

OVER THE ALPS



VIA THE

ST. GOTTHARD

RAILWAY



MAP of the ST. GOTTHARD Railway.

Station
 — Gothardline — Postal routes
 — Highways. — Footpaths.
 Altitudes in meters.
 Scale 1:500,000.
 0 5 10 15
 Kilometers



LITH. RUEGG & SCHAUFELBERGER, ZÜRICH.

SWITZERLAND.

OVER THE ALPS

VIA THE

SAINT **G**OTHARD
RAILWAY.

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REVISED AND ENLARGED FROM THE PAMPHLET

BY

GEORGE L. CATLIN.



ZÜRICH (SWITZERLAND).  
ART. INSTITUT ORELL FÜSSLI, PRINTERS.  
1904.

# DIRECT SERVICE

## VIA ST. GOTTHARD RAILWAY.

- LONDON-GENOA  
in 27<sup>1</sup>/<sub>4</sub> hours.
- LONDON-VENICE  
in 30<sup>1</sup>/<sub>4</sub> hours.
- LONDON-FLORENCE  
in 32<sup>1</sup>/<sub>2</sub> hours.
- LONDON-ROME  
in 39 hours.
- LONDON-NAPLES  
in 44<sup>1</sup>/<sub>2</sub> hours.
- LONDON-BRINDISI  
in 47<sup>3</sup>/<sub>4</sub> hours.



|                     |                                      |                |                                    |
|---------------------|--------------------------------------|----------------|------------------------------------|
| LONDON-BASEL        | in 14 <sup>1</sup> / <sub>2</sub> h. | PARIS-BASEL    | in 8 h.                            |
| LONDON-LUCERNE      | » 17 <sup>3</sup> / <sub>4</sub> »   | PARIS-LUCERNE  | » 10 <sup>1</sup> / <sub>2</sub> » |
| ZÜRICH-LUCERNE      | in 1 <sup>1</sup> / <sub>4</sub> h.  |                |                                    |
| ~~~~~               |                                      |                |                                    |
| LONDON-MILAN        | in 23 <sup>3</sup> / <sub>4</sub> h. | MILAN-GENOA    | in 3 h.                            |
| BRUSSELS-MILAN      | » 19 <sup>1</sup> / <sub>4</sub> »   | MILAN-VENICE   | » 5 »                              |
| PARIS-MILAN         | » 17 <sup>3</sup> / <sub>4</sub> »   | MILAN-FLORENCE | » 6 <sup>3</sup> / <sub>4</sub> »  |
| FRANKF. o. M.-MILAN | » 15 <sup>1</sup> / <sub>4</sub> »   | MILAN-ROME     | » 12 »                             |
| BASEL-MILAN         | » 8 »                                | MILAN-NAPLES   | » 19 <sup>1</sup> / <sub>2</sub> » |
| LUCERNE-MILAN       | » 6 »                                | MILAN-BRINDISI | » 21 <sup>1</sup> / <sub>4</sub> » |
| ZÜRICH-MILAN        | in 6 <sup>3</sup> / <sub>4</sub> h.  |                |                                    |

**EXPRESS TRAINS** consisting of Pullman [Carriages and Dining car, fitted with electric light;

**BASEL-GOTTHARD-MILAN and vice versa**

**without extra charge.**

By the Express Trains, the customs-examination takes place in the carriages.



# LUCERNE.

1300 feet above the sea—Population 30,000.

## *Rendez-vous international des Touristes.*

*Great Railway centre and the best starting point  
for excursions in all directions in Switzerland.*

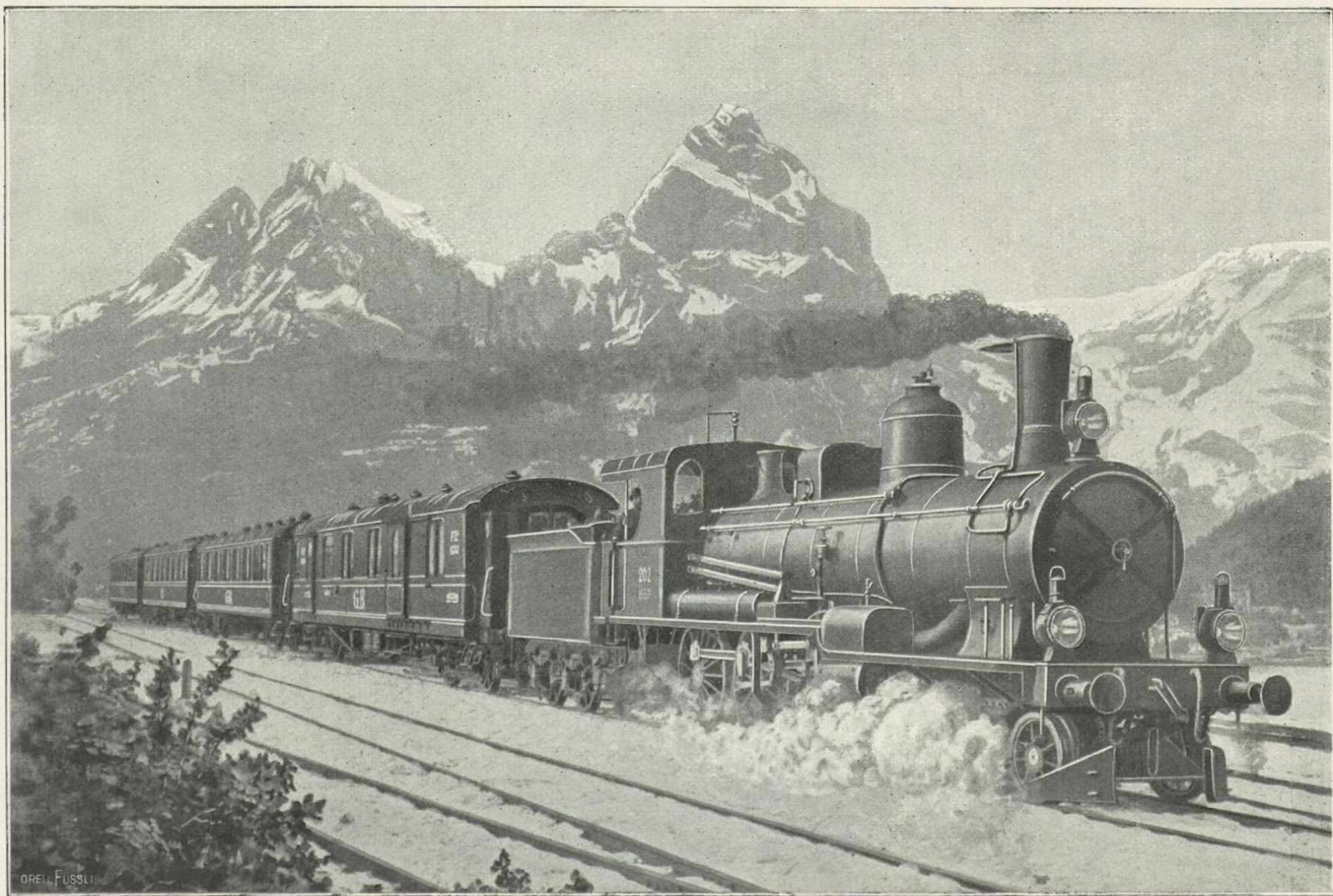


### OFFICIAL GENERAL ENQUIRY OFFICE.

Information relating to railway and steamboat connections, hotels and boardinghouses, points of interest in the city and environs, verbally or by letter, free of cost.







The St. Gothard Express.





*Chief Offices of the  
St. Gothard Railway, Lucerne.*

**T**HOUGH only twenty two years have elapsed since this great international artery was thrown open to public traffic and tourist-travel, in 1882, it has, during that short space of time, come to be recognized as a route indispensable to the exigencies of European commerce and communication, and has taken a place in the front rank among the well-conducted and important railways of the world.

Connecting as it does the railway systems of Western Germany, Holland, Belgium, Northern and Eastern France, (and, through them, the immense channels of travel from England and the United States), with those of Italy in a direct, steel-tracked, stone-ballasted air line; traversing a region of unsurpassed natural attractions; opening up new commercial possibilities between sections of Europe



widely removed from each other, is it indeed a wonder that it has so rapidly developed in popularity and that the name of the Gothard railway has already become familiar as "a household word" throughout the civilized world? By its potent agency, a cargo of Egyptian cotton can be hoisted out of a vessel's hold at Leghorn or Genoa, and loaded upon trucks which will deliver it at the doors of the cotton-mill in North Germany or Holland; the invalid may in a few hours pass from the inclement winter climate of the north to the sunshine and warmth of the south; a traveller may leave London any morning, and dine in Milan on the following evening; or, in turn, may breakfast in Milan, and be in Paris next morning. These are some of the wonderful possibilities which the Gothard has ushered into existence and to the beginnings of which the reader will allow us to devote a few lines.

The use of the Gothard route, as a line of communication between the valleys of Switzerland and the fertile plains of Lombardy, dates from the middle of the 13<sup>th</sup> century, when Albert von Stade, a Benedictine monk, published an account, claiming that it was possible, in this way, to reach Lucerne in three days from Bellinzona. It is true that an earlier knowledge of it has been asserted by certain chroniclers, who would have us believe that, even six hundred years before Christ, the Gauls found a





way through these fastnesses to make their first descent upon Italy. Be this as it may, no record is adduced to establish the assertion, and in the adjacent valleys no ruins of settlements are found dating further back than the 7<sup>th</sup> century. The earliest written record, as above stated, is that of the Benedictine monk, who was later followed in his Gothard journeyings by many Swiss, *en route* for Italy, to seek fame and fortune in the military service of foreign leaders. At that time, the way consisted of a simple foot-path, and probably a very difficult one at that. Toward the close of the century, it came into further use for pack-animals, enabling the transport of merchandise to a limited extent. Little by little, the road con-





tinued to be improved, but so slowly that it was not until 1775 that the first coach went through from Aldorf to Giornico. During the early part of the present century rapid strides were made. In 1820 the Federal Government began the construction of a first class postroad on the north side of the mountain, and within the next decade the adjacent Cantons completed the road from Göschenen to Airolo. Then, half a century later, came the Gotthard railway, piercing mountains, spanning chasms, bridging torrents, scaling heights, and forming, in entirety, the grandest engineering triumph of modern times. In this slow but steady development of the dizzy, unfrequented foot-path, into the solidly constructed, granite-bedded railway we read the whole story of the growth and progress of science and civilization. As the mountain rivulet swells into the brook, which, in turn, becomes the torrent, which, in its turn, becomes the river, sweeping on, deep and calm to the sea, so has the narrow, intricate way by which the adventurous

