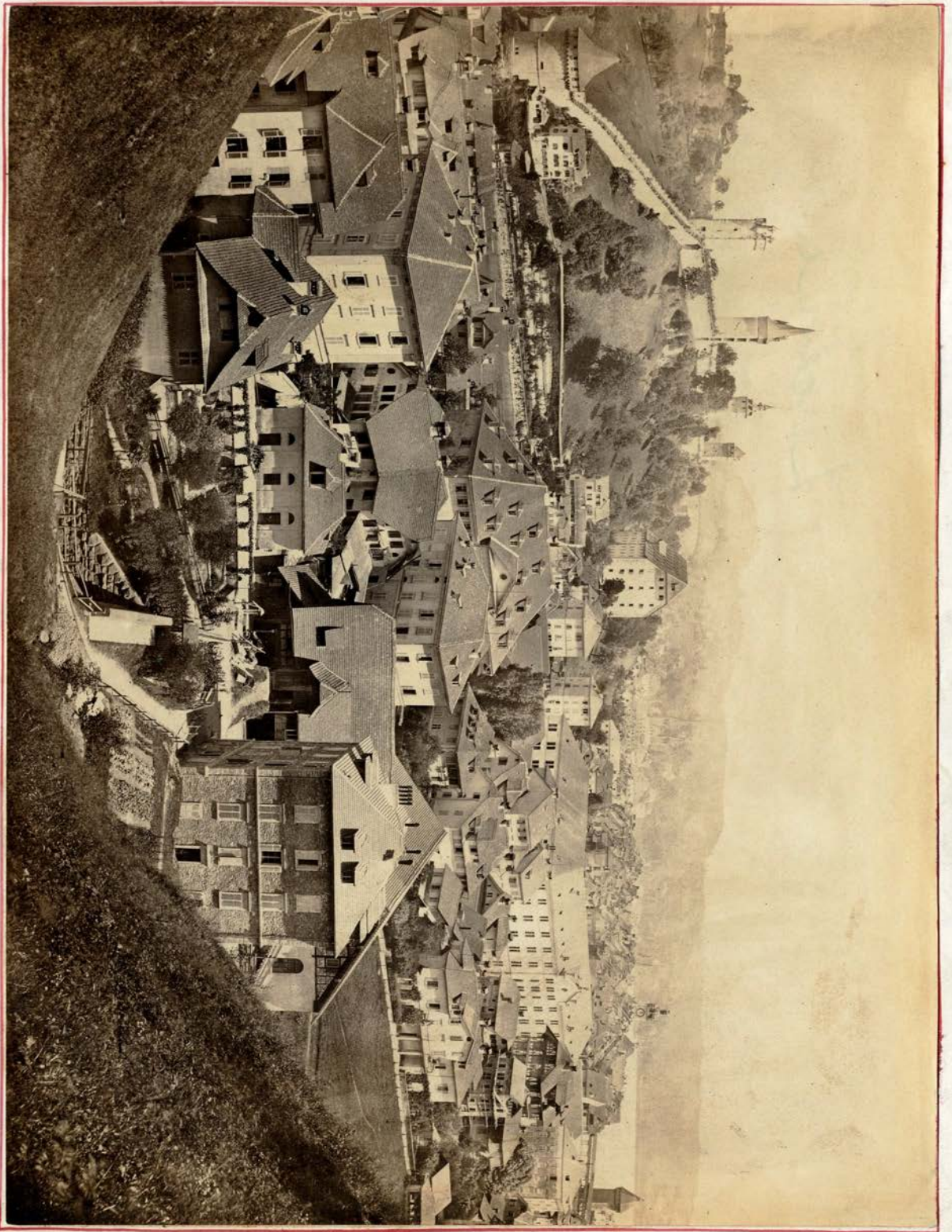


Flurme



by most travellers, & guide book compilers. —
A bend in the lake soon revealed the spires of
Lucerne. The Rigi rose opposite in motionless
complacency either at, or with its own popular-
ity. On its very ridge was a spectre of a house,
looking hardly large enough for a wren, but ca-
-pable of accommodating 20 or 30 parties such as
ours. — Up that ridge we had to be raised before
sunset, somehow or other. We had but four
hours in Lucerne, & in those four hours, a res-
-pectable dinner had to be taken in a respect-
-able manner, — the Cathedral to be done, — the
-gabled frescoes of the Bridges to be examined,
— the feudal wall & its four watch towers to be
-inspected, & of course Thorwaldsen's Lion would
-feel slighted if forgotten. Therefore, in the
-blazing sun, we defied sun-strobes, & sped to
-the Cathedral. There we were convinced that
-amongst the craftsmen of Lucerne — gilders
-were amongst the most able, & moreover that
-gold-leaf was procurable. These three altar

-pieces were most brilliant. In the graveyard we found some strange old monuments in bas-reliefs. Whilst inside the Cathedral the bell for noon-day prayers began to toll. So we hurried away, & cut off corners to reach the monument erected in memory of the Swiss Guards, who fell whilst defending Marie Antoinette, at the French Revolution, - for that, we must see, even if we miss the Tour, & incur cross looks from the "maître de l'hôtel".

After much jirouetting in search therefore, with a garçon to aid us, at last we confronted the wounded lion. The figure, cut out of the sandstone rock is 28 feet long, and eighteen feet high. It is a most impressive memorial of the slain. There cannot be a more beautiful picture of fidelity & resignation amid heroic suffering than this. The colossal lion is represented as



Monument to the Swiss Guards.

stricken, & dying, & grasping with its paw, as if by instinct, the lily of the Bourbon. The cicerone in red uniform, professes to be one of the survivors of the strife.

On gaining "Hôtel du Rigi," ten minutes was still at our disposal, - we spent

it in the direction of the Bridges, & just
on turning the corner of the Street, whom
should we see but Mathilde, our
fellow-traveller up Mountanvert, and
companion at Grindalwald! But time
was on the wing, & would only admit
of a greeting, & a parting. - Truly those
waiters at Hôtel du Pige were expeditious
that day; if we halted a second, but to
break a morsel of bread, - our plates
vanished as by legordemain, - your
eyes, you thought, fell on your plate,
but really rested on blank diaper. They
had splendid bouquets of flowers, to or-
nament the table, & a tasteful way of
framing, by up centres, from the
table to the ceiling. - After dinner,
we prepare in good earnest for our as-
cent of the Pige. -