

or *Sampion*, the first is through *Switzerland*, tedious and long; the other is through *Valesia* more delightfome, and short.

Wee meeting opportunely with a guide who had been conversant in the way by *Sampion*, made our agreement with him, that hee should beare all our charges, for horse, Diet, and lodging, till wee came to *Geneva*, wee paying him eight pistolls a man.

*The passage over
the Alpes.*

Our first dayes journey to *Sesto* at the foot of the *Alpes* was by Coach, wee dind in the midway *Alla Castellanza*; Three miles short of *Sesto*, tis very remarkable to see how on a suddaine the *Alpes* break off the flat Countrey, like a wall to
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part *Italy* from her neighbours *France* and *Germany*.

Thereabouts wee had in full view the Mount *San Bernardo Il grande*, the highest Terrasse in *Europe*. And wee could perfectly discerne it about foure *English* miles to out top the Cloudes.

That night wee lay at *Sesto*. The next morning before break of day, wee tooke boate to passe over the *Lago Maggiore* (in Latine *Verbanus Lacus*) so cald not that tis the biggest amongst the *Alpes*; but because the River *Ticinus* passeth through it into the *Po*, so that all Merchandise is thereby transported out of *Helvetia*, Six mile beyond *Sesto*, wee past by *Arona* a strong towne in the Dutchy of *Milan*, three yeares since besieged by the *French*; it stands on the
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side of the Lake, and against it is *Angiera*.

All that morning wee had a pleasant passage going *Terr' a Terra*, till about three in the afternoon wee came to *Marguzzo* a poore village at the end of the Lake.

Here began the difficulty of our voyage, wee could see nothing but a *Series* of Rockes, heapt to the skies upon one another, yet to get over wee are constraind.

From *Marguzzo* wee had horses to *Duomo*, that forenoon was not so tedious as wee expected it would have been, for wee rode rather through then over the Mountaines in a very fruitfull though narrow valley.

Having dind at *Duoro* wee changd horse, and so the way requird;

required; being mounted we presently got two miles higher where wee met with extreame hazardous way, and deep Precipices to boot. (Believe mee *Hanniball* had a most hard taske to lead an army over the *Alpes* — *Difficilis est ad Astra Via.*)

Our horses though tract up in those pathes, seemd to tell their steps and pick out their footing; however in this slow pace wee got safe to *Vedra* fixe mile beyond *Duomo*, the last village in Datchy of *Milan*.

The next morning about three mile farther, wee enterd into the *Paese de' Valesi*; a most barbarous disconsolate place, a Habitation for Wolves and Beares.

Our *terminus Visus* was most hideous Mountaines, coverd with snow, on all sides terrible