LETTERS

WRITTEN DURING A

JOURNEY TO SWITZERLAND.

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IN THE AUTUMN OF

1841.

BY MRS. ASHTON YATES.

VOL. I.

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PREFACE.

At the moment of setting out last summer, with a portion of my family, on a journey to Switzerland, I succeeded to some degree in soothing the sorrow of my younger children on my leaving them, by making them a promise, that from every place we should visit I would write a particular account of it. In discharging the pleasing obligation which I had imposed on myself, I have been tempted to mention circumstances of by-gone days connected with the scenes I visited, for the purpose of at once amusing my juvenile correspondents, and of promoting in them a taste for history, for "philosophy, teaching by example;" but I did not bind myself to any rules or plan, I wrote just as my gossiping inclination dictated.

The narratives of the noble deeds of Swiss heroism, studied and detailed in the very theatre of their achievement, could not fail to create a vivid interest in the coldest bosom; mine, I confess, they filled with ardent sympathy: and the young patriot, yet only a shepherd boy, overcoming the gigantic Philistine in all his panoply, appeared to me not an unapt comparison for a small number of rude peasants successfully resisting, and finally expelling from their mountains, the formidable confederation of their powerful invaders, combined to subdue and enslave them.

In attempting to give expression to my excited feelings, I found the performance of my engagement expand itself to a magnitude, which, far exceeding all that I contemplated when I made it, would have warned me to proceed on a very diminished scale, when about half the number of the following Letters—assuredly intended to be seen only by the dear ones to whom they are addressed—were shewn by them to a friend, who urged me to continue and publish them. To that request I yielded the more easily, being

convinced, that from a compliance with it, I had to expect but little more than the gratification of testifying my sense of the kindness by which I knew that it was dictated. The production of a pen so entirely unknown as mine, can incur but small hazard of finding readers beyond a narrow circle of indulgent friends; and should it fall into other hands, its unpretending character will, I trust, avert acrimonious strictures. Insignificance is often a sure protection—the lightning that blasts the towering and gnarled oak spares the lowly bramble. But no disappointment of my hopes in this particular can affect the pleasure I have had in endeavouring to give permanence to impressions made on me by the beautiful scenery it was my good fortune to behold in the finest possible weather; and if my attempt to describe them shall awaken in any young reader a love of nature, and a desire to explore some of the sublimest of her sanctuaries, the satisfaction of thinking I have contributed to direct an ingenuous mind to one of the purest sources of earthly enjoyment will be more than com-

pensation for my failure to escape the severity of literary criticism.

I have curtailed the expressions of tenderness which more or less, I suppose, fall from every mother's pen in writing to her children. The inferiority of manner, were I to do otherwise, would too probably recal, in the way of contrast, the inimitable grace and charm with which Madame de Sevigné depicts her maternal love. I, doubtless, shall be excused for not professing, like Montaigne, to be "moi-même la matière de mon livre."

F. M. L. Y.

December, 1842.

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land, listening to men, women, and children, speaking the language of Racine, and of the court of Louis XIV.; so different from that which I had been hearing and speaking only three hours before, and all my previous life.

The high-roofed houses, of such gay colours, enclosing in their courts groves of trees growing in green tubs instead of the green turf; the costume of the peasants, male and female, with their conspicuous earrings, all excited in me then the liveliest interest. Now I look on the same objects with indifference, including even the figure of Balafré (the Duke of Guise) as he stands before the Hotel de Ville, whose history on that occasion I anxiously endeavoured to recollect, as of the utmost importance, from its connexion with this city and our possession of it for two centuries. He wrested it from us in 1558; and Queen Mary was so grieved by the loss of this last relic of our Gallic conquests, that she said pathetically, the word "*Calais* would be found, after her death, inscribed on her heart," that heart which was the abode of sorrow almost from her earliest existence.

There are some places and scenes we can look upon again and again with renewed and increasing pleasure; while for others, when once seen, we lose all zest; and Calais, I must say, is of this latter description.

The Basse-ville, which skirts it on the land side, I conclude, from some notices of it that I have casually met, was originally built by our King Edward III., the conqueror of Calais. He thus cut off all provisions in that direction coming from the country, as did his ships by sea. By means of the famine that ensued, he caused the town to surrender, when he cruelly resolved to sacrifice six of the principal inhabitants, to punish them for having so long resisted his arms. You no doubt remember reading with me how nobly the victims, led on by Eustace de St. Pierre, volunteered to offer themselves to save the lives and properties of their fellow citizens. They little expected that the falling tears and earnest entreaties of a gentle Queen would be employed on their behalf, and turn the stern monarch from his revengeful purpose. Woman's mission on earth,

LETTER I.

Calais.

MY DEAR CHILDREN,

I do not forget the promise which helped to dry your tears at our late sad parting, that I would employ my evenings in writing to you a full account of our journey to Switzerland; and "pour commencer au commencement," I now take up my pen at Calais, of which place you perhaps retain some recollection.

I find M. Dessin looking as good-humoured and host-like as formerly — and his garden as trim and bedecked with gay scentless flowers and numerous flower-pots, as when it excited your almost infantine admiration. It is certainly very French; bright in colours, but not by any means yielding the perfumes of "Araby the Blest," nor a tithe of the sweet odours that are to be found

in a little unpretending English garden, where no statues and no vases are placed to produce *coups d'œil* in a space of some fifty or a hundred yards in extent. Here (at Dessin's), the Duke of Devonshire was yesterday; he and his suite only left Calais a few hours before our arrival.

I dare say you remember having seen the Duke at Buxton, two or three years ago, and his having then spoken to you; for his manners are so kind and affable, that they confer pleasure on whomsoever he notices, old and young alike. He is gone, and we are detained here waiting for our carriage. At Dover, by some unaccountable omission, it was not sent on board the packet at night, as we directed, and it could not come along with us this morning, when we put to sea in a small boat, to enable us to reach the packet, the low state of the tide not admitting of its lying alongside the quay.

* * * * *

How well I remember the first time I was at Calais (not many years ago), and the ecstasy of delight I was in at finding myself in a foreign

land, listening to men, women, and children, speaking the language of Racine, and of the court of Louis XIV.; so different from that which I had been hearing and speaking only three hours before, and all my previous life.

The high-roofed houses, of such gay colours, enclosing in their courts groves of trees growing in green tubs instead of the green turf; the costume of the peasants, male and female, with their conspicuous earrings, all excited in me then the liveliest interest. Now I look on the same objects with indifference, including even the figure of old Balafré (the Duke of Guise) as he stands before the Hotel de Ville, whose history on that occasion I anxiously endeavoured to recollect, as of the utmost importance, from its connexion with this city and our possession of it for two centuries. He wrested it from us in 1558; and Queen Mary was so grieved by the loss of this last relic of our Gallic conquests, that she said pathetically, the word "*Calais* would be found, after her death, inscribed on her heart," that heart which was the abode of sorrow almost from her earliest existence.

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to promote deeds of mercy, to soften and to soothe man's rougher nature, is commonly attended, as it was in this instance, with unlooked-for blessings. Their lives were granted by the warrior; he who could calmly contemplate the shedding of innocent blood, and purpose the perpetration of an execrable crime, could not see unmoved the tears of his kneeling wife. She arose (like a pleading angel who had obtained mercy for the condemned) with the joyful conviction that she had not prostrated herself in vain—her prayers were not unheeded—the lives of the captives were spared, their chains were rent asunder, and her husband was saved from the guilt of the foul sin he was on the point of committing.

It does not fall to the lot of many women to fill so high a station as did Philippa of Hainault, Edward's Queen; and it is not always in our power to exercise extended or very important benevolence; but in our different circles, wide and narrow, we can all do something, however little, in the way of shewing mercy and compassion towards our fellow creatures. The most

important of all lessons given on this subject, and held out to us for our example, is the Widow's casting her mite into the treasury for the poor. Let us endeavour to act in the same spirit, and "do likewise," according to our means and opportunities, and bear in mind that woman's especial mission on earth is to promote happiness; being for the most part farther removed than men from the strife and turmoil of the world, she has more leisure for the performance of deeds of mercy and charity, as well as for the cultivation of the dispositions that suggest them.

LETTER II.

Cambrai.

We had an uninteresting journey from Calais to Cambrai: the whole of the way the country is flat and monotonous; the *pavé* on which carriages are commonly driven is rough in the extreme; the road on either side is too heavy not to be avoided by all postillions; however, we occasionally bribed ours to grant us a short respite from the intolerable jolting inflicted on us, and the alternations we experienced from one extreme to another reminded me of Tony Lumpkin's description of Crackskull Common and Feather-bed Lane—the combined *agrémens* of which are to be found on the roads of France. We, who are accustomed to smooth-going on Macadamized roads, feel doubly the hard usage we get in our passage through

what have been called (Oh, what a misnomer!) "the gay regions of France." At least, those we have lately traversed are anything but gay; there are no hedges and no trees forming the neat and pleasant boundaries of the peasant's home. It is inexplicable to me how they can distinguish their several properties in the soil, unless it is by the different kinds of grain produced; and perhaps self-interest may sharpen the vision, and habit too, which latter enables a sailor to descry *terra firma* where a landsman could only perceive clouds. I have heard that Mathematics had their origin in difficulties of this description, occasioned by the overflowing of the Nile removing the accustomed landmarks. And truly to my eye, the divisions of land in this country seem as undefined as if the fertilizing mud of the Nile annually paid them a visit. But, doubtless, the owners of property see lines which are not apparent to others; and which, I suppose, are not quite so imaginary as those by the help of which you are taught Geography.

* * * * *

At Cambrai, we find but little to afford us interest. Military men, who understand fortifications, would give a very different account of this city; for they are on such a scale as, I believe, renders it one of the strongest places in France. A very remarkable treaty took place here during the reign of the Emperor Charles V., transacted by two ladies—his aunt Margaret, governess of the Netherlands, and Louise of Savoy, mother of Francis I. They met at Cambrai; and, by putting their heads together, effected a coalition (it proved but temporary) between their warring kinsmen. It had been well for Francis if the Duchess d'Angoulême's dispositions had at all times been of so peaceful a character. She it was who caused the noble Duke of Bourbon, after the severest struggles and his receiving the most galling provocations, together with the grossest injustice, to turn his arms against his sovereign, and thus produced a long train of direful evils to her gallant son, who loved his mother "not wisely but too well."

Independently of the fortifications, Cambrai

exhibits no marks of antiquity whatever: it is neither more nor less than an ordinary good-sized town. Solomon complained that there was nothing new under the sun; and I, being in all things very unlike Solomon, am tempted to complain that there is nothing old (some men and women excepted), being so often disappointed when full fraught with the expectation of seeing the habitations and other traces of the great men of former days.

The Cathedral, as a building, is not at all indebted to the fine arts for any decoration, with the exception of a monument erected to the great and good Fenelon, so lately as the year 1824. A former one, I was told, had been destroyed during the Revolution at the close of the last century; when, with more than Vandal barbarism, infuriated mobs devastated all over France, with savage-like ferocity, time-honoured memorials.

The present monument consists of a fine white marble figure (by David) of Fenelon, having his hand appropriately laid on the Bible, whence alone, doubtless, he derived strength and power

of soul to tell the "Grand Monarque" unpalatable truths, which none of his contemporaries, though Bossuet and other great men were amongst them, had the courage to utter. I must, however, admit that Massillon and the admirable Bourdaloue did, like Paul before Festus, discourse to him with surpassing eloquence on Death, Judgment, and Eternity. Such topics were, however (though the most astounding and momentous of all of which the tongues of men or angels could speak) more safe to treat of than the affairs of *this* world. I can never think of Fenelon's "Télémaque" without feeling for him the highest admiration. When Poetry, Painting, and History were exhausting their powers of eulogy in celebrating the martial exploits of Louis XIV., he wrote that work, contrasting a good king with one whose selfishness and love of vain-glory rendered him insensible to the sufferings of his people. The written story was as bold a declaration of the real truth as the Prophet's narration to David, when he unveiled to him his guilt, saying, "*Thou art the man!*"

Fenelon wrote the "Télémaque," not to satirize his sovereign (whom haply it might serve to enlighten), but for the benefit of the Duke of Burgundy, the next heir to the throne, whose education had been confided to him. In fact, the grandfather stood in need of the salutary lessons that precious work contains on self and kingly government, even more than the haughty wilful boy, whose unamiable qualities, however, quickly disappeared, and were replaced by virtues, under the mild influence of his excellent tutor, whom he promptly found himself compelled to love and reverence, whilst he successfully cultivated the Christian graces instilled into his mind. In an evil hour for France, this admirable youth was removed by death from the cares of this world to the happiness of another; Fenelon, in qualifying him for an earthly throne, had fitted him for heaven.

Whilst still disconsolate for the loss of his beloved pupil, and yet mourning over the destruction of his noble anticipations of ensuring for his country the future blessing of a wise and good

sovereign, he was ordered to withdraw from Paris—the Paradise of every intellectual Frenchman of that period. He was exiled to Cambrai, because his counsels did not please the unacknowledged wife of Louis—the crafty, clever, and cold-hearted Madame de Maintenon. Like Sully towards Henry IV., in this instance he remonstrated with the king emphatically against his union with the favourite, but not with equal success. The frail Gabrielle d'Estrées died wretched, her wishes unfulfilled; whilst her more politic, and, it is admitted, virtuous successor survived, in luxurious retirement, the monarch whom she ruled, though she did not, to himself at least, "seem to rule," so consummate was her skill.

I said that Fenelon was exiled; for — alas for human weakness in one of the best of men!— it was with great reluctance that he went to his Archbishopric of Cambrai, whither his high sense of duty should have led him to go voluntarily; but when he did take up his abode there, he could not do otherwise than widely diffuse blessings around him; and many a touching tale is still

on record of pious and benevolent actions which endeared him beyond measure to its inhabitants. The anecdote of his going on a dreary winter's evening in search of the poor widow's cow—who, not being aware of his rank until he brought it to her, had inquired if he had seen it straying—forms, together with others of his deeds of mercy, a subject of one of the bas-reliefs on the pedestal of his monument.

On leaving the church, we went in search of Fenelon's former residence; and we had the mortification of finding that there are no traces remaining, it having been destroyed at the period of the aforesaid revolution. On the site has been erected a plain modern house, which is occupied by the present archbishop.

LETTER III.

St. Quentin.

On leaving Cambrai our road lay through the same kind of flat uninteresting country as that I have already described, not calculated to call forth one idea, excepting perhaps as regards the origin of the word *ennui*, and I fancied I could see around me good cause for that expressive term having been suggested to the minds of the gaily-disposed French people.

The first large town we stopped at for the night is St. Quentin, remarkable for nothing that I know of but the circumstances connected with a battle fought in its neighbourhood on St. Lawrence's day, between the French and Spaniards, when the army of the latter was commanded by the Duke of Savoy, whom the French had assisted in expelling from his dominions. The victory gained

on that occasion so rejoiced the heart of Philip II. of Spain, that, in celebration of this event, he built the Escurial Palace, a monastery, and a church, all connected together, and in the shape of a gridiron (which the word Escurial signifies), in honour of the above-named saint, who had suffered martyrdom, as saintly legends tell, upon that culinary utensil.

The country around St. Quentin is disfigured by the cultivation of extensive tracks of poppies, the dark heads of which, from being fully ripe and uncut, give a lugubrious sombre aspect to the whole landscape, that reminded me strongly of the descriptions I have heard from Eastern travellers of the appearance of the country during a descent of locusts, which, wherever they alight, "make the green one" black.

So different here in appearance are the poppies from the scarlet weed we find enlivening our fields, only in sufficient numbers to deck the gleaning girl's hair, or to remind us that

> "Our pleasures are like poppies spread,
> We seize the flower, its bloom is shed."

Had Mrs. O'Neill seen, as I have, many square miles together, disfigured by the growth of the poppy, she would never have addressed to that flower, notwithstanding all its imputed virtues, her beautiful ode beginning

"Not for the promise of the labour'd field,
Not for the good the yellow harvests yield,
I bend at Ceres' shrine;
For dull, to humid eyes, appear
The golden glories of the year—
Alas! a melancholy worship's mine.

I hail the Goddess for her scarlet flower!
Thou brilliant weed,
That dost so far exceed
The richest gifts gay Flora can bestow:
Heedless I pass'd thee in life's morning hour—
Thou comforter of woe!—
Till sorrow taught me to confess thy power."
Etc. etc.

I have quoted only from memory, and as I find that is beginning to fail, I will stop, lest I should mix up Mrs. Greville's exquisite ode to "Indifference" with that of her sister muse to the poppy, my writing of which latter perhaps causes the weighing down of my eyelids; certain it is I cannot

much longer keep them open; so I must needs, while I am yet able to guide my pen, say adieu and *Bon soir*.

P.S.—Some bust or statue of the beautiful Mrs. O'Neill ought to have been crowned with poppies—like Thorwalsden's Night—she sung so sweetly of their "dear lethean power."

LETTER IV.

Laon.

To a person who has been long at sea, and has seen no object to give variety to the wearisome monotony of the wide expanse of waters, the appearance of a gallant vessel, with all its sails set and filled, cannot fail to be a most enlivening sight. Thus, having traversed for some time dull plains of standing poppies and of gathered grain, we saw with surprise and admiration, as we drew near the end of our day's journey, a very steep hill, surmounted by a most magnificent cathedral; through the windows and arches of that romanesque building of dark red stone, the setting sun was casting its rays in bright effulgence.

I do not remember ever to have seen anything more picturesque than the situation of this church and the surrounding town—anciently, I believe, it was a city—of Laon. It was a noble site to choose for the temple of Christians, whose holy religion had triumphed over the false and debasing systems that had previously obtained the homage of mankind. As I looked upon its commanding position, which to my apprehension would render it impregnable as the rock of Gibraltar, I could not help wishing that it had been the fate of the early sufferers in the cause of truth, to defend themselves in some such strongholds, and to have there bid defiance to their persecutors, instead of taking refuge in dens and caves from the ruthless tyrants, who, amongst other species of cruelties, used to deliver them to be torn by wild beasts, to contribute to the savage mirth of assembled multitudes. But, on consideration, I retracted this vain wish; for had the early converts conquered, or maintained themselves unsubjugated by the force of arms, the convincing proofs they gave of the stedfastness of their faith would have

been in a great degree lost to the world. Their miseries were transient, and their recompense is everlasting.

* * * * *

I remember having once been very much amused with a note of Doctor Johnson on Shakspeare. It consists of this simple declaration—"Of the Manningtree ox, I can give no account." This honest avowal of that great man, forms a pleasant contrast to the uselessly elaborate notes of some other inferior commentators on the most ludicrously indifferent matters; such, for instance, as what kind and description of cat is meant by a gib-cat, and *sic genus*. I must say of Laon, as he did of the ox, that I can give you no account of it, farther than that it was formerly a Bishop's see, which has been removed to Soissons. The town was larger and more flourishing than it is at present — it has all the appearance of having been a place of considerable importance; but as I am without any books of reference, I must maintain a discreet silence as to its past history.

The inside of the church is not unworthy of its grand and striking exterior.

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In resuming our journey, as we walked down the hill which approaches too nearly to being perpendicular to admit of trusting one's safety to a carriage, we were every moment looking round again and again upon the lofty and noble edifice, erected on high, like the Temples of the Sun of old—to the God not only of this world, but of all the innumerable worlds the universe contains.

After leaving Laon the country became much less *triste*, from our seeing more of verdure and trees than we had previously done during the whole way from Calais; still it was flat, and better only by comparison.

We never saw farm-houses near the road, nor "decent village church." At a considerable distance we could sometimes discern hamlets; but they were few, and so far removed, that they did not impart cheerfulness, and even scarcely served to diversify the landscape.

After leaving Laon, the first place where we changed horses was Sillery. I alighted, when the carriage stopped, on seeing that name inscribed over a large and grand-looking gateway. Comtesse de Sillery was the title given, together with that estate, to which the gate is an entrance, to the justly celebrated Madame de Genlis. She educated the late Duke of Orleans's family, and such branches of knowledge as she did not herself undertake to impart, were taught wholly under her superintendence and by her directions, at a country seat of the Duke's, called "La belle Chasse." When the awful revolution already mentioned, burst forth in all its horrors, in 1793, the Duke of Chartres, the eldest of her pupils, now the King of the French, was then a youth of nineteen years of age. He saved his life in the first instance by flight: he took the name of Chabot, and crossed the Alps on foot, with his knapsack on his back. Soon after his arrival in Switzerland, he was engaged as an usher to a school, in the little village of Reichenau, near to Coire, and there he taught French, history,

and mathematics. That one of "the children of France" should be so educated by a woman as to be thus qualified to meet such reverses of fortune, is a circumstance of which our sex may well be proud. A poet says, "to bear is to conquer our fate;" but he did more and better than passively submit to his altered condition—he triumphed over it.

Again the wheel of fortune went round, and when Madame de Genlis was past eighty years of age, she saw the same vigorous-minded pupil, then a middle-aged man, called to the throne of France.

Vicissitudes so wonderful could hardly fail to have suggested to his mind some such reflection as has been well expressed by Doctor Channing in the following words: "The outward distinctions of life must seem to us not 'a great gulf,' but superficial lines, which the chances of a day may blot out, and which are broad only to the narrow-minded."

His Majesty did not forget his early instructress, whose lessons had assisted in teaching him how

to bear such extremes of fortune with equal ability and incomparable power of self-adaptation. One of his first acts was to offer her apartments (that they might be again under the same roof) in the Palace of the Tuileries. Overwhelmed with gratitude, she sat up to a late hour, writing a long letter to him on the subject of his offer, as well as on that of his accession to the throne.

At length she was prevailed on to retire to rest. She laid her head upon her pillow, from which she never raised it. — She died happy.

I was disappointed at finding no house of hers remaining. An avenue of trees leading from the gateway, denotes where it had been erected. In answer to some of my inquiries, a farmer on the spot said, the estate had been given by Madame de Genlis to her grandaughter Madame V——, whose husband was an officer in Napoleon's invading army of Russia; and that in revenge for some excesses committed by him there, the château was completely destroyed, when the Russians, in 1814, returned the unceremonious visit that had been paid to them by the French.

The neglect ensuing for so many years has obliterated all traces of the taste which was most probably employed in embellishing the residence of the celebrated Comtesse de Sillery, better known as Madame de Genlis.

LETTER V.

Chalons-sur-Marne.

On leaving Sillery, whilst yet thinking of the chequered life of Madame de Genlis, I fell into a reverie on subjects connected with it, which was interrupted by our approach to the city of Rheims.

As we advanced and drove through the streets, I was surprised to find them as wide as those of most towns, and not at all antique in appearance.

The large handsome modern hotel where we stopped, is exactly opposite the celebrated cathedral, in which so many of the kings of France have been crowned. It is a very ancient building, of vast dimensions and great magnificence. The exterior is extremely rich, being thickly studded

with sculptured saints and angels: as many as space could be found for are grouped together around the large gothic door which forms the principal entrance, and is most superb. It might be ascertained how many angels can congregate about a doorway, although I believe the more puzzling query of the schools was never resolved, as to the number that can dance on the point of a needle.

The painted glass windows are much the largest, and the colours the finest, I have ever seen. It strikes me that no such churches as that of Rheims, and others of a similar description, will be erected in future. They were raised to the glory of God; now we build for the use of man, in this utilitarian era.

The poetic age, or at least what is particularly called such, is always in an early stage of society; and although building and poetry seem to have nothing in common, I think that it is the same fervour of mind and exalted imagination which produce the idea of a great building as well as the conception of a great poem. But I forget

that St. Peter's at Rome was built only about three hundred years ago, and subsequent to the Middle Ages.

The energies of the human mind were, however, particularly aroused and active at that period, when the revival of letters, begun in a former century, rapidly advanced with the facility acquired in the art of printing, which, although known in a degree previously, until then was scarcely made available for any useful purpose.

On this subject, I believe it was Lord Bacon that said, "If the intention of the ship was thought so noble, which carrieth riches and commodities from place to place, and consociateth the most remote regions in participation of their fruits; how much more ought letters to be magnified, which as ships pass through the vast seas of time, and make ages so distant participate of the wisdom, illuminations, and inventions, the one of the other."

A general impulse, after long stagnation, was given by the communication of mind with mind. Michael Angelo, Columbus, Galileo, and other

great men (Bacon, shortly after) came forth, whose genius has not been surpassed. The first of those worthies designed St. Peter's, though he is not chargeable with the defects of that structure, he having died while it was in progress; and his plan is yet extant to vindicate his memory. Inferior artists could not altogether mar his design, so great a part having been already carried into effect; but they did much to impair it. Still I admit that it is a sublime achievement of art, and reminds me of Milton's expression, "Only less than archangel ruined." The actual present front of that great building, as altered by his successors, independently of the dome and colonnades, might be mistaken for an old palace of the age of Louis XIV. Not so the grand exterior of the cathedral of Rheims, which is several centuries more ancient.

After we had slowly paced the solemn "long-drawn aisles" of this latter edifice, so well calculated to compose the mind and withdraw it from the things of sense, turn it from the running sands of Time's hour-glass to the future, when "time

shall be no rome," we were summoned thence to resume our journey. I begged however to make some further delay, to enable me to see more of the remarkable objects in this ancient city.

Adjoining the cathedral is the bishop's residence: it forms one side of a square. The centre and most imposing division is a building appropriated for the use of the kings of France, when they visit Rheims on the occasion of their coronation. One of the apartments is of great size. We conjectured that it is from 150 to 200 feet in length. The walls are covered with the pictures of the kings who have undergone that ceremony *selon le règle* at Rheims, beginning with Clovis, the first christian King of France, for whose special use at his coronation it is said angels brought from heaven a chalice containing sacred oil, still carefully preserved for the benefit of his successors. He was converted from paganism by his wife Clotilda. How full history is of examples of the good that ensues to men who allow themselves to be duly influenced—I ought to be modest for my sex, and therefore will not say by their better

halves, but by their wives! I leave our great progenitors quite out of the question, as not suiting my purpose. The complicated interests of social life, which we are somewhat skilful in unravelling, had not arisen in the first stage of the world, and what happened in the garden of Eden should not be brought against us, although some weak judgments will think "the confirmation strong of Holy Writ" on this subject.