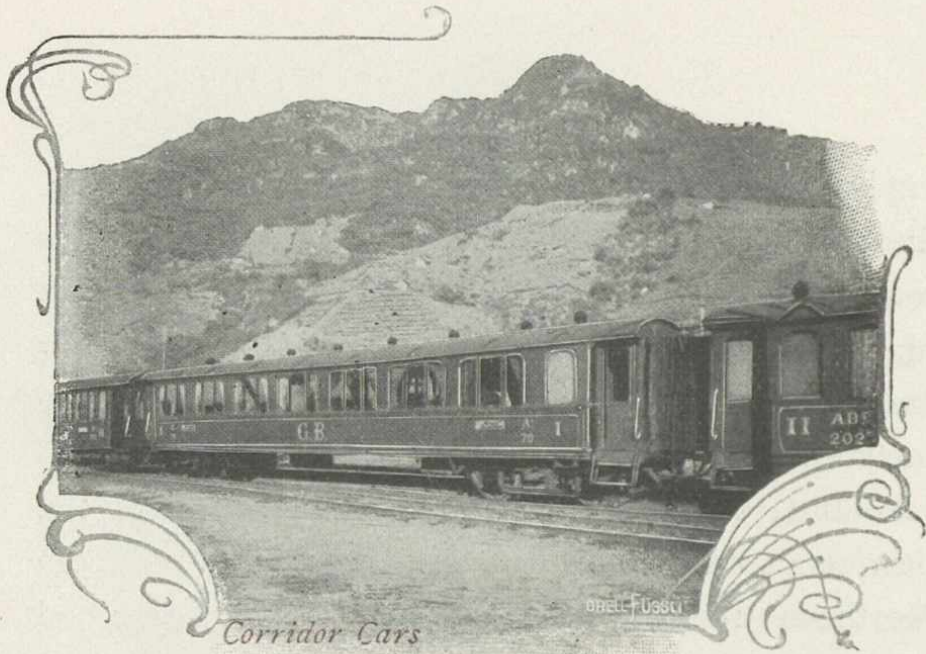


explorer first found his way over the Alps, become, first, a foot-path, then a mule-path, then a carriage-road, then a coach-road, and, finally, the great highway of railway communication, opening up new and wondrous possibilities of travel and commerce for all Central Europe.

But, that a railway should ever traverse the barrier of snowpeaks dividing Central Europe from Northern Italy—who would ever have dreamed of it a century ago? Yet the great work was begun in 1872, and in June, 1882, it was completed, and delivered over to public traffic; and just here, a few figures will serve to give some idea of the amount of labor which it involved. There are not less than 76 tunnels and galleries, with a total length of 29 miles. The great tunnel, from Göschenen to Airolo,—in itself a gigantic achievement—is, alone, nearly fifteen kilometers (nine miles) in length; its construction was entrusted to the brilliant engineer, Louis Favre, to whom, unfortunately, it was not vouchsafed to witness the completion of the noble work he had begun. The entire line from Lucerne and Zug to Chiasso, Pino







and Locarno, measures 276 kilometers (172 miles), and is divided into three sections. Up till the year ending October, 1880, an average of 10,757 men were daily employed upon the work. There are, exclusive of tunnels, no less than 1384 artificial structures along the line, 324 of them being bridges and viaducts of over 30 feet in length. The entire cost of the work was over 284 millions of francs. Yet this enormous outlay was fully justified, in view of the incalculable importance of the Gothard line as a means of travel and commercial intercourse between Northern and Southern Europe.

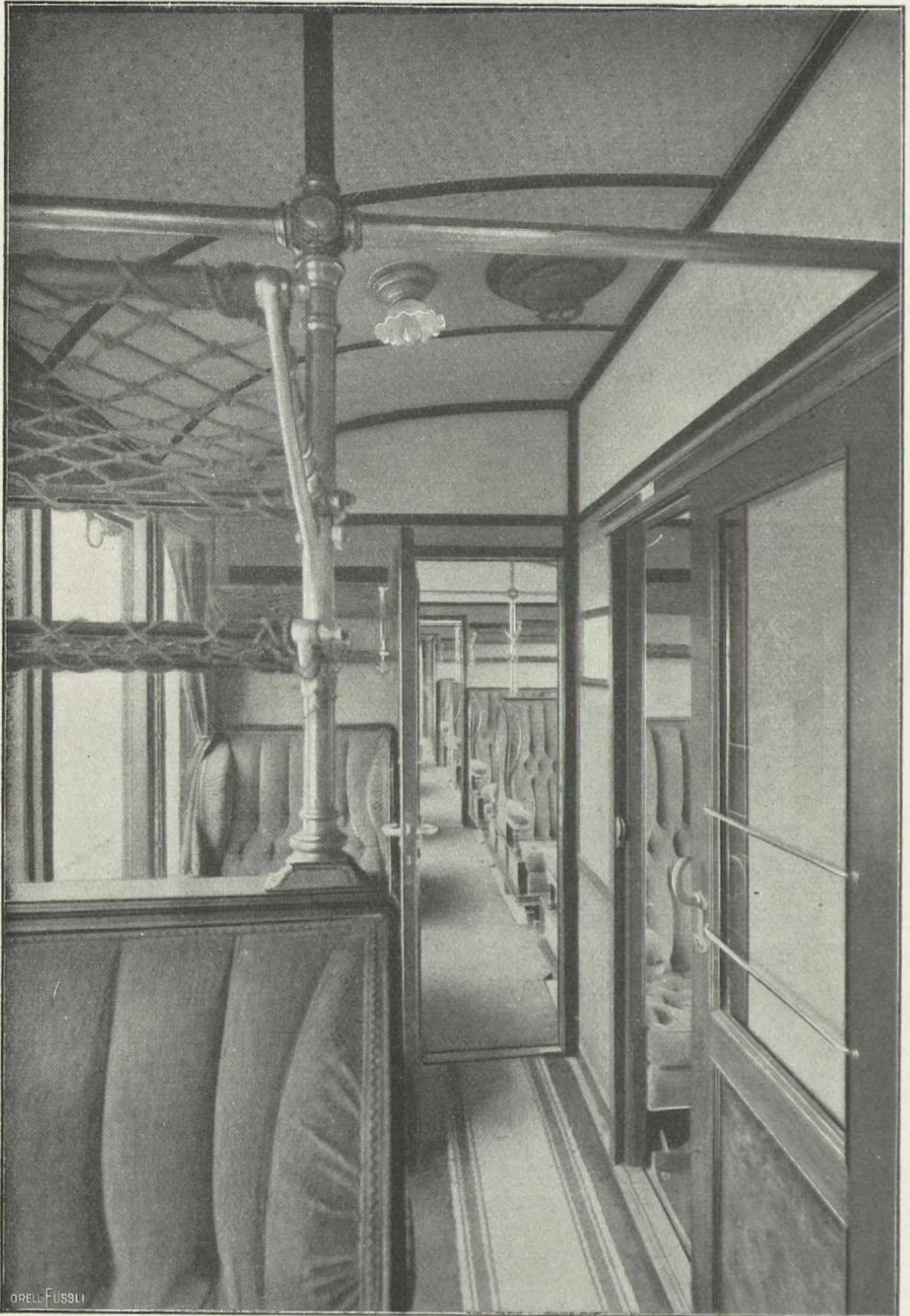
And the system with which this great road is conducted strikes even the least observant traveller with a sense of security and of admiration. It is one vast machine, moving with the precision and regularity of a delicate piece of clockwork.



In this connection, it is important to mention that, thanks to numerous improvements, the service of the line keeps constantly abreast of the demands of the traffic. We may refer especially to the building of the second line on the route Immensee-Brunnen and Fluelen - Giubiasco (88 miles) including the northern and southern slopes and the Gothard tunnel itself; the employment of extraordinarily powerful engines, and of carriages constructed in the most perfect manner known, lit either by gas or electricity, and warmed by steam: the interiors are luxuriously furnished, while each carriage is provided inside with a corridor with large windows from which the traveller, sheltered even in the most inclement weather, can observe at pleasure the superb scenery along the line. Added to this, the trains are provided with the famous Westinghouse brakes, and with a system of peculiarly constructed springs which prevent jolting, and render the motion of the carriage almost imperceptible. Day and night every part of the line is kept under close inspection, and everywhere a discipline as stringent as that of any military organization prevails, so that the traveller can contemplate free from anxiety the manifold beauties of the journey over the St. Gothard.

It ought also to be mentioned that since the commencement of the summer service in 1897, the number of trains as well as their speed

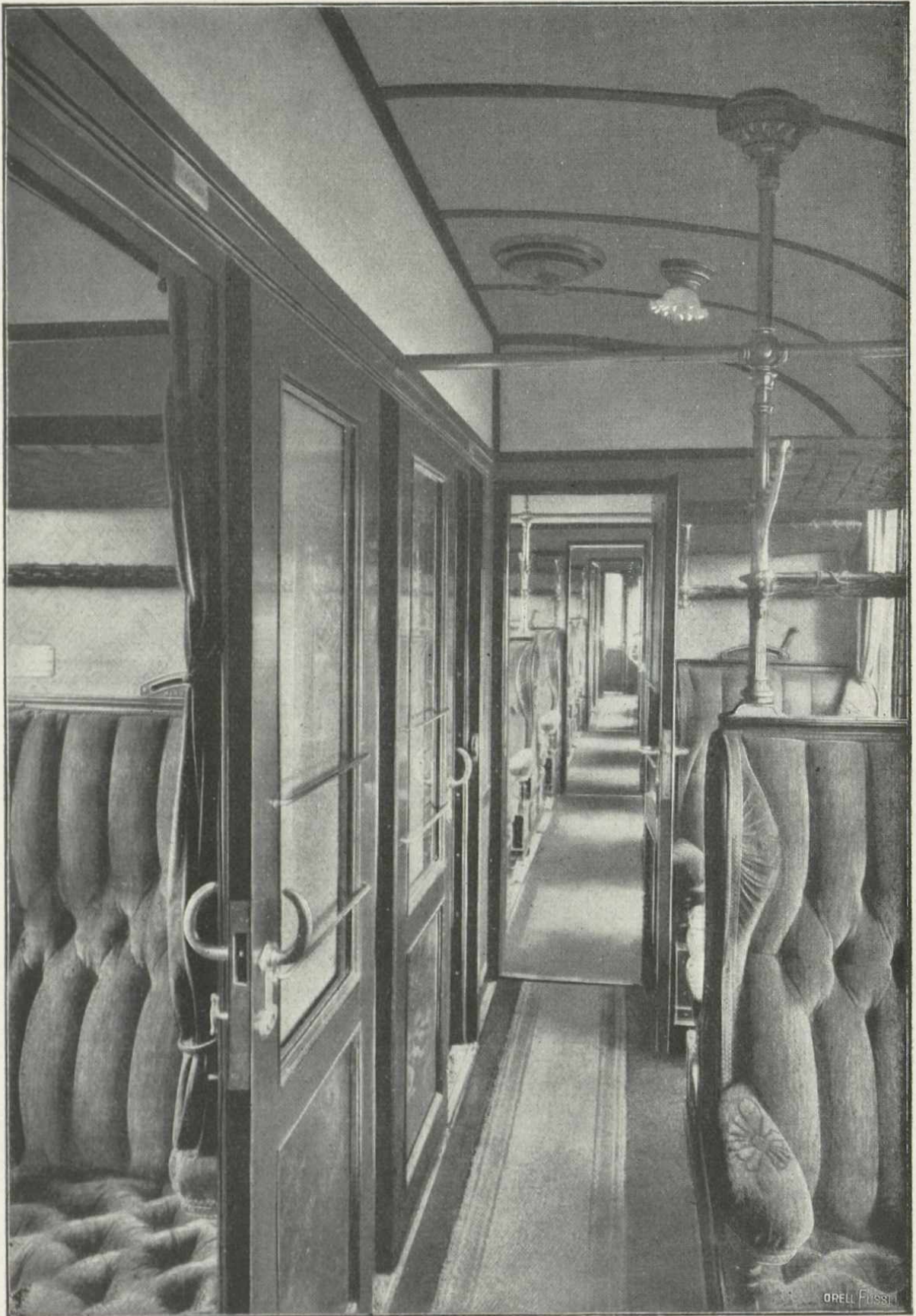




ORELL FUSLI

Corridor Cars on the St. Gothard Railway. Interior View.





