

LETTERS,

AFTER

A TOUR

THROUGH SOME PARTS OF

FRANCE, ITALY, SWITZERLAND,

AND

GERMANY,

IN 1816:

WITH INCIDENTAL REFLECTIONS

ON SOME TOPICS CONNECTED WITH

Religion.

“ Neque enim verbar ne laboriosum esset legenti tibi, quod visenti non fuisset.”

PLIN. EPIST. Lib. v. Ep. 6.

EDINBURGH:

PRINTED FOR OLIPHANT, WAUGH, & INNES,

HUNTER'S SQUARE, EDINBURGH;

AND T. HAMILTON, PATERNOSTER-ROW, LONDON.

1817.

Rh 45



76/1942

C. Blocher

TO THOSE
BRITISH TRAVELLERS,
IN THE MORE FREQUENTED PARTS OF THE
CONTINENT,
WHO MAY WISH TO REVIVE THE IMAGES OF SOME SCENES
WHICH DELIGHTED THEM,
OR TO REMARK THE IMPRESSIONS PRODUCED
ON ANOTHER MIND
BY OBJECTS AND INSTITUTIONS
LATELY PRESENTED TO THEIR OWN NOTICE,
AND BY INFORMATION
WHICH THEY HAVE PERSONALLY ACQUIRED,
THIS VOLUME IS INSCRIBED
BY
THE AUTHOR.

ADVERTISEMENT.

THE references to books in the following Letters, which it is not very customary to make in modern publications of this kind, will, it is hoped, be excused by the title-page. They are announced as Letters after a tour, not for this reason only, but also to avoid a fiction which it might be difficult to maintain consistently, and to admit of the writer's occasionally classing together observations made at different places and dates. But most of the descriptive parts, and many of the reflections, are drawn from letters addressed to a near relative, and a few other friends, from the countries to which they relate.

CONTENTS.

LETTER I.

DIEPPE—ROUEN—PARIS.

First impressions. *Premiere communion.* *Chateau de Vaudreuil*,—peasant's thoughts on politics and religion. Contrary views of the Revolution. *Duchesse de Bourbon* travelling. Plan of this volume. *Dome des Invalides.* Inscriptions marking political changes . . Page 1—13

LETTER II.

PARIS.

Preachers. Public exposure of vice compared with that in London. Royal Library,—manuscripts. External advantages of Paris and London compared. Traits of Parisian character. Wars with Russia, and conduct of Buonaparte. Prevailing desire of war. Public conveyances. 14—29

LETTER III.

PARIS—SWITZERLAND—SAVOY.

Agriculture. Forests of Franche-comté. Pleasure on entering Switzerland,—state of the people,—fine scenery.

Remarks of a *Fribourgeoise* on Protestants. Poverty in Savoy. Face of the country. Monument near Aix,—Roman baths. Churches and hospitals of Chamberri. St. Jean de Maurienne. New road. Villages at the foot of Mont Cenís Page 30—43

LETTER IV.

THE MONT CENIS—PIEDMONT.

Old and new way of passing it. *Ramasse*. Snowy state of the mountain,—lake,—*hospice*,—cascade of the Cenischia. Rochemelon. Descent to Piedmont. Prospect. Susa. Road to Turin,—oratories and churches. 44—56

LETTER V.

TURIN.

Buildings. Beggars. Churches,—recorded miracle,—offerings to the Virgin,—music,—procession. King's attachment to the Romish faith. Protestants in Piedmont. Soperga. University. The King. 57—69

LETTER VI.

TURIN—GENOA.

Marengo. Novi. Road over the Bocchetta. Streets and appearance of Genoa,—palaces. Asylum for the poor. Churches,—preacher,—catechist.—disputation. Reverence for the Pope. Trade,—the port. Adjacent coast. 70—85

LETTER VII.

GENOA—MILAN.

Silk. Voghera. Paria. Milan. Ambrosian Library,—
 manuscripts,—painting. Last Supper, by Leonardo da
 Vinci,—copy in mosaic. Gallery of the college Brera.
 Mint,—cabinet of medals,—coinage. Arch of the Sim-
 plon. Arena 86—100

LETTER VIII.

MILAN.

Hospitals of the continent,—of Milan. Church of St.
 Ambrose. Cathedral,—its recent embellishment,—pros-
 pect from the dome,—tomb of Borromeo,—his character,
 —that of Roman Catholics,—institutions of their church,
 —vender of miraculous pictures,—indulgences,—preach-
 er in the cathedral,—advertisement of religious festivals,
 —and of amusements. Habits of the fashionable Mi-
 lanese 101—124

LETTER IX.

MILAN—COMO—SESTO.

Peasants,—dress,—condition. Como. The lake,—foun-
 tain at the *Villa Pliniana*,—villas,—Princess of Wales's,
 —character of this lake. Beautiful country near Como.
 Antique sandals 125—133

LETTER X.

SESTO—LAGO MAGGIORE—DOMO D'OSSOLA.

Arona,—statue of Borromeo,—sentiment of a child,—reflections on it. Borromeoan islands,— <i>Madre</i> ,— <i>Bella</i> . Domo d'Ossola	134—143
--	---------

LETTER XI.

THE SIMPLON.

Early rising. <i>Ponte di Crevola</i> . First grotto. Vineyards of Dovedro. Fallen rocks. <i>Refuges</i> . Isella. Avalanches. Gondo,—its cascade,—its grotto. State of the road. Algaby. Costumes. Simplon. Stormy weather. Alpine flowers. Unfinished <i>hospice</i> . Barrier. Descent,—gallery of the glaciers. <i>Tavernettes</i> . Old and new road. <i>Ganter thal</i> . Brigg . . .	144—163
---	---------

LETTER XII.

THE VALAIS—THE PAYS DE VAUD—GENEVA.

Geography of the Valais,—Rhone,—torrents,—inhabitants laborious,—affected with <i>goîtres</i> ,—rigid Roman Catholics. Sion. Cascade of Miville. St. Maurice. Re-enter the <i>Pays de Vaud</i> . Hill of Montreux, and other views. Visit to a farm,—reflections on it,—Why no Swiss Burns or Milton?— <i>Madame de Staël</i> . Geneva,—buildings,—environs,—Voltaire,—religious worship	
--	--

and opinions. Our travelling countrymen. *Plain Palais*. Burial ground. Confluence of Rhone and Arve.
Page 164—180

LETTER XIII.

GENEVA—SALLENCHE—CHAMOUNI.

Road to Cluse. Valley of Sallenche. *Bosquets de Maglan*. *Nant d'Orli,—d'Arpenas*. St. Martin,—views of Mont Blanc. Guides of Chamouni. Cascade and lake of Chède. Cataract of the Arve. *Ecrolement*. Tomb of Eschen. *Pont le Pelissier*. Enter the valley of Chamouni,—traverse the *glacier des Buissons*. *Le Prieuré*.
181—195

LETTER XIV.

CHAMOUNI.

Modern spirit of exploring,—its effects at Chamouni. Poet. Ascent of the Montanvert,—mule,—*hospice*,—sea of ice,—avalanche. Descent to sources of Arveiron,—calamity of a Genevese family,—rejoin the mule,—his defects,—return to *Le Prieuré*. Lines to Mont Blanc
196—213

LETTER XV.

CHAMOUNI—MARTIGNY—LAUSANNE.

Argentiere. Valorsine,—fortified church. *Tête Noire*. Trient. Forcla. Martigny. Lausanne,—consecration of ministers,—sermon. Universal education in the *Pays de Vaud*,—political changes and sentiments 214—225

LETTER XVI.

LAUSANNE—NEUCHATEL.

Finally quit Lausanne. Yverdon,—college of Pestalozzi, —mode of teaching languages. Naef's school for the deaf and dumb. Lake of Neuchatel. *La Chaux de Fonds*,—watchmaking. Le Locle. Fall of the Doubs. Cornmills. Change of government in this canton. Theology at Neuchatel,—infidelity. Munificence of M. Pury and M. Pourtalés,—hospital,—*Sœurs Hospitalières*. Roman Catholic system distinguished from its professors. Persecution of French Protestants

Page 226—240

LETTER XVII.

VALLEY OF MOUTIERS.

Vallies of Ruz and St. Imier. Moutiers. Anabaptists. Peasant at Malleray—his remarks. Anabaptist mower, —elder,—their mode of baptism and other practices,—books,—preacher,—opinions,—beards,—choice of ministers,—preaching and prayer,—tenets,—concerning war,—military service required of them by the Bernese,—high and low Anabaptists,—origin of the sect

241—254

LETTER XVIII.

BIENNE—SOLEURE—BERNE—UNTERSEEN.

Views of the Alps near Bienne. Swiss costumes. Soleure, —British travellers. Weissenstein. Hofwyl,—M. de

Fellenberg. Berne. Lake of Thun. Unterseen. Singing of peasant girls 255—264

LETTER XIX.

LAUTERBRUNNEN—GRINDELWALD—MEYRINGEN.

Vale of Lauterbrunnen,—*Stabbauch*. Valley of Grindelwald,—view from the inn,—superior glacier. Passage of the Scheidegg,—heights of mountains—*Schwartzwald*,—*glacier*,—*chalet*. The Reichenbach,—its torrents,—its falls 265—276

LETTER XX.

MEYRINGEN—LUCERNE—ZURICH.

Meyringen,—cascades. Mont Brünig. Enter Unterwald. Lungern, its lake,—its church,—costume of this canton. Sarnen. Primitive cantons. Roman catholicism,—festival. Alpnach. Lake of Lucerne. Stanz,—Arnold de Winkelried,—town-house. Gersau. Churches,—monuments. Navigation of the lake. Lucerne,—bridges,—holy water. Franciscan Friar. Capuchins. William Tell. Art. Fall of the Rossberg. 277—293

LETTER XXI.

ZURICH—SCHAFFHAUSEN—DUTTLINGEN.

Zurich,—promenades,—public library,—the *Antestes* Hess. Winterthur. Opinions on machinery,—prejudices against England. Fall of the Rhine. Quit Switzerland.

294—302

LETTER XXII.

DUTTLINGEN—STUTGARD—HEIDELBERG.

Posting in Wurtemberg and Baden. Stutgard,—palace and its appendages,—town library. Ludwigsbourg—the Queen. *Monrepos*,—the King. Heidelberg,—the church of the Lutherans,—the Lord's supper,—tenets and constitution of that church,—its past intolerance at Frankfort,—recent change,—effects of co-operation among Christians,—opinion on schism. 303—319

LETTER XXIII.

HEIDELBERG—FRANKFORT—NEUWIED—COLOGNE.

Heidelberg students,—costume,—conversation with one. German theology. Frankfort,—the Römer,—Latin bible. Jews,—their burial grounds,—synagogue,—a convert. The fair. Statues at M. Bethmann's. Voyage to Coblenz,—tobacco,—the Rhine,—Neuwied,—its rise,—Moravians. Voyage to Cologne. German Count. Fine scenery. Bonn. Raft. Patriotic songs. The Count's change of profession. 320—336

LETTER XXIV.

COLOGNE—AIX LA CHAPELLE—CONCLUSION.

Toleration introduced at Cologne by Buonaparte. Churches,—St. Peter's,—Rubens,—[his paintings there and at Antwerp,—exhibition of a relic in the latter city],—St. Ursula's,—relics,—heads of the three kings,—

consecrated engravings and litanies,—conversation on these with Subdeacons,—reflections arising from it. High mass in the cathedral of Cologne,—congregations in Roman catholic countries. Protestants at Cologne,—King of Prussia. Aix la Chapelle,—*la Redoute*,—tomb of Charlemagne,—his bath. Conclusion. . . . 337—353

LETTERS, &c.

LETTER I.

DIEPPE—ROUEN—PARIS.

MY DEAR SIR,

ALTHOUGH your encouragement induces me to attempt telling the public something of what I have observed on the continent, I am in no way entitled or disposed to expect much of its attention. The notes and thoughts of an unknown individual, who has only made what is now an every-day tour, are likely to interest few besides his partial friends; but having decided to write with the purpose of printing them, it is useless to mention reasons which perhaps should have deterred me from doing so. I will rather invite you without ceremony into my

first French sleeping-room; as you know when we have quitted our own shores this ceases to be unusual or unpolite. My memory, it is true, caring neither for distance nor lodgings, oftener recrosses the Alps than the carpet of our host at Dieppe, where a pastoral groupe in tapestry half covers a red-tiled floor, while three mirrors, and two rosewood cabinets topped with marble, divert the eye from white-washed beams and ceiling-joists above. But those incongruities, whether it be taste or habit that makes us feel them so, did not fail to strike me, though almost familiarized to them by the accounts of others. It is well if we always aim to excel our foreign neighbours as much in the consistency of morals and manners, as we do generally in that of furniture and decorations.

Madame de Stüel has gravely remarked, in reference to British travellers, "Every thing is solemn in a journey whose first steps are in the ocean. It seems as if an abyss were opened behind you, and your return might become for ever impossible."—Such views of a voyage will appear to many of us

islanders much too serious. A lively curiosity is, in common circumstances, our prevalent feeling, when we first approach countries, which, however near to our own, may in some sense be termed another earth. And we set foot on that earth with the observing faculty for the moment not a little awakened. A new language shouted by sailors, lisped by children, appearing in every kind of public inscription, with a change in dresses, countenances, vehicles, buildings, and all the variety of lesser objects, produce an impression which perhaps a Hibernian islander might state most forcibly, by saying, "you can't land twice for the first time." Rows of shops without windows, in the high street of Dieppe, and respectable dames who occupied some of these, dressed in stiffly-starched Norman caps, had to myself an aspect particularly foreign. They are worn in various modes by the common people, and not always set off by their whiteness; but I should compare the most perfect specimens to a nautilus-shell reversed, with its sails or wings shading the ears of the wearer. I spare

you the detail of another class of novelties, profoundly interesting to travellers themselves, but to them only; the unknown varieties of the culinary art, first offered to me at a *table d'hôte* in Rouen.

A well-informed inhabitant whom I met at this table, stated the great advantages arising to Normandy from the laws of the *code Napoleon*, now stiled the *code Français*, which had superseded the various local rules and customs of inheritance or succession to property, thus preventing much uncertainty and injustice.

I found the choir of the cathedral of Rouen filled by two or three hundred children and young persons of both sexes, receiving their "first communion." Each held a lighted taper, and the females wore white dresses and veils. Though it cannot gratify a protestant, to see youth initiated into a communion that he must deem erring and corrupt, the eye turns with much more pleasure to such an assembly, than to the movements and genuflexions of their priests. One of the numerous spectators, who, besides many worshippers, surrounded the

choir, informed me that during the revolution she had seen part of this church fitted up and used as a playhouse.

In going from Rouen to Paris, the lower road is much to be preferred, as it leads through fine and varied districts bordering on the Seine. At the village of Vaudreuil, an intelligent countryman offered to conduct me to the château of the late *Marquis de Conflans*. He spoke of him with much respect, as having been kind to his dependents, "*soulageant son peuple.*" The mansion still belongs to his aged widow or family, who were at first obliged to emigrate, but now reside at Paris. It offers a pensive lesson on the instability of external distinctions, to walk through the deserted apartments of the great, and hear from an old domestic, "that was the aviary; this is the saloon." A few noble orange trees in the conservatory were the only objects that appeared uninjured by the hand of time or of war; for the Prussians were last year occupiers of this château; and I never heard these conquerors named in France, but with sighs or execrations. My conductor

however appeared a firm royalist, and declaimed against the effects which political commotions and changes had produced. Yet he had independent opinions. I learnt from him that some rich protestant manufacturers reside near Vaudreuil, who attend public worship at Rouen ;* and he then told me, that, although himself a catholic, he had once attended the reformed service, of which he spoke favourably, as “ *une religion plus retenue.*” He also seemed quite sensible to the unsuitableness of their own Latin liturgy for the use of the people ; and when I remarked that in the present day translations were provided, replied that even this did not always enable the ignorant to accompany the language of the priest.

Walking early beside the Seine, in the very agreeable neighbourhood of Vernon, I joined a farmer accompanying his cart,

* I had seen the protestant temple in that city, an ancient church situated in the Rue St Eloi. The pastor, in May last, was M. Olivier, who I understood to be a preacher of talent and popularity, settled there about two years, and previously of Bordeaux. The Reformed at Rouen had been quite tranquil and unmolested since the restoration ; but I did not ascertain their numbers.

who after giving me some information on the culture of the vineyards near us, (some of the northernmost in France,) made statements which suit a different school of politics from that of my acquaintance at Vaudreuil. "The revolution had occasioned a division of landed property, which increased both produce and comfort. His father could never have dreamt of possessing a horse, but now he was owner of that I saw; and all the cultivators round Vernon were like himself, not tenants but small proprietors." "*Le coquin!*" said an owner of patrimonial estates, to whom, when in another part of France, I mentioned this conversation, "He had doubtless bought national lands for a song;" and proceeded to demonstrate, how much more both of corn and hay, and happiness, are produced to him who rents the land he cultivates. We need not go far from our own counties, to discover how opinion is modified by interest, habit, and temper; but the farther we wander, the more illustrations we gain of it.

The furious entry of the *Duchesse de Bourbon* into Mantes, dashed by six post

horses at full gallop over the hard uneven pavement, did not augment my respect for that personage. An aged man or infant on the road might have been sacrificed; horses, I understand, frequently are so; now and then a postilion; and as to speed, the gain is doubtful, for her Highness's carriage broke down on this very journey. The pace cannot, we may presume, have been adopted, because it was that of Napoleon and his marshals, or because it is more emblematic of their moral and political career than of the course of a paternal government; but granting that urgent occupation, and swiftness something like ubiquity, ought to be announced to nations by the movements of their rulers and defenders, it does not absolutely follow, that such attributes need be assumed by a lady going into the country. Yet I claim a license for your present conductor to use more than imperial speed; for when one ventures, after being in these well-known countries, to take readers thither, it should surely be, in justice to them, by a sort of aeronautic conveyance. In this paper balloon, we may

speculate or moralize, be grave or playful, while gliding above beaten roads, or uninhabited districts, without fatigue or attention; and yet it is so far manageable, that we shall always stop at pleasure to explore a scene, or retrace an incident. I should have thought the attempt not only ill judged, but almost hopeless, to engage even your partiality in any way of travelling with me but this. As you can have what is interesting only at second hand, you may well claim to be excused from what is not so; from the tediousness of strait avenues, and the miseries of ill-dressed suppers; nay, even from the duty of seeing (and much more of technically surveying) "all and every" the works of art. You must not therefore suppose, that I myself omitted to tread in the steps of the curious; our present vehicle, and the motives for chusing it, will account for a quick flight from Brighton to Paris, and for some similar ones in future. I suspect, indeed, that after the many sketches, visits, and revisits of that city we have shared in, you might be best pleased if, even there, we only ho-

vered a little, like swallows in November, round domes, and columns, and arches, and took our speedy passage southward. Let us, however, enter for a moment the gilded dome *des invalides*, an instructive edifice both without and within. Its exterior is the most striking object in a bird's eye view of Paris, and shines as a warning for ambitious monarchs. The first gilding, that of Louis the 14th, had, like himself, long since disappeared. Buonaparte's order for regilding it, is said to have been dated from the Kremlin; infatuated vanity prompting him thus to record the highest point of his bloody elevation, but an instant, as it were, before the commencement of his fall.* The interior should afford a lesson to all the nations "who delight in war." It was adorned not only with the fine paintings and the monument of Turenne which still remain there, but, till lately, with a multitude of standards, (we were told two thousand,) captured from hostile armies, purchased with

* A lover of peace and of punning says of this glittering dome, "It is what its master was after his victories; covered with new glory—that is to say, new *guilt*."

millions of lives, and then burnt in one day, to prevent their recapture by those armies in the French capital. The beautiful marble pavement under this dome likewise offered a hint to the present government, which, though comparatively trivial, was not unimportant to its dignity. This floor is inlaid with the royal arms, which have not been removed during the changes of the revolution. The diligence used last summer in destroying the traces of the emperor and his reign, might perhaps be politic, as it regards those very conspicuous and personal monuments, which would seem, especially during his life, to insult the existing authority; but if it extend to such as are less so, and if works of art be injured by defacing these, there is a little-ness in the proceeding, which must be viewed still more disadvantageously by contrast. For the late usurper, who had certainly reasons to wish the cause of legitimacy forgotten, not only left those Bourbon *fleurs de lys*, but restored the inscriptions *Ludovico magno* on the gate of St Denis. The cause of freedom, also, was not less adverse

to his power; but he employed his police more effectively, and doubtless more mischievously, than in proscribing those relics of revolutionary opinion which still are seen in the provinces, and still interest the stranger. On the pedestal of Joan of Arc's statue at Rouen, erected in the market-place where she was barbarously burnt, I read the inscription, "Liberty, Equality, Unity, and Indivisibility of the Republic," which time alone has partially effaced. A brass tablet, fixed on the grand staircase of the museum in that city, exhibits the same principles more permanently.* Indeed, the lowest coin of the realm records them. One *sou* pleads for constitutional monarchy, "*La nation, la loi, et le roi;*" another proclaims the rights of man, "*Les hommes sont égaux devant la loi;*" and both

* <i>Liberté.</i>	<i>Metre.</i>	* <i>Egalité.</i>
10,000,000 metres.	<i>Egal a la dix millionième partie du quart du méridien terrestre.</i>	30,784,440 piés quart de l'équateur.

19 *Frimaire, An. 8 de la République Française,*
Unité des poids et des mesures.
A tous les temps. *A tous les peuples.*
Municipalité de Rouen.

were found to live loyally in the same pocket with the busts of Louis and Napoleon. Gold, whatever legend it may bear, has often been a mover of sedition; but there is little to fear from copper, and not much more from bronze, or marble, or canvas. A Frenchman observed to me, "The government should have waited for the zeal of the people to deface these things." I rather think they should have waited for the indifference of the people to render it superfluous. Under a firm and good government, though they might be still admired as monuments of art or military fame, they would surely cease, like others which are now neglected, to be signals of discontent or commotion.

LETTER II.

PARIS.

As you know I feel, or ought to feel, concerned for the great cause of religion and morals, you will suppose that my attention was directed both to the established and reformed churches of Paris. The latter, which are only two in number, (not including the German Lutheran church,) are well filled during the single service of the Sunday. The pastors officiated last summer at the two protestant temples by turns. M. Marron has a dignified delivery ; but I fear, from what I learnt both in France and Switzerland, that neither his public, nor private character, have been such as are calculated to second and justify the serious office of Christian admonition. M. Monod, who, I understand, is much respected, made, when I was his hearer, a very warm and affecting appeal to conscience. In the catholic church of

St Eustache, an eloquent priest most earnestly insisted on the evils and dangers of a dissipated and irreligious life, and concluded by illustrating the supports and consolations of piety from the example of the late unfortunate Louis. This picture of sufferings and resignation drew tears from a female near me; the audience was numerous; and the whole discourse adapted, as it was evidently designed, both for moral and political effect. At the church of St Roch, I heard a very inferior essay against calumny. The part of this service which is most novel and unwelcome to a protestant, is a pause after the introduction; in which, turning towards a crucifix erected at the side of the pulpit, the preacher implores the intercession of the Virgin. I found those of both communions, whom I heard, more vehement in action and utterance than the English, and the catholics more so than the Reformed; but the vehemence of both has too much of a theatrical air, particularly that mechanical elevation and tremulous movement of the hands, which seems to be a favourite gesture. I

nowhere heard a leading importance given to those great facts and doctrines of Scripture, which, in the view of the most serious class of Christians, form the true basis of moral exhortation. It is affirmed by witnesses who have been disposed and able to make more researches into the fact than myself, that irreligion and immorality have very generally and deeply infected the population of Paris. Their employments on the Sabbath, and the vice, as well as dissipation, which prevails in the parts of the city most frequented by strangers, tend to confirm that testimony. Yet may not foreigners, who visit our capital, retort on us as to one of the leading points of accusation? Public licentiousness forces itself on their view almost as much in London as in Paris. I do not think it is more shameless or seductive (when we take into the account its uncontrolled exhibition at our theatres) in the French than in the British capital; and it appears to be less generally connected with other kinds of excess, with drunkenness and riot, malignity and profaneness. I may add, while on this

unpleasing subject, that in smaller cities of the continent, this vice is much less public and obtrusive than in the manufacturing and commercial towns of England. It is not intended to infer the better morals of all those cities. On the contrary, we have reason to believe, that in some they are much more corrupt; but while many men argue plausibly for the toleration of a lesser evil as preventive of greater, none I presume can suppose, that the public exposure of vice, and temptations to vice, would tend to diminish its amount in these cases, or has done so in our own. It is never too late to attempt the correction of evil; and the recent exertions both of authority and benevolence on this subject are truly commendable; but in a country which we believe to be more Christian than others, surely neither the authority of magistrates, nor the principles of good men, have been early enough, or extensively enough, engaged in repressing a practice, which places continual dangers in the path of many who would shun, and more who would not seek them, and which habituates almost all our youth

to the presence and language, if not participation, of depravity.

The Royal Library of Paris is an establishment most worthy of a great and enlightened nation. There is no taste, connected with literature or the arts, which can fail to be gratified by some department of its treasures. The rich collections of medals, antiquities, and engravings, afford an almost inexhaustible fund of research to the antiquary and the artist; while three hundred and fifty-eight thousand printed books, and seventy-two thousand manuscripts, offer a still more unbounded range to the labours of numerous readers. I was peculiarly interested by viewing the handwriting of many distinguished men. It is the most precious kind of relic. If literary memorials of their genius have been multiplied and scattered abroad by the press, these are become the common property, they have been appropriated at least by many minds, and are mingled with the general stores of thought; but here we have the paper and ink (cheap in themselves, but invaluable by their use) which first embodied the conceptions of those great spirits who

are gone; the very strokes of the pen by means of which their sublime intellect still lives among us. One would rather see the blots and erasures of a Fenelon or a Montesquieu, than the most perfect and ornamented copy of their works. If the manuscripts be of a more familiar kind, we experience a different but not perhaps a less pleasure. For we view, by means of them, persons who were elevated by their talents or their station, more closely than we could probably have ever done, had we lived in the same country and at the same period. We enter into their cabinets; see the mind and the hand which instructed or governed multitudes, occupied in little affairs and trifling interests, and are perhaps secretly pleased, while observing that they were often obliged to stoop to our level, though we cannot mount to theirs. Both kinds of gratification are very commodiously presented in this library, open manuscript volumes and unfolded letters being placed under glass. In this way are exhibited the original manuscript of *Telemaque*, letters of Boileau, Racine, and Voltaire, some of Francis the

1st, and memoranda written by Louis the 14th on loose sheets during his campaigns. Others, if enquired for, are readily produced to the curious. I desired to see the letters of a still more renowned sovereign, Henry 4th, and received a volume of those addressed to the *Duc de Sully*. The earlier part of the series are directed to this minister by his previous title of *Marquis de Rosny*, the latter "*A mon cousin le Duc de Sully.*" They advance gradually to a style of confidence and familiar intimacy, in which the relative characters of sovereign and subject do not at all appear to have cramped the royal writer.*

It is natural for an Englishman to compare, on all leading points that fall within his observation, the advantages of Paris and London. He will find them to be of different kinds; and this very much arising from

* I copied one of these letters, the orthography of which is obsolete, and the style singular.

Mon amy Jay bien ancores apry^m (qu: appréhensions) des nouvelles sur le sujet de ce que me dyt M^r. de Rohan de v^{re} part, certes toutes le croys de lorrene sont traytres et ay peur que les fleur de lys nan resante de la contagyon, ma fame est an bon estat et croyt comme moy que vous ne vous

political causes. Paris has become what it is, chiefly by the power and resources of the government: London, by the wealth and freedom of the subject: and this latter is the sort of pre-eminence which we ought to view with most pleasure. The numerous streets and squares of our metropolis, which are altogether unrivalled in Paris, and the much greater number of separate and respectable dwellings inhabited by every class, from the possessors of luxury to those who have a humble competence, are much more to be valued than the gallery and colonnade of the Louvre, because they are marks of private independence. And the pavement which protects and accommodates the meanest and most infirm passengers, is more to

deves fyer a nul de la meson, ecouter tout et ne leur dyre gueres, Je me porte fort bien Dieu mercy et tout mon menage, quy vous aymeront autant que moy ou ie les deseryteré, brulés cette lettre, ce XXV^{me} mars

HENRY.

It is endorsed (as all the rest are) apparently by the duke's own hand,

*lettre du Roy du 25 Mars 1607
touchant les grands du royaume
grands et moy.*

be admired than the finest avenue or arch by which strangers enter Paris ; because it has for its object the safety and comfort of the people. Yet it is a prejudice to regard that love of magnificence which employs the labour of part of the population at the cost of another part, or which encourages the skill and science of individuals at the expense of a nation, as one of the great evils and abuses of absolute power. Within certain bounds it is beneficial, and even when carried to excess, its ill effects would be trivial compared with those of the rage for war. There would have been a vast saving of wealth, and labour, and comfort, if the sovereigns of Europe, instead of ravaging or impoverishing each other's states with little intermission for a century past, had been occupied even in the absurd and fruitless work of building pyramids to outvie those of Egypt. But the costly undertakings of the sovereigns of Paris are of a much better order ; for many of them contribute instruction and refinement, health and pleasure, to its citizens. The library lately mentioned, the rich museum of natural history, the King's

garden connected with that establishment, the planted *boulevards*, which encircle the whole city, forming a green and shaded walk between it and the suburbs, and the noble promenades of the Luxembourg, Tuileries, and *Champs Elysées*, afford to the inhabitants of each quarter opportunities of recreation, which are not possessed by those of London in any similar degree. The prospect from the apartments of the Tuileries on a fine evening of spring, is such as I should fear must become, by the aid of flattery, mischievously illusive to any monarch who occupies them. The long and superb perspective formed by an avenue of chesnut trees in blossom, terminated by the *Place Louis Quinze*, a fountain at each extremity glittering in the last rays of sunshine, with an immense but well dressed assemblage of all ranks filling the interval, and dispersed in the groves, or among the numerous orange trees and statues, may too probably be taken for a picture of the kingdom and its inhabitants. There is in the scene an air of grandeur combined with contentment and pleasure, very likely at least to soothe the royal

spectators into willing forgetfulness of the poverty or oppression which may reign in remote provinces, or even in some parts of the very capital that pours forth so gay a multitude.

The Parisians certainly have the constitutional requisites for enjoyment ; and while walking amidst these groupes, which a cheerful sociality seems to pervade, undisturbed by any thing like riot or discord, it is difficult to realize the immoralities which are too prevalent, or the cruelties to which a part of this populace have sometimes been excited. Their urbanity in directing strangers is a prepossessing trait of character, but an enquirer in the streets of Paris will have sometimes occasion to smile at their adopting the phrases of the connoisseur, and sometimes at their spirit of shrewd observation. “ *Oui Monsieur,*” said a baker’s boy to whom I made some remark when near the military column on the *Place Vendôme*, “ *oui, c’est un superbe morceau.*” — An artisan, who was engaged like myself in viewing some caricatures of Cossacks at a print stall, sententially reminded a companion beside him,

that these unwelcome visitors had been sought for, and as it were invited; “ *Ils ne seroient pas venus si nous ne les avions pas recherchés.*” If not personally concerned, he was perhaps honest enough to reflect, that he shared in the spirit of destruction and conquest which actuated those who were so. The domestic at the *Grand Trianon*, a palace in the park of Versailles, to which Buonaparte often resorted, pointed out to me a large circular table covered with green velvet, as the very council board where that invasion of Russia was discussed and resolved on; while in the adjoining rooms we found magnificent vases and tables of Siberian malachite, presented by Alexander to Buonaparte during their previous alliance. These objects, associated with the remembrance of recent events that have disturbed and astonished Europe, excited more attention than the pictures and statues round them. The sufferings of the French army from the intensity of frost, during the dreadful retreat from Moscow, have eclipsed all others; but those which attended the former war with Russia in 1807, are not yet forgotten by the

survivors who witnessed and partook them. They arose from continued rains falling in deep and marshy ground, which the troops were compelled to cross before the battle of Friedland. An officer with whom I travelled after quitting Paris, and who described this march, assured me, that he then heard grenadiers, while wading through the mire, from which many of them were never extricated, exclaim in a tone of desperation to their Emperor as he passed, "*Ah coquin ! bourreau ! qu'est ce que tu nous fais souffrir ?*" To which the idol of the soldiery replied with a laugh, "*Ba ! demain tu auras de bon vin.*"—But so deeply has the love of war and rapine been infused, that all past hardships, and the cold blooded sacrifices from which they themselves are but just escaped, do not prevent the unemployed officers from declaring their admiration of those exploits, and a desire to renew them. "That we did not invade and conquer your island," (a half pay commissary frankly told me,) "was not at all for want of inclination." (*Ce n'etoit pas faute d'envie.*) "Had I been in the Emperor's place, I would have attempted the

threatened descent. - The fruits of victory would have been rich and ample, and the deliverance of the world from your naval tyranny and commercial monopoly complete." A lively *démoiselle* of the second class, who was of the party, gave her suffrage for war and glory with much animation, and when I represented the attendant miseries, put to flight all scruples with the heroic argument, "*Plutôt la guerre, plutôt la guerre, que la France ainsi avilie!*" This military spirit, which was always characteristic of the French, has been doubtless rendered more restless, unprincipled, and universal, by the immense levies which Buona-parte made, and the spoliations in which he indulged them; but it would be very shortsighted to imagine, that it is no where prevalent and no where mischievous except in France. Twenty campaigns have roused and organized it throughout Europe, and there can be now no state without a great body of persons who are averse from any employ but those connected with arms, and murmuring at that exhaustion which for the present necessitates repose. The conversa-

tion I have quoted took place with the occupants of two *voitures*, travelling on one of the great southern roads, whom I joined in some pleasant walks over "vine-covered hills." There was a royalist minority among them, consisting of an inspector of lotteries and his two daughters. The latter were returning from a month's delightful stay at Paris, during which they had never omitted to join the daily assemblage in front of the Tuileries, for the pleasure of seeing their good King and the *Duchesse d'Angoulême*. These political attachments, however, were not declared so unreservedly as the contrary ones, but rather apart.

I am quite of opinion, with some authors or compilers of "Hints to Travellers," that a stranger who would study national character and opinion, should not neglect the occasion which public vehicles afford. There will however be many exceptions to this choice; as no advantage can be hoped for in some German diligences, which will compensate for their tiresome slowness; and the principal European languages, (supposing the stranger to have acquired them,) will

avail him but little in some parts of the Netherlands, where the coachman may speak the Walloon or Brabançon dialect ; and the conversation of the passengers be carried on in Dutch or Flemish.

LETTER III.

PARIS—SWITZERLAND—SAVOY.

It is pleasant to see proofs of agricultural industry; and these, in the provinces through which I passed, were universal. Though recent conscriptions have been supposed by us to be a great check to cultivation in France, and though the subsequent peace has proved so in our own country, I saw no acres of neglected land, and few or none of those small portions of waste ground, which are so frequent in England. But plains of corn, however productive, are not picturesque; and it was with pleasure I perceived, after leaving Dijon, in the neighbourhood of Auxonne, the mountains of Franche-comté rising in the distance. In the departments of the Jura and Doubs, that sort of mountain scenery commences which is a step towards the grandeur of the Alps; and the manner of building becomes similar to that

in Switzerland, all the farm offices being connected with the peasant's dwelling, and under one large roof of thatch. This is succeeded by another kind of rural architecture, prevailing among the fir forests which are spread over the chain of Jura mountains, as also in some parts of Savoy. The fir, cut into planks, forms the walls; divided into strong laths, it is substituted for thatch or tile as a roof; (which is said to be durable), and not unfrequently the very chimney is of the same hazardous material. The first village I saw of such a construction was Leviers, situated on the edge of a royal forest, which produces fir timber of great size. We were stopped an hour on the way from Salins to this place, by one of the trees, which the oxen were unable to draw, without assistance, down the sharp turns of the mountain. They are sent from Dole, by the Saone and Rhone, for naval use at Toulon and Marseilles.

If I preferred this last department of France as affording more diversified scenes than the former, my satisfaction was more than redoubled on crossing the Swiss frontier; and

this not from the aspect of nature alone. I had found much in the character, habits, and condition of the French to excite displeasing reflections. Their turbulent desire for warlike enterprize and domination alarms the love of his own country in every patriotic foreigner; and the peculiar enmity against ourselves, which they combine with it, heightens the prejudices of an Englishman. These are not unfrequently further irritated by the extortion or unfairness of innkeepers or tradespeople. But besides such personal feelings, it was painful to infer last summer from the rigour of the police, and from the suspension of internal commerce, how great was the mutual distrust between the government and the nation; to observe the air of poverty and inaction in towns and villages, and to hear from time to time the complaints of unfortunate peasants who had been pillaged or oppressed by foreign troops, and atoned with their little possessions for the crimes of their rulers. It is lamentable also to reflect, in traversing a country confessedly so much in need of moral renovation, that there exists, in most of the provinces, nothing better to

promote it, than a hierarchy despised by the majority of the people, bigotted and corrupt even in its weakness, and likely to become more so by the ascendancy which it regains under its antient patrons. All this conspired to make me hail with a sort of delight, the boundary of Switzerland, and the first villages of the *canton de Vaud*, a land of freedom and protestantism. The sudden appearance of new built farm houses and cottages, (which had seldom if ever met my eye in a French village,) and of comfort and independence among the peasantry, after passing a limit merely political, proved, in spite of the poet's distich, that those evils "which laws or kings can cause or cure," are *not* inconsiderable. Contrasting with the French character and physiognomy the open ruddy countenances of these mountaineers, I felt a confidence not experienced since leaving England, as if I had entered a land of friends and brothers. Perhaps my prepossession was somewhat too strong, but I found nothing afterwards to warrant the complaints which I have heard from some of my countrymen of Swiss dishonesty and covetousness. My emotion

of good humour and satisfaction was heightened by the beauty of the prospects on the road to Lausanne. Even before the sublimer features of Alpine scenery were yet disclosed, I already found my favourite Westmoreland surpassed in the valley of the Orbe. That rushing stream, near the romantic hamlet of Lecleés, whitens the glen beneath an insulated hill, which is crowned by an antient château; lofty mountains encircle it, whose steep sides are clothed with green copse-wood, corn, and pasture, and their summits capped with black ranges of fir. I climbed the hills of this delightful road with more enthusiasm than you have ever seen me display, pitying the tenants and the promenaders of the Tuileries, and exclaiming warmly to a good *Fribourgeoise*, (then my only companion,) Oh how the Swiss must love their native land! This worthy dame, a Roman catholic, returning to her canton from a journey of business to Paris, told me, in the simplicity of her heart, that she had often observed with surprise, the superior prosperity of the Reformed part of Switzerland. She knew not how to account for the

difference, and had the fact needed proof, her admission would have been a conclusive one; for the honest villager was duly impressed with the excellence of her own church, and I remember, as we journeyed tête à tête through Franche-comté, she maintained strenuously, that excellent moral restraints and religious consolations, are derived from the practice of confessing to the priest. A protestant could have no difficulty in solving the problem thus ingenuously proposed, why his brethren were more thriving and improved than hers. Better and more general education, the great addition to labour from the abolition of numerous festivals, the emancipation of opinion, and the habit of exercising private judgment extending itself from religious enquiry to every other branch of human knowledge, must have an effect on agriculture and the arts, and be distinctly visible in the state of society. An eminent protestant professor and minister at Lausanne made me acquainted however with a different solution, offered by a Romish divine. "God gives these heretics a greater share of this world's advanta-

ges, in consideration of the wretched doom which awaits them in the next." May my worthy friend, the *Fribourgeoise*, long remain in charitable ignorance of this enlightened decision.

