & delightful
scenery running all the time. But it was hot & tiresome;
you cross an old moraine of the Rhone glacier,
that looks as if it had only been left 20 years instead of
thousands, so bare, & a few straggling young trees; & the Rhone
is such an uncomfortable looking river, giving signs every-
where that it is all ready to overflow & devastate, if it
can, & its tributaries brawling in, & bringing as much
debris as water. Sometimes there does not seem an acre
of cultivable land in sight, & then it spreads up the
hills each side, grain fields & pasture woods. Some hills
higher, & you meet people walking along the women knitting,
& finally a big load on their backs, for I must say in these
lands, the women bear pretty much all the burden.
At Triip comes in the river of the same name, up
whose valley lies Zermatt & the Monte Rosa region.
It is called Triipach, Rige, Triip, that is the town, &
it is bewildering how many names it has here!

drooping me, & there was one consolation close to my eyes,
the lovely flowers! - There had been a great many, & some
view so beautiful in the morng, & our driver in his frequent
halts, always took me some, so I had a large bunch at
Zermatt, but it was curious to see how they changed en-
tirely as we ascended. The woods were full of Affaire
trees, & then, as we got above trees & only grass & turf, it
was carpeted with gentians & violets, large, light ones,
white butter-cups, a delicate white mad, little fellows
& pinks, & such beauty & variety. The last ascent was
zigzag along the hill side, & steep that one quite
overhung & was concealed from the other. I was glad
to see the hotel sometimes before we got there, & very glad
to get there. ^{3 1/2 h. our ascent.} And again, when you think where the house
is, it is wonderful the comfort. Good rooms & beds &
excellent table d'hôte, at 100¢ as you choose, tea, coffee &
chocolate, bread & butter, sherry, a saloon nicely fur-
nished, lamps & candles & books. One could pass a long
time with pleasure, & once there the bracing mountain
air is fine. It was cold morning & evening, & one had to
wrap, & I confess I should have liked to keep at a fire.

We had just a room in the upper story, the S. W.
corner, & from the western window a grand view of the
Corvin, which I watched fade away in the sun set
light. You see in the little photo, the great snow fields

river was forming below us, sometimes fast in a narrow
rapid, then where it could get the chance, spreading a
wide bed of gravel & waste. But always in a hurry &
wild, mischievous & wild looking, & more like dirty
soap suds on washing day than anything I can think
of. These streams from glaciers are always thick & dirty
white. Before we got to St. Niklaus some grand white
peaks began to appear up the valley, & the lagging white
of perpetual snow. I was glad to get off my clumsy coat
& stumble in to the nice hotel at 8 o'clock, & a wonderful
hotel it was, when you think everything has to be brought
on horse or mule back, that there is no carriage road!
I that a hot bath would take the stiffness & aches out
of me, & "oui, madame!" said the attentive concierge, &
a nice city bath. (I just think of that!) I appeared in my
room, & plenty of hot water. - And a capital remedy I
found it. I can highly recommend Hotel St. Niklaus, &
many places in U.S. in great frequented roads, & the
charges were very moderate. - Next morng. we were
to start early before it should be warm, & the Portin & we
took 2 little, rough narrow wagons with one horse ^{each}, & narrow
the seats project a little over the body, to give room for three
persons & driver. The road most of the way to Zermatt is
well built, better & smoother than most of our country by-
roads, but they think only these rough, strong wagons can

over them - In some places the road is rough, for every storm
of rain may bring a flood of water, or rolling stones, or
the loose mountain side down on which it is built -
In one place we crossed a dirty mass, snow we saw,
an avalanche some weeks ago, sometimes we went
through woods, ~~the~~ grain-fields, then close between houses
& barns where one looked directly in at the open door -
Everywhere the women more than men hard at work,
hoeing, reaping, mowing, making hay, herding cows, & so
poor & hard-worked in appearance, so dirty, & such
frightful poverty! This out door labor gives the women
fast - Bessie Eaton asked her mother why all the women
she had seen were so old? - But I thought I had never
seen the value of land before - Every where, every ^{possible} patch,
so cultivated, sometimes so steep it seemed as if the crops
must be pinned on to hold them! - The streams pour-
ing down in fine cascades, gave warning of snow & rain,
& then would come a pasture up a narrow valley against
the sun, or a greenish white hanging down between Mt.
peaks on the other side - The Breithorn grew white &
heavy & jagged in front of us, little Mt. Cervin showed a
black cone out of the snow, & then came a shadowy cone
peering over a brown mountain at our side, & gradually &
yet suddenly too, came out the glorious Matterhorn,
Mt. Cervin, the most majestic & grandest thing I

ever looked upon! It comes up & down's idea of a Mt.,
all alone, up there in the sky! Rising one side almost
bare out of the snow - Zermatt is a little village
at the top of the valley just below it - We got there at
10 1/2, 3 1/2 hours ride - He hoped to meet our friends,
the Churchs, there, but no news of them - So we rested
& dined, & climbed in the aft. up the Riffel, a Mt.
just below Cervin, surrounded by glaciers almost, &
from which, by making some ascents, fine views
could be obtained, & Mt. excursions made - So we took
horses at 4, meeting Prof Lyman & Trenton of Yale,
just descended as we started - We passed a little
way easily, through the village & crossed a stream & other
meadows, & came to a wood, & then began to climb,
so steep, such sharp ascents, I lost my breath, & was
well frightened too! - All along from Trip, Dr. May
had filled my mind that I had got to go back again
the same way! And now I thought how crazy the
idea of my coming was! How I feared the walkers!
Dr. May would call out to look over my shoulder at
a new, but I was too tired & absorbed in the present
painful ascent to care for scenery - But Bessie sang
& shouted & laughed & kicked her heels against her seat
as if it were such fun! Mrs. Eaton kindly refreshed
me with a little draught from her flask & that helped

