

of the grandeur of the Swiss mountains to the south, piercing the clouds far off. Passing the romantic Zug, you come to the valley between the Rossberg and the Righi, and the denuded face of the former tells you whence came the mass of ruins over which you clamber, and which buried the villages of Goldau, Bussingen, and Rothen several hundred feet deep with blocks of stone and soil. Long and steep is your ascent of Righi, nearly six thousand feet above the sea. But the views you obtain by the way become wider and grander at every step. Reaching the summit near sunset, you may be gratified by a panoramic view of a large part of Switzerland, embracing its wildest and grandest scenery. Yet, if the clouds prevent, you wait for the morning, in the hope of being more fortunate. With the earliest dawn you awake, and proceed to the summit of the mountain, where hundreds, perhaps, from all civilized lands, are congregated, to witness the rising of the sun. But a dense cloud envelopes the mountain, and hope almost dies within you. Wait, however, a few moments, and the rising sun will depress the clouds below the mountain's summit, and a scene of glory shall open upon you, which can never be erased from your memory. Look now, for the sun's first rays have shed a flood of glory over the clouds which now fill the valleys beneath your feet. A fleecy white predominates; but the colours of the prism tinge the edges of the clouds, and no part of the solid earth rises above them, save the pinnacle on which you stand, and to the south the higher peaks of the Bernese Alps, the Jungfrau, the Eiger, the Shreckhorn, and the Wetterhorn, covered with snow and glaciers, and seeming too pure to belong to earth. Indeed, the whole scene seemed to me to be unearthly; the fittest emblem that my eyes ever rested upon of celestial scenes; and one cannot repress the desire, when looking upon it, to be borne away on wings over the glorious scene, and to repose for a time upon the georgeous bed, forgetful of the lower world. Yet when, at length, the clouds begin to break away and disclose the deep valleys and blue lakes, places made immortal by the deeds of such patriots and reformers as Tell and Zuinglius, we feel again the attractions of earth; and as we descend to Lake Lucerne, we have before us such scenery as scarcely any other part of the world can furnish. And these scenes continue, in ever-changing aspects, wherever we