

push very heavy weights up steep slopes of no despicable grade, and other uses of the steam-engine were gradually surprising an unbelieving world; but a limit, and a narrow one at that, had been set to such possibilities by all but the most enthusiastic engineers. The old-fashioned tourist, in that land of mountain and lake and forest, when the prices were lower and wealthy Americans had not spoiled the unsophisticated inhabitants with their princely "tips," never dared to entertain the hope that these rocky steep slopes, so trying to his muscles, would one day be used as the ballast of a railway that would whirl him to the summit and back in half the time it then took him to climb the first thousand feet. The inhabitants of the country—the peasants, wood-cutters and hunters—would have treated with scorn the idea that soon their wild heights, their impassable forest and foaming torrents were to be conquered, cut through and crossed by a row of black waggons on wheels, drawn by a snorting, screaming steam-engine. But they have lived to see it, and it brings money into their country, and sentiment succumbs to lucre. Streams of people, who could never have witnessed the sublime panoramas that open out from the summits of those wild heights, can now pay their fare at the bottom, and provided they possess a minimum amount of nerve, can be whirled off and comfortably deposited on the top without danger, aching limbs, or any trouble whatsoever. Such is the nineteenth century.

While it is, doubtless, a pleasing reflection that the weak and otherwise incompetent can now enjoy the grandeur of Alpine views with the strongest and most hardy climbers, it must, at the same time, be painful to the true lover of nature, especially of her wilder moods, to see her grandeur marred by the prosaic, the common-place, and the money grabbing spirit of the age. Mountains possess a strong personality that the real climber only thoroughly appreciates, while it is only he who can understand the pleasure of conquering after a hard fight and standing on the summit with the world beneath his feet.

These mountain railways now run everywhere. From the Lake of Lucerne to the well-worn summit of the Rigi; from the vine-clad slopes of the lovely Lugano, the black lines shoot straight as a bee-line up the steep side of Mont Generoso. From the lake of Thun to the mountain valley of St. Beatenberg may be seen the same steel rails; and lastly, even up the grim steep slopes of the great Pilatus there lie the same ugly tracks that traverse the flattest fields of the journey from Calais to Paris. How the wandering spirit of dead Pilate, as, according to the legend, he haunts the caverns and precipices of this dark giant, must have