

boulevards. It is here that we get the finest view of the lake. To-day it is as smooth as a mill-pond. How beautiful! The graceful latten schooners are motionless, or if they move, it is from the impulse of the long noiseless sweep. One wonders how such curious craft can live in a rough sea. But they do. Their turtle-back decks are hermetically sealed, so that the sea washes right over them, and they have a good grip of the water, often drawing as much as seven or eight feet. The crew consists of three men, and they never carry more than the two triangular sails. Some of them are three hundred tons burthen. They sail well—never looking to better advantage than when running before the wind, wing and wing; then they look at a little distance like a huge albatross dipping into the sea.

It takes forty-five minutes to cross over to Cuchy, the port of Lausanne. At the head of the quay, stands a grim old sentinel tower, of whose early history I could learn nothing from the oldest inhabitant, whom I interviewed in the garden in front of the Beau Rivage Hotel. A modern palace this seems to be, with a gateway and an approach fit for a ducal mansion. Gardens like this, attached to the leading hotels, are common in Switzerland, and this is one of the finest, laid out in the graceful English style, and kept in the best of order. In it are some splendid specimens of *Wellingtonia gigantea*, cedar of Lebanon, *magnolia grandiflora*, and of the various tribes of larch and spruce. A little railway, worked by a wire rope, hoists us up to Lausanne, the capital of Canton Vaud, with a population of 27,000. Its cathedral of Notre Dame, erected 1235-75, is the finest in Switzerland; when you think you have got to the top of the hill on which it stands, you must still climb a flight of a hundred and sixty steps. The church is 352 feet long and 150 feet wide. The arched ceiling is sixty-six feet from the floor, and is said to be supported by a thousand stone columns, single and in clusters. The interior is in good preservation, massive and plain. Around the semicircular choir, where formerly the high altar stood, are a number of handsome monuments, and, in the centre, the two communion tables used at the present time. The Hotel de Ville, or Town-Hall, is a good specimen of Swiss

architecture, but aside from the cathedral, the new Federal Tribunal for the use of the Supreme Court of Appeal—recently transferred to Lausanne from Berne—is the finest building in the town, and perhaps in Switzerland. Its design and workmanship would do credit to any country. The view from the terrace in front of it is magnificent. It was in the cathedral that Calvin and Farel and Viret, contended for the Reformation so successfully that Canton Vaud came out from the church of Rome, and Vaud is to-day one of the most pronounced Protestant Cantons in the confederacy, the number of Protestants and Catholics being respectively 211,686, and 17,592. And it was in the hotel called by his name, that Gibbon completed his "Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire." Here, too, other great men have left foot-prints, of whom the time fails to tell. At present there are said to be three thousand English speaking residents in Lausanne, including many young people attending the schools for which it is celebrated.

Again we are on the blue water, skirting the northernmost shore of the lake, which here presents a panorama of surpassing beauty. An hour's sail brings us to Vevey, with its grand hotel, its turreted chateau, and smiling villas. That old tower! this old church! these vineclad hills! those merry waterfalls leaping again and again from a height of a thousand feet!—all are indelibly photographed on the minds' eye, but they are not transferable to paper by this hand. Rousseau, in his 'Nouvelle Heloise,' depicts this scenery in magnificent language. Byron calls it 'as beautiful as a dream.' The Empress of Russia, when here, declared that she was living in 'the most beautiful country in the world.' Clarens—"sweet Clarens!" is within a mile of Montreux, the culminating point of this romantic neighborhood, where at least three Canadian pilgrims are likely to remain for the rest of the winter. It is only half an hour's walk from the castle of Chillon.

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

Yes, and here it stands to-day as it has stood for centuries—one of the best pre-