Many of the portraits in "la grande Salle" are injured by the effects of time and damp; still they are all interesting in their way, for the different costumes, if for nothing else, as they mark the changes made in the toilets of kings on such occasions, from the stern simplicity of Clovis to the gorgeous apparel of Louis XIV. and his successors, all of whom are bedecked with a profusion of white feathers. The *préstige* attached to the "panache blanc" of their great progenitor, Henry IV., probably made them overlook the generally received opinion that white feathers are not a very becoming ornament, nor of the happiest omen for the male sex.

I am surprised that Bonaparte, in his robes of Charlemagne, was not crowned at Rheims, instead of Paris, although it was at neither place that the Emperor of the West went through that ceremony — his coronation took place at Rome, on Christmas-day, A.D. 800; but as many of the sovereigns of France were crowned at Rheims, one might have expected that Bonaparte would follow their example—he who became so kingly in all his proceedings from the time he picked up the crown that was "dans la boue," as he expressed it when contrasting himself with Cromwell, who, he said, had wrested the crown from his sovereign. He would have done wisely had he followed Cromwell's forbearance in one important point—that of not placing it on his own head, but, like him, have been satisfied with substantial power, and consolidated the strength of the kingdom that chose him for its chief, by subduing its foes rather than by extending its conquests. His wife Josephine acted nobly; she was not dazzled by the prospect of wearing a crown. Being absent from him when she received the first account

of his proposed elevation, she wrote earnestly to dissuade him from acceding to it, and recommended him to remain first consul. She predicted many of the evils to him that ensued, but her warning was disregarded; he followed the dictates of

> "Vaulting ambition, which o'erleaps itself,
> And falls on the other side."

Cromwell died in the palace at Whitehall, a monarch in all but the name. Bonaparte, like Prometheus chained to a rock, ended his life a prisoner at St. Helena, having exchanged his "large kingdom for a little grave."

If men will, as I said before, disregard the counsel of their wives, there can be no help for them. Julius Cæsar was another memorable instance of such folly. Had he been sufficiently attentive to conjugal strictures, he might have lived greatly instead of dying gracefully. I advise all men, of high and low degree equally, to shun those pernicious examples, and to listen with hearts inclined to us, at all events when we "charm wisely," and who will venture to assert this being a matter of rare occurrence?

It is remarkable that the portrait of Charles X. fills *the last space* which, on his accession to the throne, remained on the walls of the vast chamber. It may have portended, like the handwriting on the wall, that his dynasty is to reign no more.

After having seen the cathedral, and those shades of royalty that in their day had worn upon their "brow the round and top of sovereignty," we found nothing more to interest us, and we set out for Chalons-sur-Marne, from whence I now write.

The evenings are getting short, and I take up my pen "when daylight dies." The moon, on such occasions, one of our poets says, "tells a wondrous tale;" but I cannot follow the example, for I can only say that this is a shabby-looking old town. The river Marne winds around it in varied turns, through meadows and richly vine-covered sloping grounds. I must now go to bed; where I hope the kings I have been contemplating during the day will not, like Banquo's line, haunt my couch; nor such broken dreams visit me as

Fitzjames's, so beautifully described by our "Ariosto of the North" in the following lines:

"But from my couch may heavenly might
Chase that worst phantom of the night!
Again return'd the scenes of youth,
Of confident undoubting truth;
Again his soul he interchanged
With friends whose hearts were long estranged;
They come, in dim procession led,
The cold, the faithless, and the dead;
As warm each hand, each brow as gay,
As if they parted yesterday.
And doubt distracts him at the view,
Oh! were his senses false or true?
Dream'd he of death or broken vow,
Or is it all a vision now?"

LETTER VI.

Nancy.

THE country continued cheerful and pleasing from Chalons to Ligny, where we slept. We were not aware until it was too late, that, if we had gone a little round by Bar le Duc, instead of going by Dizier, we should have seen some fine scenery that we missed.

As we approached Nancy, the country became more beautiful and highly cultivated than any we have seen since we began our present journey. This Nancy is a large city, and the capital of Lorraine, of whose Dukes it was formerly the residence: their antique palace is now used for civic purposes. The last of the Dukes of Lorraine married Maria Theresa, and was made emperor—his great-grandson is now on the throne of Austria.

They were the parents of the unfortunate Marie Antoinette, with whose history you shall become better acquainted by means of the interesting Memoirs written by her faithful friend and servant, Madame de Campan.* Flattery too often makes itself amends for its servility to living princes, by the little respect paid to them when no sounds, however sweet, can strike upon the dull cold ear of death; but those Memoirs were written long after the decease of the Queen of France, and I firmly believe all the good related of her, both from what appear to be internal evidences and from the testimony borne to her virtues by Madame de Campan, who, when herself near dying, in a familiar conversation with a friend and relative, declared that during her whole life she had never known so amiable a person as Marie Antoinette.

It is an established fact, that none ever act

* Bonaparte so highly esteemed Madame de Campan's character and talents, that he made her superintendent of an establishment, in which he took great interest, of his own formation—for the education of the daughters of officers attached to his service, or who had been killed in it.

the parts of heroes and heroines to their domestics. Thus, whilst in the capacity of one—her being such was caused by the reverses of fortune—Madame de Campan was enabled to become thoroughly acquainted with the character and dispositions of her royal mistress, whose besetting sin, she describes, was a hatred of the tediousness and thraldom of the etiquette belonging to her station, which gave scope to calumny to exaggerate imprudences, and call them guilt. Her imprisonment, the devoted attendant was not allowed to share—earnest entreaties on whose part were set at naught; the gates of the temple were closed against *her*, after opening to receive the victim she waited upon to the last moment, and who only passed them again to be led to the guillotine.

Such portion of the night previous to that awful tragedy which the Queen did not spend in prayer, she employed in writing a most touching and beautiful letter to her sister-in-law, Madame Elizabeth. Every line of it seems inspired by a spirit as holy as ever animated the breast of

a martyr; the love of her children was then her only remaining tie to earth. That letter is inscribed on the monument erected to her memory in the Chapel Expiatoire in Paris, and on which her angelic figure is finely sculptured. The only other monument the chapel contains is one to her husband, Louis XVI.; whose last will—evincing all the goodness of his heart, and enjoining as a command, that if his son "should ever have the misfortune to reign," he will shew no resentment on account of the injuries done to his family—is also inscribed on his monument. As I looked upon the form of the angel that supports his effigy, and is pointing to Heaven with such a speaking countenance, I thought of the Abbé Edgeworth's admirable courage when he accompanied his "discrowned" sovereign to the scaffold, and just before the guillotine fell addressed to him the consoling words—"Son of Saint Louis, ascend to Heaven!" A raging populace surrounded them, who had sacrificed many innocent lives for less offences than the expression of sympathy offered by the Irish confessor to his dying master,

and yet he escaped—a circumstance to all appearance little less surprising than Daniel's surviving his visit to the lions' den.

The chapel of the Expiatoire is plain, and suited to its one sole purpose. Neither gilding nor paintings distract the attention, nor disturb the profound and solemn feelings the monuments call forth. There is no laboured eulogium, in the form of an epitaph, to solicit one's tears, which are made to flow by the undoubted virtues the royal sufferers displayed in their last moments.

Chateaubriand or De la Martine would have attempted in vain, aided by all the powers of eloquence and poetry, to produce an effect equal to their own simple record of their dying wishes.

Save and except those two monuments, the chapel contains nothing but an altar, and the lamp which is kept burning before it. The whole scene is most impressive; and I hope that you will hereafter be enabled to judge of it better than from my imperfect description.

Here also, at Nancy, is a solemn and striking chapel, of an octagon shape, appropriated to the

dead. In seven of the hollowed sides are very large black marble sarcophagi; each containing the coffins of two Dukes of Lorraine and their respective wives, all of whose names and merits are set forth in suitable Latin inscriptions. The eighth side is occupied by the door; and all who pass its threshold must, I think, feel, if not exclaim—"How solemn is this place." Altogether, it is constructed in the very best manner for doing honour to the illustrious dead.

Adjoining the chapel is an ancient church, that contains the monument of one of the most remarkable characters of the fifteenth century—Charles Duke of Burgundy, surnamed the Rash. He was killed in January 1477, whilst besieging this city, and his army defeated by René Duke of Lorraine, who obtained the assistance of several thousand Swiss on that occasion.

We next visited a much finer and apparently more ancient church; the sides of which are entirely composed of coloured marbles, and the roof is very finely carved.

When Stanislaus, the ex-king of Poland, was

driven from his dominions, by the unjust appropriation of them by some of the Northern sovereigns about the middle of the last century, he took up his abode at Nancy. He was the father of Maria Lazinsky, the wife of Louis XV. We saw, in the last-mentioned church, two large and very handsome white marble monuments, erected to him and his queen. We entered the church just as the evening service was concluding. A solemn hymn was being performed on the organ, and the lights were still burning, which displayed most strikingly, on either side of the altar, the finely sculptured and magnificent tombs of the exiled sovereigns, who had partaken so largely of this world's grandeur and of its sorrows. An aged venerable priest gave the parting blessing, who seemed himself about to enter on "that bourne from whence no traveller returns." The world and its cares were shut out, and all around spoke forcibly to our feelings of another state, where the passing shadows of this life will, by the virtuous, be exchanged for glorious realities. The impressive and solemn scene will not, I think, be soon for-

gotten by any of us who witnessed it. And now, having taken you a pilgrimage of chapels—not by any means an uncommon occurrence in some places—I will say good night.

LETTER VII.

Nancy.

THE *Place,* or principal square here, is surrounded by very handsome buildings; and near to a beautiful fountain is a café, as brilliantly lighted and decorated as any in Paris. At a short distance from that quarter of gaiety and *nouveautés,* stands a handsome palace, which reminded us of the centre of the Palais Royal, at Paris, to which it is superior in one respect, from its having a large and well wooded park in the rear. There resided for several years the ex-king Stanislaus, whose *last home* I have already described. I suppose that ex-sovereigns are apt to find time hang heavy on their hands, as well as other retired *hommes d'affaires.* It was perhaps for this reason that Stanislaus invited Voltaire, who, in 1749,

passed the whole year with him at the said palace. He was accompanied by Madame du Châtelet, a lady whose love of knowledge and literature induced her, whilst yet young and handsome, and still liking the pleasures of the world, to withdraw from them and settle in an old château belonging to her husband, called Cirey, situated on the borders of Champagne and Lorraine.

This dilapidated forsaken dwelling was repaired and embellished, and they made it their residence for several years, during which time Voltaire lived with them. He had done the Marquis an essential service (according to his own account), for he relates in his memoirs, that for sixty years a lawsuit had been carrying on between the families of Honsbrouk and Du Châtelet, the expenses of which were ruining them both. The *procès* obliged the Du Châtelets to go to Brussels; Voltaire accompanied them, and had there the satisfaction of arranging matters between the contending parties. The Marquis received in consequence 220,000 livres ready money from his opponent, and so ended the long protracted suit.

Madame du Châtelet was a very remarkable person. She was the daughter of the Baron de Bréteuil, who gave her a superior education. She is said to have understood Latin as perfectly as the celebrated Madame Dacier, a distinguished lady and scholar, whose translations from Greek and Latin authors into the French language, together with her notes and criticisms, I believe continue standard works to the present time. I am not aware that the Iliad and Odyssey have been rendered into French by any one else, except indeed that her husband's joint labours, as well as I recollect, assisted in enabling their unlearned countrymen to become acquainted with Homer.

Madame du Châtelet's love of knowledge also led her to the study of mathematics and other branches of science: She wrote a work called "Institutions de Physique," in which she attempted to develope the system of Leibnitz, of whose opinions she was for some time a professed admirer.

Voltaire however relates that she abandoned that system, and devoted her time to the study

and understanding of the discoveries of Sir Isaac Newton. She translated into French his then recently published work on the Principles of Mathematics, and he says she afterwards wrote an algebraic commentary, which was considered too profound for general readers; and also that she learned English in three months, and read all that Locke, Newton, and Pope had written. It was at her request that Voltaire wrote his "Essay on General History," from the time of Charlemagne, which period he fixed upon because Bossuet had there left off his History.

Voltaire said, with a degree of modesty most unusual on his part, that he dare not touch on a subject which had been treated of by that great man, although he did not altogether approve of the "Histoire universelle."

The studies of the literary friends at Cirey were abandoned for a visit to Stanislaus, and at the end of a year passed with him, the lady was seized with a sudden and violent illness, of which some dubious accounts are given. It sufficed, however, in a very few days to cause her death. Nothing

that I know of has ever been mentioned regarding her religious sentiments, but with such a tutor one shudders to think what they may have been. Alas! too, probably it were far better for her than all her learning, if she had—like Cowper's peasant girl who "was never heard of half a mile from home"—

> "Just known, and known no more, her Bible true—
> A truth the brilliant Frenchman never knew—
> And in that charter read with sparkling eyes
> Her title to a treasure in the skies."

You are well acquainted with the charming poem that contains those lines, which you have often repeated for me.

Voltaire expressed himself deeply grieved for the death of Madame du Châtelet, and for the purpose of dissipating his sorrow, having bid adieu to Stanislaus, he accepted an often repeated invitation from Frederick of Prussia, to whom he relates he had previously excused himself, saying he would not leave a woman for a king. Whilst at a distance these philosophers had lavished on each other the highest encomiums; but on

becoming personally acquainted, their mutual esteem was converted into mutual dislike, and even hatred.

It is possible, although a character is not virtuous, that it may, by the force of talents and felicitous circumstances, be valued and admired, if viewed merely from a distance; as we admire the soft blue tints of a beautiful mountain, which, on a near approach, we find rugged, black, and dreary.

The royal philosopher and the savant professed to entertain for each other sentiments of the profoundest regard, whilst inhabiting different kingdoms; but as soon as they could ascertain their respective merits, admiration merged into hearty contempt; at least such was the feeling of Voltaire, who, weary of the situation and offices he held, which brought him constantly into the society of the King, resolved to make his escape from the favours conferred on him, and at great peril and risk, betook himself to flight, and did not consider himself safe until he reached the free town of Frankfort. Even there some of the Prussian emissaries had him confined for

several days, if not weeks, whilst his papers underwent examination. He afterwards avenged himself by frequently exposing traits of the very odious character of his ci-devant master, which perhaps would never have been so generally known, but for his visit to the court of Prussia, which enabled the dear friends so thoroughly to understand and appreciate each other.

Voltaire relates in his Memoirs that Frederick sought for a reconciliation, when he heard of his living in affluence, and found that no favours or benefits were required at his hands.

It has been said by one of our poets, that "a favourite has no friend;" but Dame Fortune's pets, it must be allowed, generally form an exception. Friends, such as they are, the prosperous will always have, whilst their sunshine lasts.

LETTER VIII.

Mulhausen.

Our next day's journey brought us to a small town called Dizier, where we slept. The following morning we breakfasted at St. Marie, which place, as well as Dizier, appears to be a great thoroughfare, judging from the innumerable heavily-laden waggons we met on the road. The scenery we found mountainous and beautiful as we advanced towards Colmar, where we only stopped to change horses, which were brought to us from a distance: we had gone several miles by a newly-made railroad, and the station where we were set down not being near the posthouse, we had to wait some time for our cavalry. At length they arrived, and we proceeded along the

valley of the Rhine in Alsace, where we again occasionally saw fine castles, although the noble river, to which they are so frequent an appendage, was not in view: it lay to the left, some miles distant. We reached Mulhausen late in the evening; and being now on the confines of Switzerland, I have turned to one of the very few books we brought with us, for some account of this place. Vieusseux's History of Switzerland, lately published, is the only history I could ever read of that country; which presents to a writer a most difficult subject, from the absence of uniformity in its interests and local jurisdictions. Like the bundle of sticks, it has always consisted of several parts, possessing strength in proportion in some measure to its unanimity of purpose—a state of things often impeded by the differences of religion and mode of government that prevailed. Internal divisions and quarrels were of frequent recurrence; but they were, however, more or less merged in patriotism, when the hatred of foreign rule and tyranny formed a bond that united the Cantons; whose several histories must be presented

to the reader, both in separate distinctness and combined as a whole. In the short work of Vieusseux, this has, in my opinion, been admirably effected. He has unravelled a tangled web of complex interests; and any information relating to Switzerland, which I shall attempt to convey in the course of our present correspondence, will be derived from the said History, which I foresee I shall most frequently be obliged to arrange after my own fashion. The mention of particular places and circumstances, I must select from other matter foreign to my purpose. You will therefore understand that I am indebted *for all* I relate to Vieusseux's History; and as I only expect to stimulate, not to satisfy, your curiosity and desire for information, I refer you to the work for further knowledge of the subject. I shall, however, quote largely from it, but without marking in the usual way such passages as quotations; otherwise I could not take the liberties I plainly perceive I must do, nor intermingle my own observations, to adapt and mould them to my present gossiping narrative.

Mulhausen, in Alsace, was for centuries a free town and an ally of Switzerland; and, together with two other places, was denominated an Associate. The towns sent deputies to the general diet; and, without being cantons, were considered part of the Helvetic body. In 1586, Mulhausen lost the right of suffrage, in consequence of disturbances amongst the citizens; still it was considered a confederate, and so continued until 1798. The French, previous to that period and to their open rupture with Switzerland, wishing to avoid an act of undisguised hostility, repeatedly urged the citizens of Mulhausen to demand their incorporation with France. This they refused, and the French blockaded their little territory; not only causing the ruin of trade and manufactures, but actually reducing the people to famine. For two years Mulhausen held out; until, sorely pressed by hunger, it surrendered in 1798, at the same time "requesting to have the honour of joining the French republic."

This act was proclaimed at Paris as being a voluntary expression of the sentiments of the

inhabitants at large. Mulhausen was faithful to its early attachment, and submitted to direful sufferings, rather than relinquish the connexion of its choice; but when stern necessity left no other alternative, it yielded to its fate, and wisely made the best of existing and inevitable circumstances. — There are more Mulhausens in the world than go by that name. It is pleasing to observe, that having acted so true and steadfast a part to its first ally, Mulhausen seems now to have no cause to regret the compulsion that united it to France — the whole town having a most thriving, flourishing appearance. There are many large handsome modern houses, like those of the best description at Brussels.

All this apparent prosperity speaks well for the French government, as it certainly depends on the more powerful party whether such a connexion becomes advantageous to the weaker.

The principal church belongs to Protestants, and is a very ancient, well preserved building. The Hotel de Ville is also of great antiquity.

And now, bestowing my best wishes for the

continued prosperity of Mulhausen, I am most anxious to bid it adieu; for am I not on the confines of Switzerland, glorious Switzerland, "land of the mountain and the flood!"

LETTER IX.

Basle.

HERE we are! actually arrived at Basle in romantic Switzerland. At this moment, whilst I am writing, I hear the delicious sound of the noble Rhine. Our rooms at the "Hotel des trois Rois" look down upon its rushing waters; and the foundations of the house, which are laid in it, must be deep and strong indeed to resist the effects of its ceaseless movement.

What generations of men have passed away, while this great body of water flows on the same, since every degree of civilization, from the first rude state of society, has been exhibited on its banks by hordes of human beings, only somewhat less evanescent than the winged tribes I now see hovering on its surface! Whilst gazing upon it,

as I am at this moment, I could imagine Byron, similarly situated, exclaiming—

"Time writes no wrinkle on thy azure brow,
Such as Creation's dawn beheld, thou rollest now."

But, instead of indulging poetical reveries, which in my case prove very fruitless, I will try and give you some account of Basle. This city was at an early period under the jurisdiction of bishops, and afterwards under that of the emperors. The burghers were divided into classes, according to their respective trades, as was the case in most free cities formerly. Every trade had its privileges, its laws, and chief magistrate or provost, and its banner and guard. "There was this difference," says Müller, "between these republics and that of infant Rome; that in the latter, the agricultural population, whose habits were warlike, had the ascendency, whilst most of the republics of Helvetia, in the Middle Ages, were essentially commercial, inclined to peace, and free from ambition, at least beyond the precincts of their respective districts."

At Basle, a certain number of knights and notables, chosen amongst the old burgher families, formed the sovereign council, which was renewed every year. Basle became early, next to Zurich, the most wealthy and flourishing city in Helvetia. During the carnival of 1273, a number of knights and other young noblemen, friends and dependants of Rudolph of Habsburg, repaired to Basle, to enjoy the festivities of that merry season. Some of them behaved rudely to the burghers' ladies; the husbands and fathers of whom rose against the insolent intruders, and killed several of them.

The Count of Habsburg, on receiving this intelligence, collected troops, and marched against the city; but while besieging it, the news arrived of his elevation to the Imperial throne; on hearing of which, the citizens of Basle assembled outside their walls, and invited him to enter the city with his troops. Such generous confidence was not lost upon him. Penetrated with gratitude, for kindness and sympathy offered so unexpectedly, Rudolph assured the citizens of his warmest

friendship; who, on their part, swore allegiance to him, and exultingly congratulated their countryman on being called to the first throne of Europe. Rudolph's first act was to acknowledge Basle as a free Imperial town.

One of his descendants, Albert Duke of Austria, in less than a century after (in 1356), having claimed some jurisdiction which the citizens of Basle would not acknowledge, was marching on his way against it, when he learned that an earthquake and a fire had destroyed the greater portion of the town. Some one suggested to him that it was a fit opportunity to render himself master of the place; but the Duke, feeling as a man and a soldier, exclaimed—"God forbid that I should proceed another step against that unfortunate people! Let them rebuild their houses and walls in peace; it will be time enough afterwards to settle our disputes:" and he sent four hundred of his peasants from the Black Forest, to assist in clearing the ruins at his own expense. Unfortunately for himself, the Duke did not, at a later period, persevere in the liberal and

enlightened line of conduct which on this occasion promised so well for the future. The citizens of Basle acknowledged most gratefully their sense both of his forbearance and exertions in their behalf, and maintained a strict alliance with him during the remainder of his life.

The next formidable opponent that the city of Basle had to encounter, was the King of France, Charles VII., who, in 1444, sent his son, the Dauphin (afterwards Louis XI.), to attack the Swiss, at the head of a mixed army, composed of soldiers of fortune, of all nations, but more particularly of the remains of those who had taken part in the civil wars in France, by the name of Armagnacs. The king was glad of an opportunity of employing abroad those mercenary partisans, whom he found very troublesome guests in time of peace, accustomed as they were to a life of violence and plunder, and most impatient of any restraint. An old chronicler calls them Filii Belial, Sons of the Devils; but they were more commonly, though perhaps not better, known by the appellation of Armagnacs.

Charles collected those formidable troops, and sent them first into Alsace, and then against Basle, under the command of his son. They desolated the countries on the left of the Rhine, sparing neither friends nor foes; and at last, on the 23rd of August, they appeared under the walls of Basle, to the number of thirty thousand men, chiefly cavalry. The citizens sent one of their councillors in great haste to request the assistance of the Swiss against the formidable irruption. Berne, though not then forming, as it now does, a part of the Swiss confederation, decided instantly on granting the required assistance, and despatched twelve hundred men for the purpose. This little band met the advanced guard of the Armagnacs, and drove them back beyond the river Birs. The main body of the enemy was posted on the left bank of the river. The Swiss threw themselves into it, and forded it, notwithstanding the fire of the French artillery. Having reached the opposite bank, they cut their way through the numerous ranks of the Armagnacs, with the intention of reaching Basle.

The inhabitants of that city, seeing from the summit of their towers the efforts of this band of heroes, made a sortie to join them, but a body of eight hundred horse, whom the Dauphin had placed on that side, drove them back into the city. The Swiss were divided. A portion of them, surrounded in the plain by forces ten times their number, were all slain, after making dreadful havoc among their enemies: they fell in their ranks close to each other, not one having attempted to escape. Another party of five hundred threw themselves into the hospital and chapel of St. Jacob. The gardens of the hospital were surrounded by high walls; there this handful of Swiss, hemmed in by a whole army, stood determined to sell their lives dearly. Three times they repelled the attack, and twice they sallied out like lions against the firm phalanx of their enemies. At last the walls were battered down by cannon, and the French cavaliers, having dismounted, entered the breach; yet the Swiss still opposed a desperate resistance. The hospital and the chapel took fire, and the surviving confederates

were smothered among the ruins. Out of twelve hundred Swiss who fought on that day, ten alone escaped by flight, and these were shunned and driven away with scorn in every part of Switzerland, for not having shared the fate of their comrades. The fight lasted ten hours. Thousands of men and horses of the Armagnacs strewed the field of battle. The Dauphin was dismayed at the sight of his own loss, and hearing that the whole confederated army of the Swiss was moving against him from the camp before Zurich, he thought it prudent not to attempt to proceed any farther, after the specimen he had witnessed of Swiss intrepidity.

Eneas Silvius Piccolomini, afterwards Pope Pius II., who happened to be at Basle at the time, mentions in his Epistles several circumstances of that memorable combat. He says, the Swiss, having emptied their quivers, snatched out of their wounds the arrows of their enemies, and shot them back.

Burkardt Monch, a nobleman who served in the ranks of the Dauphin, was bitterly hostile

to the Swiss. After the battle, he walked in the evening among their dead bodies, and observing the streams of blood which drenched the ground, he exclaimed, "Now am I bathing among roses." Arnold Schilk of Uri, who was lying near, wounded, overheard him, and picking up a large stone, flung it with such force at the inhuman boaster, that he fell dead to the ground.

Two days after the battle, the Dauphin granted a safe-conduct to the citizens of Basle, that they might bury their dead, and carry away their wounded. The Dauphin withdrew his army, and signed a peace with the Cantons and with Basle, in the following October. Struck with admiration at the bravery of the Swiss, he even sought their alliance; and this was the origin of the long friendship and connexion between the French kings and the Helvetic body.