Corridor Cars on the St. Gothard Railway. Interior View.





has been appreciably increased; a fast train with Pullman carriages and dining car, two day-expresses, the second likewise including Pullman carriages and dining car, further a night-express with sleeping cars traverse daily the distance from Lucerne to Milan or vice versa in 6 to 8 hours, according to the train. The fast train and the first express leave Lucerne in the morning, and the second in the afternoon: in the opposite direction, that is to say, returning from Milan, there are in the morning two expresses, in the afternoon a fast train, and then a night-express: the composition of these trains corresponds to those from Lucerne to Milan. It is not superfluous to add that the restaurants of the principal stations are excellently conducted, and are quite up to a first-class standard; the menus, as well as those of the dining cars above mentioned, are enough to tempt the most fastidious appetite.

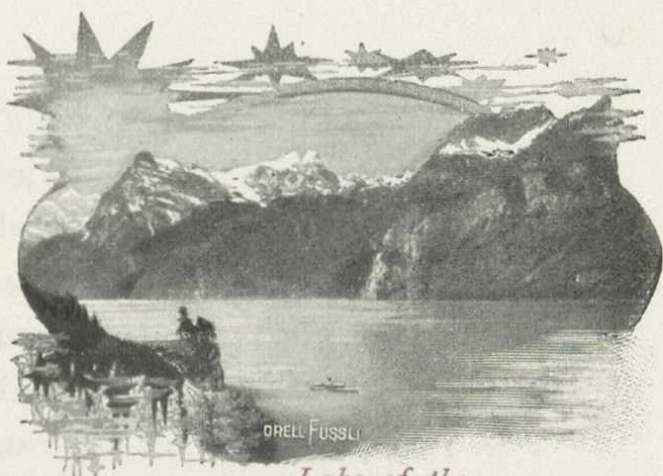
It is a pleasant summer morning, at *Lucerne*, and, from afar, the ancient Spirit, which is supposed to hover over the topmost peak of the Gothard, woos us, in cooling whispers, to devote



the day to a journey through his time-honored domain. "Come," says his voice, borne on the southern breezes, "I will show you a vision of gorges, and torrents, and snow-peaks, and chalets, and heights inaccessible to human foot-step; ravines

wilder than ever painter put upon canvas; peaceful, populous, fertile valleys, slumbering 'neath the shadows of giant, rocky ranges; slopes where thousands of cattle browse; caverns which you shall penetrate only to emerge into a more dazzling sunlight beyond; lakes bluer than azure, and fringed round with growths that are green for ever; all this, and more shall you see, seated in your cushioned carriage, and I will bear you safely through and over all this, my wondrous domain, and land you safely, long ere nightfall, on the picturesque shores of one of the Italian lakes, or in the distant city of Milan."

The invitation is too tempting to be resisted. We have already visited *Lucerne* and the many sights of this charming town: we have seen its Lion, its glacier-garden, the cathedral with its celebrated organ, we have gone up the *Rigi-Kulm* and the *Stanserhorn*, we have mounted to the



*Lake of the  
Four Forest Cantons.*



*Esel*, the summit of *Pilatus*, by a railway, an engineering marvel of its kind which certainly no traveller visiting this part of Switzerland will omit to visit: we have admired all this and are still under the pleasant impression left by all these sights. We have packed our valises, but we are in doubt whether to travel by rail or by the lake: for indeed, without additional expense, one can traverse the first part of this charming journey, from Lucerne to Fluelen, on board a saloon steamer which goes the whole length of the *Lake of the Four Cantons*, and then take the fast train leaving Lucerne in the morning. Let us reserve for another occasion the pleasure of a sail on the clear blue waters of this famous lake, and take the express at Lucerne. The line skirts the north of the town, passing under the Allenwinden and Wesemlin hills, and, emerging near the Hôtel de l'Europe on the eastern shore of the Lucerne bay, ascends to *Meggen*, to bring us through splendid orchards, with sumptuous villas scattered here and there, to *Küssnacht*, that is to say, to the historic ground of primaeval Switzerland: during this part of the journey one gets a series of charming views, especially of some of the giants of the Bernese Oberland.

Between *Küssnacht* and *Immensee* we pass close to the spot where, according to tradition, the tyrant Gessler was laid low by the unerring

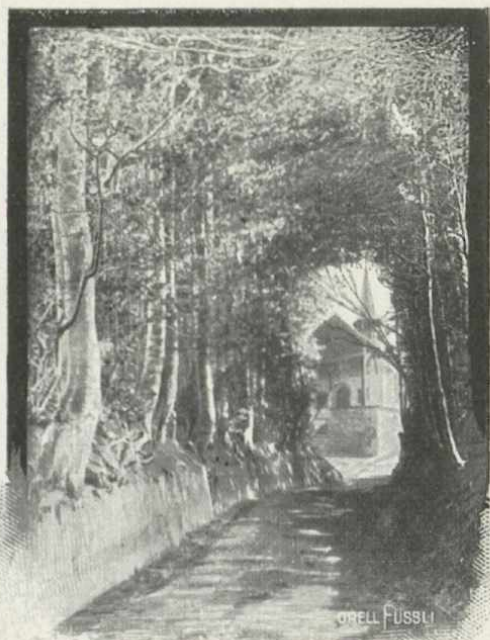


arrow of the patriot Tell. The road running over from Immensee to Küssnacht, half an hour distant, is that to which Schiller refers in his "Wilhelm Tell" where he says:

"Durch diese hohle Gasse muss er kommen!"

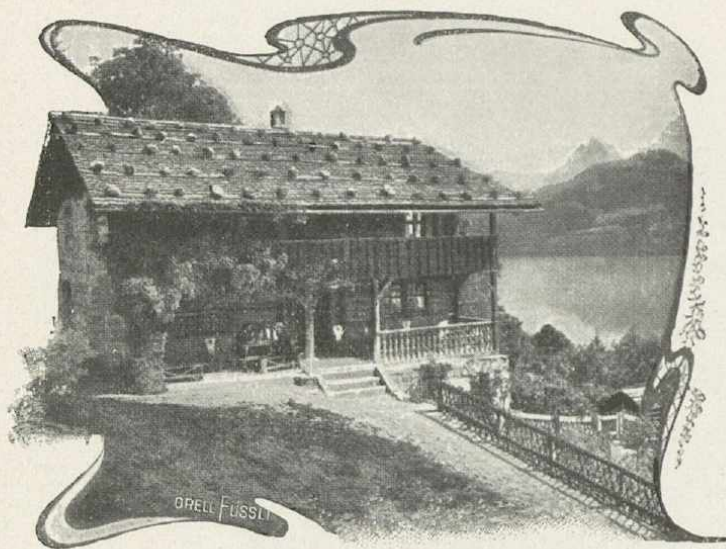
and the spot where the tyrant fell is marked by a small chapel, known as "Tell's Kapelle" with an appropriate inscription, and descriptive pictures, over its doorway.

From Immensee still following the shore of the Lake of Zug on the left, with the Rigi's massive battlements on the right, and the smiling slopes of Walchwyl opposite, we soon arrive at *Arth*, picturesquely situated at the southern end of the lake, and connected by steamer with Zug, at its northern end. We then reach the station *Arth-Goldau*, an important junction, where the cog-wheel line *Arth-Rigi-Kulm*, the South-Eastern line to *Einsiedeln*, and the branch-line *Goldau-Zug* meet; the latter, which is a part of the St. Gothard system, forms the direct line of communication, via Thalwil, between Zürich and the St. Gothard; between Zug and Arth-Goldau or *vice versa*, there are charming views of the azure waters of the Lake of Zug, over-



*Hohle Gasse,  
near Küssnacht.*





“The Rütli.”

hung at one end by the steep slopes of the Rigi. It is worth mentioning here that the Rigi-Kulm, or summit of the Rigi, is reached by the *Arth-Rigi Cog-wheel Railway* from *Arth-*

*Goldau* in only  $1\frac{1}{4}$  hours.

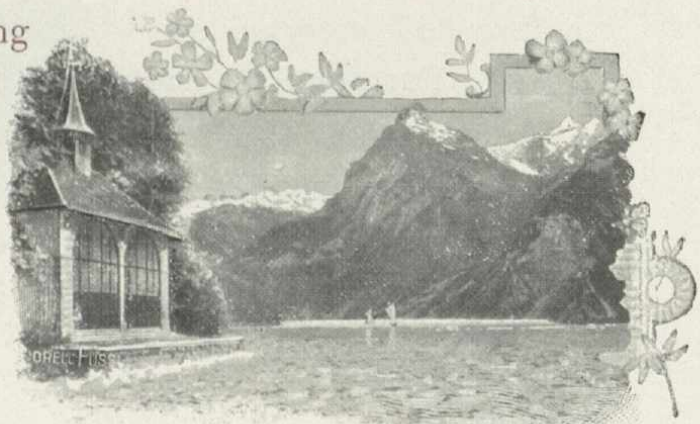
The line, after leaving Arth-Goldau, passes through the scene of the ruin caused by the terrible landslip of September 2<sup>nd</sup>, 1806, when, without warning, a piece of the opposite Rossberg mountain, two kilometers in length, came thundering down, from over half a mile's height, burying entire villages, with nearly five hundred of their inhabitants, and transforming the fertile valley into a scene of complete devastation; the traces of which are to-day forcibly presented to the passing traveller, in the thousands of enormous moss-covered boulders, piled in grotesque confusion over the surface of the entire valley. This tragic event is annually recalled by a religious service, called the “Schuttjahrzeit,” held on the 2<sup>nd</sup> of September, in the church at Arth.

