

Sunday, the morning after we arrived at Brunnen. An arch of boughs to which the landlord's sister contributed a wreath of Dahlias, was erected to welcome the heroes of the rifle who were expected to arrive during all that week. Below the Dahlias hung four lines of verse, the import of which was that all who dwelt in every part of 'Alpen-Land,' would be sure to meet, from the men of Schwytz, an outstretched 'bruder hand.' Our landlord was the President of the Brunnen Marksmen, wherefore and because of the rain, the brass band of Brunnen performed in the Inn; and at night there was speechifying (landlord in the chair) and more music, which soon grew louder and less harmonious until the bass trumpet was fairly out of breath.

The German Swiss are as musical as other Germans, and there are few Inns without a piano in the *salle-a-manger*. The women of the family are usually good performers, and it is common enough for rough looking men to sit down at the piano and play, and sing the best music with considerable taste and execution. We were several times gratified by an impromptu concert of this kind while at Brunnen. In French Switzerland, knowledge of music is much less general.

We were two days in this place before the sky cleared, even for a few hours, so as to discover the scenery of the valley. When it did so we perceived that we were at the opening towards the lake of a little plain about half a league wide, and three miles (English) in length, enclosed on either side by bold green hills, partly covered with wood and partly by very verdant pasturage; dotted with white houses as if it were all one village with vegetable gardens rather than fields around them, and a long white agglomeration of houses at the upper end, above which arose apparently in a sheer precipice (of about 4400 feet) the flattened mass of Mount Mythen with his two broad horns. The houses beneath were the little town of Schwytz, the capital of that Canton, and the very heart of Switzerland, built as it were on the last step of Mount Mythen. The population of this small valley is now about 7,000. We followed the broad straight road which leads to Schwytz, and near the town crossed by one of the usual covered wooden bridges, the turbid and swollen Muotta. When approaching Schwytz from Brunnen, the Muotto-Thal, the gorge down which the Muotta torrent rages, appears like a chasm in the mountains on the right hand at the upper end of the valley.

The unceasing echoes of the rifle practice which rung among the hills, naturally attracted our steps to the scene of action. There we found a long building with the ground floor open on one side to fire from, and a refreshment room above; the building full of men, women and children; cake and apple stalls surrounding it—and altogether a scene resembling a Fair rural *at home*. Opposite this building at a distance of—we can't say how many—yards was a row of targets. At every shot which hit a target, a long stick immediately pointed to the place hit, and then down went the target; and if the shot was a