One of the most magnificent scenes in nature is surely that first *coup-d'œil* of the Alps of Savoy, across the lake of Geneva, which I gained on approaching Lausanne. It was morning, and those gigantic summits were half enveloped in sunny clouds, resting round their enormous fronts of snow, the more majestic for that bright veil. But we will not at present stop to view all their changing hues and varied forms. I soon quitted the north side of the lake, being fortunately admitted into a travelling party, from whose society I had to reap much information and pleasure; and proceeded through Geneva towards Chamberri.

The change on entering Savoy, is contrary to that which I just now described. Poverty appears in the dresses and habitations of the people. The women are bare-footed, and the cottages of the worst kind. Paper windows are often substituted for

glass. The vallies and mountains are on a more extended scale than those of the Jura, and there is a greater proportion of verdure and fertility than I had expected from the accounts of some geographers. A very picturesque change takes place in the manner of cultivating the vine, which, instead of being attached to short sticks, as in France and Switzerland, (where there is no more beauty in a vineyard than in a plot of beans or raspberries,) begins to be trained up fruit trees, or hung in festoons from tree to tree. Between Rumilly and Aix, we quitted the road to view a cascade, which though it would be celebrated in some other countries, is only of the second class in this. But curiosity had a double object; as the same visit had proved fatal to a young and amiable lady, known to some of my companions, who being there in company with the ex-queen of Holland, and venturing to cross the cataract by a plank, without assistance, slipped into it, and could not be extricated till too late, from a cavity of rock into which she fell. A stone recording this event was erected by order of Hortensia,

with the following inscription, suitable as a general warning to travellers among the Alps, though in this particular spot a solid and guarded bridge was placed at the same time, which prevents similar danger.

H

*Ici**Madame la Baronne de Broc**ageé de 25 ans, a péri**Sous les yeux de son amie**le 10 Juin 1813.**O vous**qui visitez ces lieux**n'avancez qu'avec précaution**sur ces abymes.**Songez a ceux qui vous aiment.*

The sulphureous waters of Aix were used for bathing by the Romans, the ruins of whose subterranean vapour baths still remain. They seem to have been so contrived, that the patient might sit surrounded with steam, and they have brick pipes for conveying it to the outer air. Large flat bricks, with raised Latin inscriptions on them, and some mutilated marble statues, have been found in the neighbourhood. These waters are still re-

nowned for their medicinal virtue ; but the ancients would see a strange contrast between what has been done in later ages there, and the magnificence that has arisen round the celebrated Bath of our own island, which was also well known to them, but so much more remote, in their times, from the centre of wealth and civilization, than these baths of Savoy. The modern baths at Aix are barely convenient, and the town mean and inconsiderable. We were much pleased however, with the garden of a small country house above it, which was occupied by Maria Louisa, when she resorted to this place. It commands a view of the *Lac de Bourget*, whose silvery line of waters was then set off by the dark cloudy grandeur of the surrounding mountains, while the gay flowers of almond trees and acacias among which we walked, gave me the first hint, though we had not yet passed the Alps, of a Cisalpine summer. It may be worth while to submit to the penalty of lodging once in the delectable *Hotel de la parfaite Union* in Chamberri, for the sake of first looking down upon this capital of Savoy from the

hills on the side of Aix. It is situated in a plain that resembles a garden, intersected by poplars and white willows, with fruit trees and festooned vines planted in the corn-fields. Few scenes have given me so strongly the impression of luxuriant plenty; and it is rendered more striking, by being embosomed in extensive forests and louring Alps. I will not long detain you in this town. Its churches exhibit the approach to an Italian or Spanish style of gaudy decoration. It was here I first saw the Virgin honoured with that sort of modern costume which is said to employ the industry of good King Ferdinand; a robe of embroidered taffeta, a diamond, or diamond-like necklace, and a crown of roses. There is a considerable and well arranged hospital, where our compassion was excited for a poor wounded Bohemian, who had lain there since an affair between the Austrians and French, on the bridge of Chamberri, in the last campaign. He described his sufferings in this place, (where few, if any, knew his language,) to the only one of our party who spoke good German; and I would fain have had the unthinking

friends and apologists of war in attendance, to hear this clinical lecture on its effects.

I must forbear to describe the varieties of woodland and mountain scenery, which interested us in advancing through the valley of the Arc. This is a rapid and troubled river, falling into the Isere. It is stained by torrents from the dark blue slate rocks which border the valley beyond *St Jean de Maurienne*; whose frowning points and gloomy chasms seemed like outworks to the Cyclops' cave. We had passed by that episcopal city and capital of one of the provinces of Savoy, without entering its gates. None indeed but a very humble equipage is admitted, for we observed this ludicrous public notice, "It is forbidden to bring any carriage into the city with more than one horse, on pain of three days labour." Among the few hundred inhabitants, I should fear there must be often more pressing inconveniences than the narrowness of their streets, for the country now bordering on the Mont Cenis, becomes more dreary and sterile. From this point, the new road formed by Buonaparte began to share my admi-

ration with the extraordinary districts which border it. It is a continued causeway beside the Arc, and each of the small torrents that fall into this river, is received into a stone reservoir (*couloir*) by the road side, and carried into an aqueduct beneath it. An ascent so gentle as to be almost imperceptible, brought us to St Michel. I was struck by the ornaments of a large painted cross of wood at the entrance of this village, exhibiting a variety of objects connected with the history of our Saviour's sufferings; the cock which crew, the chalice, the purse of Judas, the lantern, the spear, the reed, the ladder, the nails, the bunch of hyssop, the dice, and some other things which I could not interpret, are represented in separate pieces of carved wood, and attached to different parts of the cross. Though I have since seen many similar ornaments, I have met with no instance where they have been so numerous and perfect.

From this place, the valley became a hollow ascent between mountainous forests, so steep as to require additional horses, while we met the descending stream of the Arc,

rushing and roaring beside us as a sort of cataract. Torrents and cascades were multiplied on all sides, swollen by the unusual prevalence of rain. The road now bearing us along the brink of precipices, and across one or two bridges that united them, occasioned my fair fellow-travellers some sensations of alarm. We had here, although within a few days of midsummer, a discouraging proportion of storms and cold, with abundance of new fallen snow on the surrounding heights ; and the state of the weather rendered the aspect of the villages near Mont Cenis pitiably chill and desolate. The houses are very meanly built, and roofed with coarse heavy slate. Snow was slightly scattered upon the growing corn, and so gloomy was the evening view of the country in ascending from Termignon to Lanslebourg, that I was surprised at its resources when I saw a repast set before us at the post-house, more various and plentiful than travellers in England could generally command, even were œconomy disregarded.

LETTER. IV.

THE MONT CENIS—PIEDMONT.

THE bridges and pillars on the great road of Mont Cenis, bear the date 1809. Before it was formed, carriages were taken to pieces at Lanslebourg, and conveyed to La Novales on the backs of mules; while the traveller proceeded to that place in a sort of sedan chair, borne by eight porters. I conversed with an athletic Savoyard of this occupation, who had assisted in so carrying Napoleon across the mountain, and told me they reached La Novalese in less than four hours. The antient road was doubtless the shorter, having passed more directly to the summit, and then through the defiles on the side of Piedmont; while the new one is a zigzag on a large scale, or a succession of traverses, by which both the ascent and descent are made gradual and gentle. This is obviously the only princi-

ple of forming great mountain roads, so as to be practicable for carriages. Both the Mont Cenis and Simplon are now crossed with post horses; but as ours were engaged from a *voiturier*, and had brought us all the way from Lausanne, they were here relieved by ten mules, and followed the three carriages of our party till we gained the Barrier. The weather which had been so unfavourable the evening before, to our great delight grew clear, and the deep blue sky above the snowy points around us, became almost free from clouds; but they hung in masses of fleecy vapour round the bases of the mountains, forming a grand and changeful decoration. I had seen many poor inhabitants of Lanslebourg in the church at their devotions before our early departure. We now looked down upon their spire and the roofs of their slated cottages, as well as on two or three other villages up the stream of the Arc. This rapid river and the Isere, have their sources near Mont Iserran, which towered at the head of the valley. The many and complete changes of direction in ascending such a road as I have described,

brought the same objects repeatedly into view, at each time more distant, and more directly beneath us; looking upward, the shadows of the mountain tops thrown upon their bright covering of snow, and the fir forests sprinkled with that which had fallen on the preceding day, while the morning sun shone warmly upon us, formed a scene most singular and beautiful. Besides the frequent *couloirs* and aqueducts before spoken of, this superb road is guarded, where the mountain is most precipitous, by solid railings fixed in high stone pillars. Our muleteers, however, pointed out the spot, where an avalanche,* in the preceding March, had not only swept away these, but borne some Italian travellers, with their carriage and horses, down the mountain side. Being enveloped in the snow, and immediately extricated, neither they nor the horses received material injury. It is in spring, when the great masses begin to melt and to be loosened, that the passage of the Alps is thus perilous. Nearly twenty small houses, (called *barracons*,) were built

* Avalanche, as most readers know, is the name given in these countries to a falling mass of snow.

when the road was formed, in which persons are stationed during the season of danger, to clear away the snow, and to assist travellers. In the depth of winter, when it is hard frozen, the passage is made on a *traîneau* drawn by mules. There was also formerly a mode practised, of descending with extreme rapidity on a sledge, guided by a mountaineer, which slid directly down the snow-covered steep, and conveyed the two persons seated on it, as I was assured, a league in five minutes. That part of the mountain which admitted of this exploit was pointed out to us, and is called by the peasants the *ramasse*. They spoke of an Englishman who established himself during a time at Lanslebourg, for the purpose of repeatedly enjoying this amusement, or, as they expressed it, "*pour etre ramassé tous les jours.*" If happiness be in the ratio of velocity, a theory which Dr Johnson's well-known sentiment on the quick movement of a post chaise seems to favour, where could the traveller have found a more exquisite degree of it? This practice is now discon-

tinued, in consequence, I believe, of the new road's intersecting the *ramasse*.

Although I passed the Mont Cenis on the 18th of June, you must consider my description as corresponding to the usual appearance of it in April, and ascribe this to the general backwardness and inclemency of the past summer; it being very rare for any snow to remain on the road after the 1st of May. The muleteers regretted that we did not see the mountain in its summer dress, *toute en fleurs*; but agreeable as this would have been, I preferred the opportunity of viewing its wintry aspect without the hazards of that season, especially as I hoped to see a flowery contrast in other Alpine regions. Our mules were dismissed at the highest point of the passage, to which they had brought us in less than three hours; but the ascent from Piedmont is much longer. Here the snow was from seven to twelve feet high beside the road from which it had been dug away, and which now led us to the margin of a small lake, situated in a hollow between the *Grand* and *Petit Mont Cenis*. The picture of the snowy heights,

intermixed with bare crags, and patches of vegetation, which from some optical cause, were much more verdant as reflected in this mirror, pleased me exceedingly; yet is doubtless much less admired by the fathers who inhabit the neighbouring *hospice*, than the fine trouts which the lake affords for their refectory. This refectory was formerly their chapel, with a small convent attached to it, where travellers were received; but Buonaparte greatly enlarged the establishment, and it now consists of a handsome church in the centre, with an extensive range of barracks for troops on one side, and a building of equal size on the other, destined for the reception of strangers. There are four resident ecclesiastics, (*chanoines de St Benoit*,) one of whom shewed us the apartments used by Napoleon, now decorated with a portrait of the King of Sardinia, their present sovereign. If his Majesty's subjects have any taste for physiognomy, it should be delicately recommended to him by his friends, not to employ the painter, the statuary, or medallist, in multiplying his original countenance. They

might cite to him the example of Alexander the great and his predecessors, whose heads never appeared upon their coinage.

The priest complained that a dotation of lands, to the annual value of thirty-six thousand francs, with which Napoleon had endowed the *hospice*, had been reduced one half by the restored government. As the establishment is a very useful one, this diminution of its funds seems not only unjust, but injudicious and unpopular. There is no doubt that Buonaparte's primary object in its construction, and in the formation of this noble road, was of a military nature. The barracks both here and at Lanslebourg indicate this, and his general character and policy prove it more fully. But the accommodations for travellers are also excellent, differing widely from most inns of Savoy and of France. A little beyond the *hospice*, where the heat had been very considerable, a snow storm reminded us that we were on very elevated ground, and in a most variable climate.

I began the descent of the mountain on foot, following a torrent called the Cenise,

or Cenischia, which soon became almost a cascade. The new road was attempted here in a line that was afterwards abandoned, on account of the great injury it received from avalanches; and that since made goes in so sharp a zigzag down the mountain, that a traveller unaccustomed to these countries, who sees below him mules moving eastward, horses westward, and carriages towards the south, can hardly persuade himself they are all going to Susa. The torrent is crossed and recrossed, in a very short space, by six bridges, which may be said to cut it into as many distinct cascades, each rushing close to the ear and eye of the passenger. The flat beneath is called the plain of St Nicholas; and, when looking back from it at the fall of the Cenischia, and angles of the road which have been past, the huge snowy head of the *Grand Mont Cenis* is seen rising directly behind them. The proportions, or, if you please, *disproportions* of these landscapes, are on a scale of which it is difficult to convey an idea. At a greater distance rises the *Rochemelon*, which looks down upon the *Mont*

Cenis. Upon its summit, then hid in the clouds, is a little chapel, dedicated to *Notre Dame de la Neige*, which it is said more than two hundred persons visit annually on the 5th of August for the celebration of mass, quitting the vallies on the preceding evening to reach it by sunrise. Soon after the carriages overtook me, we beheld one of the most magnificent and interesting prospects I ever hope to enjoy. Its grand feature is the vale of the Cenischia, whose stream falls into the Doria at Susa, and joins the Po at Turin. The former city was seen in the distance at the foot of the mountains, and soon after, there suddenly opened upon us, immediately under the steep ridge whose side we were gradually descending, a view of La Novalèse, as if perpendicularly below, with a very lofty and beautiful cascade, pouring in two distinct falls from the opposite height. The snow was now become distant, the climate that of a fine summer's afternoon, and beautiful rhododendrons, with Alpine strawberries, were in profusion round us. One might almost apply to this enchanting scene what Rousseau poetically says

of the Valais: "Nature seemed to take pleasure in being opposed to herself. To the east the flowers of spring, to the south the fruits of autumn, to the north the ices of winter: she united all seasons in the same instant, all climates in the same place." Imagine us half way down the inclined plane of this smooth terrace, and do not suppose that even an Englishman could refuse, for the moment, his thanks and admiration to the enterprising spirit that formed it. While Buonaparte served his own ambitious interests and those of commerce, he prepared an unintended treat for the lovers of sublime scenery. The stranger who traversed the Mont Cenis in the antient manner, might congratulate himself on having travelled by an unusual and romantic conveyance; but he gains now in grandeur of prospect what he loses in self importance,—a species of loss not much to be lamented. Instead of being enclosed in the defiles and ravines of these mountains, he skirts their sides at a great height, and thus takes in the whole glorious prospect. I term it glorious; for remember, that with

cities and villages, forests, rivers, and cascades at our feet, we have all the contiguous chain of Alps lifting their heads behind us, and the mountains south of Susa towards the sources of the Po, which are equally snowy if less elevated, bounding the prospect in front. The road itself is frequently bordered by steep rocks, and has been formed by the action of gunpowder, but as it descends towards the valley of the Doria, it winds in the most picturesque manner among groves and avenues of Spanish chesnut trees, which were then in full verdure.

The little city of Susa, which we entered after this delightful drive, has near it the fort and citadel of La Brunette, which defended the defile called the *Pas de Suse*, and was the key of Piedmont; but has been destroyed by the French, and is now a heap of ruins. A more interesting ruin, close to the town, is a triumphal arch erected to Augustus, the inscription on which is still partially legible, and the capitals and cornices sufficiently perfect to give an idea of its original state. Thus, on the very threshold of Italy, we seemed to be greeted

by classic antiquities ; and had already entered the land of marbles ; for the churches here, and that of the *hospice* on Mont Cenis, have columns of what is called *Verdo di Susa*.

White mulberry trees, and fields of Indian corn or maize, abounded in the vale by which we proceeded towards Turin. The former rather deface the summer prospect, being often wholly stript of their leaves for the support of the silkworms. The cultivation of these trees has been attempted for the same purpose in the *Pays de Vaud*, but does not succeed, except in peculiarly dry seasons.

I was reminded of our being on the same side the Alps with the superstitions and the fine arts of Rome, by numerous little oratories or stations on the road side, consisting of a small recess or niche, in which are figures of saints, or paintings from scripture or church history. These, however, bore marks of age and decay ; and the range of chambers adjoining a ruinous corridor at the inn of St Ambrose, designated in the same Romish taste by the names of St Pie-

tro, St Paolo, St Giuseppe, St Michele, &c. painted on the doors, seemed, from their dirt and falling condition, ludicrously unworthy of their patrons. But the same village afforded a proof that expensive zeal is not out of date among catholics. It has an elegant new church, richly decorated with paintings and tapestry. A parochial priest left a large sum towards this object, and it was completed at the charge of the inhabitants. I also afterwards saw in Switzerland, much more decided instances of this in the Roman catholic than in the protestant cantons, particularly a large church still unfinished, at the village of Alpnach in Lucerne, and a handsome church recently built at Grenchen in Soleure.

LETTER V.

TURIN.

TURIN is a fine city, built with great regularity. The street called *Dora grossa*, by which we entered from Rivoli, (after travelling twelve miles in a straight avenue of elms,) forms a striking perspective. Its houses are lofty, with a number of handsome shops, balconies at the upper windows, and paved footways. The last are very rare on the continent. The street of the Po has spacious arcades, as have also the principal squares, called *Piazza Santo Carlo*, and *Piazza del Castello*. In the latter is a display of articles of luxury and ornament, which, though it does not rival, very much resembles that of the arcades in the *Palais royal* at Paris. These covered walks are convenient in a hot climate; but like all the most frequented parts of Turin, are infested with insolent or wretched beggars, a

great proportion of whom are disabled or deformed, and whose number and sturdy importunity are an absolute persecution to strangers. The French suppressed this practice, and provided a house near the city for the reception of such persons, but the restored government, as I was credibly informed, dissolved the institution on account of its expense, and because it originated with the French; turning the numerous mendicants loose upon the public; as strong a trait of weak prejudice and wicked parsimony as can be found, I should think, in any court or administration. It is no new thing to see misery and vanity side by side; but I thought them more immediately contrasted in Turin than in other cities; as the *elegantes* walk in the streets where these beggars abound, dressed in caps, carrying large fans; and many of the men in a full costume of black, with cocked hat, sword, and silver buckles.

In this most catholic capital, which has been termed "*Città del sacramento*," you may suppose the first objects of curiosity were the churches; especially as the day after our arrival was the Octave of the *Fête*

Dieu, and celebrated by many religious ceremonies. I may give a specimen of the implicit faith which has reigned here, and which there is no reason to suppose is at all diminished in the great body of the people, by translating a Latin inscription on the pavement of the church called *Corpus Domini*, enclosed within a railing. But you must first have the legend as reported to me, in order to make this inscription intelligible. —A soldier stole the chalice and consecrated elements, that is, according to the well known catholic tenet, the real body of Christ; with which he loaded his beast. The marble records the sequel: “Here the beast lay down which carried the divine body; here the sacred victim freed himself from the packages, and mounted into the air; here he graciously descended into the suppliant hands of the people of Turin. Here therefore, mindful, suppliant, prostrate, venerate or dread the place consecrated by such a prodigy.”* In the church *Del-*

* *Hic divini corporis avector
Jumentum procubuit ;
Hic sacra sese hostia sarcinis emancipât,
In auras extulit ;*

la Consolata, my attention was less attracted by the splendid ornaments of the altars, than by a curious kind of offerings to the Virgin, (*la Consolata*,) patroness of the church. A great number of little paintings in frames are hung on its walls, and in some parts quite cover them. Most of these represent a sick person, with a relation or friend at the bedside, in some attitude of devotion, and the Virgin and child appearing in the clouds for the relief of the sufferer. But others exhibit casualties of different kinds: among these I particularly remarked a faithful copy of the cart of Piedmont, drawn by two oxen, yoked to that singular pole, with a crooked end turning upwards, which is generally used in this country; with the poor peasant beneath the wheel, and his celestial protectress looking down on the disaster. No doubt, the countryman who paid her this tribute, had either escaped fracture, or had a happy recovery. These

*Hic supplices in Taurinensium manus
Clemens descendit.*

*Hic ergo sanctum prodigio locum,
Memor supplex pronus
Venerare aut verere.*

paintings are generally inscribed with the Latin words, *Ex voto*, or the Italian, *Per grazia ricevuta*. The practice was doubtless borrowed from the customs of their heathen ancestors. You remember the *tabulá sacer votivá paries* of Horace, and a similar allusion in the 12th satire of Juvenal. But these vows are more generally paid in catholic churches by silver ornaments, most commonly hearts, which appear to be emblematic of gratitude for deliverance in general, while representations of any particular limb denote thankfulness for a local cure. Thus I saw in a small chapel on the banks of the lake of Zug, a hand and a leg cut in the very roughest manner out of common wood, and appended to the wall. It is displeasing to see any thing of heathen origin in a Christian temple, and still more so that heathen spirit of delusion which addresses its vows to fancied benefactors, instead of offering them to the Giver of all good; yet one loves the expression of grateful feeling, (however unenlightened,) especially in those last cases, where it is clear that the acceptableness of the offering can only be supposed to depend

on the spirit in which it is made, and not on any intrinsic value.

The music in the church *Della Consolata* was exceedingly fine, especially the exquisite vocal performance of a priest; but nothing could be more in the style of a concert room or opera house. The gallery was an open orchestra, filled by violins and violincellos, among whom the conductor brandished his regulating wand. On quitting this church, we waited the grand procession of the day, which soon after made the tour of the principal streets, hung with old tapestry for its reception. It consisted, first, of a company of orphan girls, each with a prayer-book, singing as they walked. The appearance and harmony of these was more calculated to excite devotion than any other part of the motley pageant. They were followed by a society of noble ladies, called the congregation of St Mark, each of whom was muffled in a sort of canvas gauze, like that used in dairies, which I presume is called cheesecloth abroad as well as at home; since one of my foreign friends pleasantly styled the dress, *costume de fromage*. Then

came several confraternities of trades people, the men and women separately, dressed in various colours, some of them chaunting not very melodiously; and after these a small number of Capuchin friars in their coarse brown cloth habit, girded by the flagellating cord. A dirty squalid appearance formed no very creditable part of their self-mortifications. Each of these companies was preceded by a crucifix or picture. The senators in scarlet robes, the faculty of physic in mantles edged with ermine, the youths of the public seminary, the president of the tribunals in a superb velvet dress, the professors of the university, and chief ecclesiastics in their full costumes, walked two and two like the rest; and among the latter the Host was borne under a canopy of silk. Each of the persons who composed this procession, carried a very long and thick lighted taper, held considerably out of perpendicular; and it added nothing to the dignity of the ceremony, to see a little tattered lover of relics running beside every grave senator and doctor, holding a three-cornered paper to catch the falling drops. Only a

part of the spectators knelt at the passing of the Host ; and neither here nor in the cathedral, where we soon after witnessed the entrance of this procession, and the celebration of mass, was any such mark of respect exacted from us protestants. It was indeed hinted by an individual before the conclusion of the service, that our station as such was too conspicuous, happening to be placed between the pew occupied by the King and Queen and the high altar ; an intimation which I expected sooner ; but it appears, that the practice of compelling heretics to join in their forms of devotion has ceased in the catholic countries lately governed by the French. If it be anywhere revived, I should predict it at Turin ; since his present Majesty takes every occasion of shewing attachment to his faith. Returning with the Queen from a church where he had attended vespers, he perceived at a considerable distance the Host carried from the house of a sick person, on which the royal pair quitted their carriage, hastened to the spot, and knelt on the ground before the sacred elements. This occurred during my

stay at Turin. Nor is this monarch's attention to the injunctions of the church merely personal. The first decree after his return from Sardinia, contained a strong recommendation to the religious observance of meagre diet on Fridays and Saturdays ; and our host at the *Pension Suisse*, had been obliged to pay a certain sum, for the privilege of setting forbidden dishes before his protestant inmates. Although the remnant of the Waldenses, formerly the subjects of merciless persecution,* are now tolerated in

* " Slain by the bloody Piemontese, that rolled
Mother with infant down the rocks."

MILTON'S 18th Sonnet, *On the late Massacre in Piemont.*

Bishop Newton mentions in his notes on this sonnet, that Cromwell addressed " several letters to the Duke of Savoy, and other potentates and states, complaining of this persecution of the protestants. Nor was this entirely without effect. For Cromwell exerted himself in their favour, and his behaviour in this whole transaction is greatly to his honour, even as it is related by an historian, (Echard,) who was far from being partial to his memory. He caused large contributions to be gathered for them throughout the kingdom of England and Wales. Nor did he rest here, but sent his agents to the Duke of Savoy, a prince with whom he had no correspondence or commerce ; and the next year so engaged the Cardinal of France, and even terrified the Pope himself, without so much as doing any fa-

the vallies of Piedmont, a different spirit has been shewn in the capital. The resident Swiss protestants were accustomed to assemble for worship during the government of the French ; but, since their expulsion, this has been discontinued, as I understood, from motives of prudence.

The promenades round Turin are very agreeable, commanding on one side a magnificent view of the great chain of Alps, and

your to the English Roman Catholics, that that Duke thought it necessary to restore all that he had taken from them, and renewed all those privileges they had formerly enjoyed." NEWTON'S *Milton*, p. 528, 529. Notes.

The cruelties exercised against them in Cromwell's time were renewed about thirty years after (1686), at the instigation of Louis XIV. A manuscript written in 1716, attested by ten of their ministers then assembled in synod, and procured from a pastor in the vallies of Piedmont three years ago, details the greatness of their sufferings at that period, from the extreme and various barbarity of their oppressors. See an interesting tract entitled, "*Brief Memoir on the Waldenses.*" By a Clergyman of the Church of England. Hatchard, 1815.

There is reason to fear, that the same spirit of persecution is now restrained only by circumstances from breaking out in those countries. If it should revive there or elsewhere, we may hope and expect, that the interference of our government on behalf of the sufferers, will at least not be less prompt and effectual than that of the usurper Cromwell.

on the other, of verdant hills sprinkled with white villas and cottages beyond the Po. A height above the latter, is crowned by a church called the Soperga, beneath which is a subterranean mausoleum for the reigning family, containing several monuments of very fine execution. The arrangement of these, and the appropriate degree of light which is admitted from above, recalled to my mind the *musée des monumens Français*; but I think that famous repository has no single apartment producing so fine an effect. Skulls of white marble, wearing gilded crowns, decorate the walls, and seem to offer a severer lesson to mortal greatness than even the tombs beneath them. From the top of this church a splendid panorama presents itself; for with the objects just now mentioned, are combined the city of Turin at a few miles distance, and the courses of the Doria, Stura, and Po, the last winding through the plains that extend to Milan.

I will not introduce you to the King's palaces in his capital and at Stuppinigi. If suites of rooms, and customary ornaments, however costly and dazzling, soon fatigue

the spectator and probably the possessor, they must be still less coveted by the reader. Stuppinigi is a country seat, and the only country palace in Piedmont which has not suffered by war. Those called the *Veneria reale* and Moncalieri have been stript and deserted.

The university of Turin has a large collection of antiquities. A number of stones bearing Roman and Greek inscriptions, are placed in the walls under the arcades of its quadrangle; and the halls contain, besides a variety of larger antique statues, a very numerous display of small figures, ornaments, and utensils, principally in bronze. Among these, I especially remarked a minute but complicated groupe, representing Phaeton falling from his car. In the centre of one floor a fine tessellated pavement is placed, Orpheus surrounded by wild animals, attentive to his lyre. Another apartment contains the celebrated Isiac tables, a slab of black marble from Egypt, cased or inlaid with metallic hieroglyphics, which the learned have hitherto attempted in vain to

decypher. This has been lately sent back from the royal library of Paris.

The countenance and figure of the King of Sardinia, joined with the equivocal remarks of his subjects, did not prepossess one in his favour. There was nothing imposing in the review of his guards, when he passed on foot, with laudable diligence, between the lines, like an inspector-general of cartouch boxes; but I was most of all concerned at the renewed ascendancy of his bigotry.

In an oratory of the late King's at the palace, I saw an Italian translation of the Bible in several volumes. What pity that there now appears less immediate prospect than before the late events, of multiplying among so superstitious a nation that pure light of scripture, which might extinguish all the tapers of their priesthood!

LETTER VI.

TURIN—GENOA.

WHEN you travel from Turin to Genoa, do not omit to see the interior of the cathedral at Asti. I need not add, observe the plain of Marengo; but you will find little or nothing there, except the accounts of the villagers, by which to distinguish the scene of that bloody conflict. It took place on an extensive flat beyond the river Bormida, which we crossed shortly after leaving Alessandria. This plain, like the whole face of the country between Turin and Novi, exhibits fine vegetation, principally of corn and maize, intermixed with vines. The latter town is situated on the edge of this level country, immediately within the limits of the *ci-devant* Genoese or Ligurian republic. It is a place of considerable traffic, and has been formerly more so, the greater part of the merchandise imported at Genoa passing

through it. We found the road towards that city a picturesque but fatiguing contrast to the plains lately traversed. It is a continued series of ascent and descent on a pavement of round stones, where horses keep their footing with difficulty, and a seat in a carriage affords a rough kind of exercise.* The mules, by which almost all goods are brought from Genoa, and of which we met such multitudes, as to increase the inconvenience of this rough and narrow way, have their feet guarded by a concave shoe, extending more than an inch on all sides beyond the hoof, which is thus placed in a kind of oval saucer. Not that the accommodations of the country would suggest any such comparison; for at the royal inn of Voltaggio, which his Holiness had honoured with his company for a night in returning from France, and where we saw his portrait with an appropriate inscription, neither saucer nor cup were among the household store, and wine glasses were pressed into the ser-

* The French had commenced a new road from Genoa into Lombardy in a different direction, which is very much needed.

vice of coffee. This romantic village is near the foot of the Bocchetta, a mountain of the Appennine chain, which we now began to ascend. The country is covered with forests of Spanish chesnut trees ; but its subterranean products are richer than those of the surface, as it yields some of those fine marbles which are so profusely used at Genoa. After a view of the Mediterranean from the summit of the Bocchetta, we descended more rapidly than safely on the steep paved road to the village of Campo Marone. And here, having reached the narrow plain between the mountains and the sea, the climate and the prospect were greatly changed. Country houses and luxuriant verdure surrounded us. The outside of the villas is generally stuccoed, and ornamented with fresco paintings, a practice which proves a good atmosphere rather than a good taste. I was much more pleased with the gardens, which contain fig-trees of the largest size, vines climbing to the top of lofty fruit-trees, olives, and other plants, to which a northern stranger is wholly unaccustomed. After proceeding a short distance on the sea beach,

and passing the lighthouse, Genoa suddenly starts into view, rising as a grand amphitheatre from its beautiful bay, with a number of villas on the mountains above and around it. It is entered through a handsome arched gateway, bearing the inscription, "Genoa, city of the most holy Mary." One of the first streets, that called the *Strada Balbi*, justifies the claim of this city to its antient title of "Superb." Its perspective is very magnificent. The centre, as well as the side footways, is paved with large flag-stones. The houses are extremely high, and have fronts of marble or of stucco gaudily painted, sometimes with figures or other designs. Many have columns and balconies of white or grey marble. This, with the *Strada Nuova* and *Nuovissima*, may certainly be termed a street of palaces. But even those are narrow, and very few other streets can admit carriages. They are indeed mere alleys, and the parapets of the noble buildings frequently seen in them, which are called palaces, and not undeserving of the name, almost appear to meet from the opposite sides. Our hotel was thus si-

tuated, and had formerly been a palace of some note, having its terraces and fountains, and a number of white marble statues still decorating the principal apartment. But this best story was reached by a flight of sixty-eight marble steps, and the rooms below were more and more dark and damp to the ground floor, which was exceedingly dirty and ruinous. We found, on entering late at night, the lower landing places occupied by two or three sleeping beggars. The higher apartments are here the most valuable. A showy and singular display of articles is made in the narrow streets I have mentioned, such as tempting varieties of fruits, macaroni prepared in many forms, the sale of which is a separate trade, and great quantities of gold ornaments, as huge earrings, medallions with figures of saints, &c. for the female peasantry. Excuse my thus detailing minute and trifling objects, when they contribute to place the scene before you. There are many at Genoa of a very different character. The famous palace of the Doges has been used for state purposes by successive governments, and still

continues to be so. Its fine front is adorned by many statues; but those of the two Dorias on the sides of the flight of steps by which it is approached, were destroyed during the revolution. The university or college in the *Strada Balbi* is a stately edifice, but its institutions do not appear to be flourishing. It formerly belonged to the Jesuits, and it is expected will be restored to them, that order being re-established in the city, and at present occupying a house in the *Strada Nuova*. The interior of these buildings sometimes contains a small court or garden, which in this college is situated above the first marble staircases, filled with fine orange trees in fruit, and flowering shrubs. The palace Durazzo, displayed within its entrance a rich groupe of lemons and rose laurels. When I say, that this residence of a once opulent and powerful family, has a gallery adorned with fine painting and sculpture, rich chandeliers and mirrors, approached by a spacious staircase and colonnade of marble, I give you an idea of several other palaces which resemble it. Most of the nobles who inhabit them are now so

impoverished, that a building is generally divided among different branches of the same family, and the state apartments little frequented except by curious strangers. What will you say of my tasteless indifference, when I tell you, that two or three of these palaces sufficed me, and that I was contented to learn from my companions the wonders of the *Palazzo Rosso*, and the unrivalled brilliancy of the *Salon Serra* ?

We saw with pleasure an institution called the *Albergo dei poveri*, (Asylum for the poor,) founded in 1654. It possessed a yearly revenue of about L.12,000 sterling; but great part has been lost in different banks and public funds. The house had, when we visited it, 1305 inhabitants, principally children, who receive an allowance of bread and soup, and a proportion of what they earn. We saw the working-rooms of the girls only, many of whom are employed in embroidery and ribband-making. They were then in the refectory, where, while they dined on coarse vermicelli soup, one of the eldest, mounted in a pulpit, read the service of the church in the Genoese dialect.

Statues of those nobles, who have been benefactors of the establishment, are ranged in the hall leading to the chapel, in which is a celebrated bas-relief by Michel Angelo, and a beautiful groupe of sculpture by Pucet, representing the assumption of the Virgin. Though I have resolved not to offer you catalogues of pictures or statues, yet I would mention one by the same French artist, in the church of *Sta Maria di Carignano*, the martyr St Sebastian attached to a cross, and pierced with darts; which cannot be spoken of with too much admiration. The interior of the principal churches in this city, can scarcely be excelled in splendour by any even in Italy. That of the *Santissima Nunciata*, in the place of the same name, has well proportioned columns of white, inlaid with variegated red marble. The arched roofs springing from these columns both in the nave and aisles, are entirely filled by large paintings of the richest colouring, which are only separated by gilt carved work. Each side wall of the church has a range of seven chapels, all whose recesses, not being deep, form part of the perspective,

and exhibit smaller columns of the finest marbles, and of different kinds and orders, besides their several altarpieces, and gold and silver ornaments. The church of St. Siro does not much yield to the former in magnificence. Between its side chapels are colossal marble statues of apostles and martyrs, and under each of these statues a confessional of wood finely carved. It is a serious privation in Italy to those protestant travellers, who account public devotion a duty and a pleasure, that no reformed worship exists there. In the mean time, the Romish services cannot fail to engage curiosity. I was less interested by the mass, which is always performed with similar ceremonies, than in the discourses offered for the instruction of the people. They were addressed on a Sunday morning in the church of St Siro, on the subject of the miraculous draught of fishes, recorded in the 5th chapter of Luke. The sermon was not in Genoese, but in Italian. I could not repress a smile at the tone and manner of the preacher, especially in his exordium. He dwelt for some little time, by way of introduction, on the facts of the nar-

rative, expatiating pathetically on the toil and ill success of the apostle's fishing. Nothing, as it appeared to me, could be more unnatural and ludicrous than the *cantilena*, or peculiar intonation and cadence, with which he uttered sentences like the following: *Oh poveri sventurati pescatori! Lavorarono! Sudarono! Niente capiscono!* “*Totam noctem laborantes nichil cepimus.*”^{*} Such was the pronounciation of the Latin text. After this, he began to make a parabolical application of the passage, as descriptive of various classes of persons, who all labour in vain, or as he expressed it, “toil in the night.” The first on the list were those *chi non sono, (per loro sventura!) nella navicella di Pietro; coloro chi nella superbia del cuore si oppongono alla chiesa cattolica apostolica Romana,*† an authority derived, as he told us with much emphasis, through all the successors of Peter, and now subsisting in *Pio settimo,*

^{*} Alas, poor luckless fishermen! They laboured! They sweated! They take nothing! “We have toiled all the night, and have taken nothing!”

† Who, unhappily for them, are not in the bark of Peter; those who in the pride of their hearts oppose themselves to the catholic apostolic and Roman church.

*Pontefice regnante.** At the mention of this august name, the orator took off his bonnet, as well as in pronouncing other names which we hold more sacred. After a warm expostulation with heretics, in which both blame and pity were employed, and which possibly was somewhat extended for my special benefit, he proceeded to condemn the conduct of those who labour in good works from wrong principles, or while in the indulgence of sin; and to expose the fruitlessness of their toils who are the servants of vanity, ambition, or pleasure. Some good moral remarks were offered in this part of the discourse; and I should judge by comparison, that the preacher was of a superior class. Such was the beauty of the church, and so picturesque the costume of the female part of the congregation, that I have never seen a more striking *coup-d'oeil*. The women of Genoa dress uniformly in long white muslin veils, which cover the head without concealing the face. A litany to the Virgin succeeded the sermon, in which

* Pius VII. the reigning Pontiff.

the succession of titles ascribed to her, *Mater prudentissima*, *Mater amabilis*, &c. *ora pro nobis*, were so harmoniously chaunted by this large assembly, that I was fascinated while I disapproved.

