

Hotel Monte Moro Laas.

August 31st
1859

My dear Papa

On Sunday evening we made our way up to the Riffelberg Hotel and next morning ascended the Gorner Grat, descended to Terinatt, dined and proceeded on to St Nicolas, which was a very hard days work.

There we slept, and next morning the Evanses went on at 5 a.m. to Viesch, I started for Stalden at 8.30 and at 4. p.m. arrived at Here. On the way I fell in with two Subliners who I take for counter skippers

or something of that kind,
but decent fellows in their
way, and with whom I expect
to cross allonte M. ~~It~~

We were to have started
this morning, but it was
raining so much that it
was out of the question.

In this Hotel ~~there~~^{are} about
9 people at present all
Englishmen - amongst them is
Winchcliffe, of Alpine
celebrity. I am beginning
to think that volens volens
I shall have to pay a morning
visit to Milan on account
of the Austrian visa for the

Tyrol, as people tell me they
think the visa I have is not
enough. However I might
run down on Sunday perhaps
from Orta. It is most
desperately cold up here, and
I shall be glad enough to
get down into Italy; at this
moment it is raining desperately
and is so cold that I can hardly
hold the pencil. The road
from Visp to Stalden and
thence to Saas or Zermatt
is very much the same character
all the way, i.e. a horse path
winding along the the mountain
side at some 300 feet above
the river, which pushes boiling

and roaring over a rocky bed.
Some of the glacier streamers
which join it form splendid
cascades, one of them is the
finest waterfall that I have
seen since the Handeck
falls, yet it is scarcely
mentioned ~~it~~ in the guide-
books.

September 9th Macunaga.

We pushed on yesterday evening,
making a slight detour by Fee,
to Matmark, two hours
beyond which is the Matmark
Hotel, surrounded by glaciers
and about the most desolate
looking place possible to
imagine.

However it was very comfortable
and nothing to complain of
except the coffee. Last night
it was blowing hard and
piercingly cold, but on getting
up this morning at 4.30 we
found the wind gone down
and the weather quite fine.
We started about 6 a.m.
(it was freezing hard then)
and about 8.30 reached the
top of the pass, not having
been more than 15 minutes
crossing the glacier. We then
ascended the Theodulhorn,
about 45 minutes climb, from
which had a view reaching
from the Oberland peaks

to the Appennines and from
Monte Rosa to the Ötztal
in the Tyrol. The weather
was glorious, but intensely
cold. We then descended
over some more glacier and
snow, then a scrambling
descent over rocks, and ar-
rived here at 2.30.

Hotel du Parc Lugano Sept. 4th
On the 2nd we left Macinaga
& walked down the Val Anzasca
to Ponte Grande, where we met
an Englishman with whom
I had shared a room at Zermatt,
and with whom we took a carriage
to Fariolo on L. Maggiore.

There we slept and next day ~~arr.~~

did the Islands and went on
by steamer to Luino, from
which we proceeded by carriage
to Lugano. We journeyed at
an amazingly small expence
everything being divided into four.
I was greatly delighted with
L. Maggiore - everything combines
to make the country lovely
- blue sky - bright sun - balmy
(that is the true word) air - green
mountains - blue water - black
eyes and swarthy complexions.
The lake of Lugano seems
even more lovely, but then it
is small and not so Italian
looking. This afternoon I
leave (alone) for Cato Lago

per steamer, thence by omnibus
to Como, and reach Chian
about 9.15 a.m. Tomorrow I
shall spend there and hope
next evening (Tuesday 6th) to be
in Chiavenna from which I
shall make my way as quickly
as I can, via Splügen, to
Innsbruck. You had better
direct your next letter to
P. R. Innsbruck, and if
convenient I wish uncle W.
would enclose a note for
the Tegern See people.

I could not have gone to
Orta without incurring much
additional waste of time &

& money, so I threw that plan
over board. The Val d'Aoste
is certainly most lovely, soft,
rich mountain scenery which
is brightened by a blue sky
and luxuriant foliage.

I never ate such quantities
of fruit before, as I have
in the last day or two, on
Isola Bella I bought a
large plate filled with peaches
figs and plums for 4^d!!

Indeed you get a gigantic
bunch of grapes for three
halfpence! I am greatly
delighted with what I have

seen of Italy and not in
the least disappointed; this
place, though ~~completely~~
in Switzerland, is completely
Italian in all points, excepting
this Hotel which is almost
entirely German.

As to language I get on
very well with French, my
stock of which has been
much increased by travelling.

It almost seems to me
as if I could speak Italian
it seems so easy and like
French & Latin mixed together.

I have not heard from you

since I was at Geneva, and
though I suppose there may be
letters at Chamouny, Aix,
or Geneva, I have not sent
back any directions, for
my route is so apt to change
that I can give no settled
directions. - I have got quite
accustomed to this wandering
life and look upon "a run
down to Milan" just as I
would upon "a day in Wicklow"
and it seems so odd to
be within 6 hours of Venice
(as I shall be at Milan) and not
to go there.

But I dare say that by
the time I get up to church
(I hope to be there on or before
the 25th) that I shall have
had enough of travelling for
the present, though indeed
the further I go, the further
I wish to go.

Francis E Prendergast.