We now traverse the eastern shore of the picturesque *Lowerzer Lake*, catch a glimpse of the island of *Schwanau*, and pass the point



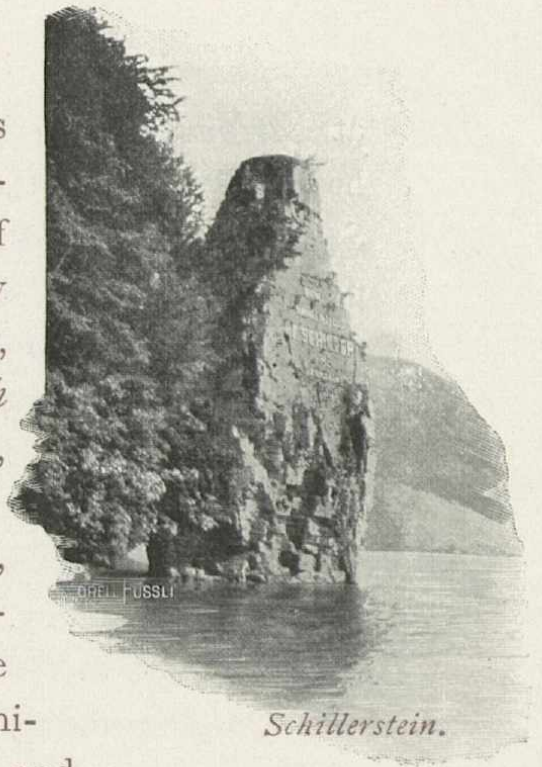
at *Steinen*, where Werner Stauffacher is said to have dwelt. On the mountain above it, is seen Steinerberg, a scattered collection of chalets and peasants' houses. Beyond is the Urmiberg, a spur of the Rigi, and near its base, *Seewen*, and beyond, the ancient town of *Schwyz*, which has given to Helvetia its modern name of *Switzerland*. The town is most charmingly located, with the twin *Mythen* peaks towering far above it, and a fertile valley, famous for its breed of milk cattle around it.

Crossing the neck of land dividing the Lakes of Lowerz and Lucerne, we sight, on the right, the *Frohnalpstock*, with the *Kurhaus Stoos* on its slope, cross the Ingenbohl bridge, and reach *Brunnen*, on the lake shore, at the mouth of the river Muota. A glance at the scenery from this point is indeed inspiring, and affords an easy explanation of the popularity of Brunnen as a *summer resort*, commanding as it does a view of the Lake for miles in both direction, with the giant heights of the *Seelisberg*, the *Schillerstein*, the *Rütli*, and, further back, the *Urirotstock*, with its glacier forming a background to the fascinating picture. For a distance of seven miles, from *Brunnen* to *Fluelen*,





the railway skirts the shores of the *Uri Lake*, the south-eastern arm of the Lake of Lucerne, passing successively through the *Guetsch* (459 ft.), *Mythenstein* (85 ft.), *Hochfluh* (1915 ft.), *St. Francis* (632 ft.), *Oelberg* (6512 ft.) *Stutzeck* (3241 ft.), *Tellsplatte* (564 ft.), *Axenberg* (3654 ft.) and *Sulzeck* (419 ft.) tunnels; during the intervals between these, magnificent glimpses of the Lake and mountains are obtained. The Mythenstein tunnel is opposite the natural obelisk commonly known as "Schiller's Rock", on the outer surface of which is the inscription in gold letters



"DEM SÆNGER TELL'S  
 To the singer of Tell  
 FRIEDRICH SCHILLER  
 Frederick Schiller  
 DIE URKANTONE.  
 The Primaeval Cantons.  
 1859."

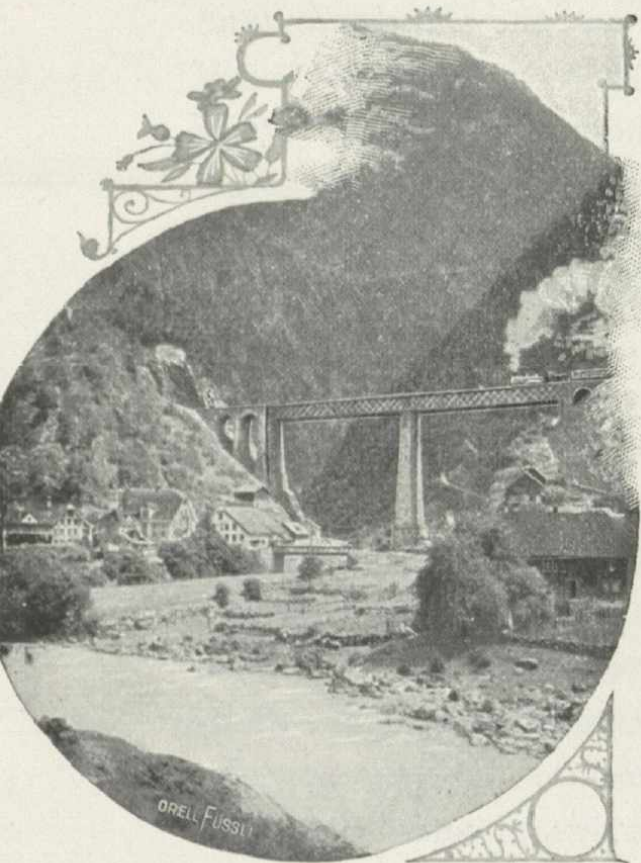
Further on, visible from the steamer, but hidden from the railway passenger by a tunnel, is the famous *Tellsplatte*, where Tell sprang from his captor's boat, and made good his escape. At Fluelen, the head of navigation on the Lake



of Uri, those passengers who have preferred to come down by boat from Lucerne, take the train. It was at this point that the ancient Gothard route had its northern terminus, the remainder of the journey to Lucerne having been, in those days, usually completed by water. Indeed, many Gothard summer tourists at the present day prefer changing from the carriage to the boat or *vice versa*, at Fluelen, thus enjoying a delightful sail, though at the expense of missing that part of the line which has thus far been under description.

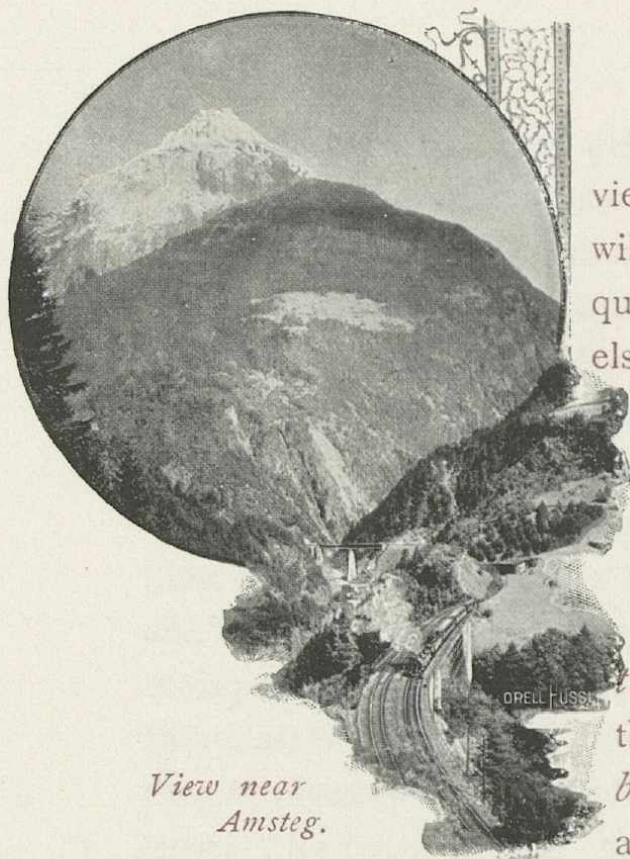
From Fluelen, the railway follows the *valley of the Reuss*, here a small stream, as compared with

the deep, rapid river, which it becomes when, emerging from the Lake of Lucerne, it flows onward to swell the Rhine. *Altdorf*, a typical Swiss town, and, as its name indicates, an ancient one, is the spot where tradition places the famous apple-scene between Tell and Gessler. From Altdorf a post route leads in an easterly direction over the *Klausenpass* into the Linth Valley.



*Bridge near Amsteg.*



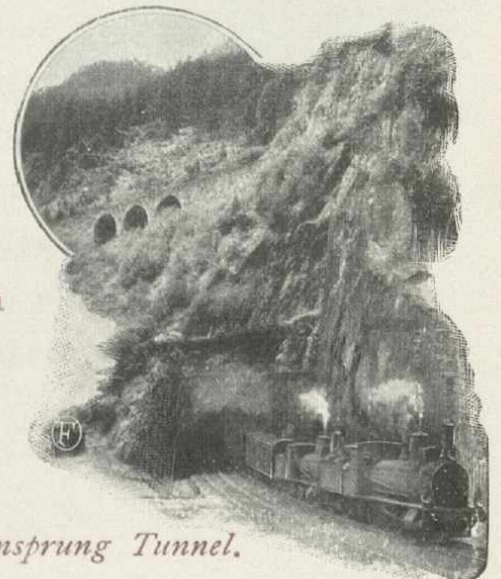


View near  
Amsteg.