If it be matter of regret with those who attach high importance to the peculiar doctrines of revelation, when they are found, either in catholic or protestant assemblies, to form no part, or a very indistinct and secondary part, of public instruction, it is still more so to observe what is idle and unprofitable substituted for them. A defective exhibition of revealed truth, (however to be lamented,) is less inconsistent, than the spending sacred hours in what is laughable or unintelligible. Going to the same church on Sunday afternoon, I found some priests engaged in catechising children. The crowd of auditors who surrounded them in the centre of the nave, was too great to admit of my hearing any thing distinctly; but the children answered all together; and the object of the catechists seemed to be rather that of amusing than instructing; a general smile prevailed, and occasionally both teach-

ers, scholars, and congregation joined in the laugh. After this curious exercise was concluded, a no less singular one commenced. Two young priests, or students in theology, ascended opposite pulpits, and engaged in a *dialogo* or disputation, on the sacraments of baptism, confirmation, and ordination. They spoke alternately more than once, with great volubility, and at considerable length. My attention was only very partially rewarded, as the language used was not Italian, but Genoese, a very corrupt dialect. I understood enough, however, to discover that they were fencing with the subtleties of school metaphysics; and here also I judged by the smiles of the audience, that some pleasantries were intermixed.

The attachment of this city to the Pope, is evinced by various inscriptions in churches and on palaces, which record his visits and benedictions in 1815; and the merchants appear to have valued the privilege as highly as any of their fellow citizens. I copied the following in the *Porto Franco*, their great depot of merchandise, adjoining the harbour. "What was alone wanting to the

glory of this mart, most renowned for the extent and freedom of its traffic, was afforded by the benign presence of Pope Pius VII. in May 1815, who then tenderly implored prosperity on its attentive merchants of all nations: that the remembrance of which most auspicious day may never perish, the president, &c. have erected this monument and inscription." *

The commercial greatness of the Genoese, however, has long declined; and it is said, that since their recent annexation to Piedmont, with which they are extremely discontented,† their trade has been much

* *Quod huic emporio
Copia et immunitate mercium celeberrimo
Ad gloriam unice deerat,
Pius VII. Pontifex maximus
III. nonas Maias 1815
Benignus adfuit
Et intentis gentium omnium mercatoribus
Prosperitatem peramanter imploravit,
Cujus auspiciatissimæ diei
Ne memoria unquam intercidat
Præses et 15 viri mercaturæ Genuensis
Titulum et lapidem posuerunt.*

† I understood that their discontent with the present, and attachment to their former government, have been shewn by a marked preference to the Savoyard brigade, who are neighbours of the French, and speak their language.

injured. In a water excursion round the port, we saw no vessels of great burden ; but enjoyed, when beyond the mole, a still finer view of the city than that on our approach by land. There is great beauty and productiveness in the strip of ground bordering the sea. Myrtles, and a variety of rare plants, grow in the open earth. The country seat named Lemollina, is approached by an alley of tall myrtle hedges, growing as box or yew hedges do in England. Its plantations are romantic, laid out in the rustic English style, but not improved by the frogs who people their ponds. These performers gave us an evening concert, to which silence would have been much preferred. In returning, as it grew dark, towards the city, we were better amused by the fireworks of little phosphorescent insects, whom Cowper might have ranked with his " illustrious sparks ;" as they emit while on the wing, a brighter light than the glow-worm, which twinkles and disappears. The hills, clothed with vineyards, have most delightful views of the Mediterranean, and their vines and olives are intermixed with

every kind of garden vegetable, growing with little care, and in a quick succession of crops. But the mountainous districts which form the greater part of the antient territory of Genoa, are very unproductive; and I was assured that the peasants who inhabit them scarcely knew the use of bread, subsisting almost wholly on Spanish chestnuts and figs, till the recent introduction of potatoes, which at first they received with great prejudice. The city is furnished with water by a grand aqueduct from the mountains; and pipes are purchased by the inhabitants, who thus have generally a fountain in each story of their lofty houses.

LETTER VII.

GENOA—MILAN.

IN returning from Genoa to Novi, I preferred performing most of the pilgrimage on foot. I will however excuse you from it, and also convey you quickly across the plains of Lombardy. I had seen near Turin the labours of the silkworm. Multitudes of these little animals spin their balls on stages provided with food and other conveniences, which fill the apartments where they are lodged. I was told by a proprietor, that they are so delicate and susceptible, as to be often destroyed if a severe thunder storm or excessive heat occur at the period when they are about to spin. We now saw at Voghera, on our way to Milan, a large establishment, in which from one to two hundred females were employed in reeling the silk from the balls formed by the insect. This produce is said to be a principal source of

revenue to Piedmont, yielding annually not less than from twenty to forty millions of francs. Voghera boasts an eminent living painter, named Borrone, the productions of whose pencil we greatly admired; as well as the venerable physiognomy and gentle manners of the artist. Between this town and Pavia, we crossed both the Po and the Ticino, each of which is a broad, smooth, and beautiful river, with finely wooded banks. The former has a bridge of wood, supported on fifty-four large boats. A branch of the latter separates the states of the King of Sardinia from those of the Emperor of Austria.

The city of Pavia is chiefly distinguished by its university, which has very fine scientific collections. The hall devoted to zoology is at least 230 English feet in length. The physiological students of this place have had for their presidents the celebrated Spallanzani and Volta, and the halls of anatomy contain very curious preparations. At present the prosperity of the university is lessened; but we were informed that it had still eight hundred students, of whom fifteen

were then from the Greek island of St Maura or Leucadia. The road from Pavia to Milan is strait and level, with a canal beside it, and the cathedral of the latter city, an immense pile of white marble, is seen at the extremity of this approach for several miles. On the flat and marshy grounds about Pavia, I observed the culture of rice, which requires both heat and humidity.

Milan, in its general appearance, is much less remarkable than either Genoa or Turin. It has not the peculiarities of scite and construction, or the sumptuous palaces of the former, and nothing of that regular plan which characterizes the latter. But it is a much larger city, and contains a variety of interesting objects. Among these I should rank very high the Ambrosian library, which has now recovered the precious manuscripts and paintings stolen by the French. I examined several with much pleasure, especially the following:—A Latin translation of the Jewish antiquities of Josephus, written on Egyptian papyrus; it was regarded as the autograph of the translator Ruffinus, who lived in the 4th century; but a Parisian cri-

tic who prefixed a note, assigns it to the 7th or 8th century. Its preservation is imperfect.—Forty Greek orations, or sermons of Gregory Nazianzen, ascribed to the same period, and obtained from the island of Chios in 1606, which are written on vellum, partly in gold letters, and very legible; as is also a fragment of the Septuagint, consisting chiefly of parts of Genesis and Exodus, written on the same material. This was brought from Macedonia, and is considered to be of the 6th or 7th century.—A more modern, but valuable manuscript, is a Virgil with notes, copied on vellum by the hand of Petrarch, with additional marginal annotations, composed by the transcriber himself. The whole of it most correctly and beautifully written, but with many abbreviations.—In the hall of paintings, are Raphael's sketch of his celebrated piece, the school of Athens, and some very curious cabinet pictures by Brueghel. But here, and doubtless in other places, only a part of the treasures which were so unjustly removed, have been restored. Many paintings, it seems, found their way into private collections, or were

so injured as not to re-appear. Indeed, having witnessed when at Turin the treatment of fine paintings on their return from the Louvre to Rome, I am convinced that both their first and second journey, but especially the latter, must have given opportunity for private theft to succeed the public robbery. They lay irregularly, unpacked and unguarded; some against the walls, and some on the pavement of the *douane*. Many had suffered from rain; and I was assured that a carrier or warehouse-keeper of that city had refused to receive them, fearing he might become accountable for damage. The fate of several manuscripts has been similar. None in the Ambrosian library were more highly prized by the Milanese than twelve volumes called the lucubrations of Leonardo da Vinci. Only one of these has been received from Paris. It is placed under a case in the hall of paintings, and appears principally to consist of mathematical and mechanical drawings, accompanied by demonstrations or explanatory notes. It was a strange whim of this universal genius, who founded a celebrated school of painting at Milan, to

write backwards, so that his manuscript can only be read with ease by being reflected in a mirror. They assert that his motive was that of concealing what he wrote from his pupils—an object very imperfectly attained by this mode, and one would suppose at a great expense of labour.

We visited a suppressed convent adjoining the church of *Santa Maria delle Grazie*, to see the remains of the same great painter's *chef-d'œuvre*, the Last Supper. The refectory, one end wall of which was occupied by this piece, was turned by the French invaders into a prison, and even into a stable; but though quite in a ruined state, the picture still retains some very faint traces of its former beauty, particularly the head of our Saviour, which is least injured.* Eu-

* Since writing these remarks, I have looked into the "Classical Tour" of the late Rev. J. C. Eustace; who says, "The hall was turned into a store-room of artillery, and the picture was used as a target for the soldiers to fire at. The heads were their favourite marks, and that of our Saviour in preference to the others." His reflections on this supposed fact are just and natural; but though I could believe any thing of such a soldiery, I think this is disproved by the actual condition of the picture. That lettered and elegant writer indulges in perpetual and violent invective against the French, which I doubt not their odious acts

gene Napoleon, "in the third year of the kingdom of Italy," as appears by an inscription, caused the building to be repaired and closed; thus preserving the defaced relics of a work of art, which they had previously treated with a neglect worthy of barbarians. A celebrated Roman artist in mosaic, Raffaelli, was engaged by the late government to exercise his talent in a copy of this painting, and has been employed seven years on the undertaking, which is not yet completed. The original is said to be 15 *braccie* wide by $7\frac{1}{2}$ in height; that is, upwards of 30 feet by 15; and the mosaic will be of the same dimensions. The material for this kind of work is a vitrified composition, resembling porcelain, of minerals and metals, which lat-

sufficiently warranted in every country visited by their arms; but like most men who feel strongly, he probably was open to some fabrications of prejudice or hatred, and even if he had not erred in his assertions, has certainly done so in his predictions; for he observes of the unfinished cathedral at Milan, "The funds destined for its completion and repair are now swallowed up in the general confiscation, and an edifice destined to be a monument of the piety of fifty generations, will be abandoned by the present atheistical government to neglect and decay." I shall have occasion to observe how very contrary has been the event.

ter give it the brilliant colours necessary for the imitation of painting. As a basis for the mosaic, a hard sort of stone is chipt very roughly on its face, and then covered with gypsum. On this surface, an outline is drawn from the painted original or copy that has been set before the artist, after which the gypsum within the outline is removed, and pasteboard inserted in its place. On this the other necessary delineations are made, and then the cartoon or pasteboard being gradually cut away, a mastic of marble is introduced, which adheres to the uneven front of stone, and into this soft cement the bits of mosaic are fixed. These differ in size according to the scale of the piece, and the consequent distance at which it is to be viewed. In the great work just mentioned, they are about the tenth of an inch square, and the slabs or tablets of stone on which they are fixed are of great thickness and weight, there being of course several to compose so large a surface. Only the polishing remained to be finished, and the different parts of the mosaic were laid horizontally, undergoing that operation, in which a

quantity of wet sand being used, and wax to fill the interstices, the colouring and general effect could not be seen; but we inferred its beauty very certainly and with much pleasure, from that of a number of finished works shewn us by the artist. These are of a smaller size, but of beautiful execution. Subjects the most dissimilar appeared to be copied with equal success, and could not by a common eye be distinguished, when viewed at the usual distance, from paintings. The great mosaic I have described was ordered by Buonaparte, and Raffaelli has received a pension during the progress of his work; which he now expects will be purchased by the Emperor of Austria. It may be argued, that the imitations of painting in tapestry, or in the curious specimens of needle-work and of wool, produced of late years in our own country, are in some sense a waste of the great ingenuity and industry displayed in them; because while the effect is still inferior to that produced by the pencil, the materials are also more perishable; but this art of mosaic includes some of the advantages of sculpture; creating pictures

which have something like the durability of marble.

I did not expect to have found at Milan, so fine a gallery of paintings as that contained in the halls of the college Brera. It was, as I understood, formed by the French government, and in great part procured from dissolved monasteries, or the churches attached to them. The name of the artist is inscribed under each piece, which is much more satisfactory to the stranger than the doubtful authority of ill-informed conductors; and the works of such masters as Guercino, Guido, Salvator Rosa, and the Caracci, cannot but afford pleasure even to those little versed in the principles of their art. We also saw in this college the observatory, provided with fine astronomical instruments, many of which came from England. I was very much gratified by the inspection of a cabinet of medals and coins, recently formed at the mint of Milan. Facilities were given by the late government; and the zeal of the director Cattanio amassed in nine years a very numerous and precious collection. This gentleman, to whom

our party had the advantage of an introduction, shewed and explained the most curious specimens with so much learning, clearness, and affability, that we were more pleased with the medallist himself, than even with the finest coins of Greece, Egypt, and Rome, which he produced. I felt, however, more strongly than I could have supposed before this examination, the interesting nature of the study. In an Athenian coin, for example, bearing the figure of an owl, the attribute of Minerva, allusive both to the name and tutelar goddess of that city, and having the name of the archon as a legend, one sees at once the records of history verified, and the fictions of antiquity illustrated. The coins of Philip of Macedon and of Alexander the Great, were stamped with the head of a divinity,—*Hercules victor*; and the name only of the prince. The warlike Seleucus, one of the immediate successors of Alexander, did not venture to change this custom. It was in the reign of Antiochus Soter, the next king of Syria, that the coin first exhibited the “image” of the sovereign. While these differences were pointed out, I reflect-

ed how unscrupulous were the vanity and egotism of the late imperial soldier, who presented his own head to his subjects in coins, and medals, and paintings, and bas-reliefs, and statues without end. In contrast with the beautiful heads of Antinous, Pompey, Marcus Aurelius, and others of that age, we saw the degraded and barbarous coinage of the lower empire, and the rude heavy bronze monies of Rome, particularly an oblong bar, five inches long, and proportionally thick, having on one side the fasces and word ROMANOM, and on the other side a sword. Among the Etruscan coins, was one of the city of Ilva or Ilua, supposed to be in the isle of Elba, having the figure of an anchor, and on the reverse that of a frog. I had not imagined, that the petty isle which a recent event has made so remarkable, could boast of its mint in antient days. A large medalion was shewn, provided with fastenings, by which it had been attached to a Roman ensign, with the legend, *Marcus Aurelius et Lucius Verus Vict. Germanic.* But I have already perhaps dwelt too long on an exhibition which happened to be pleasing to my-

self, and will not enter on the great variety of more modern coins. There was at least one sort which I had little inclination to pocket, being too near of kin to the coinage of Lycurgus, a Swedish copper money of a square shape, of about eight francs value, which could be little less than a foot in diameter. I was surprized to find in the apartment where the dies are engraved, a complete set of those used for Napoleon's Italian coinage, preserved and arranged in cabinets as during his reign ; but still more so to see in July 1816, the mint of Milan actually employed in coining five-franc pieces of his kingdom of Italy with these old dies. I myself saw the portraits of the exile of St Helena very rapidly multiplied under the hammer. They bore the date 1814, but must evidently have been received by the public as a new coinage ; and the proceeding certainly indicated, to say the least, great indifference in the Austrian government, and no great respect or delicacy towards that existing in France. The persons employed accounted for it very coolly, by saying that arrangements for a new coinage had not yet

been made. We saw them strike silver pieces with the head of Maria Theresa, which are still preferred in the Levant trade ; but the sovereign of Austria would hardly plead this compliment to his grandmother, in excuse for continuing the coinage of a son-in-law whom he helped to depose. It is not unlikely, however, that his influence, or the circumstance of their relationship, has saved the head of this son-in-law in a sense more dangerous to the tranquillity of the world.

The splendour of his Italian capital was not neglected by Buonaparte ; and the triumphal arch of the Simplon at the entrance of the city, would have been, when completed, a much nobler piece of architecture than that of the *Place Carrousel* at Paris, I should suppose equalling or exceeding in its proportions that of the Barrier of Neuilly. The pedestals of eight massy marble columns are erected, and have their fronts adorned with large allegorical figures in bas-relief. In returning towards Switzerland through the passes of the Simplon, we saw one of the shafts designed for these pedestals lying on the road. It had been quar-

ried in the neighbouring mountains, and was at least twelve feet in circumference. In some temporary work-shops adjoining the unfinished structure, are very large bas-reliefs of the same Simplon marble, and smaller ones of Carrara marble, beautifully executed ; but like many others of the public works of Buonaparte, ostentatiously exhibiting himself and his actions. We visited at the same time the Arena, whose buildings were erected in 1806, a year after his coronation as king of Italy. It is an imitation of the amphitheatres of the Romans ; and the raised sloping seats, which form an oval round it, can accommodate thirty-six thousand spectators. A large hall opens towards the Arena, having an arcade in front, with eight lofty columns of polished granite. The spectacles have been generally foot or horse races ; but there is a sluice, by which water can be introduced for boat races, or other nautical amusements. The space, however, in the eye of British sportsmen or seamen, would appear, if I mistake not, ridiculously small for either purpose.

LETTER VIII.

MILAN.

WE view with just satisfaction in our own cities, the variety and the magnitude of charitable establishments ; but I think some persons deceive themselves, by imagining that those of the continent will bear no comparison. The hospitals of Paris are numerous. That named the *Hotel Dieu* is very extensive ; and in walking through its spacious apartments, I found it admirably arranged and ventilated, with every appearance of cleanliness and comfort for the patients. I have already mentioned the hospital of Chamberri, and the asylum for the poor at Genoa. This institution, as well as the great hospital of that city, is on a most magnificent scale. At Milan, we found 1500 sick accommodated in a noble building, which was founded or greatly enlarged by Francisco Sforza in 1456, and has received fur-

ther augmentations since. An inhabitant of the city named Sannazari, who died in 1304, bequeathed four millions of Milanese livres, about L.120,000 sterling, to this institution. The arrangements for preparation of food and medicine seem to be excellent; and a building is of course appropriated for the reception of the dead, of whom we were informed there are generally fifteen or twenty daily.

Although it is not my plan to describe every thing, nor do I undertake to describe *any* thing regularly and fully, yet I must not close these observations on Milan, without some notice of the cathedral, and church of St Ambrose. The latter is of high antiquity, having been used by that celebrated Christian father, who was Bishop of Milan in the 4th century, for his public ministerial labours.* The pulpit in which he is said to

* The election of Ambrose to this bishopric was singularly occasioned and conducted. He was governor of Milan and the surrounding province, when the choice of a new bishop (a right which in that age was vested in the people) produced a tumultuary contention between the catholics and Arians. The governor interposing, addressed the assembly with much eloquence, exhorting them to proceed to

have preached is wholly of plain stone, very large, and of a square form, with a crucifix of brass on its edge, and a bird of the same metal in front. There is also a brazen serpent on a column, standing alone near the centre of the church. The body of Ambrose is interred under the high altar, round which are four columns of porphyry, supposed to have stood unaltered from his time. A new monument and altar have recently been erected in a side chapel to the Bishop's sister St Marcellina. His own bedstead is also preserved in this church, with an Ita-

the choice in a more calm and friendly manner; when the whole people exclaimed with one voice, "Let Ambrose be bishop." Few prelates, it may be presumed, have possessed more deeply the sentiment of reluctancy, the *nolo episcopari*; for after this election by acclamation, he tried (as his biographers assure us,) to bring upon himself a false imputation of cruelty and profligacy, that he might appear unfit for the priesthood. These contrivances to calumniate himself not succeeding, he attempted to escape to Pavia, next to obtain a reversal of the popular choice from the emperor, and finally to conceal himself; but all his efforts failing, he at length was obliged to submit, and was baptized (being but a catechumen before) and ordained bishop in the same year, A. D. 374. Soon after this, he bestowed all his possessions on the poor, and engaged zealously in the discharge of his episcopal functions.—See Du Pin, and *Gen. Dict. Hist. and Crit.*

lian inscription, assuring us that whoever visits the chapel which contains it, three times devoutly on Holy Thursdays, shall deliver a soul from purgatory. It was in this church the emperors used to be crowned kings of Lombardy. Buonaparte, we were told, deviated from their custom, assuming the iron crown in the cathedral, but went immediately afterwards to the church of St Ambrose, —a partial kind of imitation, which seems ill conceived. It was possibly from its having been the scene of this ceremony, that he took such decided measures for the decoration and completion of the cathedral, which is one of the largest in Europe ; but after the labour and expenditure of near five centuries, had still its front and roof unfinished, and the brick and tile of these were peculiarly unworthy of their connection with the rest of the edifice, built of the finest white marble. It is said, that he summoned the persons who had the controul or direction of funds originally destined to this use, but which had not been applied, or applied differently, and commanded the immediate progress of the work on a large scale,

adding as an alternative, “ *Ou moi, J’en serai l’administrateur.*”* The effect of this mandate might be easily foreseen. It is indeed magnificent, and, compared with the previous slowness and interruption of the undertaking, may be called sudden.† The entire front is now of the same beautiful material, the marble roof has been extended over a greater part of the building, and many additional pinnacles or spires, of the most light and delicate workmanship, have been raised on it. These correspond with the few antient ones, in their very rich and mi-

* Mr Eustace, whose tour was in 1802, says, “ The income destined for its completion and support, had been considerably retrenched by the emperor Joseph, and was, I believe, entirely confiscated by the French.” If he be correct in this supposition, the funds, whose application was directed by Buonaparte, must have been different, probably some other ecclesiastical property.

† Dr Moore’s report of its progress in his “ *View of Society, &c. in Italy,*” does not much agree with the subsequent speed of Napoleon’s workmen. “ As the injuries which time does to the fabric, keep them in constant employment without the possibility of their work being ever completed, Martial’s epigram on the barber Eutrapelus, has been applied to them with great propriety. That poor man it seems performed his operations so very slowly, that the beards of his patients required shaving again on the side where he had begun by the time he had finished the other.”

nute carved work, and in being all surmounted by statues, whose number on the exterior of the church is now immense. Nothing can be more easy or agreeable than the ascent to the cupola, the 512 steps by which it is reached being divided into several flights, which land you on different parts of the flat marble roofs, surrounded with balustrades, and fret-work, and statues. The most slender laced-work of the carvings, retains its polish and solidity at the highest point of exposure, proving at once the value of the quarry, and the serenity and mildness of the climate. The prospect at the summit has peculiarities that distinguish it from any British landscape. Towards the north, that mass of mountains which surround the Italian lakes, with the more distant chain of Alps extending towards the west, exhibit great elevations; while to the south the contrast is complete, the line of the horizon towards Piacenza and Mantua being perfectly level, unbroken by any visible inequality in the distance, as though it were bounded by the sea. The red roofs of Milan are not the most pleasing part of this view; and on

the whole, I prefer that from the Soperga near Turin, where the city is more distant, the vast Alps of Savoy much less so, and the course of the Po, with its tributary streams, gives beauty to the plain. But let us enter this vast edifice, which considerably exceeds in breadth, and very nearly equals in length, our own St Paul's. The interior is of quite a different character, a dark Gothic with painted windows, while its four ranks of massive columns, forming double aisles, present a most imposing perspective.

As the last church I mentioned is chiefly interesting by its connection with the memory of St Ambrose, so this cathedral is honoured by the tomb of St Charles Borromeo, Cardinal Archbishop of Milan, in the 16th century, who appears to have outshone the antient prelate in humility, self-denial, benevolence, and indefatigable devotedness; and was probably one of the best men that Rome ever canonized. The chapel in which his remains are deposited is under the pavement of the church, but roofed by a grating and lattice only, fenced with a balustrade, round which some worshippers

are generally kneeling. Small coins are thrown on the lattice as offerings, and through it is seen the light of tapers constantly burning on the subterraneous altar, where the body is laid in a crystal shrine,* and diamond rings adorn the fleshless fingers of the saint. The chapel is wholly lined with silver bas-reliefs, commemorating the principal actions and events of his life; such as his princely charities in the famine of 1570, his visits to the dying in the great plague of Milan, and the attack made on him by assassins while kneeling before the altar.

The late Rev. Mr Eustace, in his valuable work already cited, has very justly eulogized the Christian virtues of St Charles; nor could he perhaps have chosen any auxiliary topic more serviceable for him as a Roman catholic apologist. No one loves more cordially than I do the spirit of universal toleration and charity inculcated by that pleasing author, and which, while he pleads for

* The material of this shrine was obtained in the *Cristaliner Thal*, a valley of the canton of Grisons, so named on account of the quantity and beauty of crystals found there.

it with protestants, he seems to recommend by example to his brethren also. It would be unjust to question either his sincerity in these principles, or in his professed creed and communion ; although they may not be easily reconcileable. As far as his remarks bear on the character of Roman catholics, and the misconceptions of protestants concerning it, they were, I think, needed, to soften the prejudices of many amongst us. It is often forgotten that some of the best of men have continued in corrupt communions ; and even with the examples of a Fenelon and a Pascal before them, I believe some British protestants almost limit the idea of piety or true christianity among catholics to these venerated names. But while their age and country, as it may be safely averred, produced no two pious minds endowed with more light and strength for self-emancipation, they remained firmly attached to their church ; and what pretext have we for not concluding, that an unknown multitude in different ranks of life, retaining only the like errors, possessed and practised the like piety ? I have never doubted, nor has

my lately witnessing the superstitions of the Romish church inclined me to doubt, that among her bishops and priests in public stations, her monks and nuns in seclusion, and the various classes of her laity, there have been, and are, a number of real and exemplary christians. But no things are more distinct than the character of individuals and that of institutions ; and when the Reverend author referred to, engages in a defence of the papacy, and of establishments and rites connected with it, (a defence the more likely to be well received because it is brief, indirect, and general ;) I then consider his plausibility, taste, and refinement, allied with so much liberality and moderation, to become dangerous. He suggests, with great candour, the expediency of certain reforms ; but, in the mean time, the scope of his statements and reasonings is to justify and invite conformity to a church which is *not* reformed. We know how an eloquent pen, like an eloquent pencil, can groupe and colour its objects, so as to present a striking and fascinating whole ; how it gives prominence and force to what is prepossessing, and

throws what is objectionable into distance and shade. Thus, our author admits in concluding this subject, that "there are in the religion of Italy some, and indeed not a few abuses;" and after very briefly adverting to a part of them, glances with equal brevity at the causes which introduced, the circumstances which palliate, and those which may remove them. He "abandons to Burnet, Addison, Misson, &c. and to the herd of travellers who follow their traces, the task of inflaming animosity, and of working up the zeal of the reader into fury by misconceived and overcharged descriptions." This is a task which I, as one of the herd, should be very loth to undertake; but if it be admitted that the Christian religion is meant for the moral benefit of all classes of mankind, we should never overlook those abuses or errors grafted upon it, which, wherever they exist, will be identified by the lower orders, that is, by the great mass of the community, with the religion itself; and must therefore have a most extensive moral influence. It is not by their effect on the comparatively small number of the truly pious, still less on

the very limited class in whom piety and philosophy are combined, that we can at all measure the evil.

These principles appear to me to be applicable as occasions arise, to all churches and sects, but far most important in their application to a church where such great abuses are perpetuated or connived at. Circumstances did not allow me to visit Rome, or other Italian cities than those I have mentioned; but that which is observed in these, especially in this capital of northern Italy, and in its cathedral, (second only to St Peter's,) I conceive may be taken at least for a fair, perhaps a favourable specimen of the whole system, as offered to the people. It may be deemed unjust by Roman catholics to include abuses which are only connived at; and, if so, I ought to pass by instances of superstitious quackery close to the front of this cathedral, where I twice joined a crowd listening gravely to tales of miracles, detailed with appropriate comments by venders of sacred pictures, amulets, and books. As an advocate for liberty of conscience, and the free promulgation of

opinions, I certainly would recommend no interference with them, but only fair and open lists for truth and error; and where this principle is acted upon, neither church nor state is answerable for such extravagances, supposing they should then survive: but the church of Rome can use no such plea. She gives no freedom to those who would combat the delusions that she may yet perhaps disavow. And not only have these grown out of her own doctrines or traditions, but her very toleration or connivance always implies protection and encouragement; for a vender and puffer of heretical or schismatical articles would undoubtedly be silenced and punished. These men, therefore, retail their wares and their fables at least under the tacit sanction of the priesthood. During half an hour's harangue from one of them, I watched the countenances of the attentive groupe, but could observe scarcely a smile, or look that indicated doubt or distrust. He shewed a set of large pictures illustrating the miracle of which he spoke, and offered small figures of the Virgin on pasteboard, attached to a cord

of worsted, to be worn round the neck. These, with much warmth and volubility, and many reiterations, he assured us it was the bounden duty of all good Christians to purchase, as highly conducive to their welfare and even salvation. I could not neglect what was proved to be so valuable, and therefore bought for a *soldo* one of the small figures described, with an explanatory poem at the same modest price. This tale, entitled, "*Miracolo bellissimo fatto dalla ss^{ma} Vergine del Carmine ad una cortigiana,*"* relates the inestimable effects of the "*abito,*" or consecrated picture, (so called I apprehend because supposed to have touched the habit or dress of the Virgin,) as worn round the neck of its dissolute heroine. Having made herself over without reserve to the devil, in order to procure his help in attaining a particular object, a conference takes place in *un verde prato*;† he solicits her to divest herself of this protecting and terrific charm; but while she vainly endeavours to take it

* A very fine miracle performed by the most holy Virgin *del Carmine*, for a courtesan.

† In a green meadow.

off, the Virgin appears and rebukes the audacious dæmon,

“ *Empio, disse, che pensi tu di fare !
Sai che chi porta quest’ abito in petto,
Come divoto mio dei rispettare,
Così comanda il mio figliuol’ diletto.*”*

He is thus driven off the field ; the lady receives penitently a serious admonition from her patroness ; resorts to a Father confessor ; and finally places her gold, her silver, and herself in a convent. It is then strongly inferred and inculcated, as a moral from her instructive history, that whoever wears *quest’ abito santo*, (this holy dress or picture) cannot perish, (*non potrà perire*). Will you consider this detail as trifling ? I think not, when you reflect on my previous remarks, and the influence to be expected upon the faith and morals of the populace from having such absurd fictions connected with religion, and offered as a sort of shield or safeguard for vice. I was expecting that at least great part of the audience, which

* Impious one ! she said, what dost thou think of doing ? Thou knowest that whoever wears this “ *abito* ” in the bosom, must be respected by thee as devoted to myself ; so my beloved son commands.

was of both sexes, and of different orders of people, would treat it as a mere burlesque; they gave, however, on the contrary, very serious attention till the close, and the orator had then a number of customers for his little pictures, unquestionably on account of the miraculous virtue ascribed to them, since they were so utterly mean and paltry, that they would scarcely attract the notice of an infant. Yet, not ten yards from this spot, just within the north-west door of the cathedral, I observed other ecclesiastical articles on sale, which I thought, if recommended with any thing like the same eloquence, would have ruined the panegyrist of *Nostra Signora del Carmine*; for the promise attached to these came professedly from the Vatican itself. Accordingly, as such benefits are not here within our reach, I did not fail to secure one for *cinque centesimi*, without any rhetoric from the seller. It is a portrait of our Saviour, having beneath it a form of devotion or self consecration to him, comprized in three lines, which in itself is unobjectionable, but has a manifesto prefixed to it as follows. *La Santità di Pio VII. concede in perpetuo una*

*volta il mese indulg. plenaria a chi reciterà ogni giorno la seguente offerta.** I am not sufficiently skilled in the valuation of indulgences to calculate the amount of advantage here promised, but you will observe the bargain is not clogged with any the least requirement of mental devotion and sincerity in the reciters of the form; and this, whether it were conformable to the papal ordinances or not, you will remember was sold within the walls of the metropolitan church. But let us advance near the altar, and we shall find the same doctrine more fully and authoritatively illustrated. Beneath each of the two pulpits in front of the choir, is the following in large painted letters: *Tutti i fedeli veramente pentiti e confessati ogni volta che visiteranno il ss^{mo} sacramento riposto nel tabernacolo della metropolitana, recitando divotamente un paternoster, &c. ed Ave Maria, &c. conseguiranno 100 anni d'indulgenza e 100 quaranteni. I vecchi, gl'infermi e le persone lecitamente impediti non*

* His Holiness, Pius VII. grants in perpetuity once a month, plenary indulgence to whoever shall recite every day the following offering.

*potendo personal^{te} visitarlo facendolo visitare da altri conseguirãno la stẽsa indulgenza in perpetuo ; come da lett^e della Santità di NS. Pio P.P. IV. de' 24 Maggio 1561 e 12 Feb^o. 1562.** The hundred years of indulgence thus offered are, I apprehend, popularly understood to mean a hundred years remission of punishment after death in purgatory ; for the indulgences sold in the 16th century often extended to its total remission ; † perhaps, however, it would be now explained by intelligent and moderate catholics, to signify only the remission of a hundred years of ecclesiastical penance. ‡

* All the faithful truly repenting and confessing every time that they shall visit the most holy sacrament deposited in the tabernacle of the metropolitan church, reciting devoutly a paternoster, &c. and Ave Maria, &c. shall obtain 100 years of indulgence, and 100 lents. The aged, the infirm, and persons who are lawfully hindered, not being able to visit it personally, causing it to be visited by others, shall obtain the same indulgence in perpetuity ; as by the letters of his Holiness, our Lord Pope Pius IV. of the 24th May 1561 and 12th February 1562.

† See the form used by Tetzels the Dominican monk, in Seckendorf's Comment. lib. i. p. 14. as quoted in Robertson's Charles V. book ii. vol. ii. p. 117.

‡ For an account of the imposition of these penances, and first rise of the sale of indulgences, see Gibbon's De-

Even if so interpreted, I can conceive it to hold out no other doctrine than this, that a mere arbitrary and local ceremony, superadded to penitence, confession, and prayer, which might all take place without it, is so important as to be fitly accepted in lieu of the severest penitential discipline of the church; and, moreover, that the act thus important to the transgressor, may be performed by deputy or proxy. We have here, therefore, a standing and authorized document, of the fullest publicity, which, as far as I can attach any meaning to it, tends directly to pervert the consciences and understandings of the people.

The two pulpits just now mentioned, are very different from that of St Ambrose; being circular galleries of carved wood, each surrounding a great pillar, the one supported by bishops and cardinals in bronze, leaning forward horizontally; the other by angels of the same material. One of these pulpits I saw occupied on a Sunday by an aged preacher, who censured

very energetically the vices of the age, attacking not only false and heretical maxims, but licentious manners, pestilential books, and evil communications. At the same time, he rather disclaimed the monastic spirit, or the recommendation of austerities and seclusion: “*Come fuggere tanti perigli! abbandonar’ la città, la casa? Andar’ in una grotta per non ascoltare, per non vedere? Non si pretende tanto.*”* He then inculcated Christian vigilance in a serious, judicious, and scriptural strain. His complaint of the insidious enmity of the age against religion, was animated and eloquent. Speaking of its results, he termed them, “*Effetti tristi, che fanno piangere la chiesa, più che ha pianto dei tiranni chi hanno perseguitato i fedeli. Pur’ nelle persecuzioni cresceva il loro fervore e zelo. Ma contro i scandalosi piange di più. Sapeva combattere un nemico smascherato. I nemici di questo tempo sono spesso mascherati, finti; e da questi*

* How shall such dangers be escaped! By abandoning the city and the house? By retiring into a cell that we may no longer hear or see them? This is not pretended.

nemici la chiesa non sempre sa difendersi.”*

Alas! thought I, that she should have such vulnerable points, such untenable doctrines and practices, which, while they delude her children, multiply not her own enemies alone, but the enemies of Christianity!

I have been for some time aware, that although you may be patient, the gay reader, if any such there be, will think it much too long and cold, this moralizing and sermonizing in Gothic aisles. I will have compassion, therefore, and only further fatigue him by a short extract from a placard, pasted on the great door where we make our final exit. It is headed, *Invito Sacro*, (A sacred invitation,) to the titular festival of *Santa Maria del Carmine*, on the third Sunday of the month, in which, as it proceeds to apprise the public, “*oltre l’indul-*

* Mournful effects, which cause the church to weep, more than she wept when tyrants persecuted the faithful. In the midst of persecutions, their zeal and fervor augmented. On account of offenders, she weeps more bitterly. She knew how to combat an undisguised enemy, but those of the present day often wear the mask of dissimulation; and against such she is not always prepared.

*genza plenaria, quantità di messe, e comodo di confessori, alle ore nove della mattina vi sarà comunione generale, verso il mezzo giorno benedizione papale, indi messa cantata con scelta di musica," &c.**

This drew my notice the more, from having read and copied, the same morning, in a street near the cathedral, a placard of a very different order, but not very dissimilar style.

Nel Teatro detto il nuovo Circo

Nel locale di San Martino

Oggi Domenica 7 Luglio 1816

Festa da Ballo

in prima sera

con scelta orchestra

e brillante illuminazione.

Prezzo del { *Per li Signore Uomine. cent. 50.*
biglietto. { *Per le Signore Donne. gratis.†*

* Besides plenary indulgence, a quantity of masses, and convenience of confessors, at nine in the morning, there will be a general communion, towards noon a papal benediction, afterwards a mass sung with a selection of music, &c. &c.

† In the theatre called the new Circus

in the district of St Martin

this day Sunday July 7. 1816

A Fête and Ball

early in the evening

with a select orchestra

and brilliant illumination.

Price of a { *Gentlemen 50 cents. (about fivepence.)*
ticket { *Ladies gratis.*

Such are the Sabbaths of Milan ; and not, as you well know, of Milan only. I cannot form a judgment of its moral state, as compared with other great cities. Of open vice and disorder there appeared none ; but it would be difficult to find what are called offices of religion more theatrically announced, or opportunities of dissipation offered at a cheaper rate. With respect to the latter, example from the higher ranks is not wanting. Their *Teatro della Scala* is one of the largest and most splendid operahouses in Italy ; and I was assured by two residents of the city, that the waking hours of fashionable inhabitants are chiefly spent in its boxes. These are completely private, fitted up with various accommodations, and have apartments adjoining them in which suppers are prepared, particularly during the Carnival. The opera is usually succeeded by a masked ball, in which the proprietors of boxes join, or remain spectators. There is no difficulty in coming to the sad conclusion, that persons on whichever side the Alps, who lead a life at all resembling this, forget or disbelieve that they are account-

able and immortal. One would almost think them in a conspiracy to make others disbelieve that they are rational. I believe you will be glad to exchange these city scenes, and the reflections they excite, for the lake and mountains of Como.

LETTER IX.

MILAN—COMO—SESTO.

