

fished from the bottom of the lakes in these later days. But, by far the finest sail in Switzerland is that from Lucerne to Fluellen, at the further end of the Lake, where the scenery becomes grand beyond description. There you are at the foot of those great Alpine ranges that lift their white heads above the clouds. There are points on the lake where dark headlands so overlap each other, as to seemingly bar the way entirely: but, as you approach, it looks as though some Titan hand behind them slowly rolled the mountain barriers back, and, lo! you enter another enchanted chamber, still grander than the one you have passed through. Here we come to Tellsplatte, where the hero of Schweiz leaped ashore from Gessler's boat that was carrying him to prison, and, swinging himself upon the ledge of rock at the base of the Axenberg, so made good his hairbreadth escape. The chapel, said to have been built by the Canton of Uri in 1388 on this rock, has recently been replaced by that which now attracts the traveller's attention, and which serves to keep alive in the minds of a believing people the tradition which others, who have no personal interest in the matter and without investigation, glibly pronounce to be a myth. A story that has been credited in every part of the country for at least five hundred years is not unlikely to have been founded upon fact, and at least lends colour to the presumption that some such hero as William Tell did for Switzerland what William Wallace did for Scotland. On the opposite side of the lake is the plateau of the Rütli, where, it is averred by every Swiss, that on the night of the 9th November, 1307, thirty-three brave men assembled and pledged themselves in solemn compact to drive the oppressors from their soil. From that time, Tell or no Tell, the original Swiss Confederation is dated. Not far from the Rütli, a huge pyramid of rock rises out of the water, on which, in large gilded letters, one reads an inscription to the memory of Schiller, "The Bard of Tell," who has made Switzerland what Sir Walter Scott made Scotland, classic ground. It is just possible that five hundred years hence some wise-acre may arise and pronounce that no such individual as Schiller ever breathed! At Altorf, a short way from Fluellen, stands a monument to Tell, on the spot where he

is supposed to have drawn his bow and shot the apple from his boy's head. A little further on, up among the hills, we come to the village of Burglen, claimed to be the birth-place and the home of Tell, and find yet another chapel dedicated to his memory in 1522.

If Lucerne had no other attractions than the two grand mountains that stand like sentinels on either side of it, it would not fail to draw crowds of admiring visitors. Mount Pilatus lifts his rugged head to an altitude of 7,000 feet above the sea. The comelier summit of the Rigi is 5,906 feet high, or 4,472 feet above the Lake of Lucerne. The ascent of the Rigi is now very easy—too easy for some people—by two railways, one on either side to the Kulm or summit. The one from Vitznau, on Lake Lucerne, the other from Arth, on Lake Zug. The former, completed in 1871, is a marvel of engineering skill. The gradient is, of necessity, very steep, the average rise being about 20 feet in 100. The greater part of the way it is carried along the edge of a sheer precipice; here it passes through a tunnel, there it crosses a yawning abyss upon an iron bridge that seems like a spider's web up among the frowning rocks. The locomotive of 120 horse-power bites the central rail with a cog-wheel armed with steel teeth. The speed, which never exceeds three miles an hour, uphill or down, is regulated by breaks which have perfect control of the train, which, with its full complement of sixty to seventy passengers, weighs about twenty-five tons. By this one road, from thirty to forty thousand persons are annually hoisted up to the top of the Rigi. The view from the Kulm is magnificent, extending westward and north to the Black Forest of Germany, the Jura Mountains in the south, and to the east the vast chain of the Bernese Oberland, 120 miles in length, from which rise the white peaks of the Scheerhorn and Schreckhorn, the Finsteraarhorn, the Jungfrau and many others, from 12,000 to 14,000 feet high. On the highest point of the Rigi there is a first-class hotel with accommodation for five hundred guests. Besides this one, there are about a dozen others, having an aggregate of nearly 3,000 beds. Parties stay in these hotels for weeks at a time in expectation of seeing the sun rise in an unclouded sky; few actually do