

tioned, the good people of Lucerne are more sinned against than sinning, by the coming among them periodically of wandering troupes of German and Italian mountebanks, and other lewd fellows of the baser sort, who are chiefly responsible for flagrant desecration of the Day of Rest, which does not accord with the inoffensive and decorous instincts of the Swiss people.

Being one of the most mountainous countries in Europe, a large proportion of Switzerland is uninhabitable. The available part of it, however, is densely peopled. It is a very pretty, rolling country, covered for the most part with green grass, very green, and adorned with fruit and forest trees. Pears and plums predominate, but neither are very good. Only a very small portion of the land is cultivated. The handsome, mouse-coloured cattle live and thrive in dark, ill-ventilated stables underneath the barns. The country people live chiefly by their wits, occupying their spare hours in those industries for which the respective cantons have become famous—wood-carving, watchmaking, embroidery, cotton-spinning, silk-weaving, wool-knitting, etc., in all of which they are very expert. Nearly all the grain, coal and iron used in the country are imported from Germany, and yet the balance of trade and commerce always comes out on the right side of the ledger.

As for Lucerne and its environs, it would be difficult to exaggerate its charms. The town is old. It is said to take its name from a tower still standing in the River Reuss, near where it rushes rapidly from the Lake, built by the Romans it is said, and by them used for a lighthouse (lucerna.) There is a fine old Cathedral whose twin tapering towers date from 1506. Two old fashioned wooden bridges cross the river obliquely. Both are covered with tile roofs and between the rafters on each is a series of curious paintings. On the one, the subjects are historical, 154 in number. The other has 46 ghastly pictures representing the Dance of Death, described by Longfellow in his "Golden Legend." The well-preserved city wall with its solemn watch-towers, seen from afar, adds to the picturesqueness of the place; but more than all, Lucerne owes its attraction to the lavish hand of nature, which has surrounded it with green hills and grand mountains, has set in front of it an emerald sea,

and bounded the horizon with the everlasting snows of the Uri and Engelberg Alps. Until the opening of the St Gothard R. R., a few years since, Lucerne had no commercial importance, but it is now increasing steadily. Its population is 20,000. Its hotels are among the largest and finest in Europe, and the number of visitors correspondingly numerous. "The Lion" of Lucerne is one of the principal sights of the town—a colossal figure of a dying lion carved out of the face of a rock, after a design by Thorwaldsen, the Danish sculptor, in memory of a band of Swiss braves who fell fighting for the French in 1792.

The Lake of Lucerne is "a joy for ever"—the Loch Lomond of Switzerland—with a variety and wealth of wild romantic scenery that Scotland cannot equal—unsurpassed even by Como and Lugano on the Italian side of the mountains. It is twenty-five miles long, in the shape of a cross, the extremities of the arms being some fourteen miles apart. The water is blue as a peacock's breast, and very deep. Twelve pretty steamers built of steel, that sit on the water like swans, and run like witches, meet the requirements of the travelling season. They are all built at Zurich and brought here in pieces by rail. The finest Swiss watch does not work more smoothly than do their beautiful engines. In the dining saloon you find all the luxuries of the season. On the upper deck you are sheltered from the sun by a canvas awning. It seldom rains. The boats belong to one company, so there is no racing. The officers are gentlemen, and the fares very moderate. Travellers to Interlaken, through the Brunig pass, take one of these boats to Alpnacht. The steamer darts from shore to shore many times, touching at pretty villages, nestling at foot of hills, dotted with red-roofed cottages—every village having its Church or Chapel with slender tapering steeple and its chime of bells. In the opposite direction, you reach Küssnacht, from which an omnibus takes you over the hill, by the Chapel erected on the spot where the tyrant Gessler fell, transfixed by Tell's avenging arrow, to the lake of Zug, where another steamer carries you to the quaint old town of the same name, where you may hear something about the mysterious, prehistoric "Lake-dwellers," who are only known to have existed here by the lacustrine relics that antiquarian research has