THE female peasants of the Milanese wear a singular and tasteful head-dress. The hair is collected in a knot, and fastened by ten or twelve large flat silver pins, which form a semicircle resembling the sticks of an open fan; under these is a large silver bar passing through the hair horizontally, at the ends of which are oval balls: but this ornament in its complete form costs about 33 livres of Milan, and is too expensive for the lowest of the people. The women of the villages are very much burnt, barefooted, and appear to be the chief reapers. On the 8th of July, notwithstanding the lateness of the last season, their corn was in great part cut. Oxen only are used in the plough. A great deal of maize is cultivated; and it is said that the country people subsist principally on the *pollenta*, a soup or

pottage made of this kind of grain. The bread of maize is of a bright yellow hue, and I found it extremely unpalatable. I was told that the agricultural classes here are poor and oppressed, the rents exacted by the nobility leaving them but a very mean and scanty subsistence, and that they are possessed of more comfort and independence in some other parts of Italy, particularly the Tuscan states.

On approaching Como, the country appears beautifully diversified. Many villas surround this city, which is very antient, and was the birth-place of the younger Pliny. It has a population of twenty thousand. Embarking on the lake, which is close to the city, we enjoyed those romantic and luxuriant views that have made its banks a chosen retreat. As we did not propose to see its whole extent, our excursion was limited to a classical object, the remarkable fountain described by Pliny, in a letter to Licinius Sura.* The villa through

* “ There is a spring which rises in a neighbouring mountain, and running among the rocks, is received into a little banquetting room, from whence, after being detained a

which (after falling in a cascade down the rocks) it flows into the lake, now belongs to the Marquis Canaricci. It has been supposed, but on no sufficient authority, that one of Pliny's residences on the borders of the lake was at this spot, and it is accordingly called the *Villa Pliniana*. The identity of the fountain is not doubted; but we neither had time to observe, nor could we ascertain from the domestic who shewed it, the continued regularity of its ebb and flow. Such periodical fountains are not very rare; but the scenery round this is striking, the cascade itself is beautiful, and its connection with the writings and personal visits of a distinguished antient awakens peculiar interest.

It flows, it ebbs, as when the Roman drank
Its living stream, and pluck'd the pendent grapes

short time, it falls into the Larian lake. The nature of this spring is extremely surprizing; it ebbs and flows regularly three times a day. This increase and decrease is plainly visible, and very entertaining to observers. You sit down by the side of the fountain, and while you are taking a repast, and drinking its water, which is extremely cool, you see it gradually rise and fall."—Melmoth's *Pliny*, book 4. lett. 30.

Upon its rocky margin, while he watch'd
 The reflux. Seventeen centuries have past
 Like its cold waters to the deep, and yet
 It flows, it ebbs ;—but the life-moving stream
 That flow'd and ebb'd about the Roman's heart,
 Hath stopp'd full long ; the quick warm tide that rose
 With high-born hope, and power, and ample fame,
 Soon faltered and was stagnant.—What were man,
 If man were not immortal !—Could a *name*
 Suffice him ? Then were this unconscious fount
 As blest, as deathless, as the scatter'd dust
 Which once was Pliny ; then the Rubicon
 As Julius ; and the piles of Memphian pride
 Greater and happier than their nameless lords.
 Not that applauding Forum, nor the sweets
 Of lettered converse in his Larian shades ;
 Not the proud fasces, nor deputed throne
 Of Asia, could elate the Roman's heart
 With full, sublime, imperishable joy !
 'Twas the high meed of those obscurer souls
 Whom the proconsul pitied ; 'twas the bond
 Of those proscribed and new conspirators
 For purity and truth, who fearless met
 Ere Sabbath-dawning on Bithynia's plains,
 And hymn'd their risen Lord, and hail'd the Sun
 Of immortality.*

* See the well-known letter of Pliny to Trajan respecting the Christians of Bithynia, in which he states the account given by those who renounced their religion. “ They affirmed, that the whole of their guilt or their error was, that they met on a certain stated day before it was light, and addressed themselves in a form of prayer to Christ as to some God, † binding themselves by a solemn oath, not

† “ Carmen que Christo quasi Deo dicere.”

The villas between this fountain and Como have beautiful views of the lake and city; and of the surrounding mountains, clothed with forests of Spanish chesnut, intermixed with elegant cypresses. But these mountains rise so immediately from the water, as to imprison any inhabitant of its shore except a climbing forester. No road has been formed along this shore; and boats must be the principal, if not the only mode of communication from the villas, with each other and with the city. We landed at that of the Count di Tanzi, called Perlasca, whose pleasure ground is ornamented by a grotto, erected on a spot where, if we may credit a modern inscription, the Eleusinian mysteries were formerly celebrated. I was less pleased with the marble and alabaster of these recesses, than with the rare plants and trees that bordered the winding walks, which are cut for a short distance

for the purposes of any wicked design, but never to commit any fraud, theft, or adultery, never to falsify their word, nor deny a trust when they should be called upon to deliver it up; after which it was their custom to separate, and then re-assemble, to eat in common a harmless meal.”
—Melmoth’s Pliny, book 10. lett. 97.

up the base of the mountain. To an eye unacquainted with southern vegetation, the sight of the large aloes and cactus, growing vigorously in the clefts of the rock, is novel and striking. A conservatory near the house contained many oriental plants, and several large trees on the walks were ticketed with botanical names, I presume as exotics. One of these, which had attained a circumference of from two to three feet, was marked *Sterculia Platanifolia*. Crossing to the western shore, our boat approached the villa of Cernobio, lately purchased by the Princess of Wales. The royal proprietor was about that time on the coast of Africa, where she could hardly hope to find such mountains and groves as environ her newly acquired mansion. It appeared much more eligibly situated than the rest, being less shut in by the neighbouring heights, and having consequently more room for ornamental walks and plantations. No strangers were permitted to view these or the house, which was then very unfinished, and many workmen employed on it, as well as in forming a new

road to Como. The part of this lake which we saw, does not in my opinion fully answer to its celebrity. It is unquestionably adorned with all the advantages of climate and verdure, and a noble amphitheatre of hills, at the feet of which little towns and elegant residences are romantically scattered; but there is in the range of those hills, however lofty and enriched with forests, a certain uniformity, which renders the view less interesting. It is said, that towards the centre and north end of the lake, besides bolder promontories and indentations of the coast, it is occasionally bordered by wild and precipitous rocks. Indeed there is room for great variations of scenery in an extent of fifty miles. It is a singular custom on this and the other Italian lakes, that the boatmen always stand when rowing, which must greatly augment the labour, and I think lessens the speed.*

We left Como early in a bright but cool

* I am since informed by a friend, that the *Russian* seamen also stand while they are rowing. He suggests whether the custom may not be a remnant of slavery,—the not being *permitted* to sit.

summer's morning, and the smooth winding declivity by which we had approached it, bordered with platanes, catalpas, acacias, and linden trees in flower, seemed still more beautiful as we ascended. An extensive and fertile valley opened to the left. On the right, garlands of vine-branches hung between the trees of their orchards, in which abundant crops of corn or maize were also growing. Beyond these fields were bold and broken rocks, at the base of a height surmounted by a fine military ruin. The whole road from Como to Varese is through a delightful district. It was formed by Buonaparte a few years since, having been before scarcely practicable for carriages. The women about Varese wear a flat sandal of wood, having no sides, which looks like an antique. It is tied across the foot with ribband, and sometimes provided with a very short front of stuff like a slipper. It is adapted perhaps only to a warm and dry climate, though some rustic lasses even in Scotland, find no more occasion for shoes than for gloves; and if only a protection of wood be needed, this sandal is ele-

gance itself compared with the cumbrous ugly distorting *sabot* of France. I found a warehouse full of them at Varese, and the price of a pair about sixpence ; (15 *soldi* of Milan,) with which I thought Bond-street or Cheapside itself not likely to vie.

LETTER X.

SESTO—LAGO MAGGIORE—DOMO D'OSSOLA.

AT Sesto, we again crossed the smooth and transparent Ticino, and re-entered Piedmont. The road is a continuation of that which traverses the Simplon; and, as we drove through a wooded plain, the lake called *Maggiore*, disclosing itself on our right, with its distant mountains, and the castles of Anghera and Arona on its opposite shores, offered an evening prospect which I shall long remember; but still more that of twilight, soon afterwards enjoyed on an eminence near the latter town. We walked thither to see the colossal statue of St Charles Borromeo, whose honours are not confined to the crystal shrine of Milan, but extend throughout the country where his splendid beneficence was exercised, and in which his family are still rich and powerful. This statue is hollow, form-

ed of beaten copper, and said to be the largest in Europe. In height, it may be compared to an ordinary steeple, for the figure measures 66 feet, and is placed on a pedestal of 46. The cardinal's hat has been blown off by a tempest, as they told us, into the lake. If it had been more accessible or less weighty, one should rather have believed it the prey of depredators, who had no reverence for saintly virtues, and no chance of getting such a hat at Rome. But the statue is very near a college founded by St Charles, where a number of youths are educated for the priesthood. A staircase within it leads to the top; and it is said, that a person of moderate size may conveniently seat himself in the nose. I was much more interested by the surrounding views than by the colossus itself; yet I must not omit the remark which it produced from a little girl, who attended us up the hill in hope of obtaining some reward as *cicerone*. In this assumed capacity, she was anxious to inform me of the *ottanta piccoli cerici (clerici?)* * who inhabit

* Eighty little clergymen.

the college. I joked with her on the size and qualities of the statue, and asked (among other queries in broken Italian) if it spoke: when I was answered, (with expression as poetical as the sentiment was pleasing,) “*Ei parla in Paradiso, ma quì no.**” I have not heard other *improvisatori*; but I believe the professed ones of Rome or Naples, or even the unrivalled *Corinne*, could have uttered no line so gratifying to me as the words of our little rustic on this charming spot. I might well have replied to her,

“ But is not *here* a paradise, my child?—
 If the pure founts that water'd Eden, gave,
 (As fancy well may deem,) their rivulets
 To mingle in some calm and clear expanse,
 Edg'd by the fruitage of her groves; methinks
 It was like this: for here the wreathed vines
 Slope to the brink; and chesnuts with deep-green
 And varnish'd umbrage from the upland brow.
 The choir of day now trill their softest notes
 And latest; while the warbler of the night
 Tunes her beginning sweetness. Near my seat
 A drooping birch-tree's peel'd and shining stem
 And leaf unquivering, like a partial veil,
 Make what they screen more fair. The sleeping lake
 Glimmers in twilight stillness; and beyond,

* He speaks in Paradise, but *not here*; or literally, but *here, no!*

Upon Anghera's mountain battlements
 Float the last beams of evening. That slow sail
 Of fishermen seems whiter, as the gray
 And cloudy hues of nightfall tinge the flood.
 With deep and lulling tones, a vesper bell
 Sounds heavily from each 'wide water'd shore,'
 As when perhaps our *bard* of Paradise
 Reclin'd here, in the newfound luxury
 Of southern climes, his soul collecting sweets
 To' enrich his fancy's Eden.—Yet, my child,
 Thou hast said rightly: Eden is not here.
 E'en though tomorrow's early glorious dawn
 Light up these dim enchantments, flaming through
 Portal and arch upon Anghera's height,
 Tinting all shadowy summits, and the sun
 Mount in his strength, and fling his brightness forth
 Athwart that purple bason, rippling fresh
 In the first breath of day, till silvery clouds
 A moment hide him, and yon forests throw
 Their fringed outline on the darken'd wave ;
 Though this come with the morrow, and much more
 Of beauty; thou hast spoken well, sweet child,
 And Eden is not here. The verdant vine
 Unripening now complains, and rural toils
 Are heartless ; next its treasures fill the bowl
 Of dissolute excess :—the forests cloke
 Some cavern'd nest of rapine :—murder steals
 Through groves that speak of love :*—the fisher heaves
 His frequent nets in vain, and penury
 Compels him forth when the low thunder's voice
 Hath muster'd all the gloominess of heaven,

* The mouth of a cave was pointed out to us, in one of the rocks near this road, where a determined robber and assassin long concealed his booty, and eluded justice.

Till the quick bolt, and surge, and rushing gale,
 Fight with his bark :—Anghera's castled lord
 Perchance, unlike his sainted ancestor, †
 With sleepless conscience wars ; or other foes
 Ere long, may scare his slumbers, and some band
 Of licens'd ruffians from transalpine plains
 Be rifling his proud villa :—that slow bell
 Whispers mortality ; it calls indeed
 The prayerful peasant to diviner hopes,
 But yet to mental servitude, to rite
 Fantastic, and delusions dusk as eve.

True, for the warblers of the upland shade
 This *is* a paradise ; but many a youth,
 That loves the shade and them, may roam to list,
 Their happy concerts, and the listener sigh !
 His baffled hope, his aching heart bereav'd,
 His wrongs from fortune, or his slights in love,
 May make the sweet strain envied, not enjoy'd.
 Or deeper far than these, where guilt hath struck
 An inmost discord, earth has not a note
 To soothe it.—Even thou, sweet child, with step
 Of lightest mood, and poesy of heart,
 And scenes to nurse it, thou with us shalt prove
 Earth has no Eden, where she smiles the most.

Oh for that only Paradise ; *not here* ;
 Where nature's hallow'd harp was never jarr'd
 By moral evil ; where the blessed wake
 The full accords of Heaven, that harmonize
 With all creation's music ; whither, soon,
 When this short dream of beauty and of joy,
 Of pain and fear, hath ceas'd eternally,
 Thou, oh redeeming, oh transforming Love,
 Shalt call thy ransom'd exiles to the song !

† The castle of Anghera belongs to the Borromeo family.

Poor distant child, be that *thy* paradise !
There may thy sainted patron speak to *thee*
Of changeless joys ; there thy new accents greet
The island stranger, and the minds he loves !

If you can scarcely forgive so much versifying, remember that it may have saved you a page or two of fine full-blown prose. In the "sublime," one might possibly be tolerated, but in attempts to describe the "beautiful," fair names and flowering epithets spring so thick and fast, that the materials are only fit to weave into a metrical garland. With the sentiment I think neither your experience nor your hope will disagree; and every feature of the scenes is minutely genuine; as I viewed the day break, which I have anticipated in verse, when walking from Arona at three the next morning, (July 10.) The road is a level causeway, smooth as a park drive, within a few feet of the lake's edge, yet having frequently horizontal trellises for vines between it and the water, over which indeed their branches often hang. Soon after my companions overtook me, we embarked on the lake at Stresa to visit the famous Borromeo islands. These

have blossom and fragrance enough to make nosegays for all the muses ; but you will find me now resolved against the temptation. About half an hour's rowing on a very glassy surface brought us to the *Isola Madre*, and we landed on serpentine walks, fenced by espaliers of lemon trees, full both of fruit and flower. The laurels here are very large and lofty, forming a sort of copse near the middle of the islet ; which is about a mile in circumference. Many beautiful trees more or less rare, adorn its plantations. A *Cypressus pyramidalis* was particularly pointed out, and I admired the luxuriance of the *Mimosa arborea*. Indeed this would be in all respects a most fascinating spot, were it not in some measure deformed, both as seen from the lake and when upon it, by a large tasteless red-tiled house, which one of the Counts Borromeo inhabited during eighteen years, and chose to join the luxuries of the city to those of the lake, it being provided with a private theatre. The way to our boat was under a bower of ripening lemons and of lemon blossoms. Strangers are taken to this island first, because the other

is much more artificially ornamented, and named, (*par excellence*,) *L'Isola Bella*. What guide or boatman indeed would be injudicious enough to form his plans on the notions of your correspondent, who admires belles that have no artifice, and seek little help from art, trusting to neatness and simplicity for a charm? The *Isola Bella*, however, it must be owned, is attractive at a distance, and looks more self complacent than some ladies are said to do, or than any ought to do, at the appearance she makes in the mirror. Count Vitaliano Borromeo, in 1671, transported earth from the borders of this lake to what was then a bare rock, and formed by successive terraces the pyramid of which it now consists. These terraces are indeed rich in southern plants and flowers; and near the level of the lake is a plantation of stately orange trees, growing in the open ground, though protected in winter by a temporary roof. In a grove of laurels beside them is one of extraordinary size, and said to measure 92 feet in height. When Napoleon was only general of the army of Italy, he visited the

island, and significantly carved his name upon this tree ; but it has been since defaced by an Austrian officer. In the highest terrace are a number of indifferent statues and petty fountains, and such a laborious formality reigns in every part, that I grew peevish at the false taste of the Count and his cotemporaries, who, after creating such a ground-work for beauty and fertility, loaded it with bad sculpture and heavy buildings. For we had here also a palace to survey, of which, if I were owner, the numerous state apartments should speedily disappear, and little be left except those below them, whose style is very pleasingly suited to the place and prospect ;—the walls, ceilings, and pavements, consisting of small pebbles from the Ticino, of various colours, and disposed in mosaic, with other corresponding decorations. From these rooms, is seen a third island, *L'Isola dei Pescatori*, covered with fishermen's cottages ; and it would be a very pleasing picture if they were not somewhat ruinous. Of the general view I will say little, having already sketched it from the mainland,

but you may fill up my imperfect outline of a scene so delightful with towns and villages on either shore, which add life and motion to the softness of the lake and grandeur of its boundaries. Re-landing at Baveno, we soon bade farewell to the former, entering the valley which leads to the foot of the Simplon, richly wooded and abounding in vineyards; but the highest degree of heat which I experienced during my journey, was followed this evening by violent rains, which concealed the country near Domo d'Ossola. By some rays of sunshine when we arrived there, a superb rainbow was painted on the black front of the neighbouring mountains, and offered a good omen for our labours on the morrow. If you feel disposed to share them, I shall do my best for your entertainment on the Simplon. Ice I can promise you, but alas the oranges we have left behind.

LETTER XI.

THE SIMPLON.

CAN it be, my dear Sir, (for such a rumour has reached me,) that some of our amiable country-women, who occasionally crowd to see a curtain rise, or grow pale in the vigils of the ball room, have not seen even a spring or autumn sun rise? If such be the strange fact, what shall I hope from yesterday's description, when so many far nobler pens have failed to awaken them? You and I, when looking at the dawn even on a British and a home landscape, can parody the words of Shakespeare's King Harry; and exclaim,

“ The gentle dames in England now abed
May think themselves unblest they are not here,
And hold all lustres cheap, while any speak
That gaz'd with us upon the break of day.”

But since parody as well as poetry may fail, will it be uncourteous to provoke to emulation, and cite the example of six foreign young ladies, who, at four in the morning, had already crossed one bridge of the Simplon road, and were ascending the vale of Domo d'Ossola, among meadows tufted with wood, and sprinkled with white cottages? Have we no meadows, and woods, and white cottages at a less distance, and does not the sun illuminate them as gaily? But you may remind me this is loitering, when we have mountains to cross. The lower range of them, spotted with snow, already rises in front, and we soon reach the *Ponte di Crevola*, a bold introduction to the wonders that follow. It is, like all the bridges on this road, of a military construction, having the arches of wood-work. This, which is I think the widest of them, has two such arches, connecting its side walls with a very lofty and massy central pillar of stone, raised in the middle of a deep ravine, through which runs the torrent called *Doveria*. It commands a view on one hand of that rocky chasm, and on the other of

the green valley whence we came. Though after this we were generally on the ascent, meeting the rapid course of the Doveria, and with the perspective of snowy mountains deepening, we had still vineyards around us. The vestiges of the old road were frequently observed, a very narrow and indistinct path, running at first on the other side the stream. Near a point where it had formerly crossed, and where an ancient bridge had been ruined by the torrent, we passed through the first gallery or grotto. These are the names here given to perforations of rock, which I believe our engineers would call tunnels. When a crag projected into the torrent too large for removal, and not to be avoided but by building two bridges, (or not even so, on account of similar obstacles on the other side,) it has been thus pierced. Six of these grottos occur in the course of the new road. We were here met by some peasants, whose habitations, or those of the goats and other cattle they attended, were on the opposite bank, which, though built of stone, and of considerable size, were equalled by single blocks

of fallen granite that lay near them. This first part of the Val Vedro, which is the great defile of the Simplon, is neither unpeopled nor unproductive; for the village of Davedro lay widely scattered on our right, and vineyards, trained in the Italian manner, were mixed with the cottages, (many of whose roofs were covered with their foliage,) and spread up the sides of the snow-capt mountains. Behind the peak of one is the village of Trasqueras. We had previously been confined between huge perpendicular rocks of dark granite, shutting in the river; and this point of view, where the valley widens, and presents the village I have mentioned, is yet more romantic, from having also a fore-ground of rich vegetation. The Spanish chesnut, which prevails most, is combined with fine walnut trees, and tall Alpine willows, whose silvery leaf contrasts itself beautifully with the other foliage. Amidst this verdure, however, or towards the close of it, we began to see what may be called avalanches of rocks. The detached masses that have tumbled age after age from these precipi-

ces, were, in the formation of the new road, frequently reduced by gunpowder like the solid cliffs themselves, whose base exhibits the continued marks of the fuse. In one place, where the length and height of interrupting rock was comparatively small, it has not been pierced, but removed from the top to the proper level, and, as the traveller passes between its granite walls, a small oratory above him shows where the old path rose above it. There are now no steeps, but the acclivity is always easy, and appears almost uniform. It may give you an idea of the fallen fragments which surrounded us, piled confusedly on each other, when I mention that cellars or store-rooms are formed under their ledges, or in their interstices. One of these buildings was of two stories, the happy position of the stones enabling the builder to pile his front wall, and place a door-way in the space between the upper and lower, and another between this latter and the ground.

Arriving now at the less inhabited and more exposed parts of the mountain, we found spacious buildings at intervals beside

the road, (erected at the time it was made,) which bear on their fronts the inscription, *Refuge, No. 1. No. 2. &c.* They are provided with large fire-places; and their use and necessity to the traveller were easily conceived by us, even on the 11th July, in a subsequent part of our passage. Here and there a little chapel or oratory appears on the summit of a cliff, or on the difficult and dangerous parts of the antient path. From recent rains, the front of the rocks was black and shining, and slender cascades showered in mist from their overhanging brows, which, as we now had bright sunshine, produced prismatic colours, playing on the cliff from which they fell; while sometimes a peak of glittering snow started up suddenly between the wooded mountains. Opposite Isella, a white church occupies a very lofty and precipitous scite; and at this village, which we reached in three hours and a half from Domo d'Osso-la, is the last Piedmontese *douane*. Soon after this, the remains of real avalanches were seen. They frequently fall from a steep hollow in the mountains, down which

water flows into the main torrent, and consequently undermines the mass of snows collected above it. Most of those I saw here were so situated; and when fallen, were still assailed by the same cascade, forming an arched way for itself under the snow, and thus contributing to its dispersion as well as first descent. The surface of a melting avalanche is darkened by earth and sand carried down with it, whose proportion to the lessening quantity of snow is of course daily increased. As I was then a stranger to these terrors of the Alps, the first and smaller ones struck me with surprise; but it was greatly augmented when just before reaching a little hamlet called Paeno, we found an immense avalanche filling the bed of the Doveria, and indeed the whole of this narrow valley. I believe it to have been 200 yards in length; and it would still have covered the road, if not so far cut away as to permit a passage. The peasants who were employed there pointed out some trees growing above us in the rock, as the level of this enormous mass after its fall, which happened the 13th

April, and it was still so firm that it might be traversed to gain a nearer view of the cascade rushing into it, without any risk of sinking into the river that ran under. I must however remind you here, as on the Mont Cenis, to allow some weeks for the unusual coldness of the season, or you could scarcely give me credit for a faithful narrative. I still considered this late summer favourable for curious travellers, (although unhappily injurious to the country,) because it so heightened the opposition between the climates and scenes of two successive days. Indeed, that such bodies of snow, even in the latest summer, so near to a land of vines and orange trees, should remain in a spot which is of no great altitude, when compared with some neighbouring summits, seems hardly credible, till you remember how very few the hours of sunshine are in a defile thus closely walled by stupendous rocks.

Gondo is the first village in the Swiss canton of Le Valais, and immediately beyond it we looked with admiration on a cataract swollen both by the rains and melting

snow, tumbling in several distinct falls from a great height, but having a verdant wood of larches between its lower falls and the snowy head of the mountain. As we ascended, more of its course became visible, though in many parts only traced by the white clouds of spray. That point was distinctly seen where the snows ended and the torrent began; and a small glacier by which it was partially fed, gleamed brightly in the sunshine. The river, which we had constantly met, now rushed among rocks far below us, while above and all around, the way seemed completely barred by abrupt and naked precipices. A cascade of a very different order flew off from one of these, the extreme lightness and figure of whose foam, (for it was scarcely in the state of water) reminded me, if one may compare such adverse elements, of a shower of small rockets thrown from the cliff. The whole view (including these accompaniments of the particular hour,) appeared to me one of the most sublime and romantic possible. The next, however, answers more to the general idea of this celebrated road, as combining

artificial with natural wonders. The Doveria here has its rapidity and turbulence increased; being pent and straitened in a narrow chasm of the rocks. In one place, the remains of an avalanche wedged between them, hung like a bridge over the stream; and at a short distance above this, a much more permanent one is built by nature, with a single stone thrown across it. We then passed two more of the bridges where art has mastered nature, built over side torrents, the former of which shewed its fierceness by the branches and trunks of trees borne down into its bed; and the second joined the Doveria in a large and impetuous cascade. As it rushed beneath the arch, the spray flew over it abundantly, and from our sprinkled station, we saw a broader portion of rainbow wavering on the rock; the river at our left hand boiling round the same crags which are pierced immediately in front of this bridge by the great gallery of Gondo, the longest of the excavations. It is more than six hundred feet in length, having some apertures cut in its side that partially enlighten it, and from which you may

look down upon the Doveria ; it was then however concealed by an avalanche, suspended like the last I mentioned, and loaded with ruins of fir trees. But as we issued from the grotto, its violence was again discovered by the eye as well as ear, plunging down a sudden leap in its contracted bed. I leave you to estimate this assemblage of the grand and terrific. With regard to the excavated galleries, considered simply as efforts of art or of labour, I do not think they merit the admiration which some have bestowed on them. Similar works had been previously executed on a smaller scale in Switzerland,* and in other parts of Europe. In no instance indeed could a harder granite oppose the hammer and the fire ; and from the limited number of men who could work at once, this gallery of Gondo employed a year and a half's unceasing labour. Its sides are covered with marks of explosion ; and the bold projector would have been no inconsiderable consumer of gunpowder, if, happily for many a widow and orphan, he had con-

* In the *Urseren Thal*, near Mont St Gothard.

fined its use to vanquishing the rocks of the Simplon. But while I do not regard these separately as the greatest features of the undertaking, you will readily imagine how such dark rugged vaults suit the general wildness of the scenery.

The road in this and higher parts of the passage had been much injured, and the guard stones which border it swept into the torrent by falls of snow or rock. It was not yet any where unsafe or difficult, but in order to maintain it in a state practicable for carriages, repairs must be annually made, which if not immediate and regular, will become the more expensive. It is now shared by the territories of two governments, that of Piedmont and of the Valais, both of them poor, and neither energetic. Indeed, it is hinted by some observers of human nature and modern policy, that the King of Sardinia may reckon the avalanches among his brave allies; since they not only assail one grand monument of that gunpowder Corsican, but if they should succeed in spoiling it, will turn many travellers into the road of Mont Cenis, and through

his own good capital. You will rate these facts and these suspicions as you please ; but I am inclined to think, if you have any scheme of crossing the Simplon *en famille*, it will be wise not to let many more winters beat on it. If the destruction of this road, which was undertaken in a great measure by and for the soldier, would prevent a single campaign, I should heartily rejoice in it ; but as the most sanguinary wars of the Alps and of Italy preceded its commencement, this cannot be argued ; and all, therefore, must deprecate the neglect and ruin of so valuable and magnificent a work.

At the height we had now reached, no trees remained but firs ; and in passing near the dreary hamlet of Algaby, compassion was excited for those who inhabit its exposed huts during the tempests of an Alpine winter. But they are a hale and hardy race, far more steeled than we could be to the inclemency of their native sky. The change of female costume is remarkable ; from the silver pins of the Milanese and ribbands of Domo d'Ossola to the little flat straw-hat of the Valaisannes, which is ge-

nerally black, and sometimes trimmed with gold or silver lace.

We arrived at the village of Simpeln after nearly eight hours journey. The language spoken there is German. The church, (this canton of Le Valais being catholic,) has its pictures and its columns of painted wood, to imitate the altars of more splendid temples.

Leaving Simpeln, where we had remained two hours, the road still mounts beside one of the sources of the Doveria, which is bordered with lofty larches though here nearly 5000 feet above the sea; and we saw at some distance, partially concealed by snow, the glacier from which it descends. The granite of the mountain, as I learnt from a scientific companion, when near the scattered huts of Guggene, had now changed its character, and was called gneiss. It had a foliated appearance and fracture. The weather shortly after became unfavourable; and the rain and wind of July at this elevation, gave us a frightful conception of the storms of January. The same force of wind, accompanied by what is called a *tourmente*

or *tourbillon* of snow either falling or whirled from the adjacent heights, would have rendered a *Refuge* somewhat alarmingly needful. Indeed, for our lightest carriage, occupied only by the gentleman just now spoken of and myself, the blast itself seemed to threaten an overthrow. But it soon moderated, and a clearer sky when near the old *hospice*, enabled us to look round upon the rocky waste, destitute of trees, and bounded by snowy peaks. There is however a sort of heathy verdure, on which I plucked with much more eagerness than I should shew in your garden or greenhouse, the *Gentiana*, *Anemone*, and *Trollius europæus*, &c.; not as the most rare, but the most gay and abundant flowers, since I know nothing of botany; but these names have been inscribed for me in my very scanty Alpine Flora, and by a hand which is not more engaged in that pleasing pursuit, than in the nobler pursuit of doing good.

Poles of twenty feet high border this part of the road, serving in winter to mark its course, and the depth of snow which covers it. On the right is a new *hospice* on a large

scale, begun under Buonaparte's government, but now left unfinished. One of my foreign friends paid so high a compliment to British wealth and liberality, as to suppose that a subscription might be successfully solicited in England, for the completion of this useful building. I would not wish my country to forfeit the well-earned character of beneficence, but I trust, by shunning the future wars of the continent, she will refute the prevailing notion that her gold is inexhaustible, and that she loves above all things to transmute it into foreign steel.

We arrived at the highest point of our passage (near the Barrier where tolls are demanded) twelve hours after quitting Domo d'Ossola; and from this point, which is 6040 French feet above the level of the sea, looked on the course of the Rhone, and great glaciers of the Valais. The fifth grotto, at the commencement of the descent, is called "the gallery of the glacier," from having one above it on the mountain side, which sometimes occasions an accumulation of icicles within. This was not the case when we passed; and if the state-

ment I have since read in a "Guide" through these countries was correct when written, that "this gallery, 130 feet in length, was cut through the solid ice," either another must be referred to, which has melted away, or the part of this gallery which was so formed may have been destroyed by the retreating of the glacier, as those vast masses of ice are subject to great variations of size. But I suspect the imagination of the writer misled him, as probably my own has sometimes done; in all which cases I hope for correction. He may have easily mistaken a tapestry of ice for walls of ice. A vault through the foot of a glacier might possibly be worked with more ease than a vault through granite; but it would be so exceedingly perilous from the splitting of the superincumbent ice, that I cannot conceive such a project to have been even thought of. We found beyond this gallery, walls of snow which had been cut through, still fencing the road to the height of fifteen feet; and next looked down upon the *Tavernettes*, where the difficulties of the ancient path used to commence, when it was

entered from Switzerland. A curious specimen of its course is seen from the steep opposite that hamlet, descending in sharp zigzag like the ravelins of a fortification. Our own descent was very unlike this, on an easy and lengthened slope along the steep mountain side, having deep forests of fir both below and above us, which clad as thickly the still more perpendicular ridge parallel with this, where they were overtopped by points of snow. The characters of the Swiss and Italian sides of the Simplon are very different. Instead of the vines and walnuts of the Val Vedro, there are here only firs, adapted to the northerly exposure; and we felt the evening keenness of the *Bize*, or north wind of Switzerland, even when far advanced into the valley. Brigg, our expected abode for the night, had been long in view, but, as often happens upon two kinds of road that are somewhat rare in England, the very straight and the very crooked, it was still long before we entered it. The Alpine roads must always be of the latter sort; and the windings here are on a grand scale. Indeed, the line of

direction thus ascertained and chosen by the French engineers, through the midst of vast and savage forests, appears, as was suggested by my very intelligent and observant companion, the most admirable part of the achievement. In the ascent from Italy, they were compelled to keep close to the torrent, and the obstacles were principally to be conquered by mere labour. But on this side, they had such a line to select as might best combine facility of ascent with directness, and that through untraversed woods. Science was evidently needful to guide these operations, and a high degree of it seems to have been exercised. One of the last sweeps is on the border of the *Ganter thal*, whose torrent is passed by a noble bridge called *Ponte alto*, or the bridge of Ganter, according to my reckoning the fifteenth we had crossed this day. The sides of this high valley have many scattered dwellings, and afford pasturage for cows and goats. At length we looked back at the Barrier near the summit, across the intervening forests; and its distance seemed not small, even had we travelled like the crow instead

of the crab. Neither fish nor fowl, nor room to feast in, awaited us at Brigg, a noble lord and lady, with a bustling imperious retinue, having pre-occupied the best apartments and attentions of the hostess. I should observe, that although our passage, travelling in the way I formerly mentioned, and including our stay at Simpeln, occupied 15 hours, his Lordship, *en poste*, had accomplished it in twelve. The distance from Domo d'Ossola is between forty and fifty miles. The toils of the day reconciled us to some want of accommodation; and I suspect you may also be glad to rest from such prolix description; but I could not spare you the detail of a journey which it is gratifying to myself to review, and which I should think, as commenced from Arona and concluding at Brigg, offers more that is beautiful, sublime, and surprising, than any similar space in Europe.

LETTER XII.

THE VALAIS.—THE PAYS DE VAUD.—GENEVA.

IN mountainous countries, the great roads almost uniformly and of necessity follow the course of rivers. We had now descended into the vale of the Rhone, which is the whole fertile part of the Valais. Both the northern and southern limits of this canton, (dividing it from those of Berne and Uri on one hand, and from Savoy on the other,) are chains of immense Alps and glaciers; and the Rhone having its source in one of these, near the foot of Mont St Gothard, flows through the whole intermediate plain. Before its entrance into the lake of Geneva, this river is said to receive eighty streams, some of which, like its source, are poured from the bordering glaciers. These are impetuous torrents, which are often suddenly enlarged or di-

verted, so as to ruin the labours of the peasant. We were assured at Brigg, either from a false rumour, or from a wish to enjoy more of our good company, that one of them which we were to ford, named the Nanzer, had become impassable. But our active *voiturier* having reconnoitred the spot, did not judge it imprudent to proceed; and we passed without accident or difficulty. This, and several other torrents in Switzerland, exhibit a kind of devastation to which in England we are strangers. They overspread a great breadth of ground with stones and sand; and while the stream at many seasons runs in a narrow channel, this barren covering which has destroyed all fertility on either side, shews the effects of its sudden and variable flow. The traveller, in a warm day of summer, returning at evening to the torrent which he crossed early in the morning, and then found nearly or quite dry, may see it swollen into a full and rapid stream. This circumstance, so contrary to the usual effect of heat, is easily accounted for, by remembering that streams which arise from the melting of ice and snow

are most abundantly fed by the noon-day sun. Such torrents can neither be confined by dams nor crossed by bridges. In the mountains, they generally rush through clefts or ravines, but on approaching the plain, nothing can fix or contract their course. We afterwards passed one near Leuk, which had recently ravaged fields of growing corn in its way to the Rhone; and some ruined walls shewed the vain endeavour of a Valaisan Baron, residing there, to controul it. The inhabitants of this canton are however very laborious and enterprising in the construction of wooden aqueducts for the irrigation of lands, which they form of fir timber, and sometimes carry to an immense length and at a vast height along the side of perpendicular rocks, fixing them by labour of the most dangerous kind. A similar attempt has been made by them to form a wooden road round the front of a precipice to the baths of Louaeché.

We had here painful occasion to observe the prevalence of the disease called *goitre*, (tumour of the neck,) which, when in its highest degree, is of the most deformed ap-

pearance, and very frequently accompanied by idiocy. It is occasionally seen in other parts of Switzerland, and in Savoy, but most frequently in the Valais.

The people are rigid and superstitious catholics; and the progress of the Reformation was here successfully repressed, and extinguished by violence; a proceeding and effect which strangely disagree with the democracy of their civil government.

The Valais is liable to a suffocating degree of heat, from being completely immured within mountains. But we travelled through it in the midst of chilling rains and vapours that obscured them, so that I should not be warranted in describing to you the aspects of the country. At Turtman there is a cascade of considerable note, a large unbroken volume of water falling with great violence, but more powerful than picturesque. Near St Leonhard, I was surprised to see the whole front of a gypsum rock lying in huge fragments on and near the road, which fell only last winter, and seemed almost as formidable as the ruins on the Simplon.

The locality of Sion is very romantic. It is the capital of the Valais, and has a theological seminary where there have been eminent professors. I consoled myself in a wet and misty walk from this place, by observing another beautiful variety of rainbow, throwing a portion of its imperfect arch, like a sort of zone, round a snow-capt mountain. Beyond Martigny, every traveller's attention is arrested by that superb waterfall, which might be called with great propriety the cascade of Miville, a village in its immediate vicinity. It is strange that travellers and engravers should perpetuate its vulgar name, as if attempting to degrade by a coarse and mean association, that which is so brilliant and magnificent. We were fortunate enough to see it at the moment when the sun gave it all its splendour.

In approaching St Maurice, the last place of the Valais, two remarkable summits elevate themselves on the opposite sides of the Rhone, named the *Dent de Morcle*, and the *Dent du Midi*; the latter of which is so rugged as to be entirely inaccessible. They are supposed to have been originally one,

but separated by some great convulsion of nature, being of equal height, nearly 9000 feet above the lake of Geneva, into which the Rhone escapes between their bases. The valley thus becomes very contracted, and a crescent of perpendicular rocks of party-coloured strata, (on which is a hermitage, the frequent resort of pilgrims,) flanks the entrance to this antient town. St Maurice is justly called the key of the Valais; for a steep rock rises immediately behind it, and the Rhone flows close in front, so that the country is completely locked up by nature, there being no other carriage entrance from Switzerland than through the single street of St Maurice, after first crossing the bridge of the Rhone.

We here re-enter the canton of Vaud, to which I introduced you but very slightly in mentioning my first short passage through a part of it. Nor shall I now dwell upon scenes which have been so eloquently described by others. The change from the Valais was to myself very agreeable; nor were my companions insensible to the preference which was due, from some to their

native, and from the rest to their adopted country. Better roads, a better agriculture, a greater degree of health, comfort, and instruction among the people, with fewer instances of deformity and imbecility, are circumstances which all contribute to render the *Pays de Vaud* much more pleasing. And while its vales are fertile and diversified, the grandeur of the mountains is undiminished. No where did they appear more majestic than at Bex, or with more of that bright and defined outline which is obtained through the atmosphere of the Alps. When the road afterwards sweeps round the head of the lake, and the traveller ascending the hill of Montreux, looks down upon the beautiful bay opposite the castle of Chillon, with the enormous Alps of Savoy frowning above it, then forward to the rocks of Meillerie on the southern shore, and to the opposite coast of the smiling *Pays de Vaud* divided from them by the smooth lake, which is lost in distance towards Geneva, he wants something more than either paper or canvas on which to depict the scene. It is indeed repeated, with interesting changes in the successive form

and aspect of its grand features, along the whole northern shore. The tower of St Martin's church at Vevay is a point of view recommended to strangers; but I was still more struck by that near the village of St Saphorin, where the vista of snowy mountains at the head of the lake is seen more in perspective. The naked toothlike and towerlike rocks called the *Dent de Jaman*, the *Tour de Mayen*, and the *Tour d' Ay*, are extraordinary features in either prospect.

