

good one, a number according to its merit, arose in its place. The proceedings altogether appeared to give great satisfaction. Most of the men who fired did not bring their own rifles, and those they used were very heavy.

Schwytz is more like a town than Murray led us to expect it was, and contains fountains, statues, and a choice of Inns and Churches. Opposite the Muotta-Thal, and visible from Schwytz eastwards, is the wide valley which lies between the Righi mountain and the *Rossberg* of disastrous memory, and which encloses in its basin the small lake of Iowertz. The tale of the *Rossberg's* landslip has been told too often to need repetition. Approaching the lake of Iowertz from Schwytz along the base of Mount Mythen, you may see at the upper end of the lake a *ridge* of still bare-looking rock and earth reaching from the summit of the long unpicturesque *Rossberg*, across the valley up to the base of the Righi. The Lake of Iowertz is as muddy as are nearly all the smaller lakes of Switzerland.

The most beautiful walk we were able to take with any profit, from Brunnen, was along the margin of the lake of the Four Cantons, to *Gersan*. The path skirts noble forest trees, which clothe the mountain side, and turning the angle of the mountain, the Bay of Uri with the snow capped peaks beyond, makes a grand picture. The people of Schwytz are reputed to be the most superstitious catholics of the Confederation. We observed that frequently in the course of a day the majority of the population, ragged and mendicant, would turn into the neighbouring church, and in a few minutes turn out again, headed by a priest; it seemed marvellous with what rapidity a congregation could be both collected together and dispersed in a satisfactory manner. Begging is decidedly 'fashionable' in this Swiss central valley. Half of the people beg. Most of the women rejoice in *goitres*—they really appear to be proud of them; and several cretins, God forgive us, deceive the unaccustomed traveller with the supposition that there must be a menagerie at hand.

A Russian lady at Brunnen informed us of a new regulation of her Emperor's, of which we afterwards heard abundant doleful confirmation, viz: that *Eighty Pounds sterling* is the price now exacted for a passport from all Russians who travel out of their country, unless they can produce a medical certificate that their health requires the baths or climate of other countries—in which case the price is reduced to *Eight Pounds*. It is said that the Emperor has already been much surprised at the number of invalids in his dominions. The hotel keepers who had been of late years accustomed to reckon nearly as much upon their Russian as their British customers, will, no doubt be dismayed by the change. But, then, for their consolation be it known, the crop of *American* travellers is yearly increasing!

On the 6th September we again got on board the steamboat and returned to Lucerne in a deluge of rain, which continued all the next day. Lucerne is built on both sides of the river Reuss facing the lake just where it is meta-