This is a remarkable instance of what often happens in life—circumstances producing the very opposite results from what were intended by their shortsighted contrivers; for "there's a divinity that shapes our ends, rough hew them as we will."

It was the Emperor Frederick, and his cousin Sigismund of Austria, who incited the French king to attack the Swiss, hoping thereby to see them weakened, and rendered an easy prey for themselves; instead of which, the Swiss became stronger to resist them, by a steadfast alliance with the power destined for their destruction.

The Reformed religion—a great event in the history of the civilized world, which was also brought about by means apparently so opposed to the consequences that ensued—produced much commotion in Switzerland, as well as in other places. It was finally established here in 1530, amidst great tumults. Whilst these continued, the famous Erasmus left Basle; but when they subsided, he returned and passed the remainder of his life in this reformed city; although he would never openly disclaim the doctrines of Rome.

The Roman Catholic clergy and their bishop were banished; but the latter, a prince of the German empire, was allowed to retain his temporal rights and possessions, and to continue an ally

of Switzerland; and thus matters remained peaceably until 1791, when disturbances arose between him and the States, or Assembly of the People. He applied to the Cantons; but as they declined interfering, he appealed to the Emperor, whose troops came and occupied his territory. In the following year, war broke out between Austria and the French, who in their turn occupied the bishopric of Basle, after driving out the Austrian garrison.

The conquerors, whose heads were then filled with republican ideas, converted the poor bishop's territories into a republic, calling it Rauracia. Not more than three months elapsed, until it became merged in the great French republic; from which time until 1814 (when the Allied powers made a new distribution of things), it constituted a department of France, under the very inauspicious name of Mont Terrible. Thus having introduced themselves into Switzerland, with the assistance of adroit emissaries and agents, who spread their pernicious principles, the French were enabled to make great progress in revolu-

tionizing the country, and scenes of horrid devastation and shedding of blood ensued.

At Basle, however, by the breaking up of the old feudal system, notwithstanding severe temporary sufferings, much good finally resulted to the great body of the people, who were previously excluded from all political rights, and who were not allowed by the burghers to reap the full benefits of their own industry. They demanded to be put on a footing of equality in those points; which was at length, though unwillingly, conceded, after having been too long denied. Still, difficulties arising out of the subject remained, and produced much collision between the parties; and matters were not finally and satisfactorily arranged until so late as the year 1833, since which period Basle has enjoyed increasing prosperity. The inhabitants, who are divided into two bodies, one belonging to the city and the other to the country, have each their repective privileges well defined, and pursue their callings in amicable intercourse, now that the causes of ancient jealousy are removed.

LETTER X.

Basle.

I have passed all this day in visiting what is best worth seeing, to which travellers *en route* can have access in this ancient city of *Basle,* as it is called by the French, and Basel by the Germans. The languages of both people are spoken, but German is the most general. We ascended a steep hill, having good houses on either side of the way, to the principal church, which is very finely situated, commanding a view of the town and all its dependencies; of well cultivated lands, woods, and luxuriant gardens, with villas not a few; and the Rhine (which I believe is never beheld any where without admiration) imparting animation and splendour to the scene. The long narrow boats, filled with

busy market people, fishermen, and others, who, themselves destined to useful purposes, answered ours also of being so picturesque, that your sisters took out their sketch books, and under the shade of some wide-spreading trees, employed their pencils in a way that will serve to remind us of Basle.

The church is very ancient, and of ample dimensions: it is built of a rich coloured dark red stone, and is very much decorated both outside and within, with pillars and carvings in rich devices, all executed in the same material. A sovereign council was held here by the burghers in 1529; by a majority of whom the Reformed religion was established. Œcolampadius took a prominent part on that occasion; and his name, with farther honourable mention of him, is inscribed over the door of the chamber in which that sitting was held.

Near to the centre of the principal aisle is placed the monument of Erasmus, which is very plain, but contains a very long Latin inscription. He was one of the most remarkable men of the

age in which he lived — that age in which the human mind, like "a giant refreshed by sleep," put forth its powers with renewed vigour, casting away the bonds that had heretofore enthralled it. Men then began to reason; they sought for light from ancient wisdom, but they did not enslave themselves to its dictates; they borrowed its radiance to help them forward in undiscovered paths of knowledge, and no longer pinned their faith on Aristotle and the schools.

Erasmus was a native of Rotterdam. His father, whose name was Gerard, or Gerhard, was, it appears, attached to a young woman called Margaret, whom circumstances rendered him unable to marry. He went to Rome, and while there was informed of her death; the intelligence deeply affected him; he became very devout, and entered the church. Some time afterwards he returned to Rotterdam, and there found that the report of his Margaret's death was false: it had been set abroad by her relatives, that he might give her up. She presented him with their son; but precluded by his vows from ever marrying her,

he devoted himself to the education of the child, who was also called Gerhard. Afterwards, that name having some particular signification, was translated into a Greek word, which is rendered Erasmus. The boy so called made such progress in his learning, that, when only thirteen years of age, his master, Sinthemicus de Denenter, exclaimed, in a rapture of joy, that he would one day attain the heights of science. He was still very young when his mother died; and his father, overcome with grief, quickly followed her to the grave.

Many of his friends urged Erasmus to adopt a monastic life, which he declined; but entered into a society of canons that did not require his taking orders. He went to the University of Paris and elsewhere, devoting himself to the acquisition of learning. He became so eminent that he was offered a cardinal's hat, if he would enter the church; and his society was sought by the three great European monarchs, his contemporaries: but he declined all honours; and though he taught for some time at Oxford, he preferred

permanently gaining his livelihood by writing and correcting learned works for the printer Frobenius.

He was not calculated, like Luther, to be a bold and decided reformer; but, although he never left the church of Rome, he aided materially the progress of the Reformation, by exposing the vices and follies of many of its opponents. He was better able to do this, being assured of the protection of several of the most powerful sovereigns of that period. In fact, I think his object was to procure a reformation in the Church of Rome itself, without causing a separation from that venerable, though we Protestants and Lutherans think degenerated, body. If this could have been effected, possibly much good might have arisen from it to the Christian world; but it was otherwise ordained; and there is no doubt that the spirit of research and of learning promoted by Erasmus greatly tended to the furtherance of Luther's mighty undertaking. Erasmus went to Basle in 1516, and finally settled there in 1521.

Erasmus was the child of love; but we do not

hear of his being in the least addicted to that foible. It is frequently remarked, how widely children differ from their parents, as is observed by the miser giving birth to the spendthrift, the saint to the roué, and *vice versa*. No mistress, I fancy, could have had half the charms for Erasmus, that were possessed by the respective printing presses of Oxford and of Basle.

The next monument we looked at was one of great interest. Rudolph Count of Habsburg, elected Emperor of Germany, was married to a lady of Basle: at her death, she desired that her body might be removed from Vienna to her native city, and laid beside a beloved child, who had been buried there previous to her husband's elevation. Her full-length figure is represented lying horizontally over the tomb, with her hand placed on her little one, as if to guard her treasure; indicating that even in death they should not be divided. This somewhat rudely chiseled and mutilated monument has nothing to recommend it as a work of art; but it tells a tale of maternal love that can never be regarded

with indifference, though centuries have had their date since the events happened which it records.

Having stayed a sufficient time in the church, we proceeded to the Bibliothèque, where the collection of books is more choice than extensive. We saw several that are very interesting,—one especially so, entitled "The Praise of Folly," by Erasmus; a satirical work from beginning to end, printed here, and possessing some valuable additions, that is to say, notes in the author's handwriting. It has also exquisitely fine marginal illustrations by Holbein: one of them represents a grotesque-looking sensualist in the act of draining his glass, with various emblems of drinking lying around. Assuredly this tipsy fellow was not intended by the artist to represent himself, though he is said to have liked the juice of the grape. Erasmus, however, fixes the character upon him, by having written "*Holbein*" underneath, thus making the painter satirise himself. We were shewn several of his valuable pictures: he was a native of Basle; and as too often happens to men of genius, his works are regarded with the

highest veneration, though their author was suffered to experience the depressing influences of poverty, which perhaps drove him, as it did Burns, to the care-drowning bowl. Swift says, alluding to the honours paid to men after their decease, who were neglected or (as happened in the cases of Dante, Galileo, and others) persecuted while living, "We raise the heads that cannot eat." Holbein, however, must have prospered after his visit to England, where his pictures were and are still so highly prized. Holbein's *chefs-d'œuvre* are, I imagine, found here. Several of them are as soft and rich in colouring as any pictures of the great masters, and are quite free from the cold hard manner by which he is usually characterised. A head, a likeness of himself, is considered one of the finest works of art: it is done in crayon, and the colour is well preserved.

A gentleman, who was of our party, said he would gladly give five hundred pounds for it—how I wished my Sophie could have it for a few days to copy. He has also executed

his wife's likeness,—and oh! what an execution! "what a falling off is there!" for he has made her as plain as he has made himself strikingly handsome. It was a pity she could not have borrowed his talent, pallet, and colours, for a short period; then, perhaps, another edition of their respective visages might have been handed down, and puzzled posterity when "looking on that picture and on this." Titian and Raffaelle acted very differently by their ladies, whose glowing beauties yet "enchant the world."

It may be that the sober certainty of matrimonial happiness dims the radiant tints of fancy, in which the lover dips his pencil when portraying less estimable women, and that he supposes the better and wiser portion of our sex are too good to like flattering. All I can say is, that painters are not Rochefoucaulds.

In the same collection are several pieces of the original fresco painting of the Dance of Death, done by Holbein on the walls of a neighbouring cemetery. Some of these admirable pieces have been preserved, laid on canvass, and framed. There

are other specimens of his diversity of talent: a great many highly finished beautiful drawings, on sacred and other subjects, executed apparently in Indian ink. There are also some others merely in outline, like Retzch's, full of life and spirit. Amongst these latter is one containing twelve or fourteen figures of Sir Thomas More and his family, replete with beauty and expression. It seems wonderful that this easy style of drawing should have been so long neglected; it is only of late years that it has been revived. I thought of the charming illustrations of the life of Raffaelle, by Reipenhausen, that you are copying for me.

A great dinner in the open air—a Jungendfest—something very different from the Dance of Death, was going on in the lower part of the town, whilst we were occupied with Holbein's works; young students, in this their holiday time, have assembled here in great force, and inspired the youth of all classes with the spirit of frolic and glee.

In the quarter assigned to the festivity, all kinds of games were taking place at the same time, in honour of the Jungendfest — an innocent and short-lived saturnalia. Older people seemed to have caught the spirit of mirthfulness from their juniors; for, on returning to our hotel, we heard of nothing but the performances and feats of skill that had been witnessed.

This evening the whole population are enjoying themselves out of doors, listening to a very fine band of music, serenading a general officer just arrived from Berne, to review the troops; and of which we have the full benefit, from his being in this house. A dense crowd are as quiet and seemingly attentive to the performance as any assembly at a concert. I am going to bed, listening to the fine music of Beethoven on one side of my apartment, mingling with the sound of the flowing Rhine on the other. Montaigne, I think it is, who mentions that, when a child, his father had him awoke every

morning by music, to render his disposition amiable and his ideas cheerful; I wish that the sweet sounds attending my going to sleep may have their influence in improving my character. *Nous verrons.*

LETTER XI.

Les Bains de Baden.

On leaving Basle, the noble Rhine was on our left for several miles; we then turned away from it on our route to Baden. I never travelled so long together (ten hours) through such a continuation of charming scenery. At times it was picturesque and sublime; but for the most part *riant*, cheerful, and cultivated, yet but little grain of any kind is to be seen. Green meadows, kept mowed, and in as excellent order as gentlemen's parks in England, skirt the road, undivided from it by any fence or boundary line; and there is an abundance both of fruit trees, and of other kinds, interspersed. No words can tell the charms of the extreme verdure; of the glistening rills, with their sweet wild melody; and of the mur-

muring of the clear streams which every where abound in this favoured land. The pencil and the pen may describe the grand features of the scenery; but those minor beauties, which are observed and felt with thrilling pleasure, cannot be portrayed. At one elevated point we observed three rivers nearly unite their heads, and lose themselves in different directions, winding their way through hill and dale, forests and hamlets, until we could no longer follow their course. By looking on the map I learned their further history. They form a junction, and are united under the name of the Aar, falling into the Rhine at Coblentz (which latter word means *confluence*), about ten miles from Brougg, or Brüch. This very ancient town, at which we changed horses, was the birth-place of Zimmerman, the author of a work on Solitude once much admired; but is more famous from having belonged to the Counts of Habsburg, the ruins of whose castle are yet visible on a wooded height, about two miles from Brougg. Still nearer to it (within half a mile) stood the celebrated abbey of Kœnigsfelden,

which was suppressed in 1528. It was built by the wife and daughter of the Emperor Albert, on the spot where he was killed: but as I shall speak of this event hereafter, I will not now discuss it. The solitary Tower of Habsburg is at present inhabited by some Argovian peasants, and the outer walls of the castle, which remain standing, enclose a sort of farm-yard.

Goutram, Count of Altenburg, in Alsace, was a nobleman of high descent and connexions, who was deprived of his tenures for having opposed the power of the Emperor Otho, and found himself reduced to his patrimonial estate in Helvetia, near the ruins of Vindonisson, an ancient city, and the most important settlement of the Romans in this country. We saw near the road-side some very striking remnants of pillars and other debris, which yet mark the site of that once flourishing little colony. To return to my narrative:— a grandson of Goutram, called Radbod, about the year 1020, erected a castle on the steep hill of Wulpelsberg. This castle was called Habsburg, from *Habs terra aviatica;* being built on an estate

or patrimony hereditary in the family, and from that time the Counts of Altenburg took the title of Counts of Habsburg. The castle was small, being proportioned to the size of the estate; it was however strong from its position, and well fortified. Werner, Bishop of Strasbourg, a relation of Radbod, who had advanced some money for its construction, having come to see the new residence, was mortified at its diminutive proportions. Radbod had employed the money in securing the friendship of the neighbouring freeholders, who swore an inviolable attachment to his family. He collected a number of them in the night. On the bishop's rising next morning and seeing this multitude in arms, he appeared uneasy; but Radbod said to him, "With your money I have raised these *living walls;* valiant and faithful men like these, are the safest of all castles."

Little more than two hundred and fifty years after, that is to say in 1273, Rudolph, a descendant of Radbod of Habsburg, was, by universal consent, elected Emperor of Germany, and his descendants, excepting during one short period (commencing

in 1338), have ever since occupied that throne. Rudolph, after leading a wild and irregular life in his youth, had, previously to this event, fully retrieved his character; and when chosen to fill that important and distinguished station, the Archbishop of Cologne pronounced him to be "wise, just, and beloved of God and man." He was active and brave, very skilful in state affairs, and though ambitious, was equitable and just. He was in general a favourite with the towns, and the period of his elevation was one of wonder and rejoicing in Helvetia. The demonstrations of satisfaction were universal on the accession of their countryman, the valiant Rudolph, to the first throne in Europe; and the magistrates of the towns, with the nobles of all grades, repaired to Brougg, to congratulate the new emperor. Rudolph, on his part, notwithstanding the multifarious cares brought on by his altered situation, and the distance to which it removed him, gave frequent proofs that he retained to the end of his life an affectionate regard for his countrymen. During the turbulent period of the interregnum

which followed the extinction of the imperial line of the Hohenstaufens, the Waldstätten (or Forest Cantons, as they are called indifferently), had placed themselves voluntarily under the powerful protection of Count Rudolph of Habsburg, acknowledging him as their Landvogt, or bailiff. Rudolph proved faithful to his engagements; and when elected Emperor, confirmed the perpetual right of the Waldstätten to hold solely and directly of the empire. Rudolph had sons whom he wished to leave independent and powerful: one of them he made Duke of Suabia; for another he had in view the restoration of the kingdom of Burgundy; and a third, Albert, already Duke of Austria,* was importunate in urging his father to extend and consolidate his hereditary dominions in Helvetia. Albert is described by contemporary writers as a man of abilities, but rapacious, ambitious, and

* The province of Austria had been made a dukedom by Frederic Barbarossa. Ottokar, king of Bohemia, took it after the death of Duke Frederic II., the last of the Bamberg line, who died without issue; and Rudolph of Habsburg having retaken it in 1276, from Ottokar, bestowed it on his son Albert.

unprincipled; who scrupled not to usurp the castles and domains, even of his relations, for his own aggrandizement. He had, moreover, by his wife Elizabeth, of Carinthia, a numerous offspring, for whom he was anxious to provide. He aimed at forming an hereditary Dukedom of all Helvetia; and for this purpose he suggested to his father the expediency of purchasing the domains of the abbeys, and of inducing the lords to sell him their fiefs, or at least to do him homage as Duke of Austria; by which means the free towns and independent commonwealths, finding themselves enclosed within his dominions, would at last be obliged to surrender all their rights. How far Rudolph entered into these views of his unprincipled son is not known; he however, in 1291, purchased of the Abbot of Murbach the town of Lucerne, and the rights of the abbey over several villages within the country of Schwytz, giving the abbot in exchange some districts in Alsace, besides two thousand marks of silver. The news of this acquisition on their immediate frontiers alarmed the Waldstätten. In the same

year (1291), Rudolph died, while on a journey to Spires, in the seventy-fourth year of his age, and the nineteenth of his reign. The Imperial crown was contested by his sons, Albert of Austria, and Adolphus of Nassau. The latter had a majority of votes, but Albert maintained the struggle by arms, and Helvetia as well as Germany was divided on the question of the right of succession. The Waldstätten, seeing the storm gathering around them, renewed in 1291 their alliance, solemnly engaging themselves by oath mutually to defend each other, their families and properties, against all agressions from without. From this alliance they took the name of *Eidgenossen*, "bound by compact," or confederates.—(This word was afterwards corrupted by the French pronunciation into Huguenots).

On the other side, the Bishop of Constance, the Abbot of St. Gall, and the town of Zurich, and the Count of Savoy, formed also an alliance among themselves, in order to oppose the ambitious views of Albert. This latter, in revenge, overran and ravaged the lands of the bishop. At length,

in a great battle fought in 1298, Adolphus of Nassau was killed, and his brother Albert took undisputed possession of the Imperial throne. He soon turned his whole attention towards (as he pretended to consider them) his refractory subjects of Helvetia. In another place you shall hear more about him. I suspect I shall dream of the Castle of Habsburg, and of Kœnigsfelden (the field of kings), where many of its owners were buried, the Emperor Albert amongst others. At all times "the path of glory leads but to the grave."

I will now only say that we have arrived safely at Les Bains de Baden. The town of Baden is situated on the Limmat, a fine deep fast-flowing river, though not to be compared as to size with the Rhine; but its waters are much clearer, and are, I think, of quite as bright a hue as the stone called aqua marine.

We did not stop at Baden, but proceeded a short distance to les Bains, where excellent hotels for all classes abound,—bathing in Switzerland not being a luxury confined to the higher orders.

"Nature, a mother kind alike to all," finds her benefits fully appreciated as regards the refreshing springs she pours forth in this country, warming and soothing the rigidity of age, or bracing the nerves and muscles, and confirming the strength of the young.

The baths of Baden were as celebrated and as much frequented in past times as at present. A very amusing account of them, about three centuries ago, is given in a letter from the pen of Poggio Bracciolini, which you will find in the very clever and interesting life of him, written by our friend, Dr. Shepherd. He describes many particulars respecting the gaieties which took place here formerly, some of which reminded him of the Floral Games at Rome. Although, from not understanding the German language, he was unable to converse with the company, he found much amusement in looking at them bathing, with their floating tables before them. Such tables are still, I am told, in use at the baths of Pfeffers; by the bye, one of the most extraordinary places of resort in Switzerland.

The scholar, it appears, had his thoughts much dissipated during his stay at the baths of Baden. He informed his friend "there was no opportunity for reading or studying; the whole place resounded with songs and musical instruments, so that the mere wish to be wise were the height of folly in me, especially who am not like Menedemus in the play, a morose rejecter of pleasures, but one of those who take a lively interest in every thing which concerns their fellow mortals. My pleasure, however, was much less than it would have been, had I been able to converse with my new acquaintance." He concludes his letter thus: "I think this must be the place where the first man was created, which the Hebrews call the Garden of Pleasure. If pleasure can make a man happy, this place is certainly possessed of every requisite for the promotion of felicity." I do not think that the baths of Baden by any means retain their character as a resort of pleasure; I rather believe that it does not at present stand very high in the list of fashionable watering-places, as I observe that

the accommodations for the poorer classes are as extensive as those for the rich.

In this immediate neighbourhood there is a very ancient monastery, the suppression of which is contemplated by the Canton of Berne; but the inhabitants of the Aargaw are determined if possible to resist the measure, and to seek redress from the Diet of the confederated Cantons. Great anxiety is felt as to what will be the decision of that body.

LETTER XII.

Zurich.

A drive of about four hours from Baden brought us to the ancient, distinguished, and now very opulent, town of Zurich, the capital of the Canton. We established ourselves at the new Hotel de Lac, looking, as its name denotes, upon the lake; and we have also a side view of the mountains from our windows. At a very short distance is an elevated mound—it once formed part of the fortifications—called the Katzen Bastie, or Cats' Bastion. These animals are said to have the power of seeing in the dark; and I suppose some watch-tower was placed there formerly, of which the guards there stationed were required in that particular to resemble their sagacity as much as possible. However that may

be, the Katzen Bastie is now converted into a shrubbery garden, open at all times to the public, for whose accommodation there are numerous seats. From one of these I first looked upon the snow-capped mountains, and indescribably beautiful was the view before me. The lake at my feet; its banks, in all directions in which I could see, covered with cheerful dwellings; their outstretched gardens, farms, and orchards, indicating comfort and enjoyment; the horizon bounded by a lofty chain of mountains, the deep violet hue of some, contrasting with the snowy summits of others, radiant in the setting sun, formed a scene of beauty such as I, who am no great traveller, never before contemplated but in a picture. I lingered at the Katzen Bastie until it became dark, and it seemed as if a shower of stars had fallen on earth and water: such was the effect, produced by the distant lights from the houses and those above and around, which the calm surface of the lake reflected.

We are spending a second day at Zurich; and as I do not feel at all well, and the heat

is excessive, instead of accompanying your papa and your sisters to see the sights, I will look over the pages of Vieusseux, and select from them some very summary account of this place. In attempting this, I fear I shall somewhat resemble the man who produced a single brick as a specimen of a house.

As early as the tenth century, Zurich had become the depôt of an extensive commerce between Italy and Germany, which conduced much to its prosperity, and was styled "Civitas et Colonia Imperatorium." It was the capital of all Thurgau, or Northern Helvetia. About the middle of the fourteenth century, Zurich was distracted by internal dissensions, which brought this republic to the verge of ruin. Its government consisted of a council of four nobles and eight of the most influential burghers, who, at the expiration of four months, chose their successors. The citizens at length murmured at all power being vested in a few families, who were neither responsible for their public conduct, nor for their use of the public monies; and they found a leader in

Rudolph Braun, a man of great talents and ambition, and one of the members of the council. He formed a new government, and divided the council into two classes, one of which consisted of traders and artizans, and the other of nobles and gentry; Braun himself being named burgomaster for life. The people sanctioned the new constitution in 1336; but the town still continued its allegiance to the empire. Soon after, the banished councillors formed a conspiracy to get rid of Braun and his followers; but a baker's boy overheard the plot, and informed Braun of it, who called the citizens to arms. In an engagement which followed, most of the conspirators were either killed or taken prisoners; amongst the latter was Count John of Habsburg, a nephew of the Duke of Austria (the son of his elder and deceased brother, the Duke of Suabia). The Duke threatened the Zurichers, to revenge their conduct towards the Count; the citizens, dreading the consequences, applied to the Swiss; and, in 1351, Zurich was received into their confederation as a fifth canton.

In consideration of the wealth and importance of the city of Zurich, the others yielded to it the first place in order of rank; and it has ever since been styled the first canton of the Helvetic body.

The Zurichers refused to release Count John, and a war ensued between them and the Duke, who besieged the town. The Waldstätten took up arms for their new confederate, and advanced to Baden, where the Austrians were stationed, bravely attacked them, and obliged them to retire after great loss. At length a truce was concluded; the Count of Habsburg was set at liberty; and Zurich enjoyed peace for several years: but in 1436, the death of the last Count of Jaggenburg became a source of fatal dissensions among the Swiss. Zurich claimed the inheritance, because the Count had been a freeman of that city, but he was also a burgher of the canton of Schwytz; and in 1440 war broke out between Schwytz and Glavis on one side, and Zurich on the other.

One of the conditions of the Swiss confederation

was, that any canton having disputes with another, and refusing to submit to the judgment of arbiters chosen according to the prescribed forms, should be constrained to do so by force. Zurich was in this predicament, having refused to abide by the decisions of the umpires, and drew upon itself the forces of all the other cantons, who threatened an attack; but Zurich wisely submitted to the *Jus Helvetium*, or public laws of the Confederation.

In less than a century after this, the Reformation had made great progress in Switzerland; and in 1523, Zurich was declared the first Reformed canton. This event was mainly caused by the zeal and energy of the great Reformer, Ulrich Zuingle, a native of Wildhaus in the Jaggenburg, who met his death in a battle which took place between the Catholic Cantons and Zurich.

He was ordered by the magistrates to accompany the soldiers, as it was known that his presence would tend greatly to encourage them; and it being customary for a minister to attend whenever the great banner of the city was unfurled, Zuingle

obeyed, though with gloomy forebodings as to the result of the strife; which, he told his friends, "would cause his death, as well as many other honest citizens." He was observed to pray fervently during the whole of the march; the engagement took place at Cappel; they fought bravely, but were defeated; and Zuingle fell in the thickest of the fight. His body was recognised next day among the slain; and a plain monument, bearing a suitable inscription, has been erected to his memory on the spot, which is close to the road, and can be seen by every traveller.