After a short stay at Lausanne, I proceeded a second time to Geneva. The beauty of this road is well known; but I had pleasure in deviating from it to be welcomed by a worthy family as the acquaintance of their near relative long absent in England, whom they were soon to welcome herself, and whose communications since to her English friends have described with affecting simplicity her strong emotion at the sight of her native mountains, and the joyful agitation of a daughter's heart when received with the warmth of maternal fondness, after a separation of more than twenty years. I was happy to witness the comfort

and partake the hospitality of their rural life; and cannot conceive any man more blest as to external and public circumstances than the cultivator of the *Pays de Vaud*. His native soil demands that industry which the health and habits of a mountaineer render pleasurable; and it is not ungrateful for his toil. He trains the vines and reaps the grain of his own few acres, without oppression and almost without taxes; and while thus engaged, the sublimest and most beautiful scenery court his view in the same landscape. Public instruction is well provided for; religious and civil liberty are enjoyed; nothing, in short, seems wanting to enlarge and elevate his mind, as far as its enlargement and elevation are compatible with the engagements of a laborious station. I think it may well be asked, why has no Burns or Milton arisen in Switzerland; why have not countries, where the spirit of freedom has breathed in regions of such sublimity, given birth to some untaught but eagle genius; and why have not towns where every literary privilege is combined with the same moral and natural

causes, produced some poet of commanding powers and universal celebrity? Can there be any thing in the processes of education and direction of taste, opposing all which would conduce so powerfully towards the developement of such minds? As far as languages may have an influence, it is true that neither the French, which is spoken in the western cantons, nor the harsh provincial German of the eastern, is favourable to the higher kinds of poetry; but these checks seem insufficient. It should indeed be remembered that Geneva produced the highly poetical minds of Rousseau and *Madame de Stüel*, though the fame of neither has been built on poetical composition. It were well had it been more generally derived from writings that tend to rectify principle and purify sentiment, as much as to excite imagination. The house which formerly belonged to M. Neckar, and is now his daughter's residence, situated at Copet, three leagues from Geneva, has an appearance somewhat gloomy; and its demesne looks as if the celebrated owner had much more

taste for literature and society, than for ornamental gardening.

Geneva will not delight the traveller by regular or splendid buildings; indeed the face of nature is so grand in its vicinity, that the emulation of art would seem wasted and misplaced. It has hilly streets, except two or three which run parallel with the Rhone, whose broad and rapid stream flows through the city immediately on issuing from the lake, beautifully blue and transparent, but encumbered by mills which injure its effect. In one of these I saw the most recently invented machinery of our cloth manufactures.

The principal trading streets of Geneva have arcades whose roofs are nearly level with the house tops, being supported on lofty wooden pillars. The covered walks thus obtained without loss of light on the ground floor, would be very convenient, had they not strangely counteracted this advantage by placing mean shops or huts beyond the pillars towards the centre of the street, with narrow passages between them. The environs of the city are de-

lightful ; the views of Mont Blanc from the hill of Coligny and the château of Fernex exciting a desire to approach that king of European mountains which it would be difficult for a lover of the sublime to resist. I will not detain you by a description of the late residence of Voltaire, which many tourists have noticed both before and since his decease. It is lamentable and despicable that a mind so highly gifted, with scenes around him calculated to inspire thoughts of true greatness and of immortality, should have perverted its wit and employed its subtlety to destroy the moral dignity and best hopes of human nature.

I passed a Sunday at Geneva, and endeavoured to hear the ablest preachers of that day. The service is performed here, and in other towns of Switzerland which have more than one church, by the ministers in rotation. It was conducted at the *Temple Neuf*, nearly as follows :—A clerk read the commandments : the minister entered the pulpit, and repeated a form of confessional prayer : a psalm was then sung : the prayer which succeeded appeared to be extempo-

raneous, and was uttered with fervour : this was followed by a discourse of half an hour : then a prayer for all princes and magistrates, for the Helvetic confederation, and for the canton, for all christian pastors, &c. concluding with the Lord's prayer, (which had been recited once before :) next the Apostles' creed, preceded by the words, "*Seigneur, nous croyons ; fortifie notre foi :*"—a psalm concluded the worship. With the benediction, the people are reminded not to forget the poor ; and a person stands at the church door as in Scotland, to receive contributions. An organ was played here ; but the psalmody is also like that of Scotland, slow and heavy. There was nothing in the sermons which I heard, tending to disprove the prevailing opinion that the major part of the Genevese clergy have widely departed from the doctrines of the first reformers. A correct christian morality was warmly inculcated, but scarcely any reference was made to the peculiar facts and motives with which it is connected in the New Testament. I was informed, however, that there are also pastors in this city who adhere to

evangelical principles, and who adorn them by piety and by usefulness in the sacred office. The degrees of deviation in others could not be inferred with certainty from the discourses which I attended, but I would hope it may not be so wide or so general as some have alleged. The creed which certain theologians chuse to term "rational," (even judging independently of its real agreement or disagreement with scripture, and the consequent good or evil influence which a christian will expect to attend it,) seems neither adapted to awaken religious sentiment, nor to check the growth of scepticism. It has indeed been plausibly argued, that by reducing the christian system to the simple revelation of a moral rule, a moral example, a future life, and a state of retribution, the stumbling block of mystery being removed, many who doubt or disbelieve will be conciliated and convinced. But I suspect that few deists will become proselytes to such a creed. They will rather say, somewhat in the terms which Bishop Horsley has supposed, "We believe nearly the same things as you do upon different

evidence; that of reason. We think, therefore, that a revelation is pretended with an ill grace, when so little hath been actually revealed. And, besides, we will not trust ourselves to guides, who, as *you* expound their writings, never spoke on the most interesting subjects, without figure, mistake, and even equivocation.”

The chapel of the hospital was at this time lent to the English; and the episcopal service regularly performed. I heard an English clergyman address a numerous congregation in that place, a great part of whom came from the country seats in the vicinity, which, as well as the city itself, were at that period, as you well know, inundated by our countrymen; who unfortunately do not all exhibit British manners or education in such a way as to remove prejudice or promote respect. “I have been,” said one of these travellers, “*entendre un sermon*; but I believe I should rather say *entendre un prédicateur*, as I recollect *sermon* in French has two meanings, and sometimes signifies an oath.” I was the more amused by this curious self correction, as the worthy

philologist had previously been bestowing his general information on the *table d'hôte*. Error, however, is much more pardonable than incivility; nor should I be justified in satirizing any ordinary specimen of ignorance; for I never felt personally so much as in this journey the want, on various subjects, of a more correct and extensive knowledge.

Geneva is fortified; but its ramparts, in modern times, serve rather to shut in the citizens than to exclude an enemy. They form also some pleasant walks. Beyond the *Porte Neuve* is a meadow surrounded by trees, called the *Plain Palais*, where the militia of the canton exercise, and are addressed by their officers while commanding them, as freemen and fellow citizens, with the appellation, *camarades*. Near this spot is the burial ground, judiciously placed at some distance from the city. It is partitioned by ranges of upright stones, into three portions, which remain unopened by turns during intervals of ten years. Some of the graves are surrounded by railings, and planted with rose-trees or other shrubs

and flowers. Where any monumental stone has been added, it is laid on the ground loosely within this small inclosure. A walk leads thence along the banks of the Rhone, whose clearness and beautiful colour as it rushes purified from the lake, are destroyed not far below the city by the confluence of the Arve, which comes with equal rapidity, but quite a muddy and turbid current, from the snows and glaciers of Mont Blanc. On the next day I was to proceed towards its source, not without expectations of some toil and even hazard, as well as gratification, in the icy regions whence it flows.

LETTER XIII.

GENEVA—SALLENCHE—CHAMOUNI.

THE little territory of Geneva extends in the direction of Chamouni, only to the first village, called Chesne, where I again entered Savoy. Beyond the *Pont de Menoge*, thrown over a torrent whose serpentine course joins the Arve, the road approaches that river; and an extensive view of its bordering valley is obtained near Contamine, bounded in front by the bare and broken summits of Mont Brezon. Bonneville is the first town of this journey. The fine arching avenue of elms by which it is entered, bore marks of a cannonade between the French and Austrians in a late campaign; as did also the bridge over the Arve. How few places are there on this continent which have not been visited in the last 20 years by the scourge of war! Bonneville lies between the Brezon and the Môle, two

mountains of finely contrasted appearance. The latter, whose insular situation and pointed form render it conspicuous from Geneva, although nearly 6000 feet above the sea, is green, and affords pasturage to the top. To the right of the village of Siongy, the steep and rocky mountains are covered with pines, which seem to be growing without soil ; while the road is embowered by walnut trees, and the cottages, as in the neighbourhood of all the pine forests both of the Alps and Jura, are built and roofed entirely with that material. In the entrance to Cluse, the rocks become more than perpendicular, (if I may so describe them,) and did they not seem to be of the most solid make, one should not pass without fear under such a canopy. This little town is quite entombed in mountains ; and the river, which is here recrossed, flows out of the valley of Sallenche through an opening between enormous rocks. In passing into this extraordinary defile, it appears as if the stream filled it, and as though the traveller would be repulsed by this enemy rushing against him from the great reposi-

tory of floods. But there is a safe and well made carriage road between it and the perpendicular cliffs, which would have been, I conceive, as difficult to form as that of the Simplon, had not the more crumbling structure of these cliffs produced a sloping mass upon the river's edge. Every ravine, and frequently the lowest region of the mountains, is filled with beautiful woods of beech and fir. At length the valley widens, and spreads before the eye that most picturesque of all its diversities, the *Bosquets de Maglan*. These consist of beach groves, scattered in some meadows of a broken or waving surface, edging the Arve. When amidst them, precipices tower on all sides through the foliage; a white cottage occupies a knoll in front, and a whiter waterfall, called the *Nant d'Orli*, showers from one of the rocks. What does the solitary spectator want, in this and many other scenes of Alpine enchantment, but to practise magic while he seems to witness it, and call round him those who are dearest to himself, and most awake to the charms of nature, that they may admire and enjoy with him!

Before arriving at a second and larger cascade, the *Nant d'Arpenas*, I was struck by the singular features of the rocks ; those on the left or opposite bank of the Arve presenting lofty peaks and pyramids, but on the right a flat wall-like range resembling the ramparts of a fortress. The geologist can perhaps nowhere find ampler scope for study and speculation on the various formation of mountains and dispositions of strata. The *Nant d'Arpenas* is a very peculiar fall. Ossian might have compared it to the mane of a white courser, as it flies and waves off a ledge of rock to be again collected into a brook below. It afforded one of the occasions where I practically discovered the immense scale of objects in these countries, and the illusion thus produced. There is a green ascent leading to it, which, when measured by the eye in connection with the rock above, seems a mere hillock, but let the traveller measure by climbing, and he will not hesitate to pronounce it a hill.

I stopped for the night at the inn of St Martin, and, without detailing the civilities and luxuries which I unexpectedly found in

this little *Hotel de Mont Blanc*, I must engage you in an evening walk on an eminence called Mont Rosset, above the town of Sallenche, to which St Martin is opposite. It was thus when standing on the spot that I noted the scene around me.—“To the west and south are two mountains, green towards the base with cultivation, but in the interval between them is a vast wall of rock, from whose snows a temporary cataract is falling. A ridge of jagged cliffs descends towards Maglan, on which I look back, tracing the Arve through all its meadows and copses, till it is lost among the rocks of Cluse; while the *Nant d'Arpenas* pours on the north side of the valley. The church and town of Sallenche lie directly beneath me, with a torrent which, after roaring through a tremendous chasm, flows near them to the river. Beyond them are the bridge of the Arve and village of St Martin, whence I came; and immediately behind these, a mountain with a triangular point, called the *Aiguille* de Varens*, rises abruptly

* *Aiguille* (needle,) is the name given to those bare pointed rocks with which this district abounds.

to a vast height, and catches every passing cloud. Eastward, the Arve winds towards me from the valley of Servoz; and on its right the whole chain of mountains is crowned by Mont Blanc, the loftiest point on our quarter of the globe. The clouds which have rested on it are now in a measure dispersed, and I seem to see the summit. But I wait some minutes, and find I was mistaken. It was only a lower and broader part of that immense ridge; for now the clouds change their position, and discover to me a small bright summit of snow on which the sun rests long after it has left the valley, but which is above a vast mass of clouds, and appears quite detached from earth."

I saw the Mont Blanc next morning, without the slightest vapour to obscure it; but this completer view, however striking, gives a fainter impression of its height than the sort of cloudy mensuration I have described, by which its top was so far divided from all below, that it was difficult to believe it could belong to our globe. Indeed, when the mountain is distinctly seen, and seen from

a valley, two things are remarkable ; its apparent nearness, and its want of apparent elevation. In proceeding towards Chède, it was at least four leagues distant, yet had I trusted to the evidence of sight, I should have affirmed positively that it was not a single league. This first circumstance is in a degree common to all the Alps, though I think more particularly observable in regard to Mont Blanc. The second is more easily accounted for ; it is so vast an object, that it requires a high or distant point to be fully seen. When near it, and in the vale, it is seen as St Paul's cathedral is from many parts of its church-yard. The porticos and pediment may be considered as corresponding to the vast bases of the mountain ; and the observer views its summit, if at all, only as he views the cross and top of the dome emerging above those parts of the church, without any just idea of its height and proportions. I had met at St Martin, a guide of the family of Balmat, who have long performed their office with much reputation, and were among the companions of De Saussure in the famous ascent of Mont

Blanc. They and the other most esteemed guides of Chamouni have generally *noms de guerre* taken probably from the different heights or passes with which they are most familiar, or have been most successful in traversing. Thus one is surnamed, *Le Géant*, another *L'Aiguille*, a third *Mont Blanc*, and the conductor whom I engaged was styled *Balmat des Dames*, a title which ought to ensure at least caution and politeness ; nor was he deficient in either ; but I conjecture it was rather derived from his excursions to a part of these environs called the *Plan des Dames*, or from some incident which occurred there, than from any special appropriation of his services to female travellers.

Arriving at Chède exactly at the favourable time, about eight in the morning, I enjoyed with the view of its picturesque cascade, that perfect and brilliant miniature rainbow which is produced by the sun-beams upon its spray. Not far from it is a small and tranquil receptacle of mountain streams, called *Le Lac de Chède*, where we turned into a road now disused, to see the cataract

of the Arve, which falls some hundred feet down a rocky bed, in a short reach of its current. The road has been very properly altered, not sooner than prudence demanded; for the cliff under which the river rushes, and where I stood to view it, has cracks and clefts on its top that portend a speedy fall. But a much more terrific *ecroulement* than this will produce, is still visible by the fragments scattered near the *Torrent noir*. In 1751, an *aiguille* fell from the mountains of Salles, and the dust or smoke occasioned by its crash is asserted to have been seen at Martigny in the Valais, more than ten leagues distant. So terrible was the sound, (says a respectable Genevese writer,) and so thick and dark the cloud of dust, that many persons believed the end of the world was come. The "black torrent" just named, is deeply stained by slate rocks through which it flows; and its rugged hollow bed does not often admit the passage of cars; so that those who avail themselves of such a conveyance, must have it dismounted here. I had sent my *cabriolet* back from St Martin, round the lake of Ge-

neva, to meet me at Martigny ; and was now on horseback ; but the safe mountaineering step of the mule is much to be preferred. We next reached the village of Servoz, beyond which is a bridge crossing the torrent of Dioza, and near it a monument to the unfortunate Eschen, who having attempted in 1801 a very difficult excursion in these mountains without a competent guide, perished in a crevice of the *glacier du Buet*. There is dignity and good advice in the inscriptions, combined with something like a tone of false philosophy.* I need not remind you that Savoy, till the

* The following inscriptions occupy the three sides of the pillar :

République Françoise.
A la mémoire
De Fred. Aug. Eschen,
Naturaliste, Litterateur, Poëte.
né en 1777 a Eutinen
cercle de la Saxe inférieure,
englouti dans une crevasse
du glacier de Buet
le 19 Thermidor An 8
retiré de cet abyme
par St M. Devillaz, &c.
inhumé dans ce lieu
par les soins de M. D'Eymar
Préfet.

recent changes, was under the government of France. A curious example of the professed “*hospitality*” * of that government was given in the very year when this monument was erected, by the forcible detention of a multitude of unoffending British travellers till long after the land which they visited had ceased to be “the soil of the Re-

Monument élevé 21 Fructidor An 9
Sous la magistrature
de Buonaparte Cambaceres Le Brun
Consuls de la République Françoise.

Le gouvernement François
Honore les sciences et les arts,
Protège les savans et les artistes.
 * *Il accueille avec hospitalité*
Les Etrangers de toutes les nations
Qui visitent le sol de la
République.

Voyageurs
Un guide prudent et robuste
Vous est nécessaire.
Ne vous éloignez pas de lui.
Obéissez
aux conseils de l'expérience.
C'est avec un recueillement
melé de crainte et de respect
qu'il faut visiter les lieux
que la nature a marqués
du sceau de sa majesté
et de sa puissance.

public." Near this spot are silver and copper mines, but they are not at present worked.

Again crossing the Arve at *Pont le Pellissier*, we ascended a most rugged path called *Les Montets*, and rising far above the river, which foamed in a deep glen of fir trees, commanded a view both of *Servoz* and of *Les Ouches*, the first parish in the valley of Chamouni. After this rude and romantic approach, the *glacier de Buissons* starts into view, descending from the base of *Mont Blanc*. The first sight of it was very striking, lighted up in all its splendour by the midday sun. Its pyramids were of a brilliant bluish white, and its form as viewed in distant profile, that of an elliptic arch; so that it might be compared to a bridge of ice projected across part of the valley. At the village des *Ouches*, whose fields were gay with a variety of flowers, I was regaled with good bread, excellent honey, and wine of *Montmeillan*; (for this district is too elevated to ripen the grape,) and we then prepared to cross the *glacier des Buissons*, an excursion which may be easily comprised

in the day's journey from Sallenche to *Le Prieuré*. I will not be so impertinent as to take it for granted, that you, like myself, have read descriptions and even seen some plates of glaciers, without forming a just idea of their figure and situation. But perhaps I may venture to suppose that some one of my courteous readers, (not at all intending to include the critics,) rests as I did in the indistinct notion of a mountain cased with ice. There are some things of which an indistinct notion must suffice us; it would be well if certain metaphysicians had been of that opinion: but we will not rank a glacier in the inconceivable class. It is a collection of ice in a sloping ravine or valley which divides two mountains; as if a river flowing down betwixt them were frozen in its descent, and the accumulating waves heaped on each other, had formed a mass of ice that filled the whole hollow. Suppose this immense mass, by the action of the sun, by its own expansion, by successive freezings and meltings, to be rent into chasms, and to have various singular inequalities formed upon its surface; and I think you then pos-

sess a tolerably just conception of a glacier. Being provided with a *bâton ferré*, which is the very *staff of life* in these expeditions, I rode from the hamlet of Moncouart up a fir forest, and when the ascent grew too steep, proceeded on foot. The trees near the glacier have been almost all destroyed by the fallen fragments of ice. We avoided the line of this artillery, and coasted the glacier to get above its steep part, which is thick-set with pyramids and full of chasms, and to cross the higher and more level mass, where there is no danger. Nothing here is on a small scale. You are to imagine crystals of ice fifty or eighty feet high; and I term them crystals, not merely because semi-transparent, but of angular forms, and grouped on the bed of ice like the finest crystals in cabinets of minerals. If Dean Swift had visited Chamouni, he would certainly have carried off a specimen for the Brobdignag museum. Being exposed, however, to the influence of the sun, there is a perpetual change and fantastic irregularity in their shape and position. Some are blunt at the top, others pointed like an icicle; I

I observed one perforated as if by a cannon-ball, and many are far more oblique than the hanging tower of Caerfilly. During the last year this glacier has been prolonged towards Moncouart; it has made new havoc in the woods, and the torrents which flow from it are said to threaten the village. It is small compared with the *glacier des Bois*; yet we were occupied from ten to fifteen minutes in walking across the ice, though it happened to be dry and not very slippery; after which, rejoining my horse, I soon arrived at *Le Prieuré*.

LETTER XIV.

CHAMOUNI.

THE exploring, and, if I may so term it, the erratic spirit, have grown exceedingly during the last century. I know not whether our ancestors were better engaged, or had not leisure and wealth enough to search for the unobserved wonders of nature, but it was not till within the memory of man, that Europe became much acquainted with its own sublimest scenes. The magnificent caves and columns of Staffa had not attracted the notice of our countrymen; and the valley of Chamouni was wholly unknown to the curious. Two English gentlemen, however, MM. Pocock and Wyndham, in the year 1741, were the first who traversed this wild region, contrary to the advice of their friends, and attended by an armed escort to defend them against the fancied barbarism of its inhabitants. Seventy years have

passed since their enterprise, which opened sources of high gratification to subsequent travellers, and carried civilization and prosperity into these solitudes. And the change is now complete: the peasants round Mont Blanc are found a civil and intelligent race; a generation of professed and well qualified guides has arisen: all seems waiting for the stranger. Here a stuffed chamois is led out by little urchins from the door of a cottage. There you are waylaid with milk or strawberries or crystals. In the village you find regular cabinets of botany and mineralogy, and collections arranged for sale. Nay, Mont Blanc has its bard, and my invidious queries on the non-appearance of a Swiss Milton, may not long be applicable to Savoy. What may we not hope from the bold and rapid muse of *Jean Baptiste Claray*, who, like Milton, is an *instituteur*, at Chamouni, and of whose *opuscule poétique* I fortunately possessed myself? He concludes a truly sublime piece of sixteen stanzas descriptive of the tops of his native mountains, with the following memorandum

of his quick marches, both as a mountaineer and a poet.

*“ Au clair du globe au front d'argent
Qui se leve sur l'hémisphere
Je descends d'un pas diligent
Par un col perpendiculaire ;
Dix heures sonnaient au clocher
Quand Je rentre en ma maisonette
Et même avant d'aller coucher
J'écrivis cette chansonette.”*

I cannot withhold from you the feast, concluding with a dish quite English, which he spreads most poetically on one of these rocks for the mineralogists.

*“ Sur ces larges escarpemens
Avec quel plaisir Je distingue,
Les plus admirables fragmens
De spath, d'ardoise et de poudingue.”*

Nor was I less struck with the justice and dignity of his panegyric on potatoes.

*“ Les pommes de terre à présent
Sont les plus utiles des pommes ;
Elles sont le plus beau présent
Que l'Amérique ait fait aux hommes.
Qui dans quelque lointain pays
Que l'on voyage ou que l'on erre,
Des bords de l'Arve au Tanaïs
On vante les pommes de terre.”*

or that “glance from heaven to earth,” with which he celebrates the flight of an eagle,

“ *Un aigle venant du coupeau
De ces désertes citadelles
Renverse en passant mon chapeau
Du bout de ses rapides ailes.*”

Be not now surprised when I also “start from my trance and trim my withered bays.” Who can talk of Alpine minerals, animals, or plants in grovelling prose, after studying so original a model of verse?

The best apology for this digression will be to lose no time in ascending the Montanvert, which is one of the bases of Mont Blanc. I climbed much the quicker for being overtaken by rain; and like many greater disappointments whose utility we shall sooner or later perceive, this storm may serve both me and my reader by preventing too strong a colouring of the scene. After crossing the Arve and arriving at the foot of the mountain, I rode near an hour up what is called a path, sometimes composed of craggy stone steps and twisted roots of fir trees, sometimes diversified by running as a terrace about a foot wide on the side of a quick shelving steep. The worthy mule clambered with perfect *sangfroid*. I on the contrary was more warmed by my very un-

just apprehensions as to his strength and judgment, than I should have been by climbing on foot. Sometimes, of two winding staircases, I presumed to differ from him in choice, but he nobly maintained the well known privilege of his race, resisted the strongest arguments of the bridle, and at last convinced me that a mule not only will, but (at least in Savoy,) *should* have his own way. I was not sorry, however, when the ascent became so pathless that my guide proposed his servant's dismissal; and after an hour's hard walking, found myself in the *pavillon* or *hospice* of the Montanvert. This little building, raised by a French gentleman, M. Desportes, for the convenience of travellers, looks down upon the celebrated glacier called the "sea of ice." Indeed that frozen waste and the rocks which border it, form the whole desolate prospect. From being thus bounded, on one side by the Montanvert, on the other by more colossal and precipitous mountains, it rather resembles (according to my former comparison,) a great river. But its surface cannot be better imagined than by conceiving of an agitated sea, in-

stantaneously arrested (in that state which seamen call a heavy swell,) by the power of frost. I descended upon it, first crossing a border of snow, which, from the unusual coldness of the summer, still remained; then the loose mass of icy fragments mixed with stone and sand, which is found on the edges of every glacier, and termed the *moraine*; and next, preceded by my careful guide, walked between the chasms to gain the top of a wave, and contemplated from that eminence the dreary world around me. Probably no earthly scene can correspond so nearly, in a gloomy day, to one of Milton's powerful extramundane descriptions:

“ a frozen continent
Lies dark and wild, beat with perpetual storms
Of whirlwind and dire hail, which on firm land
Thaws not, but gathers heap, and ruin seems
Of ancient pile; all else deep snow and ice,
A gulf profound as that Serbonian bog
Betwixt Damiata and Mount Casius old,
Where armies whole have sunk.”

Looking up the valley, as it were to the head of this great frozen river or creek, the eye ranges over seven leagues length of ice; the breadth is more than a mile; and im-

mediately opposite is a perpendicular and needle-like rock of astonishing height, named the *Aiguille du Dru*. The clefts (*crevasses*) which yawn in every direction, are of various size, many of them not less than twelve feet in breadth. The ice within them is of a deep clear blue, and their depth cannot be sounded. These crevices were broader and more numerous last year than usual, but there is no danger, (as my guide assured me) of the traveller's retreat being cut off by the formation of new ones; as this is always exceedingly gradual. The chief hazard is that of falling into clefts concealed by patches of snow, which must either be avoided, or probed by the *bâton ferré* before venturing on their surface. Even females, however, each under the care of a guide, may walk on this wilderness and look into its abysses without alarm. Only one accident seems to be on record, that of a German lady of rank, who fractured a limb in passing the *moraine*. The Empresses *Josephine* and *Marie Louise* successively walked here, and wrote their names in the album of the Pavilion. This unconquerable

region seems to hold out as humbling a lesson to greatness as the tide did to the courtiers of Canute. As there was but one voice that could effectually say to the ocean, "Here shall thy proud waves be stayed," so these mountains will only melt at the presence of him who formed them. It is possible to proceed from the Montanvert (by first skirting the *mer de glace* and then crossing it,) to much higher and more remote glaciers; among which is found the famous *Jardin*, a green isle encircled with ice, covered in August with fine verdure and a variety of Alpine flowers. But these efforts require strength and hardihood. In the more difficult and perilous journies round Mont Blanc, it is frequently necessary to pass the chasms upon a ladder, and to walk upon rocks or ice so situated that a false step would be fatal.

We had just quitted the *hospice* to descend towards the sources of the Arveiron, when a thundering sound directed my eyes to a vast avalanche of snow, in the act of tumbling from the *Aiguille de Charmoz*. It rushed from that rock like an immense cascade, with a pro-

longed roar echoing through the mountains; and seemed almost to reach the brink of the glacier in its fall. This was an unexpected and striking incident, which made amends for the want of sunshine.

Our descent was by a different and extremely steep path; but the visitor of the Montanvert ought not to shrink from it, though his knees may begin to tremble. Leaning on the mountain spear, which is quite needful in such a march, he may rest to survey the whole vale of Chamouni; the stupendous rocks beyond it of the Flegère and Breven, and below him that arching declivity of ice called the *glacier des Bois*, crowned by a huge and many-shaped range of spires that bounds the *Mer de glace*. At the foot of this glacier the great torrent called the Arveiron flows from the ice, rushing to join the Arve. Its source varies in form and situation, having sometimes issued as a cascade from the higher wall of the glacier, but more frequently under a vault or arch of ice, at the base, which at times "is a hundred feet in height, and proportionally broad." Some years ago, an unfortunate

family of Genevese having ventured into this vault without a guide to warn them of their danger, huge masses detached themselves; (in consequence, it is said, of the concussion occasioned by firing a pistol to produce echoes;) and these having obstructed and swollen the torrent before they could retreat, one of the sons was crushed to pieces among the waves and rolling fragments, the other received dreadful contusions, and the father, who had both legs fractured, escaped death almost by a miracle, perhaps to lament that he was a survivor. This vault is destroyed annually, and generally renewed by the month of August. My guide informed me that it was then scarcely visible, and I was therefore contented to view the source at some distance. Several small avalanches of ice fell from the glacier, while I stood in front admiring its enormous icy needles. The variety of prospect in this descent from the Montanvert, combining mountains of every form, rivers and villages, meadows and forests, with the immense glacier itself, gratified me more than the awful desolation of the *Mer de glace*. We now crossed the

roaring Arveiron on a bridge of rough fir trunks, quite in character with the landscape; and in a wood beyond stood my four-footed philosopher, who, whether at the porch or in the groves, was, during my short acquaintance with him, a most consistent Stoic. His equanimity did not appear to be disturbed, even in circumstances where mere philosophy generally fails, that is, under some decline of reputation, and some hints of reproach. You may wonder how these could be occasioned; but the truth is, though so admirably at home in the doubts and difficulties of higher regions, he became, to my surprise, unskilful and almost unsafe on the level road by which we returned to *Le Prieuré*; thus affording a new pretext for the sarcasm which has sometimes piqued you, that none are so awkward in the beaten track of life, as those who excel in climbing out of it. You may generalize, however, as little as you please. As for the respectable individual, if he were even a pupil of Plato, I should still adhere to the principle, "*magis amica veritas.*"—Can I have a more dignified occasion of assuring you, and all whom it may

concern, that whatever I offer you for lack of better, 'tis my wish neither to extenuate or exaggerate. I say wish, because we have long had reason to remark, that whichever be the sort of "spectacles on nose," those of the mind's eye become concave and convex by turns. If any thing in my budget seem worth picking out for your shelves of induction, all I mean to vouch for is this, that I neither made it, nor took it up quite carelessly, nor wittingly altered it. This I profess in all gravity, being certain you will think a return to gravity quite expedient.

I did not ascend the higher mountains at Chamouni. My seven hours excursion to the *Mer de glace*, although fatiguing, would not have discouraged me, but the unpropitious state of the sky, which so often disappoints these undertakings, together with the claims of other scenes, not less attractive, on the remainder of summer, determined me to stay no longer in this wonderful valley. That you may not, however, suspect me of having retired from the vicinity of Mont Blanc with no sentiments less whim-

sical than I have been just now indulging, suffer me to subjoin some lines of a more serious cast. The majesty of nature, and its analogies with whatever is morally sublime and venerable, are always in themselves adapted, (though unfortunately we do not always view them with the proper disposition of mind,) to strengthen the highest principles, and awaken the purest feelings.

TO MONT BLANC.

MOUNTAIN,—who reignest o'er thine Alpine peers;
 Transcendently, and from that massive crown
 Of flaky brightness, darrest down thy beams
 Upon their lesser coronets,—all hail!
 Unto the souls in hallow'd musing rapt;
 Spirits in which creation's glorious forms
 Do shadow forth and speak the' invisible,
 The' ethereal, the' eternal, thou dost shine
 With emblematic brightness: Those untrod
 And matchless domes, though many a weary league
 Beyond the gazer, when the misty veil
 Dies round them, start upon his dazzled sight
 In vastness almost tangible; thy smooth
 And bold convexity of silent snows
 Rais'd on the still and dark blue firmament.

E'en so when moral fogs of earth are swept
 By Heaven's free gale afar,—upon the eye
 Of earnest faith and full awakened hope
 Crowds the bright evidence of things unseen:
 In earth's low reckoning doubtful and remote;
 But to that gazer, close and palpable,
 Immense, unfading, infinitely sure.

Mountain,—thou image of eternity,—
 Oh let not foreign feet, inquisitive,
 Swift in untrain'd aspirings, proudly tempt
 Thy searchless waste —What half-taught fortitude
 Can balance unperturb'd above the clefts
 Of yawning and unfathomable ice
 That moat thee round; or wind the giddy ledge

Of thy sheer granite?—Hath he won his way,
 That young investigator?—Yes, but now,
 Quick panting on superior snows, his frame
 Trembles in dizziness; his wandering look
 Drinks pale confusion; the wide scene is dim;
 Its all of firm or fleeting, near or far,
 Deep-rolling clouds beneath, and wavering mists
 That flit above him, with their transient shades,
 And storm-deriding rocks, and treacherous snows,
 And blessed sunlight, in his dying eye
 Float dubious; and 'tis midnight at his heart!

Hence be thou warn'd, youth whose excursive soul
 Would range the proudest Alps of intellect,
 Surmount opinion's bulwarks, sound all depths,
 Question all heights, and inly speculate
 With fearless glances down the blue abyss.

I mark thine eagle eye, where thou hast scal'd
 The barriers of the vulgar, and look'st down
 Exultant on their tame procession, led
 By custom or authority, fast link'd,
 And poring earthward as they pace the dell.
 I love thy conscious freedom. Yet be warn'd!
 Thou need'st a chart, and thy soul's needle touch'd
 With Heaven's own essence, faithful to its source.
 Else, be thou sure, those chill and mystic wilds
 Will maze thy keen intelligence; fair truth
 Shall seem extinct; the moral universe,
 The living rays that light it, the divine,
 The fair, the perfect, day stars of all hope,
 Shall fade for thee, and sceptic darkness quench
 A glowing spirit, form'd to reach its God.

Mountain,—that firm and ardent Genevese,*
 The enthusiast child of science, whose bold foot
 Bounded across thine ice-rents, who disdain'd

* De Saussure.

The frozen outworks of thy steep ravines,
 And through a labyrinth of crystal rocks
 Press'd his untir'd ascent, e'en he, and all
 His iron band of native mountaineers,
 While scaling that aerial cupola*
 Of nature's temple, own'd a breathless pang:
 Thy most attenuate element is fit
 For angel voices, and thy snowbright cope
 For angel roamings.—True, his zealous mind
 Achieved its philosophic aim, and mark'd
 And measured there; but turn'd to earthly climes
 Full soon, and bent in gladness toward the vale.

So, Christian, if thy tried and well arm'd soul,
 Will mount, with awful speculation, far
 Into the Self-Existent, the sole cause
 Uncaus'd, the pure eternal fount of good
 Permitting streams of ill; mayst thou too learn
 And measure there; but most of all shalt learn
 To measure from that topless altitude
 Humility: and thy confounded thought
 Be fain to sink into the safer vale.
 Ev'n he of Tarsus, whom the wings of love
 Caught up to Paradise, and the third Heaven
 Own'd for a moment ere his earthly course
 Was run; that so he might anticipate
 A crown of life; had to descend as soon;
 Resume his mortal burden, and go forth
 In patience with the pilgrims of the vale.

Mountain,—the sons of science or of taste
 Need not essay such triumph. 'Tis more wise
 And happier, (till a fiery chariot wait;)
 To scan from lesser heights thy glorious whole:
 To climb above the deep though lofty plain

* I use the term *cupola* (which may seem technical) as most descriptive of the summit of this mountain, which, as well as some of its lesser heights, is of a round shape. They are accordingly called the *domes* of Mont Blanc.

That wrongs thee ; pass its line of envious peaks,
 And stationed at thy cross, sublime Flegère,*
 Thence meditate the monarch's grandeur ; while
 His host of subject hills are spread beneath :
 For scarce till then his own colossal might
 Seems disentrall'd ; and mute astonishment
 Unquench'd by doubt or dread, at each new step
 Shall own his aspect more celestial still.
 There in some hollow nook reclining, whence
 The bright-eyed chamois sprung ; with tufted bells
 Of rhododendron blushing at my feet ;
 The unprofan'd recess of Alpine life
 Were all my world that hour ; and the vast mount
 In his lone majesty would picture Heaven.

E'en thus, oh Christian, let thy lifted soul
 Contemplative, surpass the subject world !
 Go thou apart to pray ! and in that hour
 Not all the mighty piles that load the plain,
 Not marble roofs of wealth, nor towers of pride,
 Nor smoke of toil, nor thundercloud of war,
 Nor guilty power's volcano, shall obstruct
 Thy heavenly visions ; thou mayst not forget,
 The loveliness of nature at thy feet,
 But the divine, the everlasting hills,
 Seen from thy station at the cross, shall rise
 More vast yet fairer, holier yet more mild,
 Awful effulgent thrones of Deity,
 Whose most intolerable rays converge
 In the one centre of exhaustless love.

Bright mountain,—ah, but volum'd clouds enwrap
 Thy broad foundations, curtain all thy steeps,
 And rising as the orb of day declines
 Brood on the vassal chain that flank thee round,

* *La Croix de la Flegère* is an elevated point on the mountain of that name, (so called from having a cross erected on it) commanding one of the finest views of Mont Blanc and of the *Mer de glace*.

Then thy whole self involve—save haply when
A quick and changing vista may reveal
Some spotless portion of thy front, and shew,
Thee not unstable like the earthborn cloud,
Brilliant though hid, abiding if unseen.
Then as the vale grows darker, and the sun
Deserts unnumber'd hills, o'er that high zone
Of gather'd vapour, thou dost sudden lift
Thy silver brow, calm as the hour of eve,
Clear as the morning, still as the mid night,
More beautiful than noon ; for, lo ! the sun
Lingers to greet thee with a roseate ray,
And on thy silver brow his bright farewell
Is gleaming :—mountain, art thou half divine ?—
Sever'd from earth, irradiated from heaven !
Thus e'en the *taught* of Heav'n, with joyless eye
Fix'd on the sable clouds which fear hath cast
O'er all the landscape of his destiny,
May fail to pierce them ;—but though legion'd shapes
Of nether evil, though the deep array
Of stern adversities, and murky hosts
Of dark illusion, blot his upper skies ;
Yet, as they change, through that incumbent gloom,
Shall he catch glimpses of the hallow'd mount,
And weep that heaven is bright.—And at the hour
Of stillness, when e'en frightful shadows fade,
When night seems closing on his latest hopes,
And his sun set for ever,—then behold
Emerging in mid-heaven, thy glistening top
Oh Sion ! and the God that rul'd *his* day
Hath *not* departed ; for he poureth now
His radiance on thy summits, glancing back
A thrilling flood into his servant's soul,
“ Joy full of glory ! ”—Was the noon-day dark ?
It was :—but eve is cloudless ; night is peace ;
Rapture shall gild the never-ending morn.

