

more delight than we did ours. The peak that we had reached was so narrow that any one who enjoys rapid transit, could stand on the centre and by a single jump descend a thousand feet on either side. From where we stood the world seemed spread out in miniature before us. Salzburg that we had left in the morning, lay over four thousand feet below. Towards the north lies the Bavarian plaine, dotted over with hundreds of villages; the entire plaine either cultivated in small fields, or grown to groves of timber, that are carefully trimmed, and tended like a field of corn at home; and when viewed through a field glass at the distance of thirty or forty miles look very much like corn growing in the field. The Salzuch river can be traced for a hundred miles, from where it first appears in the south, where it comes pouring through the Laeg pass and winds along in its crooked course, passing through Salzburg on northward as if anxious to escape from its own noisy confusion into the quiet plains of Bavaria. One can also see off in the north twelve or fifteen lakes, or seas, as they are called here; varying in size from a good sized duck pond, to a lake eight or ten miles long and four or five miles wide. Another beautiful sight is the roads which are all made of lime stone ground to powder, and are not laid out with any regularity, but wind and twist in a perfect network, reflecting the sunlight like a thread of silver, and thus break the monotony of the green carpet that covers the country. Towards the east and west are the sloping mountains, which a few degrees towards the north dwindle down into the plains: their sides covered with small farms, or forests, and at their bases wind the mountain streams, whose valleys are dotted with Alpine villages. Towards the south rises the circular heads of hundreds of peaks, whose summits never come down below the line of perpetual snow. There is a tradition believed by the common people; that Untersberg is hollow, and on the inside are

magnificent palaces, fine gardens, pure springs, sparkling waterfalls, and hills of pure silver and gold. That it is inhabited by a race of small men with long flowing beards, who guard these treasures. Then there are wild women dressed in white, with long flowing hair, who are constantly rushing around in the mountain, to assist in guarding the treasures; and they would probably not be the most pleasant creatures in the world to encounter. Once a year these strange individuals form in solemn procession, march into Salzburg, and worship in the cathedral, which is brilliantly illuminated, and one hears all kinds of musical instruments—drums, trumpets, flutes, lutes, etc. But those who are bold enough to venture near cannot see anything. The great Emperor, Charlemagne, sits asleep at a stone table, and he has sat there so long that his beard has grown twice around the table. When it makes its third circuit, and the pear tree blooms on the Danesclair, then he will wake and break loose with all his knights and followers, and take part in the great war that is to be in progress. Then is to begin the thousand years rest, or the Millenium. We did not see any one who had ever seen the lights, or heard the music, but it is a well authenticated fact that they have often been seen and heard.

When I get started talking to my old friends, I don't know when to take my seat; so in case Mr. President calls "time up," I will bid you adieu. Me.

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### "AM I A VASSAL OR PEER?"

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There are times in the history of nations and in the lives of individuals when a few short words express the abiding conviction of a life-time. A few short words, uttered when the sentiments of the people are ripe, which become the spontaneous outlet of the feelings and passions. Such words as "*Ich Dien*" (I serve) of the poor blind Johann of Ger-