

of view which surpass anything witnessed from the old-fashioned diligence.

The ride from Flüelen to Göschenen is one of surpassing grandeur, and is, I think, the finest I ever had in my life. The snow-clad mountains, the dark green forests, the deep valleys, the foaming torrents and waterfalls, the bright sunshine, make up a picture of sublimity and beauty which I thank God for permitting me to behold. In one narrow defile—the Schöllenen—



BRUNNEN.

precipices rise a thousand feet in the air, and the snowy Reuss raves along its channel far below. In four leagues the river descends 2,500 feet. The road winds along the edge of the chasm, or boldly leaps across in a single arch. Far up the mountain sides can be seen the mountain cattle and goats, on slopes so steep that you wonder they do not slide down. The loftier summits glisten with their crown of snow, or are swathed in a mantle of cloud. They give a new sense of vastness, of power, of sub-