LETTER XV.

CHAMOUNI—MARTIGNY—LAUSANNE.

MY DEAR SIR,

WE are now to quit the valley of Chamouni at its upper extremity; and I have no where so much perceived the convenience of that sort of carriage, which I took the liberty to recommend when our journey began. We have sailed in safety (I would hope not disagreeably) round Mont Blanc, and we shall now have the privilege of skimming smoothly above the road of Valorsine, which, believe me, is not to be slighted; for nine rougher leagues in succession, one could scarcely fear to find either among Alps or Pyrenees. On arriving at Argentiere, (the third and last parish of the valley,) a third glacier is seen, while those which I had visited remain still in view. This village was in danger two years since from a powerful avalanche, which falling from the neigh-

bouring heights through a fir forest, destroyed the trees in an unusual manner, not by breaking, but by uprooting and carrying them whole towards the river side, where many of the roots or stumps still lie as memorials of the devastation. This occurrence must be accounted for by some peculiarity of the soil or rock where they grew. From Argentiere there are two ways leading into the Valais. It was my wish to have gone over the *Col de Balme*, and from that commanding mountain pass to have bid adieu to the wonders of Mont Blanc. But clouds hung upon the pass itself; much more upon the greater heights which otherwise are seen from it; and though the sun shone below, there was no alteration on the mountains through the day. I did not therefore repent having taken the lower path, which, in a different manner, is equally novel.

We mounted a rugged steep, bordered by the cliffs called the *Aiguilles Rouges*, to enter the valley of Valorsine, if valley it may be called; for it is much higher than even that of Chamouni, and considerably more above the level of the sea than the tops of our British

mountains, Skiddaw and Benlomond. It did not therefore greatly surprise me, after the experience of the Simplon, to ride over a large mass of snow here on the 25th of July. The passage is from this cause extremely dangerous in winter; and the most remarkable proof how justly the avalanches are feared, is the fortification of the church at Valorsine. This had been repeatedly overthrown by them, and is now protected by an angular rampart of masonry filled with earth, and of great thickness. After crossing the *Eau noire*, a torrent flowing from the *glacier du Buet*, our progress was among huge stones, left nearly as nature placed them; but where any art or labour has been used, forming rude flights of steps. Here the rock-loving quadruped was quite in his element again; but though I had gained sufficient confidence in his climbing talents, I preferred trusting only myself to go *down* stairs, and enjoyed more when on foot these truly romantic scenes. A very pleasing variety of flowers adorn the sides of the path; nor is there any want of cataract and forest, and all the characteristics of Alpine landscapes.

We now passed the limit of Savoy, and soon after through a gateway in a thick antient wall built across the defile, and designed to guard the entrance of the Valais. The ascent along the front of a pine-covered mountain called the *Tête Noire*, is little less precipitous than that of the Montanvert. The traveller will not pass without notice a detached stone of enormous size, which the inhabitants have named Barmerossa. I think fifty persons might be sheltered from a storm under its overhanging ledge. The torrent here roars at a great depth under a hanging wood of firs, the village of Finio is seen perched on the brink of the opposite cliff, many cascades were at that time streaming from these heights, and the mountains towards Chamouni, covered with snow, still bounded our prospect; so that I felt at the moment, and am still disposed to think, this view in its kind (as a mixture of wild grandeur within a close ravine) is scarcely to be equalled. We had next to descend towards the torrent of Trient by what is called the *Mauvais Pas*, not because rougher than the rest, but from being more

directly on the edge of a precipice. In one place the road is formed by a bridge of firs laid across a hollow, with the river almost perpendicularly below. The cold hamlet of Trient, which is half buried in snow during winter, has but few inhabitants. In order to attend mass they travel three leagues to Martigny, and carry the dead thither for interment, on roads which must be laborious even to mountaineers. Near Trient the path from the *Col de Balme* joins that which I had taken, and we had next to ascend the Forcla, from whose summit the valley of the Rhone begins to open, and at length the whole course of that river, with the towns of Sion and Martigny and Alps of the *Haut Valais*, are placed before the eye in most beautiful perspective. The descent is so rough and rapid, that I found it afford no great relief at the close of this day's exertions. Successive kinds of vegetation are passed through, from the firs on the brow, and walnuts of the middle region, to the vineyards of Martigny, which produce a white wine of considerable value.

Arriving at this place about nine hours

after quitting *Le Prieuré*, I now discharged my guide. You will not wonder that a man who had ascended the Mont Blanc, and though somewhat advanced in years was still apparently in full health and strength, should be ready to engage at once in a further journey; but you will lament that the poor mule's philosophy should be further put to the test, by a summons from his master within half an hour from our arrival, to carry another English traveller and heavy portmanteau that same evening five or six leagues towards the *Grand St Bernard*. This celebrated mountain is a part of the chain which runs eastward from Mont Blanc, and is frequently visited by our countrymen, who are not only pleased with the scenery, but with the hospitalities exercised at the convent.

I have given you some account of a previous journey from Martigny to Lausanne, and will now therefore only remark, that though brighter weather at this time rendered the mountains of the Valais grander and more conspicuous, as well as those in the neighbourhood of Bex, I felt their chilling in-

fluence in excluding the sunbeams from our road till near eight o'clock on the 27th of July. For once also, that I may not forfeit all claim to good taste, or just concern for what is so important, let me tell you that at Bex we feasted on chamois, a viand somewhat rare and much esteemed, but which, I own, for my palate had too much the *gout du sauvage*.

Reaching Lausanne the same evening, I attended on the following morning (Sunday, July 28.) at the cathedral, which, although episcopacy ceased here at the Reformation, still retains that name. An interesting ceremony took place, the "consecration" of several candidates to the pastoral office by the minister and professor M. Levade; who in his able discourse, traced the progress of Christianity, first in its early triumph over heathenism and persecution, secondly in its deliverance from corruption by the Reformation; and assigned as a third great epoch the new and vast dissemination of scriptural knowledge by the British and Foreign Bible society, of whose beneficial exertions he spoke in the highest terms of appro-

bation and gratitude, suggesting it also as a singular circumstance that they had proceeded *de l'isle qui étoit le premier foyer de l'infidélité*. He then adverted to the late "holy alliance," as a remarkable sign of our times, especially when considered as engaged in by monarchs of different religious communions, and by descendants of the apostate Frederic and impious Catharine. Next addressing himself more immediately to the candidates, he offered very judicious admonitions both as to their conduct and doctrine. After this the *Juge de Paix* read a form of oath, requiring them (among other things,) to teach nothing contrary to the Helvetic confession of faith. Each was severally called on by name, and answered, *Je jure*. M. Levade next read some appropriate passages of scripture, and then consecrated them by what was called imposition, but was in fact only extension of hands from the pulpit, in virtue (as he said) of the commission of God and of the venerable body of pastors, authorising these candidates to teach and administer the sacraments. The pastors of the canton of Vaud are said

to be in general much more attached than those of Geneva to the faith which we deem evangelical. Many both of them and of their people, possess, as I was assured from the best authority, sentiments and habits of true piety; but increased intercourse with their French neighbours has of late years very much favoured the growth of infidelity, frivolity, and vice.

I believe no government in the world watches over the education of its subjects with so much systematic attention as this little republic. An academical council is established, which not only directs the affairs of the college for students of theology, but appoints schoolmasters (*régens*) in each parish, and exacts from each pastor a detailed report of the number and respective progress of the scholars. Parents who neglect sending their children for instruction are subject by the laws to certain penalties. I had engaged in London, as a servant, a young Swiss from a village of this canton, who attended me during the journey; and I was struck with the exact superintendance exercised over national edu-

cation, when the Professor Levade remarked to me, that it would be easy, by a reference to the reports in possession of the *Conseil académique*, to ascertain with exactness the character which my servant bore at school, and all the degrees of his proficiency in the different branches of elementary learning. Is it not one of the duties of a civilized government thus to ensure the rudiments of knowledge to every individual; and why should it be less practicable in the provinces of a large country separately than it is in a small state like this?

The *Pays de Vaud* has about 150,000 inhabitants. It was for more than two centuries a subject appendage of the canton of Berne; but since the French revolution it acquired independence, which was confirmed by Buonaparte's sanction of the new Swiss constitution in 1803, and subsequently by the Federal Compact in 1814. It is a singular and pleasing circumstance, that the absolute monarchs whose states border on Switzerland, should permit that country to enjoy by sufferance the liberty which it could not in our times maintain by force;

and that even he who was in other cases the enemy of freedom, should make an exception in favour of her antient abode among the Alps, than which none can be more natural or congenial to her. The constitution of the *canton de Vaud* is republican, indeed so democratical that the *Landamman* and other authorities, though opulent and enlightened citizens, are not visited by a certain class of *noblesse* who were connected with the Bernese government. But with the community at large, their separation from Berne appears to have been highly popular. There was probably an old prejudice caused by their having been conquered by the Bernese from the Duke of Savoy, which the difference of language and manners must likewise have promoted. And the French, even the late French ruler, from having been instrumental to this, are regarded by many *Vaudois* with a partiality which is natural, though not reasonable. It seems forgotten by them that Buonaparte's conduct towards Switzerland, so unlike his general system, must have arisen from caprice or ostentatious policy. We are in-

clined to speak tenderly of the faults of a benefactor, and to dwell on the shining parts of his character ; but though it is folly to depreciate the intellectual power of this wonderful man, or the magnitude and utility of some designs which he formed and accomplished, yet those who give their full admiration to him, or to any other ambitious military despot, can have no just views of moral greatness, or enlightened concern for the real happiness of nations.

LETTER XVI.

LAUSANNE—NEUCHATEL.

ON the last day of July I quitted Lausanne, designing to employ the following month in the most interesting parts of Switzerland. Though I visited that place three times, I am not entitled to speak of its general society, or even of its fine prospects, having been during the few days of each visit singularly unfortunate in weather. Not indeed without exception, for I saw the evening view from the apartment where Gibbon usually took his coffee, in all its magnificence, and thought it as much adapted to elevate the mind, though not to excite historical recollections, as a seat “among the ruins of the Capitol.” I experienced from some individuals at Lausanne those friendly and cordial attentions which are more agreeable to me than the most

brilliant *fête* or *soirée*, and leave a deeper impression.

In proceeding towards Neuchatel I saw at Yverdun the celebrated college of Pestalozzi, but circumstances prevented my entering fully into the plan and conduct of the institution. There is a large number of pupils, who are from most countries of Europe, and from America. Several young men were then staying at the college to qualify themselves as teachers, sent for that purpose by the government of Prussia; and one of the American lads told me, that he intended to open a seminary on this plan when returned to Virginia. The system appears to have considerable affinity with those lately introduced in England, but extends to the higher branches of education; and it is doubted by many both of our countrymen and foreigners who have investigated the subject, whether a kind of tuition so far mechanical can be applied to these with advantage. Instruction in the modern languages appeared to me to be very well and successfully conducted, having heard a class examined in French and German who had

made great proficiency. Two of them were Spaniards, who had been only a year in the college, and knew not a word of either language at their arrival. They translated paragraphs from each language into the other by turns, and afterwards as placed by the teacher in different forms, *i. e.* negatively and interrogatively. The same method was used in conjugating verbs; and every thing was taught collectively. Pestalozzi, who is a person of eccentric appearance, upwards of seventy years old, stood by while an assistant instructed the class; and when either of the boys merited approbation, conveyed it by very cordially shaking hands with him. He is said to be much beloved by his pupils. There is also in this town an institution for educating the deaf and dumb; whose conductor, M. Conrad Naef, enables them to produce articulate sounds more perfectly than I have ever heard these uttered by deaf and dumb pupils of the London or Edinburgh asylum. The lad who was principally examined had been taught to speak both French and German, which is a much greater effort of the art than teaching a

single language, particularly as the structure and pronunciation of these so widely differ. They appeared to be equally well-grounded in writing, and in the comprehension of what they read. This establishment also has been conducted on the principles of Pestalozzi.

The lake of Neuchatel must scarcely be named after that of Geneva, having few sinuosities of coast, or bold mountains near it; but its western shore is very fertile, with vineyards, and populous villages. A fine road borders it, and there is every mark of prosperity. I passed through the town of Neuchatel towards those villages in the Jura, whose manufacture of clocks and watches is known through Europe. Soon after leaving this little capital of the canton, a fine prospect of the distant chain of Alps is obtained from the hill above it, and the road then crosses the *Val de Ruz*, a vale of corn intermixed with fir woods, containing, in a space about four leagues in length, and half a league in breadth, twenty-four villages, nearly the whole of which are seen at one view. After ascending the mountains beyond, we en-

tered the higher vale of *La Chaux de Fonds*, the largest of the manufacturing villages. The approach to it is among woods and copses of fir, through meadow and pasture land only, as the country is too cold for corn, but from the groupes of these ornamental trees, with extensive verdure on a hilly surface, very much resembles a vast park. It is curious, in the midst of this silent and sequestered scenery, to arrive in a place, which, though termed a village, is rendered, by its manufactures, a complete contrast to other villages. It has its coffee-houses and billiard-rooms. The houses are very large, and resemble, by their form and number of windows, the buildings which we call factories. They were formerly all built of fir (in the manner I have more than once noticed) as the lone houses in these mountains still are; but a great fire having occurred in 1794, it was prohibited to rebuild with laths (*lattes*), and a new village of stone and tile has arisen, much more extensive than before. Here, as in other countries, the comforts of the inhabitants appear in some respects to have decreased as their trade and

population have been augmented. They are now crowded in separate apartments of the large houses, which frequently contain from ten to twenty families; and the division of labour, adopted by the watchmakers in cheapening their article to extend their sale, has reduced the earnings of those employed. I saw a watch at the price of five crowns, and was told that some have been made at one crown, which I have since regretted I did not inquire for in order to purchase. The musical watches, for which these villages, as well as Geneva, have been famous, are now sold there, in gold cases, at eighteen louis, and some clocks at a hundred louis. Those of the latter which I saw were for exportation to Portugal, and the directions for setting them, so as to produce tunes, were engraved in bad English; foreigners having, as the manufacturer told me, such confidence in our articles as to render this fiction expedient. There is something peculiarly incongruous between these works of refinement and luxury, and the cold mountainous fir forests in which you find them. Even in the

neighbouring cottages or farm-houses of *lattes*, whose very chimnies are of fir, the business of cheese-making and that of watch-making are combined.

The village called Le Locle, to which I proceeded next morning, is rather on lower ground, and some patches of corn are interspersed among its pastures. The trade has flourished here longer than at *La Chaux de Fonds*, and some of the houses are still more handsome and substantial. These two villages and their environs are said to contain eight or nine thousand inhabitants. I went from Le Locle to the fall of the Doubs, a river which divides the French department of that name from the territory of Neuchatel; and I would advise the traveller not to neglect this excursion, where I was as much pleased with the beautiful and peculiar scenery of the valley and forests of fir, and the romantic bason or enlargement of the Doubs, called *le lac des Brenets*, as with the fall itself. Having crossed the river to view it, I again touched unexpectedly the soil of France; but very speedily quitted it, and on returning to Le Locle

walked from that place to visit some subterranean corn-mills. The ingenious contrivers enlarged a deep chasm of rock in which a stream of water lost itself, where they introduced wheels and other requisite machinery. We descended with lights more than 120 steps in the rock to reach the lowest wheel. Near these mills, the base of a very considerable cliff has been pierced horizontally, to turn a rivulet which injured the lands, and which now flows through the aperture into the *Vallon des Brenets*; so that proofs of art and industry abound on these mountains. The common people speak a purer French than the *Vaudois*, and appear remarkably intelligent and well educated. Their late Prince, Alexander Berthier, formed most excellent roads throughout his little State, in imitation, it should seem, of his master's great works among the Alps. That of La Tourne, by which I descended from Le Locle to Neuchatel, is admirable both in its execution and in the views which it commands. Prince Alexander was not spoken ill of by those of his late subjects with whom I conversed; yet the restoration of

their former sovereign, the King of Prussia, appears to have been a welcome change. You will recollect that this principality was under his government till 1806, and then only in alliance with Switzerland; but on his resuming the sovereignty, it has entered as a canton into the new *pacte fédéral* of the twenty-two cantons.

I passed Sunday the 4th of August at Neuchatel, and heard two sermons, one of which was eloquent, but both partook of the same theological character as those at Geneva. I was sorry to learn from a very respectable and candid pastor in this town, that the writings and opinions of Voltaire and Rousseau have had an extensive circulation and acceptance, even among the manufacturing peasantry of the mountains; and I have since been told that the same immoral and sceptical poison has spread itself with too much effect among the population of the *Pays de Vaud*.

Neuchatel would be reckoned a very small town in most countries except Switzerland, containing only about 4000 souls; but it has many opulent inhabitants and handsome

houses, with very pleasing views upon the lake. Two merchants who acquired great wealth, MM. Pury and Pourtalés, have contributed munificently to the best kind of decoration for their native town. The former left his whole fortune at the disposal of its magistrates for public purposes ; and the second applied, during his life, in 1807, 700,000 francs to the building and support of an hospital. This has been planned with great judgment, being simply elegant, spacious, and commodious. It is also a pattern of cleanliness and good arrangement within ; and it deserves remark, that although the founder was a protestant, (as are most of his fellow citizens,) the sick are here attended by catholics, of a religious order called the *Sœurs Hospitalières*. These *religieuses* have more the air of quakers than of nuns, both in their dress and manners. The kitchen, dormitories and dispensary, are all under their personal care ; and when the benevolent protestant minister who shewed me the hospital addressed one of them who was engaged in preparing medicines ; “ *ma sœur, toujours très occupée !*” she replied with

a very cheerful smile, “ *Oh oui ; plus de travail que de bras.*” If ever our countrywomen think proper to form a protestant order of nuns, I would recommend this as a model ; especially as no vows are taken except for a limited period. Most of those resident in this hospital were young Frenchwomen of respectable families, chiefly from Besançon, who had thus devoted themselves to what may be called a busy seclusion, and are rarely known to quit it. I have already expressed my sentiments as to the narrow views of some zealous protestants with regard to the character of individuals in the Romish church ; and I think they might learn a twofold lesson of charity by observing the conduct of these *Sœurs Hospitalières*. The catholic and reformed services are alternately performed in the chapel, the altar during the latter worship being covered by a curtain. You will remember that I distinguish between this form of Christianity and its professors, almost as strongly as between a bad government and its subjects ; and that I cannot doubt its real, though happily not always effectual tendency, to

produce false devotion, incorrect morality, and a persecuting spirit. I returned from the continent with a much more confirmed opinion than I previously entertained, (having indeed before had many doubts on the subject,) that the persecution of the Reformed in the south of France was in a considerable degree *religious*. The fact is rendered more credible to those who witness in various parts of the continent the zealous attachment of the middle and lower orders of catholics to their own worship; and as for insult and barbarity from a misled and heated populace towards those who differ for conscience sake, we need only revert to the assaults not unfrequently made on assemblies of methodists and dissenters in our own protestant country, which nothing but the just interference of the civil power has prevented from going to much greater lengths. When we reflect on the temper of the French people, particularly in the south, and the enormities which the worst part of them have on former occasions been found ready to perpetrate, when roused into fanaticism, we can readily conceive the pro-

bability of these excesses. It is not because true Christianity and true philosophy are agreed in the 19th century to disclaim all forms of religious intolerance, that we are to suppose the bad passions of human nature extinct, the prejudices of the untaught and deluded past away, or either of these incapable of acting in their old and hateful direction. If governments, whether catholic or protestant, were to connive at this, or to view it with indifference, there would be no want of a persecuting spirit in any country, though it would probably shew itself far more rarely, and in a less atrocious form in Britain than elsewhere. But you may say, conjectural reasonings prove nothing. Of evidence, (not having visited the scene of persecution), I have indeed little to offer; but that little appears to me decisive. A very respectable protestant minister in France assured me, that notwithstanding the ostensible impartiality of government, a disposition to persecute, at least by removal from office and other modes of discouragement, certainly exists; and that a strong party are yet more jea-

lous than the government itself is, of the security and privileges of the Reformed. I also learnt from the best authority while in Switzerland, that a minister of Nismes, highly respected, and well known to be loyally attached to the Bourbon family, had been obliged to fly, and was then a refugee at Nion, near the lake of Geneva. "If this," said my informant, "be not religious persecution, I know not what is." That political feeling in many cases was mingled with it, is not questioned. It was inevitable that the Reformed should approve those measures of Buonaparte which had benefited themselves, and that they should at first feel no great confidence in the descendants of a family, who only one century before the revolution, drove their Reformed subjects by fire and sword from the soil of France. These very natural sentiments, (which it is probable some of the protestants felt warmly and expressed incautiously,) were doubtless imputed to them with much exaggeration by their bigotted enemies; and the cry of disaffection being raised, the cloke of loyal zeal formed a con-

venient disguise for the outrages of religious animosity. It is but consistent for genuine protestants, who must, as such, hold religious liberty sacred, to be in all countries the friends of civil liberty likewise; since, without adverting to the other evils of political despotism, we know that ecclesiastical tyranny has been rendered effective by its aid. Good men hate disorder and anarchy; but they also deprecate those abuses of power which generally prepare the way for such results. And this has always afforded a plea for the bigotted to brand them with disloyalty, and for the prejudiced to re-echo a reproach, which it is as easy to bestow on the patriotic as on the factious.

LETTER XVII.

VALLEY OF MOUTIERS.

ON leaving Neuchatel, (after a very agreeable intercourse with some of its friendly and intelligent inhabitants,) I travelled through the vallies of Ruz and St Imier, and advanced as far as Moutiers, on the road to Basle. My principal motive was the romantic character of these vallies, where also some labours both of antients and moderns are seen; a perforated rock called *Pierre Pertuis*, with a Roman inscription; and a road formed through a rocky gorge by the Prince Bishop of Basle in 1752, which he or his successors have applauded in a Latin inscription as a “work worthy of the Romans.”

The grander scenes I have before described to you, did not render me at all insensible to the picturesque wildness of these; but I found, without expecting it, in their

vicinity, another circumstance to interest me, from its being inhabited by a considerable number of Anabaptists, whose sentiments and practice I became desirous to ascertain. They were represented by others as very peculiar, but at the same time an uniform testimony was borne to the good morals, and to the peaceable and charitable habits of these sectaries.* Near a village called Mal-

* It is well known that there were most infamous and seditious men among the first leaders of this sect, whose crimes cannot be palliated, and who (whether mad or not themselves) infused a mad fanaticism into a part of their followers. No event, perhaps, in the history of the Reformation, can be so plausibly urged by Romanists, to shew that the principles of religious freedom are dangerous to social order. Yet the immediate sequel tends to vindicate these principles, and to prove that they involve no political danger. For very shortly after that extreme case of the insurrection and excesses at Munster, the identical sect which engaged in them were reclaimed to sobriety and civil obedience: not by persecution, which was ineffectual, but by the influence of their own teachers. It was only a very few years after those occurrences, "that in consequence of the ministry of Menno, the different sects of anabaptists agreed together in excluding from their communion the fanatics who dishonoured it, and in renouncing all tenets that were detrimental to the authority of civil government."* Their first conduct, which, however criminal it became, may be traced, as Dr Robertson observes, to the new and

* See Mosheim, *Eccl. Hist.*; Maclaine's *Trans.* vol. iv. p. 433—442.

leray, I found an elderly peasant, not of their communion, who told me he was acquainted with many of them, and offered to conduct me to a neighbouring mountain where one of their pastors lived. This man was one of the most thinking and lettered rustics I have met with. He was a member of the established or presbyterian religion, but as the object of our walk naturally led to the topic, he observed, (without my suggesting it, or intimating my sentiments,) that he thought uniformity of religious opinion was not to be expected, and could scarcely exist even among those of the same communion. This he illustrated by the remark, that no animal of the same race, or tree of the same species, or even leaf of the same tree was exactly like another. He censured Voltaire as an atheist, and Rousseau as a politician who condemned existing govern-

excessive ferment and agitation of men's minds at that period, was succeeded by a character "altogether innocent and pacific."† They have ever since formed in Holland an industrious part of the community; distinguished by their peaceful principles and uninterrupted submission. At Amsterdam they are numerous and extremely opulent.

† Robertson's Charles V. vol. iii. p. 90.

ments without devising a better. He had never thought Buonaparte a great man, or his successes likely to be lasting, because, said he, "*la Providence peut dormir quelquefois, mais tôt ou tard elle se reveille.*" He applauded Frederic the Great of Prussia, and when I mentioned his infidelity, (of which the peasant did not seem fully apprized,) he observed, "Yes, but he tolerated all religions." It did not appear that this person had ever quitted his native valley. He was advanced in years, and observed how enviable was the lot of my servant, who enjoyed an opportunity of visiting various countries in his youth. We found on the mountain a brother of the preacher whom we sought, employed in mowing. He regarded me with a good deal of fear or suspicion; the interrogation of a stranger very naturally awakening in his simple mind the ideas of *espionage* and persecution. Neither could he, I believe, have given a clear account of their faith, even had I been able to understand his *patois* without its passing through the medium of my guide. He did indeed with great simplicity state to him, for my

information, two or three practical points of difference,—“ we do not drink, or swear, or play cards as you do,” which my interpreter reported as faithfully as he would have done a distinction on the *five* points. We found only the little daughters of the rustic preacher at his home, quite plainly but neatly dressed, with very healthy countenances. That part of his farm which immediately surrounded the house, had some patches of flax and hemp, from which they spun their clothing. He was himself hay-making, at nearly an hour's walk above us on the mountain side. I preferred proceeding to the dwelling of another, who, though not a preacher, was an elder amongst them, and was said to speak pretty good French: dismissing my guide therefore, I trusted to my servant's knowledge of the provincial German spoken here, in order to discover his abode. He also was in the field; but a peasant girl, (not of their persuasion,) conducted us to it, and though the walk was rather long, positively refused any reward. I found the farmer dressed in a black straw-hat, with the general air of a respectable

countryman, but with his beard, (which began to be grey,) unshaven. I apprized him, as I had the former, that I agreed with them in believing the baptism of adults to be the genuine baptism of the New Testament, which information I thought needful to prevent suspicion that I came as a spy, or to seek after what might seem ridiculous. He told me that they usually baptized about the age of fifteen, and performed the rite by pouring water on the head; * that they used no compulsion with their children, who, if they preferred it, might join the communion of the Reformed. Marriages were performed by their own ministers and in their own houses; burials by them also, but in the burial grounds of the Reformed. When I asked questions relating to their faith, I found this worthy mountaineer less able on these subjects to express his ideas in French. He had been used to converse

* “Menno, the father of the Dutch baptists, (whose tenets these people appear to hold,) was dipped himself, and baptized others by dipping, but some of his followers introduced pouring, as they imagined through necessity, in prison; and the practice now generally prevails among them.”—ROBINSON'S *History of Baptism*, p. 549.

in that language with strangers only, and about secular affairs, but the Swiss German, his native language, (which even my servant did not understand enough to converse on such points,) was the only one he had read or spoken on matters of religion. He appeared to entertain no distrust of me. The mower had asked whether the anabaptists in England were rich? but this farmer's notice seemed more attracted by my "chin new reap'd," than by any marks of comparative opulence about me. He desired to know whether it was the custom to shave ourselves? I told him it was, as we thought it simply a question of convenience. Taking me to his house, accompanied by his little grandson, he produced a fine folio Bible, printed by Christofell Froschouer, Zurich, 1536; a New Testament, Frankfurt, 1737; and some books of hymns or psalms in Swiss German. He offered me milk, and seemed pleased with my visit. Nothing could be more patriarchal than the habits, dress, and residence of these people, and I left them with a very pleasing impression; indeed my sectarian sympathies

were not yet enough indulged, and I walked on the following day to the residence of a preacher of this persuasion, near a place called La Ruchette, on the road to Bienne. I was first conducted by mistake to the cottage of his father, who, with a venerable silver beard, was exercising his trade as a bookbinder. He answered me rather doubtfully, remembering probably the evils of former years; but my purchasing a book for something more than its price, and incidentally speaking of a chaise that waited, seemed to inspire confidence in my harmless intentions, and he directed me to his son. This latter was a good-looking man of fifty, whose beard very much became him. He told me, however, that he did not account that, and some other external distinctions which they had adopted from the motive of avoiding vanity and show, to be in themselves of any moment. Had my memory served me to the valuable remarks of Lord Hailes on Gibbon, perhaps I might have adduced the opinions of Tertullian and Clements Alexandrinus against the use of the razor; or remembering these to be of doubt-

ful interpretation, (as Lord Hailes has shewn,) I might have quoted Seneca, whom he also very appositely cites; an authority not to be despised, even by Christians, in treating of manners and fashions, who declares on this weighty question, “*Adhuc quicquid est boni moris extinguimus, lævitate et politura corporum.*” * *Nat. Quæst.* lib. vii. c. 31. ; and, “*Quid illos otiosos vocas, quibus apud tonsorem multæ horæ transmittuntur, dum decerpitur si quid proxima nocte succrevit.*” † *De Brevitate vitæ*, c. 12. Perhaps, as on some other and graver occasions,

* While occupied in the smoothing and polishing of our bodies, we extinguish any spark that may yet remain of virtuous manners.—*Nat. Quæs.* Lord Hailes’s translation.

† With what propriety can those men be said to have nothing to do, who every day have many hours to get rid of with their barber, while each single hair that may chance to have sprung up since the night before is cropped? “Concerning the Shortness of Life.” Lord Hailes’s translation.—The same renowned moralist elsewhere very philosophically asks, “What is the use of mirrors, or of any smooth surface reflecting objects that are placed before it?” And his first answer is a negative one. “Not surely that we might be enabled to pluck at our beards, or to polish the face of a man.” “*Non in hoc scilicet ut ad speculum barbam faciemque velleremus, aut ut faciem viri poliremus.*” *Nat. Quæst.* lib. i. c. 17.

it would have been vain to inculcate what example contradicted: but though we have long yielded to a refinement that, as the sage remarks, abridges all our days, I wish my good brethren on the mountains may never be shaken in the orthodoxy of their beards, which accord admirably with their primitive habits and rural life. But to come to points of more importance: this worthy man, named David Baumgartner, informed me that he had been a minister or preacher from the age of twenty-four, but had not baptized or administered the Lord's supper till within four years; that the choice of ministers was made first by the vote of the people, fixing on two of their body, and then by the decision of lot between those two, accompanied by the prayer which we find in Acts i. 24; that it was their practice generally to expound chapters rather than preach from separate verses; and that their prayers were usually written forms delivered by memory. He said that in domestic worship also, which he practised morning and evening, and sometimes at noon, it was his custom to use a book. On

my naming some advantages in prayer which is not precomposed, he observed that he had himself often considered, and suggested to others, that those who felt incapable of thus addressing the Deity, would not be so if applying in distress or necessity to an earthly friend.—They partake the Lord's supper only once a year. Their public worship takes place at different houses alternately, which may be occasioned by their very dispersed residence among the mountains. This person had sometimes attended the discourses of the Reformed pastors, and was not dissatisfied with them, except that they dwelt too exclusively on *la morale*.—They are believers in the Trinity, and in the atonement of Christ. But the part of their system which has rendered them obnoxious, is their agreement with the quakers in denying the lawfulness of oaths and of war. Towards the close of our interview, Baumgartner asked my opinion respecting emigration to America; stating, that neither the Prince Bishop of Basle, (a Roman catholic), under whose government they formerly were, nor Buonaparte, to whom they had since

been subjects, had ever exacted military service of them : but that now, on this district's being recently annexed to the canton of Berne, that protestant republic required them to find substitutes, which had cost about twelve of their number eighteen louis each ; that this demand was very grievous to them, as a poor tenantry, to say nothing of their conscientious objections ; that it had induced them to think of the painful alternative of emigrating, and that a few of their young men were already gone to America, who were to report to the rest. The policy of permitting any subjects of a state to refuse bearing arms (either personally or by proxy,) in its defence, can scarcely be admitted by any governors in the present state of the world, but it is a curious fact, and almost a satire on protestantism, that a catholic prince and prelate, and a tyrant who lived by conscription, should have successively left this poor handful of their non-resisting subjects unmolested, and that a government of such different principles, both political and religious, should immediately have withdrawn their humane indulgence.

I advised this good man, (for such his conversation and countenance indicated him to be), not hastily to run the painful hazards of emigratiõn. There could indeed be no doubt of his reluctance with a numerous family ; and he told me that many proprietors in the country were much concerned at the risk of their being driven to quit it, as they were good tenants. They are divided into high and low anabaptists, the former of whom seceded from the rest in consequence of a conviction that it was right to follow the example or precept of Christ literally in some particular cases ; as in washing the feet of their guests :* The whole appear to have derived their opinions from the Mennonites of Holland ; and have maintained in this seclusion the primitive rule of the more rigid of that sect. It was stated by those country people to whom I spoke of them, that their moral discipline as a society is very strict, and that few irregularities are known among them. They were driven by persecution from the *Emmen Thal* in the canton of Berne, I believe in the 17th

* John xiii. 14, 15.

century ;* but it is said a number of their community are still settled there, and except in the point I have referred to, enjoy the benefits of toleration.

* The learned and impartial Mosheim, in his Ecclesiastical History, Cent. xvii. says, “ The civil magistrates in these countries, (i. e. England, Switzerland, and Germany), had still before their eyes the enormities committed by the ancient Anabaptists, and besides they could not persuade themselves that a set of men who looked upon all oaths as sinful, and declared that magistracy and penal laws have no place in the kingdom of Christ, had the qualities and sentiments that are necessary to constitute a good citizen. Hence we find, even in this century, several examples of great severities employed against the Anabaptists, and some instances of even capital punishments being inflicted on them. But now that the demonstrations of their innocence and probity are clear and unquestionable, they enjoy the sweets of security and repose.” He adds, in a note, “ The severities exercised in Switzerland against the Mennonites are recorded by Ottius in his *Annal. Anabapt.* p. 337, and more particularly those which they suffered in the year 1693 by Hottinger, in his German work, entitled, *Schweizerische Kirchen-Historie*, vol i. p. 1101; nor even in the present century, (the 18th), have they been treated more mildly in the canton of Berne, as appears from Schyn’s *Histor. Mennon.* cap. x. p. 289, in which we find the letters of the States General of the United Provinces interceding with that canton in their behalf. A severe persecution was set on foot against them in the Palatinate in 1694, which was suspended by the intercession of William III. King of Great Britain.”—*Mosh. Mucl. Transl.* vol. v. p. 490.

With these, and other instances before us, let it not be

- LETTER XVIII.

BIENNE—SOLEURE—BERNE—UNTERSEEN.

I MUST not loiter with you on the romantic road from Sonceboz to Bienne. At a farmhouse, called the *Maison Blanche*, on a mountain above that town, I was repaid for a very rough ascent by a prospect of the grand chain of Alps at sunset, from those of Uri to the Mont Blanc, whose immense and shadowy mass, then more than 100 miles distant, partook of that rosy hue which was seen last year but too seldom. Nor were the Eastern Alps of this chain less beautiful on the following morning as I went towards Soleure, when they exhibited that faint and silvery colouring, which gave them an appearance still more aerial. We have no-

said that the friendly remonstrance of protestant governments in behalf of the persecuted, is either unprecedented or useless.

thing in our landscapes at all like these distant masses starting up in the horizon. Some combinations of cloud resemble them most, but from these they are strongly distinguished when the sky is clear, both by their shape and their stability. Lesser and nearer objects, however, divided my attention. It was that day Bienne fair, and consequently the fair came towards Bienne. Of the Swiss costumes I had as yet seen little; those of Neuchatel and Vaud are not very remarkable; but here the varieties of two or three cantons presented themselves. That of the females of Berne is among the most singular. A black cap of silk or woollen, sometimes of velvet, is edged by a very broad lace made of black horse-hair, which rises stiffly and perpendicularly from the head on all sides. The hair is braided behind in two very long *queues*, and the black ribbands attached to these, reach frequently to the heels. They wear a close black bodice, and the arms are only covered by the very ample white sleeves of the inner garment. The head dresses, particularly the long *queues* and stiff lace, look most ridiculous when

worn by little girls, as I saw them at Bienne; indeed nothing can be more strange or unnatural than the latter ornament, which afford no shelter, and has no pretensions to elegance.

Soleure is an exception to the general remark, that Roman catholic towns have less appearance of comfort and neatness than others; and its neighbourhood is very beautiful. The finest church in Switzerland is that dedicated to St Ursus in this little capital, which was built in 1762. I cannot omit mentioning the gratification I here received in meeting one of our countrymen, travelling as a "friend" of religion as well as of science, who, though I was unknown to him, evinced also a friendly cordiality towards myself. Nor was it less unexpected to meet at the same table the distinguished Edinburgh professor of natural philosophy, whose amiable and unassuming manners I had witnessed some years since as a pupil, and now observed to more advantage in society. I had the pleasure of ascending with the former gentleman, a mountain near Soleure called the *Weissenstein*, part of the

Jura chain, from which this canton and that of Berne are seen geographically, and the prospect bounded by the vast barrier of the Alps. It is said that those of the Tyrol, as well as the Mont Blanc, are sometimes visible; and that the view thus comprises at its eastern and western extremities mountains more than seventy leagues from each other. It was during the ascent that we saw most, when the Monte Rosa and Matterhorn, on the confines of Piedmont, which in elevation yield only to Mont Blanc, raised their summits amidst the clouds, at thirty leagues distance. But even when it became more hazy, and the embossed silver setting, (if I may so call it) was under a curtain, still the cameo within, of towns and villages, valleys, rivers and forests, was one on which the eye dwelt with untiring admiration.