Zurich took no part in the resistance made by Berne to the French in 1798; but changed its constitution, and sent a deputation to profess its respect for the French Republic; praying at the same time that the canton might be spared the visit of the French soldiers, every thing having been made as democratic as they could possibly desire. Soon after, however, the French head-quarters were transferred to Zurich, and their troops spread over the country as far as the Lake of Constance; and Zurich, notwith-

standing its having made no resistance, was taxed equally with Berne. In 1799, Zurich was occupied by the Austrians and Russians, and became the head-quarters of the Allies; but they were driven thence by Massena, who defeated them in a succession of battles, and took possession of the town; shortly after which the Russians left Switzerland altogether.

The details of this mountain warfare among the high Alps, in which Generals Lecourbe, Soult, and Molitor, on the side of the French, and Suwarrow and Kotze, on that of the Russians and Austrians, distinguished themselves, are full of stratagetic interest.

During the winter of 1799-1800, the two hostile armies remained inactive; the Austrians occupying the Grisons and the banks of the Lake of Constance, and the French having their head-quarters at Zurich, and being in possession of almost the whole of Switzerland. The internal administration was conducted with a sort of mockery of justice, by a body called the Helvetic Council, or Directory; which was in a manner

foreign to the greater part of the nation it was appointed to govern, being chiefly composed of men from Western or French Switzerland, whom the German Swiss hardly considered as their countrymen. "Whilst this government," says Zschokke, "was destitute of the most necessary means, whilst its officers received no salaries, nor the clergy their stipends, the commissaries, the generals, and the soldiers of France revelled in shameful profusion, at the expense of the Swiss, or sent home the produce of their plunder."

On some remonstrance being made by the council, Rapinat told them that "they were nothing more than a Board of Administration under the French government; that Switzerland was a conquered country; that they had no national property but what belonged to the French Republic." And he acted upon this principle, for he tore off the seals of the Helvetic government from the depositories of public property; he emptied the cantonal treasures of Zurich, Lucerne, and other cantons which made no resistance, just as completely as he did those of Berne, Freyburg,

and Soleure; he seized the funds of the public charities, and the private legacies for the poor, the aged, and the infirm. Friends and foes, democrats and aristocrats, were all treated alike. Zeltner, the Helvetic chargé d'affaires at Paris, who had himself been favourable to a change of institutions in his country, but not by such means, addressed a note of remonstrance to the French minister for foreign affairs, in which he drew the following picture of the benefits of revolutionary liberty.—"When, in order to confer freedom on a people, you reduce that people to very rags; when the husbandman must abandon his plough, and the artizan his workshop, and the rights of every citizen are violated,—then, oh great nation! you have missed your aim, and your enemies have reason to triumph. You have given us a constitution founded upon the principles of liberty and equality, but you have deprived us at the same time of all the means of enjoying those blessings. Is our political freedom to be purchased by the endurance of every kind of oppression that can weigh down an unfortunate

people? The consequences of such conduct may still prove more lamentable. Our Swiss mountaineers are tenacious of purpose: they are attached to their religion, their democratic forms, and their ancient manners. Bad faith and wanton outrage are revolting to them; if you reduce them to despair, you will form a new Vendée among the Alps." This was written in 1798, and the events of the following year fulfilled the prediction contained in the last sentence. The Helvetic executive, roused at length from its submissive apathy by the innumerable complaints that poured upon it from every quarter, wrote to Schanenberg, that "the excesses of every kind committed by his troops, and their heavy requisitions and exactions, had occasioned an universal discontent bordering on despair." "Remember, Citizen General" (thus the note concluded), "that in former times Switzerland and Genoa have been indebted for their liberty to the immoderate use of power by foreigners." Schanenberg, in answer, professed he had ordered strict discipline to be enforced amongst his troops. The Helvetic executive replied,

"Your soldiers are not satisfied with living in their barracks; they force themselves into private houses, vexing and insulting the owners, and extorting from them their last pittance, while we have no means to alleviate the distress of the sufferers, stripped as we have been by your commissioners, of the funds destined for the relief of the destitute."

Zurich was the native place of the celebrated physiognomist Lavater, a man of great virtue and talents. He was at first favourable to popular changes in the institutions of his country, which he rightly conceived were too favourable to some classes at the expense of the people at large; a state of things arising necessarily out of the condition in by-gone times of these communities. He, good man, little dreamed that the hoped-for improvement was to be preceded by the dreadful excesses committed by the French, who, while professing to confer liberty, gave slavery and death. Lavater, whose feeling heart was wrung at witnessing the wretchedness of his country, wrote a letter (and much courage it required

to do so) to the French Directory, which was printed and published in several languages, and which he dated "10th May, the first year of Helvetic Slavery," (1798). "You came (says this letter) under the pretence of freeing us from the aristocracy, and you have imposed upon us a yoke far more intolerable than any we had before endured. When you entered the Helvetian territory, you proclaimed that your sole object was to chastise the oligarchs of Berne, Freyburg, and Soleure. The other Cantons, to their shame be it said, looked on, and took no part against you. Zurich voluntarily changed its government into a democracy; but your General ordered us to accept a new constitution, framed by yourselves, and we submitted: a few days after, you imposed upon us another constitution for all Switzerland, and we submitted likewise to your singular fashion of imparting liberty to other countries. We then thought that we had done enough: but you came and quartered yourselves in our houses; you drained us by your exactions, and you levied a contribution of three millions upon our senatorial

families, who had ruled our Canton for ages, according to our old constitution, and certainly without incurring any charge of extortion; who had quietly resigned their offices when required to do so by their countrymen, and who therefore could not be accused of any political misdemeanour."

This epistle made no impression on those to whom it was addressed. The amiable writer of it lost his life in the following year (September 1799), when the French re-entered Zurich by force. Hearing of some outrage committed by the military upon his neighbours, he stepped out of his house, and was killed in the affray by one of the soldiers. It might have been supposed that his venerable apostolic appearance would have served for his protection; but the mildness of his aspect, like that of his Lord and Master, whose gospel he preached (Lavater was a clergyman), had no effect upon the infuriated wretches by whom he was surrounded: he died their innocent victim.

At length a beneficial change took place in

1801, when Bonaparte became first consul. His will gave a fresh impulse to the current of political affairs; a new project of a constitution for Switzerland was published, the framers of which acknowledged in their preamble that "the constitution of 1798 had been imposed by foreign powers, and supported by force of arms, and could never in more orderly times have secured the real approbation of the Helvetic people." So much for the constitution given by the French Directory to its allies the Swiss, to enforce which Switzerland had for years endured the presence of invaders, with their train of rapine, extortion, famine, and bloodshed. A General Diet was convoked in September 1801, to give its sanction to the new constitution, which has since then undergone many changes. The improvements desired by good men like Lavater, have more recently taken place, and the people at large enjoy advantages which were formerly confined to comparatively few in number. Zurich and its neighbourhood exhibit every appearance of being at present in a most prosperous and flourishing

state. I must not omit mentioning the names of two remarkable men born here—Gessner, the poet, to whose memory is erected a simple and elegant monument; and Pestalozzi, the benevolent and enlightened instructor of youth, whose seminary near Yverdun, was a home and a refuge for great numbers of the orphans rendered houseless and friendless by the troops acting under the command of the French Directory.

In Zurich was printed the first *entire English version* of the Bible, by Miles Coverdale, in 1535.

LETTER XIII.

From the Banks of the Lake of Zug.

We left Zurich at an early hour of this bright and charming morning. Our road (an excellent one) lay over the mountain called Albis (2740 feet high), on the wooded slopes of which it is said that Gessner used to spend much of his time, writing his elegant verses; and a scene better fitted for a poet to luxuriate in, cannot well be imagined.* We were enabled to enjoy it by

* Mrs. Lawrence, of Mossley Hill, near Liverpool, has given a charming translation of Gessner's Poems. Mrs. Lawrence is herself a highly gifted poet, and to her the public are indebted for a most interesting memoir of her sister muse, the late Mrs. Hemans. No hand was more fitted than hers to strew with flowers the grave of that mournful child of genius, on the latter years of whose life she had shed such benign and soothing influence.

the very circuitous bends the road necessarily takes.

We could see the whole extent of the lake called Zurichsee, the outstretched country looking as though it were like the Promised Land, redundant in all good things, and bounded by the magnificent chain of Alps, which seem to be nature's mighty guardians, placed there to defend and protect it. My mind was still full of the grand panoramic view we had quitted on the highest point of our ascent, when the current of my feelings was quickly changed, before we had proceeded many miles, by seeing close to the road the large plain piece of black marble which serves to mark the spot where Zuingle was killed. Thoughts dark and sombre as the colour of the monument took possession of me, and were not dissipated until we came in sight of the Lake of Zug, which looks calm, soft, and beautiful, as though the baleful influence of men's angry passions never approached its sequestered banks; but here too strife and war have rioted, amidst scenes having peace legibly imprinted on them by the beneficent hand of

Nature. Whilst our dinner is preparing, and the horses are having theirs, I have taken up my pen to give you an account of our proceedings thus far.

This lake reminds me very much of our English lake of Ulswater, which I think is not inferior in any respect. The chief town of the canton of Zug is situate close by, and has an antique quiet appearance, without any of the demonstrations of thriving commercial prosperity so apparent at Zurich. All around here bespeaks the occupations of the inhabitants to be agricultural; the land is fertile and well cropped, and the houses are comfortable. The Roman Catholic religion is here established; and whenever such is the case in Switzerland, the people are commonly employed in cultivating the soil. They leave commercial pursuits to their Protestant neighbours; and this diversity of employment, cannot, I think, fail to promote a friendly intercourse. The people of Zug find a good market for the product of their fields at Zurich, where they can supply themselves on reasonable terms with the manufactures of that place.

We reached Lucerne after dark; it was not therefore till this morning that I first beheld from my windows the glorious prospect of the lake before. The snowy Alps in front, on one side the giant Righi, on the other the no less gigantic and more jagged Pilatus, around which latter still adhere as many legends as clouds usually hang about its awful head. The most remarkable is that which perhaps you may remember having read of in Scott's beautiful novel of "Anne of Geierstein." It tells how the cruel Emperor Tiberius banished Pilate, the governor of Judea, to Gaul, from whence he wandered here, and, conscience-stricken for having condemned to death our blessed Saviour, in whom he acknowledged "he could find no fault at all," he ended his miserable existence by throwing himself into a lake on the top of this mountain, which has ever since borne his name, together with a bad reputation.

It is certain that almost all the storms that burst on the lake, and which are of frequent occurrence, gather and brew on its summit.

"This almost perpetual assembly of clouds was long attributed by the superstitious to the unquiet spirit still hovering round the sunken body, which, when disturbed by any intruder, especially by the casting of stones into the lake, revenged itself by sending storms, darkness, and hail, on the surrounding district. So prevalent was the belief in this superstition, even down to times comparatively recent, that the government of Lucerne forbad the ascent of the mountain; and the moralist Conrad Gessner, in 1555, was obliged to provide himself with a special order, removing the interdict in his case, to enable him to carry on his researches upon the mountain."* "According to some authorities, the name Pilatus is only a corruption of Pileatus (capped), arising from the cap of clouds which rarely quits this mountain's barren brow, and which is sometimes seen arising like steam from a cauldron."†

Whether or not the unhappy Roman—who ended his days here, according to the above

* Murray's Handbook in Switzerland, page 54.

† Ibid.

tradition — is at this moment mixing up the elements, I cannot tell; but certain it is, they are in such a commotion, that I cannot at present venture to leave the house; so I will employ myself in gathering materials for some slender historical notices connected with this place and its vicinity, which shall form the subject of my next letter.

LETTER XIV.

Lucerne.

At a very early period, a monk raised the Abbey of St. Leodegar, where the town of Lucerne now stands. This name is supposed to have been derived from a lighthouse, called Lucerna, having been placed at the head of the lake, for the guidance of boatmen on its stormy waters. This lake bears the different appellations of Lucerne, the Lake of the Waldstätten, and the Lake of the Four Cantons, from its washing the shores of Lucerne, Schwytz, Uri, and Unterwalden, and also the Forest Cantons; which have been the scenes of some of the most remarkable events in Swiss history. Whether the inhabitants of this secluded region were originally of Helvetian or Scandinavian descent remains unknown.

For ages after the fall of the Roman Empire, the shepherds and their flocks roamed in safety at the foot of the highest ridges of the Alps, among marshes, rocks, and glaciers, concealed from the straggling bands of barbarians, who ventured into these solitudes, and who, concluding the country to be uninhabited and unproductive, soon left it for lands of better promise. The zeal, however, of hermits and monks proved more persevering than that of conquerors; and the rude shepherds were converted to Christianity by the pious Meinrad and several of his brethren.

For a long time after, the inhabitants of these three districts or cantons formed but one society, choosing their magistrates among the elders, and having only one common church, in the valley of Muotta, which belonged to the people of Schwytz. As the population increased, each canton found it requisite to have its own church, its own landamman or chief magistrate, and its council or tribunal. Thus, Schwytz, Uri, and Unterwalden, became three distinct communities, yet remaining in the closest alliance, as men of the same stock

and having the same interests. The form of government was that of pure and simple democracy, suited to the habits of a pastoral race. All the native inhabitants who had reached the age of manhood assembled once a year in the church or in a field, for the purpose of discussing and settling among themselves the few debatable questions that might arise in so primitive a commonwealth, and of electing their magistrates.

It is not clearly known when they began to acknowledge the supremacy of the Emperors of Germany, by whose subjects and vassals they were surrounded, and whose name and sanction they probably considered a security from the annoyances and pretensions of their neighbours. There were, in these mountainous regions, many vast tracks of desert land, and many a vale unexplored and uninhabited. The Emperor gave some of these unappropriated grounds to nobles or convents, and the few peasants who came to cultivate these lands paid a quit-rent to the proprietors. The Counts of Leuzburg and those of Rapperschwyl, and the Abbeys of Zurich, Beromunster, and Engelberg,

held several of these lordships. But the most wealthy and powerful monastery in the country was that of Einsiedeln, in the canton of Schwytz. The abbot claimed the right of pasture for his cattle all over the surrounding mountains, in consequence of an old grant made by an emperor to the monastery of all uncultivated lands in the country. The emperor did not at that time know the value of what he was giving away. The shepherds of Schwytz, strangers to all the affairs of the political world, and ignorant of the nature of grants and feudal investiture, were surprised, and doubtless, too, displeased, when they saw the cattle of the abbot come to graze on the meadows which had belonged to their families for several generations. They disputed the abbot's claim, which was referred to the emperor Henry V., who decided in favour of the abbot.

The shepherds of Schwytz were indignant; and concluded that the protection of the emperor was useless to them, and that they might as well be without it. Being joined by their brethren of Uri and Unterwalden, they drove away from their

meadows both the monks and the cattle. For this the emperor put them under the ban of the empire; they were also excommunicated by the Bishop of Constance, who interdicted all priests from administering the sacrament, and forbade the ringing of the church bells, until the shepherds submitted to the emperor's decision. But the people of Schwytz were not so easily intimidated. They insisted on their priests performing the church service as before, and drove away from their valleys such as refused. Their cattle continued to multiply, notwithstanding the interdict; the grass grew on their fields as luxuriantly as before, and the shepherds sent, as usual, the produce of their dairies to the markets of Lucerne and Zurich. Thus things went on for years, during which the emperor probably forgot the people of Schwytz and their quarrel with the abbot; but the three Cantons, foreseeing that troubled times might again return, entered into a solemn alliance with each other, which at different times they afterwards renewed. The three Waldstätten, or Forest Cantons, as they are designated, from

the numerous and thick woods, which from their very origin covered the greater part of the country, were differently situated from the other people of Helvetia. They had never been conquered or made subjects, nor had they acknowledged the delegated authority of any of the Imperial governors of Helvetia, until 1209, when Otho IV., on his way to Italy, induced them to accept the Count of Habsburg (an ancestor of Rudolph's) for their Landvogt, or bailiff; who, on his part, swore to maintain their privileges and franchises. But the people of the Forest Cantons being on some account dissatisfied with him, appealed to Henry VII., king of the Romans, and son of Frederick II., to be freed from their governor. That prince acquiesced in their demand, and confirmed their liberties, as did also Frederick II., by a written charter, in return for the services of a gallant band of their youths who had accompanied that Emperor in his foreign wars. The expressions of the diploma are remarkably explicit: the people of Schwytz, Uri, and Unterwalden, are acknowledged as *freemen*, "who owe no allegiance but to the

Emperor, by whom they are received with open arms, having submitted of their own free will to the empire, from which they shall not at any future time be detached or alienated."

During the turbulent period of the interregnum which followed the extinction of the Imperial line of the Hohenstaufers (as I have already mentioned), the Forest Cantons placed themselves under the protection of Rudolph of Habsburg, acknowledging him as their Landvogt, and who, on being elected Emperor, confirmed the perpetual right of the Waldstätten, to hold solely and directly of the empire. But after his death, when his son Albert succeeded to the Imperial throne, his attempts against the liberties of Berne and Zurich having been successfully resisted, he turned the whole weight of his wrath against the confederates of the Waldstätten; they had during the late contest for the empire, taken part with Albert's brother and rival, Adolphus of Nassau, the lawfully elected Emperor, and who on his part had confirmed their privileges. After the death of Adolphus, and Albert's final recognition

as Emperor, the confederates sent a deputation to Strasbourg, begging the confirmation of their ancient franchises, which his father, Rudolph, of glorious memory, had acknowledged. Albert gave them an evasive answer, saying he had to propose to them a change in their situation. Two years afterwards (in 1300), he sent two of his councillors to the Waldstätten, to represent to them that it would be for their interest to become subjects of the Dukes of Austria (the inheritance of his own private family), by whose possessions they were surrounded; and that he himself had, in their country, certain jurisdictions which he and his father had purchased from the clergy and lay proprietors. He promised to adopt them as faithful children of his Imperial family, and to give them possessions and wealth, and to create knights among them. The answer of the Three Cantons was brief. They stated respectfully, but firmly, that "they were satisfied with their present condition, under the immediate protection of the German empire; that they flattered themselves that the Emperor would acknowledge their

hereditary privileges, as they, on their side, were ready to fulfil all engagements to which they were bound." This answer served only to increase Albert's wrath. He employed his vassals and other dependents in the neighbourhood of the Waldstätten, to gain some of the higher and more influential families of those valleys, especially the free nobles, whose ancestors had come to reside among them, and had been amongst the first to clear the wilderness. This they were to do by descanting on the advantages that would accrue to them and their estates, if all the countries of that part of Helvetia which traded together, should become united under one master. But he made no converts, and the Baron of Attinghausen, Landamman, or first magistrate of Uri, in 1301, repaired to the Imperial court, again to solicit the confirmation of the privileges of the Three Cantons, and to demand a *Reichsvogt*, or Imperial governor, to be sent them. This request was made to prevent Albert's sending them his own Austrian bailiffs, and thus detaching the Waldstätten from the empire, and making

them part of the appanage of his own family. Albert's answer was, "that as they had refused his advantageous offer, he should not use any greater complaisance towards them; that they had no occasion for an Imperial governor, and had only to address themselves to his own bailiff at Lucerne, or to the other at Koltenburg." The meaning of this answer was well understood by the Waldstätten: he referred them to his bailiffs, that the latter, by administering the *jus gladii*, or supreme justice in their country in the name of the Duke of Austria, might thus acquire a prescriptive right for that house. On the subsequent remonstrances of the Waldstätten, Albert at last promised to send them Imperial bailiffs, which he did in 1304, enjoining the people to obey them, and respect their orders as they would his own, under pain of being deprived of their liberties.

In my next letter you shall hear something more of Albert, and also of the manner in which these governors acquitted themselves:—as usual, I shall make extracts from Vieusseux. I take

too many liberties with them (as I before said), adapting their contents to my own purposes, to mark all I write as quotations, but I am a borrower to the fullest extent of the word, for according to the sage old Burton, "as apothecaries we make new mixtures; every day pour out of one vessel into another; and as the Romans robbed all the cities in the world to set out their bad sited Rome, we skim the cream of other men's wits, pick the choice flowers of their tilled gardens to set out our own sterile plots. We weave the same web, still twist the same rope, again and again."

LETTER XV.

Lucerne.

I concluded my last Letter by telling you of the Emperor Albert's harsh message to the Waldstätten, on their requiring Imperial bailiffs instead of his own private servants. On finding himself constrained to accede to their desire, he—no doubt resolving to make them repent of their choice—appointed as bailiffs two noblemen of a haughty, harsh, and overbearing character; and probably gave them instructions which aggravated the natural bent of their dispositions. One of them was Hermann Gessler of Brunegg; the other, Beringar of Landenberg. They established themselves permanently in the country, contrary to the custom of their predecessors: the former at Altorf, the principal village of Uri; and the latter at

Sarnen, in the Unterwalden. The castles which they occupied and fortified were garrisoned with Austrian troops. Albert had latterly acquired another castle called Rotzberg, in the country of Unterwalden; there he sent a nobleman of the name of Wolfenschiessen, of the same temper as the two bailiffs.

The career of injustice and vexation pursued by these delegates of Albert was such, that the chroniclers of the time find no expressions sufficiently to characterise it. They openly violated the liberties of the country; arrested the inhabitants on the most trifling pretexts, and sent them to Lucerne or Zug, there to be tried by the ministers of the Duke of Austria. They increased the imposts and tolls due to the empire; levied arbitrary fines, and exacted payment in the most merciless manner; and insulted on all occasions the simple, but substantial and independent, proprietors of the country.

Werner Stauffacher of Steinen, in the canton of Schwytz, had built himself a new and commodious house; Gessler riding past it one day,

loudly exclaimed—"Is it to be borne, that vile peasants should be possessed of such fine mansions?" In Unterwalden, Arnold of Melchthal was fined for a slight offence, and had a fine team of oxen taken from his plough by a servant of Landenberg, who told him that "peasants ought to draw the plough themselves." Arnold struck the fellow, broke two of his fingers, and then ran to the mountains. The bailiff Landenberg revenged himself on old Melchthal, the innocent father of Arnold, by searing his eyes with a red-hot poker.

The young Lord of Wolfenschiess, the friend of Landenberg, went one day to the house of Conrad of Baumgarten, during the absence of the latter in the fields, and insisted on Conrad's wife preparing a bath for him, using at the same time language highly offensive to a modest woman. She sent word of what was passing to her husband; who, hastily returning, killed Wolfenschiess in the bath.

The inferior dependants and partizans of the bailiffs imitated the conduct of their masters.

The governor of the castle of Schwanau, on the lake of Lowertz, having insulted in the grossest possible manner a young woman of Arth, who belonged to one of the principal families of the country, he was murdered by her brothers. There being no chance of obtaining justice, the country people became desperate, and every one sought redress with his own hands; thus general confusion and disorder spread over the land.

It was evident that Albert's intention was either to drive the people to rebellion, that he might have a pretence for annexing them to his dominions, or to the voluntary sacrifice of their liberties, in order to be relieved from their bailiffs. Indeed, the latter alternative was suggested to them by the Emperor's ministers by way of advice, in answer to their reiterated remonstrances. On the other side, the Waldstätten were anxious to avoid open revolt, which might give the Emperor a pretext for effecting that which they well knew was his main object. But Albert's bailiffs, by carrying their oppression too far, hastened the crisis. Their outrageous conduct was a theme

of frequent, though secret, complaint amongst the sufferers.

The women were loud in their denunciations of the tyrants, and urged their husbands to throw off the yoke. The before-mentioned Werner Stauffacher of Schwytz had, in the course of 1307, interviews with Walter Furst of Uri, and with Arnold Melchthal of Unterwalden. These three men, deploring the miseries of their common country, agreed to sound their respective neighbours, and ascertain whether the people would risk their lives for the recovery of their ancient liberties. They agreed to meet again, and to report to each other the result of their inquiries; and fixed upon a solitary spot called Grütli, on a steep promontory jutting into the lake, opposite the village of Brunnen, as a central point between the Three Cantons.

An incident occurred in the mean time, which, although unconnected with the conspiracy, had the effect of strengthening the purpose of the patriots. The bailiff Gessler, suspecting that a spirit of resistance lurked among the people, and

wishing to find out the most determined of them, resorted to a most singular contrivance of despotic caprice. He caused a high pole to be raised in the market-place of Altorf, on the top of which was placed his hat, or more probably the ducal cap of Austria; issuing at the same time an order that every passer-by should uncover his head before the hat, in token of respect for its master.

Wilhelm Tell of Burglen, near Altorf, son-in-law to Walter Furst, was the first who disobeyed the order; and he was immediately taken before Gessler. This was a new species of offence, and the punishment awarded by the bailiff was equally new. Tell was known to be an excellent marksman with his bow; and had only one son, yet a boy. Gessler sentenced the father to take his stand at a considerable distance, and shoot an apple placed on the head of the child; should he miss his aim, he was to suffer death. The inhuman sentence was immediately so far put into execution, that the boy was blindfolded, and an apple tied over his head, Gessler being present. Tell took his bow, and arrows in his quiver, and set about

his fearful task. With a firm hand he let fly the arrow, and hit, not the boy's head, as the tyrant had expected, but the apple. The spectators shouted applause. Tell was overcome by his feelings; and, in his joy at his boy's escape, unguardedly answered the questions of the tyrant, who asked him for what purpose, as he could shoot but once, he had taken a second arrow in his quiver. "That was reserved for thee, had the first hit my son."

