

had a pleasant talk looking out upon the lovely lake, whose beauty recalls the lines of Byron :

Fair Leman woos me with its crystal face,
The mirror where the stars and mountains view
The stillness of their aspect in each trace
Its clear depths yield of their fair light and hue.

In the afternoon I sailed on the "Bonnivard" up the clear blue lake to the Castle of Chillon, at its upper end, stopping at these memory-haunted spots—Coppet Nyon, "Sweet Clarens," and many another famed in song and story. Splendid views were obtained of Mount Blanc, hanging like a cloud on the horizon. The sloping shores were clothed with luxuriant chestnuts, walnuts, magnolias, and vines, and crowned by tasteful villas, old castles, or magnificent modern hotels. At Montreux, in company with a German artist, I took a small boat for the Castle, which rises in sullen majesty from the waves. This gloomy tower has been used as a prison for over a thousand years. What bitter memories of wrong and sorrow could its rude walls tell! Over the gate are the mocking words, "*Gott der Herr segne den Ein- und Ausgang*"—"God bless all who go in and come out." An intelligent and pretty girl conducted us through its vaulted dungeons, the torture chamber, with its pulleys and rack, and the ancient Hall of Justice, with its quaint carving. She showed us the pillar to which Bonnivard, for six years, three centuries ago, was chained; the marks worn by his footsteps in the floor, and the inscriptions of Byron and Victor Hugo on the walls. As the afternoon light streamed through the narrow loop-holes on the arches and columns, and on the fair face of the girl, it made a picture in which Rembrandt would have revelled.

Chillon ! thy prison is a holy place,
And thy sad floor an altar,—for 'twas trod
Until his very footsteps have left a trace,
Worn, as if the cold pavement were a sod,
By Bonnivard !—may none those marks efface,
For they appeal from tyranny to God.

I returned by rail to Lausanne, the road climbing the steep slope, and giving grand views of the lovely lake. The Hotel Gibbon, at which I stopped, was formerly the property of the great historian of the Roman Empire. I sat beneath the chest-