I had the privilege of visiting in the same excellent society, the institution of M. de Fellenberg at Hofwyl. You may remember that *Madame de Stael*, who has many good principles in her latter works mixed with some that are very disputable, commends this establishment as warmly as

she does that of Pestalozzi.* It has two branches; the one a seminary for boys of the higher orders, in which several young princes, or children of German nobility, are at present placed. It offers professedly a complete system of education for such, and has some peculiarities, of which one is, the teaching Greek before Latin. As it happened to be the vacation, we could not see the manner in which this part of the institution is conducted. The other branch is principally agricultural, and consists of a seminary called "The school of the poor," composed at present of about thirty orphans or other destitute children, who are here educated as labourers, and trained to the use of new farming machines or implements,

* "Ce qui mérite principalement l'estime des amis de l'humanité, c'est le soin que prend M. de Fellenberg de l'éducation des gens du peuple; il fait instruire, selon la méthode de Pestalozzi, les maîtres d'école des villages, afin qu'ils enseignent à leur tour les enfants; les ouvriers qui labourent ses terres apprennent la musique des psaumes, et bientôt on entendra dans la campagne les louanges divines chantées avec des voix simples mais harmonieuses, qui célébreront à la fois la nature et son auteur. Enfin M. de Fellenberg cherche par tous les moyens possibles à former entre la classe inférieure et la nôtre un lien libéral, un lien qui ne soit pas uniquement fondé sur les intérêts pécuniaires des riches et des pauvres." *De L'Allemagne*, Tom. i. p. 184.

and to every improvement in the practice of agriculture ; so that they may go into service without those prejudices against useful innovations which were entertained by their forefathers. We saw these boys at dinner, with their instructor Vehrli ; a man of very plain and rustic appearance, dressed as a labourer like themselves, and partaking their coarse and simple food ; but who possesses much talent and even celebrity in his department. During the daily interval of labour, (about two hours after their dinner,) they are taught reading and the other rudiments of education. The earnings of these children, as I understood from the associate of M. de Fellenberg, are set to their account, and it is expected that in a course of ten years they may defray the expense of their maintenance and instruction, and have a surplus with which to quit the institution ; and this system is pursued not only with a view to their direct benefit, but to the proof of an important supposition ; namely, that every man might be enabled in the first years of life to earn enough not only for his subsistence, but for

the charge of useful education. A large farm surrounds the establishment; and a manufactory of agricultural machines is shewn, in which we examined a number of ingenious inventions for sowing and drilling, for slicing and hoeing potatoes, for cutting chaff, and various other purposes. M. de Fellenberg, whom we afterwards saw, appears to be zealous not only as an agriculturist, but as a philanthropist, and to attach a just importance to the religious and moral education of his pupils.

I decline offering you any description of Berne. Not, of course, because it is an uninteresting place, but from a feeling of which travellers best know the force, and at whose cause you may smile, though you will not approve the effect. After some days of active movements and exposure to weather, and a few summer nights passed between feather beds, or with little other covering, the effeminate traveller looks forward to a city as promising a few days of accommodation and repose: on entering it, alas, in this age of peripatetics, what do we find! The first hotel overflowing; the second thronged

with our compatriots; and the only refuge in it, a small dark dirty room, without any sort of comfort or convenience. Suppose as an accompaniment, that introductions do not, in this instance, happen to procure all the expected attentions, that the waiter is decidedly knavish, and the banker, to say the least, incorrect. What follows, my dear Sir? I am ashamed of the confession. To a traveller so constituted and so received, the arcades are more gloomy, the promenades less beautiful, the museum nothing very extraordinary, the bears alone seem in their right place;* and he quits it in all haste for the Oberland. Yet even without being mounted on the mule of Chamouni, I should have a very low opinion of his qualifications for enjoying a journey or improving by it, if he do not regain his complacency on the road to Thun.

I had dispatched most of my luggage to Zurich, and was now prepared for walking.

* The armorial ensign of Berne is a bear; and two or more of these animals are kept near one of the gates at the public charge, in an open area, where they are provided with every suitable accommodation, and look as sleek as any sinecurists need do.

But there are frequent opportunities in this country of going by water; and we were thus conveyed from Thun in three hours to the head of its lake. That little voyage is among the most pleasing which the lakes afford; the picturesque mountains Niesen and Stockhorn bordering the western shore, while the lesser heights of the eastern are covered with vineyards and forests having villages at their base, and the snowy Alp named Eiger rising over the southern extremity. It was near sunset when we landed; and there remained half an hour's walk to the village of Unterseen. This and Interlaken are situated in a fertile flat, between the lakes of Thun and Brienz, which is full of walnut and other fruit trees, traversed by the Aar which unites those two lakes, and so inclosed by immense mountains as to have been termed "the vestibule of the Alps." It happened on my arrival at the Inn of Unterseen, that a party had engaged four of the village girls to sing; and I thus heard unexpectedly several national airs, among which were the *Rans des Vaches* of the different vallies, performed with a natural harmony

which I could not have imagined. The rapidity of execution and the compass of voice were, at least to my unscientific ear, surprising; and though there would have been a certain uncorrected harshness of tone had each been heard apart, nor could all their combined melody conceal the ruggedness of the Swiss German dialect, yet the whole effect, associated with the scenery of their country, and with a little enthusiasm in the hearer about Swiss patriotism and simplicity, was at once animating and affecting.

LETTER XIX.

LAUTERBRUNNEN—GRINDELWALD—MEY-
RINGEN.

AT five the next morning, I set out for Lauterbrunnen, quitted the direct road to gain a spot which commands the valley of Unterseen and its two lakes, and then rejoined it by a rural path which passes the antient castle of Unspunnen. The view around these ruins was delightful. The early mists upon the lake of Brienz, and the still cold whiteness of the inaccessible *Jungfrau*, (or *Mont Vierge*) asked for the pen of a Beattie or of a Southey to paint them. At the village of Wilderschwyl, where I was to meet my car, an error in the rendezvous induced me to walk on some miles towards Lauterbrunnen, and afforded me more leisure to enjoy the grandeur of this valley. Its eastern side is flanked near the entrance by a mountain called Hunnenfluhe, which

in one place displays a huge front of convex perpendicular rock, having a wooded slope below it, and resembling, as much as any natural object can, an immense tower or castle ; while in contact with it, (i. e. to the eye of the landscape painter,) the mass of the *Jungfrau* glitters in the sun. Nearer the village of Lauterbrunnen, there is such a confusion of rock, wood, torrent, and cascade as I must not attempt to delineate. In front is the celebrated *Staubbach*, (dust-brook,) very fitly so named, as it drops more than 900 feet perpendicular ; and you may conceive that the waters of a brook assume a very dust-like appearance in being precipitated from the top of such a rock. Yet this cascade disappointed me ; it rather surprises than delights by its unbroken naked fall ; but the valley in which it is found is perhaps unrivalled even in Switzerland. So striking, however, are the beauties of almost every valley in this wonderful country, that the traveller is in danger of contradicting himself. As we are too prone to feel respecting every new misfortune, —this is the severest,—so, let but the sun

shine, and one shall be apt to say of each successive Alpine prospect,—this is the sublimest.

Accordingly, I could not tell that day, much less can I decide it now, whether I must not prefer the valley of Grindelwald even to that of Lauterbrunnen. It is approached by returning to the bridge of *Zwei-Lutschine*; and the first object which struck me after entering it was a mountain which the peasants call the Bear's-paw, whose four needles or fingers of rock, are severally fringed with fir trees. The houses in these vallies are of deal; and they usually have an inscription in large German letters engraved along the whole front, consisting of the owner's name, date of the building, and frequently some passage of Scripture, or distich of verse. As we advanced, the Wetterhorn began to appear in front; one of the loftiest mountains of Switzerland; exhibiting walls of snow-covered ice very near its summit; and afterwards the Mettenberg and Eiger, which are nearly of the same rank, and with the former, close up the extremity of this valley.

The rocks bordering it are of the most fantastic diversity ; broad and bare cliffs, peaks like a horn (which indeed is the generic name here given to the most elevated and unapproachable points,) others clothed with trees, and in short every variety that the same class of objects can well be conceived to offer.

The inn at Grindelwald has the three remarkable and gigantic mountains just now mentioned, directly opposite its open gallery or corridor. It is only a large cottage of deal ; but such a projection from the upper story is there not unfrequent. This was my chosen dining room, where, if the fare was not luxurious, the prospect was nobler than from any palace in the world. Each of those mountains is insulated, and composed of naked rock so perpendicular, that the snow finds but a partial lodgment. Neither of their summits is less than 11000 feet above the level of the sea, and more than 8000 feet above the point from which I viewed them. The superior glacier of Grindelwald is between the Wetterhorn and Mettenberg, and was not there visible ;

the other is close to the village, between the latter mountain and the Eiger; it is inferior in beauty, as well as in size and situation. Our walk, of about a league, to the superior glacier, was very interesting. Two or three torrents are to be crossed—a fine waterfall is seen at a distance—the whole landscape is highly picturesque; and the sublime mountains I have described are constantly in view. The glacier itself is less than those of Chamouni; but it presents a very fine front of clear white and bluish crystals, and is extended behind the central mountain (Mettenberg) connecting itself with the inferior glacier on its western side. The immense wastes of ice behind these mountains, surrounding the Schreckhorn and Finster Aarhorn, are not passable by the most adventurous chamois-hunters; and the inferior glacier has encroached upon the valley, now occupying ground where there were formerly habitations and a chapel.

On the following morning I undertook a more serious pedestrian expedition than I had yet engaged in—the passage of the

Scheidegg; over which is the route from Grindelwald into the valley of Meyringen. It is very practicable on horseback; and a party, chiefly of ladies, whom I had the pleasure to join on this occasion, preferred riding, and gave me reason to admire their courage. But the pedestrian has great advantages in these countries. He not only avoids many apprehensions, but looks round him freely, and deviates more or less from his path without difficulty or danger. Have not those who move in a plain unincumbered humble style through the Alpine journey of life, advantages somewhat analogous to these?

We started at an early hour; and after again passing close by the superior glacier, approached nearer to the stupendous Wetterhorn, which, notwithstanding its vast bulk, shews no slope of verdure or forest, but is an absolute rock, with little or no clothing but ice or snow, and that very partially. Yet so great is its bulk, and that of the surrounding mountains, and so near, from the transparency of the atmosphere, does its summit seem, that the effect of its

vast altitude is in a great degree lost. A Swiss writer observes, "*Lorsque l'on est habitué à ne considérer que des colosses, on finit par ne voir que des nains.*" So true is this, that remembering my admiration from the island of Mull at the height of the mountains on the western coast of Scotland, and knowing those to be pigmies in comparison with that before me, I was tempted sometimes to doubt the accuracy of the respective measurements; but the unmelting snow and ice in so southern a climate, and on rocks fully exposed to the sun's rays, is a proof to the judgment, if not to the senses, of the real height which an optical illusion diminishes. The Eiger, now behind us, assumed the form of a sharp but broken ridge, while the summits of the Scheidegg on our left presented flat rocks covered with snow. The top of the Scheidegg pass is nearly on the same level with the highest point of the Simplon road; yet from this high station, the Wetterhorn which now offered a different front, and was both more perpendicular and more pyramidical, still rose almost 6000 feet above us.

Soon after this, we came in sight of the *Schwartzwald* glacier, situated between that mountain and the Wellhorn, and forming by its upper range of ice, a sort of bridge which unites them. In passing through the wood of pines from which it takes its name, (called the *Schwartzwald* or black forest,) nothing can be more striking than the contrast between their dark foliage and the glittering ice beyond.—In a second wood, we found the boughs covered with long pendent mosses, which shews the wildness and inclemency of this region. On issuing from it, we again saw on one side the glacier, on the other, a fine cascade; and while advancing towards the *chalets*, one of which affords accommodation to travellers, a considerable avalanche was both heard and seen by the party. Several others which fell from heights not within our view, had been announced to us in the course of this day's passage, by a prolonged sound, like that of distant thunder. Having been five hours in reaching the *Schwartzwald chalet*, it was now very agreeable to feast in the shade on excellent milk and cream,

served up in little wooden pails, and accompanied by good bread, butter and cheese. Indeed I know not when I have so much enjoyed a repast.

On recommencing the labours of the day, we began to follow the stream of the Reichenbach, formed by the confluence of the cascade lately mentioned with a torrent from the glacier we had left, and flowing rapidly towards the valley of Meyringen. Passing near another glacier, that of Rosenlavi, distinguished for the bright blueness of its ice, the party on horseback had the variety of a wooden road, composed of short limbs of firs laid across the path. After traversing a level pasture called Schwendimatt, the Reichenbach becomes almost a continued cataract, and the road proportionably steep. In one place where it foamed the most through opposing rocks, a trickling cascade wound its way in a multitude of silver streams from the top of the neighbouring cliff. The green and lofty slope on whose side we stood was sprinkled with busy haymakers, the magnificent Wetterhorn closed up the

defile we had left, quite changed in form, and with a steep smooth peak of snow, shining like a vast mirror in the noonday sun. Not far from this spot, our guide conducted us to the first falls of the Reichenbach, but they are inconsiderable in comparison with those nearer Meyringen. This river makes its course down the whole of a high and steep mountain; and after rushing half way in the shape of a torrent, seems to grow more adventurous, and plunges from rock to rock in a series of splendid cascades. The first of these, which, after a further stony descent, we quitted the road to approach, falls from so great a height, that the clouds of spray, when the wind is adverse, both incommode the spectator and very much obscure the view. I was detained, however, in this shower, by an unexpected and brilliant rainbow. Those I had previously seen were produced in, or against, the cascades themselves, by the sun's rays falling upon them; and were therefore, although very beautiful and singular, of small size: but the sun in this instance shone strongly over the mountain

behind the fall, and as I turned from it, the spray filling the whole field of vision, a bright arch was thrown across the vale of Meyringen and opposite heights, little differing from that bow which rain produces. These falls, seven or eight in number, have all the romantic combinations of rocks and groves around them which the poet or painter can desire ; but only a camera obscura could represent them justly. After a walk of six or seven hours, was it not delightful to recline on a green bank shaded by alders, and to view from this point three of the cascades pouring successively down the glen, while the sun illuminated the smoke of spray that rose on each side the upper fall, radiating through it as he does at evening through a watery cloud ; and the torrent hastening at our feet to make several more leaps below ! Would it not be pardonable, and poetically just, to slumber in such a lulling scene, to have all the pageantry of Alpine horrors and beauties passing before the closed eyes, and imagination mingling her fictions with the

grandest objects without, and the most aspiring sentiments within ?

*“ Libet jacere modò sub antiquâ ilice
 Modo in tenaci gramine.
 Labuntur altis interim ripis aquæ ;
 Queruntur in sylvis aves ;
 Fontesque lymphis obstrepunt manantibus
 Somnos quod invitet leves.” **

Do not frown, my good sir ! I see you anticipate verse ; but it shall not come. Yet be tolerant of human infirmity, and admit that the occasion and the preface might in some measure palliate even a vision.

* 'Tis pleasing thus beneath an “ antique oak ” to lie,
 Or on the close and tufted grass ;
 While streams adown their lofty channels swiftly flow,
 And birds amidst the groves complain,
 And limpid fountains, ever softly murmuring,
 To light and balmy sleep invite.

HORACE, Epod. 2.

LETTER XX.

MEYRINGEN—LUCERNE—ZURICH.

WE had employed eleven hours in the journey from Grindelwald to Meyringen, but you will make due allowance for refreshment and reverie. The distance is called seven leagues, which on common ground your correspondent would have felt to be a forced march; but the habits of a summer spent in travelling, and interesting scenes and active associates, improve even an indifferent pedestrian into something like fitness for service. I did not shrink therefore from crossing the Mont Brünig in the same manner next day. Meyringen is in a beautiful level vale of pastures, sprinkled with cottages, divided by the Aar, and bounded by Alps, except at that extremity where the river flows into the lake of Brienz. It may be properly named the valley of cataracts. Two of great size, (though not surrounded by so attractive a landscape,) fall into the

Aar, nearly opposite the Reichenbach ; and in my early walk through the forest of Mont Brünig, I saw and heard at once, with the unrivalled one last mentioned, several others ; and admired two in particular, which descend in three or four distinct leaps of vast height from the Wandelhorn and Oltschihorn, mountains nearer to the lake. The roar of the Reichenbach heard from the village of Meyringen, swelling and diminishing with the breeze or from a variable flow of its waters, very much resembled the sound proceeding from an avalanche of ice.

Near the top of the Brünig pass, which is not of difficult ascent, is the limit dividing the canton of Berne from that of Unterwald, on entering which a sharp descent leads into a pastoral valley ; and a chapel erected on an eminence beyond it, reminds the traveller that he is now on Roman catholic ground. Here a delightful prospect suddenly opens, with the village of Lungern and the small but romantic lake called *Lungern See*, to which you wind down a flight of rocky steps through a wood of beech and

fir. In this village, all my dormant taste for Swiss millinery was again awakened. It happened to be a festival; (a circumstance which, as has been frequently remarked, occurs too often for the prosperity of these countries,) accordingly the church of Lungern was quite filled; the women in full costume, being ranged on one side, the men on the other, all facing the altar, and the priest addressing them very energetically from the pulpit in German. I had therefore a back view of the *cóiffure* of these Unterwaldian dames and damosels, and so good a catholic am I, that its universality pleased me much more than that "history of variations" which might be composed weekly from the heads to be seen in certain modish "chapels."* The hair is very neatly collected in a close knot, intertwined

* I allude principally to that class of buildings most familiar to us, which our forefathers were uncouth enough to style meeting-houses; and I profess myself still attached to that homely unambiguous term. The antient inventors of the name *chapel*, would stare at seeing it appropriated to buildings, in which (though decoration and display have obviously not been quite forsworn or forgotten,) there can be found neither crucifix nor altar.

with a white tape, which might pass at some distance for silver lace. A broad waved silver pin goes through and fastens it, having a lozenge-shaped end of wrought silver, which has frequently a ruby-like stone in it. Over this is generally worn a large flat straw-hat, with knots of green and red ribbands, and sometimes flowers. This was the collective shew at church; in the rest of the dress there was more diversity; but it is very novel and singular. The bodice is variously embroidered, and often adorned with silver chains; the white sleeves of the *chemise* are as large as those of the women of Berne, but the gown different, being of fawn-coloured woollen, and the whole dress much more tasteful. Your ladies will smile at this descriptive effort, and ask perhaps if I learnt to embroider with the needles at Chamouni. I beg for their corrections in terms of art, confessing that I did not serve my apprenticeship in Bondstreet, or in the *Rue Vivienne*, and fearing that I am not much less cynical than ever about the sublime science of those schools. This church is close by the lake, and the

walk thence along its margin is extremely pleasing. I was sorry to observe, that with Roman catholicism, mendicity began.— There were both old and young in this charming country, not ashamed to ask for money ; indeed, indications of poverty, not here only, but in almost all other beautiful scenes, too often, (or perhaps not often enough) dispel our illusions, and spoil our Arcadia. This little lake is encircled with green mountains and forests, but the snowy peaks of the Wetterhorn and Jungfrau just overtop the verdure, and seem to say to all the intervening heights, “ You shall not hide us.”

The road next brought me to the borders of another small lake, where I took a boat to Sarnen, a village from which the lake is named. Though not called a town, it is the capital of the Ob-valden, one of the two districts into which this canton is divided, and which are independent of each other, though regarded as one in the Swiss confederation. Sarnen has its convent, town-house, and arsenal ; which it seems laughable to speak of in a territory whose

population does not exceed 12,000. But we are now approaching the classic ground of Switzerland, a sort of consecrated soil to the friends of freedom. Unterwald is one of the three primitive or forest cantons, which first threw off the Austrian yoke. It is strange that a people, who, in the 14th and 15th centuries, evinced so undaunted a spirit of political independence, should have remained uninfluenced by the reformation of religion, and continue to this day entirely subject to the Roman catholic faith. Near Alpnach, I found an assembly much larger than the church could contain, indeed almost filling the churchyard, and I understood that a sermon had been just addressed to them without doors, though the service was then concluding within. All the women were dressed in the manner I lately described, and each carried a rosary, as did some of the men. I hold it a duty to record the peculiar civility and moderation of my host, Odenmath, at the inn of *Gestad*,* near Alp-

* The beach.

nach, close to the lake of Lucerne. He shewed some patience and penetration in divining the sense of my broken German, (the only language in which we could communicate,) and after sedulously meeting all my wishes, demanded less than I have often paid both in and out of England, for being treated with negligence.

The walk of that day, which was about six leagues, rendered such attentions the more acceptable. From this place I embarked next morning on the lake; but the weather, which had of late been highly favourable, now changed; a circumstance more fortunate for my readers than for me, as it may in a great measure exempt them from the fatigue of further descriptions. The lake of Lucerne is considered by many tourists in these countries to be unequalled in bold scenery, and I will not do injustice to it or them by reporting a judgment formed in cold and rainy days. There are some objects, however, (for the partial consolation of a dripping traveller,) that rain does not affect. On landing I walked to Stanz, the rural capital of the Nid-walden, near whose church is a statue of the cele-

brated Arnold of Winkelried, who sacrificed his life for his country in 1386 at the battle of Sempach. The little band of Swiss, composed of about 800 men, had to resist 6000 chosen troops under Leopold of Austria and his first nobility. When the day was almost lost, this patriot rushed against the phalanx of the enemy, exclaiming, "Dear countrymen and allies, I recommend to you my wife and children!" seized the points of several lances, and falling on them, became a step for his comrades into the broken line of the oppressors, who were routed with great slaughter. It is remarkable, that the liberty purchased by the valour of these brave men has been permitted to last more than four centuries. During the French Revolution, indeed, their country was invaded, and the greatest atrocities were committed; but, as I have remarked before, it is one of the best traits of modern princes, that in the case of Switzerland they pay homage to freedom, and leave her the possession of her Alpine throne. The town-house of this little state contains the portraits of the *Landammans* from a remote date, and seats for this chief

magistrate and his council. His desk is inlaid with a slate, and has a great sponge laid on it, which, if placed on some other council-boards, might seem an alarming emblem; but is a very simple and unsuspected instrument of finance in a state where there is no debt to liquidate, and whose pastoral inhabitants know of no other stock than that which grazes on their hills. Though I viewed this country through a veil, I saw that it is highly fertile and picturesque, and it seems a land of pedestrians, for the roads are chiefly footpaths. I passed the night at Bekenried, and in the morning crossed the lake to Gersau, being inclined to see the smallest state in Europe, which, though it was incorporated by the French government with the canton of Schwitz in 1798, has lately had its political existence restored. This plaything republic has less than 1500 inhabitants in its territory, consisting of the little town at the lake's edge, and a woody mountain behind it. Its church, however, is large and elegant, with a painted ceiling, rich altar-pieces, and a very handsome marble pulpit. So much

cannot be said for the council-room of the commonwealth, which is a small apartment up three pair of stairs ; but adorned with paintings commemorating their acquisition of independence; of which it would be most unjust to deprive the descendants of the patriots of Sempach.* Not only the church of Gersau, which is lately finished, but that of the village of Bekenried, surprised me by their elegance. Indeed in the canton of Unterwald, there were marks of zealous catholicism which I had not observed even in Italy. My chamber at Alpnach had two small wooden crucifixes, besides a figure of the Virgin outside the house ; and the head of my bedstead at Bekenried bore the letters I. H. S. The monuments in the church-yards there and at Stanz are of tin or wood, usually in the shape of a cross, with other ornaments, and have one or more family miniatures painted on them, with inscriptions.

It was my intention to have proceeded

* In the little army who fought at Sempach, there were a hundred men of Zug, Glarus, Gersau, and the Entlebuch.

to *Tellen platte*, the rock where Tell leapt from the boat of Gessler ; and to the meadow of Grutli, where, in 1307, the fathers of Swiss liberty engaged in a solemn compact for the deliverance of their country. These places are in the canton of Uri, where the scenery of the lake has most of that rude and sublime character which accords with the remembrance of such deeds. But the weather was stormy and louring ; I feared that all the grandeur of those associations would not inspire me with Tell's agility in a moment of danger, and renounced them in order to reach Lucerne before evening. Nor did I regret this decision ; for the lake became more agitated in our voyage, and I saw little reason for confidence in the ill constructed boats which are used upon it. The boatmen appeared to partake the distrust which I did not express, repeatedly putting into a cove or under a point of rock to avoid the squalls of wind, and to secure a landing place in case of its increase, which as the rocks rise abruptly from the water in many parts of this lake, it is sometimes very difficult to

reach. I was not prepared to hail the coming night with a noble poet's invocation—

—————“ let me be
A sharer in thy fierce and far delight,
A portion of the tempest and of thee!”

but very prosaically rejoiced to find myself at Lucerne.

There are two singular covered bridges of wood over the Reuss, which flows from the lake through this town. That called *Hof-brücke* is erected in the end of the lake itself, and forms the approach to the cathedral. It has a triangular scripture painting fixed between each couple of timbers that support the roof, and contains 120 of these, being itself nearly 1500 feet in length. Another is adorned in a similar way with old paintings, representing the principal events of Swiss history; but you will not suppose that either are among the most finished productions of the art. In the cloisters which surround the cathedral I observed on Sunday several persons sprinkling holy water upon the tombs, (probably of their near relatives,) stone basins being fixed in the walls,

with branches of myrtle placed in them for this office. Many of the men, and nearly all the women, so engaged, carried rosaries, as they did likewise in the church, where there was a great appearance of devotion. At the church of the Franciscans, a friar addressed the people with as much or more vehemence than I ever heard from any of those preachers in our own country to whom the charge of ranting is most applicable. He perpetually struck the pulpit, clapped his hands, and accompanied his gestures with the full stretch of a stentorian voice. The congregation was very numerous, and seemed to consist chiefly of peasants from the country. I visited the convent of Capuchins. They are twenty-four in number, and entirely distinguished from those of the same order and garb whom I had seen at Turin, by perfect neatness and respectability of appearance, with which I understood their conduct corresponds. Their charities are said to be extensive, and their lives laborious. The Brother who shewed me their library and cells refused to receive

any donation from me for the church, or even for the poor.

The lake of Lucerne being still veiled in clouds, and fresh snow falling on the Mont Pilate on the 18th of August, I pursued my walk, and in my road towards Art passed up the hollow way, where Tell, after his escape from the boat, waited for the tyrant Gessler, and shot him with an arrow. That renowned marksman lost his life in a much less questionable action, being drowned at an advanced age in attempting to save a little girl who had fallen into the torrent of his native village. A chapel is erected in his honour near the spot where Gessler fell.

The town of Art, close to the lake of Zug, stands under the much frequented mountain called Rigi, and is the place from which travellers usually ascend it; but the weather would have rendered this quite fruitless, and I therefore contented myself with visiting the scene of an awful catastrophe which occurred in this neighbourhood in 1806, when, by the fall of part of a mountain named Rossberg, more than four hun-

dred persons and a number of cattle perished. Two or three hamlets were buried, and the fertile valley of Goldau converted into a wilderness. Nothing in nature, except perhaps the eruption of a volcano, could offer so terrific a sight as this *eboulement* presented to those who viewed it from the opposite heights of the Rigi. Immediately before the principal fall, according to the description published by a native, the pine forests on the mountain were seen to waver, and flocks of birds rose into the air with piercing cries. The woods at length detached themselves and slid, accompanied by fragments of rock. Their movement was every instant accelerated, and at length whole forests, and blocks of stone as large as houses, flew through the air with the swiftness of arrows. The lake of Lowertz, assailed by enormous masses, rose above its shores and spread destruction around them. Nor will this account appear exaggerated, to any one who stands as I did at that point where the eye commands both the lakes of Zug and of Lowertz, and looks upon the vast mass of ruin. A great part of the val-

ley is covered with rocks and stones of every dimension to the extent of a square league, intermixed with marshy ground, overspread with weeds; and it looks as though a century would not efface, by the growth of trees, much less of herbage, the marks of this tremendous visitation. The convulsion must have been immense, and such is the space covered, as well as the height of the heaps of stone, that it is difficult to conceive the whole could have fallen from that slip which is visible on the mountain; but this apparent disproportion is evidently the effect of distance. The crumbling quality of the rock contributed to this event, which is said to have arisen from long continued rains. Dr Zay of Art, who published a narrative of it, relates several affecting cases of extraordinary escape, and describes the survivors of the valley as having shewn much religious resignation under their calamity. Many at first believed the day of judgment was come, and all expected that the fall of this mountain would be followed by that of the Rigi and others around them.—I went from Art to Zug,

thence to the Mont Albis, which commands a fine view of Zurich, with its lake, and on the 21st of August entered the latter town.

LETTER XXI.

ZURICH—SCHAFFHAUSEN—DUTTLINGEN.

ZURICH is finely situated on both banks of the Limmat, at the point where that river issues from the lake, a broad blue stream, almost rivalling the Rhone in rapidity and clearness. Several handsome buildings border it, and below the town there are very agreeable planted promenades by the river's side, near which a monument has been erected to their fellow-citizen Solomon Gessner. The public library contains a fine collection of books and manuscripts, among which are letters addressed by Lady Jane Grey to the Reformer Bullinger, *Antistes* (president) of the Zurich pastors. They are in Latin, a specimen of correct and beautiful hand-writing, and prove by the Greek and Hebrew quotations they contain, the early erudition of that unfortunate young lady.

There is also in one of the apartments of this library a very elegant model in wood of a part of Switzerland, which, from its fresher colouring, greatly excels in appearance that executed by General Pfiffer, and exhibited at Lucerne. Of their comparative accuracy, with regard to the relative height of mountains, and geographical position of objects, I had no means of judging.

A friendly introduction from a gentleman to whom I was in several instances indebted for similar advantages, procured me an interview with the venerable Antistes Hess, whose piety and learning are adorned by the most amiable deportment. He expressed that feeling of regard for real Christians of every name, which has characterized in so interesting a manner his communications to the British and Foreign Bible Society; and uttered a sentiment which is developed with "truly catholic" eloquence in that correspondence: "*Je vois que notre Seigneur veut former dans nos jours une eglise nouvelle:*" alluding, if I may apply his own words as a comment, to "that renewed bond of Christian truth and charity, the springing up of that univer-

sal Christian church, which is far remote from all party spirit, studious of the truth, and uniting its members in such a manner that each is intent on having the liberty of his neighbour's conscience protected no less than his own." He asked me if I meant to revisit Switzerland; said that if so, it was unlikely I should find *him* still there, but added with much simplicity and gentleness of manner, and with a hope which only charity could prompt respecting one so much a stranger, "*Ou l'on ne voyage plus, nous nous retrouverons.*" Whether uttered as a hope or a wish, such a farewell from an aged Christian who will soon "rest from his labours," should speak profoundly to the heart; and the mere idea of that united happiness which the pious anticipate, might seem enough to fix the thoughtlessness and soften the insensibility, which can scarcely find a reflection or a feeling to waste upon the benefits that true religion offers.

I went, in company with a very agreeable English gentleman whom I had met at Zurich, by the road of Winterthur to Schaffhausen. There is a grand parting view of

the Alps on this route, and at Winterthur a fine cabinet of Roman antiquities and medals, many of which were discovered in its vicinity. An intelligent Swiss at the *table d'hôte* stated very strongly the distresses of the manufacturing cantons at that period, which I fear have not been since removed. He imputed them partly to the excessive cheapness of British goods, occasioned by our want of commerce, partly to the spirit of speculation and haste to be rich, which has infected that country in common with our own, and to the increase of machinery, which he considered extremely pernicious, and expressed a wish for its abolition or restriction. I cannot join in this wish; as all manufacturing states possess machinery, a partial abolition or restriction must be unfair and injurious to the commerce of that particular state where it takes place. And even if the supposition were reasonable that all such governments might concur in the measure, I think it would still be impolitic and unjust. I am quite sensible to some temporary and some permanent evils which attend the use of machinery, and which are

deeply to be lamented ; but the freedom of the arts and sciences, and of their application to all the wants of mankind, seems as sacred as any other kind of freedom : besides which the principle of restricting or prohibiting such improvements would lead to absurd consequences. If all the printing presses in Great Britain were to be stopped, employment might be thus obtained for many thousand well qualified and industrious penmen : and if the waters and winds were forbidden to grind our corn, it would produce a still more important accession of manual labour ; yet these measures, which would be no more than an extension of the same principle, might startle any theorists except the Spencean reformers. Before we abolish the mechanical helps of literature and commerce, I should desire to see an universal abolition of those “ deep throated engines” which so much abridge *manual* labour in the trade of killing.—The manufacturing and trading interest both in Switzerland and the Netherlands are exceedingly irritated by British rivalship, and those who mingle in public society (which affords the best opportunity

for learning the sentiments of the middle classes,) will find that there is no imputation of commercial and political injustice too gross or extravagant for their prejudice to circulate. I heard it maintained in both countries that our government are supporting British manufacturers, by paying the losses which they incur, in a systematic attempt to ruin those of the Continent; that the Apollo Belvedere and Venus de Medicis are in London, and that Buonaparte is now detained at St Helena with the express design of loosing him, (like a bag fox,) when it becomes expedient for England to create new troubles on the Continent.

We approached the fall of the Rhine on its left bank; and so much was the sound of it intercepted by the hill and château of Lauffen, that it was difficult to suppose ourselves close to the largest cataract of Europe. It does not, however, disappoint when seen, except that its height, which varies from fifty to seventy feet, is inconsiderable in proportion to the breadth of the river, especially when the eye has been used to the lofty and comparatively slender water-

falls of the Alps. A wooden gallery, on the bank below, projects almost under the fall itself, and shakes from the concussion and dashing of the waters round it; while the spectator stands in a storm of spray, and in a scene of magnificent turbulence. Another view is obtained from a small building directly above it; and here a remarkable reverberation is heard, distinct from the direct roar of the fall, as though it were accompanied by thunder. You look directly down upon the greater branch of the cascade; and it presents a volume of white wave incessantly roaring over the rock, which has almost a semi-fluid appearance, as if moved by a great cylinder within. We crossed in a boat a little below the fall, and this is attended with no danger, as the waters are received into so large a bason, that the violent agitation is very limited. In a house which stands opposite the fall on an islet connected by a bridge with the right bank, a camera obscura is placed, and a subject so finely adapted for that optical painting can perhaps no where else be found. The fluctuating rush of the waves, sometimes covering with foam and

sometimes exposing the lesser of the five rocks which divide the fall; the rising spray, the undulating surface of the basin below, and white breakers against the rock of Laufen, are delineated with beautiful minuteness, and form a moving ever-varying picture which no pallet can pretend to emulate. It was so late in the evening when I first saw this, that the reflection resembled a moonlight piece, and the exhibitor pronounced it very imperfect. I was, however, much gratified; but certainly more so next day, when sunshine was accompanied by black clouds gathering behind the fall, and produced a partial rainbow in the spray, as perfectly reflected as the rest of the scene. My last view of this superb cataract was in a cloudless sky, which brightened every particle of liquid smoke, and gave to its whole front the most brilliant and snowy whiteness; while the unbroken sheet of waves just in the act of falling, might be compared to a mass of melted silver mixed with emeralds; for the greenness of the river is still distinguished in those parts of its falling waters which are not entirely broken into foam; and this

beauty is said to be peculiar to it; nor can it indeed occur except where the stream flows, as in this instance, unmingled from a lake. This noble fall, which was last year unusually powerful and splendid from the great quantity of rain, is worthy to give the traveller and the reader either a first or last idea of Switzerland: yet not quite the last; for though I do not detain you at Schaffhausen, I cannot but invite you to look back, after entering the Grand Duchy of Baden, upon that wonderful country; whose immense mountains, at great intervals from each other, still lift themselves above the horizon. Whatever may be the attachment to home and friends and native land, it is impossible to take leave of those majestic regions without regret.

LETTER XXII.

DUTTLINGEN—STUTGARD—HEIDELBERG.

IF you suspect that the objects and recollections with which I became conversant among the Alps, rather too much fanned that dangerous sentiment, the love of liberty, (which some Britons in these times think fit to renounce, because the conduct of others caricatures and degrades it,) you may rejoice that the convenience and expedition with which I posted through the kingdom of Wurtemberg must have tended to convert me to a just admiration of absolute power and the rigorous use of it. The roads are excellent; pillars marked with the royal arms indicate the distances; and the postmasters performed their duty with an activity and politeness which convinced me that his late Majesty was not used to hesitate in dismissing or punishing his negligent servants. There is a tariff of prices, and a re-

gister in which the traveller is obliged to inscribe his name, with a column allotted for any complaint he may have to prefer. A similar regulation exists in the states of Baden, but I had reason to observe how much depends, in these countries, on the personal character of the sovereign, as the subjects of the Grand Duke seemed not at all to fear the consequences of a little German dilatoriness. It is a deduction from this sort of advantages, (even when so well secured to the traveller as I found them in the kingdom of Wurtemberg,) that many small tolls are demanded, under the names of causeway-money, bridge-money, and pavement-money. These demands are very unfrequent in the other countries through which I had passed; but an Englishman has little right to complain of them. Another requirement, which appears very ineffective and ill-judged, rather amused than disconcerted me. At the entrance of each town the traveller is questioned by the military, to whom he must state verbally his name, which they cannot spell, and his profession, which he may describe as he pleases. *Edelmann*, the only

German word I could find at all correspondent to gentleman, (an instance of poverty in a rich language, which you may easily trace to political causes,) was vastly too lofty for my rank, which I had no desire to magnify; and was therefore glad when a lady helped me to the term *Eigenthümer*, (proprietor,) as a general and unobjectionable designation. The country of Wurtemberg appears well cultivated and productive, chiefly arable; and the peasants are a tall athletic race of men, dressed in three-cornered hats.

At Stutgard there is too much disproportion between the royal palace and the general aspect of the capital. The "King's Street" is almost the only handsome one: even there the houses are stuccoed, and one of the finest buildings in it is the royal stable, an enormous establishment, designated by statues of horses on the roof. The office for foreign affairs, situated in the same street, exhibits, in the gilt inscription on its front, a strange medley of languages.

Auswärtiges ministerium. Relations extérieures.

It was, indeed, till of late, correctly expressive to announce the foreign relations in French; for that they had been chiefly French, was evident in the palace, where the sleeping-room of Napoleon still continued decorated by a number of gilt eagles, perched on a railing in front of the state bed; and paintings of his victories were hung in different apartments. This palace is a very sumptuous modern edifice, furnished and ornamented in a tasteful manner. A piece of water opposite one of its fronts is supplied from urns borne by two colossal naiads, the work of the sculptor Tannacker, who is resident in Stutgard. At its other extremity is a curious sun-dial, having a small cannon placed on it, with a convex lens so fixed, as to have its focus on the touch-hole at the moment of noon; which is announced by the discharge. Near this is a fine botanic garden, and the king's private library, consisting of about fifty thousand volumes. The town library is also very large, and contains some thousands of Bibles and commentaries on Scripture, which a former Duke of Wurtemberg took great pains in collecting.