This rash but irresistible burst of feeling nearly proved fatal to Tell. Gessler, rendered doubly suspicious by his courage and skill, was determined not to leave him at large, and eagerly caught at the threat thus imprudently expressed. Tell was pinioned, and thrown into Gessler's boat, which was ready to carry him to the castle of Küssnacht, at the other extremity of the lake. The wind was contrary; but Gessler, impatient to carry off his prisoner, and fearing an outbreak of the indignant people, gave the signal for departure. The southernmost branch of the lake of the Waldstätten, which extends into the canton of

Uri, consists of a long and narrow piece of water of great depth, stretching from north to south, between two ranges of high, bare, and almost perpendicular rocks. The wind, when rushing suddenly from the mountains above, causes a dangerous surge. There is hardly a landing-place along either coast; and any boat attempting in a storm to approach the shore, would be dashed to pieces against the cliffs. Gessler's boat had not proceeded far, notwithstanding the strenuous exertions of the rowers, before it became unmanageable. The danger was imminent; and the crew suggested to Gessler, that if he would allow them to unfetter Tell, who was lying at the bottom of the boat, and who was known to be an experienced boatman, and one well acquainted with every nook of the shore, they might be saved. The governor nodded assent; and Tell, taking the rudder in hand, steered the boat against the abrupt sides of the Axenberg, where a narrow flat shelf of rock juts into the water. As the boat neared it, Tell, seizing his bow, sprang on the narrow ledge, at the same time pushing the

boat with his foot back into the roaring waters. In the confusion, Gessler's boatmen missed the landing-place, and were obliged to beat out against the waves. The storm, however, abated its fury, and Gessler was safely landed on the coast; from whence he took a path across the country, in order to reach his castle of Küssnacht. Tell, who foresaw where he would land, if land he did, and the direction he must follow, was waiting in ambush for him in a cave; and, as Gessler passed, shot him through the heart. This happened towards the end of 1307.

Tell was driven to this last extremity, by the absolute necessity of destroying his implacable enemy, or being himself destroyed and his family ruined. As soon as the deed was done, he went to Steinen, and told Werner Stauffacher (with whose sentiments he was acquainted) what had happened. Stauffacher communicated it directly to his two friends, Furst and Melchthal. They all felt disconcerted by Tell's precipitance, not being prepared for the immediate insurrection of the whole Waldstätten. They also disapproved

of Tell's personal violence, justifiable as it might appear; for those old single-hearted patriots were conscientious and religious men, and abhorred the shedding even of the blood of their enemies, except in self-defence.

At a meeting which they held at the usual place of Grütli, in November 1307, the three leaders each brought ten trusty and honourable men of their neighbours; and there the three first, raising their hands towards Heaven, and calling on the Almighty to witness their engagement, swore to live and die for the rights of their oppressed countrymen; no longer to suffer injustice, and on their part to commit none; to respect the rights of the house of Habsburg, and to put an end to the arbitrary acts of their tyranny. The thirty followers devoutly repeated the same oath, engaging themselves to fulfil it; and the execution of their design was fixed for the 1st of the following January. After concerting their measures, they parted; and every one was quietly at home next day, attending to the cares of his house and fields.

On the 1st of January 1308, as the bailiff Landenberg came out of the castle of Sarnen to go to mass, twenty of the confederates appeared before him, bringing the customary presents of fowls, sheep, etc. The bailiff, suspecting nothing, told them to go into the castle, while he himself proceeded to church. When arrived at the gate, the confederates took from under their jackets spear-heads, and fixed them to the ends of their staves; with these they disarmed the guard, and making a signal to another party of thirty men, who were waiting close by, they all rushed in, and overcame the garrison.

Landenberg, hearing of this, escaped over the frontiers to Lucerne, without being pursued. At the same time, another party of confederates were introduced into the castle of Rotzberg by one of their number, who was in the habit of visiting one of the female domestics of the castle, who used to let down a rope-ladder from her window, by which her lover ascended. On this occasion he availed himself of the opportunity to serve his country, by introducing his friends,

who soon made themselves masters of the castle. At the same time Stauffacher, with the men of of Schwytz, took possession of Schwanau, and Walter Furst, and his son-in-law, Wilhelm Tell, did the same by Gessler's castle in Uri.

All these fortresses were razed to the ground; bonfires were lighted upon all the mountains, and on the following Sunday deputies from the Three Cantons assembled at Brunnen, to renew their old alliance by oath, and to thank God for having accomplished their deliverance without bloodshed, and without violating the rights of the house of Habsburg.

The Emperor Albert, on being informed of these proceedings, which were in all likelihood not unacceptable to him, repaired, in the month of April 1308, to Baden in Aargau, and whilst there he put the three cantons of the Waldstätten under the ban, forbidding any one to trade or hold communication with them, and summoning all his vassals to assist in subduing the rebels.

Whilst making preparations for invading and devastating the poor Forest Cantons, Albert set

out on the 1st of May, from Baden, to join his Empress at Rheinfelden. He had with him his nephew, John of Habsburg, son of Rudolph, Duke of Suabia, who being now of age, claimed to be put in possession of his father's inheritance. Albert was not willing to part with that which he once had held, and refused to comply with the reasonable demands of his nephew, pronouncing him to be too young and inexperienced, and replying with taunts and sarcasm to the young man's complaints. A similar scene had happened just before they left Baden, and John had formed a conspiracy to kill his uncle, with four noblemen of Albert's suite, to whom also the Emperor was peculiarly obnoxious. No sooner had the Emperor crossed the ferry on the river Reuss, at Windisch, than the conspirators who accompanied him fell upon him, before the rest of the suite, who beheld the deed from the opposite bank of the river, could come to his assistance. John was the first to strike his uncle in the throat with a spear, exclaiming, "this is the reward of injustice!" Rudolph of Balm wounded him in the

breast, and Walter of Eschenback cleaved his head with a battle-axe. Two other noblemen, Rudolph of Wart, and Conrad of Jägerfeld, stood by, but without assisting in the murder. They then, all horror-struck at what they had done, dispersed in various directions, leaving Albert alone bathed in his blood. The Emperor drew his last breath in the arms of a poor woman who happened to be journeying on the road. This circumstance is thus noticed by the elegant pen of Mrs. Hemans.

"A peasant girl that royal head upon her bosom laid,
And shrinking not for woman's dread, the face of death survey'd—
Alone she sate. From hill and wood low sunk the mournful sun;
Fast gushed the fount of noble blood. Treason his worst had done.
With her long hair she vainly pressed the wounds to stanch their tide:
Unknown, on that meek humble breast, Imperial Albert died."

The report of this crime spread consternation even among Albert's enemies and victims. The assassins wandered about, spurned by all, without asylum and without sympathy. Zurich shut its

gates against them; and the brave men of the Waldstätten, by whom the murderers hoped to be received, having delivered them from an implacable oppressor, refused to admit them, scorning to purchase their deliverance by countenancing a crime. Elizabeth and Agnes, the widow and daughter of Albert, as well as his son, Leopold of Austria, fearfully avenged the murder. The innocent and guilty were involved in one common slaughter, on the slightest suspicion of being accomplices of the murderers. The first nobility of Helvetia perished in these abominable prescriptions; their castles were burnt, and their estates confiscated to the profit of the Dukes of Austria. Agnes, queen of Hungary, daughter of Albert, has acquired an infamous immortality by the fierceness of her revenge. At Fahrwangen, sixty-three knights, generally believed to be innocent, were beheaded in her presence, and amidst this scene of blood she is reported to have exclaimed, "Now we bathe in the dews of May." Rudolph von Wart, the least guilty of the assassins (for he took no part in the deed), being taken, was

condemned to be broken on the wheel. His wife implored at the knees of Agnes a commutation at least of the dreadful mode of execution, but in vain. Von Wart had his limbs broken on the wheel; but, by a refinement of cruelty, was left still alive. From his bed of agony he tried to console his devoted wife, who remained alone with him, kneeling by his side till he expired. Such was Agnes's revenge. About one hundred noble families, and nearly one thousand persons of plebeian condition, of every age and sex, are said to have been immolated to the manes of Albert. At last, sated with carnage, the mother and daughter built a convent on the spot where the murder was committed; it was called Kœnigsfelden, and was enriched with the confiscated property of the victims. In this convent Agnes spent the remaining fifty years of her life, in the practice of the most austere asceticism.

It is recorded that a holy hermit, to whom she applied for absolution, replied — "Woman! God is not to be served with bloody hands, nor by the slaughter of innocent persons, nor by

convents built with the plunder of orphans and widows, but by mercies and forgiveness of injuries." It must be admitted that the holy man laid no "flattering unction to her soul." He did better; and perhaps kindled repentance in her stern breast. She was buried at Kœnigsfelden, by the side of her parents. Her apartments and the vaults were a few years ago still to be seen, although the monastery has been long secularized, and the remains of the Austrian princes and princesses removed to Vienna.

In the midst of these and other cares, the sons of Albert lost sight of the Forest Cantons for several years, leaving them to the undisturbed enjoyment of their ancient institutions.

LETTER XVI.

Lucerne.

I have been spending the last few days amidst scenes of the highest interest. We have been boating on the Lake of the Four Cantons; and I should have been wholly absorbed in the contemplation of its magnificent beauty, had not the stirring deeds of past times been brought to my recollection by seeing the very ground where rustic patriots hazarded life, and all that makes life dear; and, by the energy of their soul and purpose, flung tyranny and all its "vile strength" prostrate to the earth, never to raise its head again but for a brief space amongst their mountain homes of liberty.

We left our boat, and went some miles in a shaking car, through meadows, pasture ground,

and orchards; above which, we here and there caught a view of a snow-capped mountain and the barren peaks of the Mythen, or Mitres, on our rugged road to the town of Schwytz. The cottages and their inhabitants all seemed comfortable, and their agricultural occupations prosperous. Thinking of the achievements of their heroic fathers —"a bold peasantry, their country's pride," who left their farms and ploughs to perform deeds of valour in the battle-field—brought to my mind Goldsmith's lines—

> "No product here the barren hills afford,
> But man and steel, the soldier and his sword."

The smallest of the cantons is Schwytz, which has been denominated *"the heart's-core of Switzerland."* The chief town (of the same name) is antique, and looks clean and cheerful: it contains about three thousand inhabitants, and more than "a decent church"—it is a large venerable pile—tops the hill on which it is built. The people of the Waldstätten, of the Three Confederated Cantons, were called Schwytzers, from the canton

of Schwytz being the most important of them, and the foremost in the War of Independence. When, at different times, other cantons, at their desire became incorporated with these, the name of Swiss, or Sweitzers, and hence Switzerland, became general.

After the death of the Emperor Albert—with an account of which I closed my last Letter—Henry of Luxemberg was elected emperor: he was poisoned in Italy in 1313. The electors were divided in their choice, between Frederic of Austria, the son of Albert, and Louis of Bavaria. The Waldstätten decided in favour of the latter; while the greater part of Helvetia declared for Frederic, who finally succeeded to the Imperial throne. Frederic and his brother Leopold had not forgotten the insurrection of the Waldstätten against their father Albert, and their late preference of Louis of Bavaria added fuel to their resentment. In consequence of some fresh disputes between them and the monks of Einsiedeln, the Waldstätten were excommunicated by the Bishop of Constance, and put under the ban of the empire by the

Imperial chamber, as rebels to the Emperor; but were relieved from the spiritual interdict by the Archbishop of Mayence, and from the ban by the Emperor Louis.

Frederic, however, in his quality of Protector of the Convent of Einsiedeln, thought he had a plausible opportunity of chastising the stubborn mountaineers, and committed to his brother Leopold the care of the expedition. Louis assembled, in the autumn of 1315, a body of twenty thousand men, at Baden on the Limmat; and there arranged his plan of campaign. His principal attack was to be directed against the canton of Schwytz; the most important, as being the most fertile and populous, of the three Waldstätten. This canton is not so mountainous and rugged as those of Uri and Unterwalden, and consists of fine valleys and pasture lands on the slopes of the lesser Alps. Leopold's cavalry could therefore act better there than in the deeper Alpine recesses; and it was also the most accessible by an army from Baden and Zurich. About the middle of November, he advanced at the head

of the main body of his troops, with a numerous cavalry, through the country of Zug, intending to penetrate into Schwytz by the defile of Morgarten. This pass is situated between the eastern bank of the little lake Egeri and the mountain called Sattel, which extends from the frontiers of Zug into the country of Schwytz, and is one of the principal passes leading into the latter.

At the same time, Leopold had directed two other attacks against Unterwalden: one from the side of Lucerne; and another from the Hasli, over Mount Brünig. This plan was well contrived, and faithfully executed. Leopold also directed a false attack to be made on the side of Art, along the coast of the lake of Zug, whence there is another road leading into Schwytz. The feint would have succeeded, for the Waldstätten were hurrying to the latter spot, had it not been for a knight of the house of Hunenburg, who was in Leopold's camp, and found means to warn them to "*beware of Morgarten.*" It is said that he wrote these words on an arrow, which he let fly, and which, like a trusty messenger, reached

the persons for whom it was destined. Accordingly, seven hundred men from Schwytz, and seven hundred men from Uri and Unterwalden, were posted on the Sattel mountain.

On the morning of the 15th of November, Leopold, at the head of his cavalry, advanced to Morgarten; his troops marched on with the greatest confidence, making sure of victory over a band of peasants, ill-armed and undisciplined; and only thought of the best means of securing the booty they intended to collect. For this purpose they had provided a large quantity of ropes, to fasten round the heads of the beeves of the Waldstätten. As Leopold's cavalry proudly advanced through Morgarten, followed by the infantry, fifty men of Schwytz, who, having been banished the canton for various offences, had, in the hour of danger, begged their countrymen to allow them to take part in the defence of their common Fatherland, and who had posted themselves on the rocks which overhung the defile; as soon as they saw the line of cavalry far advanced into a narrow path, where they could only move on in single file,

began to roll down a quantity of large stones and trunks of trees, which did much havoc among the horsemen, and threw the whole body into confusion. The men of the Three Cantons, who had taken position on the mountain, perceiving this, rushed down in a body upon the enemy, and engaged them with so much fury, that Leopold ordered a retreat upon the open country, where his cavalry might act. The infantry, which followed, was thrown into disorder by this manœuvre—the rugged nature of the frozen and slippery ground was unfavourable to the movements of the soldiers; whilst the Swiss, used to the country, and having their mountain shoes studded with rough nails, came down with impetuosity upon them, and put them completely to rout, before they could rally in the plain. The Swiss halberds, a destructive weapon, shaped like a hatchet on one side, and terminating in a spear on the other, and their *Morgensternen,* or clubs studded with iron points, wielded by strong sinewy arms, made dreadful execution among the troops of the Duke. Between one thousand and fifteen

hundred cavalry were killed, and among them the flower of the nobility. The amount of the loss of the infantry is not known. Leopold fled to Winterthur; where he arrived, with but few followers, in the greatest dismay. The loss of the Swiss was trifling; some say only fourteen men.

The pass of Morgarten, lying close to the town of Schwytz, interested me so much, that I have been tempted to give a long account of this second Thermopylæ; the brave defenders of which, more fortunate, put squadrons to flight, instead of dying, like the Greek heroes, at their post. Nor have the men of the Waldstätten degenerated, as was proved in 1798. They would not then surrender to the French; and when the larger and more powerful Cantons of the Confederation felt themselves constrained to do so, these mountaineers fought in the most desperate manner, led on by a native of Schwytz, Aloys Reding. They gained some battles with as great odds against them, as when their ancestors put to flight the cohorts and the chivalry of Austria; but it is dreadful to think of what these poor people

eventually suffered during their warfare with the French. However, when Bonaparte, who had no share in the horrid excesses committed under the Directory, was desirous of giving peace and comparative liberty to Switzerland, he considered, amongst other things, what terms would satisfy Aloys Reding, mentioning him by name.

LETTER XVII.

Lucerne.

On the opposite side of this lake to the village of Brunnen, where we landed to go to Schwytz, is a ledge of rock, just above the water, at the base of a precipitous overhanging mountain. This rock is covered with verdant turf, fresh as the memory of the "honest conspirators" Werner Stauffacher, Walter Furst, and Arnold Melchthal, who met on this spot, called Grütli, and swore the oath which baffled all Austria's proud pretensions, and which was the origin of the Swiss Confederation. The tradition is, that at the moment their oath (for it was a virtuous one) was recorded in heaven, three springs of water gushed forth, which still keep this spot bright as an emerald gem. At a short distance

from Grütli, at the foot of the high mountain, Achsenberg, or Axenberg, on another ledge of rock, called Tellen Platte, stands Wilhelm Tell's chapel; and it was here he sprung ashore when Gessler was carrying him to the dungeons of Küssnacht. The chapel was erected some years after Tell's death, when the foundation was laid in the presence of many of his old friends and acquaintances. It consists of two arches, open on the side of the lake, and the interior is decorated with fresco paintings commemorating the exploits of "The Mountain Brutus." Once every year mass is said, and a sermon preached there, which are attended by all who can reach the chapel from the neighbouring shores. I am told the aquatic procession, on that great holiday, is one of the most interesting that can be imagined: the young women are dressed in their gayest costumes, each one doubtless thinking that the lover or the husband sitting by her side would prove another Tell, if need were for such heroic deeds. Everywhere in Switzerland political events are connected with religious worship. To HIM who is over all,

and above all, they refer with a deep abiding sense of gratitude, their deliverance from evils, and with a feeling of humiliation receive his chastisements. Their "Hero worship,"—and no people are more enthusiastic in this particular, they connect with their profounder homage to the King of kings, for having made such men.

Altdorf, the scene of Wilhelm Tell's exploit in shooting at the apple, lies at a short distance from the lake, and may be easily visited by a pedestrian. It is the principal town of Uri, which, as well as the adjoining cantons, are called Tell's Country. Altdorf is a small town, containing about 1700 inhabitants; its chief object of interest is a square, where the dauntless archer shot the arrow, when his only child was placed before him. One may imagine that an unseen angel directed his hand, even as a visible one turned aside that of Abraham from sacrificing his son. Where Tell stood, a stone fountain has been erected, surmounted by statues of himself and his boy; and a second fountain marks the spot where the pole was planted, having Gessler's cap on the

top, and to which the child, the intended victim, was bound, when his father's unerring hand smote the apple. Not far from Altdorf is the village of Bürglen; and a small chapel, rudely painted, detailing the principal events of Tell's life, now stands there, where his house did formerly. Stanz, another town of great interest, is situated not quite three miles from the border of the lake. It is the chief town of Unterwalden, and there the leading men of the Cantons met in Congress, in 1481, to take into consideration the admission of Fryburg and Soleure into the Confederation, which coalition was then decided upon, as well as other matters of importance. "The Convention of Stanz," as it was called, on that occasion laid down rules ever afterwards observed by the federal body. In the market-place is a statue of Arnold of Winkelreid, a native of Stanz, and a knight of Unterwalden. In 1385, about seventy years after the flight of Duke Leopold of Austria from Morgarten, his son (or grandson), also called Leopold, being engaged like his predecessors in contests with the Swiss, went to their

country himself, to carry on the war with more vigour. Having at first made some demonstrations against Zurich, the other cantons sent sixteen hundred men to reinforce that city; but on hearing that Leopold was marching upon Sempach (not far from Stanz), they hastened in the same direction, and arrived before the town at the same time with Leopold; whose advanced guard, fourteen hundred strong, committed all sorts of excesses on its line of march. Rutschman of Reinach, who commanded that body, approached the walls of Sempach, mounted on a cartful of ropes, threatening to hang all the burghers before sunset. The Duke followed him close with a body of four thousand picked men, fully armed, among whom were a number of counts, knights, and noblemen of the first rank. The Swiss confederates did not muster above thirteen hundred men, all on foot, and badly armed, having only their long swords and halberds, and boards on their left arms, with which to parry the blows of their adversaries. Their order of battle was angular—one soldier was followed by two, then by four,

and so on. Thus, on the 9th July 1386, did this handful of men advance towards the Austrians. The knight, Ulrich de Hasenburg, seeing their firm step and steady demeanour, advised Leopold not to accept battle that day, but to wait for the reinforcement of the Baron of Bonstetten; his advice however was disregarded, and Leopold and all his noblemen alighted from their horses, and placed themselves at the head of their men. At first, the Swiss could make no impression on the close ranks of Austrians, all bristling with spears; consequently, Antony Zer Port, of Uri, desired his men to strike with their halberds on the shafts of their spears, which he knew were made hollow to render them lighter; and Arnold of Winkelreid, at the same time resolving to devote himself for his country, cried out, "I will open a way for you, Confederates!" and seizing as many spears as he could grasp in his arms, dragged them down with his whole weight and strength upon his own bosom,—thus making an opening for his countrymen to penetrate the Austrian ranks. This act of heroism decided the victory. The

Swiss rushed into the gap made by Winkelreid, and having now come to close quarters with their enemies, their bodily strength and the lightness of their equipment gave them a great advantage over the heavily-armed Austrians, already suffering from the heat of a July sun. The very closeness of the array of the Austrian men at arms, rendered them incapable of either advancing or falling back, and the grooms who held their horses having taken flight, a panic seized them; they broke their ranks, and were hewn down in frightful numbers by the Swiss halberds. Duke Leopold was urged by those around him to save his life by flight; but he disregarded the advice, and seeing the banner of Austria in danger, rushed to save it, and was killed in the attempt. The rout then became general, but the Swiss had the humanity or the policy not to pursue their enemies, of whom otherwise probably not one would have escaped. The loss of the Austrians amounted to two thousand men, including six hundred and seventy-six noblemen of the first families of Austria, and of Aargau, three hundred and fifty of whom wore

coroneted helmets. Most of them were buried with their leader Leopold, at Kœnigsfelden. The Swiss lost two hundred men in this memorable battle, the second in which they defeated a Duke of Austria at the head of his chivalry.

You will not, after reading this account of the battle of Sempach, and of Arnold of Winkelreid, be surprised to hear that the people of Stanz hold in the deepest veneration

> "Him, of battle-martyrs chief,
> Who, to recal his daunted peers,
> For victory shaped an open space,
> By gath'ring, in a wide embrace,
> Into his single heart, a sheaf
> Of fatal Austrian spears."

LETTER XVIII.

Lucerne.

The town of Lucerne, where we are spending a few days, is of great antiquity and of considerable extent and importance. It is one of the three towns (Berne and Zurich are the others) where the Vorort, the council of the nation, assemble alternately, each canton sending its respective deputies.

Lucerne and the Waldstätten have always remained steadfastly attached to the Roman Catholic faith.

There are no demonstations of commercial bustle in the streets here, nor is there any appearance whatever of poverty. A quietness and repose pervade them, which are most pleasing; thereby leaving the mind in undisturbed liberty to enjoy the varying views (as sunshine or clouds may

happen to prevail) of one of the most beautiful lakes in Europe.

Lucerne, however, is enlivened on market-days by the arrival, in boats of all sizes, of numerous peasants from Wilhelm Tell's country, with the productions for sale of their farms and gardens; and it is delightful to see their healthy happy countenances, when assembled on such occasions. The women dress in a variety of costumes, and take as active a part in the disposal of their wares as their fathers and brothers; and I fancy the young men and girls enjoy these re-unions with as high a relish as do their contemporaries, the soirées of the beau monde. One of the prettiest lasses I ever saw, was most richly as well as tastefully dressed: her dark tight bodice was embroidered in every colour, and, as she told us, done by herself. It shewed her delicate shape to advantage, and contrasted well with her full snowy white sleeves; long silver chains passed from the shoulders at the back to the front; her luxuriant hair was decorated with rose-coloured ribbons, entwined with many plaits, fastened

together in a knot by large silver bodkins. She rivetted our attention by her modest and beautiful appearance, and we got into conversation with her respecting her home and family in Unterwalden; and on our expressing a wish that your sisters had an opportunity of sketching her costume, which she seemed much gratified at our remarking (for "where none admire 'tis useless to excel"), she readily offered to return with them to the hotel, where she sat for some time patiently, and in apparently unconscious beauty. The mountaineers of Scotland, and I believe of Ireland too, are very averse to their likenesses being taken, believing if this happens that they shall soon die. The Swiss are, as far as I can judge, free from all superstition of the kind. Our pretty maiden conversed in German with your sisters, whilst they were busy with their pencils, until the hour came for her to return with her father in his boat. We followed her in idea to her mountain home, and imagined her there relating the adventures of the day, and shewing to the family circle the little present we had given; they would

doubtless wonder from what outlandish part of the world the strange people came who thought herself and her apparel worthy of note and comment. She was a good deal surprised on seeing her likeness, but not quite so much I suppose as Eve, when the watery mirror gave back her charms—but the simple innocent girl was evidently delighted with the "answering looks of sympathy and love" that she gazed upon. We shook hands cordially in bidding each other farewell: her "Lebewohl" was uttered in sweet accents.

The covered bridges at Lucerne are amongst its most striking objects: one of them, very near to our hotel, extends within a few feet of the shore, across a narrow part of the lake, to the church at the opposite side of St. Leodegar, the patron saint of Lucerne. Between the pointed roof and the part appropriated to foot passengers there is an open space, and a bench running along it, where we often sit, enjoying the magnificent scenery of the lake, when

> "The mountain-shadows on her breast
> Are neither broken nor at rest;
> In bright uncertainty they lie,
> Like future joys to fancy's eye."

Or, if we find ourselves there on a fine evening at sunset, in returning from our evening rambles, we linger to behold

> "The western waves of ebbing day
> Roll o'er the glens their level way;
> Each purple peak, each flinty spire,
> Are bathed in floods of living fire."

Nothing can be more commodious than these said benches, where, sheltered from sun and rain, we can enjoy those ever-varying and surprisingly quick transitions from one kind of beauty to another, which glance or flit along the mountains, evanescent as our thoughts.

There are pictures painted on triangular pieces of wood, that fit between the beams of the roof of the bridge; and pedestrians going in one direction, on looking up, find the history of the New Testament displayed by the painter's art. The particular subject of each piece is specified underneath in German, and accompanied by suitable texts. On returning over the same bridge, the other sides of the triangles illustrate the Old Testament; thus affording, as has been justly

said, "Lessons for every heart, a Bible for all eyes."

At about the distance of half a mile from our hotel, is a monument erected to the memory of the Swiss guards, who fell to the number of seven hundred and fifty, defending the Tuileries, when Louis XVI. was attacked in 1792. Only fourteen of the corps survived that dreadful day; one of whom takes up his abode near the monument, and relates to visitors the particulars of those direful proceedings rather too volubly and *à haute voix*. He is much too hearty in his manners and jolly in his person (I suspect it is not "grief fills out his garments") to be a suitable narrator of so tragic a story. I felt vexed that his sombre recollections do not seem to fling their long shadows over his declining years.

