

of our Jehu, who fearing probably that we should fail to observe the phenomenon, continually pointed to the mountains, crying *schnee! schnee!* Assuredly *schnee it was*, and we arrived shivering at Lucerne.

We will reserve our remarks upon Lucerne until we return thither, a week later, for on the morn of arriving there we left again in one of the steam boats by which this lake is regularly navigated—forming a part of the regular line of communication with Lombardy over the St. Gothard. Again the elements were unpropitious; the deck of the steamer was untenable, and we were forced to take refuge in the cabin. We disembarked at Brunnen, in the Canton of Schwytz.

Brunnen is situated at an angle of the Lake on the northern side, and commands a view both up the Bay of Uri and down the central portion of the 'Vier Valdstätter See.' For this supposed advantage and also for its central position for other excursions, we selected this little town. The Bay of Uri is generally considered to be the finest portion of the five-armed lake; but in our opinion it is too close to the mountains. From the neighbourhood of Lucerne a much finer general view of them is to be obtained. A person who wished to appreciate the whole design of the St. Peter's at Rome, or the St. Paul's at London, would if he could (but he can't in either case) choose a certain distance neither too near nor too far off, to look at them. No one would select a spot within a few yards of the walls. This is equally true with regard to mountains, and such a point of view is also usually attainable.

Any one must have observed how surely mountains gain in height and grandeur when viewed from a comparatively slight elevation. In this there is also a scale to be attended to according to the height or distance of the object to be appreciated. The celebrated Righi is too high; so high as to diminish the effect of height in the surrounding mountains, and shrink the lakes into pools. The said Righi is nearly as accessible from Brunnen as from Lucerne; but we did not reach it thence. For seven days, excepting for two afternoons, snow fell on the mountains, and cold rain in the valley. Stoves were not lit, and chimney corners did not exist, so there was nothing for it but to wear one over another all the few coats which had at starting been reputed *the traps* for the journey.

Three adventurous Britons endeavoured at this time to surround the Muotta-Thal, a pass which leads from the valley of Schwytz (of which Brunersee is the *port*) to the Luit-Thal, in the adjoining Canton of Glarus. But the inclemency of the weather made the thing impossible. They remained for three days at the Village Inn at Muotta, where no one could speak any other language than *Helvetic German*—which even Germans fail to understand—and were obliged after this to return to Schwytz without being able to accomplish their object.

It was sad work for the Cantonal 'Tire,' which commenced at Schwytz on