mass, rather than one commanding peak, & it is almost impossible to believe it higher than the Matterhorn, which has the grand advantage of rising solitary & alone, sharp & abrupt, some 3,000 feet clear - But Dr. Gray said amidst the very light lingering on, showed the differing heights plain. The former flat on our left broke our panorama, then it began again, & with some breaks, we had it nearly complete - But the height & distances of snow mountains is so hard to tell us! They seem so within an easy few minutes reach, all is so sharp & clear & distinct - And then it is so fascinating, & it looks at them! - The girls & Co. passed us on our slow descent, though it was much faster than our ascent - And after resting a little, but before my knees got over shaking, the dinner-bell rang, & going into the passage, we met Charles bringing Mr. & Mrs. Church to meet us! How pleased it was to see them again! They had walked up the Fort. to see us, & after dining & a nice aft. talk, they walked down again - He is taking his holiday in Switzerland, & they are making unusual passes on foot & on mules - But unfortunately, by some mistake, their baggage had been mixed; & as Mrs. C. said, she had nothing but a tooth brush & a pair of nail scissors -

Much love to all of you, from yours ever affely, Jane -

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before us other glaciers running down from them, the great former glacier, which receives its tributaries, the one in fullest view - I had some tea in my room & soon went to bed, while Dr. Gray went off to see the sunset from an ascent about 1/2 an hour's walk away, where Mt. Rosa & nearly all the panorama are visible. From the hotel we could only see one or two snow summits peeping over the rounded top of the Riffel, the Riffelberg, a rocky peak which cut off our view ^{that side} - Sunday morn. I felt fresher than I had expected; we were not very early, & just after breakfast, going to the door, we saw a mule arriving & recognized Charles & the girls' baggage, & presently there they were themselves, coming up on foot. They are such good walkers! - They have taken to their costume as before, polo trousers, dropped knees, strapped up skirts, ^{in reality} hats covered with white - I gave them my Egyptian style, hoping to save them some burning, which felt to be really painful to see as well as feel, in some cases - But you cannot help the deep red that sets in on the faces of all mt. travellers, Katherine is more burned than before - I think their dress vastly more suitable & appropriate to such places as the Riffel, nearly 8,500 ft. above the sea, than the lilac & blue - grey & white. Some ^{the luggage for} antique & some English ladies appeared in! Just think of draping such dresses up there! But Dr. Gray says it is part of an English woman's duty

visions & drew from on a Sunday! You may be sure we were
glad ever to meet & recount our adventures, though the
most wonderful was, that I should have got up there!
They had had a grand time, on the high ridge one view
above the haze I had been mourning in the valleys for
them, & had seen the Rhone glacier finely — We all sat
out some time in the morning, the warm sun felt, clear,
out, & enjoyed the immense variety & exquisite beauty
of the flowers every where around us — There is a dear little
pink like a mass of green moss, stuck all over with little
pink stars — Then beds of turquoise blue forget-me-nots, such
close, large clusters, others these. Gentians, of such a deep, perfect
blue! We said the gentians were more like Egyptian sky,
& the pyramids — not the pealer Seris! — In the aft. they all
went to the former flat to see the sun-set; a mt. summit
to the East, where you get a complete panorama, N. S. E. etc.,
of snow Mt. Roosa! — I sat out awhile with a pleasant
Scotch lassie we ^{had} met there, & then watched from the house
the very hue fade away on the snowy top of the Breithorn;
which I could just see — We had changed our room, going
the old one to the first, & a very lower, & a much larger one —
By looking out to the left, it was on the other side the house,
we could see the Matterhorn, opposite us was the Badhorn
& a long range, & below us the narrow, green valley ^{dotting it} & finally
I could see the sun rise there at 6 1/2 & set to them at 3 1/2,

while our sun-side was at 1/2 to 5 — our sun-set at 7 1/4!!
could see from my bed, the Breithorn fluted down after
it, & the Breithorn did not turn away for sunset until
1/4 to 2 — The Matterhorn had its sun-set side turned
from us — How dull these valleys must be in winter! —
I should like to have asked something of the winter life,
but they all talk German about there — Tuesday
morn. C. & the girls went with a guide to the former glacier
near Mt. Roosa, to have a walk upon it, as an experience
of glacier — meantime Dr. Jay set out to drag me up to the
rocks, where they went Saturday to see the sun-set.
It is generally 1/2 an hour walk, but with patiently
laboring on & many rocks, I accomplished it in about
2 1/2 hours — Then he rested, he would look for flowers,
& the "zones" changed so much more so lately, that
at last I took a list & count them — that we found there
above the house, then some added a little below, but all
above trees, we made 75 kinds! Many were so beautiful,
& in such lovely masses! — I saw more little willows, an inch
or two high, so you could cover a frost with your hand! —
The view was very fine when I got at last to the summit
of the rocks. They nearly overhung the glacier, it stretched
white below us, marked with its dark lines of moraine,
& beyond rose the panorama of white peaks, Mt. Roosa
to the left in front of us — They only eight of it. It is a great



Gray, Jane Loring. 1869. "Gray, Jane July 18, 1869 [to Susan M. Jackson]." *Asa and Jane Gray travel correspondence*

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