

food, and flax was grown for the loom. Each family did its own grinding of corn or wheat, and its own weaving at home; but there are evidences that there were special houses devoted to the manufacture of implements for the household, the field and the chase. Copper and bronze were but little known, though there are relics showing these metals were sometimes used, and there is an earth-bed about the piles three feet deep, composed of animal remains and the results of human industry.

Centuries went by and then came the dawn of history. Then followed the traditions of the Roman legions and the Roman civilization. Old ruined walls and fragments of fortresses about the town recall the time when Latins lived on the Helvetian lakes and Vindonissa. Four centuries later than the birth of Christ, the Allemanic hordes came in and burned and built, and built and burned, in all the district. Zurich speaks a dialect in 1875 that was the Allemanic tongue of fourteen centuries ago. For five and a quarter centuries Zurich canton has been an independent, self-ruling republic—a faithful member of the Bund of the democratic states, composing Switzerland.

The city sits like a beautiful crescent around the foot of the lake. The old and the new are strangely intermingled in the houses, in the streets, and in the parks. Fair granite piles, built yesterday, stand side by side with queer old towers, walls and churches of two, three, and even five and six, centuries ago. The finest modern street covers a broad, deep ditch that was, in the olden time, a moat outside the military gates and walls. A lovely park stands where the walls of a Roman fortress have fallen to decay. A pretty school-house, of a modern style, crowds close upon a münster, built when Charlemagne was emperor. New fountains, built of brass and bronze but yesterday, are playing close by fountains and statues of another age. The railway train, that rushes to one of the finest railroad stations in the world, is met by the lumbering mountain *diligence*, and the shrill scream of the lake steamer is answered by the driver's horn.

There are streets that are broad and fair, and there are streets steep and narrow. The houses vary as the streets and as the times in which they have been built. But every house, high or low, good or bad, old or new, is built of stone, and built as if to last till the final trump of doom. High, old rusty-coloured buildings, with pointed gables and corner windows, still are seen. The entrances to these are cold, forbidding-looking halls, paved with brick or stone, and are as often at the back part of the house as at the front. The oaken doors, with their heavy iron knockers, swing to like gateways to a jail.