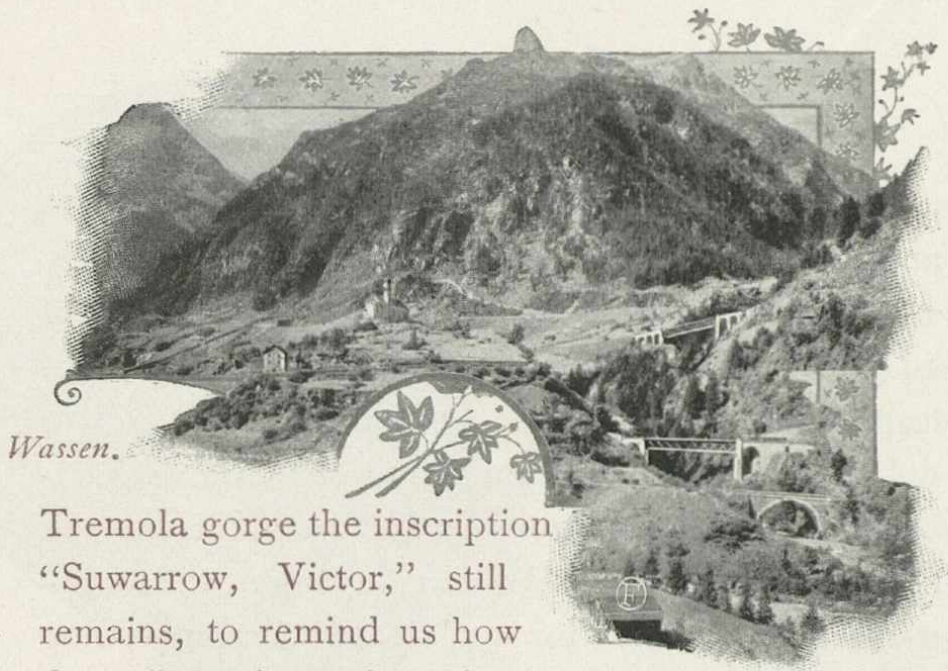
From this point, the view becomes constantly wilder, and more picturesque, indicating, if nothing else did, the fact that we are approaching the Gotthard's fastnesses. The mountains loom up more and more menacingly as we near them. The *Bristenstock*, the *Belmistock*, the chain of the *Schlossberg*, the *Hohe Faulen*, and the *Windgelle* stand arrayed, like an army of snow-capped giants, as if determined to bar our further progress. At *Erstfeld* the long ascent begins. The valley narrows to a gorge, and soon we are spinning along giddy precipices, and over bridges from which we look down upon ravines, tree-tops, and scattered dwellings far below, the postroad following our route, and coming into view at frequent intervals as we advance. At *Amsteg*, at the foot of the *Bristenstock* we shoot out of a tunnel upon the wonderful bridge, 174 feet high, spanning the *Maderan Valley*, and gain a view, the memory of which will linger for a life time. Then follows a series of seventeen tunnels climbing and winding upwards—three of them, the *Pfaffensprung*, the *Wattinger*, and the *Leggistein*, circular ones—and



a succession of bridges—three of them over one and the same stream, the *Meienreuss*—and, finally crossing the bridge, spanning the dizzy chasm of 144 feet, through which the Reuss at this point leaps. we are at *Gæschenen*, the northern point of entrance to the great tunnel through the St. Gotthard, *the longest tunnel in the world*. Here the railway and its old fashioned companion, the stage-road, part company for a while, the former passing into the darkness of the tunnel, to emerge later at Airolo, on the southern, or Italian side of the mountain, while the latter follows its time-honored, winding, and picturesque way, through the *Schællenen*, and over the *Devil's Bridge*, to *Andermatt*, *Hospenthal*, and the *Hospice*, at the summit, and thence down again through the *Val Tremola*, to Airolo, where it rejoins the railway. Previous to the completion of the railway, upwards of sixty thousand travellers annually passed over this route, many of them being gratuitously fed and sheltered at the Hospice on their way. In 1775, this building was, with its chapel and out-building, swept away by an avalanche, a few years later, the French army, under *General Menard*, encamped there, and took the building for fuel. In these passes, French, Russians and Austrians once engaged in desperate conflict, and, upon a rock, at the upper end of the







Wassen.

Tremola gorge the inscription "Suwarrow, Victor," still remains, to remind us how the evil passions of warring men once profaned these sacred solitudes. Now thousands of peaceful travellers of every nationality annually choose this enchanting route *for their summer excursion*. There is regular connection from Gæschenen, by diligence, with *Andermatt, Hospenthal, Dissentis*, and the *Furka* and *Oberalp* passes. No more charming summer trip can be desired than to take the railway to *Gæschenen*, and thence ride by diligence, via *Andermatt*, either to Coire in the one, or *Brigue* in the other direction.

And now, directly before us, a short distance from the station at Gæschenen, yawns the great tunnel through which we are to pass. Its history and description form a romance in themselves. In passing through it, one is a thousand feet directly under the village of Andermatt, while the bottom of the little mountain lake of Sella lies something over three thousand feet above one's head. At



each kilometer of distance in the tunnel are burning lanterns, numbered successively from one to fourteen. The grade in the tunnel rises from either end, its highest point — which is also the highest point of the line—being some 3750 feet above the level of the sea. It is built for double-tracks, —being twenty-six feet wide, and twenty feet high—and its construction cost sixty million francs. The work was begun on June 4<sup>th</sup>, 1872, at Göschenen, on the north, and on July 2<sup>nd</sup>, 1872, at Airolo, on the south end, the average number of men employed on it thereafter being twenty-five hundred daily. On the 19<sup>th</sup> of July, 1879, as the great enterprise was approaching completion, its master spirit, Louis Favre, was laid low by the hand of death, being overcome by an apoplectic attack while inspecting the interior of the tunnel. The work went on, however, and, on the 29<sup>th</sup> of February, 1880, communication was opened between the two ends, and the telegraph triumphantly announced to the world at large that the great Gothard tunnel was at last an accomplished fact. It is stated that in its construction 2,200,000 lbs. of dynamite for blasting, and 3,800,000 lbs. of oil for illuminating purposes were consumed, and that



*Favre's monument  
Airolo.*





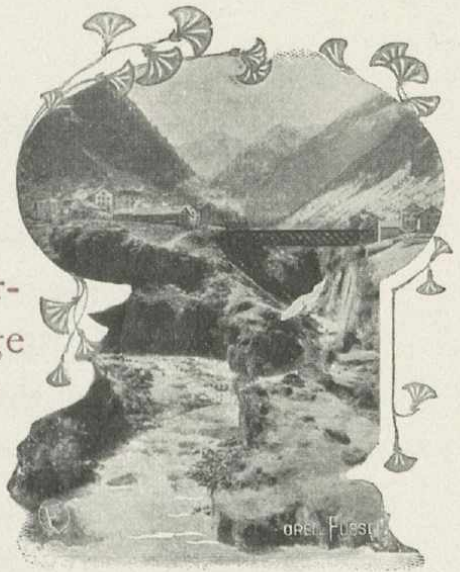
31,800,000 cubic feet of rock were removed. Since the beginning of 1899 the tunnel has been artificially ventilated by means of the Saccardo system of ventilation, operating from Göschenen, which sends a constant supply of fresh air into the tunnel, so that the unpleasantness caused by the smoke of the engines is no longer occasioned. The time occupied in the transit varies, according to speed, from sixteen to twenty minutes.

But what a wondrous change these few moments have wrought in our surroundings! As we emerge from the tunnel's darkness into the blinding sunlight, it is indeed difficult to believe that we are still in Switzerland. The architecture, the costumes, and physiognomy of the people, the very signs over the doorways, are all Italian. "Handlung," for instance, has become "Negozio," the "Wirtschaft" is transformed into a "Trattoria," and the "Gasthaus," is no longer a "Gasthaus," but an "Albergo." The railway station, too, instead of being called a "Bahnhof," as it was over on the



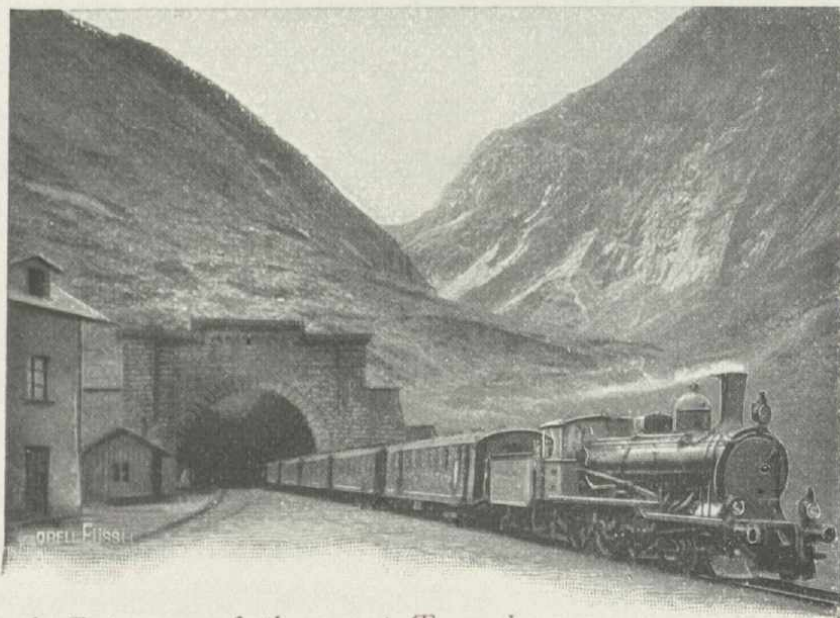


other side of the mountain, is now a "Stazione." Surely, we are in Italy. No, not yet; but we are in Ticino, a Canton of Switzerland, with Italian as the language of its people, and, as we follow the valley of the river Ticino (or Tessin) down from Airolo, just as we followed the Reuss up to Gæschenen, we shall soon per-



*Bridge near Gæschenen.*

ceive, in the luxuriance of the vegetation, the azure of the skies, and the unwonted balminess of the atmosphere, that sunny Italy is certainly not far away. The ride down the valley is no less charming than was its predecessor from Fluelen to Gæschenen; there are some more circular tunnels, and wonderful bridges, and a bewildering



*North Entrance of the great Tunnel.*



succession of wild bits of scenery, with feathery, snow-white cascades, leaping from the summits of lofty cliffs, or bursting



*The Ober-Alp diligence.*

forth from some cranny in their sides, and falling hundreds of feet through the air; brawling glacial torrents, hurrying down over beds of boulders, eager to reach the distant sea; eyries, where apparently inaccessible chalets are perched; fantastic rocks, seamed and split by long-forgotten convulsions of nature; endless battlements and walls, "rock-ribbed, and ancient as the sun"; and, darting through, over, beyond, them all, now disappearing

into a tunnel, now leaping a chasm, now skirting the edge of a precipice, the glistening steel-tracks of the Gothard railway, which has conquered this wilderness and transformed its fastnesses into a *pleasure ground* for man.

Through such a scene as this it is that we pass from *Airolo* to *Biasca*, a distance of twenty-seven miles; it is, practically, the descent of the mountain. At *Biasca*, we shall have neared



*Devil's Bridge.*



the sea level by twenty-seven hundred feet since leaving the tunnel. Nor is the natural scenery of this part of the route its only interesting feature. True, it seems as if we were passing out through some vast cathedral of granite, with the Hospice behind us as its altar, the blue vaulted heavens its dome, the gorges through which we go its aisle, and Biasca its portal. Yet as we go, there are other sights and memories which attract our attention.

