

halls, with a general look of discomfort and desolation within. He will find little furniture in the rooms and but few pictures on the walls, unless they be some patron saint or rude cuts of William Tell. He will find, too, that a village full of pleasant faces, home comforts, and industry here, may be neighbour to a village there, where thrift and industry and pleasantness were never known; so great is the change of circumstance noticed in the distance marked by a mountain, a river, or a vale. He will find in the fields and over all the farms, old, crippled ways of doing things that must have been old and crippled before the flood; and, should he hint at newer or better ways, his hint will provoke only a shoulder-shrug and a doubting laugh. He will find peasants living, not thriving, in places where goats alone can walk erect, and where men do not walk on level ground a dozen times a year. He will see some happy peasants; he will see more unhappy ones. He will see men and women bearing the summer crop of hay upon their heads, down mountain sides so very steep that only grass and shrubs can grow and keep from falling off.

He will find each villager a perfect shot and a good singer. Rifle corps and singing clubs parade with banners and drinking-horns continually. Like the Swiss people of the larger towns, the villagers have a tendency to clubism. Every male person must have his club or clubs as soon as he is out of school, or free from the restraint of parent or guardian; and the greatest joy a Switzer has, is to meet his club companions on a holiday, at feast or fair.

The Switzer peasant's cares are few and, like his income, very light. He mows his hay, he herds his goats, he prunes his vines, and leaves the outcome of the work to time. His taxes, if he be poor, are fortunately never great; yet there are many, many mortgaged farms, and many of the farming men are never out of debt. He is a democrat, and that of the straitest sect; for, though his worldly gear is bounded by a mortgaged farm, he has his goats and cows and grass and hands, and, better still, he has his vote and voice in every law that regulates his life. The great machine called government, is made in part by him, and his in part are all the forests, waters, roads, and mines, that lie within the boundary of his commune. The government that he has helped to make is, fortunately for him, not dear. The bills paid out to run the government machine are almost equalled by the bills paid in. Local taxes are usually comparatively small, as the schools, the church, and the roads, are always receiving help from the general fund.