Thorwaldsen gave the design for the monument, which consists of a colossal lion, twenty-eight feet in length, cut in the living rock, that rises above seventy feet higher than this fine piece of sculpture, which is itself thirty or forty feet from the ground. The noble animal is represented wounded

(a spear sticking in his body) and dying, yet still firmly retaining its hold of the shield of France. So much intelligence is apparent in the countenance, that more than bodily anguish is demonstrated in the last mortal struggle. Above, cut also in the rock, is this short and appropriate inscription:

"Helvetiorum fidei ac virtuti."

Fortunately in the spot where the lion is sculptured no wet approaches, there being an arch hollowed around it, but on all sides water is dropping from the impending rock; and it strikes one to be a suitable accompaniment—as if nature wept unceasingly over the appalling events of the 10th of August 1792. On the anniversary of that day, service is performed in a little chapel that stands close by, as well as on some other occasions of particular solemnity.

The Swiss, more than the rest of their Christian brethren, as far as I can judge, connect historical events with religious worship, thereby embalming

with more than Egypt's art the memory of their brave and devoted heroes.

The Duchess d'Angoulême has worked a beautiful altar-piece for this little chapel. The embroidery of other princesses usually forms the relaxation or amusement of happy hours (as the sun-dial only marks those of brightness)—but in this instance, as well as in one of classic notoriety, the delicate excellence of the needle's mimic art was dedicated to mournful (oh! how mournful!) recollections.

The monument and chapel are both surrounded by fine trees. Shrubs and flowers also lend their charms to the sequestered scene.

LETTER XIX.

Langnau.

We left Lucerne with regret. I should have liked to remain there for at least as many weeks as we passed days; but, as we wish to see more of Switzerland before crossing the Alps into Italy, it is necessary for us to resume our travelling. We set off for Langnau, a distance of forty miles; our journey lay the whole way through beautiful scenery, resembling the most picturesque parts of Derbyshire.

High precipitous rocks, like the walls of a fortified town, covered on their summits for miles together with rich dark firs—swelling slopes of green pasture—wide mountain rivers—rushing waterfalls—all in fast-changing combinations, presented varying scenes; each new grouping of

them seeming to us more striking than the last. Sometimes the mountains were almost close together, as in our narrowest glens and ravines, the accompanying stream deep and rapid; at the next moment, the latter was wide and brawling, and the mountains far apart, terminating beneath in soft rich meadows reaching to the road, which is overshadowed with fine walnut and apple trees.

In this country, the full tide of enjoyment afforded to travellers, by the grand and beautiful scenery abounding every where, is not checked by the appearance of extreme poverty,—observable, alas! in some other lands highly favoured by Nature, where man seems "the only growth that dwindles there."

The peasantry here are never, apparently, destitute, or even badly off, as regards their dwelling and apparel; they are always dressed in whole and decent clothing, however coarse it may be; and I have scarcely seen any beggars. With but few exceptions, the nearest approach I have met to that unhappy class, have been some rosy-faced urchins, singing the "Ranz de Vaches" to excite

our attention, and thereby hoping to extract some trifle from our purse. They appear also to be a universally industrious people, as the high cultivation of the land fully proves; and men and boys, when the weather is too inclement for out-of-door work, employ themselves in carving and turning wood for all kinds of articles, useful and ornamental.

* * * * *

Langnau gives one the idea of a village in the Golden Age. The houses are, without a single exception, of a most excellent description; all of good ample size, substantial, and well built. They are composed of wood, having long balconies running one over another, with outside flights of stairs, and deep overshadowing roofs; which, together, give a peculiar and highly picturesque character to Swiss houses. These at Langnau are not in rows or streets; they stand detached, with rising and sloping green meadows, trees, and flowers around them. Trees seem to be an inexhaustible production of nature in Switzerland, growing luxuriantly every where; and often on the

rocks, that do not afford means for vegetation, still they abound; and are used by the inhabitants for every imaginable purpose. Robinson Crusoe, I think, did not turn his cocoa trees to better account, than the Swiss do the various descriptions of trees with which nature so lavishly supplies them. The mountains are always covered—perhaps too uniformly—with dark pine, unless where the stern rock interposes, refusing to be clothed with verdure. The valleys are abundantly furnished with fruit trees, growing in the richest meadows, and every where the green turf is as soft and finely dressed as it ever is in our pleasure-grounds; and this is observable on the sides of mountains, where trees, rocks, and meadow land have a mixed possession, forming delightful combinations.

I cannot imagine any country in the world to be superior to Switzerland: all the materials of beautiful scenery are here found in wondrous groupings and diversity; the products and attributes of far distant, widely separated climes, present themselves in such assemblage as fills the mind with awe and rapture. The sublimest mountains,

with rocks, snow, and trees on their tops and sides intermingling; their rugged crags or spire-like points asserting, as it were, the right of this material world to penetrate into the regions of boundless space; and, at the foot of these cloud-capped mountains, flowers wreathe their garlands, fruits abound, green meadows spread their sunny slopes, gushing rills and bounding waterfalls add their melody, and birds sing their sweetest notes. Surely the inhabitants of this favoured land have reason to thank Providence, with hearts full of gratitude, for being born in such a country. Nor do they seem insensible of this and other blessings, for the little church and chapel are commonly met at no great distance from each other. The Creator of all this wide-spread beauty could not be forgotten amidst his own stupendous works: here — where every thing bears the stamp of primeval excellence, and all looks fresh from the hand of God — He must be present to every mind!

* * * * *

The fine arts, which are the great embellishers

of ordinary civilised life, would seem here like idle, superfluous toys, out of their proper place. The longing of the soul after ideal perfection is prevented by the abundance there is of beauty and sublimity to satisfy it to overflowing. What can rational beings want that they have not here, to cheer, to elevate, or enliven the dark or languid hours which all taste of more or less? God's own wondrous works, in dread magnificence and in smiling beauty, on all sides surround them.

The arts of life which contribute to their physical comforts are all that the Swiss require, and there are but few traces to be met of any others. Our statues, paintings, and architecture, are noble productions; but they can well dispense with similar acquisitions, who possess on all sides such resources for contemplation in the sublime and beautiful.

Nothing around them speaks of the old age of the world,—no vestiges of decay, no remains of past grandeur found in crumbling ruins: all seems young, bright, and glorious, as when the world was first fashioned, and God pronounced

that it was good. And, with their Maker, their communication appears to be almost as direct, and their immediate dependence on Him as forcibly felt, as by man at the earliest period.

LETTER XX.

Langnau.

We have been rambling since an early hour this morning, around this sweet village of Langnau, where all who breathe its pure air seem blessed beyond the ordinary lot of mortals.

Our inn is an excellent, cheerful, commodious, cleanly house, differing from others in its neighbourhood only by being larger.

While we sat at tea yesterday evening, the voices of children met our ears, singing in full chorus our well-known and much-prized air of "God save the Queen." At first I thought it was in compliment to us that our national anthem was sung. I asked our landlady's daughter, who waited on us, what she called the air they were singing—she said it was German, as also the

words; and added, the English too have this tune, and brought me a manuscript music-book, with "God save the King" in the first leaf. She said a lady who had lived some years in England had given it to her, and that she could play it, as well as the other English airs that had been also transcribed for her. We wished to hear her performance; but she declined gratifying us, saying she was out of practice during the present season, when she had so many guests to wait on. Her piano is in our sitting-room. She speaks French and German equally well, and is one of the very prettiest girls I ever saw. Mary Ellen took her ready pencil, and sketched a hasty likeness of her, remarking that she had the fine features and calm beauty of a Madonna.

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The startling whips of our impatient postillions summoned us away from the thrice happy village of Langnau; and in about four hours after leaving it we arrived at Thun, a town most magnificently situated, on very elevated ground, overlooking the Lake of Thun.

When the coolness of evening admitted of our walking out, we went to the church, which stands on a very steep eminence, so precipitous that it can only be approached by flights of steps, troublesome enough to ascend; but when surmounted the trouble is fully compensated by the beautiful landscape that lies outstretched in full view, where a fine river, winding its way through a rich valley to the lake it joins, is surrounded by mountains of all shapes and descriptions—the snow-clad tops of some, rising amidst the soft azure tints of others.

This evening the sky was clear; the sunset at first glowing and casting many a rosy hue on the far distant snowy peaks, subsided into the pure sober grey of twilight. The graves of former residents of the adjoining town lay at our feet, each marked by a small dark cross, on which a few words in German are legible, signifying when "the poor inhabitant below" began his earthly career, and when death called him hence—our common history.

As I surveyed the last homes of those whose

warfare is done, I thought it must be easier to die in such a place—easier for the soul to wing its way in hope to the foot of His throne, before whom angels veil their faces; far easier than in scenes where sin and sorrow have left their traces, suggesting gloomy forebodings, at least to such whose minds unfortunately are not filled with just confidence in the atonement of our blessed Saviour; who took our sins upon himself, and died a death of sorrow and of suffering, that we may live joyfully hereafter. Those who believe on Him are promised life eternal.

We were lighted home by the full clear moon to the Baum-garten (the garden of trees), where we had taken up our temporary abode. The following day being Sunday, I lamented being too unwell, from the effects of excessive heat (and perhaps also from over exertion), to leave my room in sufficient time to join the rest of our party in the house of prayer at the same hour (eleven o'clock), when the church-going world assemble. Our English service is well performed for a considerable number of our compatriots,

in a Swiss chapel, by one of our reverend countrymen, who makes Thun his residence during the summer months.

On Monday I was sufficiently recovered to go by the steam-boat to Interlachen, so called from being situated between two great lakes.

We were just seated on deck in the most advantageous position for seeing both the mountains at a distance and those on the margin of the lake. Your sisters had their sketch-books opened, and we were anticipating a delightful passage, when a violent thunder-storm burst over our heads; the heavy falling rain that accompanied it drove us to the cabin, where we should have heard the loudly echoing thunder reverberated from the surrounding mountains, but for the working of the steam-engine. "Le plus petit objet placé devant votre œil vous intercepte le soleil,"—and we found the immediate disagreeable noise prevented our hearing some of the grandest sounds in nature.

At length, the rain ceasing, we got on deck in time to observe a narrow path that proceeds

down from a little village, situated about midway, on one of the highest mountains, to the edge of the lake; and that path is the only medium of communication which the inhabitants possess with the rest of the world.

We could just discern some of the houses, and also a church, marked by its little spire.

The captain of the packet told us he had often visited that little community, which consists of about nine hundred and fifty persons, well provided for, and all in comfortable circumstances.

On my saying I was glad to observe they have a church, he replied, "Ah! ils sont bien soignés en tout cela."

LETTER XXI.

Interlachen.

We arrived at Interlachen, which is a valley situated between the Lakes of Thun and Brienz, at the foot of very high mountains. The houses are all detached, and not numerous; they are for the most part hotels and boarding-houses, Interlachen being a favourite resting-place for travellers, and deservedly so, as it is a locale of great beauty. The walks and rides around it are very charming, and the trees (especially the walnut) are of particularly large size, and in great abundance.

We took up our quarters at the Hotel Belveder, and I had the good fortune to get a room exactly opposite to the opening or gap in the range of the lesser Alps, which admits a fine view of the snow-clad mountain called the Jung-

frau, a lower point of which is distinguished by the appellation of the Silberhorn. Jungfrau signifies "young woman;" and I suppose its being so named, is a tribute of the Swiss, highly poetical and complimentary, to the virtue of their women, to whom it may also serve as a memento for all succeeding generations, that their purity should be like that of the unsunned snow, which covers as with a mantle of spotless brightness, this most conspicuous, grand, and magnificent mountain.

Soon after our arrival we took a pleasant drive to the Lake of Brienz, and *en route* we saw the very ostensible ruins of an old castle, that evidently, in former times, was a place of much strength. It belonged to the Barons of Unspunnen. The last of them had an only daughter, Ida, whom her father destined to be the wife of some powerful chieftain; but as "the course of true love never did run smooth," she must needs become attached to a young knight, Rudolph of Wadenschwyl, who was closely connected with the Count of Zähringen, between whom and the Baron a deadly feud

subsisted. The lover, nothing daunted, on a dark night scaled the strongly fortified walls, and bore away his bride. Her father's rage knew no bounds: he devastated all the territory in the neighbourhood belonging to the Count of Zähringen; his daughter's name was never mentioned in his presence; his character changed, and became hard and insensible as his armour. Thus passed a few years, when Rudolph, yielding to his wife's entreaties, at great risk as he believed of life and limb, presented himself and his little boy kneeling to her father. At this appeal the better feelings of our nature triumphed over resentment, and bathing him with tears, the Baron embraced and blessed his grandson; his daughter was re-instated in her home; and the old man, to mark his satisfaction, ordered that the anniversary of his restored happiness should be celebrated in future by rustic games and festivities. These, I am told, are still held on a green meadow in front of the castle, although the family to whom it belonged have long since disappeared from off the face of the earth.

Madame de Stäel, I think, says that convivial songs are always founded in the deepest melancholy, because the short duration of pleasure is their burden, and its votaries are therefore urged to seize upon it in the passing moment. This castle, desolate and in ruins, must fling, I should imagine, dark shadows on the hilarity even of assembled peasants, and impress on the mind of the rustic moralist, the transitory nature of all human greatness.

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Having spent some days in seeing the neighbourhood of Interlachen, we left it for Lauterbrunnen, in one of the carriages of the country, having been advised to let ours remain at Thun, as it is too large and heavy for our present expeditions.

Our road lay through scenery indescribably grand and beautiful, more so than that of which I have attempted to convey to you some idea between Lucerne and Langnau. The river, which runs parallel with the road, is wide, deep, and rapid as a torrent; sometimes fighting its way against huge masses of rocks, and foaming as

its waters burst over and around them. Its colour is always white, bespeaking the frozen regions from whence it issues.

Both the verdant and snow-covered mountains, on either side, are prodigiously steep, and we were amazed by the variety and grandeur of their changing aspects, as our road wound through them (often on the edge of fearful precipices), with the loud rushing river at their base.

Fanny alighted at the foot of the mountain, on the summit of which Lauterbrunnen is situated, to take a sketch, while we proceeded to the hotel. A shower of rain coming on, I wanted to send back the carriage for her. I was told this was impossible, as it could not turn on the road, from its narrowness. It certainly looks rather dangerous, there being no wall nor protection of any kind on the side of the river.

Lauterbrunnen is a close shut-in valley; in fact, only a small opening between stupendous mountains, and the same rapid river continues its progress through what may be called a gorge, or mountain pass. Detached houses are on either

side, and constitute a village, of which the hotel where I am now writing is the most important and only large dwelling, and very comfortable and cleanly we find it, and all charges most moderate. The imputation cast upon the Swiss of being extortioners, I think unfounded. The war with France for many years put a stop to all travelling, and when at length people were enabled to go to Switzerland, they found the inhabitants unprepared for an influx of visitors from all quarters. Being put to great inconvenience and expense to procure even sufficient necessaries from great distances, they made high charges; but now that tourists flock there at certain seasons, like migratory birds in other parts, regular arrangements are made for their periodical reception, and we do not find that more than fair remunerating prices are demanded.

In my next letter, I shall give you some farther account of what we see at Lauterbrunnen.

LETTER XXII.

Lauterbrunnen.

We see from our windows the celebrated and unique waterfall, the Staubbach; which word signifies "stream of dust." It seems quite close to us; but is, in fact, almost a mile distant. After dinner, we walked to get a nearer view of it. The side of the mountain down which the water falls is all of bare rock, from eight to nine hundred feet in height; and it is so level, though rough, that the water comes in a direct line until it nearly, but not quite, reaches the ground, as the rock protrudes gradually a little way forward. Lord Byron has compared this waterfall to the tail of the horse that Death is described as riding upon in the Apocalypse. It bears resemblance to a horse's tail, independently of the

poet's imagination, inasmuch as that it is very narrow in reference to its length. Others have compared it to a fine white lace veil, the folds of which are described by some curiously delicate turns which the water makes in its fall. Certain it is, that water is not known any where else, falling from so great a height, to assume this exquisitely refined appearance; in this particular almost resembling spun glass or the wings of the bird of Paradise—so little has it in common with the turbulent rough class to which it belongs. Wordsworth calls it "Heaven-born;" and from thence alone it seems to issue, when a cloud rests upon its summit.

We had placed ourselves in front of this beautiful object, when heavy rain drove us to take shelter at a cottage, under one of the deep overshadowing roofs such as I have described; and at length we asked permission to enter the house, for a most violent storm ensued, of rain, hail, thunder, and lightning. I never remember to have witnessed—or assisted, as the French would say, at—so tremendous a storm. When it had in some

degree abated, we observed the peasants running towards the waterfall, and heard them uttering exclamations of astonishment; which, exciting our curiosity, we followed them; and oh! what a transformation we beheld! The pure stream of the Staubbach was five times larger than before, and changed to the colour of dark smoke,—just as if the volumes that issue from a huge steam-engine were turned downwards to blast the earth, instead of pursuing their usual course of obscuring the heavens. The thunder having ceased, we could hear noises like artillery guns going off, and we observed large stones projected forward in the air immediately above the waterfall. We remained for at least an hour gazing with amazement on the scene before us; the sounds still continuing, and the stones being impelled. It occurred to us that some lake at the top of the mountain had burst its bounds, and was mingling its muddy waters with the Staubbach; and such perhaps was the case, for the people at our hotel said they never remembered such a metamorphosis as it had just undergone.

Fanny had not accompanied us more than half way in our walk: she stopped at a Gasthoff (a little inn), where she had a good point of view for sketching—in which she had made some progress—when the lightning becoming too vivid, she put her hands before her eyes, and so kept them closed for some time. On opening them, her brain grew giddy; for in the interval the Staubbach underwent the amazing change I have described from its previous crystal brightness—like beauty in its calmest aspect suddenly transformed to a Medea, full of dark purposes and wrathful fury.

When we returned to the hotel, all there looked cheerful: it has on one side a trim garden of sweet flowers. Every thing is cleanly and comfortable — with but few exceptions, I believe — in the Swiss inns: their linen and curtains emulate the whiteness of the pure snow, from which their Blanchisseuses learn what whiteness means. For the most part, every room contains framed prints; amongst which, the exploits of William Tell are not forgotten. The

floors are found by the earliest travellers made free from every speck or stain from the preceding evening, freshly sanded, and neat as the company parlours of our prime cottages. Those busybodies called "Brownies" by the Scotch, who work mischief while the household sleep, must, I think, have some benevolent members of their fraternity, who reverse the matter here, and during the night accomplish feats of skill and industry that would put our housemaids to the blush; at least, this appears to me the only rational way of accounting for such uniform cleanly results, the disagreeable processes towards which are never visible:—so deny my supposition if you can.

Having been *reconfortés*—as a French Guide Book employs the word, in order to be very English—by our social meal at the tea-table, we separated for the night; and on going to our rooms, saw the full clear moon lighting up a magnificent scene:—the mountains on one side casting their giant shadows, and meeting the more than silver brightness of the cold snow-clad Jungfrau, and her attendant Silberhorn. The

Staubbach, too, had resumed its placid beauty, and fell like a stream of light again into the valley, as if it came direct from the great luminary that was shining forth in unclouded splendour and majesty. If considerable fatigue had not rendered sleep absolutely necessary, we could not willingly have closed our eyes on such a scene.

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On awaking this morning at seven o'clock, I congratulated myself at the prospect of having a calm grey day, that would, from its coolness, admit of our taking an extended ramble on foot. I was, however, mistaken; the sun, in fact, had not yet out-topped the high mountains, and it was past nine o'clock before his beams fell upon us. I am told that in winter the sun is not visible here until noon.

I availed myself of the early "hour of prime," and walking along the first path I saw, I had leisure to dwell on the cheerful aspect that the innumerable picturesque Chalets give to the sides of the mountains, which are all of the brightest green as far as ever the steps of man or goat

can ascend; and where they can proceed no farther, the rich dark pines and bare rocks maintain divided empire—except in those places where snow asserts an incontestible monopoly,—the chamois alone intruding on the absolute solitude of those high regions lifted from the world to the skies.

Some groups of peasant girls assembled near me, and sung the "Ranz des Vaches;" not, in fact, to collect the cows, but for the purpose of extracting Batchsen (small coins) from the pockets of myself and others.

I am sorry to say, no sheep or cows are any where to be seen. It is sad to think of their being pent up in chalets; nor does the smell of new-mown hay continually greeting one —for mowing seems here to form half the business of life—at all compensate for the absence of cattle from their natural abodes, amidst green pastures and clear streams.

The lowing of the cattle on these "thousand hills" should join in the chorus of Nature's universal hymn of praise to the great Creator.

LETTER XXIII.

Grindelwald.

We had intended coming *à cheval* this morning from Lauterbrunnen, over the Wengern Alp, but a small drizzling rain falling, and the clouds lowering heavily, we gave up our equestrian project, and came by voiture to Grindelwald. The valley here is more open, and many persons consider it finer than that of Lauterbrunnen.

I wish it were possible for me to give you even a faint idea of the scene at this moment before my windows. First, I must tell you, there lies beneath them a pretty garden, full of flowers and vegetables; the walks are as nicely gravelled, and the box edgings as neatly trimmed as any in a lady's parterre. It is divided by a low paling from a verdant meadow, which apparently is but

a short distance from a glacier. I discreetly say *apparently*, for I am apprised that I cannot in this country judge by my eyes of distances, any more than a dog crossing a bridge can judge of the reality of substances he sees reflected in the watery mirror beneath. What seems to me in the present instance to be a distance of only a few hundred yards, is, in fact, one of some miles.

The Glacier before me is the first that I have had an opportunity of seeing. All the descriptions I have met had given me but a very inadequate notion of one; and I dare say, that with respect to you, my account will be equally infelicitous; however, it shall be minute enough, and then I shall presume that the fault of indistinct impressions is owing to some defect in your mind, and not to any imperfection in my description.

There ascends gradually (as it appears) from the green field before me, something like a very wide road, dividing two lofty mountains; but what at the first glance has a general resemblance to a road, is formed of conical-shaped masses of frozen snow, as if millions of trillions of sugar-

loaves, of immense height, were put standing as closely as possible on their broad ends on a rising hill. What I have called a road thus formed—the paving-stones somewhat large it must be confessed—loses itself towards the summit of the mountain in regions of eternal snow. A good deal of brown earth in some places discolours the snow of the Glacier, which, however, has in most parts a shade of beautiful blue mingling with its whiteness. I shall know more about it, as we intend paying it a special visit after dinner, when I shall also be able to form some conjecture as to the sort of temporary abode in which Professor Agassis of Neuchâtel, and a party of savants, are now living, actually in a Glacier, on the Grimsel Mountain, for the purpose of making scientific observations, the hard ice and wood composing their dwellings.

Switzerland has long shewn a very creditable attention to the promotion of knowledge. The Helvetic Society, which was instituted in 1761, constituted an assembly of the most enlightened men of the country, who met once a year, for

the purpose of discussing not only scientific subjects, but all matters connected with sound public and private morality, of education, and of useful industry, and especially of improvements in agriculture. This society, which I believe is still in full operation, I suspect first suggested the plan of our British Association, which has also been adopted in some parts of Italy, and is now frightening the Pope and his conclave as to the probable mischief that will result from the hitherto sedentary men of learning running to and fro disquieting the earth. They are looked upon by the Roman divines with somewhat of the dread with which comets were formerly regarded, when the evil which might result from their fiery tails could not be exactly appreciated.

Franklin was said to draw lightning from heaven, and to wrest the sceptre from tyrants—what the philosophers of the present day can achieve, remains to be seen.

Natural philosophy and mathematics are the branches of science in which the Swiss have had the most eminent professors. It is, I think,

remarkable that Switzerland has not been distinguished for poetry, notwithstanding that the whole country, in its physical and moral characteristics, presents "all appliances and means to boot" for the cultivation of that art amongst the natives. Magnificent scenery, associated eternally with the stirring thoughts of the deeds of their fathers, so fitted to kindle the poet's mind and to impel his hand to strike the lyre and draw forth sounds, deep, strong, and thrilling. The all-pervading enthusiasm felt by them for their country is connected with many a tale of well-fought fields, where firmness of purpose to "do or die," led them on to victory. Their sensibility to pastoral attachments, notorious among the armies of Europe, where it is even said the playing of the "Ranz des Vaches" is prohibited, because it makes the sword drop from the unnerved hand of the bravest Swiss soldier, who, when he hears those wild notes, becomes heedless of the trumpet's call, and, at the risk of life and loss of honour, impelled by the profound emotions they awaken, seized by "le mal du pays," flies to his mountain

home, that strange melody producing effects which the enemies' fire could not achieve. All this would seem to point out Switzerland for the birth-place of modern, as Greece was of ancient, poetry. So contrary however is the fact, that many men of science have arisen precisely where one would have expected them to "hang up philosophy," and only a solitary poet that I know of, Gessner—unless indeed J. J. Rousseau is called such, the greater part of his prose being poetry, of which I suppose he was not so unconscious as was *le bourgeois gentilhomme*, that he had been talking prose all his life.

* * * * *

After dinner yesterday we went to the Glacier, the supposed proximity of which to our hotel I have mentioned. We had to walk nearly four miles, constantly ascending through a most slippery and rugged path,—the late rain having rendered it all but impassable. I could never have proceeded on this expedition, but for the encouragement and assistance of our guide,—however, the cavern at the termination of the Glacier was attained, and

repaid me amply for all the difficulties I had encountered. It is like a good-sized arch of a bridge, smooth within as the hand of a plasterer could make it; the solid ice, of which it is composed, is of the clearest blue, becoming of a deep mineral colour at the inner part. You have seen alum tinted with different hues for ornamental purposes, now fancy a good sized arch of a bridge made of alum, coloured blue, and heaped on the top with frozen snow, to a height that my eye could scarce measure.