*Airolo* has been almost entirely rebuilt since its destruction, by fire, in 1877. From this point begins the ascent, by road, to the Gothard summit, via the oft-described *Val Tremola* (or Shaky Valley, as it might

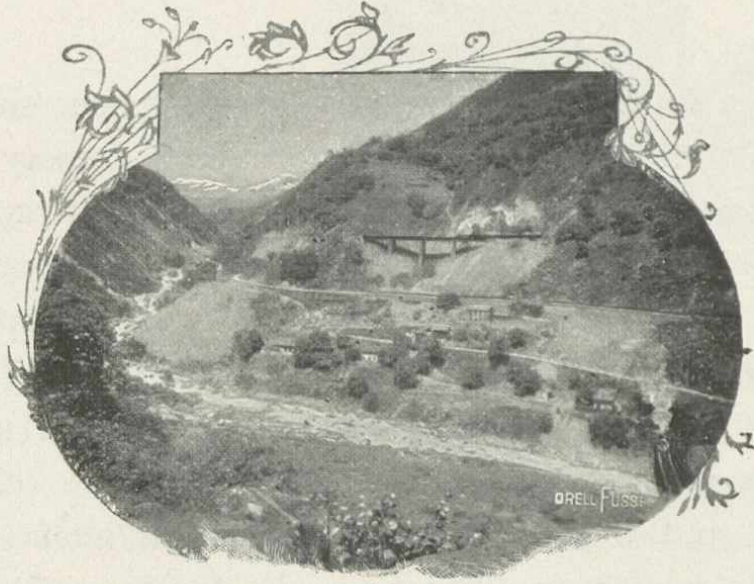


*Stalvedro.*

be called in English), the sinuosities and zig-zags of which must be seen to be understood by the traveller.

On leaving *Airolo*, the railway leaps the *Ticino* by a bridge seventy-two feet in height, and then rushes through the narrow *Stalvedro pass*, and past *Ambri-Piotta*, and *Rodi-Fiesso*, passing through the *Dazio*, *Freggio* and *Prato* tunnels (the two latter circular ones), then crosses the *Polmengo* bridge, two hundred feet long,





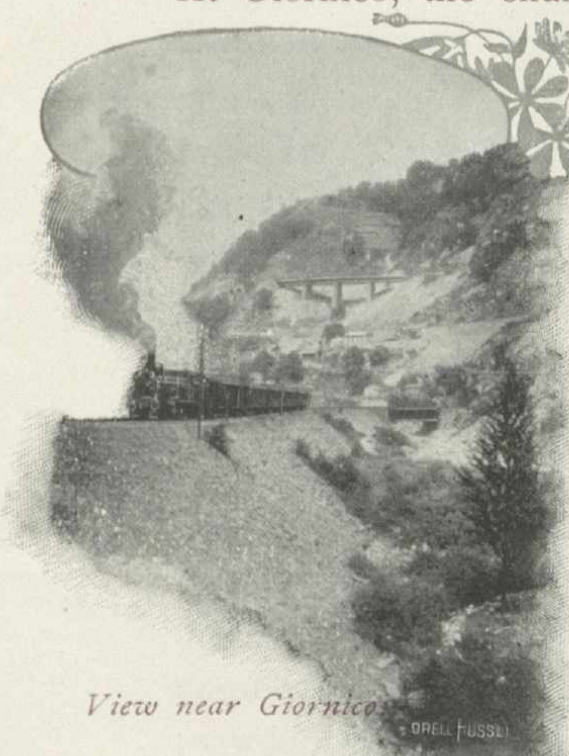
*Windings of the line near Giornico.*

passes through the tunnel of the same name, finally crosses the *Ceresa*, and reaches *Faido*, the capital of the *Leventina* or the Ticino valley. Here we are not only charmed by the waterfall, known as the *Piumegna*, but are also struck with the beauty of the other surroundings, thoroughly Italian, and the increased richness of vegetation and foliage, the magnificent chestnut trees commanding especial admiration. Near *Lavorgo* just beyond, the most beautiful of cascades, the *Cribiasca*, is visible from the train. We begin to notice here, too, the cultivation of the grape and the mulberry. We pass the *Biaschina* gorge, rattle through some more tunnels, straight and circular, and presently come to a standstill at *Giornico* station, the town being about a mile and a half distant to the south. It is beautifully situated, and was formerly a fortified place; and it was near



here that in December, 1478, a few hundred Swiss won a complete victory over the Milan troops, by rolling down upon them immense boulders from the mountain side. The battle is, to the present day, spoken of by the Tessin people as the "Battle of the Big Stones" (*ai Sassi Grossi*).

At Giornico, the churches of San Maria and San Nicolo da Mira—the latter said to be built upon the site of a pagan temple—are to be noted by the visitor. At *Biasca*, the view is ravishing, and the tourist realizes that, at last emerging from the mountain's fastnesses and from the domain of rock and torrent, he is entering once more upon smiling, sunny landscapes, where the vine and the fig-tree flourish.

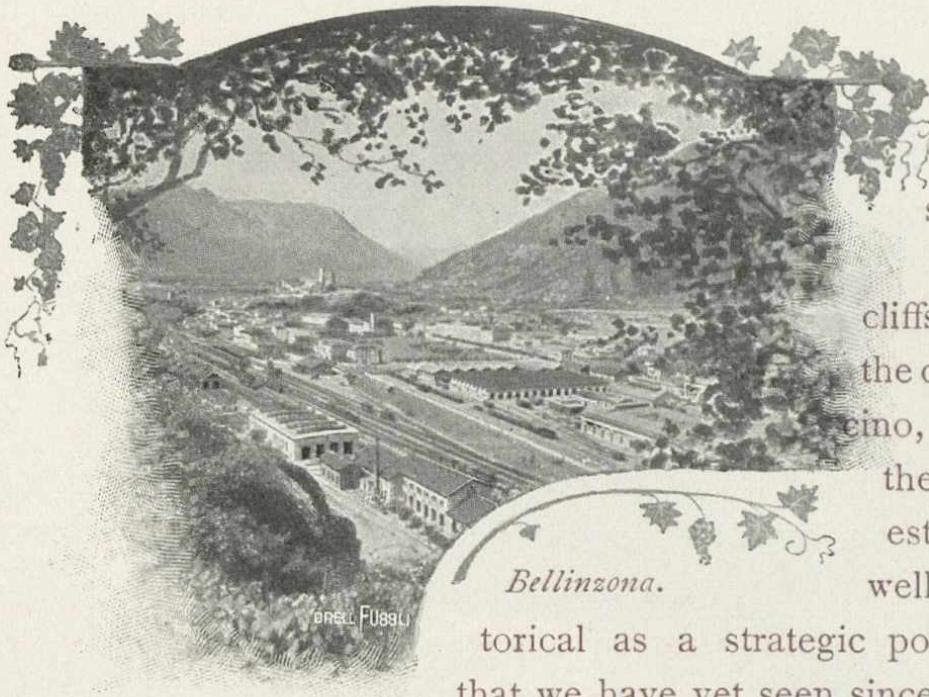


*View near Giornico*

Here, in a sheltered nook at the junction of the Ticino and Lukmanier valleys, upon a fertile plateau walled in by the *Pizzo Magno* and other towering cliffs, from one of which the *Froda cascade* falls like a snowy bridal-veil, lies *Biasca*. Upon a height overlooking the station, is the Chapel of St. Petronella, a pilgrim shrine much frequented.

And now, skirting the east side of the valley,





beneath the shadows of overhanging cliffs, we reach the capital of Ticino, *Bellinzona*, the most interesting point, as well from a his-

torical as a strategic point of view, that we have yet seen since our departure from Lucerne. A glance suffices to show its military importance, for it completely blocks the valley, and thus becomes the key to the route from Lombardy to Northern Switzerland and Germany. In its early origin it is supposed to have been intended to serve as a fortress for repelling the inroads of Northern tribes upon Italy.

On the east rise the steep crags of Mount *Forio*, and opposite, the cliffs of *Corbario*; upon the former are the castles of Uri and Schwyz; upon the latter that of Unterwalden, all three of them fortresses which, up to 1798, belonged to the three Cantons whose names they respectively bear, but now lying partially in ruins. From these castles, a high and strongly-built wall stretched entirely across the valley, the city gate being the only opening through which passage, up or down the valley, was permitted. The city itself has a



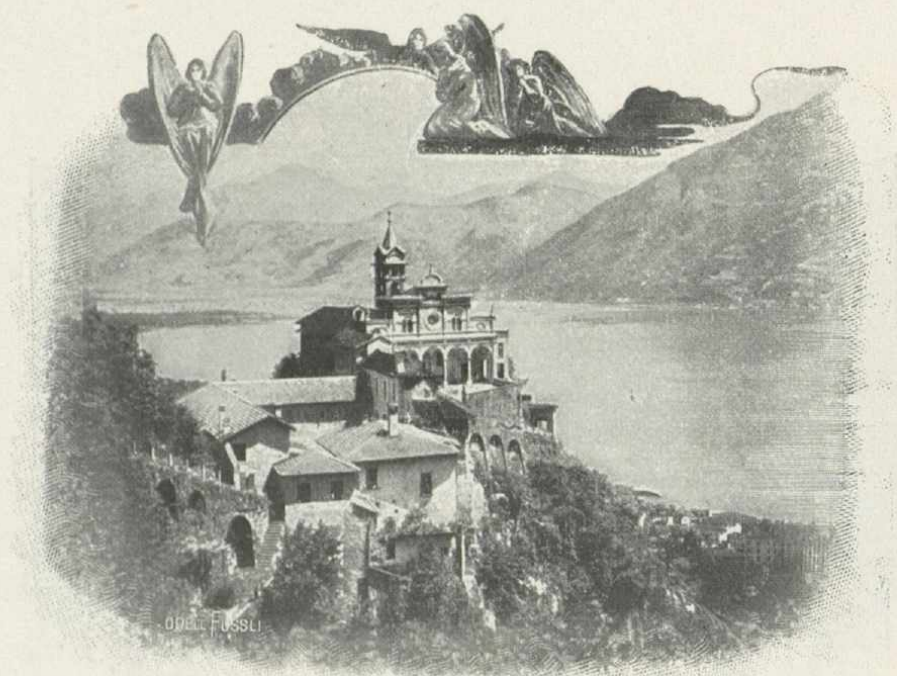
population of about four thousand, and enjoys a very large and profitable commerce in wine, cheese, and rice. It is estimated that, prior to the opening of the railway, upwards of twenty thousand pack-animals passed annually through Bellinzona, going up or down the valley. The architecture of the city is tasteful, and, in many cases, even pretentious. Over the portal of the principal church are still to be seen the arms of the Ducal family of Visconti of Milan, consisting in the figure of a serpent bearing a child in its mouth. The church itself contains eleven altars, all of marble, and adorned with rich paintings. There are also Ursuline, and Zoccolanti (Franciscan) Convents, while the present Government building was also formerly an Ursuline monastery, and contains a handsome bust of General Dufour. In the Palazzo formerly dwelt the Landvogt, who was appointed alternately from one of the three ruling Cantons above mentioned.

