

now; but, on the way, we will make a detour to the left, up that street where we can trace the row of buildings leading obliquely over the hill. That is the Street of the Lion,—the Lion of Lucerne, that we have known all our lives in casts and photographs and wood-carvings. Map No. 3 shows, with a red 8 near its northern margin, the location of the famous rock-sculpture.

8. The Lion of Lucerne

Art critics may discourse as wisely as they like about the sentimentality of Thorwaldsen's conception, and its inaccuracy in the matter of zoological anatomy; the fact remains that there is something very dignified and pathetic in the effect of this unique monument. It is carved, as we see, in the face of a ledge of sandstone. Water trickles over the face of the ledge and is gradually wearing off some of its lines. We can read easily the Latin inscription over the carved recess: "To the faithfulness and valor of the Swiss"; but parts of the detailed inscription below are becoming illegible. The sculpture itself is about twenty-eight feet long and eighteen feet high. We all know the story. A regiment of eight hundred Swiss soldiers, sworn to the service of Louis XVI of France, were the appointed guards of the Tuileries on that fateful August day in 1792 when the King was summoned before the popular assembly. As soon as the royal family had left the palace a howling mob rushed in to take possession. The leader of the mob ordered the Guards to surrender their charge. One of the Swiss

officers answered: "What you ask is an insult. The Swiss do not give up their arms. We will not leave our post of duty."

There were eight hundred Swiss, but the rioters numbered thousands. The Guards fought well; each man defended his place till he was overpowered and murdered; but at the end of the day the palace was sacked and set on fire. Every Swiss was dead.

It was some fifty years later that the Danish sculptor, Thorwaldsen, designed this memorial. The lion means, of course, the Swiss, strong and fearless. The shield with the Greek cross is an emblem of the home-land, Switzerland. The shield with the fleur-de-lis is the emblem of France. A spear has killed the lion, but even as he dies he guards the emblems of both lands, his head sinking on the lilies of France.

The Swiss had for several centuries the custom of entering the military service of other nations, and the fact has sometimes been used as a reproach. But there are always two ways of looking at a thing. Said a critical foreigner one day to a Swiss: "The difference between us is, you fight for money,—we fight for glory."

"Yes;—we both fight for what we haven't got."

Map No. 3 shows marked with a 9 a place on this same hill, a few rods east of the Lion, a good standpoint from which to look back, southward, across the outlet of the lake. Now look at the upper left corner of the preceding map, No. 2. Here the proposed standpoint 9 is located in such a way as to show what there is to see

beyond the lakeside town. We shall look across to Mount Pilatus,—Pilate's Mountain.

9. Lucerne and the Lofty Pilatus

This magnificent peak was all the time behind us, a little at our right, while we stood on the hill west of the town looking down on the river (Stereograph 6). The building with the two steeples, just before us, is the Hofkirche, a sixteenth-century church that we noticed when we were standing by the farther end of the Kapellbrücke (Stereograph 7). We can see just a bit of the bridge now, with the old Water Tower beside it, at the extreme right, over the roof of that enormous hotel. The open bridge, at the left of the Water Tower, is the one which we saw before at the right of the tower (Stereograph 7). The elegant modern buildings near the end of the bridge are the hotels which we noticed before. That is the St. Gotthard railway station at the left, opposite where we stand.

How big and grim the mountain towers, over there above the town. There is no end to the strange stories about Pilate's Mountain. The legend is that the old governor of Judæa, falling into disgrace with the emperor, was thrown into prison at Rome and there killed himself. His body was refused formal respect and merely thrown into the Tiber; but the river refused to hold the remains of so vile a man, and showed its wrath by dreadful storms and floods, so that the corpse had to