

the "meadow?" The steep slope, shown in our cut, is what they call a meadow in this land of mountains. And higher still is the cave in which sleep the patriot three, to awake in their country's hour of danger, to defend her ancient liberties.

"When the battle-horn is blown
Till the Schreckhorn's peaks reply,
When the Jungfrau's cliffs send back the tone
Through their eagle's lonely sky;
When Uri's beechen woods wave red
In the burning harlet's light—
Then from the cavern of the dead
Shall the sleepers wake in might!"

Near by is the noble Schiller monument, a rocky pillar eighty feet in height, fashioned in the morning of the world by Nature herself for the bard who was to hymn the rise of Helvetian freedom. The rock bears the following simple inscription, in golden letters:

DEM SÄNGER TELL'S
FRIEDRICH SCHILLER
DIE URKANTONE
1859.

"To the Bard of Tell, Frederick Schiller, the Forest Cantons, 1859."

Nearly opposite is the famous "Tell's Chapel," so familiar from pictures, where the hero leaped ashore, and where for four hundred years the simple peasants have worshipped at this tiny shrine in the sublime cathedral of the mountains. The whole region is rife with legends of William Tell. Critics try to make us believe that he never existed, because a similar story is told in the Hindoo mythology. But I am not going to give up my faith in Tell. I was shown the village in which he was born, and his statue, with a crossbow in his hand, erected on the very spot where he is said to have fired the arrow. A hundred and fifty paces distant is a fountain, on the place where his son is said to have stood with the apple on his head. After all this, how can I help believing the grand old story? I crossed the noisy Saachen, in which, when an old man, he was drowned while trying to save the life of a little child—a death worthy of his heroic fame.

High above Tell's Chapel, hewn out like a narrow shelf in the beetling crags, is the famous Axenstrasse,* or public highway, in

* On the occasion of my first visit I walked some miles along the Axenstrasse—a road hewn in the mountain side, high above the lake, and beneath tremendous overhanging cliffs of tortured strata, which in places are pierced by tunnels—and lingered for hours enchanted with the blended