I proceeded, after a very short stay at Stuttgard, to Ludwigsbourg, where the country palace is situated, and where at that time their Majesties were. Without much taste for palaces in general, I felt some interest in viewing the abode of a British princess, and was pleased to hear a prevailing expression of respect and regard for the amiable and charitable disposition of the Queen. This residence also is very large and splendid. It has its family picture-gallery containing a long range of the high-born ancestry of its possessors, and another gallery with works of old masters. There is also a theatre within the palace, which I was told the Queen very rarely attended, but passed much of her time in some small rustic arbours in the pleasure-ground; where, said my conductor, *Sie sticket viel*,* of which I had already seen some elegant proofs in the royal apartments at Stuttgard. The gardens are adorned with various buildings. On the whole, the impression which one could not avoid in viewing both these palaces and their

* She embroiders much.

appendages, which were built when the territory of the sovereign was only a dukedom, is that they are much too large and costly for such a kingdom, and sufficient for the governor of the most opulent and powerful nation. Before quitting Ludwigsbourg, (where I was very well received at the inn called *Waldhorn*, near the palace,) I had an opportunity of seeing the Queen. She was in the habit of taking a daily airing in a low phaeton, quite alone, and with a book. Her person is greatly altered by the lapse of near twenty years since her departure from England, but without the appearance of ill health. Her love of retirement, and the degree of melancholy which is said to attend it, was ascribed, *pro formá*, by those with whom I conversed, to her father's illness; but it seems understood that domestic circumstances have painfully contributed to these dispositions. The King set off about the same time, with his hunting equipage and suite, to the park and château of *Mon Repos*. I followed, and while the sport proceeded, was admitted into this small palace. The announcement of his Majesty's ap-

proach, however, rendered it necessary that I should quit the apartments ; and I was rowed on a small lake close by, to an ornamented island. The domestics having omitted to inquire my name and other particulars, hastened anxiously to repair this error after I was in the boat, fearing that they should be unable to satisfy the King's inquiries. I every where found indications of his dreaded severity in enforcing all regulations and commands. This isle contains among its plantations a subterraneous room, in which is a circle of twelve figures in wood, knights and ecclesiastics, at a round table, with books, papers, and a mace before them, representing the famous secret tribunal which at one period existed in Germany. A cell not far from this contains an automaton hermit at his studies ; who, as the door is opened, takes off his spectacles while he looks round abruptly on the persons about to enter. There is also a very elegant little catholic chapel on the island, but designed merely for ornament. The religion of the state is Lutheran ; or as one of these people told me, “ *Nicht katholisch, evan-*

gelisch ;”* a statement which one may wish to be at present correct in its best sense, still more desiring the period when there shall be no ground for such a distinction. The King’s arrival prevented my viewing the château and the royal farm. The Crown Prince, who has since succeeded to the throne, and his bride the Duchess of Oldenburg, so well known by her spirit of inquiry as a stranger in England, were at this time residing in a palace near Stutgard.

I travelled hence through Heilbronn, re-entered the Grand Duchy of Baden, and passed Sunday the 1st of September at Heidelberg. This town is situated on the Neckar, and the approach to it along the banks of that fine river is very picturesque. It appeared to me that there was a greater disregard of the Sabbath in Heidelberg, (which

* Not catholic ; *evangelical*. “ This title (says Moheim) was assumed by the Lutheran church in consequence of the original design of its founder, which was to restore to its native lustre the gospel of Christ, that had been so long covered with the darkness of superstition, or, in other words, to place in its true light that important doctrine, which represents salvation as attainable by the merits of Christ alone.”

Eccles. Hist. Maclaine’s transl. vol. iv. p. 265.

is the seat of an university,) than in any city I had visited since leaving Paris. Every kind of shop was open, and trade seemed nearly as active as on other days. The churches however, of different communions, were pretty well attended. In that of the Lutherans, there is a crucifix above the altar, over which is an organ. The fronts of the galleries are decorated with Scripture paintings, to each of which the book, chapter, and verse are subjoined. I witnessed in this church the celebration of the sacrament of the Lord's Supper. The communicants were not numerous, and (as it happens in many Christian societies,) a majority were females. Infidels may impute this circumstance to their weakness of judgment: it would be more candid and more true to ascribe it to their greater tenderness of heart and heavier share of suffering. Christianity has been termed by an eloquent writer, *le culte de la douleur*; adapted then to a world where so much grief exists, and most likely to be embraced by those who are deeply susceptible both of sorrow and affection. This sacrament was administer-

ed to the Lutherans at Heidelberg in the following manner. The communicant approached with a bow or courtesy to the minister at the table, by whose hand a very small wafer was placed between the lips, and then taken into the mouth, without being touched by the hands of the recipient. It was received in a standing posture,* after which, having repeated the bow or courtesy, the communicant retired. The prayers which accompanied this service were not in the nature of consecration, and the words addressed to each person on receiving the bread and the wine, (the latter being taken in the same manner,) were words of Scripture. I need scarcely remind you, that the differences between the Lutheran and Reformed churches† in administering this sa-

* This sacrament is also received in a standing posture by the protestants of France, the communicants ranging themselves, in successive parties, round a table covered with a white linen cloth, and handing to each other the bread and wine. I conclude the mode adopted in Switzerland is the same, as these churches agree in other forms. It nearly resembles the practice of the established church of Scotland, except that the bread and wine are there received sitting

† The denomination *Reformé, Reformirt*, on the conti-

crament, arise from the tenet of consubstantiation* maintained by Luther and his followers; while Zuinglius and the friends of the Reformation in Switzerland, regarded the bread and wine as no more than external signs or symbols.† The Lutheran church however, except in Sweden and Denmark, did not retain episcopacy, but adopted a government which differs both from that and the presbyterian form.‡ It

ment, is not used, like “Reformed” in England, in contradistinction to popery alone, but is given to those protestant churches which did not embrace the doctrine and discipline of Luther.

* Mosheim uses the term “impanatio;” which, says his translator, “signifies here the presence of Christ’s body in the eucharist *in* or *with* the bread that is there exhibited, and amounts to what is called consubstantiation.” He adds, “the modern Lutherans seem less zealous than their ancestors about the tenet in question.”

Eccl. Hist. Macl. trans. vol. iv. p. 363.

† Calvin acknowledged a real though spiritual presence of Christ in the eucharist. *Ibid.* p. 362.

‡ As I was myself unacquainted with the constitution of the Lutheran church, till the time when I joined in their worship, I extract the account given by Mosheim, (*Ibid.* p. 271.) which perhaps you may not have seen. “The internal government of the Lutheran church seems equally removed from episcopacy on the one hand and from presbyterianism on the other; if we except the two kingdoms of Sweden

has advanced since the days of its founder to a gradual recognition of that religious liberty, on which its own existence and that of every other protestant church are obviously built; and had already adopted, towards the close of the 17th century, the maxim, "that Christians were accountable to God alone for their religious sentiments." (*Mosh. Eccl. Hist. Macl. trans.* vol. 5. p. 295.) Yet the practical consequences of this principle were in some places but recently allowed; for the Lutherans of Frankfort on the Main had always refused to permit the

and Denmark,* which retain the form of ecclesiastical government that preceded the Reformation, purged indeed from the superstitions and abuses that rendered it so odious. This constitution of the hierarchy of the Lutherans will not seem surprising, when the sentiments of that people, with respect to ecclesiastical polity, are duly considered. On the one hand they are persuaded that there is no law, of divine authority, which points out a distinction between the ministers of the gospel, with respect to rank, dignity, or

* In these two kingdoms the church is ruled by bishops and superintendants under the inspection and authority of the sovereign. The Archbishop of Upsal is Primate of Sweden, and the only archbishop among the Lutherans. The luxury and licentiousness that too commonly flow from the opulence of the Roman catholic clergy are unknown in these two northern states: since the revenues of the prelate now mentioned do not amount to more than £400 yearly; while those of the bishops are proportionally small." *Translator's note.*

Reformed to celebrate public worship within the bounds or even in the suburbs of that city. While papists and even Jews exercised their worship within its walls, the Reformed were obliged to go out of its territory for that purpose, to a place called Bockenheim in the county of Hanau, where they built a church. No stronger instance perhaps has existed, of a fact for which several reasons might be easily assigned; that in the religious world men have often opposed those more who deviate from them by one degree of latitude, than those who

prerogatives; and therefore they recede from episcopacy. But on the other hand they are of opinion, that a certain subordination, a diversity in point of rank and privileges among the clergy, are not only highly useful, but also necessary to the perfection of church communion, by connecting more closely, in consequence of a mutual dependence, the members of the same body; and thus they avoid the uniformity of the presbyterian government. They are not however agreed with respect to the extent of this subordination and the degrees of superiority and precedence that ought to distinguish their doctors, for in some places this is regulated with much more regard to the ancient rules of church government than is discovered in others. As the divine law is silent on this head, different opinions may be entertained, and different forms of ecclesiastical policy adopted, without a breach of Christian charity and fraternal union."

are separated *toto cælo*. Dr Moore, in a letter from Frankfort written about forty years since, commented thus on the circumstance. "This is rather unkind treatment, and it seems at first sight a little extraordinary, that Martin Luther should shew more indulgence to his old enemy Lord Peter, and even to Judas Iscariot himself, than to his fellow reformer John Calvin." (*View of Society and Manners in France, Germany, &c.* vol. I. p. 413.)

I am happy to say, that this inconsistency exists no longer. The Reformed have since that time been permitted (in 1787) to erect two churches in Frankfort, in one of which their service is performed in French, by two very able Swiss ministers. I expressed my surprise, that being so well provided with pastors, their worship takes place but once on each Sabbath; and I learnt that while the congregation were compelled to go some miles for this privilege, they had divine service twice or even thrice; but since the removal of that vexatious compulsion, their zeal has so cooled that they are contented with one. I think you will find in

these facts more than one striking lesson on the dispositions of human nature.

There are now Christians of different communions, in Frankfort and in most parts of Europe, who do not deal in imputations of heresy and schism, but co-operate in promoting the circulation of the Scriptures, as in other good works, with a mutual respect for each other's freedom of conscience. The tendency of this co-operation to extend religious knowledge rapidly through the countries hitherto most destitute of it, becomes every day more strikingly apparent; and we may confidently hope that all real Christians will cease to doubt the propriety and advantage of a system, which vindicates itself by such unparalleled effects.* I envy no writers or speakers less than those who have exercised their academical acquirements, within the past few years, either in opposing this system, or in attempting to fix on Christians of other communions "the

* For some of the most recent and remarkable, see "Extracts of Letters from the Rev. Robert Pinkerton on his late Tour in Russia, &c. to promote the object of the British and Foreign Bible Society."

grievous and heinous sin of schism." Their zealous ingenuity may have had its influence and its rewards. But a much more enlarged and animating work has been meanwhile going on, that of diffusing Christian hope in all nations by the united labour of Christian charity; and I would rather share the reward of the humblest agent in that sublimer cause. I hate real schism, believing with a distinguished divine of a protestant establishment,† that schism, in the apostolic sense, means not so much any outward distinction or separation, as alienation of heart, disunion of affection, or breach of charity and respect for each other's consciences and characters. I believe that in this sense some separatists and some conformists are schismatics; and that separations have sometimes been occasioned by the existence of this really schismatical and sinful spirit on one or either side, and followed by its excitement on both; but such

† Dr Campbell, late Principal of Marischal College, Aberdeen; see his excellent preliminary dissertations to a translation of the Gospels.

schism (the only sort which, in my opinion, can hurt the true interests of Christianity) is, I would hope, gradually dying in the breasts of good men on all sides. I respect all the established protestant churches, (whatever errors I may believe to exist in them,) inasmuch as they all bear witness against the corruptions and tyranny of Rome; and I desire to love all Christians, (even Romanists not excepted,) who have humbly, seriously, and conscientiously followed St Paul's maxim, "Let every man be fully persuaded in his own mind."

LETTER XXIII.

HEIDELBERG—FRANKFORT—NEUWIED—
COLOGNE.

I WANDERED unawares in my last from Heidelberg to Frankfort, and must now take you back to the former place for a few moments, not to survey its castle, though a very picturesque ruin; but to mention some habits and feelings of the day which I observed among the students of the university. These young gentlemen amused me by their style of dress, than which none can be devised much less scholar-like. Though Philip Melancthon, when he studied there, may have conformed in a great measure to the modes of his time, (for he had no affectation or obstinacy about things indifferent,) yet we should not easily figure to ourselves that learned and excellent reformer, even as a youth, attending lectures in huge military boots and spurs, cossack pantaloons, a

travelling cap, and a loose white frock of a texture like coarse flannel. Such, however, is the modern costume of many of his successors; who may be said, without metaphor, to look like competitors in a literary race; wearing, besides, more than enough hair to foil a Spurzheimite in settling the moral and intellectual conformation of the cranium; and frequently walking the streets with a very long and tasteful tobacco-pipe sticking in the coat-pocket. I did not care to hazard my scanty stock of German with these young grammarians, further than in attempting to open an easier intercourse with one of them by the query, "*Sprechen sie Französisch, mein herr?*"—to which an abrupt *Nein**—was returned, not more classic or courtly in tone than the speaker in appearance. Accosting a second of somewhat more prepossessing looks, and receiving the same negative, I bethought me of another medium, (though but little more convenient than German for myself,) and said, "*Lateinisch?*"—*Ya.*—*Anne peregrinis est permissum prælectiones in*

* Do you speak French, Sir?—No.

academiâ recitatas audire ?—Haud permissum est.—Non Gallus sed Anglus sum.—Monsieur ce n'est pas permis aux étrangers d'entendre les leçons de nos professeurs, mais si vous souhaitez voir la bibliothèque on vous la montrera.* I thus discovered how quickly languages are learnt at Heidelberg; and that the Germans, like the Dutch, have been so wearied by the imperative mood in French, as now frequently to decline understanding a Frenchman in any mood. I had remembered, while speaking, that my white hat and travelling dress, both made in Switzerland, might prevent my being recognised as an Englishman till I announced it.

It is said that the theological professors at Heidelberg, and in some other German universities, carry their critical speculations to a most unwarrantable and irreligious length; yet this spirit, as well as that of mystical interpretation, which are both well known to have prevailed in these countries, are, as I was assured, in many instances

* Latin?—Yes.—Are strangers allowed to hear the college lectures?—It is not permitted.—I am not a Frenchman but an Englishman.

giving way to more sober views of revealed truth.

You would not be much interested in the deserted palace at Manheim, or in its regular but thinly peopled streets; nor shall I venture to occupy your time by describing the little capital of Darmstadt, though quite a contrast to the former from being the residence of the grand-ducal court; but will again transport you to Frankfort. The ancient town-house of that city, called the *Römer*, where the emperors of Germany were formerly crowned, contains the Golden Bull, the original of the fundamental laws of the empire; which has been restored from Paris. It is a Latin manuscript on parchment, with the papal seal or medallion of gold annexed to it. In the library of this building I saw a Latin Bible, which is one of the earliest specimens of the art of printing. It has the following note. "*Biblia Latina Moguntiaë. Fust et Schoeffer 1462. Opusculum artificiosa adinventione imprimandi seu characterizandi absque calami exaratione in civitate Moguntina sic effigiatum et ad eusebiam Dei industrie per Joannem Fust civem et Pe-*

*trum Schoeffer de Gernsheim clericum diocesis ejusdem est consummatum, &c.**

The Jews, who are very numerous in Frankfort, were formerly confined to a single street; but while it was under French influence their privileges were extended, and they now reside in other parts of the city. Most of them have their names and trades painted over their shop doors in Hebrew characters. I had observed in the country of Darmstadt a Jewish burial-ground near the road, but at a considerable distance from any village, enclosed within walls, having Hebrew inscriptions over its gates and on many of the tomb-stones. At Frankfort they have a large and crowded burial-ground within the city; which I wished to examine, but could not on account of its being occupied at the time by a vicious bull, a strange inmate for such a place. The antient street of the Jews is extremely close and dirty, and the aspect of its inhabitants, both there

* A work thus fashioned by the ingenious invention of printing, or characterizing without stroke of pen, and for the worship of God industriously finished in the city of Mentz by John Fust, citizen, and Peter Schoeffer of Gernsheim, clergyman of the same diocese, &c.

and in the synagogue, far from prepossessing. One of them, during the intervals of his part in the prayers, (which, though I understand the performance is rhythmical, appear to an uninitiated ear most tumultuously and discordantly shouted,) was employed in endeavouring to convince me that he was not *assez bête* to be ignorant of the merits either of the catholic or protestant religions, which were both idolatrous. His French was too bad for controversy, had I been inclined to it; but I was told by a Reformed minister in this city, that a young Jew, very well versed in Hebrew and Rabbinical literature, had secretly embraced Christianity, and was meditating a work in which he proposes to combat the objections of his countrymen to the prevailing creed of protestant churches respecting the Divine Unity. There is so much angry, contemptuous, and obdurate prejudice among this unhappy race, that, as far as human means and probabilities are concerned, their conversion seems less to be expected than that of the most deluded heathens.

I found the city of Frankfort less exten-

sive, its buildings in general less splendid, and its fair less considerable, than I had supposed; though the latter was attended by a large number of manufacturers from various continental countries and from England. A part of its business is transacted in private shops hired for the time, and part in a sort of bazaar over the exchange, in a building called Braunfelshof. It is in this latter, that the articles of an ornamental kind are principally exposed for sale. The Zeil is a fine street, and the planted promenades on the antient glacis are extremely agreeable. Among the establishments of opulent individuals, one of the most distinguished is the garden of the banker M. Bethmann, in which is a building furnished with casts of the most celebrated antique statues, and a work which some Germans affirm to be the *chef-d'œuvre* of modern sculpture; Ariadne seated on a panther, lately executed in one block of Carrara marble, by Tannacker of Stutgard. A separate room is assigned to it, and the light is shed through rose-coloured curtains to give the hue of life to the figure, in which, as in some other works

of the chisel and the pencil, art cannot be considered auxiliary, but indeed rather hostile, to the cause of good morals and delicacy.

I went by water from Frankfort to Mentz, and there embarked in the public boat which conveys passengers daily down the Rhine. This is in some respects the most convenient method for a single traveller, who wishes to join society, and does not intend to make excursions on the banks of the river; yet, even in fair weather, a contrary wind may render the voyage inconvenient; for we were unable to reach Coblenz the first night, and obliged to pass it in a village called Boppart, arriving late, and re-embarking very early. There is also in every such German barge, a risk of partaking too abundantly of the pleasures of the tobacco-pipe. Even if there be no rain to force you below into a dense atmosphere of fumes, every breeze in crossing the deck may come laden with odours; and your station in general must be very artfully chosen, if you would avoid the curling fragrance. On entering German Switzerland, I had begun to see the

progress of this national luxury; and it had still increased as I proceeded. The servant smokes while he waits for letters at the post-office; the master, as he takes an airing in his open carriage, uses the same expedient to perfume the morning air, or puffs a segar while he plays at billiards. What wonder, therefore, if the postillion lights his pipe as he jogs before you, without at all reconnoitring the direction of the wind. I told one of these lads, that, were I to frame their posting regulations, I would at least have the traveller's taste consulted: but he seemed to think any restriction would be very arbitrary and unjust. On the Friedberger gate of Frankfort, however, I found a curious advertisement from the magistrates, declaring and enacting, that whereas tobacco-smoking had been carried to such excess, as not only to prove a nuisance, but to occasion serious danger of fires, it was thenceforth strictly prohibited to smoke in any stable, hay or straw loft, or other room containing combustibles; as well as on the public promenades. With all my respect for a pursuit

in which many grave and reverend persons excel, I cannot wish it to be so much cultivated among us as to augment the premium on fire-insurances. I suspect, indeed, that from being *incensed* in this way, and from some other circumstances, I was not quite so much gratified as I ought to have been by that celebrated scenery of the Rhine, whose finest part is between Bingen and Coblentz. It is bordered with mountains, to which one might more readily allow their title at any time than in returning from Switzerland; and the vineyards, trained in the usual manner of the north, covering the sides of these hills, though they give the idea of abundance, and at some seasons present a lively scene of rural labour, are not in themselves so pleasing as the more ordinary varieties of agriculture. There are some bold rocks, and picturesque windings of the river; but the most striking feature of these views is the succession of ruined castles on both shores; much more numerous, I imagine, than on the banks of any other river in Europe. Some of these are of remote date, and others more modern fortresses, de-

stroyed in the late wars; particularly the castle of Rheinfels, and fort of Ehrenbreitstein.

I made no stay at Coblentz, but disembarked at Neuwied, where I remained a day or two. This town has existed only about a century, and owed its growth and prosperity to the complete religious liberty granted by its little sovereign, Prince Alexander of Neuwied, which occasioned an influx of emigrants of various persuasions, among whom were very ingenious artists. The most truly religious community subsisting there, are probably the Moravians; with some of whose members and friends I had the pleasure of an interview, and admired the regularity and neatness which prevail in their establishment; where several arts and manufactures are carried on. I attended the worship in their meeting-room; which takes place almost every evening. On this occasion, it consisted only of singing hymns, by heart; for I hope that curious phrase has here a peculiar propriety. A great part of the time was occupied in reading to the congregation accounts of the state of their foreign missions. The breth-

ren and sisters sit separately; indeed this is the custom, not only of Moravians and Friends, but of many Reformed congregations in Switzerland, where the women occupy the centre, and the men the seats near the walls; and a stranger, who inadvertently departs from the rule, is apprized of his error, and conducted to another seat, as was my case at Neuchatel. This rule probably was adopted at the Reformation, to prevent that abuse of public worship to the purposes of assignation and intrigue, which is said still to take place in the cities of Italy.

Though not quite pleased with the circumstances of my first voyage on the Rhine, I ventured to re-embark in the *Wasser-diligence* as it passed Neuwied; and did not repent the second trial. If much depends on society ashore, still more aboard; and especially when the vessel is so small, that one has no choice of solitude. The party of this day was altogether more agreeable; but was rendered particularly interesting by the presence of a German nobleman, (a princely

Count,* and Colonel in the Prussian service,) with his two sisters and three daughters. I did not at first suspect the rank of my companions; though their perfect fluency in French, and an intercourse commenced by some accidental civilities which I was enabled to offer, convinced me of their superior education. The elder ladies were making their ninth voyage down the Rhine; and as the fair weather allowed us to pass the day upon deck, they pointed out the surrounding objects in a more lively manner than my printed guide. You will not doubt that I now saw with other eyes; and observed something of what the unhappy Harold has painted more briefly and strikingly than I could, as

“ A blending of all beauties; streams and dells,
Fruit, foliage, crag, wood, corn-field, mountain, vine,
And chiefless castles breathing stern farewells
From gray but leafy walls, where ruin greenly dwells.”

One of the finest points is near the isle of Nonnenwerder, on which stands a convent, and where the right bank of the river is bor-

* *Fürstlich Graf.*

dered by the “seven mountains,” on whose highest point is the ruined castle of Drachenfels. Not far from this, a monument has lately been erected to a stone-cutter, who had long declared, that if his countrymen ever re-crossed the Rhine, he would lead the way ; and having done so, was killed in the late campaign. The Count spoke of this with some enthusiasm, being himself a warm patriot, who had changed his residence during the twenty years of French domination, from the banks of the Rhine near Elfeld, to other distant estates near Wurtzburg. How far this feeling had originated in public or in personal wrongs, I could not ascertain ; but was pleased with his frank and intelligent conversation. It was at Bonn I first learnt the rank of my new acquaintance, by our host’s addressing him as “*Mein Herr Graf.*” We there made a hasty dinner, in which the provision for their young ladyships’ lap-dogs, and the Count’s attempts at English in return for my attempts at German, produced me no small amusement. He proposed mutual instruction, with mutual leave to laugh. Soon after rejoining the

boat, we came alongside one of those enormous rafts, made of timber cut in the forests of Germany, which are floated down the Rhine to be sold in Holland. Our boatmen were permitted to attach their barge for a considerable time to this wooden island, and we then took the opportunity of walking over it. The upper layer was principally of firs, beneath which were oaks, (the whole being fastened together with young trees,) and it was navigated by 130 men, working with oars before and behind. The commander stood on a high platform, and directed them by waving his hand. There were four wooden houses on this raft, serving as kitchens and habitations for the crew during their voyage. Its value was estimated by the Count at from fifteen to twenty thousand pounds Sterling. It consisted of more than a thousand trees; and speaking from experience as an owner of forests in the south, he stated them to be often worth forty crowns each on the spot where they are felled. But I find from a German writer who describes the construction of these rafts, that they are sometimes much larger, and

the number of rowers and workmen eight or nine hundred.

When we returned from this walk on the Rhine, the Count entertained us with some patriotic German songs, in which, at his desire, one of his daughters joined: this free unceremonious style had perhaps been acquired by the soldier rather than the nobleman; but there was something unexpected and new to an Englishman in the mode of travelling chosen for his family, and in the affable friendly manner which he evidently studied, not only towards the foreigners of the party, (there being an English general and a Russian merchant on board besides myself,) but also towards a plain elderly countryman of his own, and a young student from Heidelberg. I have been told, however, that this condescension or freedom characterizes many of the German nobility. On approaching Cologne, and speaking to me of the more curious objects in that city, the Count mentioned its multitude of churches and chapels, whose steeples were formerly as many as the days of the year; adding, that he had formerly been a

resident there, and was then a canon of the cathedral. I observed that a more common change of professions in England was from the army to the church ; but that where no serious fitness and inclination existed for the important duties of the latter, I thought his own change was much the better of the two. Though full of vivacity, he evinced no levity or disrespect of religion ; and some of the German songs or odes were rather of a solemn strain, mingling devotion with the love of country. The first was to the tune of our “ God save the King.” I took leave with regret of this interesting party on arriving at Cologne.

LETTER XXIV.

COLOGNE—AIX LA CHAPELLE—CONCLUSION.

THE city of Cologne is I hope one of the most ill-built, dirty and disagreeable, which any European country can shew. The French suppressed all its convents, and destroyed a part of its churches; but, irreligious as their design may have been, one would think even catholics must admit there are enough left of the latter for the purposes of devotion. Buonaparte also granted a church to the Lutherans and Reformed, whose worship had not been tolerated before. The churches indeed at Cologne are the chief *spectacles*. I went to St Peter's, where the famous altar-piece, representing that saint's crucifixion, (one of the best works of Rubens,) had been lately replaced, after its journey home from Paris. A very poor copy is placed at the back of the original, to which it serves as a foil; for the frame containing both is made to turn on a

pivot, and this mean copy is ordinarily kept in view, the original being only reversed for strangers who visit the church. Near it is the house where that eminent painter was born. I afterwards saw, in the cathedral of Antwerp, his masterpiece, "the descent from the cross," which is also lately restored, and which I, although no connoisseur, visited and revisited, contemplated to the last with deep and increasing admiration, and was consoled for not having seen the united treasures of art in the Louvre, by the conviction that it is better to view one great work in such an edifice, than many together in those crowded halls.* There is a church

* In this cathedral of Antwerp, (which is of admirable architecture,) and very near the sublime painting I have mentioned, a priest offered to the waiting crowd a small case with a glass front, containing, as one of the people told me, a bone of St Anthony; and about a hundred persons successively kissed the glass, it being wiped with a napkin between each application of the lips; which operation was performed so rapidly and mechanically as to increase, if that were possible, the incongruity between such a ceremony and the objects I had been contemplating on the same spot. This instance, and those which I am about to give of the value set on relics at Cologne, shew that the Romish hierarchy does not change its character in countries which are distant from its centre, and surrounded by the influence of the Reformation.

at Cologne enriched with a most extraordinary assemblage of relics,—the skulls of the eleven thousand virgins of St Ursula, to whom it is dedicated. I have not met with any printed account of this strange legend; but a painted account appears on the walls of the choir, where the saint is represented on board a ship of war, with a part of her virgin host under her convoy: from what port they sailed for Cologne I was not enough versed in legendary painting to discover.* The same walls, however, have niches containing the *crania*, each partially wrapt in gold embroidery; and it appears, by looking in at several small gratings, as if the whole shell of the choir were lined or inlaid with bones, as well as some other parts of the building. In a room called the golden chamber, are a number of the more distinguished skulls, placed in silver heads

* A literary friend, to whom I am under many obligations, has since supplied me with some particulars of the life of St Ursula; drawn from *Britannia Sancta*. London, 1745. She was a native of Britain, in the fifth century; who, flying from the fury of the Saxons into Germany, was met by an army of Hunns, and with her eleven thousand virgins, put to death in defence of their purity.

or busts, which are made to open, so that the contents may be examined. That of the saint herself is contained in one of these, and has a head-dress of pearls and other ornaments fastened round it. They also shew one of the stone water-pots of Cana in this apartment, whose walls are tapestried (if I may be allowed the expression,) with bones ranged in fantastic forms.

But the most revered relics of this city (where a lecture might be properly founded on sacred craniology,) are the skulls of the wise men or Magi, who came from the east to worship our Saviour. The tradition of the Romish church dignifies these with the kingly character, declares them to have been three in number, and their names Caspar, Melchior, and Balthasar. The skulls of these eastern kings, each wearing a crown of diamonds, repose in the cathedral, within a superb chest of gilt silver, richly adorned with antient gems. They were deposited there in the 12th century. During the French Revolution, their splendid shrine and other treasures of the church were hastily removed into Westphalia; and when brought

back in 1804, were found, as might be expected, injured and despoiled. But the zeal of the city has restored this precious repository of more precious remains to much of its former splendour ; and if there are some false diamonds and modern cameos, the general magnificence of its appearance is not much lessened. The contents are more valuable and more venerated than protestants would imagine ; and the benefits derived from them may be participated (though only I presume by those whose veneration is sincere,) upon easy terms. Small engravings of the kings are sold in a shop adjoining the cathedral, with a short prayer to them prefixed, and a note subjoined which certifies that “ they have touched the relics of these holy kings, and that those who shall carry them with devotion and confidence, will experience the power of their intercession in dangers of travelling, headaches, fevers, all sorts of sorcery, and sudden death.” These may be had on paper or silk, in German, French, or Flemish, at the price of two or three pence. There are also, at the same cost, Latin litanies, “ con-

cerning the three holy Kings ;” which begin with prayers to the Trinity, and then to Mary and Joseph, followed by more than sixty successive addresses to the kings themselves for their intercession, of which I give you a few select specimens. “ *Reges Arabum et Saba—Auro amoris splendidissimi—Thure devotionis religiosissimi—Myrrhá patientiæ incorruptissimi—Ut Regi Regum nos reconciliare commendare et repræsentare velitis—Ut omnes pertinaces hæreticos ab hac provinciâ longe arceatis—Ut gratiam finalem et perseverantiam vestris cultoribus obtineatis, &c. &c.—vos rogamus : audite nos.*” * It is added to these litanies, which have acquired value from the same consecrating touch, (*attactu sacrorum pignorum sacratas,*) that whosoever shall recite them devoutly *in* the church, will obtain three hundred and nine days of indul-

* Kings of Arabia and Saba—most splendid in the gold of love—most religious in the frankincense of devotion—most incorrupt in the myrrh of patience—that ye may be willing to reconcile, commend, and represent us to the King of Kings—that ye may keep all pertinacious heretics far from this province—that ye may obtain final grace and perseverance for your worshippers—we beseech you to hear us !

gence, and *out* of the church, two hundred and three; by declaration of an Archbishop in 1659, and a Nuncio in 1729. If these are really sanctioned by the clergy, the remarks I offered on some similar objects noticed at Milan, will perhaps as strongly apply at Cologne; and if they are not, it is most strange to connive at their sale close by the cathedral; since, besides their effect on heretics, they might bring the power and promises of the church to be treated lightly, even among the faithful. But I probably should not have noticed them so fully, had it not been for a subsequent conversation in the Aix la Chapelle diligence with some young sub-deacons, who had come from the college of Liege to Cologne, to receive ordination from the Bishop of Munster, and were then returning. These students had been well initiated in Latin, which they spoke fluently, and in the common-places of controversial theology, which they produced readily in defence of the faith and practice of their church. I treated their opinions with courtesy; but presumed to question whether there might not be *some* relics whose ge-

nuineness the church did not fully warrant ; whether it was to be safely concluded that the papers I have described had really been applied to the relics ; whether, even in that case, they could be supposed to have derived any inherent virtue ; whether, in fine, the sacred heads themselves (since other cities likewise have claimed a possession of them,) might be firmly confided in as the very oriental heads referred to. But I found my five theologians not at all disposed to yield or soften one point. As to the identity and genuineness of all relics which the church had recognised, there was clear and indisputable tradition ; as to their general miraculous efficacy, the most surprising proofs were daily occurring ; and as to the particular papers spoken of, there was no reason to doubt that they had been duly consecrated, and would be beneficial.—Such are, or are to be, the instructors of the people ; and I would hope most of them not deceivers, but deceived. The more deeply and extensively we examine that strong hold which religious education and authority possess on individuals and whole commu-

nities, (even after the moral convulsions and daring novelties of later years have contributed so much to shake it,) the more I think shall we be convinced how requisite were a divine influence, and a powerful concurrence of providential events and instruments, to give rise to the Reformation of Christianity, and to procure its success in the countries where it prevailed.

The cathedral of Cologne, had it been finished, would have been among the finest ecclesiastical edifices in Germany. It was commenced A. D. 1248, and the work continued till A. D. 1499. The two towers were to have been each five hundred feet high; and few things would have been more opposite in architecture, than the grandeur of the church and meanness of the city. I attended high mass in this cathedral, and found the ceremonial complete, the music very fine, and the number of those who came to hear and see, apparently much greater than of those engaged in worship. Yet I think some travellers have represented erroneously, the degree of inattention now prevailing on the continent to the of-

fices of religion. It certainly exists most in France ; but even there, much depends on the time chosen for entering the churches. I saw numerous and attentive congregations in Paris. A very large space in the immense nave of the cathedral of Milan, was occupied by the hearers of a priest, whose sermon I have formerly quoted. At Turin, and at Frankfort on the Main, I found catholic churches so completely crowded, that entrance was not to be obtained; and in the latter place, as well as at Heidelberg, the congregation were engaged in singing the hymns (which are translated into their own language,) with united voice, and great fervour. In the chapel *du Saint Sacrement* of the cathedral at Brussels, the kneeling worshippers at the mass were very numerous, and apparently of the higher ranks ; as well as in the church *du Sablon* on the Sunday. These few instances, (with some already given,) from different and distant catholic countries, may serve as a proof that the supposition of a general infidelity and indifference would be far from correct. They prevail, no doubt, among certain classes of so-

ciety ; but this may be said also of protestant countries, not excepting even our own. Since Cologne has become subject to Prussia, the number of Lutheran and Calvinist residents has been increased, by the arrival of several officers of government from Berlin. The services of those two communions are performed in the same church alternately. I heard the King of Prussia spoken of with much respect by several friends of religion, as promoting the appointment of such ministers, both protestant and catholic, as are really zealous for its interests, and himself shewing a sincere regard for its institutions.

Aix la Chapelle is a very considerable town, situated in a fertile valley, and has ornamented walks, which have been much improved of late years, particularly towards the hill called Louisberg. It is vastly superior to Aix in Savoy, (whose baths are equally renowned ;) but very inferior in buildings and decoration to any of the principal watering places in our own country. The street which contains the hotels and baths, has a public apartment for gaming, called *La Re-*

doute, or *Redouten-saal*, where I saw the *Rouge et Noir* table surrounded by numerous players at noon, with stakes on it to the amount of some hundred gold Napoleons. This gambling bank is let by the Prussian government, as it was before by the French; and though its evils may be on a small scale, as compared with the desperate habits of the *Palais Royal*, I learnt enough of the distress and ruin it often produces, to regard it as disgracing both the governments by whom such an establishment has been successively licensed, and made a source of revenue.

Charlemagne died in this city; and a plain stone under the dome of its cathedral marks the place of his interment, bearing the simple inscription, *Carolo Magno*. The choir, which is a newer part of that edifice, is almost wholly of glass. I went to the bath called imperial, said to have been formerly that of Charlemagne, which Buonaparte caused to be enlarged, and erected the following memento both of its antient and modern honours, which had not been removed when I visited it.

*Thermas Palatinas
Caroli Magni natatione
Antiquitus famigeratas
Post prope mille annos
Imperator Neapolio
In memoriam tanti principis
Restituendas jussit.**

And now, my good Sir, lightly as you and I might sail over that most miry of all roads, by which we journied, *en diligence*, on the 20th of September, to Maestricht and towards Louvain,

*“ longum,
Carpentes iter, et factum corruptius imbre !”†*

I find, nevertheless, much cause for gravely deliberating, whether we shall enter these newly acquired states of *le Roi des Pays bas*. There would certainly be more risk for me than even in the land of mountains of what

* These Palatine baths
antiently rendered famous
by the bathing of Charlemagne,
after about a thousand years,
were, by the Emperor Napoleon,
commanded to be repaired,
in memory of so great a prince.

† ————— wainlike

Lumbering through the rough ruts, by long rain ruefully
deep made.

the French call *des platitudes*. Neither am I anxious to exchange our bark for one suited to a different element, and introduce you to the critical inquisition of the *gendarmes* of that nation, who, on the canal between Ghent and Dunkirk, disarranged all my papers and those of my companions, with much polite attention, though with complete disappointment. Not that I think they would take either you or me for the *Nain jaune réfugié*, or could have the least reason to expect that "limber page" was lurking in our port-folios. But, unless overlooked among a boat-load of tourists, which is not improbable, it will be quite enough for me to abide those powerful literary inquisitors of more than one regiment at home, who make their periodical visits, masked as well as armed, for search and condemnation; and, among whom, unluckily, the lenity of one is become a sort of signal for the rigour of another. I may be excused from taking you to Brussels, where you would find little room, though the city itself has become a sort of *Hotel d'Angleterre*; nor is there any thing very inviting elsewhere in the temper of the Bel-

gians, who, as far as I could find, do not regard us the less with jealousy and dislike, because so much British blood has been spent on their plains, and so much British money in their streets. On the whole, I think it wise (without further apology for so sudden a flight,) to disembark you at once upon those shores, where, though we must still encounter the custom-house, we have happily no further need of a passport.

You would be sorry for any Briton who, after an absence of five months, was not impatient to touch his native soil, and grateful to God for the many and peculiar blessings mingled with his country's share of calamity. I earnestly hope that the nation will not yield so full assent to the logic of a modern phrase, the sad effect of a "transition from war to peace," as to encourage the opposite experiment of a transition from peace to war. The transition we have lately made, which has produced this volume, and to which still greater evils have been ingeniously ascribed, seems to me like that of a brave grenadier from the battle into the hands of the surgeon.—" Oh, says the Cap-

tain, he did not feel his wounds before.—It is simply the effect of his transition from the state of fighting to the state of repose.”

I am sure you will join me in the wish that our very needful national repose may be undisturbed; and that the Christian principles by which alone peace can be perpetuated and happiness produced, may, in the mean time, be spreading and triumphing through the world; that real patriotism, both in the governors and the people of Britain, may strengthen her claim to be characterized the “sacred soil” of freedom, and that it may not be forfeited by encroachments on the one part, or by licence and violence on the other.

Excuse my not making you a more ceremonious bow at parting. I have not had occasion, either abroad or at home, to prepare myself for this in court drawing-rooms or distinguished circles, which may account to you also for the want of anecdotes or information drawn from those higher sources; while the well-known route I have taken would have forbidden me, (even had I possessed the dangerous talent of invention,)

to treat you with the marvellous. Mine has been merely the ordinary task of noticing what lies open to every attentive observer ; and I have naturally dwelt the most on those classes of objects to which my own taste and pursuits conducted me. The same bias will be perhaps too apparent in those reflections and comments which a fireside review of my journey suggested. It has been a sort of second tour, not uninteresting to myself ; yet, in offering it to the public, I cannot venture to reflect much on the just fastidiousness produced by a superabundance of such books, but chiefly on the candour and partiality of yourself and some other friends.

FINIS.

2.4/3 CA