At a short distance is a log hut, in which a guide lives during the summer months, for the purpose of shewing the Glacier to travellers. He is besides a chamois hunter on the Wetterhorn, the adjoining mountain; he took his gun and shewed me how he would bring one down if it happened to appear; he is full of gambols and spirits, though he is somewhat ancient, and, in conducting us to the cavern along a narrow and difficult path, while we were treading slowly and cautiously, he bounded backward and forward from each jutting snow rock, with the alacrity

of a squirrel passing from one bough of a tree to another, and when he entered the cave, where he invited us to follow him into its inmost recesses, no monkey in its cage ever performed more antics burlesquing our human nature.

We should have remained longer, contemplating this wondrous scene, but that the daylight was fast departing; we did, however, stand for several minutes at the entrance of the dripping cave, while its lord and master, as he assumes to be, performed within it evolutions that an opera dancer could scarce rival. The ground on which he capered was, like the arch, composed of solid frozen snow; but close at the side rushes out a rapid torrent, which sent forth a sound that seemed to answer the purpose of an orchestra to the agile performer before us. He led us from the cave in the same frolicsome manner, looking very like a drunken Esquimaux.

A blazing wood fire had been kindled in his hut; and I can give you no notion how extraordinary was the sudden transition from the cold blue cave, that would answer one's idea of a

palace for Neptune's or Thetis's hours of relaxation, to his dark rude figure surrounded by an universal blaze, like an Indian refreshing himself after a day's fatigue.

We hurried homewards, and when we had proceeded a little way we found that a pretty nice girl about twelve or thirteen years old had joined us. She is the daughter of the proprietor of the hut, I had almost said of the cave, of the Glacier, so completely is he at home in it. I was glad to give her the protection of our party, but we were not long in discovering that it was we who benefited by her company, for we had ourselves not gone far before we found her a very great acquisition. As the daylight withdrew, her value became apparent; not because she shone like a glowworm on our path, but because she knew where to point out exactly every difficult or dangerous passage, while she at the same time gave her arm to one of your sisters. We had three or four times to cross a rapid mountain river, a tree thrown over it composing a fragile bridge. It was perfectly dark when we reached the last

of them: I could see nothing whatever, and though I heard too plainly the loud rushing water beneath, I had no alternative but to trust my hand to the guide, and commend myself to heaven: and I certainly breathed more freely on reaching terra firma. Our little maiden was most useful, quite as alert as her father, and as graceful as he is grotesque. Your sisters conversed with her in German, and she told them that near to Grindelwald her parents have a small piece of ground, which the whole numerous family cultivate. During the summer months, her father and one of her little brothers take up their abode where we saw them, for the purpose of shewing the cavern, and doing the honours of the Glacier; and she carries them food every morning, and returns to her mother in the evening. We asked her how she employs herself all the day; she said, that she had been learning to read from her father, and that she is now reading the Bible with him. How very remarkable that the book which is the greatest treasure of the inhabitant of the palace, should have its value known and felt in the rudest

hut that man can occupy! None other than the Word of God could be found thus of universal application to persons placed in the extremest opposition of external circumstances; but amidst the diversities of situations, wide as the Poles asunder, human beings have some sympathies and feelings in common: "it is appointed unto all men once to die," and the Bible inspires us equally with hope as to the future, and affords its consolation during the trials of this transitory world. The soul of man craves for the bread of life, whether he wears the meanest garb, or is "clothed in purple and fine linen."

LETTER XXIV.

Meyringen.

I told you in my last of our visit to a glacier. I have now to give you an account of our next day's expedition, over a prodigiously high mountain, called the Grand Scheideck: it is six thousand seven hundred and eleven feet above the level of the sea. The morning was gloriously fine, and we set off in great spirits. I had heard so much of the difficulties of our undertaking and of the consequent fatigue, that I decided on going in a "chaise à porteurs"—an arm-chair with long poles, carried by two men, while two others walk by the side to relieve them. Nothing can be more easy and comfortable; the only drawback is the fear one has of the fatigue the men

must endure; and this fear induced me to walk a great deal more than the rest of our party, who were mounted on mules. For myself I had no apprehension whatever; as, in the most rugged and precipitous places, these men never falter. They have large iron nails in their shoes; which, I suppose, in some measure answer the same purpose as the vacuum in flies' feet, enabling them to fix theirs where ours would assuredly give way; but, probably, habit has still more to do with the sure tenacity of their steps.

For the few first miles as we ascended, our way lay—for path there was none—along *gazon fleuri* most profusely. The autumnal crocus, gentian, and monkshood, were particularly numerous, and many a flower of fuller and fainter hue also were conspicuous; but I missed the daisy—the "wee modest crimson-tipped flower that grows in random field." I have scarcely ever seen it in Switzerland; which I attributed to the grass being every where kept so closely mowed. Yet here, where nature has its way, I sought for it in vain; but my looks were not suffered long to

bend to earth, even to "the bright consummate flower;" for on my right hand was the Wetterhorn, in stern majesty. The sides of the cold grey rock were presented to my view perpendicular as a wall; and on the summit, had I not known to the contrary, I could solemnly aver that I beheld a castle of enormous dimensions—its long battlemented wall, flanked by watch-towers and turrets rising high. I could imagine it the stronghold of the fabled giants of old, who warred against heaven. A chasm, that seemed like a great wall that had been riven asunder, shewed a dreary waste of snow in its rear. I never saw an outline of a distant castle better defined, to my mind's eye.

On our left were mountains covered with green turf and darker pine, on whose tops soft white clouds rested, like lovers lingering, loth to depart from "les objets aimés;" but when the sun came forth in brightness, with the fickleness of their kind—lovers and clouds—the latter vanished, and we had over us a clear blue sky, and were surrounded by such scenery as my pen would in

vain attempt to describe. Suffice it then to say, there were mountains, more or less cultivated, whose tops were peaked, cragged, and in all varieties of shapes: on some of them snow was lying, smooth and unruffled as though they were created robed in whiteness, and had never been disturbed, even by the chamois' steps; others presented masses of rock, in conspicuous light and shade, divested of all that appertains to heaven or earth, free from clouds, snow, or verdure, exhibiting their bold forms as if they alone were impervious to change. Whilst we ascended the Scheideck, the Wetterhorn—the peak of tempests—an object in every varying aspect of stupendous sublimity, still overhung our path; whilst there came full upon our view the sharp-crested Eigher, compared to an up-turned hatchet, the pointed cone of the Shreckhorn, or peak of terrors, rising above the Mettenberg, or middle mountain.

The merry spirited songs in which our guide and the attendants on the mules occasionally indulged, were more than once interrupted by the distant thunder of a falling avalanche—an awful

sound! as if the mountains were being rent asunder. It is said, that at each avalanche enormous masses of ice are hurled down, accompanied by what appears only white dust; which is, however, composed of ice-blocks, capable of sweeping away whole forests, and of overwhelming houses and villages.

In about three hours from the time of our leaving Grindelwald, we reached the top of the Grand Scheideck. We found a table spread for us in the wilderness, not by ravens, as in Elijah's case, but by peasants, who have erected a chalet, where travellers are provided with refreshment. We sat in a little upper room, to which there was no ceiling; the roof is composed of beams in the first instance, having small bits of wood of irregular sizes laid longways and across, kept down by numerous large stones. In houses of a better description, pieces of wood are cut in a regular shape, like slates; they serve the same purpose, and are placed with great evenness and exactness.

In our rude apartment hung framed prints of

the poorest kind, setting forth William Tell's exploits. That peasant hero is never forgotten by the race from whom he sprung; and his native mountains must undergo some overwhelming changes before his name ceases to awaken the enthusiasm that time has no effect in diminishing.

Sir James Mackintosh, writing of Switzerland, said—"This is, perhaps, the only place in our globe where deeds of virtue, ancient enough to be venerable, are consecrated by the religion of the people, and continue to command interest and reverence;" and he adds—"The solitude of the Alps is a sanctuary destined for the monuments of ancient virtue."

In every peasant's hut are found some traditions, that, better than words of brass, serve to imprint upon his mind the deeds of valour of his forefathers; thereby kindling his feelings, and making patriotism a sacred obligation.

After resting an hour at the hospitable chalet, we commenced our descent; and in a short time reached a piece of most verdant level ground, quite a garden of shrubs—azalias, rhododendrons,

and the barbary, were conspicuous. The latter was profusely covered with the richest clusters of scarlet berries; so like coral, as to make one wonder how an animal and vegetable production can be so similar. This shrub, luxuriant as I have never seen it within "the garden's wall and cultured bound," grows here in every hedge, amidst stones, and in the clefts of rocks. The delicate autumnal crocus abounds also wherever a blade of grass is visible. These gems of earth enliven the pure bright green of this country— which might otherwise, in some places, become monotonous — as the stars do the canopy of heaven.

The open space I have compared to a garden of shrubs was entirely surrounded by close thick-growing pine trees, of all sizes. Portions of long light-green moss, hanging from the boughs of many of them, mark their extreme old age; but as no symptom of decay was otherwise discernible, these dangling tassels — not being, meteor like, streaming to the wind — are a beautiful addition, mixing with and enlivening the darker foliage.

On one side, immediately behind the aforesaid trees, the mountains were peaked, in innumerable clusters of narrow, sharp, rocky points, of a whiteness only exceeded by that of snow. They seemed as if a forest of antediluvian pines, retaining their original forms, had been converted into stone; like the men we read of in the "Arabian Nights" tale, who underwent some such metamorphosis.

The effect was very striking, of the rigid, spectre-like fac-similes, in all but colour, just outtopping the trees of living green, and looking like their venerable progenitors of an elder world.

In our rear were still visible the Eigher, the Wetterhorn, and the Finster-Aarhorn; the latter is the third highest mountain in Switzerland. On one of its lofty points, we fancied we saw a chamois; but it proved to be only a jutting rock. Our guide tells us, that flocks of twenty or thirty chamois descend during the night into the lower grounds, to feed on grass; but, just before the sun rises, they betake themselves to flight, and return to their native regions of endless frost and snow; as the crowing of the cock, when it

"scatters the rear of darkness," is said to send ghosts to their cold mansions.

We next stopped at a chalet where cheeses are made in great abundance; the proprietor lives in an adjoining chalet, where some processes of the manufacture are also carried on. We partook with great relish of whey and curds, kindly offered to us. On the outside of the inhabited chalet are carved the following words:—

"Hochster Gott dies haus bewahr
Vor allem Uebel und Gewahr,
Ersegne ferner dieses Haus
Und die der gehen ein und aus,
Auch die hier herinen wohnen
Alles gutes lass ihnen zukommen."

One of your sisters translated the motto thus:—

"Most High God, protect this house
From all evil and danger;
Bless all who dwell in this house,
And those who go in and out."

Inscriptions are common on the dwellings here, declaring on the part of the owner, that he, like

the Patriarch of old, and his house, will serve the Lord.

* * * * *

As we approached Rosenlaui, the guide informed us of our being at no great distance from a Glacier so called, of which indeed we were also made aware by Murray's inestimable Hand-book for Switzerland, indispensable to every traveller. We left our mules, etc., and walked up a very steep, all but perpendicular, rugged ascent, finely wooded however, to the Glacier, the sight of which, although I was prepared for it by that at Grindelwald, filled me with awe and wonder. The frozen masses, near to the level earth, rise almost mountain-high; yet there is not any one cavern so wide as that which I have described, but there are several higher and closer. The interior of each is of a deep sky-blue; this colour is said to proceed from some quality in the rocks, over and amongst which the water passes that forms the icebergs.

Fancy the high rocks near Tunbridge Wells turned into masses of frozen snow—the fissures

in the narrower and remoter recesses of a *deep, deep* blue, becoming of a delicate azure towards the outer parts. When your imagination has executed the task assigned, however provoking to you, I must declare that you will have but a very faint idea of the Glacier of Rosenlaui. The guide took a hatchet, and broke off a great block, which rolled down into a river that rushes from beneath. I also got a small piece, which became like a mass of sparkling diamonds as I held it in my hand, tasting its delicious coldness. These regions of water turned into material as solid as stone, being very commodious as to dimensions, I fancy they must be the abodes of a race of spirits, with one of whom we have been made acquainted in the character of the sweet and tender Undine; and as I returned I seriously considered whether it would not be better to take up one's quarters with them, and abandon the dim earth and all its feverish anxieties; but before coming to a determination, I shall wait for the opinion of Professor Agassis and his party, who will be able, if love should not blind

their eyes, to give a true account of the Näiads, or Maids of the Glaciers. Apropos, I must tell you that I call this the Jungfrau of glaciers, the snow is so pure and free from discolourment.

After receiving repeated admonitions from the guide, to the same effect as a phrase in your copy-book, that "delay is dangerous," we reluctantly turned our backs on the wondrous scene we had been contemplating, and, without being much fatigued, reached the inn at Rosenlaui, where we dined on something more comfortable than the sparkling substance with which we had regaled ourselves.

We then set forward on our journey. The road lay through mountains richly clothed with trees and green turf; and all the sweet wild-flowers and delicate lichens were even more abundant than is usual in their favourite haunts.

I hope we shall be able to preserve some that we have gathered, for the *hortus siccus*, of which you are so fond.

Our path was high above a fine deep, broad mountain river, and there we had a most exhila-

rating and delightful ride and walk, as we occasionally preferred the one to the other mode of proceeding.

Towards evening we began to descend something like a broken staircase, composed of loose rugged stones, fully two miles in length, and nearly as upright as a ladder is usually placed when the roof of a house is to be erected or needs repair. For my part, I was sure I was going down into the bowels of the earth, or at least into some chasm, out of which the Eigher, or Wetterhorn, had arisen formerly to partake of one of those mystic dances, of which geologists give us the exact figure and full particulars, when all that was flat became high in this new-fashioned world of ours, and water was turned topsy-turvy into land.

And as I was puzzled, thinking if I went much farther down, of what strange form, fish or reptile, I and the rest of us might become, belonging to a species having a name as long and sonorous as one of the renowned heroes in the tragedy of "Tom Thumb," you may judge how agreeably

surprised I was to find that we had reached—what I little expected—level ground, and that we were only a short distance from Meyringen, where we soon arrived; and I am thankful to say, without having undergone any of the metamorphoses that I had been anticipating.

Having had a good night's rest, I have employed myself in giving you an account of our adventures of yesterday, before seeking others.

LETTER XXV.

Meyringen.

After I had concluded my last letter from this place, we went to see the celebrated waterfall called Reichenbach; the distinguishing feature of which is, that it consists of several distinct falls. Like an opera dancer, it performs more various evolutions than are achieved generally by the species to which it belongs; for, instead of one or two falls, there are five or six. The uppermost is two thousand feet from the valley beneath: it is a great body of water, rushing forth with such astonishing force and rapidity as would threaten demolition to all around, but that proportionate enormous masses of rock on either side resist its power. The other falls succeed each other at short intervals; each varied, yet marked by the

same character of headlong impetuosity—as a fine piece of music, which delights us by combinations that are different, and yet in some points alike. The lowest leap is perhaps the finest: when the rays of the sun fall on its light foam, a rainbow is produced such as that at the Falls of Terni, beautifully compared, by Lord Byron, to Love watching Madness. We shall pass the remainder of the day here, rambling about in all directions.

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LAKE OF BRIENZ.

We set off this morning for Brienz at ten o'clock, intending to go from thence to Interlachen; but the fast-falling rain keeps us stationary at present, and will afford me leisure to write to several of my friends. In giving you, yesterday, an account of our cavalcade and passage over the Grand Scheideck, I recollect there was a little circumstance connected with it which is of a piece with the integrity and honesty we have experienced here on all occasions, and therefore I ought not to omit relating it.

At the poor chalet where I mentioned that we stopped for refreshment, I forgot my glass and gold chain, both of intrinsic value, but to me inestimable, from their having belonged to my dear mother. I sent back, some miles, a peasant lad who accompanied us; and on our return from the glacier at Rosenlaui, he put them into my hands, with looks only a little less pleased and happy than were mine on receiving them. I thought, as being applicable to the Swiss also, of what Ireland's bard says of her Paddies, that "though they love gold, they love honour and virtue more."

The hotel in which we are at present is nearly two miles from the small town of Brienz, and our windows look, I am told, upon the lake; at this moment rendered invisible by the clouds and mists now enveloping every thing.

We had performed half our journey to this place, before the rain came on. For some miles after leaving Meyringen, we observed a numerous succession of waterfalls bursting from amongst the high dark rocks on either side of the road. Many

of these rocks had such a regular chiseled appearance in parts, that they reminded me of the views given in Keith's most interesting work on "Fulfilled Prophecy," of houses and palaces cut in the rocks in Edom, now the scene of awful desolation; but in no other respect can there be any similarity, for these rocks are crowned with trees, and their bases clothed with the brightest verdure.

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Whilst still at Brienz, I walked out this (Sunday) morning at an early hour, along the borders of the lake; which, as I saw it through some impending mists, seemed to me very like the lower Lake of Killarney: but the water here is of a bright clear green colour, like the Siberian stone used for brooches — such a hue I never observed water to possess any where except in Switzerland.

I went towards the little town of Brienz, and met crowds of peasants flocking to their Lutheran church; whither I accompanied them, although I scarcely at all understand German. Prayer is

an universal language, which has its source in the soul of man; and Christians, who feel the same wants, acknowledge the same Saviour, and worship the same God, may unite in spirit, though not in words.

The singing appeared to me charming; it came "warm from the heart, and faithful to its fires," kindled by devotion and love. Every man, woman, and child, held a Prayer Book having massive brass clasps. The Psalms, which were at the beginning, had the music printed, together with the words, thus enabling them to sing from notes; and all—"with one consent to God their cheerful voices raised."

The little church is of the very plainest description, and well suited to the congregation. I am not fond of medium churches; I like better either extreme: "the long-drawn aisle," full choir, and pealing anthem—pomp and magnificence, which remind one of Jerusalem's Temple; or a building of the most entire simplicity, such as sheltered the devotion of the early Christians, as well as the persecuted of later times—the followers of a

Master who told them that his kingdom was not of this world.

* * * * *

I received from the peasants whom I met in the course of my morning's walk the kindest attentions. In one place, where a torrent had cut up the road, and I could not possibly have crossed on foot without assistance, a man stepped forward, and gave me such efficient help, that I got over without wetting my shoes. Another took a plank and carried it a considerable distance, to make it answer the purpose of a bridge over a stream that had been swollen by the late heavy rain; and in another place, where a plank was not within reach, a youth did not scruple to enter the water for the purpose of laying large stones for me to step on. All these kindnesses were done without the least expectation, I am persuaded, of any recompense; as the persons who conferred them, turned away, and seemed surprised at my offering a trifle, which I had difficulty in prevailing on them to accept. I find none whatever of the venality that I have heard attributed

to this fine people: I should rather say, that they are distinguished by the opposite virtue. When any casual assistance was afforded in my walks or rides, I never encountered those expecting looks and gestures with which, elsewhere, we are all familiar on such occasions.

The women, in their church attire, were neat and homely: whatever garment they wear that purports to be white, is of the utmost purity. They wore, generally, small black velvet caps, made to fit close to the head, with a deep black lace border hanging full about the cheeks. I liked these caps better than some we had seen at Lucerne, which were made of stiff clear black net, upraised like butterflies' expanded wings. Your sisters have made sketches of both kinds, so you can see which you prefer.

After breakfast, we got into a pretty little boat, rowed by three men, for the purpose of going to the waterfall at Giesbach in sufficient time to allow of our seeing it, and being afterwards taken up by the steam-packet, which passes at half-past one, on its way to Interlachen. Whilst in our

boat on the lake, we were filled with admiration of the fine bold rocks, on one side rising directly out of the water, covered with trees and the foliage of parasitical plants, lichens, ferns, etc.; which mingled in such wild luxuriance as seemed to denote a possession, in point of time, coeval with the rocks which bore them. Pope's line, in his poem "by a person of quality," beginning "Ye flowery rocks," would not here prove the absurdity he intended. We kept close to the impending rocks, and had an opportunity of seeing and being delighted with those minuter beauties, which are lost to travellers in the steam-packet, by whom only the general appearance of scenery can be appreciated.

So full of interest was our little boating excursion, that we were sorry when it ended; although, just at the same moment, the Giesbach presented itself in a very promising aspect. Two fine streams, into which it divides itself, fall into the lake close to the landing-place. We ascended a steep richly-wooded hill, the sound of rushing water directing our steps, often pausing to observe

fine points of view. We could see from the same spot before us, the dashing foaming cataract losing itself in a forest, while beneath lay the smooth surface of the finely coloured lake enlivened with many boats. The eye could take in at one view the same element—in one aspect seeming as if it would hurl to destruction whatever was in its way —in another, presenting the appearance of calm beneficence promoting the well-being of all sentient things whose capacities are fitted for its enjoyment. We continued to ascend the mountain, which is as rich in finely distributed wood as an English park —gentle slopes and green knolls intermingling. The waterfall presented itself in a point of view, so level, that it reminded me of Campbell's beautiful lines—

> "And human pleasures, what are ye in truth?
> The torrent's smoothness ere it dash below."

But we passed on to a height where the torrent exhibited no smoothness; it rushes forth, like drifting snow, from the summit of a thick dark green wood, with no rocks near but those below

it. We walked over two trees thrown across, and looked down upon the foaming dashing whirl of waters, threatening, to my apprehension, to bear away the rocks that supported our frail bridge. The guide recommended us to mount still higher, and we were well repaid for doing so, being thus enabled to get into a cavern in the rocks, in which six or seven persons can stand; there the cataract fell, in front, from a height above us, much increased no doubt by the great rain of the preceding day. It seemed like a river that had burst from its bed, and in strong defiance of all obstacles was making itself another channel. We stood awe-struck, this mighty moving curtain of waters falling before us; not a spoken word could be heard, one great sound and one great object were all absorbing.

At length we retraced our steps, and dwelt with rapture on the varying scene as we descended. We sauntered along the borders of the lake for full two hours, expecting the steam-packet, which did not arrive at the appointed time. We listened to the clear melody of an Alpine horn, that was

just then rendered particularly pleasing from the disengaged attention we could bestow on it, and which had much charm, mingling occasionally with the sound of rushing waters. It seemed to us like the Spirit of the Mountain bidding us a sweet farewell.

I have since been told that a schoolmaster lives in a house which we saw near the waterfall, and that he and his family are remarkable for their musical performances; and very grateful we were for the specimens afforded us.

The lake was enlivened by many pretty boats; several of them had sails, and others none. Boats are to a lake, what cattle are to green fields; besides the addition of picturesque forms, they impart the conviction that the Creator's design is fulfilled, by his bountiful provisions for enjoyment answering their destined purpose.

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The village of Brienz was before us, and we saw two nice country girls put off from thence in a little boat rowed by themselves. On their reaching our side of the lake, we perceived the

object they had in coming; they brought baskets of pears and plums to sell,—and when we had made our purchases, they returned with happy countenances to their boat, and rowed themselves back, stopping occasionally to wave their hands to our party.

The packet was so long delayed, we feared some accident had happened. The air was becoming chilly, and we were getting somewhat anxious as to the consequences of our visit to the Giesbach, when a respectable quaint-looking man, dressed in a rusty black coat, presented himself. Although the probability of his being the aforesaid schoolmaster did not occur to me at the time; yet, from his Dominie Sampson look, I am sure he was the very person. Perceiving, I suppose, that we had a forlorn aspect, he offered us all the accommodations of his house on the mountain, which we had so lately passed; and said, moreover, that we could have good beds. Your sisters returned him our best thanks in German, the language he spoke, telling him we should gladly avail ourselves of his kindness if the packet did

not soon arrive. It just then appeared in sight, and we went on board immediately after. When I had leisure to think upon the matter, I regretted extremely that we were not spending the remaining part of the day with the primitive schoolmaster and his musical family.

LETTER XXVI.

Interlachen.

SHORTLY after we got on board the packet, which took us up on the Lake of Brienz, heavy rain coming on, we went down to the cabin. The captain, a very fine-looking young man, spoke German so fluently that I took him for a Swiss. On hearing us talking English, he accosted me in that language, and after a little conversation he said, "It is most surprising that the English should come in such numbers to this country, when the scenery in Scotland is so much more beautiful." After this speech, I had no difficulty in knowing that the gentleman came from north of the Tweed. He continued, "What is there

here but lakes, rocks, trees, and mountains; and all these are in far greater perfection in Scotland." I put in a word as to the grandeur of the mountains covered with snow, to which he said impatiently, "They are not to be compared to ours, covered with purple heather; *that* exceeds every thing in beauty, and here you don't find it:" which is the fact—it is seen very seldom, and only in the smallest quantities. Perceiving it was in vain to dispute the vast pre-eminence of purple heather over snow-clad mountains and their glaciers, I spoke of the waterfalls of this country: to which he replied, that "it was plain I had never been in Scotland, or I could not compare the Giesbach and the Reichenbach, nor even the Handig (which is still greater), to the Granich, near Aberdeen, or to the Dunstan, near Glasgow." I listened without being convinced — however, I respected his nationality, and wishing to change the subject to one equally gratifying to his *amor patriæ* on which we might agree, I asked him if he was not proud of Sir Walter Scott: he answered very coolly, "He was my uncle." You may guess my astonish-

ment; he was communicative, and told me that his mother was a daughter of Sir Walter's brother John, who died, after acquiring a considerable fortune, leaving to seven daughters 7000*l.* each; but that by a law process, they lost nearly all his property, including several large houses in Dundee, where his mother still resides, a widow of the name of Croll. She had many children. The captain never remembers having seen his father, who died when he was an infant. He came to England when he was thirteen years old, to learn the business of an engineer, and has been in Russia, Prussia, and Silesia, and only once for a short time in Scotland since his first leaving it; but he knows all that is passing there, for he said his mother writes to him every week, and sends him "The Perth and Cupar Advertiser." He has, I suspect, been too much occupied to allow of his having time to read many of his uncle's writings, and of his life by Mr. Lockhart he knows nothing. On my recommending it as a deeply interesting work, he said he would get it. He could scarcely

believe me when I told him a subscription was made some years ago to keep Abbotsford in the family; this circumstance I mentioned merely as a proof of the high estimation in which the late owner had been held by the nation at large. His nephew was quite sure I was mistaken, and that subscriptions were raised for no other purpose whatever than to erect monuments in different places.