About three miles beyond Bellinzona, just after passing *Giubiasco*, the railway to *Locarno* and *Luino* on *Lago Maggiore* branches off from the main line, and, still following the valley of the Ticino, passes through a fertile and smiling landscape. At *Cadenazzo* it forks again into two branches, leading respectively to the two termini above mentioned, the former lying on the western shore of the Lake, near its northern extremity,



the latter on the eastern shore, some miles further to the southward. The situation of *Locarno* is especially charming, and elicits at once an exclamation of delight, as the blue waters of the lake come in sight. Sheltered from the northern winds by the overhanging hamlet-dotted mountains, with the mirror-like surface of the lake before, and a wealth of magnolias, laurels, and chestnuts about it, *Locarno* invariably charms and fascinates the arriving stranger. To obtain an excellent view of the entire surroundings, one should ascend to the pilgrim church of the *Madonna del Sasso*, standing on a wooded cliff above the town, and containing a painting by Ciseri, representing the Descent from the Cross. The history of Locarno is also of much interest. It boasted, already in the fourteenth century, a population of five thousand, many of whom were, by religious persecutions, compelled to emigrate. Among these were the families of Orelli and Muralt, who established themselves at Zurich, founded great manufacturing interests, and are to-day among its most honored citizens. The festival of the Virgin's Nativity, which is celebrated annually at Locarno, on the eighth of September, always attracts a very large attendance of strangers. The *Val Maggia*, the *Val Bavona*, and *Domo d'Ossola* offer to the summer sojourner in this vicinity a great variety of pleasant excursions.

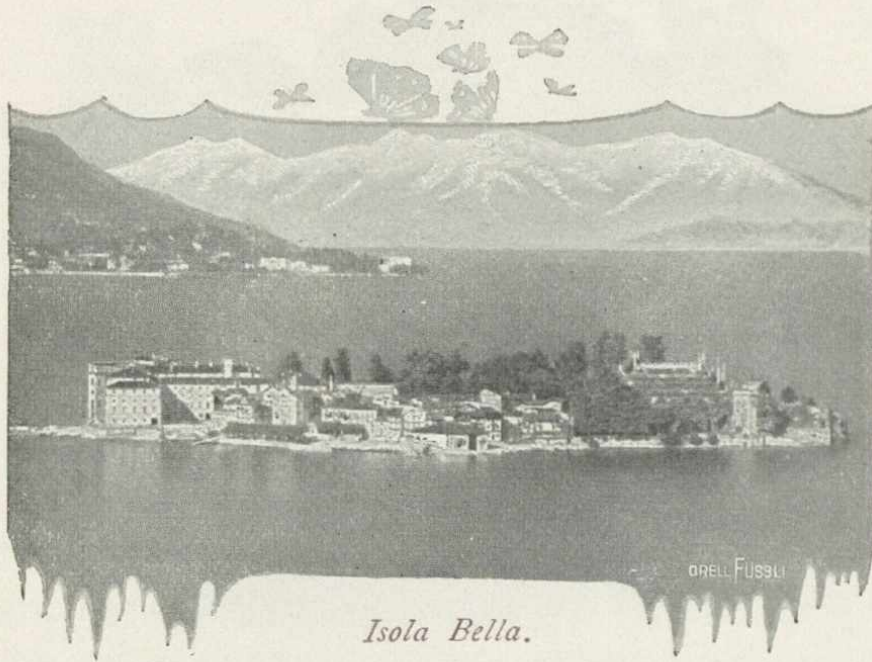




*Madonna del Sasso, Locarno.*

From Locarno, or Luino, one may take steamer for any point on the lake, the entire passage to *Arona*, at its southern end, occupying, including stoppages, about six hours. From *Luino* runs the railway connecting *Lago Maggiore* with the *Lake of Lugano* at *Ponte-Tresa*; from *Laveno* that connecting it, via *Varese*, with the *Lake of Como*, at *Como*; and from *Arona* the railway running, via *Gallarate*, direct, in two hours, to *Milan*. The sail on the lake itself is a living panorama, never to be forgotten. It is after passing *Cannobbio*, *Luino*, and *Oggebio*, that one first realizes the true, the indescribable beauties of this *queen of lakes*. *Intra* lies upon the western shore, and just above it, one may see no less than six successive villages, situated in line, one above the other, on the long slope of the hillside. Opposite





towers the huge form of *Monte Ferro*, with the station and landing-place at *Laveno* nestling beneath its shadow. Following the shore round from *Intra*, we come in full view of *Pallanza*, and the four *Borromean islands* (*Isola Bella*, *Madre*, *dei Pescatori*, and *San Giovanni*), and, beyond them, *Baveno* and *Stresa*, at which latter point the beautiful summer villa of the Duchess of Genoa attracts the visitor's attention. A visit to any of the islands can be comfortably made in a small boat from either *Stresa*, *Baveno*, or *Pallanza*, and will well repay the visitor, especially those to *Isola Bella*, or *Isola Madre*. Beyond *Stresa* the scenery becomes less bold, yet none the less pleasing in its tranquil softer beauties. Near *Arona*, on the south bank, and plainly visible, from the steamer's deck, stands the massive statue of Saint Carl Borromeo, erected in 1697, on an adjacent hillside.



Resuming now our journey by the main line (from which we have temporarily diverged to visit Locarno and Lago Maggiore), we commence the long ascent of *Monte Cenere*, obtaining every moment a grander view of the *Ticino valley* spread out like a map below, until finally, near the summit, the scene is abruptly shut out by a tunnel, from which we emerge to find our way through the *valley of the Agno*, past *Monte Camoghè*, and by *Taverne*, to *Lugano*. From



the high ground on which the station stands, and which is connected with the city below by a funicular railway, we already gain a fascinating panorama of the lake, the surrounding mountains, the town, and the broad valley stretching away to the north of it. Descending into the city, one finds that it possesses all the characteristics of an



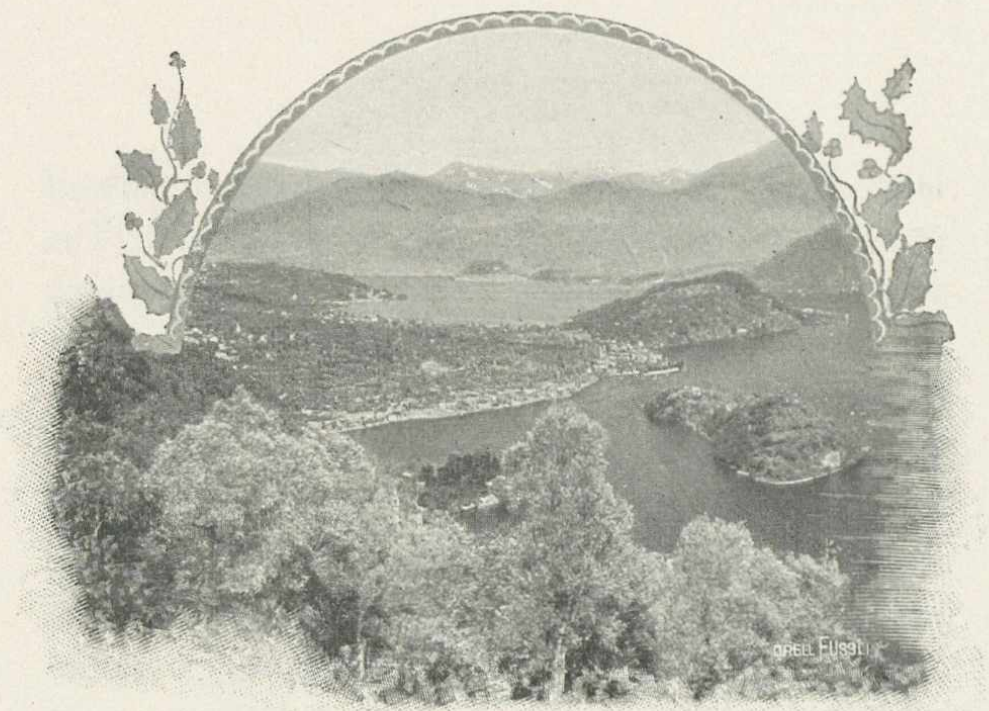
ancient Italian town. The outlook from either of the steamer landings along the lake front is extremely attractive, with Monte San Salvatore and its funicular railway on the right, Monte Caprino on the left, and in the foreground on either side the shaded quays and stately buildings of Lugano, while beyond one sees in the distance the bridge at Melide and the hazy heights of Monte Generoso in one direction, and, in the other, the blue waters of the Lake stretching away, beneath the shadows of villa-dotted mountain slopes, toward Osteno and Porlezza. In the narrow streets and arcades of the inner town there is much that is quaint and picturesque to charm the visitor, and the church of Santa Maria degli Angioli, adjacent to the Hotel du Parc, and the Cathedral of San Lorenzo, half way up the hill toward the station, are both worth seeing. The villas and gardens about Lugano are unusually attractive, and the neighbourhood abounds in enjoyable excursions, both by water and land. Many tourists take steamer hence to *Ponte-Tresa*, whence a short run by rail brings them to Luino, and the beauties of Lago Maggiore, just described above. The favourite route of travel, however, is from Lugano, by steamer, to *Porlezza*, little over an hour distant. At *Osteno*, *en route* thither, are the famous grottoes of Osteno and Rescia, much visited by tourists. From Porlezza, at the north-eastern end of the



lake, a railway carries the tourist, in a ride of one hour, to *Menaggio*, on *Lake Como*. The view obtained from *La Croce*, the point at which the lake first comes in sight, is indescribably grand, embracing nearly the entire lake, while the descent from this elevation to the lake at Menaggio, is a ride of thrilling interest. At *Menaggio*, or at *Bellagio*, opposite it, the traveller whose leisure permits may well afford to stay awhile for rest and recreation among the charms with which Nature has so lavishly endowed this locality. Both places offer the best of accommodation for a stay of a day or *an entire season*, and from either point there is frequent communication with *Colico*, *Lecco*, and *Como*, the termini, respectively, of the three arms of the lake. To these shores, in ancient days, were wont to resort the more æsthetic among the Romans; both the Plinies were born at Como.







*Lake of Como.*

At Como, where there is much of historic interest, connection is resumed with the Gothard main route to Milan, only one hour distant. The round trip just described can be comfortably made in a single day. The direct run by the Gothard, on the other hand, between Lugano and Como, via Chiasso, the Swiss frontier station, requires less than an hour's time. In other words, one may leave Lugano by boat about ten in the morning, make the tour of the Lakes of Lugano and Como, and then return, via the Gothard line, to Lugano, by about ten o'clock the same evening. The route from *Lugano* to *Chiasso* is extremely picturesque, skirting the lake shore around the base of *Monte San Salvatore*, then crossing the lake at *Melide*, by a stone causeway, 2509 feet in length, with bridges at either end, and running



thence along the eastern bank to *Capolago*, at the base of *Monte Generoso*, aptly termed the Rigi of Italian Switzerland, largely frequented by the Italians as a summer resort, and commanding an extended view embracing the Lakes of Lugano, Como, Varese and Maggiore, the plains of Lombardy, and on the north all the Alpine chain from Monte Viso to the Ortler. A cog-wheel railway, constructed at great labor and expense, and first opened to travel in 1890, conveys the traveller comfortably from Capolago in about an hour to the spacious hotel near the summit, passing on the way an ever-changing panorama of entrancing woodland, lake and mountain scenery. The hotel itself is a first-rate one, provided with every modern comfort and convenience; and now that it has been rendered accessible by rail via the St. Gothard and the Monte Generoso railway, it is probable that this picturesque and salubrious mountain resort is destined to become one of the best known and most popular in Italian Switzerland and Northern Italy. For it is only  $7\frac{1}{2}$  miles further, at *Chiasso*, that we reach the Italian frontier, and the Swiss terminus of the Gothard line. *Como* is but three, and *Milan* thirty-two miles beyond, the line thither traversing a thickly populated region of rare agricultural beauty. On every side lie moss-grown landmarks of Lombardy's historic past, half hidden by the overgrowth of a new



civilization. Charmed by the reveries inspired by this mingling of the ancient and modern, the traveller finds the remaining moments of his journey slipping away unobserved, and ere he is aware, the train which has brought him through the Gothard's wild fastnesses rolls smoothly into the spacious station at *Milan*, where direct connection is made with express trains for Florence, Rome and Naples, or for Venice, or for Genoa, San Remo, Mentone, Monte Carlo, Nice, and Cannes.

