

Here sits the priest, as faint and low,  
Like the sighing of an evening breeze,  
Comes through these painted lattices,  
The ceaseless sound of human woe.  
Here, while her bosom aches and throbs  
With deep and agonizing sobs,  
Which half are passion, half contrition,  
The luckless daughter of perdition  
Slowly confesses her secret shame !

Here the grim murderer, with a groan,  
From his bruised conscience rolls a stone,  
Thinking that thus he can atone  
For the ravages of sword and flame.  
Indeed, I marvel, and marvel greatly,  
How a priest can sit here so sedately  
Reading the whole year, out and in,  
Nought but a catalogue of sin,  
And still keep any faith whatever  
In human virtue ! Never ! never !"

A walk of nine or ten hours brings us to the top of the Rhigi. The fame of the Rhigi is comparatively modern. It stands in the midst of a mountain amphitheatre, but is itself 4,300 feet above the sea,—about the most advantageous height from which to view mountain scenery with real satisfaction. On our way to the Kulm, the highest point from Lake Lucerne, we pass the Chapel of the Holy Cross, founded in 1686, where masses are daily said for the shepherds on the mountains. Half an hour farther up we see a tremendous mass of rock wedged in between two other rocks, forming a sort of archway called the Felsenthor. Another half hour brings us to Kaltbad—cold baths—coldest in the hottest weather. Then we pass the Stoffel, and soon reach the Kulm. Modern enterprise has constructed a railway up this side of the mountain and robbed it of much of its poetry, unless it be poetic to travel by steam up and down a grade of nearly 45°. From the Kulm one has a wondrous view, the eye sweeping over an area of nearly five hundred miles square.

Looking toward the south you trace distinctly the Alpine chain, from Mount Blanc away into Tyrol, with its thousand glaciered ridges, horns, peaks, and towers. Towards the west and north, bounded in the far distance by the Jura chain, the eye takes in the varied picture of several Swiss cantons, comprising lofty mountains, pastured hills, narrow valleys, scattered