His conversation convinced me that Sir Walter's character and fame, though touching him so much more nearly, are not half so dear to him as the beauties of Scotland, of which he has known little since childhood. And should he never see them again I will venture to predict, that true as the needle to the Pole, his heart will ever turn to his own, as the first, best country in all the world.

I do admire his love of Fatherland. In this particular he resembles his great kinsman, whose letters written during his visits to London, manifest that when princes and nobles, philosophers and ladies, sought for his society as for the choicest

boon that could be obtained, he, though most grateful for the honours and kindnesses bestowed on him, yearned, not only for his domestic home, but also for his mountains and his glens; and longed impatiently for the moment to arrive, when he could turn his back on all the pomp and adulation that courted him, to breathe again the air of "his own, his native land;" to course amongst its said purple heather, with his faithful servant and his dogs, or to superintend the planting of bare hills, endeared to him perhaps by having been the scenes of some stirring achievments in centuries gone by, which he could make present to his own and to all other minds. It was not that he did not fully appreciate the refinements and courtesies of society, tinctured as they are, even at this distance of time, by the spirit of chivalry he so fondly dwelt upon; but he loved Scotland more, and when there he received with the open hospitality of an ancient chieftain, all who had the slightest pretension, I might almost say wish, to be entertained in the house of him, whom all men delighted to

honour. And every guest, however undistinguished, he treated with the fine urbanity of his generous nature. Mr. Lockhart mentions, that on one occasion he gave to some ladies of high rank a polite permission to leave Abbotsford immediately, when he perceived them behaving superciliously to, and shunning, one of humbler birth. They were recalled to a better temper by his admonition, and the good-humour and hilarity he invariably spread around him were not again interrupted by conventional littleness.

How I have wandered from my subject, from Scott's nephew to himself! I was so interested in the Captain's conversation, that I heard no part of one in which Fanny has since told me she was engaged.

Mutual inquiries were made by her and a party of French people, "pour passer le tems," as to the comparative expenses of living in London and Paris. In Paris, it was agreed, that house-rent is much lower, and that the prices of provisions, except bread, are the same in the two cities.

One of the Frenchmen said, "On the whole

your living must cost double the sum of ours, all you English eat so much more than my countrymen." On both sides exclamations of surprise burst forth when she communicated her impressions—as each held directly opposite opinions on the subject—to the farther expression of which an end was put by the arrival of the packet at Interlachen. As the French party and we went to different hotels—they to a much cheaper than the Bellevue, the matter in debate could not be positively decided; but I think it probable we should find their "Maître d'Hôtel" agreed with Fanny, if it were possible to know his opinion.

We regretted that our unforeseen delay at the Giesbach prevented our reaching Interlachen in time for the evening service. An English clergyman officiates in a part of an old convent, fitted up for the purpose; the remainder of it is used for an hospital. The German church is at Unterseen, about half a mile distant. I walked this morning to that most beautifully situated village; it is greatly superior in point of situation to Interlachen, which latter however, has its advantages.

It consists of a small number of houses, detached, all good and new (only too English in appearance), having gardens and trees interspersed, and the whole judiciously placed, fronting the best view. Whereas, at Unterseen, a long, dirty, close old street intercepts the view of the very finest combination of objects. It is not until the street is passed that one is aware of how much that is beautiful is shut out by it. The river is of vast breadth; a long ridge of rock keeps in the water, in one part, to a great degree of smooth fulness, which temporary restraint serves but to make it fall over others like a long continued cascade—thence spreading its waters wide and far, branching off in different directions, amongst diversified green hills, out-topped by mountains of as various forms, amongst which the Jungfrau is conspicuous in beauty. A pretty little church, with its spire, adds a charm to the scene.

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Here we are returned to Thun, having spent a fortnight delightfully in our rambles in the Bernese Oberland. We came here from Inter-

lachen by voiture. Our road lay along the edge of the lake—so close, that as we sat in the carriage we heard the murmur of its waters among the pebbles. The surrounding mountainous scenery is varied and beautiful, but the great snow-covered mountains are not seen so well from the road as from the lake. I am glad to have gone both ways. We reached Thun by a very steep ascent.

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This morning we went to see the castle, which is seven hundred years old. A group of poplars and weeping willows at the entrance, produce a very good effect. It is a square pile of building of great height, consisting of a centre with a heavy cone-shaped roof, and four towers still higher, terminating in slender spires, which are, like the centre, covered by red tiles. The walls, instead of being left the natural colour of the stone, are whitened, which injures the appearance of the whole. The practice of whitening churches and all elevated buildings, is common in Switzerland; and it often produces a particularly good effect when they are seen against dark mountains; but

this great castle is sufficiently conspicuous from its commanding position, and its colouring should have been left to the mellowing tints of time. There is nothing remarkable in the interior: it was inhabited formerly by the Counts of Thun; but is now used as a prison for those who commit petty offences. The perpetrators of greater crimes are sent to Berne. There are no guilty inmates at present, and I therefore ascended with more pleasure one of the towers to see the panoramic and most beautiful view from it of the surrounding country. The snow mountains of the Oberland were glistening in the beams of the newly-risen sun; and the bright river Aar lay beneath, its banks richly cultivated, winding its course through hill and glade to the lake, whose smooth surface like a mirror reflected with answering colours the radiant sky.

The morning's brilliancy, like that of many of our early lives, soon passed away: the sunshine was succeeded by noon-day clouds and heaviness, so lowering that during our walk to the Chartreuse by the side of the lake, we could not distinguish

the range of mountains which bound the horizon and render the situation one of singular beauty. This ancient convent for nuns is now converted into a house, inhabited by Herr Rougemont—it is situated low on the banks of the lake, in full view of the girdle of Alps which I had been admiring some hours ago. In the rear are finely diversified sloping meadows, green knolls, orchards, and vineyards. A chapel, with a spire of the same description as others in the neighbourhood, covered by red tiles, and enriched by jutting angles and pointed roofed windows, forms one end of the dwelling—to the remaining portions of it a deep verandah, covered with trellis and flowers, has been added in good taste.

Although my prepossessions are not in favour of conventional institutions, I could not help fancying that many of my sex had passed their lives more happily here than they would have done amidst the cares, the temptations, and the almost certain disappointments of the world, with respect to which their confined and modest prayer was, "This day be bread and peace my lot;" and though

the more thrilling pleasures of sympathy and tenderness were resigned by them, they ran no risk of encountering painful reverses. Where their love was fixed, it would grow brighter and brighter until death, that ends all human ties, whether happy or miserable, gave to them the full fruition of the only love and joys they had sought for in their calm retirement.

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We returned to our hotel by an upper walk, and from different points we saw the surrounding scenery to great advantage. The Jungfrau's veil of clouds was partially lifted, like a modest beauty only half disclosing her brightness. The Monch and Eigher, though still somewhat obscured, shewed in a degree their bold forms. We sat down on a seat in an elevated position, that commanded the whole of the magnificent and lovely view. The back of the seat was formed by a large stone, on which was deeply cut the following words:

"Hier im Schatten seines Haines dichtete vormahls der edle Ritter Heinrich Von Stretlingen der Minnesinger, seine Lieder des Freud und der Minne."

The noble knight Heinrich von Stretlingen could hardly have fixed on a more delicious spot to sing his songs of joy and sorrow.

LETTER XXVII.

Berne.

We left Thun this morning, and reached Berne before one o'clock. It has been raining ever since our arrival, and as I could not go out, I have amused myself by looking over Vieusseux's History, and I have from thence selected passages which I shall tack together at my pleasure, as the tailor-bird does the leaves which it unites.

I find that Berne was founded in 1191, by Berthold V., Duke of Zähringen. He built it as a place of defence against the Dukes of Burgundy and other powerful neighbours. It was called Berne, some say, from bär, a bear, which Berthold killed near the spot while hunting; others say that it derives its name from a Celtic word, signifying a place where justice is administered.

A number of noblemen, and amongst others D'Erlach (of whom and his descendants you will hear more hereafter), went to reside in the new city, where they speedily built not only single houses, but whole streets. They placed it under the direct protection of the empire, making it thereby a free Imperial town; and no family, however noble, exercised any dominion over it. From its commencement it was a commonwealth of free independent gentlemen. An Avoyer, or chief magistrate, assisted by two councils, one consisting of twelve, and another of fifty persons, had the management of public affairs. It was the object of the Emperor Albert (of whom you have already heard a sad tale) to make all Helvetia the patrimony or fief of Austria. In 1298 he turned his arms first against Berne, which both his father Rudolph and himself had already once attacked in vain. The Bernese, under the command of one of their burgher nobles, Ulrich D'Erlach, went out to meet Albert, and after gaining a complete victory at Donnerbuhl, obliged him to retire with great loss. In the contested election

for the Imperial crown, after the death of Henry of Luxemburg (who succeeded Albert), Berne took part with Louis of Bavaria, who proved to be the successful candidate against Frederick of Austria. Louis, however, being at variance with the Pope, was excommunicated; and it was on this occasion that the electors of the German empire assembled in 1338, passed a memorable resolution, importing that an Emperor and King of the Romans, being once elected by a majority of suffrages, had no need of the sanction of the Papal Court, in order to exercise the Imperial rights; and thenceforth the Emperor elect assumed the title of King of the Romans. But the Bernese were as yet too much under the influence of the Pope to slight the thunders of the Vatican; they forsook Louis, and he, highly incensed in consequence, joined the league of the nobles, who were ever jealous of Bernese prosperity and independence. The league was formidable, and the destruction of Berne determined on. Notwithstanding, the republic was not disheartened: they threw a garrison into the adjoining town of

Laupen, and appointed Rudolph D'Erlach their general. The Waldstätten contributed nine hundred hardy men; and in 1339, their little army, five thousand strong, came in sight of the enemy's forces on the heights of Laupen. Here a great and glorious victory was gained by the brave Bernese, and the nobles who survived the battle were glad to make their peace and retire.

In 1352 Berne entered into the Swiss alliance, of which it formed the Eighth Canton. This important accession imparted to the Swiss confederacy a reputation for power and stability which it had not until then enjoyed. The deputies from each state were constituted into a Diet, to whom the neighbouring princes might accredit their ministers, and before whom all important affairs concerning the welfare of the whole Helvetic body might be discussed and concluded.

Berne was remarkable for the steady policy which it pursued in gradually extending its territory, either by purchase or conquest, at the conclusion of every war. By purchases made at different times, Berne at last possessed the

whole of the Oberland or Highlands. The fine and extensive valley of Frütigen was sold to Berne by the Baron of Thun, whose mismanagement had involved him in difficulties. When the inhabitants of Frütigen heard of the negotiation for the sale, they all agreed to strain every nerve, in order to redeem the seignorial fines and dues which had been transferred to their new masters. Every one contributed for this purpose his little savings; and it is stated in an old song, quoted by Müller, that the inhabitants of the whole valley engaged not to eat beef for seven years, in order to free themselves and their descendants from feudal burthens. Berne accepted the redemption money, and Frütigen, thanks to those public-spirited peasants, became a free untaxed district, subject to Berne; and such it remained for ages after, until the fall of the Republic.

Other feudal lords, who had become co-burghers of Berne, sold to that city their dominions, castles, and jurisdictions in the fertile district called the Emmenthal, or valley of the Emmen, near the borders of Lucerne, one of the richest grazing

lands in all Switzerland. Ego and Berthold, Counts of Kyburg, gave up to Berne the Landgraviat of Burgundy, a jurisdiction so called, the relics of a former and prouder lordship, which extended from Thun to the bridge of Arwangen. Landshut remained the last estate of the powerful Counts of Kyburg in Helvetia; this too they sold, and after passing through several hands, it came into possession of a Bernese family.

A check to the fast increasing prosperity of Berne occurred in the year 1405, when a dreadful fire broke out, destroying nearly all the town, which was then built of wood. All the people around vied with one another in affording help to the distressed Bernese. Freybourg sent one hundred workmen and twelve waggons, and kept them one month at its own expense, assisting in clearing away the ruins.

In the midst of the common calamity the Avoyer and Council resolved to endeavour to assuage the general grief, by restoring the ancient forms of annual election, and laying all important affairs before a general assembly of the citizens.

This spontaneous resolve conciliated the whole people, and infused into them new vigour for rebuilding their town. They built it of stone, on an improved plan, with broad streets, fine houses, and massive walls; such, in short, as it now is, the handsomest town in Switzerland, as regards buildings.

In 1519 Berne joined Freybourg in an alliance with Geneva against the Duke of Savoy, who aspired to extend his power over the latter city. Berne sent an army under John D'Erlach, to take the field in defence of Geneva; but it was rendered useless by the peace concluded at the treaty of St. Julien, by which the Duke engaged that should he be the first to attack the Genevese, he should forfeit the Pays de Vaud to Berne and Freybourg, and also that the Prior Bonnivard, whom the Duke had kidnapped and confined in the castle of Chillon, should be released. But he never performed either of these conditions.

About this time, Farel, the reformer, began to preach in Geneva, and formed two new parties in the city. He was driven away, but soon

returned and converted many to his doctrines. Freybourg withdrew from the alliance, not approving of his preaching; and Berne remained the sole ally, and formally declared war against the Duke of Savoy, in consequence of his breach of the treaty of St. Julien. All the Pays de Vaud, except Yverdun, submitted to the Bernese, to whom it was a great acquisition, and who were hailed as deliverers at Geneva.

The preaching of Zwingli and Farel, with other causes, operated on the minds of the Bernese, and after the subject had been well weighed, the Reformed religion was established in Berne, accompanied with regulations conceived in a spirit of justice, charity, and liberality, which, while they reflect the greatest honour on the council of Berne, afford a most favourable contrast to the harsh and rash fanaticism of the Reformers in some other places; and Berne became, and has ever since continued, the steadiest pillar of the Reformation in Switzerland.

The Pays de Vaud was formally ceded to Berne in 1564, by Emanuel Philibert, Duke of Savoy,

and from that period remained subject to it, until 1798; when a small number of disaffected persons having signed a petition to some French general, calling on him to interfere in their behalf, Maynard, by order of the Directory, proclaimed that he entered the Pays de Vaud by the unanimous wish of the people, the great majority of whom were taken by surprise, and a separation, which had not entered into their views, took place at the bidding of a few individuals backed by French bayonets. Maynard, after entering the Pays de Vaud, escorted by two hussars, sent an aide-de-camp to Colonel Weiss, at Yverdun, notifying that he would consider any opposition to him as a declaration of war. On their return, the party passed in the night through the village of Thierens, the inhabitants of which being well affected to Berne, had armed themselves, and had posted sentries to give the alarm. The sentries challenged the French party, who immediately fell upon them with their sabres, and in retaliation were fired at, and lost one of their number.

This incident was construed by Maynard into "a premeditated assault by the partizans of oligarchy, an assassination which the Great Nation could never forgive," etc. Berne immediately ordered an investigation of the affair; and it was proved by numerous witnesses to have been an accidental affray, occasioned by the unjustifiable attack of the French troopers.

The Directory made a highly-coloured report to the legislative body, recommending a declaration of war against Berne; and the unfortunate village of Thierens was set on fire by the French.

The councils of Berne persisted in their vain hope of propitiating the French Directory; and sent explanations and made apologies, couched even in humiliating terms. At the same time, they thought of strengthening the bonds between them and the country people. The German part of the old canton had not shewn the least signs of discontent; the people felt indignant at the encroachments of the French, and determined upon resistance. Twenty thousand of the militia were assembled, and the number might easily have been

doubled. On the 31st of January, the sovereign council of Berne invited the Communes to elect a deputation of fifty-two members, to take their seats in the Assembly.

These deputies behaved in an admirable spirit. They addressed to their constituents a declaration, full of the most affecting candour and patriotism; they spoke of the improvements which had been proposed in the council—of the necessity of preserving the sound parts of the constitution—of the happiness they had till then enjoyed—of the duty of rallying, with one consent, round the standard of the state, whilst attacked or threatened from without—and of their own determination to leave unsullied to their descendants the fair name of their country. "We may cease to exist," thus ended this declaration, "but our honour must be preserved to the last."

For a moment, the idea was entertained in the council of establishing a temporary dictatorship until the crisis of the foreign attack had passed; public opinion was in favour of the measure, which would probably have saved Berne and all

Switzerland from the horrors of invasion; but, unfortunately, the party of peace and half measures prevailed in the council, and was joined by some of the new deputies from the towns; and although the wish to save the country was universal, they could not agree about the means. Instead of providing, in the first instance, for repelling the invader, they appointed a commission to draw the plan of a new constitution, upon the basis of election by the people, and of the admissibility of all the inhabitants to the offices and honours of the state. One year was allowed to the commission for the completion of its work, but two months had not expired before Berne had ceased to exist as an independent state.

I shall pass over the circumstances that led to this event; but some few I will mention connected with the heroic name of D'Erlach.

A treacherous truce, on the part of the French, had been concluded; which D'Erlach and others perceived was only granted by that power for the purpose of gaining time to bring about more effectually their plan of subjugating the country.

General D'Erlach, who had been entrusted with the command of the Swiss troops, on the 26th of February entered the Sovereign Council, and there tendered his resignation, unless they would give him full powers to act, immediately upon the expiration of the truce. "It is useless," said he, "to keep so many brave men under arms, waiting until the enemy has completed all his preparations, and has succeeded in sowing dissensions in our ranks. Let us determine to save our country, or let us send these poor men to their homes." It was then that the Council gave full power to D'Erlach to act according to his judgment.

A courier arrived at the same time from the French general, Brune, offering to renew the negotiations; and the Council again sent two deputies to him, but confirmed General D'Erlach's powers. Brune insisted, as his ultimatum, that the Council of Berne should abdicate. The deputies declared such proposals to be inadmissible; and they left him on the 28th, the eve of the expiration of the armistice, on which very day a scene of confusion and ruin took place in Berne.

The party in the Legislative Council which was determined to submit to the French rather than try the fortune of arms, availing themselves of the absence of many members—officers who had gone to the army with D'Erlach—carried, by a small majority, a resolution revoking the powers given to the General, and forbidding him to attack the enemy. They likewise carried a resolution for the abdication of the executive, and the institution of a provisional regency; sending at the same time another deputation to Brune, acquainting him with the proposed change, and deprecating his hostility. Brune received the message with contempt, and demanded that the Bernese army should be immediately disbanded.

This would have been to surrender at discretion; and the order was given to D'Erlach to attack after the expiration of the armistice, namely, in the night between the 1st and 2d of March; but two hours afterwards another counter-order came to his head-quarters, informing him that Brune had granted a prolongation of the armistice for thirty hours. Nevertheless, on the morning of

the 1st of March, before the expiration even of the first armistice, the French attacked the castle of Dornach, near Soleure; and in the night surprised a battalion of Oberlanders posted at Langnau, cut most of them to pieces after a sharp resistance, and, while the report of the new armistice was circulating through the Swiss lines, the French general Schauenberg pushed his columns to Soleure, which place he summoned to surrender.

Brune likewise began hostilities on his side, on the 2d of March, by an attack on Freybourg, after the Bernese deputies had just left his head-quarters at Payerne, under the impression that the armistice was prolonged in order to settle matters by negotiation. The Bernese out-posts taken by surprise fell back on Freybourg, the authorities of which place opened the gates to the French; while the Bernese, followed by many of the peasants and citizens of Freybourg, took up a position near Laupen, on the frontiers of their own canton. The contingents of the Forest and other Cantons, which had partially and slowly come up to the assistance of Berne, remained in the

rear, and after the taking of Freybourg and Soleure by the French, they began a retrograde march towards their homes. Berne was left alone in the struggle, with a few auxiliaries from Freybourg and Soleure. The army for the defence of Berne was reduced to fifteen thousand men, opposed to more than thirty thousand Frenchmen. On the 3d of March the Landsturm, or general rising of the peasantry, was proclaimed; but this only served to increase the general confusion. On that same day the executive council of Berne was dissolved, and a provisional regency hastily formed, in the hope of conciliating the French. On the morning of the 4th, the regency sent messengers to Brune to inform him of the change that had taken place in the government, and to demand an armistice, offering even to dismiss the army, provided the French remained in the positions they occupied at present. Brune peremptorily insisted on placing a French garrison in Berne. This was too much even for the regency. The people and the troops were in a fearful state of excitement at the idea of being betrayed by their governors. A division

of the army quitted its post, and marched to Berne in a state of mutiny. The soldiers drove away many of their officers, and bayoneted at the very gates of Berne the two Colonels Stettler and Rhyner, notwithstanding the entreaties of a young lady, the niece of Avoyer Steiger, who tried, at the risk of her own life, to save the victims from their fury. After committing this crime, the misled soldiers seemed struck with sudden horror; they again submitted to their officers, returned to their posts, and prepared for fight. On the evening of the 4th the regency issued the order for battle for the next day. The Avoyer Steiger, having solemnly resigned the insignia of his office, repaired with his friend General D'Erlach to the camp at Frauenbrunnen. At one o'clock on the morning of the 5th, Brune attacked the posts near Laupen, but was repulsed with great loss, and his troops were driven back several miles on the road to Freybourg. The Bernese General Graffenried was preparing to follow up his success, when he received the news of the defeat of D'Erlach at Frauenbrunnen. Schauenberg had attacked the

Bernese in that quarter with a force far superior in number, and especially in cavalry and horse artillery, with which last kind of force the Swiss were unacquainted. After a sharp resistance D'Erlach retired upon Grauholz, a wooded hill in sight of Berne, where he sustained another attack. His position being again forced, he formed his troops once more in the plain, close to the city of Berne, where the French artillery and cavalry made dreadful havoc in his ranks; peasants and women, armed with scythes, were mixed with the soldiers, and fell rather than surrender.

Two thousand Bernese were left killed or wounded on the several fields of battle; the loss of the French amounted to fifteen hundred. The remainder of D'Erlach's division took the road towards Thun and the Oberland. Berne, being now left unprotected, surrendered to Brune, who promised to respect the persons and properties of the inhabitants. Crowds of fugitives filled the roads in the direction of the Oberland; preferring, no doubt, to make the snows of the Alps their winding-sheet to being butchered by the foe.

D'Erlach, finding himself deserted by his men on the evening of the 5th, the officers around him being killed or wounded, and he himself in danger of falling into the hands of the French cavalry, took alone the road to Thun. He hoped to collect the fugitives in the recesses of the Alps, where he might have made a successful stand, being backed by the sturdy population of the Forest Cantons. At the village of Munsingen, which is very near to the old castle of Unspunnen — connected with which I related a romantic story— he fell in with a mob of disbanded soldiers and peasants, who, intoxicated with wine and with rage, seized the General, pinioned him, called him a traitor, and prepared to take him to Berne. They were soon overtaken by another troop, who, crying out that Berne was in the hands of the French, and cursing their magistrates and generals, whom they called traitors to their country, fell upon D'Erlach with their axes and their bayonets, and left him mangled and dead on the road. An aide-de-camp, Kneubuller, arriving at the time, and endeavouring to intercede for his general, met with the same fate.

Whilst transcribing this sad account of D'Erlach, I have been reminded of another brave soldier, Sir John Moore, who, like him, fell a victim to the vacillating councils he was constrained to obey. When certain that victory was within his grasp, he was obliged to lay aside his sword, whilst our chargé-d'affaires, Mr. Frere, was learning the will and pleasure of the Spanish Junta, and whilst the common enemy was turning to account every moment gained, until nothing remained for Moore but retreat instead of triumph. And such a retreat as he effected to Corunna was an achievement more difficult than are oftentimes victories. My late brother-in-law, the truly gallant Colonel Cameron, of the ninth regiment of foot, who was the companion in arms and friend of Moore, has harrowed up my feelings in recounting the sufferings that all endured in that retreat. Sir John Moore fell a sacrifice, like D'Erlach, to the weakness of others, and the inaction forced upon him by their incompetency. His letters on this subject are most

affecting; but in one point he was happier than D'Erlach, for he received his death-wound in the battle he fought, after the exhaustion of his troops in that fearful retreat to Corunna, where he lies "alone in his glory."

But to return to my narrative. Some days after the murder of D'Erlach, his assassins, struck by remorse, acknowledged that they had been shewn, by emissaries of the French, forged letters, as evidence of his treachery.

These papers were profusely scattered in the Bernese camp previous to the 5th of March. More than one hundred officers, including twelve members of the Great Council, were killed on that day. Such was the fall of Berne — a republic that had existed for nearly six hundred years.

It fell by the same arts, by the same hands, and nearly about the same time, as Venice and Genoa. Like them, it exhibited weakness and hesitation in its councils; but unlike them, it shewed something of old Swiss determination in

the hour of struggle, and it fell neither unhonoured nor unmourned.

Brune seized, in the name of the French Directory, the treasury of Berne, in which were thirty millions francs in gold and silver. He emptied also all the chests of the various branches of the administration, as well as those of the various tribes or companies of the burgesses and patricians. He cleared the arsenal of three hundred pieces of cannon, of arms and accoutrements for forty thousand men, and ransacked the public stores of every description. He also disarmed all the people, both in town and country; but the town was not, like others, given up to pillage or the excesses of the soldiers.

The whole plunder was immediately carried off to France. Some of the Bernese guns were sent to Toulon for the Egyptian expedition, which was then preparing; the result of which expedition is recorded in a page of the proudest annals of our country; "every Englishman did his duty," and *there* conquered the conquerors of the greater part of Europe.

In consideration of his services, Brune was raised by the Directory to the rank of General-in-chief of the army of Italy, while Schauenberg remained in command in Switzerland.

END OF VOL. I.

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