*And now, reader, our journey over the Gothard is completed. Together we have passed through and admired its varied charms, its wilder fascinations, and its softer beauties, together we have wondered at Nature's grandeur, and at man's ingenuity. Let us ever carry the beauteous picture with us in memory. It will prove a solace for our troubles, an enlivenment for our weary moments as long as we shall live.*








*The Cathedral at Milan.*



# RAILWAY MAP OF SWITZERLAND

St. Gothard Railway Co.  
LUCERNE.

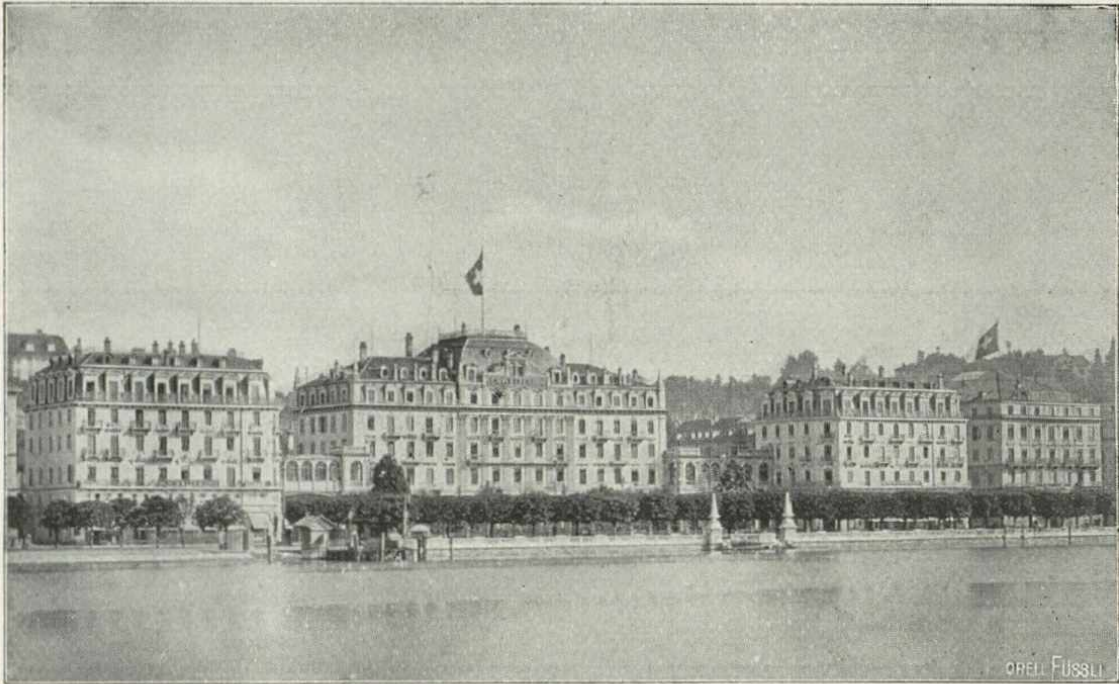
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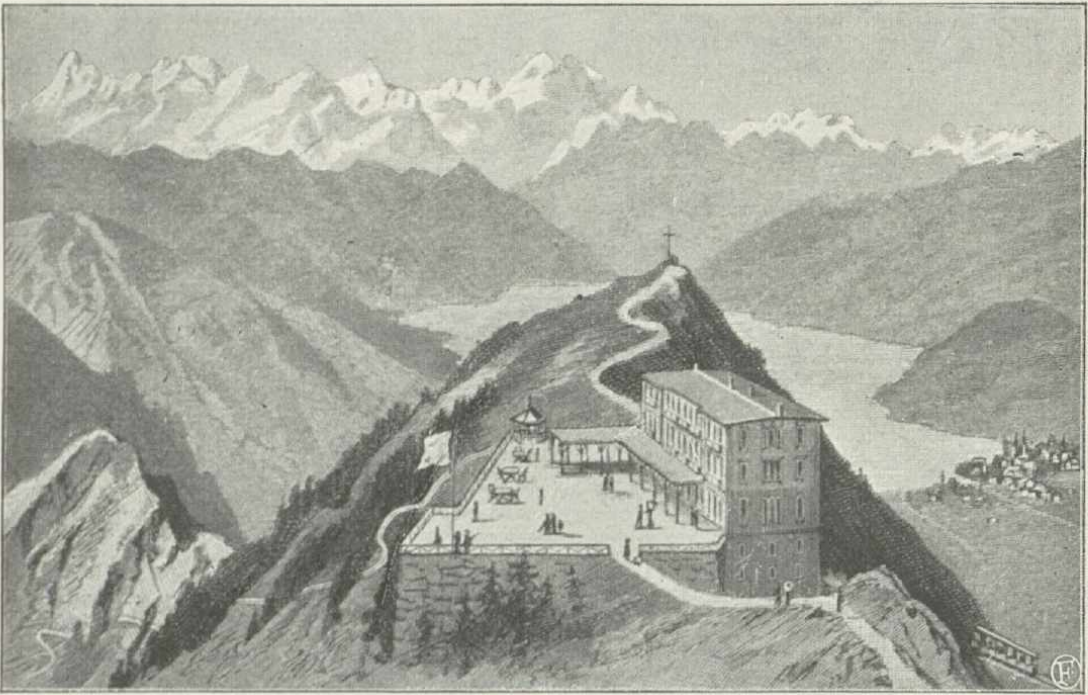
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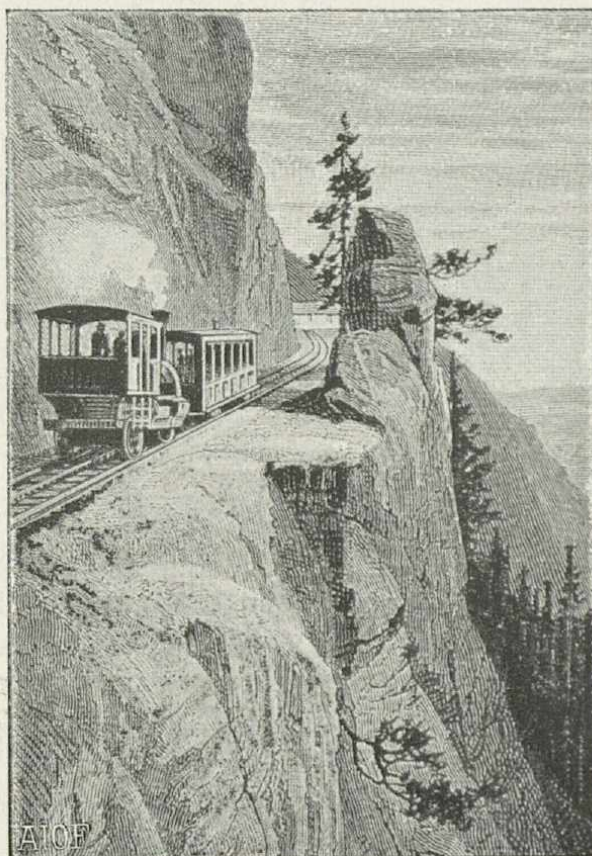
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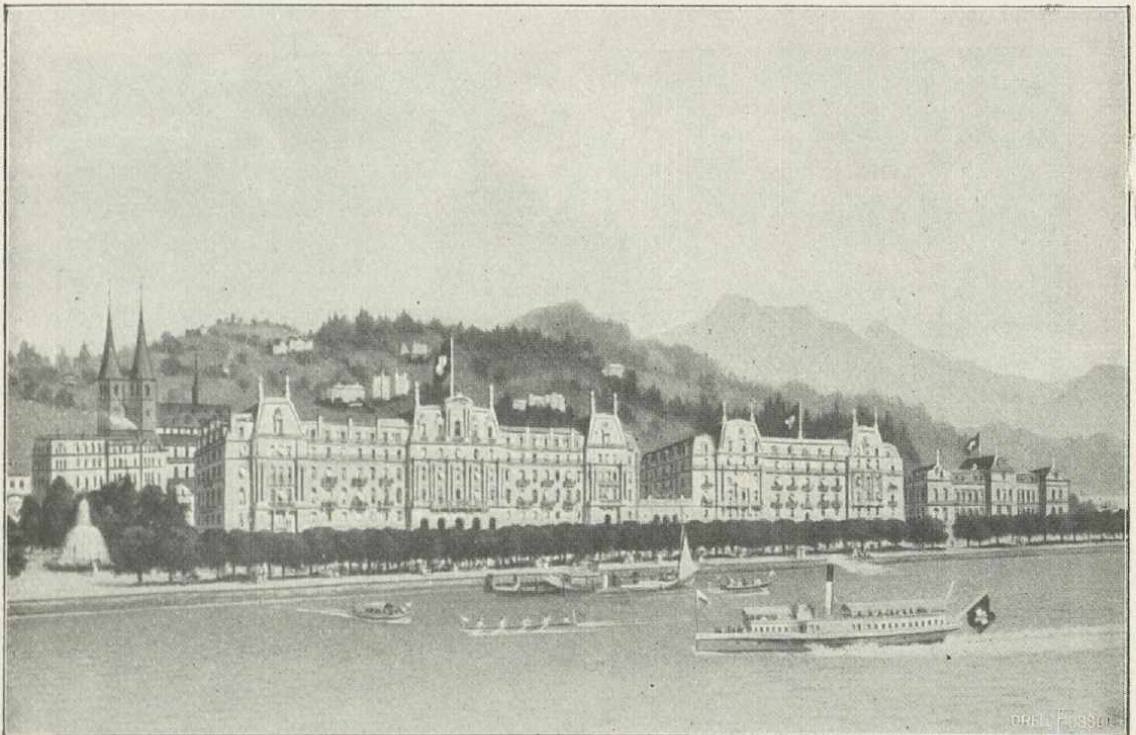
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