

young lady of our knowledge died from a Righi-cold that season. Poor martyr to the 'Romanesque de rigneur,' the rigorously romantic.

The river near the town contains few *trout*, but large grayling—from three quarters of a pound to two pounds are plentiful, and they rose freely at our flies. They are but little esteemed for the table in Switzerland; and as for fly-fishing! the Englishman meets with no competitors in that sport on the Continent of Europe, unless it be some ragged pot-fisher who thinks it worth his while to manufacture a vilely clumsy imitation of his flies. While we were at Lucerne there were at least six English gentlemen diurnally flogging the Reuss with laudable perseverance—two Barristers, one General Officer, a Clergyman of illustrious name, a Peer of the Realm, and the son of a Peer.

A few days of dryer weather set in, as the almanacks say, 'about this time.' There was a hot sun by day, but the instant the sun had set a penetrating, wintry cold succeeded. One day we accompanied a friend on his way to Brunig pass, as far as *Samen*. We took a boat with three rowers from Lucerne, along the Lake of Lucerne (Proper) and up the narrow southern branch of the Lake which washes the base of Mount Pilate, to *Alpnach*. The boats used on the Lake of Lucerne are flat-bottomed—resembling punts rather than boats—and we should think they must be unsafe in rough weather. The rowers stand in the stern and do not pull but *push* the oars with a jerk at every stroke. Any British boat and crew would have very easy work in beating them. We parted with C. near the lake of Samen, and returning to Alpnach again took a boat to *Winkel*, a pretty village about three miles from Lucerne. The sun had set and the cold wind and dampness upon the lake were benumbing.

We caught trout in the Lake of Lucerne which were silvery and without spots, like salmon fresh from the sea. There is no impediment to sea trout and salmon running from the River Rhine up the Reuss into the Lake; but we were assured that these salmon-like fish were the common trout of the lake. We were not, however, convinced on this point. The common trout (*salmo fario*) found in the Reuss are spotted as all trout that we ever saw have been more or less, except sea-trout. In the Lake of Geneva where it is impossible there should be salmon trout—because the Rhone which carries off its waters falls into the Mediterranean Sea, where there are no salmon—we found the trout, whether large or small, not materially different in appearance from the common trout of British lakes and rivers, and not at all like the white trout of the Lake of Lucerne.

On the 26th September, after ten days' rain, with few transient intervals of sunshine, we left Lucerne at 9 a. m. in the Diligence for Berne. It happened to be a fine morning, which showed to advantage the pleasing hilly greenery of the route. The journey occupied eleven hours; nearly half of which was occupied in ascending the valley of the lesser *Emme*, a stream which falls into the Reuss about half a league below Lucerne. The greater part of the descent